

OHIO *ana* QUARTERLY

Fall 2015 | VOL. 58 NO. 4



Collecting, Preserving, and Celebrating Ohio Literature

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OHIOana QUARTERLY

Fall 2015

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From the Director

Dear Friends,



I hope you had a wonderful summer, and that enjoying a great book was a part of it.

Great books are what the Ohioana Awards are all about. Every autumn since 1942, we have recognized the best of the best by Ohio writers and about Ohio subjects. On October 9 we will add six more stellar titles to the list of honored books, and we'll also present the annual Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, a special prize given to an Ohio writer age 30 or younger who has not yet published a book.

At the Ohioana Awards sixty years ago we honored Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee as "Ohio Playwrights of the Year" for *Inherit the Wind*. In 1955 it was the hottest ticket on Broadway; today it is regarded as one of the classic plays of the American stage. In this issue, Jerry Lawrence's niece Deborah Robison and Bob Lee's daughter Lucy Lee talk to Ohioana as we pay a special 60th anniversary tribute to *Inherit the Wind*.

As always, you'll find reviews of new books and a list of titles recently added to the Ohioana collection. And don't forget to check out the calendar of events, because autumn brings not only a burst of beautiful colors but also a burst of exciting literary happenings throughout the state! Make plans now to see some of your favorite Ohio authors at these events.

A year ago at this time, we were celebrating the Ohioana Library's 85th anniversary. As part of the festivities we introduced the new *Ohioana Quarterly*. As we mark this first anniversary of the new format, our sincere thanks again to everyone for their enthusiastic support this past year. The *Ohioana Quarterly* is written, designed, and produced for YOU as partners in our mission to collect, preserve, and celebrate Ohio literature. Please keep letting us know how we're doing.

Best wishes for a wonderful fall and happy holidays through the end of the year. We'll see you in 2016!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "David Weaver".

David Weaver
Executive Director

ON THE COVER

Congratulations to the 2015 Ohioana Book Award Winners: *All the Light We Cannot See* by Anthony Doerr, *The Invisible Soldiers* by Ann Hagedorn, *Floating Heart* by Stuart Frieberg, *Harlem Hellfighters* by J. Patrick Lewis, *Brown Girl Dreaming* by Jacqueline Woodson, and *James A. Rhodes* by Tom Diemer, Lee Leonard, and Richard G. Zimmerman.

2015 Ohioana Book Awards

The Ohioana Book Awards were established in 1942 to recognize excellence in writing by Ohioans and about Ohio. Each year awards are given to outstanding books in the categories of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, juvenile literature, and books about Ohio or an Ohioan. For the first time this year, an award for middle grade and young adult literature is joining the roster. We are pleased to present the 2015 Ohioana Book Award winners on the following pages.

FICTION

All the Light We Cannot See by Anthony Doerr



In France, blind Marie-Laure lives with her father in Paris near the Museum of Natural History, where he works as a locksmith. When the Nazis invade, they flee to Saint-Malo, taking the museum's most valuable jewel with them. In Germany, the orphaned Werner becomes an expert at building and repairing radios. When the Nazis discover his talent, they send him to a Hitler Youth academy and then on a

special assignment to track the resistance. When the stories of Marie-Laure and Werner converge, Doerr shows us how people can find light and hope against all odds.

Anthony Doerr was born and raised in Cleveland, Ohio. He is the author of the story collections *The Shell Collector* and *Memory Wall*, the memoir *Four Seasons in Rome*, and the novels *About Grace* and *All the Light We Cannot See*, which was awarded the 2015 Pulitzer Prize for fiction and the 2015 Andrew Carnegie Medal for Excellence



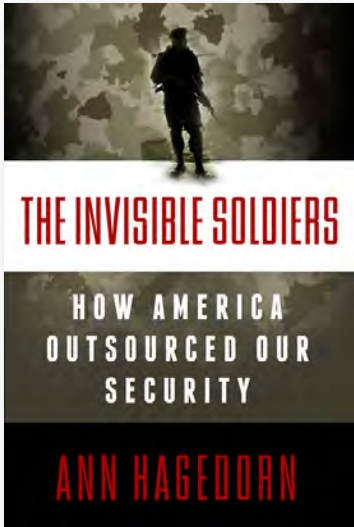
Photo by Isabelle Selby

in Fiction. Doerr's writing has won four O. Henry Prizes and has been anthologized in *The Best American Short Stories*, *The Anchor Book of New American Short Stories*, *The Best American Essays*, and *The Scribner Anthology of Contemporary Fiction*. He has won the Barnes & Noble Discover Prize, the Rome Prize, the New York Public Library's Young Lions Award, a Guggenheim Fellowship, an NEA Fellowship, an Alex Award from the American Library Association, the National Magazine Award for Fiction, four Pushcart Prizes, two Pacific Northwest Book Awards, three Ohioana Book Awards, the 2010 Story Prize, which is considered the most prestigious prize in the U.S. for a collection of short stories, and the Sunday Times EFG Short Story Award, which is the largest prize in the world for a single short story. In 2007, the British literary magazine *Granta* placed Doerr on its list of 21 Best Young American Novelists.

Doerr lives in Boise, Idaho, with his wife and two sons.

NONFICTION

The Invisible Soldiers: How America Outsourced Our Security by Ann Hagedorn



Not too long ago, only mercenaries provided military services for hire. During the Iraq War, however, private security contractors eventually exceeded U.S. troops. Private contractors now not only assist the military, but guard our embassies, provide police training, and perform intelligence analysis. In this book, reporter Hagedorn examines the difficulties of monitoring these

companies and the potential risks of U.S. dependence on their services.

Ann Hagedorn is the award-winning author of *Wild Ride*, *Ransom*, *Beyond the River*, and *Savage Peace*, and has been a staff writer for the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Daily News*. She has taught writing at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism, Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, Xavier University, and Miami University. She holds an M.S. in journalism from Columbia University and an honorary doctorate in humane letters from Denison University.



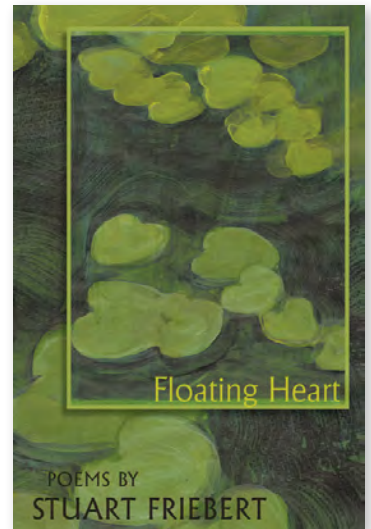
Photo by Jeanie Wulfkuhle

Hagedorn divides her time between New York City and a small Ohio River town she discovered while doing research for *Beyond the River*. When not writing, reading, or teaching, she is mentoring students, bicycling, or playing the violin or concertina.

POETRY

Floating Heart by Stuart Friebert

Friebert takes on the familiar and ordinary in this collection and reveals the wonder and poignancy intrinsic in every life. Poet Lee Upton describes these extraordinary poems as "pinpoint precise. They let us know that some wounds do not close but remain open as proof of how fully alive we must be for the sake of what matters most."



Born in Wisconsin, **Stuart Friebert** spent an undergraduate year in Germany as one of the first U.S. exchange students after World War II (1949-50), after which he finished a B.A. (1952) at Wisconsin State College/Milwaukee and took an M.A. (1953) and a Ph.D. (1957) at University of Wisconsin/Madison in German language & literature. He began teaching at Mt. Holyoke College (1957-59), subsequently taught at Harvard (1959-61), and then settled at Oberlin College in 1961. At Oberlin Friebert continued teaching German until, in the mid-1970s, with help from colleagues, he founded Oberlin's Creative Writing Program, which he directed until retiring in 1997. Along the way, he co-founded *Field Magazine* (later the Field Translation Series) and Oberlin College Press.

Of the dozen books of poems he has published (including three volumes of poems and one volume of prose pieces in German), *Funeral Pie* co-won the Four Way Book Award in 1997. In addition, he published eight volumes of translations—most

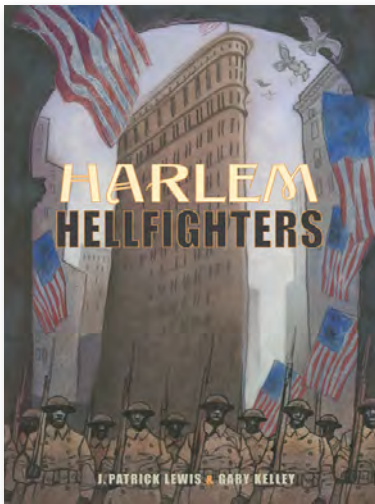


recently Sylva Fischerova's *Stomach of the Soul: Selected Poems* (Calypso Editions, 2014; co-translated with the author and A.J. Hauner). With David Young, he has co-edited two anthologies: *The Longman Anthology of Contemporary American Poetry* and *Models of the Universe: An Anthology of the Prose Poem*. With David Young and David Walker, Friebert co-edited *A Field Guide to Contemporary Poetry & Poetics*.

Friebert started to write prose in 2000 and has published a number of stories and memoir-pieces, as well as numerous critical essays and reviews. He has held an NEA Fellowship in poetry and received a number of awards for poems and translations over the years.

JUVENILE LITERATURE

Harlem Hellfighters by J. Patrick Lewis



The 369th Infantry Regiment—the first African American regiment to serve as part of U.S. forces in WWI—became known as the “Harlem Hellfighters” due to their ferocity in battle. However, they were equally well known for the regimental band that, under the leadership of famed bandleader and lieutenant James Reese Europe, took the sounds

of jazz, blues, and ragtime overseas. Lewis’s text and Gary Kelley’s powerful illustrations combine to tell the regiment’s story from its federalization in 1916, through training in the deep South and battle in France, to their homecoming and Europe’s death in 1919.

J. Patrick Lewis was born in Gary, Indiana, just twenty minutes after his twin brother. He credits his parents, who read to Lewis and his brothers when they were young, with fostering a love of words that helped him in his academic career and eventually led to his career as a poet.



However, Lewis’s first love was economics. He earned a B.A. from St. Joseph’s College, an M.A. from Indiana University, and a Ph.D. in economics from Ohio State University. He was teaching business, accounting, and economics at Otterbein College when poetry first became a passion. He wrote part-time for several years and published ten children’s books before turning to writing full time in 1998.

Lewis is the 2011 winner of the NCTE Award for Poetry and is a former Children’s Poet Laureate (2011-2013). He has written more than sixty books for children and adults on topics ranging from mathematics to history to the animal kingdom (both real and imaginary). Titles include *Spot the Plot: A Riddle Book of Book Riddles* and *Please Bury Me in the Library*. His poems also appear in more than seventy anthologies and in children’s magazines including *Cricket* and *Highlights for Children*.

Lewis’s poetry has won many awards, including the NCTE Notable Children’s Books in the Language Arts, the IRA Notable Books for a Global Society, and the Eureka! Children’s Nonfiction Book Award. He lives in Westerville, Ohio.

MIDDLE GRADE & YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

Brown Girl Dreaming by Jacqueline Woodson



In this collection of free-verse poems, Ohio native Woodson describes what it was like growing up alternately in South Carolina and New York during the 1960s and 1970s. The poems not only describe her feelings of being only “halfway home” in each place, but also share her joy as she discovered writing.

As a child, **Jacqueline Woodson** wrote everywhere and on everything, including paper bags, denim binders, and her shoes. She chalked stories across sidewalks and penciled tiny tales in notebook margins. She loved and still loves watching words flower into sentences and sentences blossom into stories.

