Sabbatical Report from Spring 2009

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Abstract

My sabbatical time was used to research a full-length, nonfiction book addressing a little-known bit of Oregon history. The working title is *HERE ON THE EDGE: How a small group of World War II conscientious objectors chose art over war and influenced a generation.* Research took place at the University of California Bancroft Library in Berkeley, Lewis and Clark College Special Collections in Portland, and the University of Oregon Special Collections in Eugene. The ultimate goal is publication by Oregon State University Press, which is currently reviewing the proposal and manuscript draft.

Introduction / Overview

This book addresses the growing interest in a long-neglected element of World War II history: the role of pacifism and conscientious objection in what is often called “The Good War.” It focuses on one camp situated on the rain-soaked Oregon coast, Civilian Public Service (CPS) Camp No. 56. As home to the Fine Arts Group at Waldport, the camp became a center of activity for artists and writers from across the country who chose to take a condition of penance (compulsive labor for refusing to serve in the military) and put it to constructive ends. Their focus was not so much on the current war, but on what kind of society might be possible when the shooting finally stopped. “Here on the edge,” they wrote, “we can only watch; watch and prepare; and bide on the time when what we are, and that for which we have taken this stand, can be tangent again to the world.”

In the daylight hours, they worked six days a week — planting trees, crushing rock, building roads, chopping wood and fighting forest fires — for no pay, just room and board. At night, they published books, pamphlets, periodicals and broadsides under the imprint of the Untide Press. They produced plays, art and music — all during their limited non-work hours, with little or no money and resources.

Perhaps most significant is the amount of sheer talent gathered in this tiny group, a number of whom went on to significant achievement and fame: poet William Everson; Adrian Wilson, fine arts printer and recipient of a MacArthur “Genius Grant”; Kermit Sheets, founder of Centaur Press and San Francisco’s Interplayers Theater; architect Kemper Nomland; William Eshelman, editor of the *Wilson Library Bulletin* and president of Scarecrow Press.

Other notables published by or involved with the Fine Arts Group include artist Morris

Graves, poet William Stafford, fiery antiwar poet Kenneth Patchen, and iconoclastic author Henry Miller.

After the war, camp members went on to participate in the San Francisco "Poetry Renaissance" of the 1950s, which heavily influenced the Beat Generation of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder — who in turn inspired the likes of Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, leading the way to the 1960s cultural explosions epitomized by San Francisco's "Summer of Love."

But a deeper current runs here. Not only were members of the Fine Arts Group and Camp 56 engaged in creative acts, they were also, as the book's subtitle indicates, plowing ground for the next generation, when young people, facing a war of their own in Vietnam, would populate the massive peace movements of the 1960s.

Activities and Developments

I spent most of my time in libraries — specifically special collections departments, where limited-access processes are in place. In the large institutions such as the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley, I was merely one of scores who logged on to databases and filled out request forms, which were then processed by any one of a dozen staff members on duty. Due to time constraints based on travel and lodging expenses, I was unable to linger over the materials, and, over the course of ten days, sorted through some 30-40 linear feet of paper files and requested approximately 300 pages of photocopies, which were later sent to me by mail. At the University of Oregon Special Collections, my personal acquaintance with the department head and specific collections librarians facilitated my work there, and over the course of a few weeks I was able to gather hundreds more photocopied pages from the more than fifty linear feet of files related to the topic, and to type in much material using a laptop computer in the reading room.

At the Lewis and Clark College Special Collections, which has a staff of three, I engaged in a more collaborative research process, again over the course of weeks, often conversing with the archivist and collections head, who were quite knowledgeable on my topic. At one point, we spent the bulk of an entire afternoon discussing possible ways to structure the book — with possibilities ranging from an anthology produced by multiple authors to a series of books, each focusing on a particular element of the work and life that made up what some had begun to call "The Waldport Project."

