

OHIO *ana* QUARTERLY

FALL 2016 | VOL. 59 NO. 4



Collecting, Preserving, and Celebrating Ohio Literature

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OHIOana QUARTERLY

FALL 2016

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From the Director

Dear Friends,



Not being a fan of weather extremes, spring and fall are my favorite seasons. Especially fall. I love the changing colors, and Mother Nature puts on a spectacular show in every region of Ohio. It's also the start of the arts seasons—music, dance, opera, and literature. For Ohioana, we look forward to the numerous literary events happening across the state and the release of many wonderful new books by Ohio authors. We got a jump on the fall season on September 23, when we presented the annual Ohioana Awards. This year marked a milestone—the 75th anniversary of the awards. As you can see from the story and photos in this issue, the event at the Ohio Statehouse was truly memorable.

One of the awards we presented was the 27th annual Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, a competitive prize that goes to an Ohio writer age 30 or younger who has not yet published a book. This year's recipient is Eliese Colette Goldbach of Cleveland. Her prize-winning essay, "In the Memory of the Living," is a mature, vivid, no-holds-barred piece that won Eliese not only the Marvin Grant but also the Ploughshares Emerging Writer Contest. She is definitely a writer to watch.

Speaking of awards, 2012 Ohioana Award winner Candice Millard's new book, *Hero of the Empire*, has been drawing rave reviews. Its subject is one of the twentieth century's most noted figures—Winston Churchill. I was delighted to have the opportunity to interview Candice, who will be appearing in Columbus for the Thurber House Evenings with Authors series on November 15.

Finally, we are coming to the close of what has seemed like a long and difficult (but historic) election year. However contentious the debates and campaigns may be, it's good to remember how fortunate we are to live in a country where we can choose our leaders and representatives through free elections. In celebration of that, we are pleased to share in this issue some of the unique treasures from Ohioana's collection related to Ohio's presidents.

Best wishes to you for a wonderful season, and happy holidays through the end of the year. As one of those holidays is Thanksgiving, may I say a special thanks on behalf of all of us at Ohioana—it is your interest, encouragement, and support that makes what we do possible. Thank you. We'll see you in 2017!



David Weaver

ON THE COVER

This 1912 political cartoon by Clifford Berryman shows William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt struggling to win Ohio's delegates to the Republican National Convention. Image courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration, NWL-46-BERRYMAN-A024.

Mother of Presidents

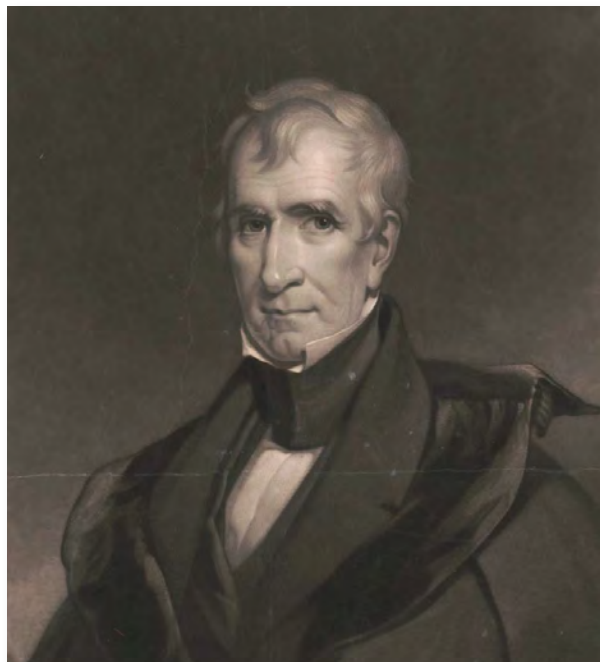
Ohio's Presidential History

Although Ohio has several nicknames, "Mother of Presidents" seems especially appropriate during this election year. A total of eight U.S. presidents have called the state home either by birth or by residence. Read on to learn more about each one and to see some presidential ephemera from Ohioana's collection.

William Henry Harrison (1841)

William Henry Harrison was born in Virginia in 1773, the son of a Virginia governor and signer of the Declaration of Independence. As a young man he was an officer in the U.S. Army during the Ohio Indian Wars and participated in the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794.

His political career soon followed; in 1798 he was appointed secretary of the Northwest Territory, which included present-day Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,



Detail of a lithograph titled "William Henry Harrison of Ohio." Image courtesy of the Library of Congress, LC-DIG-pga-08235.

Michigan, and Wisconsin as well as part of northeastern Minnesota. In 1799 he was elected to the U.S. Congress, and in 1800 was appointed governor of the Indiana Territory. In this role he led the forces that defeated the Native American warriors led by Tecumseh at the Battle of Tippecanoe.

When the War of 1812 began Harrison was appointed a major general in the Kentucky militia, and was later promoted to brigadier general in the U.S. Army, where he commanded all troops in the Northwest.

After the war, Harrison settled in North Bend, Ohio, near Cincinnati. Over the next two decades he served in the U.S. House of Representatives, the Ohio Senate, and the U.S. Senate. He ran for and lost the 1836 presidential election, but returned in 1840 with the first presidential campaign slogan: "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

Although Harrison won the election, his presidency was short-lived. After giving the longest inaugural speech in history during a cold rain, he fell ill and died of pneumonia one month later.

Ulysses S. Grant (1869-1877)

Grant was born Hiram Ulysses Grant in Point Pleasant, Ohio, in 1822. As a boy he became a skilled horseman, and enrolled in the U.S. Military Academy at West Point at the age of seventeen. When he arrived, he saw that a clerical mistake had him listed as Ulysses S. Grant, and he changed his name on the spot.

After graduating from West Point in 1843, Grant fought in the Mexican-American War, married, and had four children. After a run-in with a commanding officer, he resigned from the Army in 1854 and tried several jobs without much success.

Headquarters Army of the United States,
Washington 22^d July 1865

Dear Rawlins,

I shall leave here tomorrow week the 24th inst. for Galena. As I shall stop a few days each at that point and Keokuk, and a week or more in Hannibal, I will not reach there before the middle of August. Before that time I presume you will return to Washington. I hope with health materially improved. I wish you would telegraph me, in receipt of this, about the time you expect to return. I have finished my official report for the last year's operations. It has been very hastily drawn up, writing only of evening before coming to the office and without notes, and may when it comes to be copied require some changing and some additions. If such should prove the case I will return to Washington at any time and write

up whatever may be required for the document and go back.

My family and the staff are all well and join me in desiring to be remembered to Mr. Rawlins and the children. You would find it well to be young, either under a saddle or in harness, during his absence.

Remember me to the good people of Galena.

Yours truly,
R. B. Hayes

Letter from Grant to "Rawlins," presumably John A. Rawlins, his confidant during the Civil War and later Grant's secretary of war. Rawlins died of tuberculosis in 1869.

At the start of the Civil War, Grant volunteered to fight, and received an appointment as colonel of the 21st Illinois Infantry Regiment. After several successful engagements, including the Battle of Shiloh and the Siege of Vicksburg, he was promoted to major general in the U.S. Army. After the war he was appointed General of the Army, and was elected to his first term as president in 1868. When Grant entered the White House at age 46 in 1869, he was not only politically inexperienced, but was also the youngest president to take office at that time.

Although Grant himself was honest, he developed a reputation for appointing people who didn't share his moral standards. His first term in office was marked

by battles with Congress and other Republicans, and his second term was marred by a series of scandals (although none were directly linked to him).

After leaving office, Grant eventually settled in New York, where he once again struggled in business and went bankrupt. He decided to write his memoirs in order to support his family, and finished just four days before his death in 1885. The work was published by Mark Twain, and is still considered one of the great military biographies today.

Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-1881)

Hayes was born in Delaware, Ohio, in 1822, two months after the death of his father. After attending Kenyon College and Harvard Law School, Hayes returned to Ohio to practice law in Lower Sandusky and then Cincinnati. He served in the Civil War as a major in the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was wounded in action and finished the war as a brevet major general.

In 1864 Hayes was elected to the U.S. Congress, and between 1867 and 1876 served three terms as governor of Ohio before winning one of the most controversial

Columbus O
9th Jan'y 1868

Dear Sir

I thank you for your New Year's greeting. May you live a thousand years!

Please look into the matter you refer to when I am called to ask both are about too much engaged with having matters to do and then read your letter, and assume that you are all right.

Yours truly
R. B. Hayes

Dr. Geo. Mead
Cincinnati

Note written by Hayes in 1868 during his first term as governor of Ohio.

presidential elections in history. Although he lost the popular vote, contested electoral votes in three southern states left the door open for a possible victory. In 1877 Congress established a fifteen-man electoral commission to decide the outcome; all the contested electoral votes were awarded to Hayes by an 8-7 vote along party lines.

As he had promised before the election, Hayes served only one term in office, which included the end of Reconstruction and moderate reform efforts. In 1881 he retired to his home in Fremont, Ohio. He served as a trustee for several universities and the Ohio Historical Society before his death in 1893.

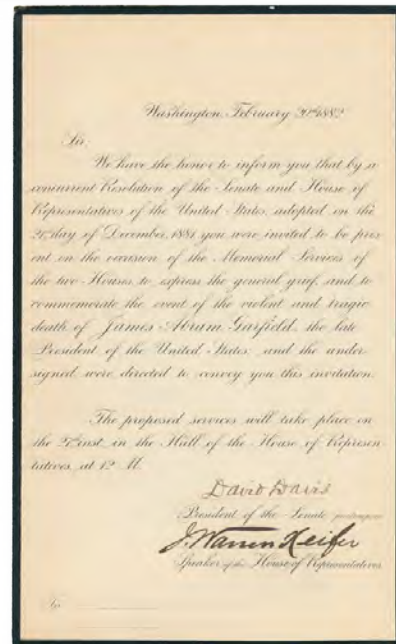
James A. Garfield (1881)

Garfield was born in Orange Township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio in 1831. His father died when Garfield was just two years old, leaving his family extremely poor. James helped on the family farm and worked as a bargeman on the Ohio Canal in order to support his family and pay for school.

Garfield attended the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute (Hiram College) before graduating from Williams College in Massachusetts in 1856. He then returned to Hiram as a professor, and within a year was made president of the academy.

Garfield's political career began with his election to the Ohio Senate in 1859. During the Civil War he led a group of Ohio volunteers and eventually achieved the rank of major general. While still in the Army, he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. Abraham Lincoln convinced him to resign his commission in the Army and take his seat in the House, believing he would be of greater value as an effective congressman. Garfield served 18 years in the House of Representatives—and also served on the electoral commission that settled the 1876 election.

In 1880 Garfield was elected to the U.S. Senate, and was also nominated for president. He took office in March of 1881, but was shot four months later by a gunman who was angry about not receiving a desired political appointment. Garfield died in September, 1881. The Pendleton Act, reforming civil service, was enacted as a result of his death.

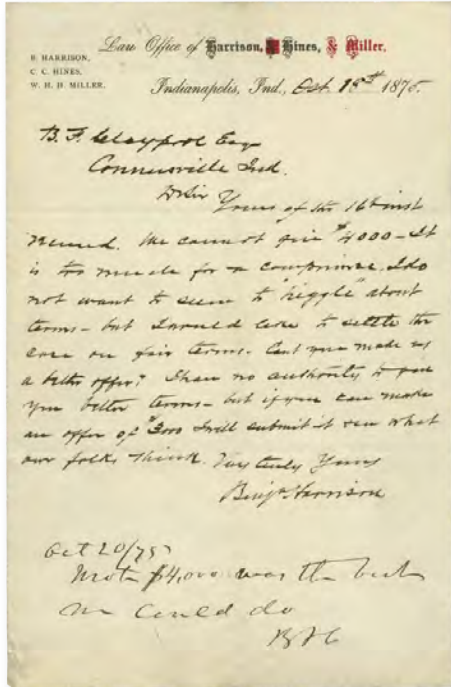


Invitation to the Congressional memorial service for James Garfield. Future president William McKinley has signed as chair of the House committee.

Benjamin Harrison (1889-1893)

Benjamin Harrison was born in North Bend, Ohio, in 1833. He came from a long line of politicians; his father was an Ohio congressman, and his grandfather was William Henry Harrison.

Harrison attended Miami University and studied law in Cincinnati before moving to Indianapolis and establishing a law practice. He was elected city attorney in 1857. During the Civil War he served with the 70th Indiana Volunteer Infantry and eventually became a brevet brigadier general.



Letter dated 1875, written by Harrison on letterhead from his Indianapolis law firm.

Harrison lost a bid to become governor of Indiana in 1876, but won a U.S. Senate seat in 1881. In the 1888 presidential election he received 100,000 fewer popular votes than his opponent, but won the electoral vote due to political favors promised by his supporters.

Harrison's presidency focused on foreign policy, internal improvements, naval expansion, and antitrust legislation. The Sherman Antitrust Act, the oldest U.S. antitrust law, was passed during his administration.

After leaving office, Harrison retired to Indianapolis, where he practiced law and wrote two books before his death in 1901.

William McKinley (1897-1901)

McKinley was born in Niles, Ohio, in 1843. Unlike many U.S. presidents of his era, McKinley never graduated from college; after leaving due to illness, he didn't have the money to return.

McKinley was working as a rural schoolteacher when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted as a private in the Union Army and mustered out as a brevet major of volunteers. After the war, he studied law; opened a

Ohio Presidential Sites

William Henry Harrison Tomb

Located on Mt. Nebo in North Bend, Ohio, Harrison's tomb overlooks the Ohio River and the corners of three states. Visitors can tour the grounds and visit a nearby museum.

