



Marie Sandoz doing research for new book at Nebraska State Historical Society, 1940. *Photo courtesy of Nebraska State Historical Society*

MARI SANDOZ'S CONFRONTATIONAL RHETORIC AND THE COMPOSITION OF *CAPITAL CITY*

by
Richard Nielsen

"Usually I'm busy at what I hope will disturb my fellow man rather than amuse him."

—Mari Sandoz in a 1939 letter to Harold A. Stewart

Nebraska writer Mari Sandoz defined herself as both a historian and an artist with a firm emotional tie to the Plains, specifically to Nebraska and its northwestern sandhills where she was raised. To speak of Sandoz's development as a writer is to recognize her impassioned response to the Plains landscape and the challenges faced by its people. Mari Sandoz, child of the sandhills, always knew she wanted to be a writer. An oft-told episode from her youth illustrates this early passion. Her father, the legendary Old Jules Sandoz, title figure of her best-known work, forbade young Mari to write, declaring that he considered "writers and artists the maggots of society."¹ Despite her father's strong feelings, Mari, when she was almost twelve years old, wrote a story that was accepted for the Junior Writers' Page in the *Omaha Daily News*.² When Old Jules found out, he punished Mari by beating her and locking her in a cellar with mice and probably snakes, "a punishment," according to Sandoz biographer Helen Winter Stauffer, "she never forgot."³ But Old Jules's daughter inherited her father's determination, and her fierce desire to write continued unabated.

Sandoz honed her craft during the 1920s, when she studied at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. But her initiation and first successes in the profession came in the tumultuous 1930s and 1940s, when writing became Sandoz's way of responding to the challenges posed by what she viewed as a rapidly changing, corruptible world. The young writers of the age, Sandoz argued, needed to tap into such passions as she felt, in order to develop a "renewed insistence upon human values, an anger with smugness, stupidity, intolerance,

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eruelty, injustice, and the oppression of the common man."⁴ She also called for impassioned writers to act as prophets, "as poets once were," to "go beyond the local scene, beyond the immediate time."⁵ She attacked the popular writers of the 1920s and 1930s for their limited scope in dealing with what she saw as a self-centered wallowing in self-pity. Certainly, she argued, a serious writer must recognize the disillusionment in the world, but the next step must lay forward, "beyond the immediate," making an attempt, if not to solve the problems, at least to understand them more fully.⁶ Such an attempt was, for Sandoz, both an artistic and a moral responsibility.

Sandoz's strong identification with her family's struggles and her empathy with the underdog, the "disinherited" of her society provided the foundation of her writing.⁷ Writers, she insisted, needed such emotional grounding with their immediate environment. In a 1937 article significantly titled "Stay West, Young Writer!," Sandoz further advocated her belief that young regional writers should not move from the places which held the strongest emotional tie for them: ". . . it is not good for the writer to wander too long from the region with which he is emotionally identified . . . Expatriation seems to devitalize the artist, particularly the one who deals with the people."⁸ She challenged aspiring Nebraska writers of the 1930s to identify the specific human and social themes rooted in contemporary Nebraska experience. She saw such themes neglected in literature of the time, and she sought to remedy that situation in her own work.

The seeds of Sandoz's distress at the bitter lot dealt to the farmers and workers of the 1930s lay not only in a humanistic compassion for the displaced but also in her love for the Nebraska landscape. Her work clearly reveals her strongly held belief that the nobility of the pioneers who settled the Great Plains was diminished in succeeding years by increasingly materialistic, opportunistic generations bereft of their ancestors' respect for the land. An undated carbon from her 1938 correspondence reveals an almost Romantic response to her native landscape. Sandoz, asked for a description of Nebraska for a reference book for state schools, replied that she wished she could make students see "the region as it must have looked to the free, roving Indians," or the "trail-weary eyes of early settlers" who had come a long way in search of freedom from "oppression and want."⁹ Her descriptions evoke almost a sense of a protective natural power. Sandoz's imagery is effusive: she mentions "the slow, golden autumn hanging along breaks of the Missouri; the dark velvet of spring plowing the haze of evening; the cedars of the high plains standing dark against a thundercloud"; she even writes of "the tall white tower of our capitol reaching into the mists of night."¹⁰ Sandoz was never a sentimentalist, but she loved the sandhills of northeastern Nebraska where

she grew up. After a visit home in 1940, she described in vivid detail visiting the site of a prehistoric Indian village:

It lies on an elevation west of a broad sweetwater lake, with a marsh for muskrats, a stretch of meadow land for ponies and for game, second bottom for cornfields, and a chokecherry patch against the hill—altogether an ideal location. . . . The sandhills looked fine . . . There may be a better place to bring up a family than the sandhills . . . but I've never seen it.¹¹

Her love of the land reflected her love of the ideals of the pioneers who met the first challenges of that land. In her description for the school reference book, she further expresses a hopeful vision, claiming that words will not bring the state to the students, for the true essence of the state lies not in its magnificent landscape but in its people, the students themselves: “. . . for they are Nebraska, the Nebraska of the future, and in their keeping lies the heritage of a vision followed by their fathers . . . a vision of a land free of intolerance and oppression and want.”¹²

Sandoz's love of the land, her admiration for frontier values, and her anger at modern compromises of those values are essential to understand her mission as a writer.¹³ Throughout her career, Sandoz viewed herself primarily as a historian and teacher who went beyond relating empirical facts to use history to provoke her readers to recognize social injustice. This vision guided both her fiction and non-fiction. She would assert that her three novels—*Slogum House* (1937), *Capital City* (1939), and *The Tom-Walker* (1947)—were carefully constructed allegories, designed to reveal truths about social conditions, not merely represent specific characters' lives. The primary purpose of all three novels went beyond entertainment; they were meant to educate and arouse readers.¹⁴

An examination of Sandoz's writing of her second novel, *Capital City*, published in 1939, illustrates how she sought to accomplish her purpose. *Capital City* is Sandoz's most direct protest novel, published in the same year as another American novel of social criticism, John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. The novel was a project Sandoz tackled with relish, and, according to Stauffer, one she completed faster than many of her other books.¹⁵ Sandoz based the novel on her research into Adolf Hitler's rise to power and what she perceived as portents of growing racism and fascism in the United States. *Capital City* examines the passive and active elements leading to a fascist-backed demagogue's coup in a midwestern state election. Sandoz believed such an occurrence was a real possibility, and she strove to use her writing as an instrument for shaking people out of their apathy, so such an eventuality might be avoided. The story of the writing of this cautionary

book is the story of one writer's attempt to awaken readers to the dangers filling their world.

The Mari Sandoz archives at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln contain the raw material Sandoz chose to piece together the story of *Capital City*. Her meticulously organized files include carbons of correspondence throughout her career—to friends, editors, agents, and the reading public. The files Sandoz gathered in 1938 and 1939 help paint an illuminating portrait of Mary Sandoz's craft and the vision. *Capital City*, as even Sandoz herself grudgingly admitted, is a less-than-successful novel. Yet the story that emerges from her letters sheds light not only on *Capital City*, but also on Sandoz the artist.

Specifically, the story of the composing of this novel reveals three important insights into Sandoz's writing. Above all, there is Sandoz's meticulous devotion to craft and her willingness to experiment with form. On another level her moralistic sense of purpose as an artist is clearly evident. Finally, at heart, there is Sandoz's confrontational rhetoric—her belief that serious writing should challenge her readers, not merely entertain them. What also ultimately emerges is the persona Sandoz created for herself in her letters—the strong identity she wanted future readers and students to know. All in all, in this story of one writer's unwavering sense of purpose lies a key to understanding an iconoclastic Nebraska writer.