Woodson also told a lot of stories as a child. Not “Once upon a time” stories but basically outright lies. There was something about telling the lie-story and seeing her friends’ eyes grow wide with wonder. Although she got in trouble for lying, she didn’t stop until fifth grade. That year, Woodson wrote a story, and her teacher said “This is really good.” Before that she had written a poem about Martin Luther King that was so good no one believed she wrote it. When it was finally accepted that she wrote it, the poem went on to win her a Scrabble® game and local acclaim. By the time the story rolled around and the words “This is really good” came out of the otherwise down-turned lips of her fifth grade teacher, Woodson was well on her way to understanding that a lie on the page was a whole different animal—one that won prizes and got surly teachers to smile. A lie on the page meant lots of independent time to create stories and the freedom to sit hunched over the pages of a notebook without people thinking you were strange.

Many books later, Woodson is still surprised when she walks into a bookstore and sees her name on a book, or when the phone rings and someone on the other end tells her she has just won an award. Sometimes, when Woodson is sitting at her desk for long hours and nothing is coming to her, she remembers her fifth grade teacher and the way her eyes lit up when she said “This is really good.” The way Woodson—the skinny girl in the back of the classroom who was always getting into trouble for talking or missed homework assignments—sat up a little straighter, folded her hands on the desk, smiled, and began to believe in herself.

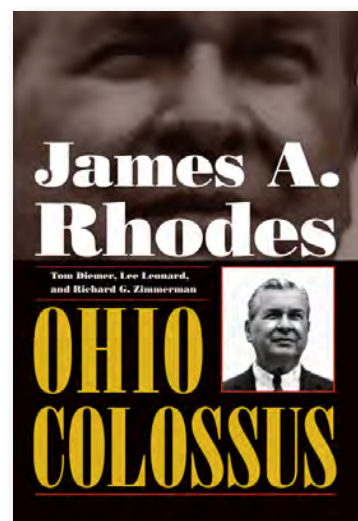


Photo © Marty Umans

ABOUT OHIO OR AN OHIOAN

James A. Rhodes: Ohio Colossus by Tom Diemer, Lee Leonard, and Richard G. Zimmerman

This book, written by journalists who covered Rhodes’ political career in overlapping terms, documents his upbringing in a single-parent home, his education (which did not include a college degree), his four terms as Ohio governor, and two decades as a political elder.





Tom Diemer is a writer, editor, and reporter who has covered seven presidential campaigns, a historic impeachment trial, and the 9/11 attacks on the United States.

In his time in the working press, Diemer served as a bureau chief, political reporter, and columnist for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in Columbus and Washington, D.C. He also

worked as a reporter, editor, and election coordinator for the Associated Press in New York and Ohio and as an editor and writer for PoliticsDaily.com. He covered City Hall in New York City, state government in Ohio, and presidential campaigns ranging from Jimmy Carter's improbable run in 1976 to the Bush-Kerry race in 2004. He covered John Glenn's historic return to space aboard the space shuttle *Discovery* in 1998 and the following year was in the Senate chamber for the impeachment trial of President Bill Clinton. He was at the Pentagon on September 11, 2001, reporting on the terrorist attacks as part of the *Plain Dealer's* award-winning coverage team. He has appeared as a panelist or guest on CNN, C-Span, CNBC, and Fox News.

As an author, Diemer wrote *Fighting the Unbeatable Foe*, a political biography of the late Sen. Howard Metzenbaum, published in 2008. He co-authored the book *Ohio Politics*, which chronicled politics and government in the Buckeye State from World War II through the end of the twentieth century. Both were published by Kent State University Press. After years of reporting on politics and government, Diemer became an instructor at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism Washington program in 2006.

Diemer was born in Toledo, Ohio, and is a graduate of Ohio State University. He is married to Judy Zimmer, an educator and lawyer. They have two daughters.

Lee Leonard covered government and politics in Pennsylvania and Ohio for forty-two years, including thirty-six years at the Ohio Statehouse in Columbus for United Press International and the *Columbus Dispatch*. A native of New Jersey, he grew up in New York and attended Middlebury College in Vermont before graduating from Cornell University with a major in communication arts.



Leonard began his journalism career with UPI in Idaho and spent six years in Pennsylvania covering state government before moving to Columbus. He covered seven governors, twenty-six state budgets, and eleven national political conventions. He interviewed Dwight Eisenhower and Jimmy Carter and in the mid-1970s was voted one of UPI's most-respected bylines in a national survey of subscribing newspaper editors. Leonard worked side by side at the Ohio Statehouse with Rick Zimmerman and Tom Diemer, the co-authors of *James A. Rhodes*, and as a reporter competed with them on a daily basis for a leg up on breaking news and exclusive features.

Leonard authored the chapter on legendary Ohio governor James A. Rhodes' second eight years for *Ohio Politics*, published in 1994 by Kent State University Press. *A Columnist's View of Capitol Square*, published in 2010 by the University of Akron Press, represents a virtual history of Ohio government and politics from 1969-2005 through the reprinting of selected weekly columns Leonard wrote over the years.

Leonard lives with his wife Ruth in Reynoldsburg, Ohio, where they are active volunteers. They have two children.

The late **Richard G. Zimmerman** was the author of *Call Me Mike* and *Plain Dealing* (Kent State University Press). Zimmerman, who died in 2008 while still working on *James A. Rhodes*, reported in Columbus for Horvitz Newspapers and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Congratulations to the 2015 Ohioana Book Award finalists! Look for these books and other titles by these authors at your local library or bookstore.

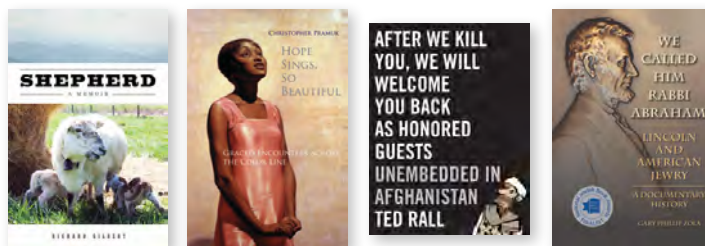
FICTION

Mrs. Lincoln's Rival by Jennifer Chiaverini
Bright Shards of Someplace Else by Monica McFawn
Everything I Never Told You by Celeste Ng
The Story Hour by Thrity Umrigar



NONFICTION

Shepherd: A Memoir by Richard Gilbert
Hope Sings, So Beautiful: Graced Encounters Across the Color Line by Christopher Pramuk
After We Kill You, We Will Welcome You Back as Honored Guests by Ted Rall
We Called Him Rabbi Abraham: Lincoln and American Jewry by Gary Phillip Zola



POETRY

Hearsay by Christopher Ankney
Imperial by George Bilgere
The Accidental Garden by William Greenway
The Hive Is a Book We Read for Its Honey by Gerry Grubbs



JUVENILE LITERATURE

The Farmer's Away! Baa! Neigh! by Anne Vittur Kennedy
The Forever Flowers by Michael J. Rosen
Otis and the Scarecrow by Loren Long
This Is the Rope by Jacqueline Woodson



MIDDLE GRADE & YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

Park Scientists by Mary Kay Carson
The Boy on the Porch by Sharon Creech
Winterfrost by Michelle Houts
Voices from the March on Washington by J. Patrick Lewis



ABOUT OHIO OR AN OHIOAN

Beyond Trochenbrod by Betty Gold & Mark Hodermarsky
The Chalmers Race: Ty Cobb, Napoleon Lajoie, and the Controversial 1910 Batting Title That Became a National Obsession by Rick Huhn
Gene Everlasting: A Contrary Farmer's Thoughts on Living Forever by Gene Logsdon
American Queen: The Rise and Fall of Kate Chase Sprague by John Oller



What Will Follow by Negesti Kaudo

An excerpt from the 2015 Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant Winner

I know my dad is dead. I can hear it in the panicked tone my mom is using to speak into her phone, but she won't tell us. Instead of taking us to dinner, she drops Nia and me off at a family friend's house and we play cards and bake cookies before going to our school's Extravaganza performance. Tonight is the end of a lot of things. This is the last Extravaganza that my music teacher will take part in, and I will never forget the way she clicks her ruby red slippers at the end of the show to remind us all she is moving to Kansas. I don't know it yet, but this is my last Extravaganza because next year I will eat too many clementines, get sick, and stay home. Tonight, Nia and I will become a four-person family with our mom and half-brother, KyJah.

Before all of this though, my mom has to drive from the hospital and pick us up from her friend's house after the Extravaganza. She has to sit in the car and listen as we tell her about the amateur acrobatics we performed and the songs we sang. She will put the car in park outside of our house and begin to tell us, but I will interrupt her and say, "He's dead, isn't he?" I will ask where his body is and she will tell me it's at the hospital and not inside our house where my dad has been dying for months. Nia will cry all night and I will sit on my bed next to her, trying to be a good older sister by looking out of the window without shedding a single tear. I am eight and she is five.

I will find out by listening in on phone conversations that my other half-brother, Edward, tried and kept trying: forcing air into our dad's lungs and pressing on his fragile chest even after the paramedics came. In the house, the hospital bed is empty and stripped of its blue sheets, and the house is filled with stale air. The hospital will come and remove the bed, the tubes, and the empty bedpan, but they will leave the spare white sheets and clean bed padding, which will be put on the highest shelf of my closet where I won't find them for years.

By choice and fear, I will not attend the visitation. I sit in the backseat of the car alone as Nia, KyJah, and my mom all go inside to have one final look at his body. I am in the car by myself for a long time, wondering what he looks like, if they've cleaned him up or if he's in his camouflage

army uniform for a war I never had the chance to ask about. I wonder if he still has his dreads or if they shaved them all off, including the ones hanging from his chin. I wonder if he still looks like my dad. I wait. They return to the car and Nia, who seems more mature than ever, cups her hand against my ear and whispers, "He looks like he's sleeping."

My mom lets Nia and me stay home from the funeral. We sit on our cousin's faded maroon leather couch while everyone but us and our cousin, Ashley, are in attendance. Our cousin is peppier than seems appropriate as she talks to another one of her cousins sitting in a faded recliner. Nia and I listen as Ashley tells her cousin about how great our dad was, how he was funny and nice, and Nia and I will have nothing to say. It is no longer April 11th, a date now burned onto our brains.

When we go to my dad's house on Leonard Avenue, it doesn't cross my mind that this will be the last time I see my second home. We lived with our mom because our parents never married; sometimes we spent weekends with our dad and sometimes he came over to our house when our mom was gone, taking us to and from school. This is the last time I will see the fallen, forest green siding hanging off the front of the house lit only by red, yellow, and green Rasta-colored lamplights; and the last time I will walk through the green door with the Ethiopian flag hanging in front. I am allowed to take whatever I want, my mother tells me, and I disregard the bin of toys that my sister and I shared and pick up a golden-framed photo that will never be hung. It is of me as a baby, months old, with my pre-dreadlock afro and dressed in my signature yellow onesie with matching hair bow. My dad is holding me, not looking at the camera, but instead at me as I stare wide-eyed at the camera and most likely my mom behind it. There are a lot of photos like this: he and I, and they're all Polaroids trapped underneath noisy plastic covers in a photo album. But this one is mine. It is one of the few things I take from the house and it will never be my mother's and it will never be my sister's. I don't know what happens to the rest of the items in the house; we left Edward to make those decisions.