This was the unexpected part of this project. As I dug deeper into the research, I found there were more people interested and involved in this group than I had imagined. There was the theater instructor at Seattle University who had been gathering material on the drama and stage work done by the Camp 56 group. There was the history professor at Portland State University who had compiled, with her students, an oral history of Camp 56 members still surviving in 2003. One of those students has gone on to become editor of *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, and has also completed an oral history

biography of Manche Langley, one of the women who was heavily involved with the Fine Arts Group at Waldport. There was also the chemistry professor at the University of Tennessee, who had completed a history of another CPS camp, Camp 21 at Cascade Locks, just up the Columbia River from Portland, which had strong ties to the Waldport group.

One unplanned development turned out to have perhaps serendipitous results. My sabbatical was originally scheduled for Fall term 2008, but a surge in enrollment at Lane (and the attendant need for experienced instructors) prompted me to delay my sabbatical until Spring 2009. During the spring, I was able to speak more with staff at Oregon State University Press, and I learned that they were publishing the aforementioned book on Camp 21 at Cascade Locks in the summer of 2009. This increased their interest in my book even more, and brought them further into the conversation about what kind of book would best tell the story of Camp 56 at Waldport. We have discussed ways in which the book could be complemented by multimedia and a strong presence on the Web. As of late November 2009, my manuscript with proposal is at OSU Press, and I expect to receive their response very soon.

Manuscript Excerpt

Following is the opening chapter of the proposed book, now a work in progress, as sent to the publisher under the working title *HERE ON THE EDGE: How a small group of World War II conscientious objectors chose art over war and influenced a generation.*

Chapter 1: An Unusual Gathering

In January 1943, a little more than a year after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, William Everson boarded a bus in Fresno, California, headed for a camp in a place he'd never seen. He didn't want to go, yet he knew he must. Earlier, he'd missed the call for his scheduled departure, lingering with his wife, Edwa, as if they could somehow hold off their coming separation. When the next bus came, it was a scene like those played out all across America — the hugs, the tears, the goodbye waves through windows grimy with road dust and exhaust — as the country mobilized to take on Hitler, Tojo, and a world at war.

Except William Everson wasn't going to war. He was one of the more than 50,000 men

during World War II who claimed status as a conscientious objector, or CO. About half of them were inducted into the armed forces to perform some manner of noncombatant work, another 14,000 were classified as unavailable due to medical or other conditions, and about 12,000 like Everson were classified IV-E, eligible to do "work of national importance under civilian direction."[1] Rather than fight or otherwise engage in war-related activities, Everson would spend his conscripted years at a CO work camp in Oregon — Camp #56 at Waldport, one of more than 150 scattered across the country for the Civilian Public Service (CPS) program, part of the Selective Training and Service Act passed by Congress in 1940. Some of the men in CPS were assigned to work in such places as mental hospitals, or volunteered as human guinea pigs for medical experiments. The majority, though, were sent to remote rural areas, where they did work similar to the type done by the Civilian Conservation Corps, a major 1930s New Deal program. Many of the CPS camps were in fact originally CCC camps, ready and waiting for the conscientious objectors. The camp spaces were provided by the government, with camp administration handled by one of the three "historic peace churches" — the Brethren, Friends (or Quakers), and Mennonites. The COs would generally work eight-and-one-half hour days, six days a week, with no pay but a $2.50 monthly allowance. They had Sundays and Christmas Day off, and their conscription would last the duration of the war. Depending on a camp's location in the country, the work might be in forestry, soil conservation, agriculture, dairy, fish and wildlife management, or even weather research. Camp 56, just south of Waldport, on Oregon's central coastline in the heart of logging country, would naturally focus on tree planting.