Sandoz's correspondence from late 1938 to early 1940 tells the bulk of her *Capital City* story. In early 1938 her letters contain no mention of this novel. Instead, she describes her next project as a novel based on the Cheyennes, which she intended titling *Flight to the North*. Throughout the summer of 1938 she wrote enthusiastically of this project and looked forward to a research trip to Montana in the autumn of that year. However, when autumn came, her mother's ill health precluded Sandoz's Montana trip. With her Cheyenne research unfinished, Mari faced the prospect of an unproductive winter. The first mention of the idea that evolved into *Capital City* is found in a September 20, 1938 letter to her agent, Jacques Chambrun:

As a sort of bribe [for completing "The Girl in the Humbert," one of the commercial *Saturday Evening Post* short stories she hate writing], I've promised myself that I'll take off time this winter to do a play that has haunted me for years, called, perhaps, *State Capital*.¹⁶

Sandoz's moralistic sense of purpose comes across clearly when she explains why the project "haunted" her:

There is something dreadful about a midwest state capital, a completely parasitic growth . . . The topic deserves the genius of an Aristophanes. Yet, with all my conscious lack of ability at either satire or dialogue of any kind, I'm looking forward to the writing with zest.¹⁷

This letter illustrates a key aspect of the Sandoz persona: her passionate engagement with a moral purpose.

In a 1939 letter to friend Eva Mahoney, Sandoz expanded further on the impetus behind the *State Capital* project's moral purpose. She explained that the subject "took up much of my idle thinking for years, ever since I sat through a Frontier History course [at the University of Nebraska in the 1920s] under John Hicks . . ."¹⁸ The midwestern capital cities, most specifically Lincoln, Nebraska, where she had been living, disturbed her so. Part of the problem, she observed to Mahoney, lay in the fact that other cities "justified their existence industrially and commercially and were capitals incidentally," but here "they produce almost nothing and are becoming increasingly parasitic."¹⁹ For Sandoz, this parasitism often took the form of a lack of accountability to the citizenry. Specifically, Sandoz, fearing that such a climate could foster a possible breeding ground for a wave of American fascism, used it as a framework to show both this parasitism "and its logical outcome" in her writing. As always, the moral purpose fed the artistic impulse.

In late 1938 Mari immersed herself in the writing of *State Capital*, intended as a play. Her passion for the project was evident from the start. In a message to her editor Edward Weeks, she said that the new project so captured her imagination that "it won't let me play."²⁰ Her files reveal Sandoz's meticulous approach to her research methods, inspired by University of Nebraska historian Fred Morrow Fling, whose open lectures Sandoz attended as a student in the 1920s. Fling, author of *The Writing of History: An Introduction to Historical Method*, advocated a strict system of documentation and passion for accuracy. So Sandoz began an extensive research process. She collected material on several midwestern state capitals and accumulated an extensive file of newspaper clippings on a variety of problems she associated with the capitals, including farm foreclosures, the activities of a young fascist organization, and, most notably, a massive truckers' strike. Sandoz even subscribed to the special strike issues of *The Farm Labor Press* to ensure that her files would be as thorough as possible. She discovered, as she wrote Anne Ford, publicity director of Little Brown, that the "accumulation of material and the growing importance of theme" dictated that she write a novel instead of a play.²¹ Sandoz believed the novel the appropriate genre for dealing with

serious issues, a view she often shared with aspiring writers. Her passionate immersion in the new project had entered a new phase.

By November 1938 Mari found herself deeply immersed in the work for the novel. In her letter to Ford, she said she had "scarcely come up for air" because she was so engrossed in her task. Although she also confessed to "a few isolated cases of mild jitters" at what "I may be doing" (suggesting evidently her excitement in anticipation of her work's effect on readers), her enthusiasm never flagged.²² In a letter to her editor Edward Weeks the same week, she added, "I hope this doesn't sound too dull. I'm having a most interesting time."²³ Subsequent letters also attest to the "good fun" she had writing the book, a fun which was lacking in her more deliberately commercial ventures, such as her *Saturday Evening Post* stories.

