BY DAVID LAZAR AND HEATHER FRISE

Whether it’s writing or drawing or some other creative form, for some there is a need to express oneself, to search for answers, to seek out solutions. In this piece, David Lazar and Heather Frise each speak about how the creative spark works for them.

DAVID LAZAR:

Why do I write? My first and truest answer would be, I don’t really know. It would be my second answer, as well, perhaps only slightly less true in my resistance to examining motives and searching out meaning for my work—and discussing “the writing life,” which I’ve never been addicted to as an interesting subject. This might strike some as odd, considering how much of my professional life has concerned writing. But in my private life I rarely talk about writing. I like to talk about books, poems, stories that mark me in some way. I also like to talk about politics, music, and general folly, all of which are more interesting subjects to me than writing when I am not talking to students. Even so, I am digressive at heart, and at some point a few words about why I write have to manage to slip out, one would think. So here I am, several sentences into my explanation of why I write, and (homage to Woolf) here I think, tapping the keys, why one does a thing might be interesting, could be interesting to consider. Why take such a resistant stance?

I fell into a life of writing, as did many of my friends who write, through a series of circumstances largely unconnected to but built on years of solitary reading and writing. It was never my intention to write seriously as a life’s work, and I did not stage my trajectory that way, never having taken a writing course until after a first graduate degree in research. Yet I was writing poems and bits of autobiography from the age of nine on . . . mostly ghastly stuff, until it wasn’t quite. And then I think I felt a bit stunned for several years—I kept on reading, like I was barreling through a library trying to get to the
last book, and writing poems. In my memory my young poems were pretty good but not good enough for me. My first essays, though, came out much more fully formed, so the essay it was, mostly, for many years.

George Orwell, in “Why I Write,” speaks of his love for “solid objects and scraps of useless information,” which hits the mark, or my mark. I don’t suppose a vaguer, lovelier, and more important motive could be described. Except for this: I love the sentence—it’s arabesques and coy escapability, the ways it resists and the way it yields. That sounds like a line from an eighteenth-century epistolary novel, so to Shamela myself, let me say, a la Brooklyn, I write to try and create a moment of thought in a form that is aesthetically interesting, strange, and hasn’t quite been done before. Every once in a while I write a sentence, in an essay or a prose poem, that I like so much it can probably wind the writing key on my back for another five years or so. Or what’s a heaven for, right? Or, for that matter, a heathen. I love to break the rules, but I also like to pay homage to them—the sense of my brothers and sisters who have practiced the same trade over time. Writing is a trade, and I was taught to value labor, which doesn’t include sentimentality or mysticism. That I do what Hazlitt does, and M. F. K. Fisher, as a life’s work is humbling.

Finally, and with less baroque circumlocution, I can say directly that I’m usually writing in the essay because I don’t understand something. Something is bothering me. I write out of confusion, frequently ending up at merely a different state of confusion but hopefully going to and through some interesting places in the process. What I do to get there . . . changes every time. A second reason: while writing I probably think about death less completely than I usually do. So I suppose, subconsciously, I’m moving toward something and I’m moving away from something while I write. But at my back I always hear the postman ringing twice. And the call of the daily grind of melancholia. And you don’t want to hear me speak about that. After all, there are books to be read, essays, poems, whose subjects, whose provocations, whose evasions might change your life.

You can get addicted to a Mother, even if she isn’t your own.

Neither the Mothers nor the trees could decide what the wind wanted.
HEATHER FRISE:

One winter weekend I was visiting David in Chicago, and we went to the Museum of Contemporary Art. As we approached the building, our bodies pitched against a bitter wind, we encountered a giant-sized sculpture: seven white neon letters that spelled MOTHERS. It was spinning slowly, ponderously, on a steel pedestal. The sculpture was just like the word itself: monumental and yet ordinary, innocuous and yet imposing, straightforward and yet totally loaded. It encompassed so much of what David and I had talked about over the preceding months: his mother, my mother, becoming a mother, mothering children (our own and others’), mothering art, mothering students. I felt a surprising kinship with David. It was a relief to feel “gotten” and also to feel like mothering could be untethered from gender and biology. But still, a lot of what I felt seemed so at odds, out of date, with being a mother in the era of third wave feminism. I was overwhelmed with questions: Why did motherhood feel slightly embarrassing? Why did I feel pressure to be better than the “good enough” mother? Why was it that being a single mother seemed to be so at odds with the very things I needed in order to have a measure of sanity? Why was something basic, like affordable child care, so difficult to secure? When was I going to have a sex life, or take a nap? And how, I kept asking myself, was I ever going to make time to make art?

Eventually I figured out that I could make drawings—urgent and immediate, scribbled in the wee hours after a session of breastfeeding, refined between washing morning dishes and diapers. I could, through drawings, express my own unwieldy feelings about motherhood, ranging from the abject to the animal to the utterly joyful and sublime.

I started sending the drawings to David; he sent me poetry. Something in our sensibilities matched. Perhaps it was that we both made work in a kind of fugue-like state—dreamy, a little on the dark and cheeky side. Perhaps it was the long late-night conversations. And then there was that windy winter day, the word MOTHERS glowing overhead, a signal, a sign—an obvious title, it seemed, for a book.