The thirty-year-old Everson, raised in the hot, dry expanse of central California's agricultural San Joaquin valley, rode for two days, up through the farming towns to San Francisco, then over the Golden Gate and past the rolling hills and fields of the Mendocino

country, into the timeless redwoods hugging California's northwest corner, and then two hundred miles through the slashing wind and rain of winter on the Oregon coast, arriving a day behind schedule in Waldport, a town of some 630 people whose business was turning the thousands of acres of timber in the Siuslaw National Forest into millions of board feet of lumber and shipping it out to the world. When Everson got off the bus, he realized he'd gone about four miles beyond the camp; he telephoned there for a ride, then waited under that peculiar small-town combination of curiosity and suspicion. "I must have stood there, being eyed, for almost two hours," he said, "when a closed-in pickup, the laundry-wagon type, came up. It was full of new arrivals being driven to the doctor, and I was taken along."[2] After a long wait and then short examinations by the doctor, the new men arrived at the camp just in time for supper; they were taken directly to the mess hall, where the other camp members were already seated. "It was certainly an unusual gathering," Everson wrote Edwa later that night. "The faces were largely of the plain, placid farm-boy type, with beards and off-style hairdos noticeable, but here and there a fine brow, or nose, or a sensitive mouth. Some of the men seem to be of a very high type, and many are the simple fervently religious."[3]

For the next three years, these would be his people. Everson was a poet, a published poet, and he looked like one — tall and thin, with serious eyes made larger by glasses, and an introspective tilt to his head. As a young man back in the San Joaquin valley, he'd worked in the vineyards, orchards, irrigation ditches and industrial fruit canneries. During the Great Depression, he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps, clearing trails in Sequoia National Park. While a student at Fresno State College, he discovered the poems of Robinson Jeffers, prompting what he called "an intellectual awakening and a religious conversion in one."[4] Publication in *Poetry* magazine followed, as did two thin volumes of his work, printed in California. An

acquaintance with the highly respected UCLA librarian Lawrence Clark Powell became a friendship well-documented in letters, and led to another friendship with author Henry Miller, whose notorious *Tropic of Cancer* was banned from sale in the United States. Married in 1938 to Edwa, his high-school sweetheart, Everson spent the next few years balancing the agrarian and literary life — growing grapes for raisin companies like Sun-Maid and writing poetry for the literary journals. When the draft board called, he declared himself a pantheist, stating that America should pull out of the war so that "men of the future would say: here was finally a people in all the bloody past who loved peace too much to fight for it."[5] Now, at Camp 56 in Waldport, he would walk with other poets and writers, artists, actors, musicians, creative types — and also with scholars, engineers and other professionals, machinists, philosophers, religious proselytes and absolutists, and those "plain, placid" farm boys whose convictions and curiosity were defined by what they had been taught from the Bible. They were an unusual gathering, indeed. Men from literally all regions of the country, all economic and social classes, with differences in age, race, prejudices and understanding. All with really only one thing in common: They refused to take up arms in the name of one nation against another.

They were also isolated. Like most CPS camps across the country, Camp 56 was isolated on purpose. The less contact between the unpopular COs and the general populace, the better — from the administrators' perspective, at any rate. A few miles south of Waldport and just across Highway 101 from the shoreline, the camp was no tourist destination. Most of the year the region was wracked by storms, battered by rain, or draped in fog. The indifferent Pacific tossed driftwood, giant logs, the occasional fishing boat, and sometimes even a ship or a whale onto the short strands of beach cut by rocky headlands and rivers tumbling out of the forested hills. Salal, huckleberry and rhododendron comprised a thick green wall between the coast road and the

beaches, in some places so dense that the access path was literally a tunnel people had hacked through the brush. Once you got to the beach, the ocean, fed by currents from Alaska, was freezing and full of flotsam and heavy ropes of seaweed. This was not a place for suntans and swimming. As one camp member, Charles Jehnzen, put it many years later, "These camps are really just prisoner of war camps. . . just a place to keep us out of society."[6]

The camp itself was a recently constructed CCC compound, carved out of the woods at the edge of the national forest, just off the highway and down a short road called Quarry Drive. Set up in a quadrangle, it was lined on one side by four dormitories, with camp offices and administrators' quarters, a library, infirmary and chapel opposite. The dining and recreation halls filled in the other two sides, a tall flagpole marked the center, and, as one camp member described it, "in between, mud."[7] A few outbuildings and a water tower completed the picture, and this was home, as much as such places can be. The buildings were portable shells, "barn-like affairs with no appointments or improvements," wrote Richard Mills, the camp director.[8] Heavy storms in November and December had twice blown down the garage buildings; telephone lines were severed and electric wires damaged, making it impossible to pump water — creating the irony of a camp without potable water in a region drenched by rain.