<http://hsmfmuseum.org>

U.S. Grant Birthplace

U.S. Grant Boyhood Home & Schoolhouse

Both Grant's birthplace in Point Pleasant, Ohio, and his boyhood home in Georgetown, Ohio, feature restored homes as well as Civil War information and activities.

www.usgrantbirthplace.org

www.usgrantboyhoodhome.org

Hayes Presidential Library & Museums

Visitors can tour the Hayes mansion as well as a two-story museum, the burial site of President and Mrs. Hayes, and the nation's first presidential library.

www.rbhayes.org

James A. Garfield National Historic Site

Garfield's Mentor, Ohio, home was the site of his famous "front porch" presidential campaign.

www.nps.gov/jaga

William McKinley Presidential Library & Museum

This Canton, Ohio site features an interactive science center and planetarium as well as the presidential museum and library. Visitors can also see the nearby McKinley Memorial, the burial location of President and Mrs. McKinley.

<http://mckinleymuseum.org>

William Howard Taft National Historic Site

Located in Cincinnati's Mount Auburn Historic District, this site features the house in which Taft was born and raised as well as an education center.

www.nps.gov/wiho

Harding Home and Harding Memorial

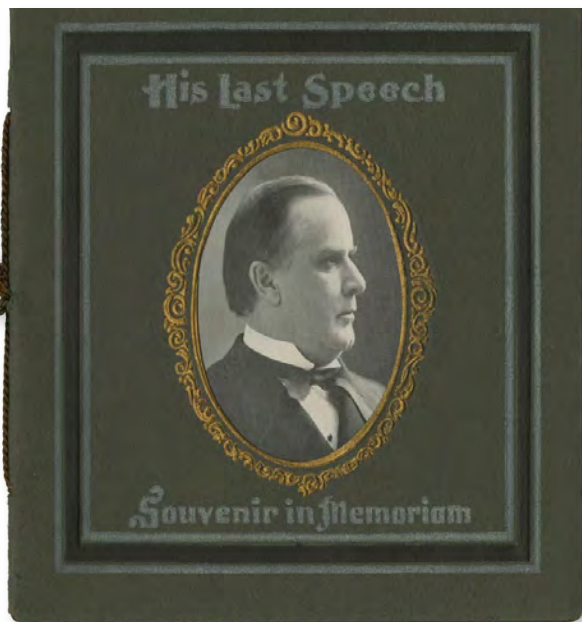
The Harding Home (residence of Warren G. and Florence Harding from 1891 to 1921) and Harding Memorial are located in Marion, Ohio. A new Presidential Library & Museum is scheduled to open in 2020.

www.hardinghome.org

practice in Canton, Ohio; and married the daughter of a local banker.

McKinley won a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives and served for fourteen years, becoming a leading tariff expert. He was elected governor of Ohio in 1891 and served two terms before being elected president in 1896.

Foreign policy was a major theme of McKinley's first term; he enacted tariffs to protect American industry against imports and released Cuba from Spanish rule during the Spanish-American War. However, his second term ended tragically when he was shot by an anarchist while attending the Pan-American Exhibition in New York; he died eight days later.

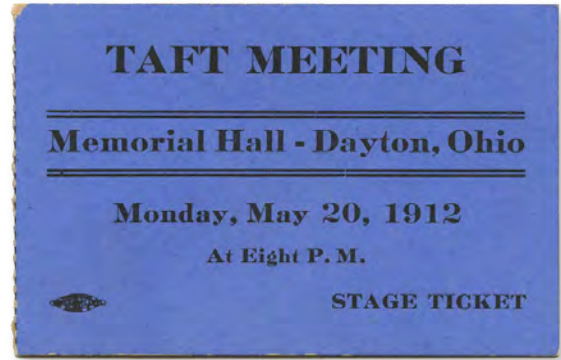


"His Last Speech" memorial souvenir for William McKinley.

William Howard Taft (1909-1913)

Taft was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. His father, Alphonso Taft, served as secretary of war and attorney general under Ulysses S. Grant.

After graduating from Yale, William returned to Cincinnati to study and practice law. A series of political appointments followed, including Ohio superior court judge, governor-general of the Philippines, and secretary of war under Teddy Roosevelt.



Ticket stub from a 1912 Taft event in Dayton, Ohio.

Roosevelt hand-picked Taft to be his successor; he was nominated at the Republican convention the following year. Although Taft was a highly respected jurist, he was not skilled as a politician, and alienated liberal Republicans enough that they formed the Progressive party. Taft got little credit for the achievements of his administration, including the filing of dozens of antitrust lawsuits. When the Republicans again nominated Taft for president in 1912, Roosevelt left the party to run on the Progressive ticket, guaranteeing Woodrow Wilson the presidency.

After leaving office, Taft taught law at Yale until realizing his lifelong dream of being chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. He held the position until poor health forced him to resign one month before his death in 1930.

Warren G. Harding (1921-1923)

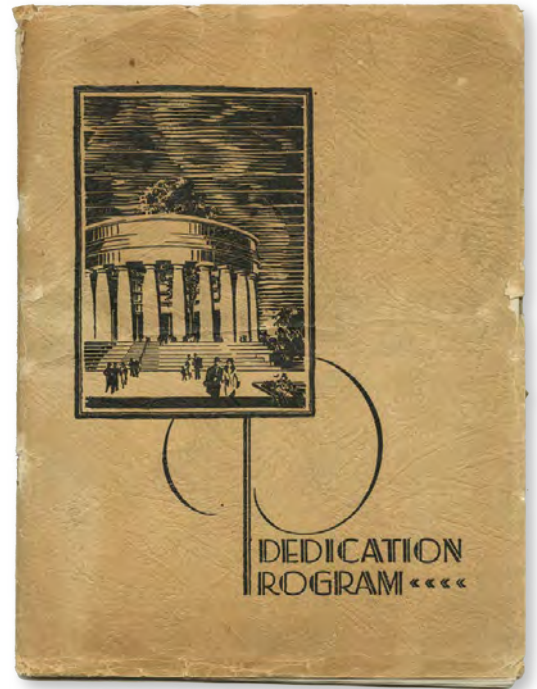
Warren Gamaliel Harding was born near Blooming Grove, Ohio, in 1865. At age 14 he enrolled at Ohio Central College, and with a friend published a small newspaper during his final year. His family moved to Marion at that time, and Harding joined them after graduation.

He tried several different jobs after college before purchasing the struggling *Marion Star*. Although the city of Marion (and the state of Ohio) tended to vote Republican, Marion County generally voted Democrat. Harding therefore adopted a politically neutral stance in the daily *Star* and created a weekly edition that was moderately Republican. This strategy, along with a booming city population and careful financial management by Harding's new wife Florence, made his newspaper career a success.

Harding became interested in politics soon after buying the *Star*, and in 1899 was elected to the Ohio Senate. Although he began his first Senate term as a relative unknown, he ended it as a star in the Ohio Republican party and was elected to a second term. Harding also served a term as Ohio's lieutenant governor before being elected to the U.S. Senate in 1914.

Although Harding was up for re-election to the Senate in 1920, he entered the presidential race, and won his party's nomination on the tenth ballot. He went on to win the election with sixty percent of the popular vote, defeating fellow Ohioan James M. Cox.

Harding's administration cut taxes, restored import tariffs, and created a federal budget system. He was popular during his presidency, although the discovery of scandals involving several of his appointees would later change that perception. He died of a cerebral hemorrhage during a 1923 visit to San Francisco. Nine million people lined the tracks as a train carried his body from California back home to Marion for burial.



Dedication program for the Harding Memorial in Marion, Ohio.

Presidential Trivia

After checking your score on the trivia quiz, check out even more interesting facts about Ohio presidents.

William Henry Harrison

- Longest inaugural speech
- First sitting president to have his photograph taken
- First president to die in office

Ulysses S. Grant

- Signed legislation establishing the National Park System

Rutherford B. Hayes

- Signed a bill allowing female attorneys to argue cases before the U.S. Supreme Court
- Held the first Easter Egg Roll on the White House lawn
- Lucy Hayes was the first presidential wife to be called First Lady

Benjamin Harrison

- First president to use electricity in the White House

William McKinley

- Last president to have served in the Civil War

William Howard Taft

- First president to throw the ceremonial first pitch at a baseball game
- First president to have an official automobile
- First president buried at Arlington National Cemetery

Warren G. Harding

- First president to ride to his inauguration in an automobile
- First president to speak on the radio
- First president to visit Alaska
- First sitting president to visit Canada

Quiz answers: (1) Ulysses S. Grant (2) Warren G. Harding, in 1920 (3) Rutherford B. Hayes (4) The scarlet carnation; William McKinley always wore one in his lapel for luck.



2016 Ohioana Awards

A beautiful setting, wonderful food, more than a hundred book lovers, and most of all a stellar gathering of some of the best writers from and about Ohio made for a truly memorable 75th anniversary celebration of the Ohioana Awards. The event took place in the atrium of Ohio's historic Statehouse on Friday, September 23.

One of the oldest and most prestigious state literary prizes in the nation, the Ohioana Awards were first presented in 1942. Since then, many major Ohio authors have been honored with an Ohioana Award, and many distinguished non-Ohioans have also been recognized for their books on Ohio subjects.

The ceremony began with the presentation of the 27th Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant to Eliese Colette Goldbach of Cleveland. A competitive award for Ohio writers age 30 or younger who have not yet published a book, the

Marvin Grant has helped launch a number of successful authors, including 2015 Pulitzer Prize winner Anthony Doerr. Goldbach's winning essay, "In the Memory of the Living," follows this article.

The presentation of the 75th anniversary Ohioana Book Awards followed:

- Poetry:** Nin Andrews, *Why God Is a Woman*
- Middle Grade/Young Adult Literature:** Shelley Pearsall, *The Seventh Most Important Thing*
- Juvenile Literature:** Loren Long, *Little Tree*
- Fiction & Readers' Choice:** Mary Doria Russell, *Epitaph: A Novel of the O.K. Corral*
- Nonfiction:** Wil Haygood, *Showdown: Thurgood Marshall and the Supreme Court Nomination That Changed America*
- About Ohio or an Ohioan:** David McCullough, *The Wright Brothers*

Nin Andrews accepts the Poetry award from Chiquita Mullins Lee of the Ohio Arts Council.

The Ohio Statehouse Atrium

Mary Doria Russell accepts the Fiction and Readers' Choice awards from Ohioana Board President Dan Shuey.



All the Ohioana Book Award winners were present except for Loren Long, who appeared on video to express his thanks. Award winners delighted the audience with their remarks, at turns inspiring, touching, and humorous. Following the presentations, Linda Feagler, senior editor of *Ohio Magazine*, once again led a panel discussion where the winners shared their insights on the writing process.

The Ohio Channel streamed the awards ceremony live, and the program will air statewide in the coming weeks via cable on public television stations. It can also be viewed on The Ohio Channel's website at www.ohiochannel.org/video/ohioana-awards-2016.

Our thanks to all who attended, and a special thanks to the sponsors and contributors whose generous support made the event possible. Finally, thanks and congratulations once again to this year's winners!



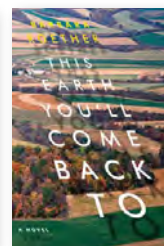
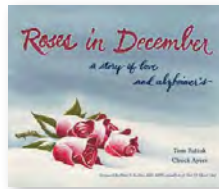
Top right: David McCullough shares a humorous story.
Middle right: Shelley Pearsall makes a point about the writing process in the writers' roundtable.
Bottom right: Wil Haygood shares what inspired him to write about Thurgood Marshall in *Showdown*.
Below (l to r): Wil Haygood, Nin Andrews, Shelley Pearsall, Eliese Colette Goldbach, Ohioana Executive Director David Weaver, Mary Doria Russell, and David McCullough



Congratulations also to the 2016 Ohioana Book Award finalists! This year's finalists included a Pulitzer Prize winner, a National Book Critics Circle Award recipient, two winners of Mystery Writers of America's Edgar® Award, a five-time Coretta Scott King Literary Award winner, a Cleveland Arts Prize recipient, and nine previous Ohioana Award winners. Look for these titles at your local library or bookstore.

FICTION

Roses in December: A Story of Love and Alzheimer's by Tom Batiuk and Chuck Ayers
Circling the Sun by Paula McLain
This Earth You'll Come Back To by Barbara Roether
The New Neighbor by Leah Stewart



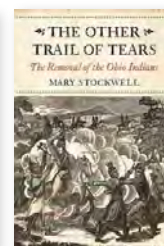
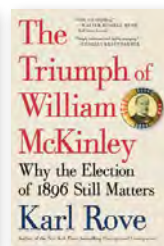
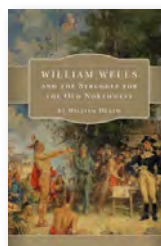
NONFICTION

Stealing Sisi's Star: How a Master Thief Nearly Got Away with Austria's Most Famous Jewel by Jennifer Bowers Bahney
Browsings: A Year of Reading, Collecting, and Living with Books by Michael Dirda
Pauline Frederick Reporting: A Pioneering Broadcaster Covers the Cold War by Marilyn Greenwald
Between You & Me: Confessions of a Comma Queen by Mary Norris



ABOUT OHIO OR AN OHIOAN

William Wells and the Struggle for the Old Northwest by William Heath
The Triumph of William McKinley: Why the Election of 1896 Still Matters by Karl Rove
My Life on the Road by Gloria Steinem
The Other Trail of Tears: The Removal of the Ohio Indians by Mary Stockwell



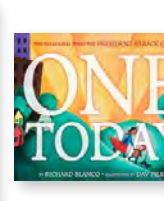
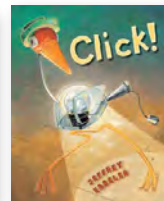
POETRY

Catalog of Unabashed Gratitude by Ross Gay
Once You Had Hands by Tasha Golden
Selected Poems by William Greenway
Abandoned Homeland by Jeff Gundy



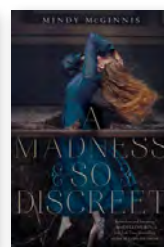
JUVENILE LITERATURE

Kindergarten Luck by Louise Borden
Click! by Jeffrey Ebbeler
Crow Made a Friend by Margaret Peot
One Today illus. by Dav Pilkey



MIDDLE GRADE & YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

Stella by Starlight by Sharon M. Draper
A Madness So Discreet by Mindy McGinnis
The Tale of Rescue by Michael J. Rosen
Like a River: A Civil War Novel by Kathy Cannon Wiechman



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for their generous support of the 2016 Ohioana Awards:

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In the Memory of the Living

by Eliese Colette Goldbach, 2016 Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant Winner

Here is a writer, a voice. At moments, searingly difficult to read: hard, honest, crystalline prose. Often unsettling, always courageous, she is fearless.