David Lazar is the author, most recently, of Who’s Afraid of Helen of Troy and Occasional Desire: Essays. His new book for Nebraska is I’ll Be Your Mirror: Essays and Aphorisms, illustrated by Heather Frise. He is the editor of the journal Hotel Amerika and a professor of creating writing at Columbia Amerika and a professor of creating writing at Columbia College Chicago. He also teaches for the low residency program at Regis University.

Heather Frise is a filmmaker, educator, and visual artist. In addition to illustrating David Lazar’s I’ll Be Your Mirror, she also recently worked on the National Film Board of Canada’s Emmy Award-winning Highrise.
Mythology and literature are replete with giants—characters that are physically larger than life. They are often loud of voice, short of temper, seldom astute, and full of self-importance. We recently lost a giant of the law who was none of those things. Warren K. Urbom passed away on July 28, 2017. He was nominated to the federal district court for the district of Nebraska, was confirmed by the United States Senate, and took the oath of office on May 5, 1970. He served for forty-four years, retiring from office on April 25, 2014. He was short of stature, mild in manner, clear in thought and wisdom, and undeservedly humble. He was a remarkable man.

The trappings of a judge can be head-expanding. Answering daily to “your honor.” Dressed in black robes. Enforcer of the rituals of justice. Conductor of the choreography of a trial. Empowered to confiscate property or imprison. Yet Warren Urbom remained unfazed, tethered to his central understanding of the American legal system—assuring fairness and justice to anyone appearing in his court.

We are fortunate that Judge Urbom chose to write a memoir of his judicial career, which was published by the University of Nebraska Press: Called to Justice: The Life of a Federal Trial Judge. Here we see the extraordinary diversity that makes up the federal docket, the matters large and small that find their way to the federal courts, and the pressures that work on judges as they try to resolve disputes. But we also get a better idea of a judge who worried most about not only assuring a fair outcome but having the parties, winners and losers alike, respect the process as fair.

His most defining cases involved the Wounded Knee trials in the early 1970s, arising when members of the American Indian Movement (AIM) occupied by force the village of Wounded Knee, resulting in over one hundred persons being charged with a variety of federal offenses. Judge Urbom was ultimately assigned to try all except the charges against the AIM leadership. At an early trial he was informed that Indians in the courtroom would refuse to stand when he entered,
not out of disrespect for him or the court but because they believed it violated the treaty recognizing Indian sovereignty. Characteristically, Judge Urbom could not find a connection between the tradition of standing when the judge entered and the implementation of a fair trial. So he asked his bailiff not to use the traditional “please rise.”

Nor could he see a reason for preventing Indian witnesses from taking the oath on a sacred pipe. “I saw no problem with the request, because the purpose of an oath is to impress the witness, not the judge or jury, with the importance of telling the truth,” he wrote in his memoir.

A state judge in a related matter used force to try to get the Indians to stand, resulting in considerable violence. In his book Judge Urbom downplays subsequent events, but I am inclined, recognizing the judge’s humility, to accept the more dramatic version. The scene was described by one of the defense attorneys as follows:

Tuesday morning, we came into the federal courthouse a little dismayed, you can rest assured, at what had happened the day before. We were hoping, really believing, that we were going to get a favorable ruling on our motion from Judge Urbom. I remember it as if it occurred a moment ago. Judge Urbom sat on the bench. He looked at us, and said, “I tell you truly. When I took the bench I made an oath to follow and to administer the law, and though my heart breaks, the law demands that I deny your motion.” He got up and left the bench. We were heart broken. Fifteen to twenty minutes later, we went back to trying the case.

A couple of days later, it was gray and snowy, and cold in the courtroom. Suddenly, we heard a thundering of feet. The second floor courtroom accommodated about 200 people and, through the doors, in charged about 150 Sioux Braves. They were dressed in traditional garb: rabbit fur in their braids and, on this bitter cold day, most were wearing vests with Porcupine quill adornments. Not only were we terrified, because we anticipated what would be coming next, but the marshals and the court officers were also terrified. For the first time in my life, except as exhibits, I saw drawn guns in a courtroom. I knew I was going to die. I turned to my client and, putting on a false face of bravado, said, “What’s happening?” The answer was, “Don’t worry, Albert.” This was the only time in six months that my client addressed me by my first name.

As we sat there, tension palpable, Judge Urbom came out from the robing room. The Braves rose; they stood for him. Before Judge Urbom made it to the steps to the bench, he stopped and realized what had happened. Obviously stunned, he walked back into the robing room, and the Braves sat down. For the rest of that day, those Braves rose for Judge Urbom in recognition that we, through that trial, had overcome 200 years of butchery, genocide, rape, and deceit. We had shown them that within our judicial process there is integrity and honor.
My interactions with him were outside the courtroom. When I served as dean of the University of Nebraska College of Law, I initially explored with him the idea of establishing an Inns of Court in Lincoln. The Inns traditionally consisted of both experienced and less experienced lawyers. The thought was that engaging together in educational programs would improve the administration of justice. Experience suggested that Inns were more likely to be successful if a federal judge served as director. Judge Urbom readily agreed. His leadership was nationally recognized in later years by the national Inns of Court Foundation.

