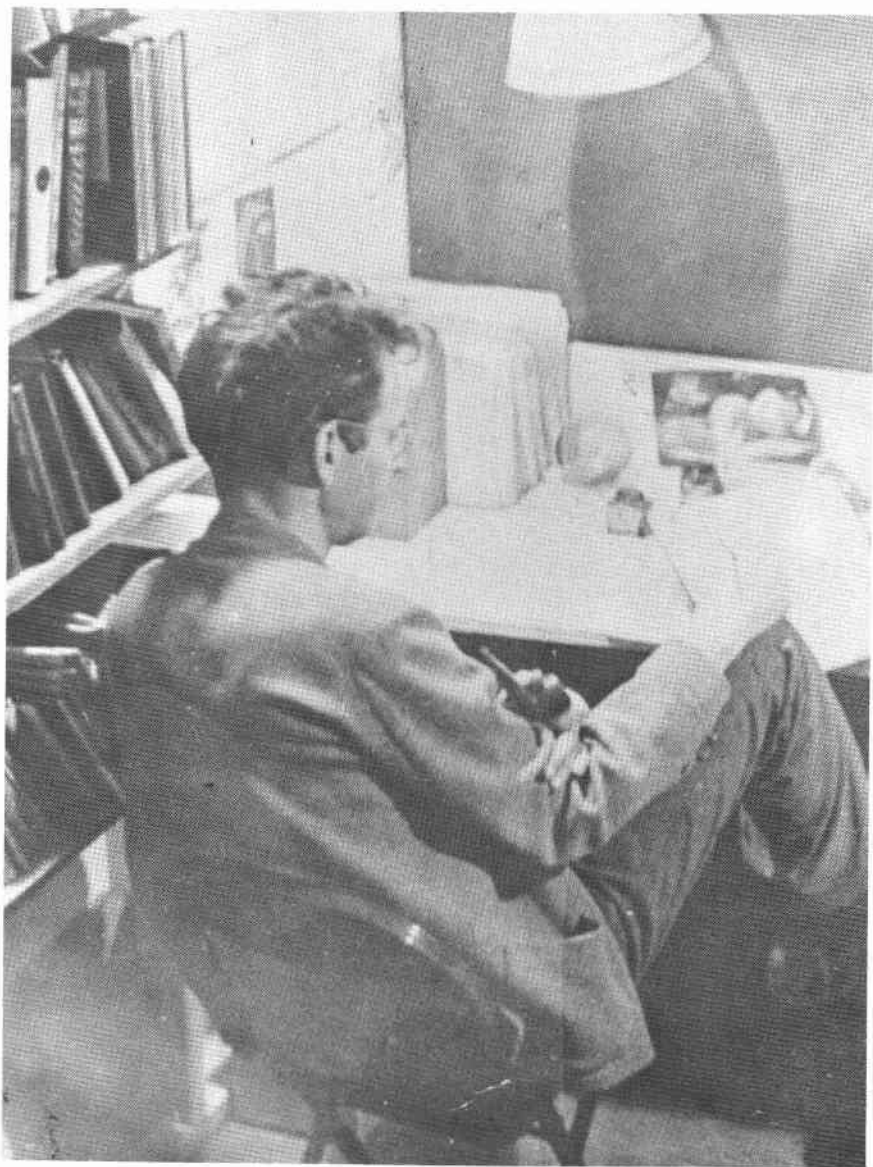


# Imprint: Oregon

Vol. 5

Fall-Spring 1978-1979

No. 1-2



William Everson

# Waldport: an Interview with William Everson

## Introduction

During World War II the problem of what to do with conscientious objectors who refused to engage in certain types of more or less war-related work was resolved by the establishment of so-called Conscientious Objectors Camps, more formally Civilian Public Service Camps. They were sponsored by the "peace churches,"—the Brethren, Mennonite and American Friends Service Committee. By 1945 there were more than 110 such camps and sub-camps throughout the United States. The origins and purposes of these camps are well described in the interview which follows.

There were three such camps in Oregon: No. 21 (Cascade Locks) opened Dec. 5, 1941; No. 56 (Waldport) opened Oct. 24, 1942; No. 59 (Elkton) opened Nov. 7, 1942. All were engaged in forest maintenance directed by the U. S. Forest Service or by the Oregon and California Revested Lands Administration. Such work consisted of tree planting, blister rust control, fire fighting and trail building, a continuation, essentially, of work done formerly by the recently defunct Civilian Conservation Corps.

In the usual manner of all such camps, the CO camps produced house organs, usually weekly or monthly mimeographed newspapers. These papers were sponsored and encouraged by the camp administration itself, which regarded them as a harmless and even useful outlet for expression. There were, however, some exceptions to this expectation.

Among Oregon camps, for example, there was a proliferation of camp newspapers out of Elkton. This may be partially explained by the fact that Elkton was operated as a headquarters camp and sent contingents to sub-camps located as far south as Klamath Falls and north into Washington. Also, Elkton was sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, so that decisions as to administration, including camp publications, were subject to the Quaker principle of "sense of the group." This principle suffered at Elkton because there was no permanent, cohesive central group. As a result, some side camps founded their own newspapers in which the "sense of the group" was downright rebellion, or at least disaffection against headquarters at Elkton. For these reasons, publications, both at Elkton and its satellite camps, were both numerous and short-lived. Known publications emanating from Elkton include *Taproot*, *Scrivener*, *Newsletter*, *Potpourri*, and *Elkton Newsletter*; *Melvilsonian* and *Big Creek Reporter* came from Big Creek side camp; *Rebel Clarion* was published from McKinley side camp.

The camp at Cascade Locks was at first under the joint administration of the Mennonites and Brethren. This combination proved unsatisfactory, and by May 1942 the camp was under the sole sponsorship of the Brethren. It had opened with a highly-organized administration, but when the more conservative Mennonite element withdrew, the assignees at Cascade Locks evolved a system of "functional government" operating by "common consent, individual responsibility, and interest groups." The first Cascade Locks administration founded a camp newspaper, *The Columbian*. It was a typical house organ, containing innocuous expressions from assignees (why they were there, how they liked it, why they were leaving) and camp information. Tied as it was to the kite of camp administration, *The Columbian* ceased publication in February

1943, by which time interest groups, common consent and individual responsibility had replaced majority constitutional rule.

One of the interest groups promptly filled the gap left by *The Columbian* by editing and publishing *The Illiterati*, (March 1943) the contents of which were in sharp contrast to the usual camp paper. *The Illiterati* was an outlet for the creative energy of a few writers who were assignees at Cascade Locks. The first issue consisted mainly of poetry except for some art work (in mimeograph) which so astounded the wowers at the Cascade Locks post office that they destroyed all copies in their possession as being unfit for distribution by the U. S. mail.

Even before the first issue of *The Illiterati* was produced, a publishing venture was commenced at Camp 56, Waldport, an activity that would, in time, absorb the creative energies of the literary group at Cascade Locks and of literary and artistic assignees from at least nine other camps as well. How this came about, and how the camp at Waldport became the center of fine arts activity among all the C.P.S. camps in the United States is the theme of the following interview with William Everson, assignee at Waldport, Fine Arts Director of the camp, a leader and a contributor, particularly on the literary side. The interview is a significant contribution to the history of writing, printing and publishing in Oregon, and, after the war, elsewhere.

This interview took place in October 1977 when William Everson<sup>1</sup> was in Eugene,

<sup>1</sup> William Everson, a Californian of Norwegian descent, was born in Sacramento in 1912. He attended Fresno State College (now California State University at Fresno) in 1931 and 1934-1935. His first published volume of poetry was *These Are the Ravens* (San Leandro, Calif., 1935). Two more books of his poetry were published before, as a conscientious objector, he was assigned to Civilian Public Service Camp No. 56 at Waldport, Ore., where he spent most of the war years. *X War Elegies* (1943)—a second edition was issued in 1944 with the title *War Elegies*—was the first of four volumes of his poetry published at Waldport. The others are *The Waldport Poems* (1944), *The Residual Years* (1945), and *Poems Mcmxlii* (1945).

He entered the Dominican Order of the Roman Catholic Church as a lay Brother in 1951, and took the name Brother Antoninus. He continued to write and publish his poetry: *The Crooked Lines of God: Poems 1949-1954* (Detroit, 1959), and *The Hazards of Holiness: Poems 1957-1960* (Garden City, 1962). *The Achievement of Brother Antoninus* (Glenview, Ill., 1967) is a selection of Everson's poems with a critical introduction by William E. Stafford.