—2016 Marvin Grant judge

His wife called herself Possum. He often had nightmares that she was only playing dead.

One night, he jolted awake and scanned the room.

What's wrong? I asked.

Nothing, he said. *Just some crazy dreams.*

Later that day, he smoked Maverick 100s at the kitchen table while I washed dishes.

I had this nightmare, he said.

About what?

I dreamt that my Ex-Old Lady was only pretending to be dead so she could sabotage me.

Smoke twisted from the digits of his left hand where the word *SEXY* had been tattooed in a melting font.

My Ex-Old-Lady. That's mostly what he called her. Sometimes *My Ex-Wife*. Sometimes *That Hateful Bitch*. He never said her name. Not even a mention of the nickname Possum.

He called me his Old Lady after Possum's death, but I was not old. And I was never his wife.

His wife died of a heroin overdose in the bathroom of a Greyhound bus.

I met him while working a summer job at a painting company.

I was twenty-two and inexperienced. He was twenty-eight and married.

I dismissed him as *taken*. He was out of my league anyway with his dirty blond hair and blue eyes. He could wear a Fedora without looking a fool, and he'd eaten the best taco of his life outside a whorehouse in Tijuana. He'd walked over coral reefs in San Diego, and he'd driven across the country while drinking Beam and beer. I figured he couldn't possibly be attracted to a sheltered girl who once said, "I love Bruce Springfield," while listening to "Born in the U. S. A."

But he flirted with me at the company camping trip. His wife hadn't come. They were on the outs, so he spent his time fetching me beers and lighting my cigarettes. It had been raining for days. The grass had become mud. Everyone else huddled beneath a pavilion, trying to stay dry.

Let's walk, he said, and I followed him.

We wandered until mud coated my calves.

While walking down a narrow path, we came across a sign that read, *Church in the Woods*. A semi-circle of tree trunks had been laid out as makeshift pews. A wooden altar stood beneath the dripping leaves of oaks and pines.

We climbed the altar and looked out at an empty congregation. He kissed me beneath the storm, which was already moving east. The altar creaked under our shifting feet. When he reached a hand beneath my shirt, I balked. After all, he was a married man.

But your wife, I said, stopping his hand on my stomach.

We're in the process of getting divorced, he said. *She just has to sign some papers.*

You can put your hand up my shirt when you show me the papers.

At the end of the camping weekend, I gave him my number. I checked my phone constantly, waiting for a copy of the divorce papers.

He never called. They never divorced.

I couldn't compete with a wife named Possum.

He met Possum in high school, but it wasn't until years later—when they shared a nitrous balloon at a party—that they got together. He asked her out for a date of thrift store shopping and Scattergories. She eventually moved into his house and got them both jobs at an escort service—he drove the girls around while she answered the phones. Eventually, the cops raided their house and charged them with compelling slavery. A friend bailed her out. He sat in jail.

They split up after that, and they stayed apart for seven years. When he contacted her again, it was winter. He picked her up at night. “That first glance I got of her as she walked through my headlights,” he wrote in a journal, “her beautiful green eyes that perfectly contrasted with her vintage orange coat lined with fur. She looked amazing. The very instant we got inside my apartment, I kissed her.”

They married shortly after that night, on March 24, 2006.

That was their relationship. Fierce or nothing—like the Valentine's Day he bought her Champagne, even though they couldn't afford it. One of them picked a fight, and he threw the Champagne bottle out the window. Jagged glass clung to the frame. The bottle landed somewhere in the bushes. She called the police, claiming that he'd aimed for her body. *He was trying to kill me*, she said. *I feared for my life*. The police cuffed him and took him to jail, where she bailed him out with the rent money. They were left with nothing more than an empty bottle, a broken window, and his freedom.

It was Possum who got him hooked on heroin.

“Things were good for a brief time,” he wrote about their relationship, “but then came an excess of drugs.

Although I'd tried heroin [by the time we met], I really didn't connect with it. [...] It would all end badly.”

Before the heroin, he'd been earning a degree in physics. He had vague notions of becoming an eccentric professor with disheveled hair and Velcro tennis shoes. But school got dropped. And family got dropped. And he found himself ripping off quick cash marts to fund his habit.

Once, when they were moving out of a house in California, he handed her a bag full of used syringes and empty dope bags. *Throw these away*, he said. It was the one instruction he gave her, but she was too high to follow through. When the cops pulled them over, the bag was in the back of the van. He claimed the syringes were all his and went to jail. She came to visit. Drool dripped from the corners of her mouth. She kept nodding off. *There's no bail money*, she said. He blew up, edgy from detox. *You're fucking high right now, aren't you?* She threw back her head, opening her eyes a little wider. *No, no, I'm not high*.

Their life together was one of break ups and detoxes. Reunions and relapses. They'd disappear into the heroin where they didn't want to eat or shower or fuck. For six years, every emotion—sorrow and elation—diluted in their veins. It was a forced amnesia.

Much of my own memory has been erased.

During the years he spent shooting heroin with his wife, I suffered incessant bouts of mania and depression. I'd seen doctors. I'd been to hospitals. I'd taken medications. Nothing seemed to help.

In the year of his wife's death, I was hospitalized in the psychiatric ward six times. I thought the devil was inside me. Occasionally, I'd dip my finger into a bottle of antifreeze and bring it to my lips, acclimating myself to the taste of suicide.

During my fifth stay in the hospital, a doctor recommended electroconvulsive therapy. He explained the risks. Grogginess. Headaches. Perhaps a bit of memory loss, but nothing that couldn't be recovered. The whole process was touted as a miracle treatment—few side effects with maximum effectiveness—so I signed the informed consent papers.

Halfway through the treatments, my memories began to dwindle. I forgot how to get to the grocery store. I forgot the plots of books and movies I'd seen and read. I forgot what I'd done the previous day and the previous year. Every time a friend said, *remember that time when...*, I shook my head. My recollections were all black. When people persisted (*my god, how can you not remember that time?*), I'd lie. I'd pretend my memory had just surfaced. *Oh, yes, of course I remember.*

My memory was the only thing that went. The depression remained. The mania remained. I still found myself in hysterical fits, writing suicide letters and loading my father's antique Remington rifle.

But I never objected to the treatments.

Every electroconvulsive treatment was the same. I dressed in a hospital gown and brown booties. A nurse stuck me with the IV, the doctor rolled in a blue box that emitted the necessary shock, and the anesthesiologist pushed Brevital Sodium—an anesthetic used to induce brief periods of unconsciousness—into my veins. *Goooood niight*, the anesthesiologist said as she unloaded the syringe.

For a few seconds, the lights grew gauzy. My body tingled and warmed, as if the seat of myself were thawing into vapor. It was always at this moment that I desperately fought sleep. I tried to keep my eyes open. I tried to breathe more deeply. I wanted to remain in that melting state where the rifles and the manias buckled at the edge of dreamlessness.

After twenty or so treatments, I began consenting to the electroconvulsive therapy mostly for those conscious seconds before the Brevital Sodium took effect. I still wanted to die. I couldn't recall entire sections of my life. I could barely remember how to spell words like *receive* and *hollow*, but I found brief moments of peace before the Brevital blackouts. So I went to the hospital for as many blackouts as I could get, losing pieces of my mind with every treatment. Forgetfulness was just the price paid for the calm of a needle in the arm.

I became his new Old Lady only nine months after Possum's death. He'd been off heroin for six months. I'd been finished with electroshock therapy for four months.

By chance, we both found ourselves sitting across from one another at a dive bar along with a few mutual friends. We drank Redheaded Sluts and discussed the merits of Robert Mapplethorpe. Later that night, we hopped into his rusted green pickup truck and let the chill of a Cleveland winter pull at the smoke of our cigarettes. The bars had all closed. The customers at the 24-hour greasy spoons had sobered up. We drove through the sleeping city to the base of the Hope Memorial Bridge, which rises more than 90 feet above the Cuyahoga River.

We're gonna climb it, he said.

I didn't mention my paralyzing fear of heights. I didn't mention my alcohol-induced lack of balance. I just followed him up the steel girders. My fingers numbed on the cold metal. My pants caught on a bolt and tore at the knee. A can of beer, which I'd placed in my pocket before climbing, fell to the ground and exploded with a skating violence. Beer hissed from aluminum. It foamed, it dripped, it went silent. I kept climbing, slightly disappointed by the loss of the beer.

The thing about amnesia is that you don't know what you've forgotten. You don't feel the memories slip from your pockets. You don't hear them hit the ground and hiss. They are there. And then they are not. You only know what you've lost by what others tell you, and you can only guess at the memories no one now recalls. You search your pockets for what's remained, piecing together a self with broken flashes and clouded scenes from a past that might have been yours. Are you a girl afraid of heights? Are you a girl who climbs bridges before sunrise? Have you done this before? He thought I was some daredevil tomboy who drank Redheaded Sluts and gloried in a predawn adrenaline rush. I wanted to be that self.

When we finally reached the beam meant for servicing the bridge, I could barely breathe from the fear of the climb.

The city stretched before us in the gray dawn.

He put his arms around me. I warmed my palms beneath his shirt. We stayed long enough to watch daylight filter through the streets, but the sun couldn't be seen through the clouds.

It was the morning of March 24, 2013—it would have been his seventh wedding anniversary with Possum. I didn't know this at the time. He never mentioned her name.

Nearly a week later, he moved in with me. There was little discussion. There was little consternation. He moved in and began sleeping in my bed. He moved in and began calling me his Old Lady.

She intrigues me, I've often said to those who've met Possum in passing.

The most common response: *why?*

I heard stories about the pet turtle she let roam around her house, which purportedly caused houseguests to contract pink eye. I heard stories about the time someone tried to clean spilled watermelon off Possum's kitchen floor. Possum tore at her hair, screaming, *don't clean my motherfucking house!* I heard stories about the time she unsuccessfully tried to poison her husband with antifreeze.

I heard stories about the times he'd tried to get clean. She'd call him up, and he'd answer, and she'd say, *you're nothing but a pussy who can't handle his drugs.*

I heard that she was bad news.

Was she pretty? I sometimes asked.

No one answered this question, so I searched for a picture online. I found a headshot of her on an old Myspace page. A shadow masked half of her face. Her hands were crossed over her chest, clutching a black shawl. Her lips were full, and the rims beneath her wide, green eyes were swollen. She was stunning in a Chelsea Hotel sort of way. A strung out grace.

I heard stories about myself, too. Many of these stories had been so thoroughly erased from my memory that I doubted their truth.

I heard stories about midnight skinny-dipping at Daytona Beach. I heard stories about eating conch balls in Key West. I heard stories about taking a mud bath in a San Francisco spa. Many of the positive moments—

attending a writers' conference in Massachusetts, making hammocks in a Virginia commune—had slipped away into vague imaginings of what I must have been like. The more painful memories, however, seemed to have ingrained themselves too deeply to be uprooted. The high school suicide attempts. The rape that occurred during my freshman year of college. I could still recall the scratchy textures of psych ward bed sheets, but I couldn't remember the Thanksgiving dinner when I laughed so hard that gravy seeped from my mouth.

And I wondered: what did it mean to be defined by your worst moments, your low points, your mistakes?

I knew Possum as a heroin addict. I knew myself as a bipolar mess.

After finding that picture of Possum on Myspace, I developed a compulsion to learn more about her. I searched Google and Yahoo and MSN. I purchased a membership to Ancestry.com. I contacted police stations in search of arrest records.

I felt an obligation to record her, to establish a history other than the stories I'd heard. I wanted to believe in her life as something other than a disaster so that I could believe in my own life as the same.

After he and I had been dating for a few months, I began seeing possums everywhere. Beneath bushes. On sidewalks. Dead on the side of the road.

One evening, I walked into a garage. Flies swarmed my neck, my face, my arms. I found a dead possum in the corner, its body nearly disintegrated. I ran out of the garage, shaking with fear. I wondered whether his Possum was trying to send me a message. I began imagining his wife as some kind of demon. I imagined her as he dreamt of her: a woman intent on sabotage. Wicked. Malevolent. The hateful bitch. I spoke to a priest. He gave me holy water, which I sprinkled on the possum carcass before setting it on the tree lawn to be collected by the garbage men.

I watched a possum scurry beneath a bush, skittish and vulnerable. Something fearful of predators. I imagined Possum on that night he wrote about in his journal—when she walked through his headlights wearing the

vintage orange jacket that contrasted her green eyes. A striking woman with a light step. The type of woman who might disappear if you don't kiss her quickly.

I passed a dead possum on the road. Its body was bent and mangled. The flesh had begun to decay. I imagined Possum as an eight-year-old, wearing a flower-patterned bikini, running through a sprinkler, shrieking in the cold water. And I imagined her as an addict. Scoring, hooking, cooking her heroin in a spoon. I imagined her craving. I imagined the infected flesh at the bend of her elbow.

I found a vintage orange coat lined with fur in a thrift store. I immediately balked. *This must be her coat*, I thought. *This must be the coat that so perfectly contrasted her green eyes*. For a moment, I was too afraid to touch it. Was this coat a curse? A haunting? A friend of mine picked up the coat and insisted that I put it on. I did, and it fit perfectly. *That coat was made for you*, my friend said. I admired it in the mirror. My eyes are also green. I reached into the pocket, but my hand slipped all the way through. My friend bought the coat and insisted I keep it.

On Possum's birthday, I found a penny in my closet. It was heads up. *Lucky penny*, I thought. I remembered a myth I once heard as a child. Heads-up pennies are messages from the dead. If the date on a lucky penny matches the birth year of a dead relative or friend, it means the person is looking after you. I examined the penny. It was from 1979. The year of Possum's birth.