Judge Urbom also agreed, happily, to serve as an adjunct professor of trial practice at the Law College. For many years he taught law students how to properly conduct a trial, deal with evidence, confront the ethical dilemmas that inevitably surface in practice, and how to interact with fellow lawyers and judges.

I believe he viewed his participation in the Inns of Court and at the law school as consistent with his efforts to improve the fairness of the administration of justice—that he felt well-trained lawyers were central to that objective.

His book is appropriately titled. *Merriam-Webster’s Dictionary* defines “calling” as “a strong inner impulse toward a particular course of action especially when accompanied by conviction of divine influence.” This describes Judge Urbom’s relationship with justice perfectly. Pursing his calling, this man from the small town of Arapahoe, Nebraska, made a giant-sized contribution to the law, the legal practice, and the administration of justice.

Notes
NEBRASKA BOOK FESTIVAL RETURNS TO LINCOLN

The Nebraska Book Festival, held in Omaha for several years and on hiatus last year, came home to Lincoln on July 15, 2017. Held at Union Plaza, this outdoor, day-long event featured activities for children and adults alike, including a hands-on WearTec activity with Nebraska 4-H and two performances by the Mesner Puppet Theater of Kansas City.

Two UNP authors were the featured presenters: Timothy Schaffert, editor of You Will Never See Any God: Stories by Ervin D. Krause, and Timothy G. Anderson, author of Lonesome Dreamer, a biography of John G. Neihardt. Indigo Bridge Books hosted author signings throughout the day, and regional literary organizations exhibited their latest works.

The Friends of the University of Nebraska Press was a crucial sponsor this year, providing tote bags, facilities, water, and offering free iced tea and lemonade in Hub Café in the afternoon. The Friends also hosted Tim Anderson’s presentation in the Hub Café with light snacks and beverages.

Support for the Nebraska Book Festival came from 1011, City of Lincoln Libraries, Common Root, Concierge Marketing, Inc., Constellation Studios, Friends of the University of Nebraska Press, Indigo Bridge Books, KFOR, Lincoln Journal Star, Little Mountain Print Shoppe, Nebraska 4-H, Nebraska Center for the Book, Nebraska Library Commission, Nebraska Writers Guild, RedBrush, and the University of Nebraska Press.

Next year’s festival will be Saturday, August 25, in UNL’s City Campus Union. Look for an even bigger and better event in 2018!
Robert Aquinas McNally:

The book a writer finishes is never the one he or she started out to write. Every long-form project in my career has taught me this—none so profoundly as The Modoc War.

The book began some forty years ago on a road trip that introduced me to Lava Beds National Monument in northeastern California. An atmosphere of creative destruction enwraps this violent, severe, yet captivating landscape of geologically recent lava flows and cinder cones. And when I learned that the Lava Beds had been the setting for the Modoc War of 1872–73, I knew this was a tale I had to tell.

By the time I began writing many years later, the story’s outlines were clear, from both library research and multiple camping trips to Modoc country. War broke out on a cold, rainy autumn dawn in 1872 with a firefight between a cavalry patrol and two villages of Modocs along Oregon’s Lost River. The Indians fled across Tule Lake and the state line to take refuge in the Lava Beds. Led by Kientpoos (a.k.a. Captain Jack), the Modocs crushed a military assault and forced the Grant administration to try something different. The ensuing peace negotiations bogged down, however, and the frustrated Modocs attacked the negotiators, killing two, including the only army general to fall in a western Indian war.

The military pushed the Modocs out of the Lava Beds and slowly hunted them down, band by fractured band, until Kientpoos surrendered. He and five other fighters were tried by a military commission for war crimes, the only such trial of Natives in American history. All were convicted, and four, including Kientpoos, went to the gallows. The 153 surviving Modoc insurgents were exiled to Oklahoma.

This conventional account revolves on the character and personality of Kientpoos and turns him into a tragic hero. Macbeth perhaps: brilliant at the inside game of king-making yet doomed by flaws inherent to his nature. Since what made Kientpoos great also destroyed him, telling such a story required fiction, I decided. My Modoc War book had to be a novel.

Yet by the time the research and first draft were complete, I realized that this approach missed the mark. The truth of the Modoc matter lay not in invented character and incident but in the disturbing facts of history. My novel transformed into narrative nonfiction, a telling that extended before, after, and beneath the conventional account of the war.

The hard truth was that, for whatever choices Kientpoos and his people made, they were the targets of a genocide unfolding over decades.

It began in 1846, when a new emigrant road crossed the territory of the Modocs, who numbered between one thousand and two thousand people. The Indians resisted the invasion, so California dispatched state-funded death squads that reduced the population to some three hundred. Forced onto a reservation ruled
by cold and hunger, the Indians longed for their former lives. Kientpoos led about half the Modocs back to traditional village sites along Lost River, setting the stage for the cavalry’s raid. The resulting war was less main event than climax to a long-building narrative.

Nor did the destruction of the Modocs end with the conflict’s last shot. Peace on the corrupt Oklahoma reservation, where food was meager, shelter inadequate, and medical care nonexistent, proved even more lethal than war in the Lava Beds.

This story is no historical outlier. Sadly, it is all too typical of how European Americans dealt with the Native nations who stood in their expansionist path. As much as the Old West serves up sentimentality and romance, the truth of our history is often darker and nastier than the frontier nostalgia of a John Ford film. And if the American nation is to chart its course to the unrealized racial equality and social justice that lie at the heart of our democratic promise, then we must come to terms with such disturbing realities as those in The Modoc War.