On Father's Day, two months after his death when things begin to return to normal, my sister and I stick handmade construction paper Father's Day cards in the back of the framed photo. They sit there for years, fading and unread, and no one bothers to throw them away or move them. Three dates seem to be bold on the calendar: April 11th, Father's Day, and December 12th. My sister and I work hard to calculate his would-be age every year on December 12th (his birthday), but we don't talk about him. These days come and pass like any other, with an occasional, "Do you know what day it is?" from our mother and a quiet, "Yes." in response.

.....

A year later for spring break, my mom takes Nia and me to Universal Studios with her two coworkers and their two daughters—Alexis and Kayla. I am the oldest in the group and Nia is the youngest, and though it will take us a few more years to realize we don't really like either of these girls, we think we are friends. We are in the backseat of the rental van, three of us piled in the far back and one sitting in the middle row next to Alexis's mom.

"You don't know who your daddy is." Kayla states it so bluntly that Nia and I can only look at each other to recover from the shock.

"Yes, we do." We speak in unison and I look from the depths of the backseat towards the front where my mother sits talking to her friends.

"Our dad died." My voice is quiet. They look at me skeptically, seeming ready to laugh.

"What's his name then?" Alexis counters, and the two of them smirk at Nia and me. We are confused because we know exactly who our dad is and have no reason to lie.

"Our daddy is Edward Joseph Gaines." Nia's voice is strong and matter-of-fact even though she is not even seven years old. I look back and forth between Nia, the two girls, and our mothers, who are now eavesdropping on the conversation from their seats.

"That's not your daddy. That's just the man your mom told you was your daddy." Kayla spits her words at us, hot from her seven-year-old mouth. Our mom jumps in and tells them we know our dad and somehow the

older women find something to laugh about from our conversation, but Kayla's words sit with Nia and me.

Later, our mom sits us down in the hotel room and tells us that Kayla and Alexis don't know their dads. That their mothers told them that a man was their dad, but he's not, and so they think we're like them, but we're not. We are not products of short-term relationships. We know our dad. We grew up with him in our lives, stayed at his house; he introduced us to veggie dogs and coffee. He made us "skatemobiles," which were hand-crafted wooden scooters with a seat for your knee, and he painted them Rasta colors and let Nia and me ride them up and down his street until the streetlights came on. We met some of our half-siblings, but mainly we knew Edward, one of the oldest of the many we had. We knew his neighbors, the dirty little girls further down the street and the old couple that grew their own vegetables in the front yard. Our parents may have never married, but we still knew both of them.

.....

As I get older, I will stop celebrating Father's Day for everyone, including my uncles and cousins. I watch my mom buy my sister dresses for multiple Father-Daughter dances she attends, tagging onto her friends' fathers while I sit at home, the idea of attending never even crossing my mind. I decide that if I get married, I will walk down the aisle alone, taking away the option from my brother, cousin, and uncle without any discussion.

Years will go by and I will blame myself for his death. My mom believes that I am depressed, but won't tell me until she thinks I've fallen out of it. I will replay April 11th over and over, trying to see what was different about that day. Finally, I will pinpoint it to me saying "goodbye" instead of "I love you" when I left that day because I was excited for the Extravaganza. Thinking about it more, I will lose religion after I remember how my uncle prayed over my father in tongues only days before his death. I will blame God and myself for his death, for his absence, until I am fifteen years old. At fifteen, I will find myself in my first writing course following the prompt and writing about how I've blamed myself for seven years, even though it couldn't have been my fault. He was dying; I couldn't have fixed it. I forget the exact year he died and argue it with my best friend. It will turn out that she was right: it was 2002 and not 2001.

I will meet people who don't know that my dad has died. Some will think that I'm lying and believe I'm just trying to cover up the gritty details of a relationship gone bad, of a father who left. It's not something I bring up in conversation; "Hi, I'm Negesti and my dad's dead," is not something I say. It's information that is relevant to who I am as a person. People find out when I'm ready to bring it up.

When I become obsessed with astrology, I will find out my dad was a Sagittarius; my mom, a Pisces; and I a Leo. Later, I will find out that those two signs are the best fit parents for a Leo. I will meet another Sagittarian man and fall in love with him. On his own, he will find out that my dad died and believe that was my reason for cutting off my dreads, and I will have to tell him my dad died when I was eight. Besides this, he will know nothing about my dad, but on the ninth anniversary of his death he will be there for me when I walk around the halls of my high school trying to hold it together without telling anyone. My best friend will tell him what day it is, chastising me because I didn't, and he'll ask me if I need him, watching me from a distance for the rest of the day just in case.

.....

I find the sympathy cards that the kindergartners and third grade students signed for Nia and me after it happened. I see my friends' names scrawled all over the card, over seventy-five signatures between the two of us and cards from four different classes. We had missed close to a week of school when our dad died, and these were the apologies from our classmates for what had happened. The names are so messy that I can't appreciate the card, thinking only that my eight- and nine-year-old classmates didn't understand, couldn't sympathize with me. I don't want an apology because there's no need to apologize for something one didn't do. I don't want anyone's sympathy. Other people's sympathy, pity, and condolences seem fraudulent, simply words said because they think I'll feel better. Words won't bring him back; words won't turn back time, so my mom actually listens when he complains of pain instead of brushing it off; I don't want anyone's words.

I have a very hard time with emotions. That was how I coped. It took me years to shed tears for the death of my father and actually feel that difference. I lack empathy,

which makes people look at me strangely, like I'm a cold person. How do I tell people that because I spent most of my childhood putting my emotions in a box, I can't feel the way everyone else does. In high school, a lot of people I knew started losing people close to them and I said what I knew, "that sucks." Because it does. It sucks. No one knows what you're feeling, no one understands what you've just lost, but they want you to feel better. What people don't realize is that at that moment, you don't want to feel anything at all.

Zach was the first person my age that I met whose dad had died when he was young. His dad was killed when he was a newborn. I will find myself on the phone with Zach late one night and he will ask me if I think it is better or worse having known my dad before he died. "I only knew him a little bit," I whisper.

"But you still knew him. I didn't know my dad." It's quiet on the line, and I can tell he's thinking in the dark too.

"I'm glad I knew him, but I don't know which one's worse. I have someone to miss and you don't, but you don't have anyone." I want to tell him that I have a void. An empty space inside of me that can't be filled, and I will try to fill it constantly and fail. I don't think he has that.

.....

There are things I think about that make me feel guilty. I would eat salami sandwiches at school (even though I was kind of a vegetarian) and when he'd ask me about my day, I'd tell him I had peanut butter and jelly. I remember looking under his bed and resting my hand on the cold metal barrel of a barely hidden shotgun and not telling anyone I'd found it. It's too late to confess, now.

I pledge to myself that I will go to the house on Leonard Avenue before I leave the city for college, but I never make it. Anxiety and panic attacks as I get closer to the neighborhood will keep me from visiting. Seeing the sign on the highway for the exit twists my insides, and the closer I get to the street, the harder it is to breathe, and my vision tunnels as I clench my hands into a fist until I am far enough away. My dad was an artist, his house littered with paintings, drawings, and statues. At home, I walk past my father's hand-carved fisherman statue in the corner of the foyer under the door chimes without noticing him, but he always seems to be watching us. The

signed oil painting my dad painted will never be hung in the house, but always lean against a wall in the living room, collecting dust. Writing becomes my art because I am not a quality artist like my dad, so I use words to paint pictures. I dedicated my first self-published book to him, but I got the death date wrong, and being unable to fix it makes me sick to my stomach.

There are two Kaudos. Two daughters of both Edward Gaines and Helena Dameron: Nia and I. We don't have either of our parent's last names, but we have their blood. We are the only completely related siblings in both immediate families, but we have a stock of half-siblings on our father's side that faded from our life once the casket was lowered into the ground. I don't know how to spell any of their names, so I won't be able to find them. I look up my dad, trying to find out more about his family, vaguely remembering the stories of his parents, and after hours of searching, I find nothing on his Louisiana lineage.

My mom says I'm like him. My aunt says that I'm "just like Shaka" (my dad's nickname). I wouldn't know, but I bite down on the smile that wants to form. They mean I have the hoarding tendency, the selfishness, the sensitivity—all negative qualities, but they still say it with a glimmer of a nostalgic smile. My dad and I are both fire signs, both artists in our own way. I am twenty years old. Today, my dad would have been seventy-four.

It was stomach cancer. That's what did it. That's what put him in the hospital where we visited for weeks before they sent him home with us and set up the makeshift hospital in our TV room. We watched television together and in the days leading up to it, we watched old *Extravaganza* videos with him, sitting on the floor in front of the hospital bed. He was thin and getting thinner, the oxygen tube seeming to protrude from his nose and ruining my memory of his face. I slept in the next room and every day before I went to school with my sister, I hovered over his bed in my MacEwen plaid jumper with my backpack on and kissed him on the cheek. I told him I loved him.



Negesti Kaudo is a proud Ohioan and Buckeye who believes the job of a writer is to explore the human condition on the page, and she does just that in her nonfiction and fiction pieces. At 22 years old, Negesti is a recent graduate of Elon University with Bachelor of Arts in both English—creative writing and psychology. During her undergraduate career, she had the privilege of being invited to join Sigma Tau Delta, the international English honor society. While serving as a member of her Sigma Tau Delta chapter, Negesti presented her collection of poems, *Arrhythmia*, at the 2014 English Convention and her nonfiction essay, *Kings, Queens, and Warriors*, at the 2015 convention. Her nonfiction essays have been published several times online at NailedMagazine.com as selections in their monthly response columns and also in the sixth issue of *Vagabond City Literary Journal*. Kaudo is currently pursuing an MFA in creative writing—nonfiction at Columbia College of Chicago.

Lawrence & Lee and *Inherit the Wind*

Reflections on an American Classic

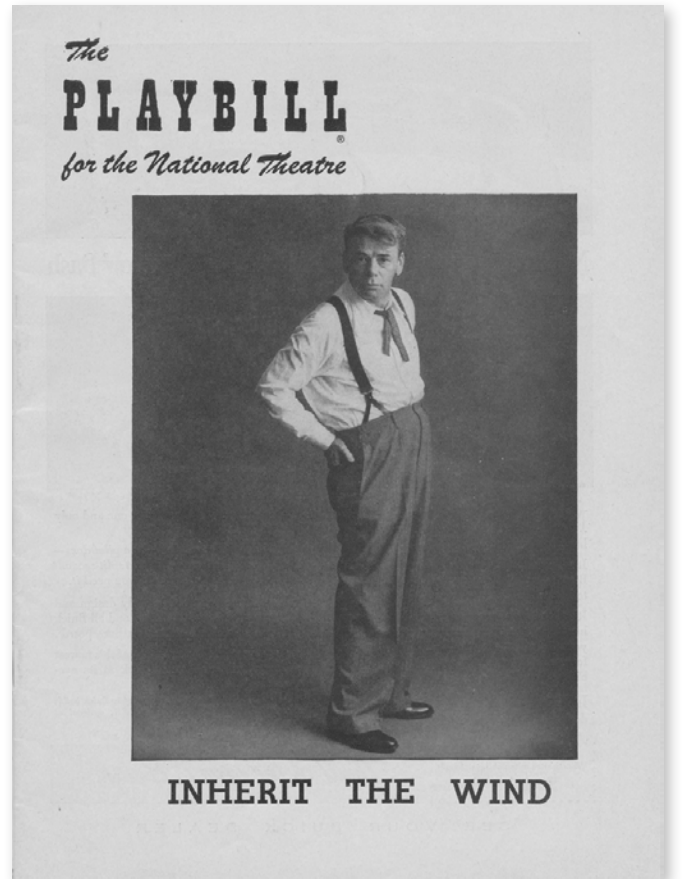
by David Weaver

Sixty years ago this October, at the Ohioana Library's annual ceremony honoring outstanding literary achievements by our state's best writers, the library presented a special Award of Merit. It read "To Jerome Lawrence & Robert E. Lee—Ohio Playwrights of the Year." The play for which they were honored, *Inherit the Wind*, is regarded as one of the classics of American theater. In celebration of the play's 60th anniversary, Ohioana Library Executive Director David Weaver spoke with two people who knew the playwrights intimately: Jerry Lawrence's niece Deborah Robison and Bob Lee's daughter Lucy Lee.