Everson was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for Poetry in 1949, and was a major figure in the San Francisco Renaissance in the 1950s. Since leaving the Dominican Order in 1969 he has continued to be a prolific writer, frequently combining the art of poetry with the craft of fine printing. He also teaches fine printing at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

---

## Imprint : Oregon

Vol. 5 Fall-Spring 1978-1979 No. 1-2

Published by the University of Oregon Library

Editors: MARTIN SCHMITT, E. C. KEMP,  
KEITH RICHARD

Price: Four dollars

---

Waldport: An interview with William Everson	5
GUIDO PALANDRI	
Bibliography of the Untide Press	30
WILLIAM ESHELMAN	
Martin Schmitt: A memorial	42

---

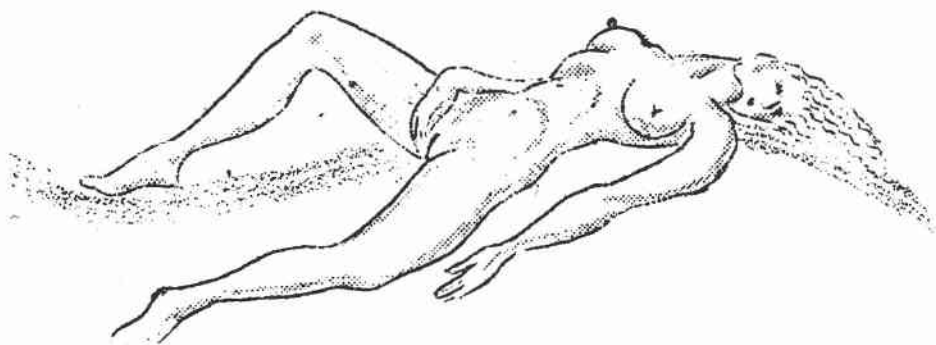
Ore., to give a poetry reading at the University of Oregon's Newman Center, then observing the 500th anniversary of the birth of St. Thomas More. The first interview was augmented by a second tape by Everson, recorded in California November 28, by a short typescript by Everson of about the same date, and by marginalia and emendations to a transcript of the original interview.<sup>2</sup>

An attempt has been made in the footnotes to identify as many as possible of the Fine Arts group members and their associates.

I am deeply grateful to William Everson for granting the interview, for checking and adding to the transcript, and for permission to publish his recollections and observations. Martin Schmitt, who suggested the possibility of an interview with Everson, expressed to me the hope that he would live to see the interview in print. I am saddened that his hope was not realized, consoled by the memory of the delight he took in reading and editing the manuscript. Many thanks, Martin, for your suggestions and wise counsel.

The identities of the participants are: GP—Guido Palandri; WE—William Everson; GW—George Wickes.

GUIDO PALANDRI



ILLITERATI No. 1 Spring 1943

"The wowers destroyed all copies in their possession as being unfit for distribution by the U.S. mail."

<sup>2</sup> I thank the members of the Waldport Fine Arts Group and their friends who responded to my letters; especially William Eshelman, who wrote in great and useful detail. Prof. George Wickes of the Department of English, University of Oregon, an experienced interviewer and a good friend of Mr. Everson, kindly agreed to participate in the October 21 meeting. He asked questions I had not thought of, and I extend my

appreciation to him for rounding out the interview.

Most of the publications mentioned in the interview are among the Records of Civilian Public Service Camp No. 56, Waldport, Ore., part of the Special Collections Division, University of Oregon Library. An examination of this file was the genesis of the interview.

## WALDPORT: AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM EVERSON

GP: In the Preface to the New Directions edition of *The Residual Years* (N.Y., 1948) you say that the "Chronicle of Division" was written from 1943 to 1946 at Camps Waldport and Cascade Locks, Oregon. When did you arrive at Waldport?

WE: January of 1943. I left Selma [Calif.] on the 17th and arrived at Waldport about the 21st.

GP: You were a new assignee, then; not a transfer?

WE: I was a new assignee, yes.

GP: From my examination of the Waldport files, it seems that the religious positions of the conscientious objectors ranged from fundamentalism to liberalism, and that there was a minority of non-believers.

WE: Atheists. Right.

GP: What was your religious position at the time, and what was the basis of your stand as a conscientious objector?

WE: The religious question was simple: I was a pantheist. Robinson Jeffers was my master, and it was his more or less pantheistic view that was the basis of my own religious experience up to that time. This is what I claimed, too, when I made my statement to the draft board, but I also put in humanitarian and moral reasons as well for my stand. I don't know what's happened to that long statement I wrote out for them. I don't know how it passed their scrutiny, but it did. My father was a justice of the peace in Selma, a well respected person. Whether that played a part . . .

It was notorious that in Berkeley you could live on one side of the street and be sent to camp, and on the other side of the street—if that was where the draft board district broke—and be sent to prison. The situation was that each draft board had the final decision concerning the men in

its district. This was written firmly into the law. The draft was enacted before America's entrance into the war, and Congress was still in the isolationist, anti-war mood that prevailed in the country following the disillusionment of our involvement in World War One.

When the balance of power began to change in Europe following the rise of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco, Roosevelt began to surreptitiously involve the country on the side of the democracies (England and France) as is now well known. With the fall of France, the mood of Congress began to change, and the draft was instituted.

Still, Congress was adamantly anti-militaristic. It sought to ensure that the military would not have ultimate control over the nation's manpower, and insisted that Selective Service be composed solely of civilians. So it began with Dykstra<sup>3</sup> as head. However, Roosevelt, by simple administrative fiat, removed Dykstra and installed General Hershey<sup>4</sup> as head of Selective Service with a whole corps of army brass. But they didn't tamper at the lower levels; they just put them in at the upper level. A Colonel Kosch<sup>5</sup> was placed in charge of Camp Operations which ran CPS [Civilian Public Service]. Strictly speaking, every soldier inducted after Pearl Harbor was drafted illegally.

It was fought out in the courts, but by the time it reached the Supreme Court so many men had been drafted that they just

---

<sup>3</sup> Clarence A. Dykstra became Director of Selective Service Oct. 17, 1940. On March 31, 1941, he was appointed chairman of the newly-formed Defense Mediation Board, and resigned as Selective Service Director two days later.

<sup>4</sup> Lewis B. Hershey was appointed Director of Selective Service June 30, 1941, after service as Acting Director and Deputy Director.

<sup>5</sup> Col. Lewis F. Kosch was Assistant Director for Camp Operations, Selective Service System.

couldn't face it. And although they went along with it in the war crisis after Pearl Harbor and in the winning of the war, after VJ day, some of the judges up in the Pacific Northwest, in Washington and Oregon, began taking a harder look at it, began, in a sense, fighting back. They were ruling that if a civilian draft board sent you your orders to report to Camp Waldport, say, those orders were legal because they were signed by a civilian. But later, if you were transferred to another camp, and that order was signed by Colonel Kosch, it was illegal. Thus it so happened that a CO [conscientious objector] in Oregon or Washington with such a transfer in his file could walk out and not be prosecuted. They might be picked up, but they would not be prosecuted. That's part of what was coming down at the end there in CPS.

GP: Getting back to Waldport. The beginning of the Fine Arts Group, according to Richard Mills'<sup>6</sup> manuscript history of the camp, was in December of 1943. You said you were there at the beginning of the year?

WE: Yes.

GP: Were you in one of the overhead groups before your selection as head of the Fine Arts Group, or were you out in the woods doing Forest Service work in the forests and on the roads?

WE: Forest Service work was called "project" as distinct from "overhead," or camp maintenance. The distinction was significant, because on project you were under the Forest Service which was tough and exacting, whereas on overhead you were under the pacifist administration.

---

<sup>6</sup> Richard C. Mills was Director of CPS Camp 56 at Waldport, Ore., from 1943-1944. His manuscript history of Camp 56, "History of the Founding and Organization of the Waldport Camp: C.P.S. #56," is among the manuscripts in the Special Collections Division, University of Oregon Library.

Actually, I think I took some KP duty on overhead the summer of '43 in order to be near my wife who visited camp then, but that's thirty-four years ago, and memory plays tricks.

GP: Why was Waldport chosen for the establishment of the Fine Arts Group and who was in the group?

WE: The group consisted of Glen Coffield,<sup>7</sup> Harold Hackett, Robert Scott, Larry Siemons, Warren Downs, and myself, with a couple of Cascade Locks men, Kemper Nomland and Kermit Sheets,<sup>8</sup> seconding it. Waldport was chosen, because that's where the energy was.