MATT BOKOVOY:

When Robert submitted his manuscript for The Modoc War to the University of Nebraska Press, I was very pleased with both the extensive research and the elegance of his narrative of indigenous genocide in 1870s California. It is a superb general reader book in Native American history that introduces a new understanding of the U.S. war against indigenous peoples from the 1870s to the 1890s.

Boyd Cothran from York University—a Modoc, California, and Great Basin Native historian—had sent Robert to UNP. He told me, “Matt, this is the most definitive work on the Modoc War yet written.” I was naturally interested and was grateful for Boyd’s referral. The Modoc War is significant for the field and also for California history, since it joins a group of new and well-regarded works currently exploring Indian genocide in that state. For some time, this field was dominated by the Catholic Church historians in California’s many Jesuit, Franciscan, and Dominican private universities, and the mode was apologia. As a former California historian myself, I knew Robert’s book would be a significant piece in this new conversation while at the same time reaching a popular audience.

The book makes a dramatic case that the Modoc War constituted genocide by retelling the forced removal of the Modocs and the systematic violence against them on the Klamath reservation before the Civil War. The Modocs’ perseverance to leave the reservation and return to their ancestral villages amid increased white settlement in northeastern California is nothing less than epic. In the 1872-73 war, the Modocs scored victories against the American forces until they were defeated and exiled to the Quapaw Agency in northeastern Oklahoma, where their numbers diminished in the 1890s. The Modoc War shows the failure of Grant’s Peace Policy toward Native peoples and also the fifty- to sixty-year campaign of genocide against their very existence.
NEW LIFE FOR AN ICONIC BOOK

The Extraordinary Journey of
A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux
by Amos Bad Heart Bull and Helen H. Blish

ARTICLE BY
HEATHER STAUFFER

Bruce Nicoll had been director of the University of Nebraska Press for less than a month when Nebraska author Mari Sandoz (Old Jules) approached him about an important manuscript: Amos Bad Heart Bull’s tribal history, a series of over four hundred drawings created on the pages of a second-hand ledger book and refined between the early 1890s and his death in 1913.

The picture history had passed to Bad Heart Bull’s sister, Dollie Pretty Cloud, when Helen Blish, a graduate student at the University of Nebraska and a friend of Sandoz, learned of the book’s existence in 1926. Over the next several years Blish paid a modest fee to “rent” the ledger book on a year-to-year basis for analysis and interpretation. Blish frequently spent her vacations interviewing residents on the Pine Ridge Reservation—specifically He Dog and Short Bull. Her graduate advisor, Hartley Burr Alexander, also had a keen interest in the research and participated in having the pages photographed. Blish presented her master’s thesis on the work in 1928 and submitted a comprehensive, three-volume report to the Carnegie Institution in 1934. The report was not published due to the Depression, and the prospect of publication became less of a reality as both Blish and Pretty Cloud passed away in the 1940s.

But Mari Sandoz was determined to prevent the project from slipping into the shadows of history. In March 1959 she sent a one-page, typed letter to Director Nicoll. The message included a general description of Bad Heart Bull’s ledger drawings and Blish’s thesis, along with suggestions about where copies and components might be located. At the bottom, Sandoz added a handwritten note that simply said, “Good luck with this most ambitious venture!”

“Ambitious” was an understatement. By 1959 those most closely associated with the ledger and subsequent
manuscript—Amos Bad Heart Bull, Helen Blish, Dollie Pretty Cloud, He Dog, Short Bull, John Colhoff (the interpreter), and Hartley Burr Alexander—had passed away. Simply starting the project was almost a herculean task. The ledger book had been buried with Dollie Pretty Cloud, a Lakota custom. Blish’s full manuscript could not be located at the Carnegie offices or the Bureau of American Ethnology, as previously thought. Rumors circulated that the manuscript had been bought by another publisher. Thirty color images had appeared in a 1938 publication by a French boutique press. For added uncertainty, photographs of the drawings were believed to be in the possession of Dr. Alexander’s son, Hubert Alexander, and Blish’s sister Jean Joyner, who was “somewhere in Iowa.”

Nicoll attempted to have Pretty Cloud’s wooden casket exhumed so new photographs could be taken of the ledger, despite J. J. Linehan, the postmaster in Oglala, South Dakota, asserting that after twelve years the book had most likely disintegrated. Over the next year, Nicoll appealed to members of the Bad Heart Bull family, a local teacher, the university’s Department of Anthropology, the U.S. Department of the Interior, and even the Presbyterian minister in Oglala to lobby for the ledger book’s temporary exhumation. He explained, “I am not insensitive to the wishes of the family, yet I could have wept when I was informed that the picture book had been interred. Here is a great document . . . without parallel among the North American Indians. Should we try to recover the picture book in the hope that most of its pages are preserved? Reluctantly I felt that we should.”

Robert Burnett, a descendant of Dollie Pretty Cloud, explained to Nicoll in 1960, “When that document was buried with my aunt, it was a treasured thing to her. . . . [It] is and was the belief on the part of my folks that when that was buried it was intended to be buried. The sacredness of the person, the respect for the deceased and her wish was such that a young person like me cannot sway or budge [them] one inch away from their conviction.” Thus, the matter was no longer pursued.