David Weaver: Jerry Lawrence and Bob Lee formed a writing partnership in 1942 that lasted until Bob's death in 1994. What do you feel was the key to their working together so successfully for more than fifty years?

Deborah Robison: Jerry and Bob knew how to balance their work and their lives and to take care of each other and themselves. Their method of working together changed over the years. In the early days, they were always in the same room, discussing, acting out parts, sparking each other as they went. As time went on they worked frequently over the phone and then got together to fine tune the scripts. They generally kept their personal and professional lives separate, but were completely invested in (and devoted to) each other. They respected each other and capitalized on both their differences and their similarities. They knew how to work through a point together—offering suggestions whenever they disagreed, finding and relishing the essence of each other's thoughts and rhythms.

Lucy Lee: My dad explained the success of his partnership with Jerry Lawrence as writers and devoted friends with one word: *respect*. They were very different men, but as my father often said, "Why would you want a collaborator who was just like you? Any collaboration would then be simply a matter of talking to yourself." Jerry was impeccably punctual, often early (much to my dad's frustration). My dad was always running a little late. Dad loved to ponder; Jerry was the "let's get



Paul Muni as Henry Drummond in the 1955 production of *Inherit the Wind*. Playbill used by permission. All rights reserved, Playbill Inc.

something down—we can rework it later, and let's write five pages a day" person. Jerry was a master at seizing opportunities to promote their work, to connect with fellow theater professionals. My dad was somewhat more introverted. They shared many things—a broad range of interests in politics, history, science, and literature. But they loved to challenge each other, sparring, but always doing so respectfully. I think you've been told about their "U.N. Veto"—their agreement that if one didn't like an idea the other proposed, the idea was dead, no questions asked. However, the party with the objection had to offer an alternative to the proposed dialogue, characterization, or turn of plot that would then provide a possible way through the disagreement.

They often commented that they could not recognize individual lines written by one or the other of them in their final works; neither of them ever said, “I wrote that—that was my line, my idea.” Their collaboration was a true melding of minds, built on that foundation of respect for each other. It’s worth noting that in a working relationship of fifty-two years, they never had a written contract spelling out the terms of their collaboration. They trusted each other implicitly.

Weaver: This year marks the 60th anniversary of the first production of Lawrence and Lee’s classic play, *Inherit the Wind*. It has been seen in hundreds of productions everywhere from high schools and community theater to revivals on Broadway and numerous adaptations for film and television. It seems as relevant today—maybe more so—as it did in 1955. What did Jerry and Bob feel about this play, and where would you say they ranked it among all the work they did together?

Robison: One of Jerry’s proudest accomplishments was that *Inherit the Wind* was produced everywhere, continually, all over the world. He understood the importance of the play, how beautifully written it was, and how meaningful its message. He celebrated all aspects of its creation and its long life. He loved the Margo Jones production, the friendship with Paul Muni (Henry Drummond in the play’s first Broadway production), the many great actors who took on the roles, the young students and regional theater actors and actresses who performed their parts with such enthusiasm, the relevance of its words through all the years. As he said, they decided (as, really, very young men) to be “poets and playwrights” as they created this great play, and Jerry knew they had succeeded.

Lee: *Inherit the Wind* was written fairly early in their professional lives. To be honest, I think they always sought to “top” *Inherit*, striving to write a work of equal, lasting impact. They certainly did so with *Auntie Mame*,

but that was close on the heels of *Inherit*. My parents often spoke about the excitement of having both a hit drama (*Inherit*) and a hit comedy (*Auntie Mame*) running on Broadway at the same time. When they were in New York, they would run from the curtain call at the National for *Inherit* to catch the curtain call at the Broadhurst for *Auntie Mame*. And these two iconic plays are each a reflection of core values that Jerry and my dad shared: the belief that individuals brave enough to do so can jolt the status quo in miraculous ways. Personally, I think their plays *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail*, *The Gang’s All Here*, and *First Monday in October* convey similarly important messages.

*An idea is
a greater
monument
than a
cathedral.*

They were certainly committed to the central ideas in *Inherit*—ideas about the potential for faith and reason to coexist, about the need to honor the freedom of individuals to think and express ideas freely. I wonder if they would be surprised at the continuing debate over evolution, which was supposedly a settled matter of science when the play was written.

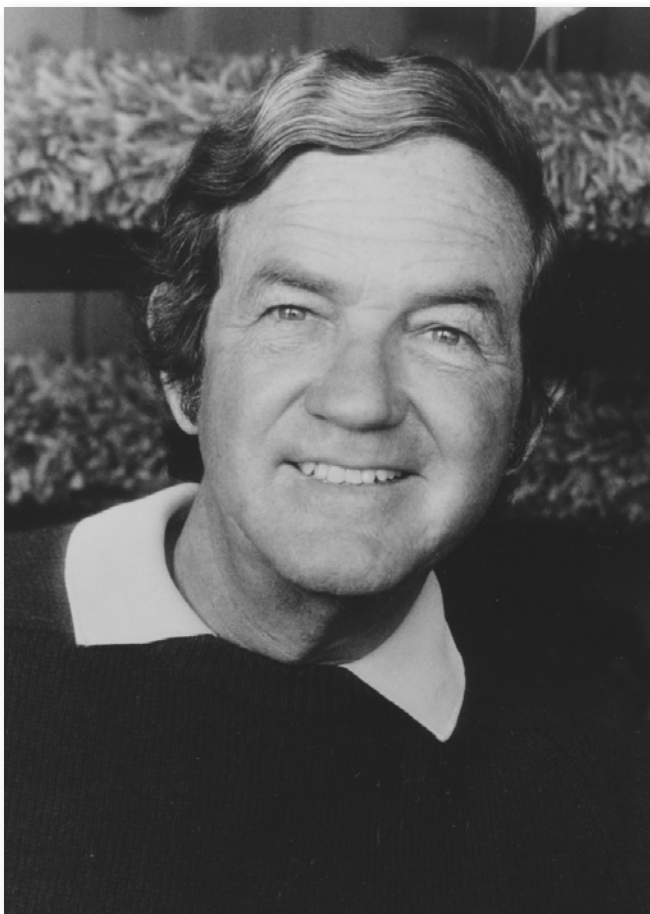
Weaver: You both serve as jurors, representing the Lawrence and Lee families respectively, for the annual Margo Jones Award. Jones

was, of course, the producer who first presented *Inherit the Wind* before it appeared on Broadway. Why did Lawrence and Lee feel so strongly about honoring Jones and supporting regional theater?

Robison: The story of Tad Adoue meeting Jerry and Bob on the beach in Malibu and taking *Inherit the Wind*—which had been rejected too many times by New York producers—to Texas where courageous and creative Margo Jones gave it its theatrical beginnings: that story, told often, is at the root of Jerry and Bob’s continual gratitude and respect for the possibilities of regional theater. They loved Broadway—the glamor, the thrilling New York action—but they also understood that the Broadway phenomenon had its roots in regional theater where chances could be taken, new work could be

presented, and people all over America (including their own native Ohio) could have theater as part of their lives. Jerry and Bob wanted to continue to support and honor the original thinkers, the brave adventurers like Margo Jones.

Lee: Dad and Jerry were very prescient about the impact of the crushing economics of Broadway as things began to change in the 1960s and beyond. Rising costs and ticket prices were shutting many regular theatergoers out of attending a Broadway show. At the same time, the number of influential newspapers in New York was dwindling—a mere one or two reviewers could now decide the fate of a new play. Lawrence and Lee wanted to free playwrights from feeling bound to write for what they called “the little birdcage of Manhattan.” The American Playwrights Theater movement, which they inspired, resulted in reaching and touching audiences more broadly and giving dramatists greater latitude to explore and experiment. Margo was a pioneer in that movement. Dubbed “The Texas Tornado,” she dared to bring new works to her audiences, plays that made



Jerome Lawrence

Broadway producers very nervous. Dad and Jerry knew that without Margo’s courage and vision, *Inherit* might have languished in the back of a file cabinet forever.

Weaver: While *Inherit the Wind* was still running on Broadway, Lawrence and Lee scored another major hit in 1956 with *Auntie Mame*. Ten years later they adapted it as the musical *Mame*, with songs by Jerry Herman, and it was an even bigger success than the original. All three shows made it to the big screen. How did they feel about the film versions of their plays?

Robison: It’s complicated to write for the theater—with the depth of a stage, the entrances and exits of the characters, the vibrancy of living, breathing people from curtain up to curtain down, the anticipation of the vital presence of an audience—and then to see that work transformed into another medium entirely. But Jerry acknowledged these complications while also accepting them with grace. He was, of course, happy to know that their work—particularly *Inherit the Wind* and *Auntie Mame*—would be seen (even though somewhat altered) by millions of people, many of whom would never see a live theatrical production.

Lee: They had some ambivalence about the translation of their work to the screen, but they were grateful that film versions of their work were widely seen and appreciated by audiences. The film version of *Auntie Mame*, with a screenplay by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, was a particular favorite. The screenwriters honored the original work faithfully, translating it to the screen with only a few changes to add some cinematic spice. I suspect Comden and Green were smart enough to say, “Let’s not mess with this too much.”

Weaver: Deborah, this summer marked the 100th anniversary of Jerome Lawrence’s birth. What do you miss most about him? What would you like people to know about him as a man and as a playwright?

Robison: Jerry was a good friend, a loving uncle, and an inspiring artist. We miss his kindness, his gentle generosity, his acute observations about the theater and acting, his hearty jokes, his wonderful laugh. He was a true writer and loved to spin a good story, engaging his audience (often his admiring family) as he beautifully revealed the details and zeroed in on the conclusions. He was, in his way, a great performer. Jerry was an optimist.

He held a deep spiritual belief in the importance of finding the good in life. His favorite word was *enthusiasm*—enthusiasm for living well, for being happy, for doing your work with gusto, for engaging with other writers and artists and embracing their work. He read plays voraciously and taught his many grateful students how to absorb and appreciate good and vital writing. He was a wonderful teacher. We miss his joyous presence.



Robert E. Lee

Weaver: Lucy, one of my favorite lines from *Inherit the Wind*—“An idea is a greater monument than a cathedral”—is inscribed on your father’s tombstone. He passed away in 1994. What do you miss most about him? And what do you feel is the legacy of Lawrence and Lee?

Lee: To say what I miss most about my father is almost impossible. There is so much. His energy, his joyful and optimistic spirit, his crackling smile, his passion about learning new things, his devotion to his family and friends. He was there for my mom, my brother, and me, always—with gentle advice, with his unwavering

example of immaculate integrity, and always with a poem or two for inspiration. We are so fortunate to be surrounded by his presence, still—his published works, his journals and notebooks, his letters. What I probably miss most is simply conversation—hashing out ideas with him, listening to that beautiful baritone voice (remember his early work as an announcer in radio). “Luce,” he would say with dramatic intensity, “something WONDERFUL is going to happen to you!”