In 1940, when the draft was instituted after the fall of France, the three historic peace churches were concerned, that is, the Friends, or Quakers, the Brethren, or Church of the Brethren, and the Mennonites. The three historic peace churches (we sometimes called them the "prehistoric peace churches") were concerned

---

<sup>7</sup> Glen Coffield, poet, was Education Director at Waldport for a time. The publication in July 1943 of *Ultimatum*, his first collection of poems issued at Waldport, was a one-man operation. He was author, typist, designer and illustrator—a habit he followed much of his career. Most of his second collection, *The Horned Moon* (Feb., 1944) was printed on the Untide Press's Kelsey press and finished on the Challenge Gordon press. Some of his poems were published in Nos. 1-4 (Spring 1943-Summer 1944) of *The Illiterati*. After the war he founded the Grundtvig Folk School at Eagle Creek, Ore.

<sup>8</sup> Kemper Nomland, Jr. is an architect in the Los Angeles area. Kermit Sheets, as well as some other members of the Fine Arts Group and other pacifists, was a founder of the Interplayers, the well-known San Francisco theater company. (Letter, Sheets to Palandri, 18 May, 1978). He has for many years been active in the theater of the San Francisco Bay area, and a lecturer in drama at San Francisco State College. As a fine printer and editor of *Centaur Press* he has issued many books by California poets. While at Waldport he contributed both poetry and prose to *The Illiterati*.



"What is your concept of the function of the individual in society?"

ILLITERATI No. 2 Summer 1943

because of the treatment of COs in World War I, which was ferocious, and they approached the government with a proposal.

The CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps], a depression phenomenon set up to provide employment for youth with a work program run by the Forest Service and a camp program run by the Army reserves, was closing down. The peace churches proposed that if the objectors could be utilized in the same way, they, the churches, would undertake to finance it, provided that they be allowed the administration of the camp life themselves. The government accepted. This meant that we unaffiliated objectors found ourselves in the strange situation of being supported by these religious groups. An umbrella organization was formed called The National Council for Religious Conscientious Objectors [later known as the National Service Board for Religious Objectors—GP] under which the churches agreed to support the draftees classified as 4-E, Conscientious Objector. Waldport was run by the Brethren.

Soon after the men began to enter CPS it was proposed that, as an educational adjunct, special interests groups be brought together to study particular subjects. The government did not object so long as the work project did not suffer. So NCRCO was able to arrange transfers from one camp to another to facilitate these special schools: things like Pacifist Living, Cooperatives, Post-War Reconstruction, etc.

At Waldport, we speculated as to why such a special interest school could not be set up for the fine arts, and when Harold Row,<sup>9</sup> the head of the Brethren Service Committee, came out and visited the camp in late spring of 1943, we approached him

about it. He was dubious, but he told me later that the argument I used which convinced him was the point that any culture survives by its art product, that everything else vanishes with time. And I predicted that would be the way with CPS, too. This impressed him.

So Row went back to Elgin [Ill., Headquarters of the Brethren Service Committee] and began making inquiries. He found a lot greater groundswell than he had anticipated, and so he put Morris Keeton<sup>10</sup> on the trail of it—that was his educational secretary back there—and Morris came out and talked to us about it. He said it was possible, but it was going to have to be at Waldport. We ourselves didn't think of it as happening there; it was too isolated. We wanted it to happen down at the Santa Barbara camp. First of all, because it was in California and we wanted to get back there. Second of all, it wasn't all that isolated. Third, it was a Friends' camp, and there was a kind of a feeling among the unaffiliated COs at that time that the Friends were more liberal than the Brethren or the Mennonites. It didn't work out necessarily that way in actual practice, but at least that was the prevalent feeling.

But Keeton said it was going to have to be at Waldport; the Friends simply didn't want to have anything to do with it—the Brethren had broached the matter to them, it was too risky a thing for them, a bunch of crackpot artists, that sort of attitude.

When the men realized it was going to have to be Waldport, they turned to me and said they would go for it if I would

---

<sup>9</sup> Harold Row was National Director of the Brethren Civilian Public Service Committee.

---

<sup>10</sup> Morris T. Keeton was National Education Secretary, Brethren Public Service Committee, 1942-1945. He joined the faculty of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, after the war, and is Professor of Philosophy and Vice-president of the college.



agree to be the director. Well, I had never worked with large groups of men like that, and although I was emerging as a leader I was still rather shy and timorous about it. Also, I wasn't into administration and couldn't see myself in that position. But they talked to Morris Keeton and he just about told us, "It's possible to go ahead if you can get the draftees to come here, but it's going to have to be Waldport, and it's going to have to be Everson as director." So they went to Mills, and he wasn't all that keen on it. He wanted some special school there, but he wanted it more along the sociological line like some of the other schools that had preceded it: Pacifist Living, Cooperatives, Post-war Reconstruction, etc. The Brethren Service Committee (BSC) was fairly familiar with setting these things up and knew their problems. If we'd been the first ones, we couldn't have gotten to first base, but they did have that experience with them. That's one of the grand things about the Brethren, that they permitted us to go ahead with that, even though they had everything to lose by it. And Morris Keeton talked me into being Fine Arts Director and Mills into accepting it at Waldport.

The next thing was to issue a call to men in other camps, and the swing was on. It didn't last too long, however. The Forest Service superintendent soon stopped accepting Fine Arts transfers, claiming that the type of man responding did not fit into his work project. The implication was that they were goldbrickers or whatnot. I rather suspect the problem was more Mills' than that of the Forest Service and that he got the Forest Service superintendent to stop the influx. We weren't all that bad on project; on overhead we were a problem. In any case, we had our nucleus, and we were under way.

GP: So the nucleus of what was to become the Fine Arts Group was very important in getting these people there. It

was really your own decision?

WE: Yes. In the end that's what it boiled down to. As I say, it wasn't planned that Waldport should be the place; it's just where the energy was. You see, we began the Untide Press before the arts program was conceived, and it was on the basis of its publication activity that Waldport became a center of interest.

Now, a little bit about the background of Waldport. Waldport was founded out of Cascade Locks. This was '43 and the draft is really burgeoning. I mean, millions of men were being drafted, and that meant thousands of COs, and the camps were filling up. And the Forest Service had to expand its work projects.

The Oregon camps. The Brethren had one at Cascade Locks; and there was this Quaker camp at Elkton, I think it was. At Waldport, there was an area called the Blodgett Burn, the Blodgett Peak Burn, and that had been logged over during World War I. It was a spruce forest, and it had been logged over to make the fuselages of the old Jenny planes that were shipped, many of them, into France. And then, after this logging was done and the war over, the slash wasn't burned, and it wasn't cleaned up, and fire got in there, two or three fires, and it was just a desolate waste of charred snags and fallen logs and stumps, just a desolate wasteland. And the CCC had begun to replant that just before the war started.

The Forest Service decided to reactivate that project and a skeleton crew was sent over from Cascade Locks to start the camp in the summer of '42. And they set the camp up and got it operating. This was a crackerjack crew headed by Mills. See, Mills was one of the first camp directors who was also an enrollee. All the other camps up to his time had been controlled usually by a member of the religious institution that founded them. The three churches, the Quakers, the Brethren,

and the Mennonites, usually put one of their own men as camp director to work directly with the Forest Service superintendent. And these men, being married men generally, and not enrollees, there was a natural division there. By this time, they were beginning to allow campers themselves to serve as directors, and that's what Mills was. Mills had won his spurs at Cascade Locks, and there's where he first began to get the eye of the administration and the jaundiced eye of some of the men, because they were already spotting some of his methods that early.

I remember there was one of the cartoons in *The Illiterati* that Kemper drew of Dick Mills at prayer in the mess room, praying before the men, leading the prayer. And under it, it says: "And, God, guide us to unanimity of thought so everyone will think as I do." But with the administration, Mills had proved his

worth. He was an extremely talented and capable man. At the same time he was extremely ambitious and he preferred to work behind the scenes. The flaw in his character was that he had to be the liberal and the democrat; but at the same time he couldn't let it be; he couldn't let it go that way. He couldn't let democracy go its own way. He would seem to agree, and then he'd go and work behind the scenes to get his own view across. And sometimes it was fairly flagrant.

Anyhow, he brought this crackerjack crew over. And it was. They had a first-rate cook and dietitian. They had a laundry, a maintenance man. The heads of the departments on overhead when I got there were all well established. That was in '43. The camp was running smoothly and functioning perfectly and Mills was the capable director of it. He was known to be one of the most liberal and most intelli-



"And God, guide us to unanimity  
of thought so everyone will  
think as I do."

ILLITERATI No. 1 Spring 1943

gent camp directors in the system. And it was true; he was.