Throughout 1939 Sandoz continued her research with fervor. In another letter to Eva Mahoney, she described how she collected pamphlets from the Chambers of Commerce of capitals "from Oklahoma to North Dakota, from Iowa to Colorado."²⁴ She also gathered clippings from the newspaper of other regional capitals, such as Pierre, Bismarck, Des Moines, and Topeka, from the time of the state fairs in early September through the November elections of 1938. She compared the papers of the capitals with those from regional commercial centers, such as St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Omaha, noticing "a tremendous contrast."²⁵ Combining the accumulated source material with the fuel of her own imagination and concern for the trouble she observed in her environment, Sandoz created the fictional state of Kanewa (KANSAS-NEbraska-IoWA) with a capital city named Franklin.

Sandoz's correspondence consistently displays high hopes for the *State Capital/Capital City* project. She complained in a letter to Anne Ford that the mail she received in response to her *Saturday Evening Post* stories needed answering, but it took too much "time from *State Capital*."²⁶ A short time later, she wrote to Edward Weeks stating that she was optimistic about the prospects for the project, describing it as "unlike anything I've ever seen."²⁷ She explained her emotional involvement with her subject, remarking that the project had "grown so convincing. I can't believe it isn't the story of a real community. Not even *Old Jules* took on such an actuality for me."²⁸ This immersion, which is probably not unusual for any committed artist, reveals further Sandoz's unflinching sense of purpose and emotional commitment.

As *Capital City* took shape, Sandoz continually stressed the novel's allegorical design, revealing now that her purpose was clear, her theme—warnings of parasitism—would determine the novel's structure. She wrote Weeks that she was attempting to make the book "a sort of projection into the future."²⁹ She also insisted that the book was not, despite her plethora of research, an empirical study,

not a *roman à clef*, but a “thematic novel.”³⁰ Sandoz consistently proclaimed the novel’s reliance on types, not individuals, because actual human models were “too complex.”³¹ Her guiding vision of her fictional capital city, as she wrote Ford, was a universal type of midwestern capital in which “the characters have gradually given up all the initiative of their fathers and become parasites.”³² The novel, as she further described it, would be the story of “ten weeks in the city when the third generation is coming up to administer the money and much diluted and emasculated ideals of their grandparents.”³³

But *Capital City*’s allegory was not so clear to others in its initial stages. Some confusions concerning the extent of Sandoz’s research and her empirical intent arose during the process of completing the novel and readying it for publication. The confusion helps show how unique her formal experiment was. Edward Weeks, in the summer before publication, insisted that Sandoz retain a Nebraska lawyer in anticipation of potential libel suits. Little Brown’s attorney, after studying *Capital City* for libel possibilities, asked Sandoz to provide “necessary reassurance” that she was not writing thinly veiled criticism of actual people and events in Lincoln.³⁴ As Weeks warned her, “. . . if the text identifies certain individuals and identifies an actual city, then there is danger.”³⁵ In large part, her assertions about the novel’s allegorical nature were motivated by the need to assuage her publishers’ fear of libel. Nevertheless, Sandoz maintained in a letter to Weeks that her characters were “personifications of parasites created by their environment.”³⁶ (But she had admitted earlier to that “case of mild jitters” at the thought of actual Lincolinites reading the novel.) It would have been nice, she again noted wryly, if real individuals “could illustrate such ideals,” but “in life, people are too complex.”³⁷ She had no qualms about attaching a disclaimer to the novel stating that all characters were fictitious and all scenes imaginary, that Kanewa and Franklin were “wholly creatures of [her] mind.”³⁸ In an earlier letter to Alfred McIntyre, Little Brown’s president, she had assured him of her plan to use types instead of individuals in the novel: “my point is not so much the actual fascist groups as the decadence that is making them possible.”³⁹ Here Sandoz voices the didactic nature of her work, showing that, for her, content indeed generated the form.