Regarding the legacy of Lawrence and Lee: as an educator, I see the importance of their work every day in teaching students at the University of Southern California. We are in the business of critical thinking, looking at issues from multiple perspectives, evaluating and assessing evidence and acknowledging our biases. My dad and Jerry wrestled with ideas of social significance, big questions, and did so by dramatizing different perspectives and leaving it to the audience to do the final calculations and come to their own conclusions. They will always be remembered as playwrights who not only entertained and engaged audiences—they truly made us think.

Our sincere thanks to Deborah Robison and Lucy V. Lee and their siblings—Paula Robison, Joshua Robison, and Jonathan Barlow Lee. Special thanks to Janet Waldo (Mrs. Robert E.) Lee for her encouragement and support.

Book Reviews

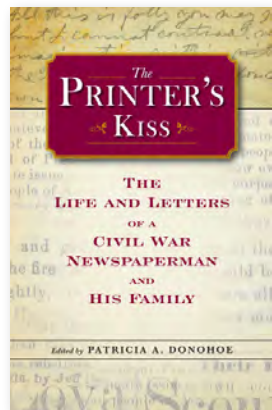
NONFICTION

Donohoe, Patricia A., ed. *The Printer's Kiss: The Life and Letters of a Civil War Newspaperman and His Family*.

Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2014. HC \$39.95.

The Printer's Kiss is a compilation of personal letters written between 1844 and 1864 by Will Tomlinson, his opinionated wife Eliza, and their two children as well as newspaper columns and reports during the height of the Civil War. Between the carefully dated letters, Donohoe provides background and historical context for events discussed in the missives. These interludes between letters provide a respite for readers from the almost daily discussion of domestic and monetary issues, political opinions, and descriptions of health and illnesses.

After brief biographical sketches, Donohoe introduces William Tomlinson and Eliza Wiley just after their marriage in 1844. The locations identified for each letter reinforce the itinerant life of newspapermen and printers in antebellum America. The Tomlinsons live in Brown County; in Ripley, Ohio, near Eliza's family; and just to the north in Georgetown. Tomlinson also runs newspapers in Piketon (Pike County) and, for a brief time, in Kenton, Ohio. Then in 1854, Tomlinson takes his family to Des Moines, Iowa, where he prints the *Iowa Statesman* (1855-56, 1858) and works for the *Iowa State Journal* (1859-1860). Despite purchasing land and houses in Iowa, the family moves back to Ripley, where Tomlinson's wife and children can live near Eliza's parents. From 1860 until his death in 1863, Tomlinson boards in Cincinnati, sets type for the *Cincinnati Gazette*, or holds various military posts and positions. Tomlinson served as quartermaster sergeant for the 5th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, captain of the 10th Virginia (now West Virginia) acting as counterinsurgents, spy and scout in Kentucky, and nurse on a hospital boat.



Publishing, editing, and/or owning nine newspapers in Ohio and one in Iowa, Tomlinson worked for a number of other newspapers during his twenty-five-year career as a newspaperman. Throughout his life, he wrote editorials and newspaper columns and preached the cause of the Union, abolition, and democracy. Letters between Tomlinson and his wife and children are full of political opinions and sometimes virulent discussions about slavery and the guerrilla war tactics of neighboring Kentuckians. Each letter's salutation includes words about the health and welfare of family members and their financial problems, mostly revolving around the Iowa properties.

The letters provide great insight into familial relationships, letter-writing styles, and marital relationships. Absent from most of the letters is any discussion of the newspaper and printing businesses. While the Tomlinsons send newspapers to one another on a regular basis, they do not discuss the contents of the papers, books, or even magazines (except *Harper's*) in any of the letters. Readers interested in antebellum and Civil War journalism must look between the lines and read Donohoe's descriptions to learn anything about this occupation.

A map of the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Ripley, Ohio, and Maysville, Kentucky, would help readers visualize the geography and proximity of these locations. In addition, maps would help readers understand why Southern Ohioans felt threatened by their Kentucky neighbors in Maysville and in the mountains of Virginia.

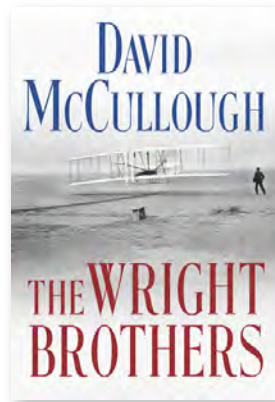
The Printer's Kiss is a readable account of life before and during the Civil War. The letters, along with Donohoe's explanations, draw readers into the lives of these articulate Ohioans who wrote constantly to one another through good times and bad.

Patricia A. Donohoe is the great-great-granddaughter of Will and Eliza Wylie Tomlinson.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

McCullough, David. *The Wright Brothers*. Simon & Schuster (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$30.00.

When we think of the Wright Brothers, we often picture “those daring young men in their flying machines” soaring through the air in loops and figure eights. That is exactly the thrill and excitement McCullough captures in his newest biography, *The Wright Brothers*. McCullough draws his inspiration and narrative from Wright family diaries, letters, newspaper accounts, photographs, and technical reports. He mines the archives at Wright State University, Dayton Metropolitan Library Special Collections, and the Smithsonian Archives to name just a few sources.



Orville and Wilbur Wright always worked together building and inventing. In 1889, as teenagers, they designed and built a printing press and published local newspapers for their neighbors in Dayton. In 1893 they jumped on the bicycle craze and opened the Wright Cycle Company, where they rented, repaired, and sold bikes. In their typical fashion they tinkered with and improved the vehicle, patenting and manufacturing their own two-wheelers in the mid-1890s.

According to McCullough, all the members of the Wright family were voracious readers. When they found an interesting topic, they read everything on it. So when the brothers became interested in flight and flying machines in 1899, Wilbur wrote to the Smithsonian for everything they had on the subject.

Between 1899 and 1903, the Wright brothers started inventing first small gliders, then bigger gliders controlled by wires and levers, and finally motorized flying machines. They financed their work with the money they earned from their bicycles, investing just hundreds of dollars instead of the thousands spent by some of their competitors. History was made in December 1903, just four-and-a-half years after Wilbur's letter to the Smithsonian, when he flew the first heavier-than-air, powered machine off the dunes at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Over the next two years,

both Orville and Wilbur flew hundreds of flights in France, Italy, and the United States. They broke world records for time in the air, distance, altitude, passengers, and much more. Never satisfied with their machines, they improved the planes, engines, and wings and led the way to widespread manned flight. The Wright Brothers flew steadily through 1909 and 1910. They sold planes to France and the U.S. and trained their first pilots, after which many other companies began making planes.

In addition to their contributions to heavier-than-air powered flying machines, the Wright Brothers photographed and filmed their flights. They even took a news reporter with a movie camera aloft, documenting airplane flight for the first time. They left thousands of photographs of their experiments, successes, and failures with flying machines; more than fifty of those photographs illustrate this book.

McCullough brings the age of invention, daring, and adventure to life for the reader. He uses vivid descriptions and short quotes from letters, newspaper articles, and diaries to draw the reader into the story of flight. Once you start the book, the tension and excitement of the flights will captivate you and leave you breathless.

Wilbur and Orville Wright lived in Dayton from a young age until their deaths in 1929 and 1948, respectively.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

You might also like:

Freedman, Russell. *The Wright Brothers: How They Invented the Airplane*. Holiday House (New York, NY) 1994. PB \$16.95. Intended for ages 10 and up, this Newbery Honor book is lavishly illustrated with photographs taken by the Wright Brothers.

Wilcox, Frank. *The Ohio Canals*.

Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$24.95.

Wilcox, Frank. *Ohio Indian Trails*.

Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$24.95.

Kent State University Press has reissued two works by the late Cleveland School of Artists watercolor painter Frank Wilcox. Originally published in 1933, *Ohio Indian Trails* is in its third printing and contains a new introduction by Richard S. Grimes; Lynn Metzger and Peg Bobel provide a new introduction to the second edition of *The Ohio Canals*, which first printed in 1969. Both books are full of watercolor, ink, and pencil illustrations of the early pathways of our predecessors, capturing the images of eighteenth-century Native American travel lanes and the nineteenth-century canals that meandered throughout the state. Accompanying the visuals is the artist's written commentary on his subject matter. Wilcox's discussion illustrates how his thorough research of his themes in libraries, public archives, and the field helped him to envision his convincing paintings and etchings. The goal of these books is to capture the historical and aesthetic essence of the Ohio frontier.



Wilcox winds his audience down the forgotten corridors of cultures and peoples past. As the reader/viewer follows Wilcox down the towpath trails and old Indian highways, he drifts back into other worlds and ways of being. In the author's artistic renderings, he depicts natural scenes of an Ohio landscape untrammelled by industry and "modern civilization." In *Ohio Indian Trails*, the artist evokes a time when, as he imagines it, the white man is just encroaching into a foreign, obscure, and potentially hostile wilderness, as illustrated by the demonstrative titles to some of his artwork: *The Smoke Signal*, *Blackswamp Mutiny*, *Friend or Foe?* and *Chippewa Camp*. *The Ohio Canals* seeks to capture the sleepy, though productive, life on the Ohio canal system in its heyday from the 1830s to the turn of the twentieth century. The illustrations are pastoral in nature, brushing every aspect of canal life—from construction, to the locks, to the boats and "packets"

that traveled the canals, to the sylvan and rural landscapes along the towpath—with quiet watercolor splashes.

The written portions of both texts are used to elaborate on motifs in Wilcox's artwork and to help the reader locate the trails and canals geographically. Wilcox has the ability to write vivid prose; for example, looking at a deserted canal he reflects that, "Now the lock is ivy-grown and dim. Dark willows hang above its broken walls and its ditch is empty. Only here and there a pool glitters." However, much of the author's commentary in both books is quite academic, striving for accuracy in the description of his human subject matter—Native American and European pioneers and "Canawlers"—and the historical locations of the Indian trails and canal routes as they relate to contemporary times. Wilcox provides his audience with the means to literally follow the old canal ways and Indian trails, devoting a chapter each to every major Indian trail and every canal system. He describes in meticulous detail what cities and towns these pathways went through and what modern road systems were a part of these travel corridors. To further help conceptualize the contemporary world in relationship to the worlds he describes in his books, Wilcox supplies a map of Ohio that shows canal routes and the towns they passed, a map of Indian trails and towns circa 1776, and a map showing the relation of old Indian trails to modern towns. Combining Wilcox's skilled artwork with his specific, technical descriptions of Indian routes through the physical topography of Ohio and his overview of the entire canal system helps to further immerse an imaginative reader into the times of pre-modern Americans.

The world that Wilcox evokes in these books is a nostalgic one. His muted watercolors put the reader in a serene, dreamy state of mind. His sleepy images of canal boats sliding in and out of locks and boys fishing with cane poles along the towpath reflect the author's assertion in the foreword to *The Ohio Canals* that "no picture in the pastoral mood could surpass the views of Ohio's canals in their days..We may turn to a spring scene when the willows are green and towering hardwoods are still dark and brown." He pays tribute to the days of canal life, harkening the reader back to a quieter, more bucolic world. In *Ohio Indian Trails*, Wilcox dedicates the book, with a hint of lamentation, "to those kindred souls whose wholehearted interest

and cheerful helpfulness are more apparent today than Indian trails.” Later, commenting on the American Indian’s fate in history, he writes, “It is only given to us to reflect upon the names he left behind him, and upon the dim suggestions that remain of the one time appearance of the country.” In both books, the writer is wistful about the loss of both old ways of life and old landscapes.