Rain or shine, the men worked their fifty-one hours a week, with tasks divided into two main categories. "Overhead" was the camp work: cooking, cleaning, record-keeping, health care, and directing education and other programs. "Project" work was outdoor labor the men were sent off in trucks to do. At Camp 56, that focused on three things: tree planting, road building, and wood cutting. The reforestation efforts were on the Blodgett Tract, 9000 acres that had been clear-cut during World War I to build airplanes, and in 1936 scorched by a forest fire. Sixty men put in their eight-and-a-half hours "on the dreary hillsides," Mills wrote, planting an average 400

to 500 seedlings at eight feet apart. From October 1942 (the beginning of what in Oregon is called the "rain year") to the following April, they planted more than 1.25 million trees.[9]

Another group of men worked crushing rock. They gathered boulders, pounded them down to manageable size with sledge hammers, and dumped them into carts that were hauled to a rock-crushing machine located on a hillside five miles from the camp; the aggregate was then spread along the muddy roads to make them passable for the tree-planting operations during the six-month rainy season. Day after day, the men traveled "a five-mile stretch of muddy road in a period of about two hours," Mills wrote. "Month after month, the men poured tons of crushed rock onto the road leading to the planting area, only to have it disappear in the mucky ooze that was called a road. It was not until spring came and the rains lessened that it was possible to travel the five miles' distance in the normal time of fifteen or twenty minutes."[10]

The men settled into the work, the daily toil of manual labor. Everson, although familiar with hard work from tending the vineyards and laying concrete irrigation pipe back home, noted to his librarian friend, Lawrence Powell, "The work is quite hard; we are crushing rock for a road, and heap fragments on a truck to be hauled to the crusher. The weather is cold, an icy wind has persisted, and rain falls. These factors would make any exposure uncomfortable, and handling the heavy and ragged stones with icy hands becomes a kind of drudgery. I look through the hours to the evenings in the warm barracks."[11]

The source of that warmth was, of course, wood. The barracks and other buildings were heated by woodstoves, and the kitchen cooking was done with wood. The camp might burn three or four hundred cords per year, according to one member's recollection.[12] The woodcutters weren't loggers, though, clear-cutting hillsides and taking good trees. They went out with Forest Service rangers and felled snags — dead or dying trees usually damaged by lightning, fire or

windstorms, often with the top section missing and the remaining trunk beginning to hollow out. Once the wood was brought into camp, a crew of six to eight men spent their days cutting it into pieces small enough to fit the stoves. Certainly enough campers on the detail didn't feel that splitting wood was exactly work "of national importance," but, like the rock crushing and road building, it supported the work of planting trees. This was their sentence, and this was their work. No one kidded themselves that CPS work was generally viewed as anything but a kind of punishment.[13]

The role of weather on the Oregon coast and its effect on the inhabitants cannot be stressed too much. The Pacific Northwest's weather is often "born" in Alaska's Aleutian Islands, an archipelago sometimes referred to as the "Smokey Sea," for the region's perpetual cloudiness.[14] The storms swirl up and are carried by the jet stream southeast along Canada's British Columbia coast, gathering water and power until they hit Washington's Olympic Peninsula, where landforms have earned such descriptive names as Destruction Island and Cape Disappointment, then sweep down to Oregon. About a hundred miles inland, though, stand the Cascade Mountains, a string of volcanoes rising 10,000 feet and higher, running from southern Canada to northern California. These peaks give the eastbound storms a kind of gut punch, stalling them just long enough to dump a load of rain in the valleys and snow at higher elevations, thereby providing the Pacific Northwest its reputation as a dreary rainforest.