The skeleton crew that had been sent over from Cascade Locks was to be permanent. They also sent out from Walhalla, Michigan a whole contingent of men. Most of them didn't want to come; they were teed off at having to be sent clear out to the coast. Then they sent from Cascade Locks a work force on assignment, but not to be transferred to Waldport. They were just worked during the planting season, then they'd go back to Cascade Locks. This is what Nomland and Sheets were when I met them; they were on temporary assignment to Waldport. And they had their magazine, *The Illiterati*, which they'd started at Cascade Locks. And we got to know each other then.

Most of those first transferees from Cascade Locks were from California. And some more of us Californians began to arrive early in '43. We were older than the young men who had been drafted first. I was thirty years old myself, and married. The first men with children began to arrive at about that time, too. But we were all there together at Waldport, and we began, we founded this press. First on a mimeograph, and I had these poems, and they published the *Ten War Elegies*. And this began to make Waldport a center of creative activity in CPS. *The Illiterati* later transferred to Waldport as did *The Compass* magazine which began back in New Hampshire. So that for a while, the major journalistic efforts coming out of CPS were located in Waldport.

GP: There was this considerable activity in the arts, especially in writing. Poets like Patchen<sup>11</sup> and Rexroth<sup>12</sup> were supportive?

---

<sup>11</sup> Kenneth Patchen was a poet, novelist and painter. His first volume of poetry was published in 1936, and he continued to write and publish until his death. In 1967 he was honored by the

WE: Yes.

GP: And they also contributed?

WE: Not Rexroth.

GP: Rexroth was supportive though?

WE: Yes, and so was Henry Miller.<sup>13</sup> Actually, Rexroth did contribute to one issue.

GP: Although you called for contributions in *The Illiterati* itself and through other channels, you managed to publish only two numbers of *The Illiterati* at Waldport in a little over a year. Why weren't more issues published during the period? Weren't enough contributions coming in?

WE: Actually, when you consider what we were up against . . . You see, the work project was six days per week and nine hours a day. Something like 51 hours a week. (Maybe it was eight and one-half hours a day, I forget). And everything had to be done after hours. And also there was heavy use of the equipment there. The press was used by both the Untide Press and *The Illiterati*. Pretty hard to schedule the work and keep it moving. Also they may have had some dearth of contributions, or it took a little time for them to come in. Maybe not. But I think two issues

---

National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities for his life-long literary contributions. Patchen's *An Astonished Eye Looks Out of the Air* was published, with much tribulation, by the Untide Press in 1945. His poems, "The Stars Go to Sleep So Peacefully," "Science Talked," and "I Feel Drunk All the Time," appeared in *The Illiterati*, No. 4, Summer 1945.

<sup>12</sup> Kenneth Rexroth, San Francisco author, critic and painter, has published, in addition to collections of his own poems, translations of Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin and Spanish poetry. In *The Illiterati*, Nov. 5, 1948, are published "A Christmas Note for Geraldine Udell," and "Ausonius, Epistle VII."

<sup>13</sup> Henry Miller's "The Soul of Anaesthesia," a part of the *Airconditioned Nightmare* (N.Y. 1945) was published in *The Illiterati*, Summer 1945.

a year pretty good under the conditions we were working under.

Actually, our life, from the point of view of what the rest of the world was suffering, you know, wasn't all that hard. The only real injustice in it was that they denied us our pay. The law allowed us the same pay as the GI's, but Roosevelt once again simply passed the word to Congress and they never appropriated the money. But it was extremely tense in many situations. It was an extremely tense, painful period in life.

I'd like to clarify the relations between the three publicational outlets in the Fine Arts movement there: the Untide Press, *The Illiterati* and *The Compass*. The Untide was first and became the book publication arm of the movement. *The Illiterati* started at Cascade Locks and had a couple of issues over there. One issue was got together while they were on a tree planting assignment with us in the spring of '43, but it wasn't actually published where we were; it was published out of Cascade Locks. And then with the Fine Arts movement, they secured transfers and came over and joined us.

And after a while, Martin Ponch<sup>14</sup> brought his *Compass* magazine out from the Quaker camp in Iowa. The unaffiliated COs tended to rank the Quakers as the most liberal and the most desirable, but Martin was disillusioned there. He said the Quakers tended to overmanage everything. Anything that showed up at the grassroots level in the camps, they would

always bring it right into Philadelphia and attempt to impose their own views on it. So that when he transferred out to Fine Arts because of his theater interest, he just brought *The Compass* right along with him, namely the subscription list and what little money there was.

I didn't favor this move of his, because we already had enough publication activity concentrated in Waldport as it was, and *The Compass* was the strongest, especially from the East Coast point of view, the best known and the strongest CO magazine issuing from the camps. So I really didn't cotton to its coming out here, but he came and swung it. He got several issues out; but he pulled together a lot of help from the camps that we didn't touch upon, a lot of willing help that we didn't call on.

There was a little tension between all three groups there, the Untide, *The Illiterati*, and *The Compass*. It really wasn't serious, more like a clarification of domain when enterprises tend to combine. There has to be a period of clarification. The ones I worked on with enterprise I liked personally and was able to develop working relationships with them. I didn't develop deep friendships with Nomland or Sheets, in the sense that their own friendship was deep. Adrian Wilson<sup>15</sup> came out for Fine Arts and began to learn printing helping with *The Compass*. He

---

<sup>14</sup> Martin Ponch was editor of *The Compass*. Volume 2, nos. 1-4 were all published at Waldport. One of the founders of the Interplayers, he has, since the war, been a teacher, actor and director in the San Francisco area. His play, "Tennessee Justice" was produced in Waldport and Eugene, Ore. He has played roles in productions of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival in Ashland, Ore. Now retired, he is associated with the Ark Theater in San Francisco. (Letter, Ponch to Palandri, 16 May, 1978)

---

<sup>15</sup> Adrian Wilson resumed his printing career begun at Waldport by designing and printing programs for the Interplayers, of which he was one of the founders. He is a designer and printer of fine books and author of a highly respected study of the craft, *The Design of Books* (N.Y., 1967). His press is in Tuscany Alley, San Francisco. He and his wife, Joyce Lancaster, collaborated in the research and writing of *The Making of the Nuremberg Chronicle* (Amsterdam, 1976). This venture began in 1965 with the discovery in the city library of Nuremberg of a perfectly-preserved page-by-page layout for the *Nuremberg Chronicle*.

---

# **THE ILLITERATI PROPOSES: CREATION, EXPERIMENT, AND REVOLUTION TO BUILD A WARLESS, FREE SOCIETY; SUSPECTS: TRADITION AS A STANDARD AND ECLECTICISM AS A TECHNIQUE; REJECTS: WAR AND ANY OTHER FORM OF COERCION BY PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IN HUMAN ASSOCIATIONS.**

NUMBER **4** SUMMER 1945

picked up the knowledge of printing there with us and then returned to San Francisco and became one of the most eminent San Francisco printers, another one of the great flowering of the Waldport group back upon San Francisco. The Interplayers; Adrian with his printing career. He married Joyce Lancaster,<sup>16</sup> one of the Interplayers; she was the wife of Bob Harvey who had transferred out with Broadus Erle<sup>17</sup> from Big Flats, New York.

I never considered myself a part of *The Illiterati* staff, and I never had any editorial consultation there. I gave them names to write to; I gave them Henry Miller's name. They wrote to him, and he sent them one thing and they turned it down. I got this annoyed letter from Henry saying, "I don't understand this. Here these men are locked up for their beliefs, but they won't let me have my say either. I mean, what's with them? You'd think that of all the people in the world they would be the most open to the expression of opinion."

Well, I wrote back to Henry defending them, pointing out the situation under which they were working and whatnot. Principally, I defended them by saying that it was an off-hours thing, putting 51 hours a week out in tree planting and then coming in and working a few hours extra

at night to get anything done. And that the men have to be able to work on things that they respond to and are attracted to and believe in.

So I defended them and Henry didn't reply. He was grouched a little bit about it, I guess. But then it developed that they had another piece from Henry, and it lay there for three or four weeks. Maybe I got a letter from Henry saying, "Can you prod them and see what they're going to do about this one?" And I went over and found it and read it. I think of it as being that "Dream of Mobile" thing. And I got a hold of Nomland, and I said, "By golly, there's a grand thing. You can't let that one go by." So they wrote then and accepted it. It might have been "The Soul of Anaesthesia," probably was.

GP: You seem to have had pretty much a free hand in getting transferred to Waldport those whom you wanted to be in the Fine Arts Group. Does this indicate a liberalization on the part of the camp administration with respect to the men and to their wishes?