In *Ohio Indian Trails*, Wilcox’s depiction of Native American life and the Indian’s role in the historical development of Ohio is ambiguous. On one hand, his artwork and written words reflect a clear sympathy

for the American Indian. It is obvious that the artist has a fervent interest in Native American history and a respect for their toughness, resourcefulness, and know-how. For example, when describing how the Native Americans chose travel routes, he writes, “It has been said that the Indian trusted to the instinct of the wild animals to lead him over the easy grades...He felt his kinship with the creatures of the forest and learned from them wisdom.” However, as Grimes points out in his introduction to the book, Wilcox is limited by the “Eurocentric” lens through which he considers his subject matter. He nostalgically and reverently wants to maintain the memories of “our heritage from the past,” but Wilcox’s “red man” is also the noble savage with a “practical and unimaginative mind...Hated as they were then, the Indians appear today as a pathetic and romantic memory.” For Wilcox, it appears, the Ohio frontier was an untamed, dangerous land. His art reflects this sensibility, depicting frontier chaos and conflict in works with titles such as *The Trail of Revenge*, *Dispossessed*, *The Last of the Eries*, and *The Battle of the Wilderness*. While the art features a backdrop of great physical beauty, the stark paintings and etchings capture a mood of gloomy uncertainty and struggle. This wilderness was the antithesis of white “civilization” and a force against which the European battled mightily; and though the Indian was a noble foe, his passing was inevitable.

Looking at the artwork of *The Ohio Canals* and *Ohio Indian Trails* in tandem, Wilcox’s celebration of the conversion of wilderness land to a productive, pastoral land of plenty is revealed. In *The Ohio Canals*, Wilcox depicts the generation of settlers who came to set down roots following the dispossession of the Ohio Indian. Life on the canal is strife-free and Edenic; all is quiet, slow, and contemplative. In contrast to *Ohio Indian Trails*, the only slight indication of violence comes in the painting *Drivers’ Duel on the Miami and Erie*, which depicts two canal boys making sport with their guide poles, facing off on the towpath to the pleasure of onlookers. This book idealizes the agrarian state as representing the true sense of American democracy. For Wilcox, what emerged out of the conquest of the wilderness was an industrious, egalitarian age uncorrupted by capitalist industrialism. “It was a homespun age. Beards and whiskers under the chin make all men look alike, and the dress of the women in calico and bonnets, might not reveal the subtle differences in any manner indicative of social caste,” Wilcox writes of his imagined canal passengers, adding, “Besides all this, the intimacy of such travel would not have tolerated any behavior denying the more nearly universal democracy of the time.”

A study of *Ohio Indian Trails* and *The Ohio Canals* illustrates much about the life and legacy of Frank Wilcox. These books evidence his great talent and vision as a watercolorist, and reveal just how much, like all great artists, he was a student of his subject matter. His love of Ohio and its history is obvious; he used his art in these books to promote awareness of these remnants of the past and argue for their preservation both in memory and in fact. A pleasure to the eye and stimulating to the mind, these texts engage, entertain, and inform the reader about pathways of Ohio’s distant past and the vestiges of them that are left.

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL C. RYAN, PH.D.

FICTION

Chiaverini, Jennifer. *Mrs. Grant and Madame Jule*.

Dutton (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$26.95.

Jennifer Chiaverini's latest historical novel continues her exploration of the women of the Civil War. In this fictionalized biography, readers learn about the life of Ulysses S. Grant's wife, Julia Dent Grant (1826-1902) and her slave woman Jule. Julia was born in Missouri, where her family owned slaves including Jule, who Julia teaches to read and write. In 1844, Julia meets Ulysses S. Grant, a dashing officer and son of staunch abolitionists. After a long courtship the pair marry, and Jule is loaned to Julia to help with childrearing and domestic chores. Thus begins this tale of love, duty, and devotion to the military. While the author promises insights into Mrs. Grant's life, the story revolves around Ulysses S. Grant, his military campaigns and travels, and the numerous visits Mrs. Grant makes to the front. On each visit, she brings Jule and several of her children.



More a domestic and social history than a military history, this tale includes family and a great deal of travel. Starting with the Mexican American War, Grant is constantly engaged in military activity. In the meantime, Mrs. Grant runs the home and the family, contributes some to the war effort, and frequently travels to the front to spend time with her husband during the Civil War.

In the aftermath of the Civil War, Grant continues to work with the War Department by organizing and modernizing its bureaucracy. During his presidency (1869-1877), Mrs. Grant runs the household and provides counsel to her husband. By the end of his second term, Grant is searching for a new role. He begins to write for various magazines and, at the encouragement of Mark Twain, writes his multi-volume autobiography. All this time, Mrs. Grant hovers in the background, lending support and encouragement to her husband.

What about Madame Jule? By the middle of the book, her story separates from Mrs. Grant's. This parallel life begins after the Emancipation Proclamation is published, when Jule decides she is no longer a slave and Mrs. Grant refuses to set her free. With the help of the Underground Railroad and various ministers in Cincinnati, Jule makes her way to Washington, D.C., where she becomes a renowned hairdresser. Toward the end of the war, when the Grants move to Washington, Jule does her best to remain unnoticed by Mrs. Grant, particularly when their paths intersect. As her business and fame grow, Jule patents her own tonics and hairdressings. Eventually, she moves to New York City and settles into a busy and prosperous life.

If you are looking for a romance, this is not one, nor is it a real story about Mrs. Grant's life, thoughts, and contributions to American society. Instead, this is a story about a wife who supports her husband, nurtures his profession, and cares for his family. Mrs. Grant's character is never fully fleshed out. She seems to be waiting for her husband to bring her to wherever he is stationed rather than enhancing her own life. The same is true of Madame Jule, who continues to fear that she'll be dragged back into slavery even after it is voted out of existence.

Nevertheless, readers will be caught up in the drama of the Civil War, the tension of various battles, the race for the presidency, and Grant's drive to finish his autobiography. Throughout it all, Mrs. Grant stands by her husband's side, nurturing and supporting the love of her life.

Readers who want to know more about Mrs. Grant can visit the National Park Service website dedicated to her life (<http://www.nps.gov/ulsg/learn/historyculture/jdgrant.htm>) and read the following biographies: *The Personal Memoirs of Julia Dent Grant* edited by John Y. Simon (Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1975) and *The General's Wife: The Life of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant* by Ishbel Ross (Dodd, Mead & Company, 1959).

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

Sun, Anna. *Dreamers of the Absolute: A Book of Hours*.

Sylph Editions (London, UK) 2014. PB \$21.00.

When are we in love? How do we know when someone loves us back? Love can be slippery, cloudy, and more often than not cliché when it's described in writing. However, Anna Sun's most recent work of fiction provides a sharp look at why we feel the need to pin down exactly what defines "love." In a forward-flowing stream of memories, dreams, and internal dialogue, *Dreamers of the Absolute* acknowledges that love itself can be complicated by who we are, what we want, and what we believe in.



Rose sleeps with the light on. This is something she has always done when she is alone, but especially on her first night in a Trappist monastery in rural Kentucky. She has surrendered to a retreat where a sign in the sunroom reads 'Silence is Spoken Here' and where the daily prayer routine provides structure. Monks move about the Abbey Church, heads down and focused, making Rose uncomfortable because she grew up with no religious experience.

She has committed to this retreat to see her older brother Leo, her last living relative. After not hearing from him for months, Rose learns that Leo has committed himself to the monastery as a novice. Throughout her life Rose has struggled with why Leo does not like to share his thoughts or emotions. He has broken his girlfriend's heart, leaving her in confusion and tears, and never returned her or Rose's letters. Rose wonders, why hasn't their love been enough for him?

Rose is caught between chasing her brother's love and running from David, a man she has been seeing but is uncertain whether or not it is "love." David's presence is described in several scenes in the piece, the most notable taking the form of two opera tickets folded inside one of his books. Should she phone him and go to the opera with him? What does it mean if she takes that step? The tickets remain nestled in the book pages in Rose's desk, waiting to be answered.

This novella's poetic language draws us into Rose's dreams and imagination. We fall confusingly for David and question his purpose in her life: "She closed her eyes, but she could still feel him standing there—his presence was no longer a visual one, but a physical one as well; he had changed the consistency and weight of the air in the room."

Sun's work is sharp. The narrow white pages are interspersed with black and white photographs by London-based artist Bee Flowers. The photos are from a series in which Flowers contemplates the complex relationship between individual and culture. The intense-looking human statues mimic the religious statues found in places of worship. Their placement in the novella is strong and striking, the empty holes in the female torso symbolizing the emptiness we feel and the questions we pursue.

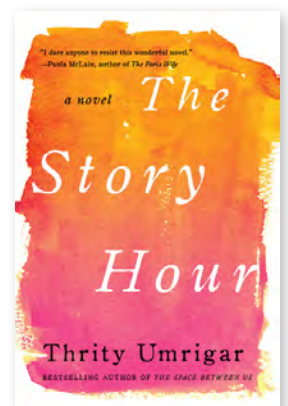
Light and heavy at the same time, I would recommend this book not only for those who enjoy experimental fiction, but also those who find themselves deeply engrossed in lengthy novels. Like Rose in the Abbey, a reader may enter Sun's work confused and with his or her own preconceptions. Once those slip away, we realize that Rose is relatable and human. Those who prefer longer works can use this novella as their own retreat, reflecting on disorienting dreams and what they mean. Its short length works perfectly to tackle heavy topics without plunging too far into darkness. When you awake in the middle of the night, how do you know what is real and what is imagined?

REVIEWED BY ELLEN MCDEVITT-STREDNEY

Umrigar, Thrity. *The Story Hour*.

Harper (New York, NY) 2014. HC \$25.99.

Every week on her day off, Lakshmi takes two buses across town to Maggie's house where, for an hour, the two women sit in Maggie's home office. They sit as patient and doctor, they sit as friends, and they sit trying to make sense of the other's story, eventually learning to take nothing for granted about each other. Author Thrity Umrigar brings us to this intimate



crossroads of culture, personality, and psychology in *The Story Hour*, in which Lakshmi, an immigrant from India who tried to commit suicide, tells Maggie, a psychologist assigned to her case, her story.

Maggie and Lakshmi are worlds apart. In Lakshmi's eyes, Maggie has a perfect life that includes weekly visits to the pool, a loving husband who is a passionate and dedicated professor, and a house that sits on a hill in an enviable neighborhood. Lakshmi, appearing first to Maggie as a helpless and innocent victim of circumstances, is in a loveless marriage with a husband whose nickname for her is "Stupid" and who brought her to the United States promising more than he had to give. Lakshmi works long hours for no pay in her husband's restaurant and lives in the cramped upstairs apartment. Before meeting Maggie and before attempting suicide, Lakshmi passed miserable days in the restaurant hoping to see one of her regular customers, a kind and courteous man she believed to be her best friend, although their interactions were limited to what took place in the restaurant. It was his departure to California that pushed her to attempt suicide.

Slowly, Maggie begins to bring Lakshmi into her world by allowing, and occasionally demanding, that she become more independent from her husband. Maggie teaches Lakshmi how to drive and helps her find work as a cleaner and caterer with her upper-crust friends. During the story hour, Lakshmi and Maggie begin to see the things they have in common despite the surface differences: both lost their mothers while still young and both had challenging childhoods mired in poverty, confusion, and hurt. Both had to face the challenges that accompany a woman as she grows. Both are still coming to terms with decisions they've made and those that have been made for them. Both are married to Indian men and have personal connections to the subcontinent—connections that are disrupted and reinforced throughout the novel. Driving the book, and our heroines' relationship, are the moments when each woman begins to understand that the other is not as she seems.