My obsession with her grew. I considered a séance, but I was too afraid. Instead, I imagined her. I created her in my own mind. I imagined that she hated me for taking her husband. I imagined her scowl. I imagined her disgust. I imagined her as a witch. I imagined her as a medicine man. I imagined that she had entered me, possessed me. We were inseparable. I imagined that *he* was not my lover, *she* was. She was some kind of soul mate I couldn't find in time. In a past life, she was my wife, my husband. In a past life, she was my mother, my daughter. Now she followed behind my shoulder, waiting to be recognized. I imagined that she wanted me to be a successful writer, a traveler, an adventurer. I imagined she wanted me to be what she couldn't be. And I imagined myself as what she was. I imagined myself as a heroin addict, even though I've never picked up a needle. I imagined myself selling my body for drugs, even though I don't know the price of sex. I imagined myself as a

woman who traverses the country with little fear. I wore my vintage orange coat lined with fur and pretended to not feel fear.

I spent hours imagining. I spent hours dreaming up. I drove to the grocery store so lost in imagining that I had no idea how I'd arrived. We are made of our memories. When those are taken, it is easier to get lost in the imaginings than face a reality where we no longer know what we are.

I heard a rumor that Possum's graffiti was still present on the wall of a bathroom stall in a local dive bar. I took a friend to the bar to investigate.

What are we doing here? she said.

We're looking for my boyfriend's dead wife's graffiti, I said.

You're so creepy.

Perhaps so. After all, I was stalking a dead girl. But I wanted to touch something Possum had touched. Something other than her husband. Something stable and inanimate. In my mind, the graffiti would solidify her as more than a memory in the process of being forgotten.

Well, what exactly am I looking for? my friend said.

She just wrote her name.

I ran my finger past the *Fucks* and *Damns* and declarations of undying love written by urinating drunks. I paused at every jagged letter, but there was no sign of Possum's name.

I don't think it's here, my friend said.

Let me look a little longer.

I searched the entire bathroom twice more. My friend crossed her arms, impatient. She didn't seem to understand that I needed to find this graffiti. I needed to touch some tangible evidence of Possum's existence—something independent of another person's recollection. To do so would make my own amnesia seem less bleak. If the memory of a dead heroin addict could remain on a bathroom stall, then maybe my own memories were

merely hidden, waiting to be unearthed.

Listen, my friend said, touching my elbow, *I think you're too late.*

Around the time I began seeing possums, he began calling me the perfect girlfriend.

You're never a bitch, he said. *You don't nag. You don't give me shit. You're not like all the other bitches out there. You're the perfect girlfriend.*

So I assumed that role. The more he told me I was perfect, the more perfect I became. The more he told me that I wasn't a nag, the less of a nag I became. I needed a role. I needed a self. The self I had before the electroshock therapy didn't seem to fit. I was told that I was an intellectual, but I could no longer remember the plot of *Hamlet* or the point of *The Republic*. I was told that I was a writer, but I couldn't spell words that a fifth grader could pen with ease. I was told that I was a sweet girl, but I often fantasized about murdering the handsome doctor who'd electrocuted my brain.

The perfect girlfriend, however, I could believe. I was very good at not being a bitch.

He added to the reasons for my perfection: I was flexible and agreeable. I didn't complain about PMS. I didn't check up on his whereabouts. I didn't accuse him of infidelity even when he made eyes at barflies and barkeeps. I was fun and adventurous and interesting. He took me to a park in the woods and prompted me to climb a nearly vertical rock that rose some thirty feet in the air. I began climbing, but I stopped halfway up, terrified. My fingers dug into sandstone. I couldn't breathe. My vision narrowed. *You have to keep going*, he said. *You can't go back now.* So I kept going. Beside his easy confidence, I could climb the rock. Beside his poise, I could be the life of the party. Beside his apathy, I could let myself relax. Beside his humor, I could be witty. Beside his experience, I could be a girl who scaled bridges at dawn.

I became the perfect girlfriend. I slipped into that identity. I put on that shell. The perfect girlfriend was fascinating and levelheaded and desirable. She was demure and helpful and hilarious and beautiful. She was not shrill. She was not irritating. She was not offensive.

And she most certainly was not mentally ill. She did not have bipolar disorder. She did not put rifles in her mouth. The perfect girlfriend did not need electroshock therapy. She did not end up in psych wards. She was perfect. I was perfect, so long as he said so. And I did everything I could to keep him saying so.

When he spilt beers on the floor, I'd clean them up. When he whispered *cunt* to me in the privacy of our bedroom, I laughed it off. When he compromised hundreds of pages of my writing by watching anal porn without virus protection on a computer I repeatedly asked him not to use, I made only the smallest protestation. If I broke down in tears, I did so beneath a bathtub full of water. It was a slow suffocation of the self beneath the shell, but it was more comfortable to drown in his perfect version of who I should be than refashion the flawed version of who I was.

The stories I heard about Possum often began with a disclaimer: *I don't want to speak ill of the dead, but...*

This disclaimer always led into a story about Possum as a bitch, or an addict, or an occasional whore.

I don't want to speak ill of the dead, but...

But.

But I knew there were other stories. There were moments for which she wasn't given credit.

He occasionally spoke of his memories in the plural.

The best rack of ribs I had was in Missouri, he said. *We were broke and starving, and we stopped there. It cost sixteen dollars. The best fucking ribs ever.*

I always assumed that Possum was the other person present in such stories:

We stopped at the Indy 500. It was like Hillbilly Mardi Gras.

We used to smoke weed out of this bowl that someone had carved into a sandstone cliff in San Diego.

When he spoke poorly of her, she was the *Ex-Old Lady*,

or the *Ex-Wife*, or the *Hateful Bitch*. But in the fond memories, she was always only the other half of his *we*.

I went with him for a walk at two in the morning in Clearwater, Florida. We'd been together for nearly a year. We were drunk and vacationing with his family. I was in a foul mood, although I tried to be chipper. I tried to be what he wanted me to be.

Less than two weeks prior to this vacation, he got blackout drunk and pissed on the gifts I had bought my family for Christmas. When I became upset, he said I was ruining his holiday. I had no reason to be angry. So I smiled. I acquiesced. I returned all the urine-soaked presents for non-urine-soaked presents. I made sure we had a nice Christmas. But my smiles were becoming more difficult to force.

As we walked the Florida streets, he said that he wasn't having a good time because I was in a bad mood. I had almost ruined his holiday, and now I was ruining his vacation.

Without thinking, I stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and squared my shoulders.

Maybe you should find someone who's in a better mood, I said.

I said nothing more. I turned and walked in the opposite direction of our hotel. I didn't look back. He didn't follow. For the first time in months, I felt relief. An opening of my chest. An ability to breathe. It was not the kind of relief I used to experience in the seconds before the Brevital Sodium rendered me unconscious during electroshock therapy. It was less ethereal than the cusp of a blackout. It was the relief of being alone and alive and answerable only to myself.

As I walked forward, something hunched and white moved in the corner of my vision. My breath caught. I stopped dead. A possum stood in my path. We stared at one another for a moment, both of us startled.

Don't go back, something inside of me said. *Don't go back, don't go back.*

At first I thought it was Possum's voice, or God's voice, or the Universe's voice, but it was my own voice, clear and insistent. It had been a long time since I'd heard that voice. *Don't go back*. The possum scurried into the bushes.

The following evening I bought a single Greyhound ticket from Florida to San Francisco. I would leave him and traverse the country on a trip that would take nearly four days. I would no longer be the perfect girlfriend. I no longer knew what I would be. This was a terrible, gut-wrenching relief.

Nine months before I became his Old Lady, Possum called him from San Diego. They were separated at the time, and he was living in Cleveland.

Meet me in Vegas, she said. *We'll have a good time.*

It took some convincing, but he agreed. Maybe they could have another reconciliation. Maybe this one would stick.

She boarded a Greyhound bus, which rolled toward Vegas in the heat of a Southern California summer. She walked into the bathroom, sat on the toilet, and searched her scarred veins for the best place to insert the syringe. The heroin relieved her, but whatever euphoria she felt wasn't from the drug. She was traveling to see her husband. She was going to touch his bearded cheek and smile into his blue eyes. Maybe he'd meet her at the bus station, embracing her without saying a word. Maybe he'd kiss her recklessly, and onlookers would envy the way he cradled her head between his tattooed hands. Maybe they'd be man and wife again—two forces against the world.

Her eyes closed as the bus rumbled forward.

When the Greyhound reached Orange County, a fellow passenger realized that the woman with the striking green eyes hadn't come out of the bathroom. Someone forced open the door, but Possum was already gone.

I boarded the Greyhound in the evening. I found a window seat and angled my body in such a way that the other passengers couldn't see my face. Before the bus pulled out of the station, I began crying. Snot dripped down my chin. I didn't reach to wipe it away.

I cried for all those reasons that leaving a man is difficult, but I also cried for the memories I never mourned. I cried for ever having consented to electroshock therapy. I cried because I already knew the story he would tell our mutual friends. He would tell them that I was a hateful bitch for leaving him in Florida. Mostly, however, I cried for my tiny, flayed, evaporated self that could no longer hide behind what he said I was. A self blinking and disoriented. A self with an illness. A self too knotted to ever be one thing.

The bus pulled onto the street and headed north.

When I regained my composure, I opened my wallet to count what little money I had. As I flipped through a few bills, I came across the memorial card from Possum's funeral. Weeks prior, I had found the memorial card amidst his personal items. I placed the card in my wallet, not to hide it from him but to save it for myself.

There is a black and white photo of Possum on the front of this card. Her dark hair frames her high cheekbones. Her eyes are bright and wide. She looks nothing like the strung out woman in the Myspace picture. I wanted to remember her in this way. I wanted to remember her as someone poised and beautiful. And she was. She was poised and beautiful and adventurous in ways I will never be able to imagine. Perhaps she was once the little girl in a flower-patterned bikini jumping through the sprinkler. She was smiling and gorgeous and addicted and a whore. She was a hateful bitch and a manipulative disaster. A track-marked wreck. Full of grace.

I folded the card in half and placed it back in my wallet. The sun began to set behind highways lined with palm trees. The bus crept toward the coast. I watched the passing horizon, imagining the white-capped waves of the Pacific, anticipating the self I might be when I arrived.



Winner of the 2016 Ohioana Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, Eliese Colette Goldbach is a graduate of the Northeast Ohio Master of Fine Arts Program.

Her work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Western Humanities Review*, and *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*. Goldbach has presented her writing at the &Now Conference in San Diego and attended various residency programs in the United States and Canada. She has also been a visiting writer at Malone University. Goldbach lives and writes in Cleveland, Ohio, where her latest project has been a series of essays that explores the effects of trauma on personal identity.

In addition to the Marvin Grant, Goldbach's essay "In the Memory of the Living" won her the Ploughshares Emerging Writers Contest in nonfiction for 2014-15.

Our thanks to *Ploughshares*, which first published the essay in their winter 2014-15 issue.

An Interview with Candice Millard

by David Weaver



Photo by Paul Versluis

Candice Millard grew up in Lexington, Ohio, and is a former writer and editor for *National Geographic Magazine*. She is also the author of two best-selling books: *The River of Doubt: Theodore Roosevelt's Darkest Journey* and *Destiny of the Republic: A Tale of Madness, Medicine and the Murder of a President*.

Recently Millard talked with the *Ohioana Quarterly* about her new book, *Hero of the Empire*, which sheds light on the life and military service of a young Winston Churchill.

Q After two books on American presidents, what led you to cross the Atlantic and write about Winston Churchill and his experiences in the Boer War?

A I first heard about Churchill's escape from a POW camp in South Africa about twenty-five years ago. I wasn't writing books at the time, but the story stayed with me because it just seemed so incredible. I couldn't believe that I hadn't heard it before, and the more people I asked, the more I realized how little known the story was. I was also very interested in the Boer War, which was, in many ways, the beginning of modern warfare—

early guerrilla fighting, the first concentration camps, modern weapons. This is the war that prepared the British Army for World War I.

Q Why was it so important for Churchill to make his mark on the field of battle?

A Churchill had been fascinated by war from earliest childhood. He was a direct descendant of the 1st Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest generals in British history, and he had a strong sense of that legacy. He also believed that conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield, and the medals it might bring, was the surest and fastest route to recognition, fame and, if he was lucky, political power. He called it the "glittering gateway to distinction," and he was willing to risk anything for it, even his life.

Q News of Churchill's escape from his Boer captors electrified the British public. How did that impact his political career?

A Churchill had run for parliament before the Boer War and lost, but his extraordinary bravery and thrilling escape during the war suddenly transformed him from the son of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer to a national hero in his own right. Churchill himself acknowledged that it was thanks to the Boer War that he won his second campaign, which took place just months after he returned home. "It is clear to me from the figures," he wrote to the prime minister after his victory, "that nothing but personal popularity arising out of the late South African War, carried me in."

Q What lessons did Churchill learn in the Boer War that helped prepare him for the challenge of leading Great Britain during World War II?

A Throughout his time in South Africa, when he was racing to the front as a journalist, taking over the defense of an armored train when he was not even a member of the military, escaping alone across nearly 300 miles of enemy territory, Churchill honed many of his most distinctive leadership qualities—courage,

determination, ingenuity, agility. He learned that, with a little luck and a lot of grit, anything was possible.

Q *Hero of the Empire* is so richly detailed—the tremendous research you did is evident throughout the book. As a historian and biographer, which do you enjoy more: researching a subject or writing about it?

A I enjoy them both immensely. In fact, every day I walk into my office, I think, “I can’t believe this is my job.” As much as I enjoy writing, however, and feel incredibly grateful to be able to do it, I have to admit that research is my first love. When I’m working, I am never happier than when I’m in an archive or visiting a battlefield, a childhood home, a remote river in the Amazon. It’s endlessly fascinating and incredibly fun.

Q Your books have all taken place in either the late 1800s or early 1900s. Is that a period of history you find particularly fascinating?