Manuscript preparation, book production, and fundraising progressed slowly for the next seven years. Helen Blish’s sisters, Jean Joyner and Margaret Huston, sent an incomplete copy of the manuscript and their set of photographs. Hubert Alexander provided a second set of photographs that included Blish’s writing on the back, but the original negatives were not located. Mari

Sandoz completed her introduction a short six months before passing away. Nothing at the Press was digital, and each page was individually planned and assembled by hand. Associate editor Harry Kaste took over pre-production and did much of it at home as volunteer work to save labor costs. He took over the authorial duties of verifying “every detail in every one of the 417 pictures against the descriptive matter,” as well as cross-referencing information in the text, pictures, notes, and bibliography. Kaste left the Press shortly thereafter, and Kay Graber took over copyediting and production. Pages were assembled through the method of paste up, which utilized phototypesetting, with the resulting manuscript being camera-ready to limit the work and chance for errors in the final stages of production. The photos had to be shot separately as screens and stripped in to the text negatives by the printer (manually).

A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux was finally released with much fanfare in 1967. Over 1,500 copies were printed and priced at $17.95 each. An additional 200 “limited edition” volumes, which included short biographies of Bad Heart Bull and Blish at the
back of the book, carried a retail price of $50. Neither edition went back to print, and the last of the stock left the warehouse by the early 1980s.

One of the goals of the Press was to be able to bring back *A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux* for a new generation. Emily Levine, historian and introducer of the new edition, notes that:

> it is crucial to Lakota studies—historical and ethnographic—to publish and keep in print original source materials, those generated by the Lakotas themselves. As historiography progresses, scholars are increasingly understanding, accepting, and promoting these critical early oral and visual resources. Bad Heart Bull’s drawings and Blish’s interpretive work are an unparalleled record and priceless contribution to our understanding of the Lakota people.

The lasting significance of the volume is unquestionable, and its unique publication history continues to unfold. As Candace Greene, an ethnologist at the Smithsonian, notes in her introduction to the new edition, “I received a surprising telephone call offering negatives of the drawings for sale [c. 2009]. Uncertain whether they were actually originals, I consulted with my colleague Ross Frank of UC San Diego, who had long been looking for them. He was able to examine them, confirm their value, and trace their history.”

The photograph plates had been created in Nebraska and moved to California with Hartley Burr Alexander in 1928. Though his papers and hand-colored prints of several Bad Heart Bull drawings were donated to Scripps College after his death, the negatives seemingly disappeared. Greene explains, “It turned out that the 37 boxes of glass-plates had resurfaced in the mid-1980s at a garage sale near Pomona College, in Claremont, California, where Hartley Burr Alexander spent his last years. In 2011, the latest owner brought them to the attention of both Frank and myself, offering them for sale. Frank, Director of the Plains Indian Ledger Art Digital Publishing Project (PILA) at UC San Diego, arranged purchase of the negatives by PILA and sent them for permanent preservation at the National Anthropological Archives of the Smithsonian Institution.”

The boxes included 4”x5” glass plates of over 385 images, and while many showed crisp, detailed drawings, several suffered the effects of ninety years of improper storage. A major consideration in producing the new edition was working to “heal” the varying destruction of mildew stains, shrinkage, warping, and tears associated with the emulsion layer of the negatives.

Certainly, technological developments over the past half century have revolutionized book publishing, and the new edition relies heavily upon them. The Smithsonian Institution created high-resolution scans of the rediscovered image plates, and these replace most of the original photographs. Damaged images have largely been “healed” through modern software, melds of new scans with digital copies of the original publication, and
the talents of volunteers and UNP’s graphic designers. For the few dozen drawings that were not included in the boxes of negatives, current reproduction technology offers clean scans of the original 1967 publication to fill in gaps. Because the 1967 “camera-ready” manuscript pages are not available, scanning technology also allows for the reproduction of the original, typeset text.

When the Press realized the extent of what it would need to do to bring the book back in its best form, it approached the Friends of the University of Nebraska Press for financial support. The answer—a resounding “yes”—came quickly. As Kandra Hahn, treasurer of Friends says, “This project is exactly what the mission of the University of Nebraska Press is, and Friends is pleased to be able to support it.”

Alison Rold, assistant production manager at the Press, explains, “This title offered the challenge to take a book printed over fifty years ago, replace quite a few of the images with better ones, add new front and back matter, and re-folio some of the existing front matter pages. Because we are publishing in interesting technological times, it is possible to hire a vendor who can make high-quality scans of a printed oversized book full of images and text, swap out old images for better scans, tack on newly created front and back matter PDF pages, and create one complete printer-ready PDF. It takes a lot of coordination to do this.

“Although it is much easier and less expensive to produce a book beginning with a manuscript and original photo files, there are times when an unusual reprint project comes up for an out-of-print title that still has special interest and an avid market. This process allows us to bring that kind of title back.”

From Amos Bad Heart Bull first placing pencil to ledger paper, his pictographic history appears in print as the result of multiple levels of collaboration. During Bad Heart Bull’s lifetime, he received stories and feedback about his drawings from elders and peers. Helen Blish’s interactions with the ledger created connections between Bad Heart Bull’s family and the university. The Press’s 1967 edition relied on Blish’s family, Alexander’s son, Pretty Cloud’s descendants, and dozens of dedicated Press employees who made sure the book was published in the highest possible quality.