Seattle, Portland and Eugene receive their share of rain all right, but the coastline takes the brunt, with one hundred inches or more falling in some areas. Waldport lies somewhere in the high middle of this scale. At twelve feet above sea level, it has a generally moderate climate with average annual temperatures of 37 degrees for the low and 66 degrees for the high. It rarely snows here, but the region gets more than seventy inches of rain each year,[15] the bulk of it falling

between October and April.

"In the fall of 1942," wrote Mills, "the rains began and descended in more than their usual precipitation."[16] Forrest Jackson, a new camp member from Kansas, was a touch more hyperbolic. "It rained sixty days from the time I got there. . . an inch a day! I tell you, it was muddy!"[17]

The lack of Vitamin D from the shortage of sun is enough to visit depression on even the most optimistic soul. But a life of wood cutting, rock crushing and tree planting, all immersed in a steady rain, ubiquitous mud, and the heaviness that attends a world that can never quite dry out, turns a mind almost inevitably inward. Introspection, reading and reflection — and their offspring, creativity — can become not just a choice but a matter of survival.

Mills wrote of attempting to forge a community spirit around what he determined were the three main groups of conscripts: those with strong authoritarian religious teaching, those who had formed personal convictions based in religious philosophy, and those who objected to what he called "the State's War Machine." The religious zealots, he said, withdrew "from all Camp meetings which they feared might have humor in them or in which they might be requested to vote."[18] The others, though, were encouraged to participate in holiday programs and special evening meals with short theater skits and humorous stunts. "Those possessing unusual ability were requested to perform for the group on numerous occasions and those with vocal abilities were asked to lead the group in community singing."[19]

Everson, not particularly inclined toward skits or stunts, battled homesickness and depression through conversation with two younger COs, Harold Hackett and Glen Coffield. Hackett, a twenty-two-year-old born and raised in Japan, who'd attended graduate school in Minnesota, shared Everson's enthusiasm for poetry and criticism. He possessed, Everson said, "a

fine mind . . . well trained in thinking. . . . But has also an irritating sense of rebellion and irresponsibility."[20] They would become close friends — a bit too close later on.

Coffield was, Everson wrote to Lawrence Powell, "a Missourian with a great beard and a fine, high-domed head."[21] A photo of Coffield at the time shows him looking positively wild — like a kind of unwashed mendicant with shoulder-length, tangled hair and a dark, thick beard sticking out like an overused whisk broom. He could be a cross between a Great Depression boxcar rider and a 19th-century Russian philosopher. His actions, too, stood him apart. "Everyone stands in awe of him, and when his exploits are summed up it makes for something incredible," Everson wrote Edwa a week after arriving. "I admit this is largely fostered by his rank and uncombed beard, his shock of hair, and his incredibly ragged clothes. He has, I hear, a master's degree. He was a 'little All-American' in football. He won second place in a national American Legion contest on Peace. He appeared on the radio program Hobby-Lobby with a home-made instrument. He walked 300 miles to his first CPS camp. He never complains, though he bears privations that would floor most men. He is also a basketball star, and the boys have organized a team on the spur of the moment and are, without practice, playing the Coast Guard at Waldport tonight. Coffield with his beard and head of hair is going to be a riot, especially if he's good."[22]

A couple facts about Coffield have since been clarified. He earned a bachelor's degree, not a master's, in 1940 from Central Missouri Teacher's College. There has been no confirmation of his All-America status in football; he did play on a national championship basketball team in college.[23] The legend of his walking from his home in Missouri to his first CPS assignment at Camp #7 in Magnolia, Arkansas has been neither proved nor disproved. There is no record of how the basketball game with the Coast Guard turned out. Yet Everson's

observations are well-taken: Coffield was experienced, outspoken, uncompromising and apparently fearless.