Sandoz’s willingness to attach the disclaimer satisfied Little Brown, and McIntyre immediately directed the commencement of the typesetting. Sandoz had admitted in an earlier letter to Weeks, undoubtedly with some degree of delight, that her book had “everyone in Lincoln in a grand dither . . . everyone will think he knows who I had in mind and end up with dozens of people for each character.”⁴⁰ Here Sandoz reveals her biting wit as she seems to relish the reactions of the people who would misread the book.

As the publication date approached, Sandoz wrote a letter to Weeks, dated August 30, 1939—only two days before the German invasion of Poland—revealing the tension between her mission and her desire to affect her readers. She proved a shrewd—if somewhat insensitive—prophet by stating that she “deliberately made her foreign group [the victims of persecution in the novel] Poles” because she “anticipated that Poland would cease to exist by the publication date [it did] and I hoped to capitalize on our sentimental interest in a newly sacrificed people.”⁴¹ (She again expressed her fear of Hitler and a rising American fascist movement in this letter but proves herself a poor prophet by stating her belief—in this letter dated two days before September 1, 1939—that German invasion of Poland seemed unlikely because Hitler “is too shrewd to risk the consequences.”⁴²) Mari’s concern for her readership was further shown in a September 20 letter to Harold Ober, her overseas agent, in which she conceded that while there was no “market . . . for books in Europe,” her novel “may arouse more anger in America because it can’t be dismissed as readily.”⁴³ Her comments reveal an optimistic faith in serious readers’ willingness to recognize vital truths.

Yet she also wrote to Chambrun in September stating that she felt with the prospect of America’s involvement in the war, the impending publication of *Capital City* had lost its significance. Reviewing the magazine files of 1914-17, Mari observed that the “reading public demands a horrible brand of tripe in war-time.”⁴⁴ In other words, world events plunged her intended audience into a new and threatening situation which created a defensiveness, an obvious obstacle to the sort of challenge Sandoz posed for her readers.

From the beginning of the *Capital City* project, Sandoz refused to compromise her moral mission, even after the novel’s lack of commercial success. The novel sold poorly, and the reviews, according to Stauffer, “were, at best, lukewarm.”⁴⁵ Her unwillingness to compromise can be seen in her distrust of the novel’s proposed serialization. In an early 1939 letter, she wrote her agent Chambrun that she could not “bear the idea of having it cut down.”⁴⁶ She was afraid that the popular magazines—the “bigger pay markets”—would “want to soft pedal” the work and this dismayed her for “the story really has a point.”⁴⁷ If her theme was muted or made less clear, as it might well be in a serialization, “many incidents [might] become sheer plot.”⁴⁸ And while this could be suitable (and “salable”) for a serial, “it would damn me in the eyes of my serious followers and most certainly in my own.”⁴⁹ She realized, as she told Chambrun, that a serialization would help a movie sale, but, she added, “with the book out as I want it, I wouldn’t care about the picture.”⁵⁰

Even though Sandoz stated she would willingly sacrifice a motion picture sale rather than compromise the project’s integrity, she, nonetheless, practical as

ever, expressed keen interest in such a sale. Harold Ober, her original Hollywood agent, whom she called a “gentleman before a salesman,” did not do well in selling her first novel, *Slogum House*, to the studios. This, Sandoz claimed, because of an “antagonism” she felt he had toward that book’s harsh, violent theme. In a letter to Weeks, she stated that *Capital City* “can only be even more reprehensible to the sportsman-gentleman in Harold Ober.”⁵¹

Capital City’s publication elicited reaction from some readers who accepted Sandoz’s challenge and shared her vision. A reader named Ward A. Schellenberg in a letter of support, called *Capital City* a “powerful, stirring book.”⁵² Recognizing Sandoz’s confrontational stance, which surely gratified her, he wrote:

[The novel] is too timely for comfort of any thinking person. All of us have sensed the danger in the sudden increased waving of the American flag by demagogues by the score, the prattling about “the American way” as though there were such a thing and the increased hatred of minority groups expressed by people you meet everyday. I’m afraid we *don’t* realize quite how great the danger really is.⁵³

Jacques Chambrun also praised not only the novel’s theme but also Sandoz’s artistry, noting that the opening chapters presented “a whole world very swiftly and with an instant value of recognition.”⁵⁴ The power of Sandoz’s message and the force of her rhetoric seemed to have reached some readers—albeit those who probably already shared her convictions.