WE: Well, yeah, there was a liberalization. The three camp systems were kind of ranked among the COs. The Friends (the Quakers), the most liberal; the Brethren the middle; and the Mennonites the most conservative. From my point of view in the Brethren camp, not being a religionist of any kind, the Friends were a little bit too fancy for me; and a little bit too much I don't know quite what. The Brethren—I was content with their treatment. They let us alone; they supported us; they didn't try to engineer things too much. They let the camp go our way as much as possible. Our leaders were elected. We organized a Workers' Committee that would confer with the Forest Service. The overhead jobs were all up for application and there was no heavy assigning down from above on work program or that sort of thing.

<sup>16</sup> One of the founders of the Interplayers, Joyce Lancaster appeared in some 30 roles with that group. Her acting career continued with the San Francisco Actors Workshop until that group became resident company at the Lincoln Center in New York City. She later appeared with other San Francisco companies, but in recent years has been engaged almost entirely in book work—research, writing and illustrating. Ms. Lancaster is the author and illustrator of *Kings of the Forest* (1974) and *The Ark of Noah* (1975), both published by the press in Tuscany Alley. She and Adrian Wilson are assembling an account of their experience at Waldport.

<sup>17</sup> Broadus Erle, violinist and founder of the New Music Quartet (later called the New Music String Quartet) is Professor of Music and Fellow of Branford College, Yale University.

So by the time the Fine Arts Group came through, the Brethren weren't about to interfere. I myself wanted to restrict it, but they wouldn't let me. That's an interesting thing. Although I was normally radical, the conservative position came from me. I wanted only serious artists to come who could fit into the program as we envisioned it. I was thinking of the product as an achievement that would survive. I was more or less in the position of an arts director of an academy who wants the best talent, and if the talent isn't up to it, he doesn't want to bother with it in his program. The Brethren wouldn't allow it. That school was open for every man in the system. If a man wanted to come, he could come. And all my protests were in vain.

GP: Are you saying that Mills or the Elgin administration overruled some of your decisions? You wanted to refuse some of these applicants, and yet they were allowed to come in?

WE: Elgin did. The Brethren Service Committee did.

GP: They made the decision back there?

WE: Yeah. Applications were submitted there, then passed on to us. When I looked at an application and said, "This won't do," Elgin said, "Take him in."

GP: Were you allowed to receive people you selected yourself?

WE: Yes, if they got approval from their end. Most of them, their local camp administration was glad to get 'em out of there. So we absorbed them the best we could. Of course, then the problems began to accrue on us, too, because most of them kind of, one way or another, landed on overhead.

Most of the camp people liked to be on overhead in the winter time, but in the sunny summers they didn't mind working with the Forest Service. One thing I might mention is the arduousness of the project work, as arduous as any camp in the

whole system due to the nature of that tree-planting burn that we had. Crawling over logs and whatnot, and dangerous, too, slippery. The rain was terrific at Waldport. The first winter we were there it rained 100 inches, although the normal is 60, which is plenty. Those long winters working out in the cold rain planting trees. The long hours were extremely fatiguing. Often times the Forest Service took advantage of us in ways that were . . . For instance, they'd set us doing work that we weren't trained for; work that was dangerous. Underequipped, too, without the proper helmets or headgear, tin hats or anything like that. No real instruction with sharp tools like axes. Four men were killed at Waldport, and it became kind of a lurid image around CPS. No other camp, to my knowledge, had that many deaths in the three years we were working there.<sup>18</sup>

GP: The *Untide* newsletter was established as an underground—but not clandestine—newsletter?

WE: It was clandestine.

GP: In opposition to the *Tide*, the official camp newsletter. It was clandestine?

WE: Uh huh. Well, probably "clandestine" is a little too heavy a word for it. It had to be clandestine to do its work; it had to be. Everyone knew more or less who was doing it, but they didn't know who were the authors of the individual pieces. Nobody signed anything. Everyone knew it was done on the camp mimeographing machine late at night—on Saturday nights—and appeared on Sunday mornings. It was a kind of game. No one

---

<sup>18</sup> That Waldport had an unusually high death rate for CPS camps is borne out by a story in the June 13, 1945 issue of *The Reporter*, semi-monthly publication of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors. The death of Waldport assignee, Edwin Shank, who was pinned under a rolling log, was the fifth death at Waldport of 19 in the CPS system.

was hurt much by it; it was more entertainment than anything else. It wasn't as if it were really undermining anything. But the value it proved for us was that it got us working on our own and not through official camp channels like the *Tide*.

GP: The name *Untide* as opposed to *Tide*. Was there an intentional pun there, maybe "untied" in the sense of liberated, of freedom?

WE: Uh huh! Uh huh! "What is not *Tide* is *Untide*," was the newsletter's motto. It started before I got there. Yeah. All those puns. All those levels of puns were wrapped up in it.

GP: When you established the Untide Press, the Fine Arts Group was already in existence?

WE: The Untide [Press] was before the Fine Arts Group. The first Untide publication was my own *X War Elegies* in 1943. And that was the one that scored. I mean, it went through all the camps. We sold hundreds and hundreds of copies. We got out a first edition of a thousand and sold 'em for ten cents apiece. And then we began cranking out new editions. It began to go out and be reviewed in the secular milieu. And this is where the energy source began to pour out of Waldport, and not only the literary material, but the artistic material. Nomland's illustrations were better received in the reviews than my poems were. So it was a kind of one-two thing there. And one reason why the fine arts rather than just the literary element stemmed out of Waldport was Nomland's presence there in those early days. And then other artists did come.

So that when it came to getting the bigger press and really begin publishing, you know, we didn't ask a never-you-mind from anybody. We just went down and bought the press and set it up there because we'd had the background of working on our own under the *Untide* newslet-

ter. We did a lot of things like that. Changed the name of the camp. The camp was Camp Angell after a certain man, A-n-g-e-l-l.<sup>19</sup> We just dropped off one "l," and the first thing you know we had in effect changed the name of the place without asking anybody, just by that kind of energy, just by going ahead and doing it. We paid for everything ourselves. Went out and did work around the community to get money for the press. I remember I used to set septic tanks before I was drafted, and I went and got this job installing this septic tank and put that down on the press. And that's where the energy was that just kept us going, that sort of thing.

GP: The press you purchased in Waldport was an old one of the *Lincoln County Times*, whose editor, Dave Hall,<sup>20</sup> published some nasty editorials about the COs. I believe that the person who sold you the press stipulated that it should never fall into the hands of Dave Hall. This person seems to have been sympathetic to the COs.

WE: Yes, he was. He was a radical in his own right. He wasn't a pacifist, but he was enough of an old-line radical and

---

<sup>19</sup> CPS camps were not usually named, but designated by number and place only. Camp Angell had been a Civilian Conservation Corps camp named for Representative Homer Angell of Oregon. The change wrought by CPS assignees was not, therefore, so important as might be supposed.

<sup>20</sup> Dave Hall was then editor of the *Lincoln County Times* at Waldport. In a letter (Eshelman to Schmitt, 31 Aug. 1948) Eshelman mentions the acquisition of a Challenge Gordon press he had bought in Waldport on condition that Hall should never be able to retrieve it. The seller was "Doc" Workman, owner of a second-hand store in Waldport. Hall was opposed to conscientious objectors in general, and in particular to any near Waldport. He alerted Walter Winchell to the possibility that camp assignees might be in league with Japanese spies off the coast, a story Winchell was pleased to retail as a probability in one of his broadcasts.



quasi-anarchist that on every issue but that we were one to one.

GP: You mean you differed on the question of pacifism?

WE: Yes. We had a similar radical stance, but he supported the war effort. But he wasn't adamant on that.

GP: What about the relations between the townspeople and the COs? You were allowed liberty, something like a military pass to go into town?

WE: It changed somewhat over the years, and that was because Waldport was the only camp that was in the coastal zone blackout. So, at first, there was a sort of curfew at night. Outside the camp, you could be checked out by the Coast Guard who ranged up and down there with patrols of dogs on the beaches. We'd often fall afoul of them. It was strange. They persecuted us somewhat, but only kind of in a grudging, good-natured way. They didn't really work hard at it. The worst things they'd do, like, if you were walking home from a hike or a project, a jeep might stop you and pick you up. Instead of just checking your papers on the spot, they'd haul you clear back to headquarters in Waldport to check you out and make you walk all the way back.

GP: Sounds like some of the lighter hassling minorities get today.

WE: Yeah, just about the same kind of thing. But at night it was more dangerous. Normally, you were supposed to have a written pass if you left camp; but they were always sending us out of work projects here and there, and the Forest Service didn't give us passes. So we were always in a sense roving around that part of the country on one work detail or another, and the local population got used to us. We were working with the Forest Service men all around us, so they just didn't bother to check us out. And that's the way the Coast Guard handled it, too. I don't think I ever had a pass when I left camp

except when I went clear out of the area on a leave to Portland or on a dental or doctor's leave someplace.