Shortly before Everson arrived, Hackett and Coffield and another CO, Larry Seimons, had begun publishing a clandestine newsletter as a satire and protest against the official camp organ, *The Tide*. Like many religious and social organizations, the church administrations viewed themselves as inclusive, tolerant and supportive — open to a wide range of perspectives and attitudes. Nearly every camp produced some manner of bulletins, papers, or magazines dedicated to the life and concerns of the men in CPS.[24] And, like most officially sanctioned products, *The Tide* generally offered benign informational bits, overarching platitudes presented as inspiration, and allowed the occasional opinion or creative statement, but never really provoked or dissented.

Hackett, Coffield and Seimons unleashed the complete opposite, right down to the name of their rag: *The Untide*. The four-page, half-sheet folded, mimeographed pamphlet showed up on tables, bulletin boards and desktop file baskets in the wee hours of each weekend. Beneath the title on its masthead, a motto proclaimed, "What is not Tide is Untide," and by way of explanation said the newsletter would "offer expression to the literary and artistic talents of the campers."[25] Yet it also intended to "expose in an impish way the failings of our society, to encourage discussion, to lead in action, to entertain." An editorial written by someone calling himself The Mole was rich in metaphor and symbolism: "I am The Mole. I seldom come above ground. My claws are sharp for digging in soft dirt. People say I am blind, but I work with a purpose. . ." He doesn't state that purpose explicitly, but calls it "the same purpose that fills all of existence." Some want to trap him, he says, but "they forget that earth is my element, just as water is the element of fishes, and air is the element of birds. . ." Subversion is never mentioned,

but ". . . I am very active — undermining, digging in under. I am seldom killed."

Most of the material was light, poking fun at the bureaucratic system and the ironies of a life centered on crushing rocks and planting trees so they can later be cut down. "99 Ways to Have Fun on Project" suggested taking part in pranks and games: mud fights on the tree-planting crews (including a clever use of saplings as catapults for the mud clods), sliding down riverbanks like otters by using a shovel blade as a surfboard, hiding in the trees and pelting unsuspecting coworkers with chunks of rotten wood. "Safety Suggestions" took a satirical aim at ignorance and incompetence: "Always put 32 men in one truck and 12 in another so that one truck is not overloaded." And: "Always carry explosive and dynamite caps in the crew trucks. We can always get new crews. . ." The "Goldbricker Award" went each week to whomever in The Mole's estimation took the art of loafing to newer and greater heights.

A lot of the stuff was downright cornball, full of inside jokes and adolescent digs at fragile egos — and if that had been the entirety of it, *The Untide* would likely have resided in history's dustbin. The journal itself, Everson recalled decades later, never actually subverted anything. Its real value, he said, was that it got some creative minds working together outside the official camp channels.[26] Everson, already recognized as a serious poet of some repute, quickly aligned himself with the looser, anarchic *Untide* rather than the stodgy *Tide*. He contributed poems, particularly his new "War Elegies," which gave voice to the feelings of many COs, judging not only from reactions in Camp 56 but also responses that filtered back from other CPS camps that had received *The Untide* by mail.

This was an important detail. The CPS camps shared publications and communications of all kinds — including the standard official newsletters like *The Tide*. When *The Untide* showed up, it both literally and figuratively bucked the tide. For other COs across the country to see that

some fellow conscripts not only felt as they did but were creatively addressing their condition provided the necessary sense of kinship and understanding that inspires people to act and not just observe. And while there were many forces at work in this world consumed with war, and the vagaries of chance often play as strong a part in history as any calculated or conscious choice, something prompted Everson to sit down one evening, about six weeks after he'd arrived in the isolated sogginess of the Pacific Northwest rainforests, and pen the following piece for the March 13, 1943 issue of *The Untide*.