But not everyone responded so enthusiastically. Some of the reactions from Lincolnites, not seeing the allegory, but sensing criticism of the actual city—which Sandoz claimed was never her intent—expressed open hostility toward her. Sandoz claimed some even spat on her in the street. She also claimed that she came home one night in early 1940 to find her apartment ransacked and her drawers and files rifled.⁵⁵ Despite the extremity of the negative reaction, however, she never reexamined her basic vision. In fact, she believed that the world was proving increasingly the validity of her message. In a letter to another reader, she wrote that “every day the papers reveal more truth about the basic premises of *Capital City*.”⁵⁶ She took note of the rifle ranges established for the Silver Shirts, a young fascist group in Oklahoma; and the establishment by the National Association of Manufacturers of “spy rings to check up on the freedom of speech of teachers, newsmen, preachers.”⁵⁷

Sandoz also wrote to a friend that the confusion and consternation caused by the novel perhaps lay in her oblique allegorical treatment of the city itself as her

main character, "with each type of its citizens represented by one individual."⁵⁸ But even though the book did not create the stir she wanted, she never denied the importance of its cautionary theme: "I suspect that for my time this is the most important thing I have done or could do."⁵⁹

Occasionally a certain bitterness seems to crop up in her letters. In a later letter to Chambrun, she lamented that *Capital City* was "a failure" and complained that "no one saw [the book] as a microcosmic study of the modern world. I am out of the race." She also reflected that she believed that the novel may have been written "four or five years too late to save the world, even if I had made the message powerful enough."⁶⁰

Her passionate spark remains bright in other letters, however. Responding to another fan letter, she maintained that *Capital City* "had to be written, and . . . more and more people will see that eventually too."⁶¹ And in another letter, she reasserted her claim that her novel could be "the most important book of the decade if it were read. But it won't be, until it's too late. No matter. That's life."⁶² Considering Sandoz's emotional involvement with the project, her disappointments are certainly understandable. It is a tribute to Mari's dedication as a craftsperson and passion as an artist that she neither dwelt on her disappointment nor abandoned her mission as a writer.

The story behind Sandoz's composition of *Capital City* sheds light on her mission as a writer. She always counseled young writers not to wander too far from their place of strongest emotional identification; and her strong sense of purpose was born of a deep love of place—the people and landscape of her Sandhills of northwestern Nebraska. Sandoz's keen eye and hopeful vision are evident in a 1930 letter she wrote to Albert Modisett, a Sandhills farmer, expressing her fascination with the construction of the Nebraska State Capitol Building. She would set her typewriter on the front lawn of her apartment building at 1226 J Street (now the site of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Company Building in Lincoln) to view the construction. The tall white tower served for Sandoz as a symbol of the ideals of the state's pioneers upon which, she believed, the state government should be founded. In her letter to farmer Modisett, Sandoz eloquently describes the raising of the statue of the Sower which stands atop the capitol building:

Sorry you couldn't see the ascent of the Sower to his permanent place of business . . . With a giant crane on the tower and several steel cables, the chap started his chief rise in life, turning, gracefully to left and to right as though scattering dormant life to all the winds, and the morning sun red on his magnificent bronze chest. And suddenly a veritable cloud, including surely every dove

in town, swirled about the tower, greeting the sower, I like to fancy. It was certainly symbolic if accidental, and behind it all the blue—Nebraska blue—sky, the tower a pedestal of silver.⁶³

The story behind the writing of *Capital City* and the novel itself both are charged with the anger and compassion elicited by the injustices Sandoz observed in the Depression-scarred Midwest. But the Sandoz persona which comes through in her correspondence is neither bitter nor maudlin. What comes across at heart is her love of Nebraska and the insistent belief that by writing this book she would awaken the people to return and build on the ideals of the first-generation pioneers who settled the Plains.