GP: You were harassed somewhat by the Coast Guard, but the townspeople left you pretty much alone?

WE: Uh huh. We had good relations with them. Oh, once in a while the kids would throw stones and holler "jailbird!" or something. You see, Mills was a perfect politician. For instance, he got the local doctor . . . There was only one doctor and highly respected in Waldport. Mills had him come out once a week to inspect the camp. Nominally for sanitary reasons, but actually because Mills knew that that man walking through the camp every week, looking it over, would go back and report to the townspeople everything he saw, and that they would be satisfied. It was a PR gesture. And so all through the war this doctor was paid his fee for coming out there every week to check the place over, and it kept the community easy about us. But the Brethren spent a lot of money on it.

GP: Does this perhaps explain why Dave Hall's editorials against the COs appeared in only about three or four issues of the *Lincoln County Times*? He sort of gave up?

WE: No, he didn't. What happened was that *The Tide* began to fight back, to answer him by ridiculing him. He couldn't stand that. Once he saw we had a weapon, he began to fear and he shut up on us. By that time, you see, *The Tide* had changed. Bill Eshelman<sup>21</sup> took over the editorship of *The Tide* and began to fight back, making remarks like calling him "Knave Hall," things like that. It only took a couple of suggestions and suddenly Dave

<sup>21</sup> William Eshelman was with the Waldport camp from 1942-1946, as Assistant Director from 1944-1945. He later became Librarian at Bucknell and is currently editor of the *Wilson Library Bulletin*, and on Jan. 1, 1979 will become President of Scarecrow Press.

Hall realized that he was vulnerable. The townspeople mostly laughed at him anyway.

GP: What was the editorial policy of the Untide Press? Were editorial decisions arrived at democratically or did someone's voice carry more weight than that of others?

WE: Well, let's see. It kind of worked around like in all anarchists' groups. There's always a symbolic leader of one kind or another even though he's not stated as such. It's a sort of a natural law of life. But this was a kind of shifting thing, depending on what his potential was. I could have shaped things pretty much the way I wanted, but I preferred to consult, because I knew that in a cooperative venture if you don't get your team behind you nothing much is going to come from it.

The first thing we did was my own *X War Elegies*. The second thing we did was Coffield's *The Horned Moon*, and we did that on the little Kelsey press. The third thing then was *The Waldport Poems*. The fourth thing was the printed edition of the *War Elegies*. And the fifth thing was Jacob Sloan's—he wasn't in camp; he was at another camp in Coleville, California—Jacob Sloan's *Generation of Journey*. Some time after that came the Patchen, and this is where I was overridden. I didn't want to do the Patchen book. Up to this point there was a kind of unanimity of opinion.

We'd talk a manuscript over. I had enough work that if I'd wanted to I could have kept grinding my own things through. For instance, *Poems Mcmxlii* is not, strictly speaking, an Untide Press item. I did it on my own. I had the poems and I wanted them printed; and I would have preferred to run it through as an Untide Press thing; but I thought I was blowing my own horn too loud, so I did it another way.



Glen Coffield 1944

And so, against my better judgment, we did the Patchen, which was a bitch. It was simply too big for our production schedule at that time, given everything we had to do. Also, I was not that much interested in Patchen. I never have been as a poet. I believed his witness; he was certainly the strongest anti-war poet in the country, and it was right and proper that he should come out of Waldport. And he wanted to, but I wasn't all that interested in his poetry from the aesthetic point of view. And also, I was afraid of him. Duncan<sup>22</sup> had told me he was a terrible guy to work with and had said, "He's the poet that little presses fold on."

<sup>22</sup> Robert Duncan, playwright and critic, is associated with the San Francisco circle. He became a conscientious objector after induction into the Army.

Actually, it was Vladimir Dupre<sup>23</sup> mostly that was the keenest one on doing Patchen. He kind of got Eshelman fired up and the two of them talked me into it, but it was against my better judgment. For a while it was bruited about the camp that our project was failing because I was dragging my feet, but that really wasn't true. I worked like a dog on that book. I worked harder on that book than on any other in the Untide Press series, and it's our worst piece of printing.

The design was Patchen's; the suggestion was Patchen's. The colophon says: "Designed by Kemper Nomland, Jr., from a suggestion of the author." It might have worked, but the thing is the printing of that dark *An Astonished Eye Looks Out of the Air* should have been screened. But we didn't know enough about printing. We went and had that done over in the Willamette Valley someplace, that one part of the printing, that tint block. We should have had it screened. It printed too dark, and then the red type of the poems couldn't be seen on it. The whole thing was utterly misconceived. I don't even have a copy of the book, I'm so disgusted with it.

The project broke down halfway

---

<sup>23</sup> Vladimir Dupre was administrative assistant for the magazine, *Poetry*, 1947-49. He later obtained a doctorate from the University of Chicago, and currently has a private practice in psychotherapy in Bethesda, Md.

In a letter (Eshelman to Palandri, 4 May 1978) he says of the production of the Patchen book, "Vlad was indeed the one who turned us all onto Patchen. The technical difficulties of the *Eye* were that our 14½x22 Challenge Gordon press could not handle the tint block that Kemper had designed to underlie the text of the poems. So we sent it to a job printer, I think it was in Corvallis. He botched it by making the tint too heavy. So we had to have it redone. The second attempt was slightly better, but still too dark."

The colophon of the *Eye* informs us that "The tint block was printed by the Franklin Press, Corvallis, Oregon."

through. I tried to get more paper for it. The war was over and they were reconverting back from wartime paper, and they just abandoned that line. So we quarreled with Patchen about it. He was furious with us, because we wanted to wait for the same paper to finish the book. He suggested we go on with another paper that was near like it, which we should have done, because the line had been dropped, only we didn't know it. By the time we got the paper problem solved, Waldport was closing; we had to move the press clear over to Cascade Locks and finish the book there. One of the worst jobs I ever got into on a book.

GP: Patchen wasn't a conscientious objector?

WE: No. He didn't have to be. He had a physical disability, but he was a blistering pacifist. He excoriated the war effort, more than any of us. He was the outstanding anti-war poet in America of his time. Without question he was, and the most widely recognized, too. Even more than Lowell.<sup>24</sup> Lowell, who was the most famous poet to come out of the pacifist movement, was not as singlepointed. It wasn't in his work. I mean, his gestures were there, his refusal to serve and his going to prison were humble. But Patchen bent his passion to it. I mean he just wrote poem after poem. And he wanted them to come out when the war was on, not sometime afterwards. And we, safely sequestered, were going about our scrupulous work of aesthetic refinement. Oh, it was a mess! I hardly want to go into that.

GP: Did you ever receive contributions from persons whose poems did not follow the COs line of thinking? Poems that you rejected. Did you ever reject anything other than on the basis of literary merit?

---

<sup>24</sup> Poet Robert Lowell was a conscientious objector in World War II as well as an anti-war leader during the "Vietnam Conflict." He received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1947 for *Lord Weary's Castle* (N.Y., 1946).

WE: Untide never received contributions of that kind. *The Illiterati* got something from Kenneth O. Hanson.<sup>25</sup> He'd just heard about us. He's now at Reed, I think, the well-known poet there. He was in the armed services at the time, and some of his buddies in the service must have shown him some of our things, but he'd never thought of us particularly as pacifists. So he sent us some things and I wrote back and told him you'd better watch out exactly what you're doing, because this is what we are. I don't know what later on we finally decided to do with those Hanson poems. *The Illiterati* should have published them; it would have been a coup if it had, because he became well known.

GP: Government policy required that COs be assigned to camps at least two hundred miles from their homes. Thus it was understandable that many COs from California were sent to camps in Oregon, many ending up in Waldport. Government policy, then, seems to have been an important factor in the establishment of the Fine Arts Group in that Oregon coastal town. Is it legitimate to consider the Waldport Fine Arts Group as a forerunner of the Bay Area poets and the Beat generation?