A It is. There’s something so atmospheric about that time period. I think it’s in part why shows like *Downton Abbey* are so popular. Everything from the dress to the language to even the grime of the industrial revolution is irresistible. But what I love most about that period is the treasure trove of primary source material. Every time I begin a new project, I spend at least a year buried up to my neck in journals and letters and newspaper articles. As a nonfiction writer, these resources are essential. They bring an event from long ago back to life in a very real and vivid way.

Q As I look at the three men you’ve written about, one thing strikes me that Churchill, Garfield, and Roosevelt had in common: all three were men of great moral and physical courage. Was that courage a quality that drew you to them as subjects?

A I think that, by definition, a courageous man has an interesting life. If you’re not afraid to take a chance, make your mark, forge your own path, then chances are, remarkable things are going to happen to you.

Q What was it like seeing *Destiny of the Republic* realized as a documentary? Are there plans to do the same with *Hero of the Empire*? It seems a natural for public television.

A I thought that *American Experience* did a beautiful job with Garfield’s story. It’s a story that I care very much about, and it was both reassuring and very exciting to see it told with such integrity and skill. I do think that the story of Churchill’s time in the Boer War is very cinematic, but *Hero of the Empire* is still very new, so we’ll have to see what happens.

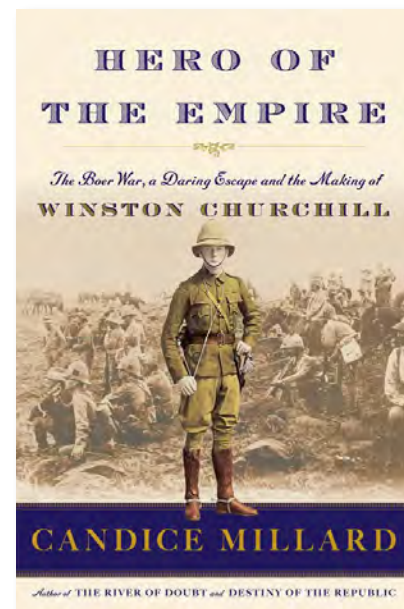
Q After *Hero*, what’s next? Have you already started on your next project?

A I have several ideas, but I haven’t had time to research them well enough to know if they’ll work. A lot of factors go into choosing a book topic—strength of the story itself, interesting characters, supporting storylines, primary source material. Until I can really sit down and dig into a subject, it’s still just an idea.

Q Every writer is first a reader. You grew up in a small Ohio town. Were books and reading always a part of your life? Was there one book, or maybe one author, that lit a spark in you; that made you say, “I want to do that”?

A I have always loved to read, and some of my favorite childhood memories are of books and of my hometown library. I used to walk to the library with my mom and sisters when I was small, and then, later, by myself. It was torn down several years ago, but I can still picture it perfectly, the tall windows and creaky floorboards, the musty smell of old books. It was heaven to me.

Candice Millard will appear at the Columbus Museum of Art on November 15, 2016, as part of the Thurber House “Evenings with Authors” series. For more information, see page 39.



NONFICTION

Dirda, Michael. *Browsings: A Year of Reading, Collecting, and Living with Books*.

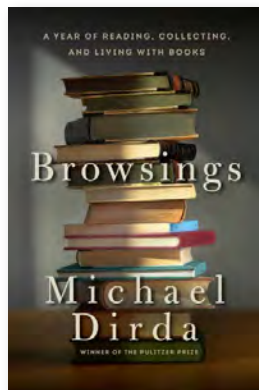
Pegasus Books (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$24.95.

If you love books and reading, you will find Michael Dirda a very enjoyable writer, especially about the field of books. When he was in Columbus several years ago, he came across as a great guy with wide-ranging knowledge of literature, including mainstream contemporary writing, books and authors from the past, and various arcane corners of the book world.

Dirda follows in the footsteps of such writers about the world of books as Ohio's own late bibliophile Jack Matthews, the great twentieth-century book dealer Dr. A.S.W. Rosenbach, A. Edward Newton, Richard de Bury (fourteenth century), Holbrook Jackson, and Vincent Starrett—whose book, *Born in a Bookshop*, is my favorite title. They and many other writers published volumes of seriously-minded—but nonetheless enjoyable—bibliophilic essays.

The entertaining pieces in Dirda's latest book were written between 2012 and 2013 as his weekly contribution to *The American Scholar*, sponsored by Phi Beta Kappa, which Dirda does not belong to, though he writes, "I've always fancied owning a waistcoat from which one of those little keys would dangle on a thin gold chain." But about his own scholarship, Dirda remarks, "My first two years of college were—shall we say?—checkered."

Browsings is a collection of fifty-two, bet-you-can't-read-just-one, brief essays that range widely in focus across the spectrum of the book world. Several years ago he admitted to literary infidelity: "My fancy can be quite promiscuous—ancient classics one week, science fiction and fantasy the next."



In *Browsings*, he writes, "These are...very much personal pieces, the meandering reflections of a literary sybarite," and, "...are light essays, meant to be entertaining." There's no need to read them consecutively; one can drop in anywhere and enjoy that essay's subject. As a cat-lover, I enjoyed "Bookish Pets," though dogs rule in the essay. As someone who celebrates the Christmas season reading holiday books, I loved his "Christmas Reading." There's just so much to choose from.

Although Dirda has won a Pulitzer Prize for criticism and he's a nationally known big-shot in the world of books, he still gets a thrill out of visiting local book sales and scoring such modest volumes as an ex-library first edition of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*...and then writing about his experience at that Sacred Heart Used Book Sale. One essay, "Thrift Stories," is about visiting Clarice's Values thrift store in his hometown of Lorain, Ohio, and buying mystery paperbacks and maybe unearthing a second printing of *Ulysses*. (Be sure to read Dirda's *An Open Book: Coming of Age in the Heartland*, which is about Lorain and what it was like to grow up as a book freak in small-town Ohio. "All that kid wants to do is stick his nose in a book," said his steelworker father.)

His style is so conversational and self-deprecating that he can write about anything and readers will enjoy it. About these essays Dirda writes, "My aim is to remain easygoing and conversational, just me sharing some of my discoveries and enthusiasms." For example, in "Cowboys and Clubmen," he writes lightly about being a joiner of clubs and societies that celebrate writers and their characters: The Baker Street Irregulars (Sherlock Holmes); North American Jules Verne Society; The Ghost Story Society; the Washington D.C. Panthans (Edgar Rice Burroughs); the Lewis Carroll Society; and Capital! Capital! (P.G. Wodehouse). He admits to helping establish the Dawn Powell Society of Washington: four journalists—"all winners of a prize that starts with *p*—were sitting around drinking too much and talking about their shared admiration for the novelist Dawn Powell. I happened to have a copy of Powell's diaries with me, so on its endpapers I scribbled out the name of the organization, along with its Board

of Directors. The DPSW has never met again.” Dirda makes it all entertaining, yet erudite.

He often writes about mostly-forgotten-if-they-were-ever-well-known writers such as Martin Armstrong, T.F. Powys, Gerald Bullett, and Stella Bensen. It makes me want to go out and hunt down the hidden books of such authors. That’s the thing about Dirda—you come to like and trust him so much through the reading of these essays that when he even mentions an obscurity that he enjoys, you want to track down copies.

What a life he has: longtime book reviewer for *The Washington Post Book World*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, *The New York Review of Books*, and a writer of books—*Browsings* is his sixth. All because he’s paid to read, and because of his ability to turn his readings into entertaining prose.

As a book lover, how can you not be pleased with these quotes from Dirda?

“Though I wouldn’t go so far as to say that my library means more to me than living, breathing human beings, it’s a near thing.”

“I think of my books as my friends and I like to have them around. They brighten my life.”

“There is no better conversation in the world than talking about books with longtime dealers and collectors.”

“I always feel happy in libraries and bookstores. They restoreth my soul.”

“Most days I’m irrationally content turning pages and fingering keyboards.”

“With any justice, Heaven itself will resemble a vast used bookstore, with a really good café in one corner, serving coffee and Guinness and kielbasa to keep up one’s strength while browsing.”

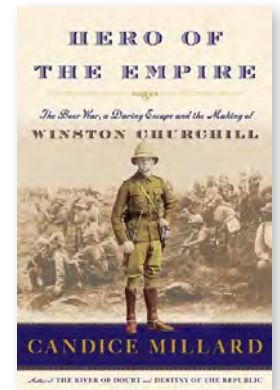
Browsings will be added to my very select list of books kept close at hand to be dipped into from time to time with pleasurable anticipation and guaranteed satisfaction.

REVIEWED BY GEORGE COWMEADOW BAUMAN

Millard, Candice. *Hero of the Empire: The Boer War, a Daring Escape, and the Making of Winston Churchill.*

Doubleday (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$30.00.

Winston Churchill was one of the true giants of the twentieth century. History remembers him as the prime minister who promised nothing but “blood, toil, tears, and sweat” as he led the British people in their “finest hour” during World War II. The image of Churchill that usually comes to mind is that of a portly man brandishing a cigar, adorned in a stylish Homburg, flashing a grin as he thrust two outstretched fingers upward in the “V for Victory” sign that he made famous.



However, it is another, younger Churchill that Candice Millard portrays in her wonderful new book, *Hero of the Empire: The Boer War, a Daring Escape and the Making of Winston Churchill*. This is Churchill forty years before World War II, a bold, ambitious, supremely self-confident man in his mid-twenties who firmly believed he was destined for greatness and that one day he would be prime minister of Great Britain.

Millard tells how Churchill, eager to make a name for himself, felt the quickest path to success lay in winning glory on the battlefield. He served in several colonial wars in India and Sudan, and was nearly shot on his twenty-first birthday while covering the Cuban War of Independence as a reporter. But nothing had happened in any of those conflicts to help him make his mark.

The start of England’s second war with the Boers of South Africa in October 1899 gave him his chance. Churchill signed on as a correspondent with the London Morning Post, a position that would embed him with British soldiers in the thick of fighting. He was with a convoy of troops on an armored train when the train was attacked by Boers. Churchill was captured and taken to the city of Pretoria, where he was a prisoner of war in a converted school. But he would not remain long. After less than a month in captivity, Churchill slipped over the school wall and began a harrowing 300-mile journey through enemy territory.

As Millard writes, it was not an easy journey, and at times even the usually stalwart Churchill felt despair. But he prevailed and made it to safety. News of his bold escape made headlines throughout England. Churchill had run for Parliament in 1899 and lost. In 1900, running again just a few months after his return from South Africa, he was victorious. Churchill would always credit the Boer War for launching his success.

Reading Millard's book, I was reminded of one of the classic shows of early television, *You Are There*. Hosted by Walter Cronkite, it was a weekly re-enactment of an episode in American and world history. Each episode would open with a brief introduction of what the audience was about to see, followed by the dramatically intoned words, "And you are there." With *Hero of the Empire*, I had exactly that same feeling: I was there, and it was because Millard took me there, every step of the way, with Churchill. Her richly detailed, masterful storytelling, so evident in her earlier books on Theodore Roosevelt and James A. Garfield, are on full display again.

Shakespeare could have been describing Churchill in his immortal comedy, *As You Like It*, when he wrote "All the world's a stage...And one man in his time plays many parts." In the nearly seventy remarkable years of Churchill's career on the world stage, he did indeed play many parts, often brilliantly, sometimes controversially, but always colorfully and larger-than-life. If life is a play, then the story of Churchill in the Boer War is Act I. In *Hero of the Empire*, Candice Millard tells that story in a way that is a rich character study, an absorbing history lesson, and a grand adventure all rolled into one.

REVIEWED BY DAVID WEAVER

Rove, Karl. *The Triumph of William McKinley: Why the Election of 1896 Still Matters*.

Simon & Schuster (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$32.50.

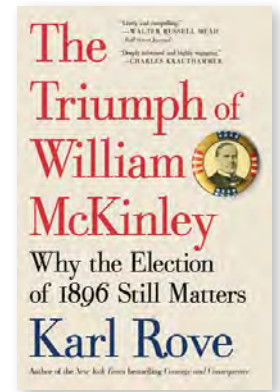
This is the year for politics, evaluating candidates, and deciding who will be the next president. Karl Rove's newest book, *The Triumph of William McKinley*, was released in paperback in time for the Republican National Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. In this fascinating history, Rove describes how McKinley ran the first modern political campaign using newspapers,

social networking, and public opinion. Wait a minute! If this sounds like political campaigns today, you are correct. McKinley campaigned for president in 1896, barnstorming across the country to win votes at the Republican National Convention in Chicago and then in the race for the White House. Today's politicians still campaign using McKinley's techniques.

This staunch Republican and native Ohioan was the last president to have served in the Civil War. McKinley stood for protectionism, keeping import tariffs high, and buying American. He was a master at working the political machine, networking, and currying favor across the state and later the country. As a young politician, he weathered the Depression of 1873 while serving as U.S. congressman for Ohio. He later served as governor of Ohio during the Panic of 1893. The first half of McKinley's political career was wracked with long years of unemployment, failed banks, and failed businesses in the midst of rising monopolies and industrialization. Sound familiar? McKinley faced many of the economic problems we face today, and he campaigned successfully throughout it all.

You don't have to be a Republican to enjoy this book; readers will find it fascinating regardless of their political persuasion. Election buffs will love the political wrangling, horse-trading, and maneuvering. Historians will delight in the descriptions of political, economic, and social issues in the United States from the end of the Civil War to the end of the century. All readers will savor the details Rove provides about this Progressive Era politician who is still relevant in the twenty-first century.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

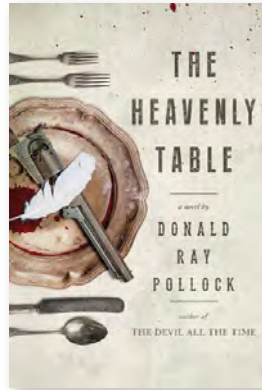


FICTION

Pollock, Donald Ray. *The Heavenly Table*.

Doubleday (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$27.95.