NOTES

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3. Helen Winter Stauffer, *Mari Sandoz: Story Catcher of the Plains* (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1982), 30.
4. Mari Sandoz, "Nebraska's Place in the New Literature," notes for speech, ca. 1937-38, Mari Sandoz Collection, University of Nebraska-Lincoln Archives, Lincoln, Nebraska. Hereafter cited as S.C.
5. Mari Sandoz, "The American Writer and the World Crisis," outline for speech, n.d., S.C.
6. *Ibid.*
7. Mari Sandoz, "The Son," *Hostiles and Friendlies: Selected Short Writings of Mari Sandoz* (1959; reprint, Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1992), 30.
8. Mari Sandoz, "Stay West, Young Writer!," *The Quill* 25 (June 1937), 8.
9. Mari Sandoz, "Impressions of Nebraskas," notes for manuscript, 1938, S.C.
10. *Ibid.*
11. Mari Sandoz, letter to F. L. Williams, 10 December 1940, S.C.
12. Sandoz, "Impressions."
13. Stauffer, 46
14. *Ibid.*, 47.
15. *Ibid.*, 128.
16. Mari Sandoz, letter to Jacques Chambrun, 20 September 1938, S.C.
17. *Ibid.*
18. Mari Sandoz, letter to Eva Mahoney, 16 November 1939, S.C.
19. *Ibid.*
20. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 19 October 1938, S.C.
21. Mari Sandoz, letter to Anne Ford, 1 December 1938, S.C.
22. *Ibid.*
23. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 3 December 1938, S.C.
24. Mari Sandoz, letter to Eva Mahoney, 16 November 1939, S.C.
25. *Ibid.*
26. Mari Sandoz, letter to Anne Ford, 8 March 1939, S.C.

27. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 24 April 1939, S.C.
28. Ibid.
29. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 11 September 1939, S.C.
30. Ibid.
31. Ibid.
32. Mari Sandoz, letter to Anne Ford, 1 December 1938, S.C.
33. Mari Sandoz, letter to Fred Ballard, 8 March 1939, S.C.
34. Edward Weeks, letter to Mari Sandoz, 10 August 1939, S.C.
35. Edward Weeks, letter to Mari Sandoz, 8 September, 1939, S.C.
36. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 11 September 1939, S.C.
37. Ibid.
38. Ibid.
39. Mari Sandoz, letter to Alfred McIntyre, 18 August 1939, S.C.
40. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 10 August 1939, S.C.
41. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 30 August 1939, S.C.
42. Ibid.
43. Mari Sandoz, letter to Harold Ober, 20 September 1939, S.C.
44. Mari Sandoz, letter to Jacques Chambrun, 5 September 1939, S.C.
45. Stauffer, 130.
46. Mari Sandoz, letter to Jacques Chambrun, 21 February 1939, S.C.
47. Ibid.
48. Ibid.
49. Ibid.
50. Ibid.
51. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 6 November 1939, S.C.
52. Ward A. Scheilenberg, letter to Mari Sandoz, 22 December 1939, S.C.
53. Ibid.
54. Jacques Chambrun, letter to Mari Sandoz, 1 September 1939, S.C.
55. Mari Sandoz, letter to A. G. Ogden, 10 February 1940, S.C.
56. Mari Sandoz, letter to Frank A. Donegan, 5 April 1940, S.C.
57. Ibid.
58. Mari Sandoz, letter to Estelle C. Laughlin, 10 August 1939, S.C.
59. Mari Sandoz, letter to Edward Weeks, 10 August 1939, S.C.
60. Mari Sandoz, letter to Jacques Chambrun, 22 May 1941, S.C.
61. Mari Sandoz, letter to Katherine B. Schryner, 21 February 1940, S.C.
62. Mari Sandoz, letter to C. E. Holen, 27 March 1940, S.C.
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