

## POETRY CORNER

*Reading Berry's  
'New Collected Poems'*By Paul Tipton  
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The irony is inescapable this sunny morning  
as I sit against a block wall  
in front of the Les Schwab tire store  
while one hundred and fifty feet away  
the Wash-N-Go holds Saturday services  
for those with a shine for a shiny rig  
the blasting air and vacuum roar  
bouncing off the wall behind me.

I'm reading Wendell Berry's poems  
sitting where once a fine orchard stood  
before the world washed over it,  
now machinery he disavowed corrupting all.  
His day is gone, when work was reward enough  
when at times the world still did stand still.  
We know a bit of that, but its light is fading  
as a new darkness quickens.

This is not the world that Wendell knew,  
nor I, though he had clearer view.  
Now, with fires and floods, swirling winds,  
viral pandemics of body, mind, and machine  
we have only come to this:  
where circle returns to begin again.  
We cannot fathom our place in this,  
for it is bliss with terror laced,  
the future blind but for prophets.

Have a submission for Poetry Corner, either by an Applegate resident  
or about the Applegate? Email it to *Applegater*  
poetry editor Paul Tipton at [ptipton4u2c@gmail.com](mailto:ptipton4u2c@gmail.com).

## 'Back in Time' comes back as a book!

BY DIANA COOGLE

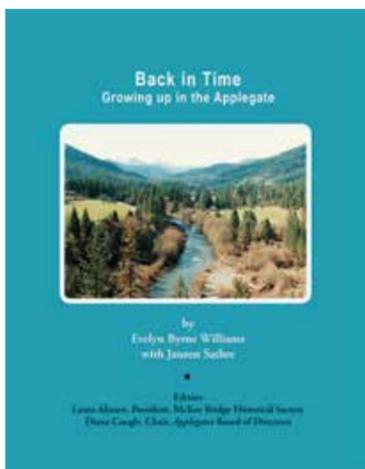
Congratulations to Evelyn Byrne Williams on her new book, *Back in Time: Growing Up in the Applegate!*

Many readers will remember Evelyn's long-running column in the *Applegater*, "Back in Time." Now those stories about the old days in the Applegate have been collected into a book, a joint project of the *Applegater* and the McKee Bridge Historical Society.

The following excerpt is from the introduction, by Janeen Sathre, Evelyn's daughter.

"For many years [Evelyn] delighted readers with her reminiscences of growing up in the Applegate, supplemented with diaries from Applegate inhabitants 'back in time,' stories she had been told, research from other Applegate historians and writers, and wonderful old photographs. In her columns readers enjoyed hearing about old gas pumps in the area as much as about the time Evelyn's sister locked her in the rabbit hutch; about her parents' car trip to Victoria, British Columbia, from her father's diary, as much as about the Logtown Cemetery.

"Readers were charmed. Was it really within a living person's lifetime that people rode mules and crossed the river on swinging bridges and did laundry by hand with a wringer washing machine? How different the Applegate is today!"



The book includes many old photographs, mostly from Evelyn's collection. There are pictures of farmers at work, of teachers and school children, of cabins and bridges, of people in the fashionable clothes of the day.

The book was edited by Laura Ahearn, president of the McKee Bridge Historical Society, whose meticulous

eye for historical accuracy and photo identification has made the book a resource for Applegate history as well as a series of charming stories, and by Diana Coogle, chair of the *Applegater* Board of Directors. Barbara Holiday did the design and production work, including the magic of making old photographs printable, and *Applegater* board member Lisa Baldwin published the book through her publishing company, N8tive Run Press.

Copies of *Back in Time: Growing Up in the Applegate* are available from both the *Applegater* (PO Box 14, Jacksonville, OR 97530) and the McKee Bridge Historical Society (8595 Upper Applegate Road, Jacksonville, OR 97530) and from Rebel Heart Books in Jacksonville and other local bookstores. Books are \$20 each, plus postage if you are having them mailed.