It was Donald Ray Pollock's lifelong love of books that inspired him—at age 50—to leave his job as a laborer at a Chillicothe, Ohio, paper mill and enroll in a writing program at The Ohio State University. So it seems fitting that books figure prominently in Pollock's latest novel, *The Heavenly Table*.



The Jewett brothers—Cane, Chimney, and Cob—were dealt a rough hand after their mother died and left them in Georgia with a father who was hell bent on “taking hold of some of the misery of the world.” Cane, the only literate brother, keeps their spirits alive by reading from a dime novel, *The Life and Times of Bloody Bill Bucket*. The book brings them solace when the going gets tough and provides inspiration when it's time for them to strike out in search of fortune. What follows is a remarkably dysfunctional yet oddly touching story of sibling affection and loyalty as the Jewett brothers head north.

Meanwhile, back in southern Ohio, Ellsworth Fiddler has managed to lose his small family fortune at the same time that his teenage son goes missing. Ellsworth goes in search of young Eddie, presumed to have enlisted in the army. Along the way, Fiddler encounters a seriously demented bunch.

It's hard to imagine a more hapless, pitiful cast of characters—and yet you can't help but ache for them. Like when a socially isolated sanitation inspector shares a donut and strikes up a friendship with Cob, the developmentally disabled brother. Or when Chimney gets tragically sidetracked on his way to deliver roses and salvation to his favorite prostitute. Pollock has a genius for humanizing without a trace of sentimentality.

There's plenty of raw violence and vulgarity to satisfy readers who have come to expect that from Donald Ray Pollock. In fact, there was so much of it right out of the gate that my husband, who'd managed to get a couple

chapters ahead, had to encourage me to continue. Stick with it. Pollock rewards you with a very satisfying story. You'll laugh when it seems most inappropriate, and you'll find beauty in the oddest places if you can bear to look.

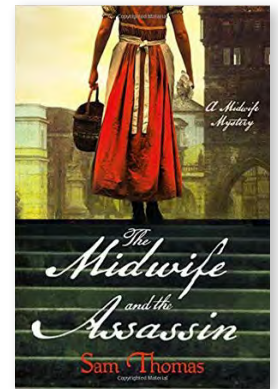
In the end, Donald Ray Pollock leaves us hanging. But I was only frustrated for a moment—until I realized it meant there will be more to come from this American treasure.

REVIEWED BY MICHELLE GUBOLA

Thomas, Sam. *The Midwife and the Assassin*.

Minotaur Books (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$25.99.

The fourth book in Thomas's fascinating *Midwife Mysteries* is set in 1649 London during the English Civil War. Cromwell has imprisoned Charles (Stuart) I, and Parliament must decide the fate of the king. In the meantime, midwife Lady Bridget Hodgson and her deputy Martha Hawkins are summoned to London to rescue Will, Lady Bridget's nephew. To do so, they must seek out plots against Parliament that the Levellers, an opposition group, are hatching and report to Jonathan Marlowe, Cromwell's spymaster. Throughout the first half of the book, Lady Bridget is busy birthing babies and getting to know the other midwives and women in Cheapside, London. She becomes deeply involved in the gossip and is fascinated by the Levellers' politics. They promote equality of all classes, the right to vote for representatives, and equal rights for women. Their leader, John Lilburne, makes a cameo appearance in the book.



When one Leveller is murdered, then another, Lady Hodgson must find the killer and uncover the plot against Parliament. Her contact and go-between is Colonel Tom Reynolds, a soft-spoken and quick-witted soldier. Reynolds and Will have their own covert assignments that include ferreting out spies, plots against Cromwell, and protecting Lady Hodgson. The action heats up in the second half of the book as Lady Hodgson, Martha, Will, and Colonel Reynolds seek out

the assassin in a vain attempt to prevent more murder and mayhem. The plot is tangled with politics, especially when Lorenzo Bacca, an Italian assassin, turns up in Cheapside. Is he the killer? Can Lady Hodgson trust his news and inside information?

The mystery is well concealed and the characters believable. Thomas once again successfully weaves history into the story. History buffs will itch to confirm the facts and learn more about the Levellers, the imprisonment of King Charles I, Cromwell, and the English Civil War. Best of all is the picture of London with all its noise, bustle, and smells. While the book stands alone, there's little back story provided for new fans. Once you discover Thomas, you'll want to read all his books.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

You might also like:

Thomas, Sam. *The Midwife's Tale*. Minotaur Books (New York, NY) 2013. PB \$15.99.

Thomas, Sam. *The Harlot's Tale*. Minotaur Books (New York, NY) 2014. HC \$24.99.

Thomas, Sam. *The Witch Hunter's Tale*. Minotaur Books (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$24.99.

Welsh-Huggins, Andrew. *Slow Burn: An Andy Hayes Mystery*.

Swallow Press (Athens, OH) 2015. HC \$26.95.

Welsh-Huggins, Andrew. *Capitol Punishment: An Andy Hayes Mystery*.

Swallow Press (Athens, OH) 2016. HC \$27.95.

In *Slow Burn*, Andy (Woody) Hayes, Ohio State University football player turned private investigator, is searching for a possible witness to a fire that killed three college students and injured another two years before. Although Aaron Custer was convicted of the crime, his grandmother thinks he might be innocent and wants Hayes to prove it. When Andy starts digging into the case, strange



clues pop up that intersect with the recent murder of a geologist. The investigation heats up halfway through the book as Hayes connects the geologist to the victims and learns something about fracking. And why is the fracking company so determined to hire Hayes?

During his investigation, Hayes drives back and forth between German Village and Clintonville searching for clues, witnesses, and closure. Columbus readers will puzzle over non-existent buildings while they smile at Hayes's descriptions of traffic patterns and parking.

With short respites from the case, Hayes helps his girlfriend Anne prepare for a half-marathon and his friend Ray seek out the homeless. Of course, there's angst over Andy's former football career, his former relationships, and his two sons.

The second Andy Hayes mystery moves a little slowly, but gains momentum at the midpoint. Welsh-Huggins lays out all the clues for Hayes; they just take time to coalesce into a solid case. The action speeds up as Hayes begins to tie up the loose ends and set things right. There is intimidation, some groveling, and a little violence toward the surprise ending, which wraps up all the loose ends nicely.

In *Capitol Punishment*, Hayes has his hands full with a political mystery. On one of those dismal days when there's no money in his wallet, freelance journalist Lee Hershey hires Hayes as a bodyguard to protect him from someone who is following him. Hershey is investigating the politicians associated with a proposed Columbus school funding bill, and there are plenty of them. It wouldn't be a bad job if Hershey knew who was after him and why. Hershey is not a beloved journalist, but instead is a man who ruffles everyone's feathers—including Andy's. When Hershey is murdered, Hayes discovers that someone is now following him, and two more murders take place. From there, the story takes off.



To say this is a twisted tale of political intrigue, hidden agendas, and misdirection is an understatement. Hayes has his hands full figuring out who is telling the truth and what those subtle truths might be. It's a good thing

Hayes has a “flypaper brain” and remembers a multitude of facts, figures, and information. Andy traipses from German Village to Clintonville, the Statehouse, and local watering holes in search of clues. Just who murdered Hershey? What did he discover that was so dangerous that even the governor won't talk to Hayes? You'll be left wondering until the very last pages.

Hayes has mellowed a little in his third formal investigation. There's less violence and more computer hacking than before. Surprisingly, there's less talk of Hayes's football career, although it comes up from time to time when characters give him the cold shoulder. Sports fans may be disappointed, but Ohioans—particularly Columbus residents—will smile at references to local neighborhoods and restaurants and will scratch their heads at the easy on-street parking.

Welsh-Huggins, a legal affairs journalist for the Associated Press in Columbus, brings his knowledge of the city, its history, and local political issues to bear in this satisfying mystery.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN

You might also like:

Welsh-Huggins, Andrew. *Fourth Down and Out: An Andy Hayes Mystery*. Swallow Press (Athens, OH) 2014. HC \$26.95.

YOUNG ADULT

McGinnis, Mindy. *The Female of the Species*.

Katherine Tegen Books (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$17.99.

Alex Craft is not okay. She isn't depressed or sick, so what could be wrong with her? She is a sociopath. Normally that means you aren't emotional, but for Alex Craft that means you could kill someone and walk away unfazed.

It all started the night that Anna Craft, Alex's sister, was murdered. Everyone knew who killed her, but without solid evidence, there was nothing the police, or anyone else, could do. So Alex took



matters into her own hands and solved the problem the only way she knew how—she killed him.

Jack Fisher and Peekay are shocked when they see Alex act in violence and assault their friend. Confused and curious about Alex, they try to figure her out and attempt to become friends with her. Peekay tries to become friends with her at the animal shelter they both volunteer at, and Jack tries to become friends with her by talking to her and texting her.

I really liked this book. I especially liked the way Mindy McGinnis brought up real problems in the world. I also like how McGinnis had Alex as a hard-core female character. You will love Mindy McGinnis's *The Female of the Species*.

REVIEWED BY CHLOE SULLIVAN, GRADE 7

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Salamon, Julie. *Mutt's Promise*.

Dial Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$16.99.

Abandoned Mutt never thought she'd find a home on Mr. Thomas's farm, where a boy named Gilberto lives for the summer season with his migrant family. Gilberto shows Mutt forgotten kindness, and he adores the puppies she brings into the world. One dog in particular becomes his pick of the litter: a crescent moon-marked pup he calls Luna. They bond over the summer days, and Luna charms Gilberto with her remarkable dancing trick. With her canine family by her side and a little boy who loves her, Luna is content with life. But all of that changes when Gilberto and his family move back to Florida when the harvest is over.

Mr. Thomas decides to find homes for Mutt's puppies, unintentionally giving Luna and her brother, Chief, to the owner of Puppy Paradise, a secret puppy mill. At Puppy Paradise, Luna and Chief live in horrible conditions with other spirit-broken dogs. Starved, dirty, and abused by the owner, Luna and Chief make a desperate attempt to escape. They manage to make a getaway, but things aren't much better in the wild as they fight to survive the cold winter months. When humans capture them again, Luna is certain they'll be just as bad as the owner of the puppy mill. But the dogs

are taken to a shelter where friendly people want to find them new homes. After so much loss and abuse, Luna doesn't know how to be a happy dog anymore—one that someone will want to give a forever home. It'll take a lot of help—and some twists of fate—for Luna to rekindle her dancing spirit and find where she belongs.

Mutt's Promise is a heartwarming tale. The story is told from the dogs' perspectives, giving readers a canine view of life. As a mother and pup, Mutt and Luna see the world in unique ways. While Mutt is more mature and skeptical, Luna is full of innocence and fun as she experiences everything for the first time. Animal lovers of all ages will love the book's cast of furry characters. The dogs stay in the spotlight, but they meet many critters along the way, from a grumpy farm cat to a pair of funny chipmunks who help the pups run away. The accompanying illustrations are full of charm, adding even more emotion to this delightful story. It's heartbreaking to see the dogs pictured in their tiny cages, then so wonderful to see them happy and free—and in Luna's case, adorably dancing on her tiny paws.

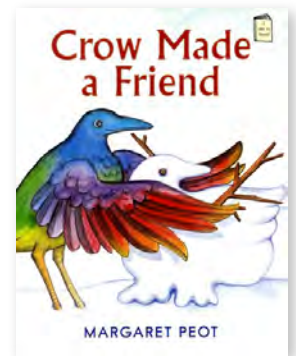
With lovable characters, important themes, and a plot full of unexpected turns, *Mutt's Promise* is a fantastic book that no reader should miss.

REVIEWED BY KATHRYN POWERS

Peot, Margaret. *Crow Made a Friend*.

Holiday House (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$14.95.

In *Crow Made a Friend* by Ohioan Margaret Peot, a crow finds a true friend after trying and trying to make friends. All the friends that Crow tried to "make," or actually build, disappeared. At the end, Crow finds more than a friend and gets three little new friends.



Crow Made a Friend is an ideal book for young children, both to have the book read to them or to read independently as a beginning reader. This book teaches about friendship. The language is appropriate for young children and has repetitive phrases. Young children can easily understand the words and the book's meaning.

We would recommend this book because it is a fun way to teach children about friendship and family, and it also is a cute book. The language and colorful illustrations are appropriate for all ages. The words are clear for young children, so they can easily understand the true meaning of the story. *Crow Made a Friend* teaches the reader to keep trying and never give up and concludes with a happy ending.

REVIEWED BY MS. STIVERSON'S GRADE 4 CLASS

Book List

The following books were added to Ohioana's collection between May and August 2016. Look for them at your local library or bookstore!

NONFICTION

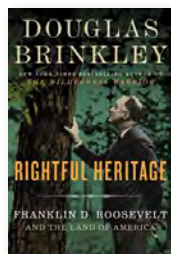
Beckman, Wendy Hart. *University of Cincinnati College of Nursing: 125 Years of Transforming Health Care*. Orange Frazer Press (Wilmington, OH) 2014. HC \$29.99. The "Cincinnati Training School for Nurses" held its first classes in 1899, and in 1916 offered the nation's first baccalaureate program in nursing. This book provides a decade-by-decade history of the school now known as the UC College of Nursing.

Blackford, Mansel G. *Columbus, Ohio: Two Centuries of Business & Environmental Change*. Trillium/Ohio State Univ. Press (Columbus, OH) 2016. HC \$69.95.

In this book, historian Blackford examines the evolution of Columbus from a frontier village in 1812 to a present-day, thriving, Midwestern city. He examines not only economic decisions, but also forward-thinking water- and land-use policies and the role they played in the city's success.

Brinkley, Douglas. *Rightful Heritage: Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Land of America*. Harper (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$35.00.

Although he is best remembered as the architect of the New Deal and the president who guided America through World War II, Franklin D. Roosevelt also left a priceless natural legacy by building state park



systems, preserving landscapes such as the Everglades and the Great Smokies, and planting over two billion trees. In this book Brinkley traces FDR's love of nature from his youth through his presidency and illuminates the political strategies that helped him implement his conservation goals.

Brookbank, Kilee, and Lori Highlander. *Beautiful Scars*. KiCam Projects (Georgetown, OH) 2016. HC \$24.95.