The 50th Anniversary Edition would not have been possible without the patience and persistence of numerous individuals who have enthusiastically pursued getting this important volume back into print. Special thanks go to Ross Frank, Candace Greene, Emily Levine, Will Greene, the National Anthropological Archives, the American Museum of Natural History, the Scripps College Archives, Friends of the University of Nebraska Press, and of course, all of the hardworking folks at the University of Nebraska Press.

“We think Amos Bad Heart Bull would be pleased and proud to know that his drawings are once again back in print for the wider public to appreciate, along with the excellent existing text as well as the new information,” says current director Donna Shear. “Seldom are we able to bring such an important and stunning piece of work back to life.”

Notes
Here at the Press we are always excited about the new crop of books that we have either recently published or are about to publish. Our books range across our four imprints and a wide array of disciplines and areas, from the American West to baseball history to Bible commentary to current affairs to environmental history and on and on. Each spring and fall (our two publishing seasons) our editors and marketing folks gear up to edit, produce, and sell the new books. For each volume, we ask: Who is the audience? Is this the best title? The most effective cover? What academic conferences should this book appear at?

Yes, we love what in the business is called our “front list.”

But I really love our backlist—books that have been published and out in the marketplace for at least a year, most a lot longer. In our case, we have books that are decades old and still selling. Of course, most notable is *Black Elk Speaks* by John G. Neihardt, which is closing in on a million copies sold. With good reason: it is a meaningful and spiritual book, well written and timeless. There are other gems as well. Some continue to sell steadily; others have, sadly, been forgotten. But we make efforts here at the Press to ensure that all of our readers know about these books.

Given this renewed effort to make our readers aware of some of the treasures on our backlist, I thought I’d share some of my absolute favorites, in no particular order. (All descriptions courtesy of our fabulous new website!)

*Black Gun, Silver Star: The Life and Legend of Frontier Marshall Bass Reeves* by Art T. Burton: This book tells the true story of an extraordinary Oklahoman, Deputy U.S. Marshal Bass Reeves—the “most feared U.S. marshal in the Indian country.” That Reeves was also an African American who had spent his early life as a slave in Arkansas and Texas makes his accomplishments all the more remarkable.

*Little Britches: Father and I Were Ranchers* by Ralph Moody: Moody was eight years old in 1906 when his family moved from New Hampshire to a Colorado ranch. Through his eyes we experience the pleasures and perils of ranching there early in the twentieth century. Auctions and roundups, family picnics, irrigation wars, tornadoes and wind storms give authentic color to *Little Britches*. So do adventures, wonderfully told, that equip Ralph to take his father’s place when it becomes necessary. This is the first of eight books Moody wrote about his childhood, and all are available as Bison Books.

*Waterlily* by Ella Cara Deloria: When Blue Bird and her grandmother leave their family’s camp to gather beans for the long, threatening winter, they inadvertently avoid the horrible fate that befalls the rest of the family. Luckily, the two women are adopted by a nearby Dakota community and are eventually integrated into their kinship circles. Ella Cara Deloria’s tale follows Blue Bird and her daughter, Waterlily, through the intricate kinship practices that created unity among her people.

*The Blue Tattoo: The Life of Olive Oatman* by Margot Mifflin: In 1851 Olive Oatman was a thirteen-year-old pioneer traveling west toward Zion with her Mormon
family. Within a decade, she was a white Indian with a chin tattoo, caught between cultures. *The Blue Tattoo* tells the harrowing story of this forgotten heroine of frontier America. Orphaned when her family was brutally killed by Yavapai Indians, Oatman lived as a slave to her captors for a year before being traded to the Mohave, who tattooed her face and raised her as their own. She was fully assimilated and perfectly happy when, at nineteen, she was ransomed back to white society. She became an instant celebrity, but the price of fame was high and the pain of her ruptured childhood lasted a lifetime.

*Just Breathe Normally* by Peggy Shumaker: In the wake of her near-fatal cycling collision, Peggy Shumaker searches for meaning within extremity. Through a long convalescence, she reevaluates her family’s past, treating us to a meditation on the meaning of justice and the role of love in the grueling process of healing. Her book, a moving memoir of childhood and family, testifies to the power of collective empathy in the transformations that make and remake us throughout our lives.

*Bang the Drum Slowly* by Mark Harris: Henry Wiggen, hero of *The Southpaw* and the best-known fictional baseball player in America, is back again, throwing a baseball “with his arm and his brain and his memory and his bluff for the sake of his pocket and his family.” More than a novel about baseball, *Bang the Drum Slowly* is about the friendship and the lives of a group of men as they each learn that a teammate is dying of cancer.

*Bang the Drum Slowly* was chosen as one of the top one hundred sports books of all time by *Sports Illustrated* and appears on numerous other lists of best baseball fiction. In the introduction to the Bison Books edition Mark Harris discusses the making of the classic 1973 film starring Robert DeNiro, based on his screen adaptation of the book.