HERE ON THE EDGE

> If you come by night you will see nothing. The camp, from the road, will be hooded and dark. It faces the sea, the western sea and the Eastern war, and the war imposes: puts blinds on our windows, darkens the lights of the creeping cars. The beach is patrolled.
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> But if you come from the hills to the east, our lights would be friendly, each window alive, its streaming shaft extending outward against the dark. That way lies home, the states and the nation, and the continent's breadth. The mountains are there, the tillable valleys and the distant towns we now do not know. Our people before us came out of the east, the rolling wave of colonization that poured out of Europe and crossed America, to break against this ultimate shore, and spread back on its course, filling the farms. That is the quarter we have known, and toward which we shall turn.
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> But at night in the camp we can hear the sea, stamping and beating upon the shore. We look out on that waste, and remember that Drake once travelled those waves, his lonely ship binding together an unknown world. But, looking, we are also made aware that what gathers there now, the vast event, is shaping the future as Drake could not shape it, pulling within its merciless orbit the millions of lives, and the subsequent order of half the globe.
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> Here on the edge we look east to the West, west to the East, and cannot resolve them. We can only watch; watch and prepare; and bide on the time when what we are, and that for which we have taken this stand, can be tangent again to the world.

That time would come, about twenty-five years down the road, as a new generation, embroiled in another war, would look for alternatives to destruction, and find answers in

creativity and art. For now, though, the members of Camp 56 were truly "on the edge," talking about a world of peace during the greatest war the world had ever known. Everson could hardly have anticipated how the words he was writing that night would resonate far beyond the borders of this backwoods camp.

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[1] Selective Service and Training Act of 1940, Section 5(g).
[2] William Everson letter to Edwa, Jan. 21, 1943. From Bartlett, Lee, *William Everson: The Life of Brother Antoninus,* NY: New Directions, 1988, 39.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Everson, William, *The Residual Years: Poems, 1934-1948,* Santa Rosa, CA: Black Sparrow Press, 1997, 368.
[5] Bartlett, 37.
[6] Katrine Barber, Jo Ogden, and Eliza Jones, ed. and comp., *CPS 56: An Oral History Project, World War II Conscientious Objectors and the Waldport, Oregon Civilian Public Service Camp,* Portland, OR: Siuslaw National Forest and Portland State University, 106.
[7] Eshelman, William, "Everson and the Fine Arts at Waldport," *Perspectives on William Everson,* Grants Pass, OR: Castle Peak Editions, 1992, 10.
[8] Richard Mills, "History of the Founding and Organization of the Waldport Camp," Camp Waldport Records, 1943-45, University of Oregon Special Collections, 2.
[9] Ibid, 5.
[10] Ibid.
[11] Everson to Lawrence Clark Powell, Jan. 28, 1943. From Eshelman, William, ed., *Take Hold Upon the Future: Letters on Writers and Writing 1938-1946: William Everson and Lawrence Clark Powell,* Metuchen, NJ: The Scarecrow Press, 1994, 353.
[12] *CPS 56: An Oral History,* 75.
[13] Mulford Q. Sibley and Philip E. Jacob, *Conscription of Conscience: The American State and the Conscientious Objector, 1940-1947,* Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1952, 216-17.
[14] Morgan, Murray, *Islands of the Smokey Sea: The Story of Alaska's Aleutian Chain,* Fairbanks, AK: Alaskan Prospectors Publishing, 1981.
[15] Infrastructure Finance Authority, Waldport Community Profile. http://www.orinfrastructure.org/profiles/Waldport/ (accessed October 11, 2009).
[16] Mills, 2.
[17] *CPS 56: An Oral History,* 95.
[18] Mills, 7.
[19] Ibid, 3.
[20] Everson to Powell, March 23, 1943, *Take Hold Upon the Future,* 369.
[21] Ibid, Jan 28, 1943, 353.
[22] Everson to Edwa, Jan. 29, 1943, Bartlett, 41
[23] Glen Stemmons Coffield Papers 1943-1981, University of Oregon Special Collections, 1.
[24] Sibley and Jacob, 193.
[25] All quotes in this and the following paragraph are from *The Untide,* vols. 1-12, Jan. – March, 1943. From Coffield Papers, folder 21.
[26] Palandri, Guido, "Waldport: an Interview with William Everson," *Imprint: Oregon,* vol. 5, no. 1-2, Fall-Spring 1978-1979, Eugene, OR: University of Oregon Library, 16.