Kilee Brookbank was a typical teenager until the day a gas explosion destroyed her family home and burned forty-five percent of her body. When Kilee returned home after multiple surgeries, finding a new "normal" included not only relearning everyday tasks such as turning a doorknob, but also deciding the kind of person she wanted to become.

Carter, Robert A., and Michael C. Cullen. *Water-Powered Mills of Richland County*. Turas Publishing (Corpus Christi, TX) 2016. PB \$34.00.

Based on nearly fifty years of research by Ohio historian D.W. Garber, this book documents the nineteenth-century mills along the Mohican River and also touches on the lives of the families who ran them and depended on them.

DeMott, Robert. *Angling Days: A Fly Fisher's Journals*. Skyhorse Publishing (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$27.99.

Angling Days collects selected journal entries of university professor and avid fisherman Robert DeMott. Spanning nearly half a

century, the entries celebrate not only fly fishing, but also nature, tranquility, and creativity.

Dirda, Michael. *Browsings: A Year of Reading, Collecting, and Living with Books*. Pegasus Books (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$24.95.

This volume collects fifty of Dirda's reflections on literature, writers, and book collecting. Topics range from literary pets to writer's block, and annotated book lists appear throughout.



Love, Steve. *The Indomitable Don Plusquellic: How a Controversial Mayor Quarterbacked Akron's Comeback*. Ringtaw Books (Akron, OH) 2016. HC \$39.95.

Don Plusquellic grew up in Akron, the son of a rubber worker and the first in his family to attend college. After an injury ended his college football career, Plusquellic changed course; he ended up serving as Akron's mayor for more than twenty-eight years and led the city's revitalization after the collapse of the rubber industry. In this book Steve Love tells the story of the city as well as its controversial mayor.

Malone, Bobbie. *Lois Lenski: Storycatcher*. Univ. of Oklahoma Press (Norman, OK) 2016. HC \$26.95.

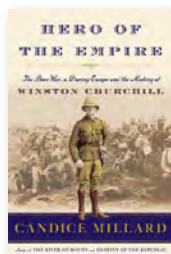
Ohio native Lois Lenski spent nearly five decades writing and illustrating books for children. Because she wanted to help



young people “see beyond the rim of their own world,” she traveled extensively throughout the U.S., meeting hardworking families so her books could accurately reflect the lives of their children. Her books not only showed young readers how children lived in other parts of the country, but also reflected the concerns of the time.

Millard, Candice. *Hero of the Empire: The Boer War, a Daring Escape and the Making of Winston Churchill*. Doubleday (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$30.00.

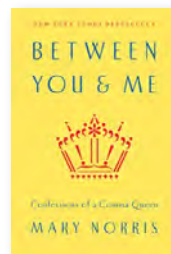
As a young man, Winston Churchill was convinced that he was destined to become prime minister of England, and thought battlefield glory would be the best way to launch his political career. After serving as a British Army officer in India and the Sudan, he arrived in South Africa in 1899. Just two weeks later, he and the soldiers he was accompanying on an armored train were captured and taken prisoner by Boer rebels. Churchill’s daring escape across hundreds of miles of enemy territory not only jump started his rise to political power, but also taught him lessons that would affect world history forty years later.



Miller, Andrew. *If Only the Names Were Changed*. Civil Coping Mechanisms 2016. PB \$15.95. In this collection of autobiographical essays, Miller shares his struggles with a chemical imbalance and substance abuse with brutal honesty.

Mintz, Charles. *Lustron Stories*. Trillium/Ohio State Univ. Press (Columbus, OH) 2016. HC \$64.95. The Columbus-based Lustron Corporation manufactured enamel-coated steel houses between 1948 and 1950. The house components were shipped to the building site on special trailers and could be assembled using only wrenches. Of the 2,500 Lustrons sold, approximately two-thirds survive. In this book, Mintz photographs a cross-section of these unique homes and the people who live in them.

Norris, Mary. *Between You and Me: Confessions of a Comma Queen*. W.W. Norton & Company (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$24.95. Mary Norris has worked for more than thirty years in the copy department of *The New Yorker*. Here she describes some of the most common problems in spelling, punctuation, and usage and explains how to handle them—using laugh-out-loud humor along the way.



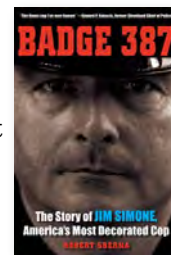
Platt, Carolyn V. *Cuyahoga Valley National Park Handbook: Second Edition*. Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2016. PB \$14.95. The Cuyahoga Valley National Park, located between Cleveland and Akron, has been called a “Green-Shrouded Miracle.” This handbook provides a comprehensive history of the park, including the politics that led to its creation.

Plumly, Stanley. *The Immortal Evening: A Legendary Dinner with Keats, Wordsworth, and Lamb*. W.W. Norton & Company (New York, NY) 2014. HC \$26.95. On December 28, 1817, painter

Benjamin Haydon hosted a dinner party to introduce his friend John Keats to William Wordsworth. An evening of thoughtful discussion and festivities ensued. Plumley not only uses the evening as a gateway to examine the lives of these three Romantic artists, but also to examine the nature of genius.

Richardson, Laurel. *Seven Minutes from Home: An American Daughter's Story*. Sense Publishers (Boston, MA) 2016. PB \$25.00. In this book, award-winning sociologist Laurel Richardson documents the years from 1980–2015 in a series of linked stories. With topics ranging from aging to September 11 to her therapy dogs, Richardson provides a literary look at American life.

Sberna, Robert. *Badge 387: The Story of Jim Simone, America's Most Decorated Cop*. Black Squirrel Books/Kent State Univ. Press (Kent, OH) 2016. PB \$19.95. This book documents the life of Cleveland cop Jim Simone, from his service in the 101st Airborne in Vietnam through nearly four decades as a highly decorated police officer.



Shkurti, William J. *The Ohio State University in the Sixties: The Unraveling of the Old Order*. Trillium/Ohio State Univ. Press (Columbus, OH) 2016. HC \$39.95. On May 6, 1970, Ohio State University president Novice G. Fawcett closed the university in the face of violent student protests. William Shkurti, who was a student at OSU from 1964–68 and later a university vice president, uses

news stories, archival materials, and interviews to explore how underlying tensions built up over time, why they exploded when they did, and how the events of 1970 changed the university.

Steinem, Gloria. *My Life on the Road*. Random House (New York, NY) 2016. PB \$18.00.

This autobiography chronicles how Steinem's lifelong travels influenced both her personal and professional growth, and how connecting with people and having an open and observant mind can make a profound difference in how we live.



Stokes, Louis. *The Gentleman from Ohio*. Trillium/Ohio State Univ. Press (Columbus, OH) 2016. HC \$39.95.

After serving in the U.S. Army during WWII, becoming a lawyer, and arguing cases before the Supreme Court, in 1968 Louis Stokes became the first black congressman from Ohio. There he was one of the organizers of the Congressional Black Caucus and served in the House of Representatives for thirty years. This autobiography, completed shortly before his death in 2015, tells the story of a political pioneer.

Zurcher, Neil. *The Best of One Tank Trips with Neil Zurcher: Great Getaway Ideas In and Around Ohio*. Gray & Company (Cleveland, OH) 2016. PB \$15.95.

Travel reporter Neil Zurcher has driven more than a million miles in Ohio and surrounding states for his "One Tank Trips" television

segments. This book collects some of his favorite destinations, including a drive-in restaurant unchanged since the 1950s, the world's longest covered bridge, the only World War II original condition submarine still in existence, and more.

FICTION

Alan, Isabella. *Murder, Handcrafted: An Amish Quilt Shop Mystery*. Obsidian (New York, NY) 2016. PB \$7.99.

Quilt shop owner Angie Braddock is happy; her business is going well, and so is her relationship with Sheriff James Mitchell. But when her mother ropes her into a huge home renovation project and an electrician is found dead onsite, it's up to Angie to find the killer.

Batiuk, Tom. *The Complete Funky Winkerbean: Volume 5 1984-1986*. Black Squirrel Books (Kent, OH) 2016. HC \$45.00.

This fifth volume in the series continues to chronicle the lives of students and teachers at fictitious Westview High School.

Bowen, Christopher. *When I Return to You, I Will Be Unfed*. Burning River (Uniontown, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00.

This short, powerful story explores one man's struggle with mental illness and his search for home.

Chappell, Connie. *Deadly Homecoming at Rosemont: A Wrenn Grayson Mystery*. Black Rose Writing (Castroville, TX) 2016. PB \$17.95.

Historian Wrenn Grayson has two mysteries on her hands: the murder of the Rosemont Mansion's former owner, and the theft of priceless

Egyptian artifacts from the local university's history department, which her boyfriend chairs. It's up to her to save her boyfriend's reputation and catch the killer—before the killer catches her.

Chase, Julie. *Cat Got Your Diamonds: A Kitty Couture Mystery*. Crooked Lane Books (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$25.99.

Opening an organic pet bakery and boutique in New Orleans' Garden District is the realization of Lacy Crocker's dream—until her glitter gun becomes a murder weapon. With Detective Jack Oliver investigating her and her business investor wanting out, Lacy must solve the crime to save her shop and her freedom.



Coates, Lawrence. *Camp Olvido: A Novella*. Miami Univ. Press (Oxford, OH) 2015. PB \$15.00.

In 1930s California, Esteban Alas sells liquor to the workers at migrant labor camps. When a child's illness causes tension between the workers who want to leave camp to get the boy help and the owners who want to enforce their contracts, Esteban becomes a reluctant mediator—and is pulled into a series of events with tragic consequences.

Coates, Lawrence. *The Goodbye House*. Univ. of Nevada Press (Reno, NV) 2015. HC \$26.00.

After the early 2000s dot-com collapse, Katherine Watson's husband, Scott, lost their savings and their home and then disappeared, causing Katherine and her teenage son Cameron move

back in with her dying father. As Katherine considers divorce and Cameron tries to fit in at his new school, Scott reappears, hoping to recreate their past happiness. Each character must find their own way in a very different world.

Gustine, Amy. *You Should Pity Us Instead*. Sarabande Books (Louisville, KY) 2016. PB \$15.95. In her debut short story collection, Gustine examines questions of love and morality in stories set in a variety of places and times.

Harper, Karen. *Chasing Shadows: A South Shores Novel*. Mira (Don Mills, Ontario) 2016. PB \$7.99. Despite her lifelong battle with a neurological disorder, Claire Britten has built a successful career as a forensic psychologist. When attorney Nick Markwood sees her skill on the witness stand, he invites her to join his passion project—investigating mysterious deaths. When Claire discovers Nick’s connection to one of their cases, her disorder is pushed to the limit, and she begins to wonder if she can trust anyone—including herself.

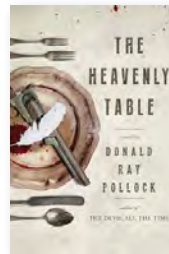
Hegenberger, John. *Superfall*. Black Opal Books 2015. PB \$13.99. In the summer of 1959, actor George Reeves (TV’s Superman) died of an apparent suicide...or did he? In Hegenberger’s latest Stan Wade adventure, the Los Angeles P.I. tries to uncover the truth, and in the process must deal with the mob, the Soviets, federal agents, and a cast of characters ranging from Micky Cohen to Lloyd Bridges.

McDaniel, Tiffany. *The Summer That Everything Melted*. St. Martin’s Press (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$25.99.

In the summer of 1984, a battered teenage boy appears in Breathed, Ohio, claiming to be the devil answering an invitation. Fielding Bliss, son of the town’s prosecutor, takes him home, where the family assumes he is a runaway. But when strange events start to occur, some residents of Breathed start to believe the boy is exactly who he claims to be. As the Bliss family grapples with their own demons, tensions rise to a breaking point that will change the town and the people in it forever.

Pollock, Donald Ray. *The Heavenly Table*. Doubleday (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$27.95.

In 1917, the three Jewett brothers set out from the Georgia-Alabama line on a crime spree inspired by a dime-store novel. In Southern Ohio, a farmer named Ellsworth Fiddler is swindled out of his life savings, which puts him on a collision course with the now-famous Jewetts.



Russell, Mary Doria. *Epitaph: A Novel of the O.K. Corral*. Ecco (New York, NY) 2016. PB \$16.99.

On October 26, 1881, Doc Holliday and the Earp brothers attempted to arrest a group of cowboys in Tombstone, Arizona. Thirty seconds later, three officers were wounded and three cowboys were dead; only Wyatt Earp emerged unscathed. In this novel, Russell



exposes the misrepresentation and sensationalism surrounding the gunfight, which helped create the mythology of the Old West.

Selcer, David. *Lincoln’s Hat and the Tea Movement’s Anger*. Tate Publishing (Mustang, OK) 2016. PB \$16.99.

Although Abraham Lincoln is lauded as one of America’s best presidents today, many have forgotten how unpopular he was in his own time. This novel tells the story of a second plot against the president and the politics surrounding it.

Thomson, Cindy. *Pages of Ireland: Daughters of Ireland Book 2*. (Pataskala, OH) 2016. PB \$13.99.

In sixth-century Ireland, Aine is being forced into marriage against her will. When she steals a book from her future husband’s clan in the hopes it can help her mother’s people, she starts a chain of events that will involve a banished druid, a monastery, and the king himself.



Welsh-Huggins, Andrew. *Capitol Punishment: An Andy Hayes Mystery*. Swallow Press (Athens, OH) 2016. HC \$27.95.

Columbus private investigator Andy Hayes has agreed to provide protection for a political reporter pursuing a big election-year story. But when murder strikes at the Statehouse, Andy finds himself partly responsible for the death. It will take all he has to save an innocent man, prevent more killings, and solve the crime.



White, Randy Wayne. *Deceived: A Hannah Smith Novel*. G.P. Putnam's Sons (New York, NY) 2013. HC \$26.95.