I realize that there are quite a few more Bisons that I love and want you to read soon, but there’s not enough space to name them in this issue, so I encourage you to pick up one of these Bison classics now—actually, all of them—and perhaps I’ll have an additional list for our next newsletter!
AWARDS

*Cannibal* by Safiya Sinclair won the Addison M. Metcalf Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, was awarded the 2017 BOCAS Prize for Caribbean Literature in the category of Poetry, and was a finalist in the PEN Center USA Literary Awards in the category of Poetry. The book was also named to the American Library Association’s 2017 RUSA Notable Books List, one of only two poetry titles on the list.

*Stories from Afield: Adventures with Wild Things in Wild Places* by Bruce L. Smith was the Nature category winner at the 2017 Great Northwest Book Festival and a finalist for a Spur Award from the Western Writers of America in the Best Western Contemporary Nonfiction category.

*Before Boas: The Genesis of Ethnography and Ethnology in the German Enlightenment* by Han F. Vermeulen won the 2017 International Convention of Asia Scholars (ICAS) Book Prize in the category of Social Sciences.

*George Sword’s Warrior Narratives: Compositional Processes in Lakota Oral Tradition* by Delphine Red Shirt won the 2017 Labriola Center American Indian National Book Award.

*Redskins: Insult and Brand* by C. Richard King was selected for AIGA and Design Observer’s 50 Books | 50 Covers competition.
Rivers of Sand: Creek Indian Emigration, Relocation, and Ethnic Cleansing in the American South by Christopher D. Haveman won the Alabama Historical Association’s James F. Sulzby Book Award.

The American Folklore Society awarded its Elli Köngäs-Maranda Prize to Quilts and Human Rights by Marsha MacDowell, Mary Worrall, Lynne Swanson, and Beth Donaldson.

Scars of Partition: Postcolonial Legacies in French and British Borderlands by William F. S. Miles won the Association for Borderland Studies Past Presidents’ Silver Book Award for 2017.

Baseball’s Power Shift: How the Players Union, the Fans, and the Media Changed American Sports Culture by Krister Swanson won the 2017 SABR Baseball Research Award from the Society for American Baseball Research.

SABR also named its 2017 Henry Chadwick Award recipients, and two of the four winners are UNP authors. Daniel R. Levitt is the author of Ed Barrow: The Bulldog Who Built the Yankees’ First Dynasty, and Lyle Spatz is the author of many UNP baseball books, most recently (with Steve Steinberg) The Colonel and Hug: The Partnership that Transformed the New York Yankees.
SELECT REVIEWS

It’s My Country Too: Women’s Military Stories from the American Revolution to Afghanistan edited by Jerri Bell and Tracy Crow

“This rich anthology of women’s military stories is ripe with the history of female contributions to U.S. conflicts. . . . Enthusiastically recommended for all collections.”—Mattie Cook, Library Journal starred review

“Bell and Crow have done a service by amplifying the important voices in this collection.”—Publishers Weekly

Dream Like a Champion: Wins, Losses, and Leadership the Nebraska Volleyball Way by John Cook with Brandon Vogel

“A great deal of what Cook talks about—learning how to deal with losing, learning how to embrace the help of others, learning how to enjoy the journey—has applications in daily life. . . . This isn’t just a book on how to win, or even how to be a good coach. Those parts are there, but they take a back seat to a deeper message affirming how important it is to be a mentor to others, and how great life can be when we pause to appreciate it moving by.”—Daily Nebraskan

Present at the Creation: My Life in the NFL and the Rise of America’s Game by Upton Bell with Ron Borges

“A highly enjoyable book that should be on every football fan’s reading list.”—Library Journal starred review

The Art of Football: The Early Game in the Golden Age of Illustration by Michael Oriard

“A gorgeous and thoughtful overview of the visual record of the early years of the game.”—Library Journal starred review
Lefty O’Doul: Baseball’s Forgotten Ambassador by Dennis Snelling
“[An] engrossing, scrupulously-researched new biography to re-mind—or enlighten—fans about the outsized role O’Doul played in the history of the game.”—MLB.com

Lonesome Dreamer: The Life of John G. Neihardt by Timothy G. Anderson
“Anderson’s biography of John G. Neihardt will be the definitive text for those who seek to know the real John Neihardt and his influence on American literature.”
—Becky Faber, Nebraska History

Spies, Lies, and Citizenship: The Hunt for Nazi Criminals by Mary Kathryn Barbier
“Well-researched state secrets forced into the light of truth.”
—Kirkus

Glory Days by Melissa Fraterrigo
“A stunning tour de force centered in a small cattle ranching town.”
—Paige Van de Winkle, Foreword starred review

Cannibal by Safiya Sinclair
“Stunning debut collection.”
—Publishers Weekly starred review
“Reading (and rereading) Sinclair is an urgently necessary, absolutely unparalleled experience.”
—Diego Báez, Booklist starred review

Rival Gardens: New and Selected Poems by Connie Wanek
“An instant favorite of mine.”
—Danny Heitman, Christian Science Monitor
“Wanek’s imagery is consistently outstanding.”—Edward A. Dougherty, Rain Taxi
The January Children by Safia Elhillo
“A taut debut collection of heart-felt poems.”—Publishers Weekly