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## BOOK REVIEW

*The Last House on  
Needless Street*Catriona Ward  
Macmillan Publishing  
New York

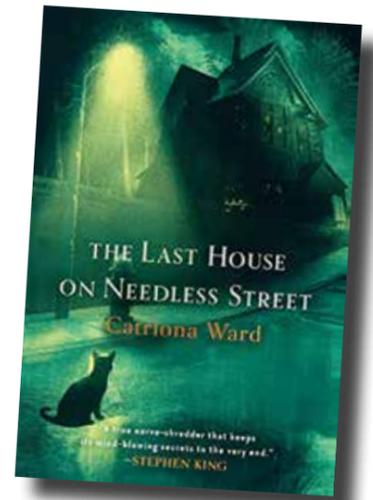
BY CHRISTIN LORE WEBER

What if a story could be told from the inside out? Would it be possible at the end to arrive at the surface of it—the beginning where the meaning is ready to burst through, as from a seed? If an author could do that, would the reader be able to connect that surface world to the world inside? Inside of what, though? The story itself? The main character? The structure of the world? The meaning of life? My reading of Catriona Ward's novel *The Last House on Needless Street* leads me to this conclusion: her goal in this book was to start inside the story and use scenes and characters to reach the surface.

The essence of the story still will depend on the reader's perspective. Stephen King implies on the book's cover that this novel is of the sort he writes: "A true nerve-shredder that keeps its mind-blowing secrets to the very end." His perspective in reading would place this book under horror fiction in the library. My neighbor, Cecile, who has all of Stephen King's books, would appreciate his endorsement. I liked one of King's books and read no more because I'm prone to nightmares, so King's endorsement would have put me off if my friend Joel hadn't been reading it and from page to page couldn't seem to stop. "It pulls you forward and also has good character development," he told me. "The writing, each sentence, is amazing. Clear."

At that point I clicked on Kindle for a sample. The writing: intriguing, imaginative, good analogies, stunning and original metaphors. After the middle of the first chapter, I figured that I'd be reading it from a psychological perspective. But I can also imagine that someone else might read it from a moral, or a mystical, or a fantasy, a religious perspective, or just because it's Halloween. The reader's point of view and focus would end up including all the others as secondary but part of the literary web of meaning Ward uses so successfully.

When I finished the novel, I wanted so much to write a review because everything about it was so masterful. How could I write about it, though, without becoming



a spoiler from top to bottom? Maybe a writing sample from the very first page would tell you everything and at the same time, spoil nothing.

*So. This is how I first got my love of birds. It was summer and we took a trip to the lake. I was six, I don't recall much from around that age but I remember how this felt. Mommy wore the deep-blue dress that day, her favorite. It fluttered in the hot breeze that whistled through the cracked window. Her hair was pinned up but strands had escaped the bun. They whipped at her neck, which was long and white. Daddy drove and his hat was a black mountain range against the light. I lay on the back seat kicking my feet and watched the sky go by. "Can I have a kitty?" I asked, as I did every so often. Maybe I thought I could surprise her into a different answer. "No animals in the house, Teddy," she said. "You know how I feel about pets. It's cruel, keeping living things in captivity." You could tell she wasn't from around here. Her voice still bore the faintest trace of her father's country. A pinched sound around the "r"s. But it was more how she held herself, as if waiting for a blow from behind. "Daddy," I said. "You listen to your mother." I made a crying face at that, but only to myself. I didn't want to be a nuisance. I stroked my hand through the air and pretended I could feel silky fur under my hand, a solid head with inquiring ears. I had wanted a cat ever since I could remember. Mommy always said no. (I can't help but wonder, now, if she knew something I didn't, whether she saw the future, like a streak of red on the horizon.)* (pp 29-30)

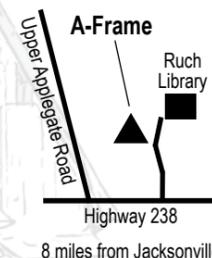
Good reading!

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