WE: It was. Definitely. That whole San Francisco Renaissance had in some way a powerful inception in Waldport. First, the Interplayers, which was one of the leading theater groups in San Francisco in the postwar period, began at Waldport. And the rest of us who were writers there

gravitated down to where Rexroth was pulling it together. Some place Rexroth acknowledges that the Waldport movement was the nucleus of the San Francisco Renaissance.<sup>26</sup>

GP: In his history of the camp, Mills says:

By the spring of 1944, the impact of the Arts Group was beginning to make itself felt upon the camp in more ways than one. Although the leaders of the Arts Group worked diligently to bring to camp a series of brilliant presentations which were both entertaining and educational, the ideal of camp unity became somewhat weakened and unfortunately areas of discord appeared. It is much too early to indicate the total effect upon the camp in terms of education and wholesome stimulation, and the effects in terms of the struggle for

---

<sup>26</sup> In 1957 Rexroth wrote, "William Everson . . . is probably the most profoundly moving and durable of the poets of the San Francisco Renaissance. . . . During the war he was in a Conscientious Objector's camp in Oregon, where he was instrumental in setting off an off time Arts Program out of which have come many still active people, projects and forces which help give San Francisco culture its intensely libertarian character." ("San Francisco Newsletter," *Evergreen Review*, v. 1, no. 2 (1957), pp. 8-9)

A quarter of a century later Rexroth expanded this view: "During the war there were a large number of concentration camps for conscientious objectors scattered through the mountains and forests of the West Coast. On their leaves these young men came to San Francisco, where they encountered the libertarian, pacifist, group of intellectuals of the community. At Waldport on the southern coast [*sic*] of Oregon—as isolated as possible—there was eventually established a conscientious objectors' camp of creative artists of all kinds who had been nothing but insoluble problems to the administration. After the war, possibly a majority of these people settled in the San Francisco Bay Area. Out of them came a radio station, three or four theaters, several publishing enterprises, and a number of well-known musicians, painters and sculptors." (*American Poetry in the Twentieth Century* N.Y., 1971 pp. 137-138)

---

<sup>25</sup> Kenneth O. Hanson, poet, is Professor of English Literature and the Humanities at Reed College, Portland, Ore. In a letter (Hanson to Palandri, 30 April 1978) Hanson says he does not recall Everson's warnings, and continues, "In any case they wouldn't have been necessary nor would they have had any effect. I was aware of the commitment of the Untide Press from the beginning."

group power, and these matters will need to be recorded at a later date.

How do you feel about this assessment of the situation in camp made by Mills at the end of his tenure as camp director?

WE: Well, let me give you a little background. When the big problem with the Fine Arts broke over the camp, and Harold Row came out from Elgin, he said that first of all there was nothing new about this. "Every special interest group that we've had has had problems in the camp situation." When you get a special interest group within a camp of confined men, the cry is immediately, "Privilege! These people are privileged!" So, he said, "Don't feel so bad that you haven't got through this unscathed, because it's par for the course." I think that takes care of any special onus accruing to the Fine Arts Group.

Now, as to the particular grievances, the problems came about this way. The work project in the winter was hard, right out in the rain planting trees. But the work project in the summer was easy; just walking around on the trails and trimming brush here and there and waiting for a forest fire in the "asbestos forest," they called it; waiting for a forest fire to come which wasn't going to happen unless it started way over in Eastern Oregon. Gosh! That summer duty was great! On the other hand, winter duty was hell, day after day in the slanting rain planting trees. So what happened is that everybody wanted overhead jobs in the winter and project jobs in the summer. Well, the Fine Arts Group came in the summer, and they filled up the deserted posts on overhead. And then when winter came, they declined to give them up. So all the guys who wanted to come back in and get their cozy inside jobs now began to grouse and mumble and talk about prestige and privileges and things like that.

The other part of it was, there were a

bunch of snobs in the Fine Arts movement. There were some real snobs, pain in the asses. There were some misanthropes. There were difficult people, temperamental, artistic, normal run-of-the-mill artistic, difficult people. The less talent they had, the more problematical they were. The ones who were really creative and productive created their way through and kept it together. But trouble began to brew.

Mills was unhappy because he couldn't in a way dominate the movement. But more than that, he had brought his own crew with him from Cascade Locks. Then he'd accepted these democratic procedures and the big liberal trip but became unhappy with the choices that the Workers Committee was making and the other elective processes. And the cooking. He had this cracking good kitchen crew that came over there. Well, the Workers Committee began to change that on the basis of equality rather than on the basis of skill. It was a dumb thing to do. Probably they should have kept elitism going, retaining the best people; but indifferent workers began to go in there until the better people wouldn't want to work with them and began dropping out of that particular phase until the food quality fell off. The morale of the camp started to sag on the issue of bad food. Fine Arts got the blame.

GP: So once the Fine Arts was established you were part of the overhead force. You stayed in camp all day, and the Fine Arts Group was your work.

WE: Yeah. I was supposed to be managing, but I didn't like to do that and I only did it a little while. And then I stepped back to go out on project where I felt more happy in nature, and I turned it over to Vladimir Dupre to act as the manager. This was a mistake; I should have hung in there and spent my time pacifying the various tension-points,

trouble-shooting, etc., which I could do, but Vlad could not. They called me "The Great White Father."

Vlad had come out on a Fine Arts Group transfer, although he wasn't in the arts; he just dug that sort of thing. So he began to do the clerical work. See, they gave us 100 dollars a month to use any way we could, and we mostly put it into subscriptions, had a fine film series going, travelling exhibits, magazines, that sort of thing. Used up the money as we went along. Partly on materials; bought paper for programs. Theater took a lot of it; had fine theater programs there. Gave concerts. None of that money went for our publications, because the Untide carried itself. The money enabled us to sustain a fine flowing of ongoing events, but it aroused a passion of anti-intellectualism in the camp at large. Unhappy, confined people who didn't belong and hated it with a passion.

Mills, however, began to have trouble on other levels. There were rumors that Mills was gay. He was imprudent enough to have a photograph album of male camp members sunbathing around and posing in the nude. One individual found out about it, stole the album and began to threaten blackmail. Mills handled it with perfect aplomb. He called a group of us in one night. He said that he was a connoisseur of the male form for aesthetic reasons. It was a funny situation. Anyhow, among us his forthrightness cooled it at the gossip level; but with the more conservative religionists it didn't solve a thing. They wouldn't let it drop. They held prayer meetings for him, and they began to undermine his authority in the camp by keeping this rumor alive.

The other part of it was that the Workers Committee fell under the control of a leader, Jerry Rubin, who'd been in the socialist movement in the Bay Area and was a crackerjack of an organizer. He had

radically different views than Mills and a personality clash to boot. So Jerry Rubin began to take the side of the workers in a direct way, and Mills found himself increasingly backed into a corner. His best friends had transferred to other projects. Fine Arts was a success and he was losing the center. He became more and more unhappy.

The straw that broke the camel's back there at the end of 1944 was when a fire broke out in the mess hall. There was a night watchman who'd been appointed by the Workers Committee whom Mills didn't think was responsible enough and he kept worrying about that. And one night a stove was overstocked in the kitchen and the place caught on fire, and he summarily dismissed the guy and the Workers Committee protested this, a dismissal without a trial. And Mills immediately became dictatorial; he disbanded the Workers Committee. Exercised his powers . . . His whole thing broke down. The whole liberal façade went plooie at that time. So he then tendered his resignation and took off and wrote that summary in which he more or less attacked the Fine Arts movement and called into question our accomplishments and sent it around to every camp director in the system and saw that it got a good splash there. It was nasty all the way through.

GP: In the Camp Waldport files in the University of Oregon Library, there are many inter-library loan requests from the camp library, most of them to the Oregon State Library in Salem. These requests suggest that you were pretty much free to read what you wanted with no restrictions.

WE: No. None. The camp itself had an extensive library. It was mostly centered around the Brethren's educational program. When we went to Cascade Locks, it went up there with us. There was a little

bit of trouble there. When the camp was closing down, the librarian decided to auction it off. He auctioned it off to the men, and the Brethren were unhappy about that.

GP: The transfer to Cascade Locks. That was because Waldport was closing down?

WE: Yes. They were closing Waldport out. The war was over and they were cutting down. Men were being discharged slowly but steadily. They could have closed us all down in a month, but they were afraid that the public would cry out that the COs were released first and getting all the jobs. So they made us wait around until the equivalent men in the armed services that we'd been drafted with had reached their points. There were 13,000,000 men in the armed services and 13,000 COs, so we had to wait for a mil-

lion of them to be discharged before a thousand of us could be released. And the Forest Service couldn't plan on adequate work programs under that kind of a shrinking manpower situation, so they didn't do anything but just stand us around, and the morale went way down.