Russia’s Dead End: An Insider’s Testimony from Gorbachev to Putin by Andrei A. Kovalev, translated by Steven I. Levine
“[A] trenchant exposé of Russia’s totalitarian pathology. . . . Astonishing in its relentless frankness and a refreshing report from an insider.”—Kirkus

Ancestral Mounds: Vitality and Volatility of Native America by Jay Miller
“Fascinating, thorough, insightful, and provocative.”—L. E. Sponsel, CHOICE

Producing Predators: Wolves, Work, and Conquest in the Northern Rockies by Michael D. Wise
“An extraordinarily powerful narrative that will leave readers with a renewed appreciation of the profundity of the northern Rockies’ environmental transformation in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.”—Carol Medicott, Pacific Northwest Quarterly

Westerns: A Women’s History by Victoria Lamont
“Westerns does far more than add women and stir; it is a tremendous gift to scholarship, restoring women’s contributions to American literary history and laying a more accurate and inclusive foundation for future work.”—Jennifer S. Tuttle, Tulsa Studies in Women’s Literature

Transforming the Fisheries: Neoliberalism, Nature, and the Commons by Patrick Bresnihan
“Elegantly written.”—Times Literary Supplement
On the February 27, 2017, edition of NPR’s *Fresh Air*, Terry Gross interviewed Joel Sartore—National Geographic contributing photographer and author of the UNP books *Let’s Be Reasonable* and *Nebraska: Under a Big Red Sky*—about his twenty-five-year endeavor to document every captive animal species in the world using studio lighting and black-and-white backgrounds.

Upon its publication in March, William Daniels’s memoir *There I Go Again: How I Came to Be Mr. Feeny, John Adams, Dr. Craig, KITT, and Many Others* received a flurry of media attention, including pieces in the *Wall Street Journal*, *People*, *Variety*, and *Buzzfeed*.


It’s My Country Too: *Women’s Military Stories from the American Revolution to Afghanistan* edited by Jerri Bell and Tracy Crow received an extensive story in the July 6 edition of the *Daily Mail* (UK).


On July 21 the *San Francisco Chronicle* featured five baseball books with Bay Area ties. Two of these are UNP books: *Lefty O’Doul: Baseball’s Forgotten Ambassador* by Dennis Snelling and *Home Team: The Turbulent History of the San Francisco Giants* by Robert F. Garratt.
The Ordinary Spaceman: From Boyhood Dreams to Astronaut continued to garner media attention. On August 2 author Clayton C. Anderson sat down to chat with the hosts of Houston Life.

The August issue of Hail Varsity published an excerpt of Dream Like a Champion: Wins, Losses, and Leadership the Nebraska Volleyball Way by John Cook with Brandon Vogel.

The September 5, 2017, edition of Newsweek published an opinion piece about Russia’s role in the difficulties of the United States, European nations, and other countries. The piece, titled “Putin’s Hand Can Clearly Be Seen in the Chaos of a Destabilized West,” was written by Andrei A. Kovalev, author of Russia’s Dead End: An Insider’s Testimony from Gorbachev to Putin.

SELECT JPS REVIEWS AND MEDIA HIGHLIGHTS

Justice for All: How the Jewish Bible Revolutionized Ethics by Jeremiah Unterman

“Certain to inspire readers to seek further study of the Bible in its ancient context.”—Stu Halpern, Jewish Book Council

“I recommend this book as a careful comparative study of biblical ethics, written by a scholar with strong Jewish values.”—Martin Lockshin, Canadian Jewish News

Chanting the Hebrew Bible, Second, Expanded Edition: The Art of Cantillation by Joshua R. Jacobson

“Jacobson has delivered an indispensable teaching tool that, quite unusually, is a genuinely fascinating read. . . . Even those who consider themselves experts will learn a lot from this book. . . . Jacobson consistently provides a wealth of interesting historical material to make this a great reference book.”—Susan Miron, The Forward

Mosaic magazine highlighted Thinking about the Torah: A Philosopher Reads the Bible by Kenneth Seeskin throughout the month of January 2017, as it was central to their Monthly Essays feature “Is the Torah a Work of Philosophy?”

CNN asked members of the clergy to weigh in on the August 2017 events in Charlottesville. One of the respondents published in the resulting piece, “What Our Faith Tells Us about Healing America,” was Rabbi Shai Held, author of The Heart of Torah. Also in August, an excerpt of this book was published in Jewishrecon.org.
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**Saga of Chief Joseph, Bison Classic Edition**  
By Helen Addison Howard  
New introduction by Nicole Tonkovich  
Maps and illustrations by George D. McGrath

**A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux, 50th Anniversary Edition**  
Drawings by Amos Bad Heart Bull  
Text by Helen H. Blish  
Introduction by Mari Sandoz  
Introductions to the new edition by Emily Levine and Candace Greene

From now through September 2018, all new and renewing Friends members will receive a copy of this year’s Friends Presentation Volume, *Saga of Chief Joseph, Bison Classic Edition*, as their thank-you gift for membership. All members who give $500 or more will also receive a copy of *A Pictographic History of the Oglala Sioux, 50th Anniversary Edition*. Join today and support great reading from Nebraska!
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—that’s the message from Nebraska Volleyball Coach John Cook as he signs copies of Dream Like a Champion: Wins, Losses, and Leadership the Nebraska Volleyball Way at the UNL bookstore on August 30, 2017.