Fishing guide and part-time investigator Hannah Smith has her hands full with a twenty-year-old murder and a private museum dedicated to Florida's early settlers that turns out to be a scam. Things get even worse when she discovers that the museum fraud is covering up a real estate deal that could destroy her village and anyone who stands in the way.

POETRY

Biddinger, Mary. *Small Enterprise*. Black Lawrence Press (Pittsburgh, PA) 2015. PB \$13.95.

In *Small Enterprise*, Biddinger takes a sometimes surprising, sometimes surreal, and sometimes poignant look at human existence.

Carpathios, Neil. *Confessions of a Captured Angel*. Terrapin Books (West Caldwell, NJ) 2016. PB \$16.00. Although the poems in this collection focus on themes of aging and mortality, they also celebrate the ordinary moments that make up a life.

Lowe, Janice A. *Leaving Cle: Poems of Nomadic Dispersal*. Miami Univ. Press (Oxford, OH) 2016. PB \$18.00. Lowe's debut collection moves from Cleveland to Brooklyn to Chicago and elsewhere as she explores the physical and emotional spaces of each city. Lowe "makes you feel through all the flux there is something unshakable at the center" as she celebrates not just place, but also family.

Metres, Philip. *Pictures at an Exhibition: A Petersburg Album*. Univ. of Akron Press (Akron, OH) 2016. PB \$14.95.

This collection, which won the 2014 Akron Poetry Prize, is inspired by Mussorgsky's piano composition of the same name. Like that composition, it depicts an imaginary tour of an art collection. The many voices in these "pictures" create an image of contemporary Russia in all its complexity.

Quade, Mary. *Local Extinctions*. Gold Wake Press (Boston, MA) 2016. PB \$14.95.

One of the poems in this volume begins "The smaller the window/ the more you will see/clearly." With poems about subjects ranging from a gull to toys to a drive-in theater, Quade focuses on seemingly everyday objects to reveal a greater truth.

Tripoulas, John. *A Soul Inside Each Stone*. Dos Madres Press (Loveland, OH) 2016. PB \$17.00

Poet and physician John Tripoulas melds Greek mythology and modern life on an Aegean island to craft this collection of poems, each of which holds a secret while telling its story.

YOUNG ADULT

Carson, Rae. *Walk on Earth a Stranger*. Greenwillow Books (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$17.99.

Lee Westfall has a loving family and a secret: she can sense gold in the world around her. When her family and home are taken from her, she escapes to California, where gold has just been discovered. Can she blend in enough there to hide from those who would control her power?

Keenan, Josephine Rascoe. *In Those First Bright Days of Elvis: Book 1*. Pen-L Publishing (Fayetteville, AK) 2016. HC \$24.95.

One night in 1955, fifteen-year-old Julie Morgan decides to attend a free concert in her Arkansas hometown. There she meets a girl who looks enough like her to be her twin; a college boy; and a young Elvis Presley, whose casual comment becomes a driving force in her search for self worth. Julie's story includes both love and betrayal, and shows how even small choices can change the course of a life.

Lane, J.C. *Tag, You're Dead*. Poisoned Pen Press (Scottsdale, AZ) 2016. PB \$15.95.

Six young people are playing a deadly game of tag in the streets of Chicago: three innocent "runners" and three "its" who have paid a small fortune to track and kill their prey. According to the rules, the game only ends when a runner is tagged and killed—but can the runners find another way to stop the game?

McGinnis, Mindy. *The Female of the Species*. Katherine Tegen Books (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$17.99.

Since the man who killed her sister three years ago went free, high school senior Alex has decided to administer her own justice, which is violent and

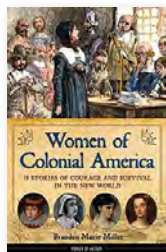


permanent. Although she distances herself from other people, two fellow students still try to befriend her: Jack, the star athlete who carries his own guilt about her sister's death, and Peekay, who sees her protective side when they volunteer together at an animal shelter. When Alex's

darker side is unleashed one night, a chain of events begins that will change the teens and their town forever.

Miller, Brandon Marie. *Women of Colonial America: 13 Stories of Courage and Survival in the New World*. Chicago Review Press (Chicago, IL) 2016. HC \$19.95.

Based on primary sources, this book documents the lives of thirteen European, African, and Native American women in colonial America. Although the New World was defined almost entirely by men, these women nonetheless found a way to defy authority by building successful businesses, writing poetry, escaping slavery, and more.



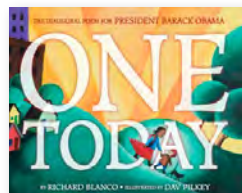
Raasch, Sara. *Ice Like Fire*. Balzer + Bray (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$17.99.

In this sequel to *Snow Like Ashes*, three months have passed since Meira and the other Winterians were freed and Spring's king disappeared—thanks to Cordell. However, the Winterians' debt to Cordell is quickly becoming oppressive, and a powerful source of ancient magic has been rediscovered. Meira just wants to keep her people safe, but soon starts to wonder if there is more at stake.

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Blanco, Richard. Illus. by Dav Pilkey. *One Today: The Inaugural Poem for President Barack Obama*. Little, Brown & Company (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$ 18.00.

This picture book, illustrated by Ohioan Dav Pilkey, shares the poem read at Barack Obama's second presidential inauguration, celebrating a day in the life of America from dawn to dusk and from coast to coast.



Draper, Sharon M. *Stella by Starlight*. Atheneum Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2015. HC \$ 17.99.

Inspired by her grandmother's diary, Draper tells the story of Stella, a young girl growing up in Depression-era, segregated North Carolina. When Stella and her little brother stumble upon a Ku Klux Klan meeting late one night, they recognize it as the start of unwelcome and dangerous change to come. As the townspeople come together to fight injustice, Stella learns the importance of courage and the power of words.



FitzSimmons, David. *Curious Critters*. Wild Iris Publishing (Bellville, OH) 2011. HC \$19.95. This first book in the critically-acclaimed *Curious Critters* series features vibrant, high-resolution photos of a variety of animals. Short passages or poems accompany each

photo, and additional information is provided at the end of the book.

Mackall, Dandi Daley. *Jonah and the Fish*. Tyndale Kids (Carol Stream, IL) 2016. HC \$14.99.

This picture book retelling of the classic Bible story features a twist: after hearing Jonah's story, readers can flip the book over and hear the story again from the fish's point of view.

Maschari, Jennifer. *The Remarkable Journey of Charlie Price*. Balzer + Bray (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$16.99.

Twelve-year-old Charlie Price's life is divided into two parts: before his mother died, when he was part of a happy family, and after, when his father is distant and his little sister Imogen has started skipping school and making up stories about their mother. When Charlie follows her one day, he learns that Imogen has discovered a parallel world where their mother is still alive. At first it is wonderful, but the more time Charlie and Imogen spend there, the more things seem wrong in both the parallel world and the real one. Charlie must make a choice before he loses Imogen—and himself.



Meyer, Karen. *The Tiara Mystery*. Sable Creek Press (Glendale, AZ) 2016. PB \$10.99.

Claire Russell's family will lose the boarding house they run unless her father can pay the mortgage. To help raise money, Claire and her brother Reuben stage a play and invite their neighbors, boarders, and a young Orville Wright to act in it. When a

boarder's valuable tiara is stolen the night of the play, Claire, Reuben, and Orville race to catch the thief and save their home.

Patterson, James, and Chris Grabenstein. Illus. by Joe Sutphin. ***Word of Mouse***. Jimmy Patterson Books/Little, Brown & Company (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$13.99. Isaiah is a blue mouse who can read, write, and talk. After escaping from a secret laboratory, he struggles to survive in the outside world and find his mouse family—until he meets a girl named Hailey and discovers the meaning of true friendship. Illustrated by Ohioan Joe Sutphin.

Stanek, Linda. ***Once Upon an Elephant***. Arbordale Publishing (Mt. Pleasant, SC) 2016. HC \$17.95. This picture book describes the vital role elephants play in their ecosystem, from creating paths that serve as fire barriers to eating saplings that might otherwise overtake the grasslands. But what if the elephants only lived once upon a time instead of today?

Stewart, Aileen. ***Quack and Daisy: Beyond the Meadow***. Tate Publishing (Mustang, OK) 2016. PB \$8.99.

Daisy the kitten and Quack the duckling are best friends who spend their days playing in the meadow. But when Mama Duck warns them not to stray beyond the meadow's edge, their curiosity is piqued. Will they be able to make it home safely?

Wiechman, Kathy Cannon. ***Empty Places***. Calkins Creek (Honesdale, PA) 2016. HC \$17.95.

In 1932 Harlan County, Kentucky, thirteen-year-old Adabel Cutler is trying to fill the empty places in her life. Her sister is mostly absent, her brother is restless and defiant, her coal-miner father has started drinking, and her mother hasn't returned after leaving home seven years earlier. Adabel must deal with town gossip, a mining disaster, and long-held secrets as she struggles to bring her family back together.

Yolen, Jane, and Rebecca Kai Dotlich. Illus. by Angela Matteson. ***Grumbles from the Town: Mother-Goose Voices with a Twist***. Wordsong (Honesdale, PA) 2016. HC \$17.95.

In this book, fourteen Mother Goose rhymes are reimagined via pairs of poems with a twist: the authors describe Little Miss Muffett from the spider's point of view; sympathize with the sleepless dog from "It's Raining, It's Pouring"; and theorize that the Three Blind Mice were just nearsighted. Illustrated by Ohioan Angela Matteson.

A LEGACY OF CARING

For some people, giving is not simply a part of life, it is the purpose of life. Two women who personified that idea to the fullest were Jane Porter and Kathryn Sanders Rieder. This summer, the Ohioana Library received significant bequests from each of these two wonderful ladies. Each gave generously to Ohioana during their lifetimes. Now, their bequests will support and sustain Ohioana's mission well into the future.

I don't know if Jane and Kathryn ever met; Jane lived in Columbus and Kathryn spent most of her adult life in Orrville in northeast Ohio. But they certainly seemed to share much in common: both were educators, were active in their churches, and were engaged and generous members of their communities.

Kathryn Sanders Rieder was a native of Springfield, Ohio, and a graduate of Wittenberg University. She went to Orrville in 1930 as a supervisor of music in the public schools. When she married Dale Rieder in 1935, she had to resign her post under a Depression-era law that forbade married women from being employed.

Undaunted, Kathryn began teaching music privately and directing church choirs. Writing had been another passion since childhood. Soon Kathryn was a published writer, producing more than 500 articles for more than 100 publications. Many of Kathryn's writings are now held at Ohioana, dating from 1937 through 1998—a span of more than six decades!

Jane Porter grew up in Steubenville, Ohio. Her long career in education included serving as a professor at Bethany College, the University of Delaware, and The Ohio State University. Jane was a proud member of several organizations, including the Ohioana Library.

Jane's special passion was children's literature. Our immediate past president, Rudine Sims Bishop, recalls Jane organizing a potluck dinner in her beautiful home for the authors who came to Ohio State for the children's literary conference that the school sponsored for many years.

Both Jane and Kathryn were life members of Ohioana, and also charter members of The Cooper Society, our special group of leadership donors. When Jane passed away in July 2015 at the age of 91 and Kathryn passed this past February at the remarkable age of 108, we truly lost two of our greatest friends.

In August, we received bequests from their estates—gifts totaling more than \$110,000. To know they cared so much for Ohioana that they chose to leave these wonderful legacies is both humbling and gratifying. Thank you, Jane and Kathryn. Ohioana will never forget you.

OHIOANA LEGACY CIRCLE

Since it was founded by Ohio First Lady Martha Kinney Cooper in 1929, the Ohioana Library has been supported by thousands of individuals. Their contributions have made it possible for Ohioana to fulfill its mission to “collect, preserve, and celebrate Ohio literature and other creative endeavors.”

Like Jane Porter and Kathryn Sanders Rieder, many of our contributors supported us not only by their annual gifts, but also by including us in their estate plans. In this way, they are not only providing for the present, but also securing the future. Such gifts in the past have helped Ohioana to fund awards, sponsor events, and acquire books and materials for our ever-growing collection.

It was for this purpose that we created the Ohioana Legacy Circle—to encourage and recognize those generous friends wanting to include Ohioana in their future plans. If you would like more information about the Ohioana Legacy Circle or would like to discuss how to make a gift to Ohioana through your estate, please e-mail David Weaver at dweaver@ohioana.org.

Coming Soon

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.

Thurber House Evenings with Authors

Columbus Museum of Art,
Columbus, Ohio

The 2016 series of author readings features outstanding writers across all genres, including Ohioan Candice Millard on November 15. For complete schedule and ticket information, visit <http://thurberhouse.org/evenings-with-authors.html>.

Buckeye Book Fair

November 5, 2016
9:30 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Fisher Auditorium, Wooster, Ohio

The 29th annual book fair is a great chance to get a jump on holiday shopping. For more information visit www.buckeyebookfair.com.

Columbus Metropolitan Library Big Book Sale

November 10-13, 2016
Larry Black Auditorium, Main
Library, Columbus, Ohio

Now that the CML Main Library renovation is complete, the annual Friends of the Library Big Book Sale has returned from hiatus. For details, visit <https://friendsofcml.com/big-book-sale/>.

Ohioana Book Club

November 16, 2016
10 a.m. – noon
Ohioana Library, Columbus, Ohio

The book for November is *The Soil Will Save Us* by Kristin Ohlson. 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.

2017 Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant

Applications due January 31,
2017

Ohioana is now accepting submissions for the 2017 Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, a \$1,000 prize awarded annually to an Ohio writer age 30 or younger who has not yet published a book. For more information and an application, visit: www.ohioana.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/02/Marvin-application-2017.pdf.

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



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Test your knowledge of Ohio presidents!

Ohio is known as the "Mother of Presidents."
Test your knowledge of Ohioans in the Oval
Office below!

1. Which president's memoir was one of the best-selling books of the 19th century?
2. The last (so far) of Ohio's presidents, his election was the first in which women could vote.
3. In which president's home was the first presidential library established?
4. What is Ohio's state flower, and which president does it honor?

(See answers on p. 9.)