From this hour, an uncertain and tenuous friendship blossoms. This is a friendship in which each woman can see herself in the other, which is sometimes reassuring and sometimes challenging. It is a friendship that Maggie fights for fear of violating her code of ethics,

but also one she nurtures against her better judgment because she knows that, more than anything, Lakshmi needs a friend. It is a friendship that Lakshmi walks into willingly, almost forcefully, upon seeing that Maggie's husband appreciates her cooking and that her own marriage improves because of Maggie.

At its core, *The Story Hour* is a story about stories: the stories we tell ourselves, the stories we tell others, the ones we hide, the ones we wear, and the ones we come to believe or not.

REVIEWED BY MAGGIE ARGIRO

YOUNG ADULT

Corp, Carey, and Lorie Langdon. *Doon*.

Blink (Grand Rapids, MI) 2013. HC \$17.99.

Best friends Veronica and Mackenna were separated when Mackenna's family moved away. When Mackenna inherits a Scottish cottage from her great-aunt, she invites Veronica to spend the summer with her, and their adventures begin.

Veronica, who is in need of a change of scenery due to boyfriend and family problems, is ready to explore her new environment, especially when she learns about the legendary world of Doon. With the use of magical rings and a letter left by Mackenna's great-aunt, the two girls cross a mystical bridge and enter a fairytale world complete with a castle, magic, and two princes. When these two modern-day teenagers arrive in Doon, chaos begins. Witches and evil are a part of this land, and the girls are continually questioned about their reason for being in Doon. Will Veronica and Mackenna survive? Will they have to live in Doon forever? Will this novel be a true fairy tale and end with a happily ever after?



Doon is an exciting read, filled with lots of adventure that forces the reader to finish just one more chapter before putting the book down. The chapters are divided by main character perspectives, written either from

Veronica's or Mackenna's viewpoint. The authors not only keep readers connected with the characters, but also create vivid descriptions that transport readers to this magical realm. At the end of *Doon*, many of the story's questions are resolved, but there is one event that leaves the reader wondering about the future. Happily, the second book in the series is now available in paperback, and the third book has just been released. Filled with fantasy, adventure, and romance, *Doon* is sure to delight young adult readers.

REVIEWED BY CHARLOTTE L. STIVERSON

You might also like:

Corp, Carey, and Lorie Langdon. *Destined for Doon*. Blink (Grand Rapids, MI) 2014. HC \$17.99.

Corp, Carey, and Lorie Langdon. *Shades of Doon*. Blink (Grand Rapids, MI) 2015. HC \$17.99.

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Cheng, Andrea. *The Year of the Three Sisters*.

HMH Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$16.99.

This fourth installment in the *Anna Wang* series picks up a few months after *The Year of the Fortune Cookie*, when Anna traveled to China with her teacher. While in China, Anna became friends with Fan, an employee at the hotel where she stayed. Although Fan is just three years older than Anna, she works full time to help support her family in Beijing and her grandparents in the country.



Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Co.

Now it is late summer, and Anna and her friend Andee hatch a plan for Fan to live with Andee's family for several months as part of a cultural exchange program. Although both girls are thrilled when Fan arrives, the first several weeks are difficult as both Andee and Fan struggle with a language barrier and cultural differences. As Andee becomes more distant, Anna

wonders what she is thinking and whether their friendship will survive.

To make matters worse, with Andee now in high school and their friend Camille attending a new middle school for students with learning disabilities, Anna worries about having new teachers and making new friends in seventh grade.

Cheng once again masterfully weaves issues of family, friendship, and belonging into a relatable story of multicultural, everyday life. Fan studies to the exclusion of almost everything else because she doesn't want to disappoint her family, and worries that she will feel less Chinese the more she speaks English. Andee, on the other hand, worries that Fan studies so much because she is unhappy and doesn't like spending time with Andee. Despite the fact that she is feeling her way through young adulthood herself, Anna becomes a gentle catalyst for change as she encourages Fan and Andee to talk with each other and tries to learn more about issues facing Fan's family and other Chinese migrants (who move to the cities from the Chinese countryside), including social stigma and substandard education. Anna also chooses to be more open at school, where acquaintances start to become friends.

Those who have read the first three books in the series will have a slight advantage, as Cheng occasionally refers to earlier events without completely explaining them. However, this book can still be read and enjoyed as a standalone, and will resonate with anyone who has thought about what it means to belong in a new city, in a new school, or with family and friends.

REVIEWED BY STEPHANIE MICHAELS

You might also like:

Cheng, Andrea. *The Year of the Book*. HMH Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2012. HC \$15.99; PB \$5.99.

Cheng, Andrea. *The Year of the Baby*. HMH Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2013. HC \$15.99; PB \$5.99.

Cheng, Andrea. *The Year of the Fortune Cookie*. HMH Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2014. HC \$15.99; PB \$5.99.

Houts, Michelle. *Kammie on First: Baseball's Dottie Kamenshek*.

Ohio Univ. Press (Athens, OH) 2014. PB \$14.95.

Ohio author Michelle Houts presents a thorough biography for middle grade readers about baseball legend Dottie Kamenshek. Through careful and accurate research, Houts enables the reader to learn more about Kamenshek, World War II-era American life, and the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League.



The book is designed with a very readable format. The story is written in chronological order, beginning with Kamenshek's parents immigrating from Europe, meeting in Cincinnati, marrying, and then giving birth to Dottie a few years later. Dottie's father and then her stepfather both die when Dottie is still a child, leaving her mother as the sole provider. With her mom working, Dottie spends hours playing baseball with the neighborhood boys. Her love and talent for this sport grow, causing her to join a local team and eventually to be one of the first players for the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League as a member of the Rockford Peaches. In addition to documenting Dottie's life, Houts provides facts about the times and people as well as a glossary of baseball terms, a timeline of Kamenshek's life, notes, and a resource/bibliography page. She adds a fun baseball touch by titling each chapter as an inning, including the seventh inning stretch.

Friendly, nonfiction reading material for middle grade students is difficult to find. This book is one that should be added to the nonfiction collections of homes, schools, and libraries. Not only is it an informative book, but it will inspire students to take risks and to work to develop talents and hobbies that interest them.

As a fourth grade teacher, I plan to use this book in the classroom to teach many concepts related to Ohio history. It is an ideal resource for teaching about a famous Ohioan, the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League, and political and economic events

from the 1920s to the 1950s. Students will enjoy reading while learning about important people and events that influenced history.

REVIEWED BY CHARLOTTE L. STIVERSON

Borden, Louise. *Kindergarten Luck*.

Chronicle Books (San Francisco, CA) 2015. HC \$16.99.

When Theodore finds a shiny penny one morning, his gloomy day suddenly brightens. He eats the perfect breakfast, makes it to the bus on time, and gets all the answers right in class. Theodore's day just keeps getting better, thanks to the power of the special penny. But can his luck hold out until the final bell rings?



Anyone who's ever wondered about the power of a lucky charm will instantly adore Theodore's story. He is easy to relate to, from the excitement he feels when he finds his shiny penny to his sudden panic when he worries he's lost it. This is a great book to read to children who may need a little confidence boost, and the twist at the end is a wonderful example of selflessness and sharing. The color pencil illustrations are truly a treat. Each page is bursting with details, and even the title page and endpapers play a part in telling the full story. I loved watching the children in Theodore's class interact throughout the day, especially one little boy who sticks things up his nose every so often. Such hidden side stories are fun to find, and both children and adults will enjoy reading this book again and again.

With inspiring themes, sweet illustrations, and an adorable cast of characters, *Kindergarten Luck* is a lovely book from cover to cover.

REVIEWED BY KATHRYN POWERS

Book List

The following books were added to Ohioana's collection between May and July 2015. Look for them at your local library or bookstore!

NONFICTION

Alt, Jeff. ***Four Boots, One Journey: A Story of Survival, Awareness, and Rejuvenation on the John Muir Trail***. Beaufort Books (New York, NY) 2014. PB \$14.95. When marathon runner Beth married hiker Jeff, she didn't really see the appeal of long treks without the comforts of home. However, together they decided to hike all 218 miles of the John Muir Trail in her brother's memory as a depression awareness campaign. Along the way they faced lightning storms, bears, and a fascinating cast of characters—and came to know each other better as well.

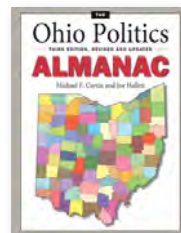
Bahney, Jennifer Bowers. ***Stealing Sisi's Star: How a Master Thief Nearly Got Away with Austria's Most Famous Jewel***. McFarland & Company (Jefferson, NC) 2015. PB \$29.95.

On honeymoon in Vienna in 1998, thief Daniel Blanchard first saw the last remaining "Sisi Star"—one of twenty-seven jeweled stars that Empress Elisabeth wore in her hair. The jewel remained missing for nine years, until the chief suspect in a Canadian criminal investigation offered to share its location. This book tells the stories of an exceptional thief, an exceptional jewel, and the empress to whom it belonged.

Bonner, Barbara. ***Inspiring Generosity***. Wisdom Publications (Somerville, MA) 2014. PB \$19.95. In this book Bonner has collected quotes, poems, and personal stories about the nature of generosity; sources range from the Dalai Lama to Emily Dickinson to everyday, unsung heroes.

Consolmagno, Guy, and Paul Mueller. ***Would You Baptize an Extraterrestrial?...and Other Questions from the Astronomers' In-Box at the Vatican Observatory***. Image/Penguin Random House (New York, NY) 2014. HC \$25.00. The authors, both scientists at the Vatican Observatory, explore the title question and others, including "How do you reconcile Genesis and the Big Bang?" and "What was the Star of Bethlehem?" This book, formatted as a six-day dialogue, will not only make readers laugh, but will also make them think about science, faith, and the nature of the universe.

Curtin, Michael F., and Joe Hallett. ***The Ohio Politics Almanac: Third Edition***. Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$35.00. With chapters on Ohio presidents, governors, the General Assembly, judiciary, and counties as well as information about how Ohioans voted in recent elections, this revised and expanded edition is a go-to resource for historic and current Ohio political information.



Knight, Jonathan. ***Classic Browns: The 50 Greatest Games in Cleveland Browns History (Second Edition)***. Black Squirrel Books/Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$18.95.

This revised and updated edition counts down the fifty greatest games of the Cleveland Browns, from victories to heartbreakers. Featuring memorable performances from Browns greats including Brian Sipe and Bernie Kosar, this book will appeal to Browns fans everywhere.

Krisher, Trudy. ***Fanny Seward: A Life***. Syracuse Univ. Press (Syracuse, NY) 2015. HC \$29.95.

On the night of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, a conspirator attempted to kill Secretary of State William Seward in his home near Ford's Theatre. His daughter Fanny recorded that event and many others in her diaries, which form the basis of this book and describe family activities from attending dinner parties to visiting the troops, providing a unique glimpse into Civil War-era Washington.



Merrick, Lisa Ann. ***Norton: Images of America***. Arcadia Publishing (Charleston, SC) 2015. PB \$21.99. Norton Township was first organized in 1818. What began as a collection of seven individual hamlets eventually grew into a village and then a city. Extensive images from both public and private collections help tell the story of this unique community.

Wilcox, Frank. *The Ohio Canals: A pictorial survey of the Ohio canals using the drawings and paintings of the late Frank Wilcox (Second Edition)*. Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$24.95.

Cleveland artist Frank N. Wilcox (1887-1964) explored, hiked, and sketched what was left



of the Ohio canal system while researching the first edition of this book (published posthumously in 1969). In it he once again portrays life in an earlier time and advocates preserving the artifacts that represent our regional history.

Wilcox, Frank. *Ohio Indian Trails: A pictorial survey of the Indian trails of Ohio arranged from the works of the late Frank Wilcox (Third Edition)*. Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$24.95.

Cleveland artist Frank N. Wilcox (1887-1964) used journals of early Ohio settlers and



his knowledge of Native American ways and the Ohio landscape to locate major Indian trails and towns throughout the state. This new edition of his 1933 book reaffirms its role as a work of both regional and national history.

FICTION

Batiuk, Tom, and Chuck Ayers. *Roses in December: A Story of Love and Alzheimer's*. Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2015. PB \$24.95.

This collection tells the story of two characters from the popular *Crankshaft* comic strip as they and

their loved ones deal with the onset and progression of Alzheimer's. Includes a resource guide for patients and caregivers.

Bickle, Laura. *Dark Alchemy*. Harper Voyager Impulse/HarperCollins (New York, NY) 2015. PB \$6.99.

Seeking clues to her father's disappearance, geologist Petra Dee has traveled to Temperance, Wyoming, a former gold rush town with a current meth epidemic. An old magic is also gathering there, and when bodies start turning up, Petra must fight for survival with a relic she doesn't understand.



Campbell, Molly D. *Keep the Ends Loose*. The Story Plant (Stamford, CT) 2015. PB \$16.95.

Fifteen-year-old Miranda Heath has big dreams and a stable family—until she tries to resolve the issue of the estranged husband her aunt never divorced. With her family thrown into chaos, Mandy starts to see them in new ways, and learns that sometimes loose ends just want to stay loose.

Flower, Amanda. *The Final Reveille: A Living History Museum Mystery*. Midnight Ink (Woodbury, MN) 2015. PB \$14.99.

Kelsey Cambridge loves her job as director of Barton Farm, a living history museum. In order to impress Cynthia Cherry, the museum's wealthy benefactor, Kelsey decides to stage a Civil War reenactment on the farm. However, when Cynthia's nephew is found dead the day after threatening to cut the museum's funding, Kelsey becomes the prime

suspect, and must solve the murder in order to save Barton Farm—and herself.

Helms, Rhonda. *Break Your Heart*. Kensington Books (New York, NY) 2015. PB \$9.95.

Math major Megan Porter is close to graduating with honors and entering a master's program—until she meets her new thesis advisor, Nick Muramoto. As hiding their budding relationship from his colleagues and her family grows more difficult, Megan realizes that she is not the only one with secrets.

Hoffman, Mary. *Apple of Sodom: A Novel*. Brick House Books (Baltimore, MD) 2015. PB \$20.00. In the early 1960s, Emily Crawford is a young wife and mother living the life of an American expatriate in the Middle East. As she explores the Holy Land, she begins to better understand and respect herself.

Lindsey, Julie Anne. *Murder in Real Time: The Patience Price Mysteries*. Carina Press/Harlequin (Don Mills, Ontario) 2014. PB \$6.50. Now that tourist season is over, Patience Price is looking forward to some peace and quiet on Chincoteague Island—until a reality show arrives to film a series about ghosts. When two cast members turn up dead, she investigates. But how do you find a killer when you don't know the target?

McLain, Paula. *Circling the Sun*. Ballantine Books/Random House (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$28.00.

This fictional memoir tells the story of aviatrix Beryl Markham, who was raised in colonial



Kenya by her father and the Kipsigis tribe who share his estate. The independent Beryl follows her own path, but it's safari hunter Denys Finch Hatton who ultimately helps her follow her heart.

Price, Carole. *Sour Grapes: A Shakespeare in the Vineyard Mystery (Book 2)*. Five Star/Gale, Cengage Learning (Detroit, MI) 2014. HC \$25.95.

After something triggers Caitlyn Pepper's security alarm, a Shakespearean battle axe and a knife are found on the ground outside her home. She recognizes the knife—it was found on the bank robber she shot and killed two years earlier when she was a cop. Although evidence suggests the robber's brother may be seeking revenge, things are not always what they seem.

Price, Carole. *Twisted Vines: A Shakespeare in the Vineyard Mystery (Book 1)*. Five Star/Gale, Cengage Learning (Detroit, MI) 2012. HC \$25.95.

When crime analyst Caitlyn Pepper inherits a vineyard and two Shakespearean theaters from a mysterious aunt, she travels to California and discovers a trail of secrets, lies, and murders. Cait decides to stay and solve the mystery of her aunt's death—even if it means risking her own life in the process.

POETRY

Bialosky, Jill. *The Players*. Alfred A. Knopf (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$26.00.

The four sequences in this collection—Manhood, American Comedy, Interlude, and The Players—provide insight into

coming of age, domestic life, and family and illuminate how one generation can shape the next.

Demaree, Darren C. *The Pony Governor*. a...p press (Indianapolis, IN) 2015. PB \$7.00.

This collection of politically themed poems challenges abuse of power, sheds light on the struggles that everyday people face under corrupt leadership, and ultimately offers hope for a better future.

Gildzen, Alex. *Elyria: Point A in Ohio Triangle*. Crisis Chronicles Press (Cleveland, OH) 2009. PB \$5.00.

Although Alex Gildzen was born in California, he became an Ohio resident at the tender age of two weeks. In this first point of his *Ohio Triangle* he pays tribute to the area where he grew up.

Gildzen, Alex. *Cleveland: Point B in Ohio Triangle*. Crisis Chronicles Press (Cleveland, OH) 2013. PB \$7.00.

Although Alex Gildzen never had a Cleveland address, he has long been associated with the city, which is featured here as the second point in his *Ohio Triangle*.

Gildzen, Alex. *Ohio Triangle*. Crisis Chronicles Press (Cleveland, OH) 2015. PB \$10.99.

Alex Gildzen completes his *Ohio Triangle* with this collection of poems that look back on his life in three Ohio cities: Elyria, Cleveland, and Kent.

Greenway, William. *Selected Poems*. Futurecycle Press (Hayesville, NC) 2014. PB \$17.95.

This collection of poems selected from Greenway's previously

published books provides a perfect introduction to his lively and insightful work.

YOUNG ADULT

Arnett, Mindee. *The Nightmare Charade*. Tor Teen (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$18.99.

In this final installment in the *Arkwell Academy* trilogy, dreamseer Dusty Everhart has a lot on her plate. She and her boyfriend Eli have been assigned to help recover the most powerful object known to magickind, despite the fact that the magical authorities are trying to keep them apart. To add to the trouble, one of Dusty's friends has been accused of murder and needs her help to clear his name. With lives hanging in the balance, Dusty must find a way to defeat evil, save her friends, and—hopefully—fall in love.

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Borden, Louise. *Kindergarten Luck*. Chronicle Books (San Francisco, CA) 2015. HC \$16.99.

When Theodore finds a penny one gloomy morning, his entire day turns around: the sun comes out, he excels at recess, and the teacher reads his poem to the class. Theodore decides that sometimes luck is just waiting for you to find it—and may be waiting for you to share it as well.



Flower, Amanda. ***Andi Unstoppable: An Andi Boggs Novel***. Zonderkidz (Grand Rapids, MI) 2015. HC \$10.99. It's the start of a new school year, and Andi Boggs and her best friend Colin are birdwatching for science class. However, instead of spotting a Kirtland's warbler, Andi spots the town ghost. She and Colin try to solve the mystery of Dominika Shalley's ghost—and the holes that have recently appeared in the Shalley graveyard.

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Beach Bummer: Perfectly Poppy***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2014. HC \$15.99. Poppy has been waiting all summer to go to the beach. However, when she gets there, cold water and itchy sand put a damper on the day. With the help of her friend Millie, Poppy perseveres and tries some activities that turn her beach bummer into a beach blast.

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Big Dog Decisions: Sidney & Sydney Book 3***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2015. HC \$17.99. When Sidney and Sydney each decide they want a dog, they start a dog walking business with their friends to show their parents that they're responsible. They soon discover that dog walking takes time away from their other after-school activities. Can they find a solution without letting down their clients?

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Dodgeball, Drama, and Other Dilemmas: Sidney & Sydney Book 2***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2014. HC \$17.99. Sidney and Sydney have proven that boys and girls can be friends, even if they have the same name. But now they'll have to survive spelling bees,

dodgeball, and the school play to make it through third grade.

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Party Pooper: Perfectly Poppy***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2014. HC \$15.99. Poppy loves her neighborhood's annual summer party—especially the food and games. But after eating too much candy and chips, Poppy is tired and her stomach hurts. Will she be able to enjoy the rest of the party?

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Talent Trouble: Perfectly Poppy***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2014. HC \$15.99. After a slow day in their neighborhood, Poppy and her friend Millie decide to have an active talent show. However, Poppy is so busy planning the show that she forgets to choose a talent. Will she be the only one at the show with nothing to do?

Jakubowski, Michele. ***Third Grade Mix-Up: Sidney & Sydney Book 1***. Picture Window Books (North Mankato, MN) 2013. HC \$17.99. When a new boy named Sidney walks into her classroom on the first day of third grade, Sydney is mortified. However, the two soon learn that sharing a name with someone isn't so bad—especially if that person becomes a friend. Together, they navigate third grade and plan what may be the best Halloween ever.

Krisher, Trudy. ***An Affectionate Farewell: The Story of Old Bob and Old Abe***. Bunker Hill Publishing (Piermont, NH) 2015. HC \$17.95. "Old Bob" was the horse that carried future president Abraham Lincoln during his days as a circuit rider in Illinois—and also served as the riderless horse in his funeral procession. In between, readers

learn about Lincoln's childhood, his presidency, and the Civil War.

Millard, Casey Riordan. ***Shark Girl and Belly Button***. Blue Manatee Press (Cincinnati, OH) 2014. HC \$17.99. In this collection of five short stories, two characters with very different approaches to life (one anxious, one more easygoing) experience paper dolls, the playground, a party, and friendship.

Coming Soon

Thurber House Evenings with Authors

Columbus Museum of Art,
Columbus, Ohio

The 2015 series of author readings continues to feature outstanding writers across all genres. For schedule and ticket information, visit www.thurberhouse.org.

Brews + Prose

First Tuesday of every month
Market Garden Brewery, Cleveland,
Ohio

Founded in 2012, this monthly series of literary readings strives to make literature and authors more accessible and engaging. For more information, visit www.brewsandprose.com.

Ohioana Book Awards

October 9, 2015
6:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
Ohio Statehouse, Columbus, Ohio

Join us as we celebrate the winners of the 2015 Ohioana Book Awards. The event begins at 6:00 p.m. with a reception, followed by the awards presentations, author roundtable, and book signing.

Books by the Banks

October 17, 2015
10:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Duke Energy Convention Center,
Cincinnati, Ohio

This regional book fair features a book sale, author signings, children's and teen activities, panels and workshops, and—new this year—author awards. For more information visit <http://booksbythebanks.org>.

Buckeye Book Fair

November 7, 2015
9:30 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Fisher Auditorium, Wooster, Ohio

The 28th annual book fair is a great chance to get a jump on holiday shopping. For more information visit www.buckeyebookfair.com.

Ohioana Book Club

November 18, 2015
10 a.m. – noon
Ohioana Library, Columbus, Ohio

The book for November is *Neil Armstrong: A Life of Flight* by Jay Barbree. The club meets in the Ohioana reading room from 10:00 a.m. to noon. If you would like to attend, please e-mail us at ohioana@ohioana.org.

Do you have a literary event you'd like to list in the next edition of the *Ohioana Quarterly*? Contact the Ohioana Library at ohioana@ohioana.org.



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