Strike waves began to break out in the camps in '46. I was in there three months longer than I was supposed to be; I was supposed to be out on the first of May. Then the Glendora [Calif.] camp struck in protest and other strike waves began to close down the camps. Glendora sent a spokesman up to get us to strike, but I said, "I'm not going to go on a strike. I agree with you in principle on the strike, but I've got too much at stake. I mean, I'm too vulnerable right now." So I didn't promote the strike and it didn't shape up. And I knew that if I wanted to strike, I



Left to Right: William Eschelman, Kermit Sheets, David Jackson, Vladimir Dupre.

could have precipitated it. Jerry Rubin wanted to strike, but everybody was watching me as to what I was going to do. And the night for the strike to start I was going around stoking fires (I was night watchman at the time). There was a guy named Danzeisen,<sup>27</sup> a Brethren, a real sterling character. He wasn't into the Arts Group, but sympathetic. He was one of those Thoreau types. He didn't care if anybody else was going to strike or not. It didn't matter to him; he was going to strike. He made his posters up and placed them around, and got ready to strike. One man in the whole camp.

Then Hildegard Erle, the wife of Broad-us Erle, the violinist, began talking to me about why I didn't strike, and I said, "Because I don't want to jeopardize my release." And she said, "But your release is already in the mail. Those things are always given out on the first." And I said to myself, "Wait a minute." And the devil of expediency began to gnaw at me. Before the morning dawned, she'd talked me into it. I went on strike and the group followed. Wham! As soon as it broke on the news, the Portland *Oregonian* had a flash headline: "COs strike Cascade Locks." The next thing you know, the police were out there. And the next thing you know, Washington was pulling our releases out of the file. Just stashing them away at the back of the cabinet, and I was there three months longer than I was supposed to be. They finally closed Cascade Locks during those three months, and I was released out of Minersville in northern California.

GW: My questions may show how little I know about all this, but there are several

things I'm interested in. Was Bill Stafford<sup>28</sup> at Waldport?

WE: No. He was at Santa Barbara.

GW: Were you in touch with other poets like that? Would you know of his existence?

WE: Yeah. I was aware of his existence.

GW: And did you keep in touch with other writers around? Other camps?

WE: No. There weren't too many. There was Jacob Sloan in Coleville. We responded to them if they submitted work to us and things like that. I should add that we had a lively exchange with pacifist poets in England. Both the *Untide* and *The Illiterati* printed several of them.

GW: Then you didn't attempt to bring in work from other camps particularly?

WE: Well, yes. We wanted to get what there was. Especially *The Illiterati* wanted to get as wide a spread around the camps as it could in terms of its movement, but it was interested in quality first. I think there was actually more of that kind of activity than I knew, but it was mostly funneled towards the magazines. And so it wasn't right at my pulse because I wasn't an editor of *The Illiterati*.

GW: Was there correspondence among individuals? Were the camps generally in touch with each other?

WE: Yes, there was. There was quite a bit of correspondence and exchange of camp papers.

GW: There must have been quite a few personal connections. And then you'd be interested in knowing what was going on.

WE: And also the heavy transfers. You could get transfers from one region to an-

---

<sup>27</sup> Lloyd Danzeisen was Education Director at the Cascade Locks camp.

<sup>28</sup> Poet William Stafford is Professor of English at Lewis and Clark College, Portland, Ore. He has been Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress and has received many awards for his work, including the National Book Award

---

for Poetry, a Guggenheim Award and the Shelley Memorial Award. His poems, "Co's Work on the Mountain Road," and "Search," were published in *The Illiterati*, no. 2, Summer 1943; his poems, "Face" and "Easy," and his prose piece, "So Long, Chimes," appeared in *The Illiterati*, no. 3, Summer 1944.



other pretty easily. For some reason Selective Service wasn't as scrupulous about that as they were about sending them 200 miles away at the beginning. You could get transferred back to other places without too much difficulty if you wanted to.

GW: You mentioned the wife of a musician in the camp, and you said that you were married at the time. Were wives allowed to . . . They were not allowed to live in the camp I don't suppose?

WE: Well, there were some pretty loose arrangements, all right. Some wives were there. There were motels on Highway One right near by. If you could make your arrangements out there, people would just look the other way. I mean, there was a farmhouse up above us a hundred yards away in which there were two or three wives with their men sleeping there at night with them. And as the war went on, this got more and more common. So that maybe for a half-mile away on one side there'd be COs living down there. You'd make work project the next morning. And then his wife would be there, and they'd come into camp for meals. My wife would come there. She came down the first year for summer vacation; lived in a motel across the road, and I did that, too. I was there with her that first summer; she'd come over and eat in the camp.

Mills wasn't married, but the camp director was generally married in all the camps, and his wife and family might be living there. There was always some touch of women around. Sometimes they'd hire a woman helper, maybe a nurse. The medical staff might be a woman the way they had it set up. So that there was always a core of wives of Brethren administrators around camp. Lack of money made it awful hard though. Some of the social workers would come around and see the conditions under which some of the families were living in trailers and were appalled by it, especially at Cascade Locks.

GW: You also mentioned concerts and theater. Were these put on only for people in camp, or for outside townies as well?

WE: Not many would come, but some would. Sometimes there'd be an exchange between camps. Like our concert would play at Cascade Locks, or they'd send a concert down to us. Something like that would work out.

GW: And the same with the theater troupe?

WE: No. That took too much staging. It was too hard. But sometimes Cascade would come clear over for our play; that they looked forward to. The biggest tough thing about the whole thing was the money. The law stipulated we'd get basic GI pay. But Roosevelt feared a pacifist uprising before Pearl Harbor and Congress never appropriated the money. So we went through the war under slave labor conditions. And that was really what was hard. The government wanted us to go I-AO in the army, in the Medics. If we'd done that, we'd be perfectly welcome believe me, GI Bill of Rights and all. There must have been 50,000 CO Medics, and they were driven to it because they had families and they had to support them somehow. The others of us who didn't had to take it the hard way. My marriage went to pieces during that period. That was the only summer my wife was really there for any length of time.

GW: You used the word "drafted." Did you go through the regular draft process and at that point declare CO?

WE: Yes. You applied for it. There was I-A, soldiers. We were classified IV-E, a regular category of the draft process. It was written into the law.

GW: But you had to establish your credentials as a CO, and as you said earlier, some draft boards were very tough on this and very intolerant.

WE: The law explicitly restricted it to members of a recognized religious faith,

but some draft boards ignored this one, and accepted anyone they thought sincere.

GW: Yes. They still had that during Vietnam.

GP: You're saying that if you didn't belong to a religious faith, it depended on your draft board whether you were allowed to go to a CO camp or go to jail?

WE: Or you *had* to go to jail, right. Towards the end, when morale was sinking, the men were walking out of the camps and going to jail of their own free will. In jail they at least had a specific sentence. The judges were sentencing men on how long they thought the war was going to last. If they thought there was another year of war, they'd sentence a man to a year; if they thought there was six months left, they'd sentence him to only six months. They were giving short terms at the end of it. In '46 when the men were walking out, they'd give them six months. But the earlier ones would get four years, five years. They figured a five-year war, you got a five-year term.

GP: Did a walk out of camp automatically put you in the slammer?

WE: It put the FBI on your trail. You could elude them, because they didn't work too hard at it; but you had to be careful. Some people evaded and got through. Larry Siemons went to Portland; he ate his meals in the same restaurant the police were using so they'd become accustomed to him. He'd forge his own furlough papers so that when he was picked up he had a perfectly legal . . . He had a girlfriend back East and he was back there one day, and her father got down on him and finally went and told the police that an escapee of some kind was over there and they surrounded the house and walked in. Larry stood there and pulled out his forged papers, folded his arms while they looked them over. Oh, it was kind of a farce! But if they'd caught him it would have been curtains!

GW: Wasn't Morris Graves<sup>29</sup> at Waldport?

WE: We invited him to come. Clayton James, who also was a painter, knew of his work in New York. And when Clayton transferred out to Waldport, and we were asking about getting some interested people, some artists who were sympathetic to the camp, he suggested the name of Graves.

Instead of staying away and letting the police pick him up, which he might have done, Graves went to the military, was inducted, and refused to put on the uniform. So they put him in the brig, the slammer. And then they went through all these tricks to try to break down his will, harassing him and whatnot. Finally, they let him out on a medical discharge. James got in touch with him, and he came out to Waldport, and he was there five, maybe six weeks one summer. Painted some beautiful paintings there, too. Had some good experiences and then left, and that was the last we saw of him.

GW: Graves was not then a CO? He simply came as a free citizen?

WE: He was drafted I-A. He came to us as a free citizen, although he was the hardest kind of CO. He took it the hardest way he could take it. In World War II that was to go to the induction center and refuse to take the oath. That was the worst way you could go; that got you the worst, because they tried to break your will. But after a while they stopped that; they were just sent back to the civil authorities and ended up in the penitentiary.

You see, some men felt they did not qualify under the law as objectors, religious objectors. Nevertheless, they weren't draft dodgers, so they simply

---

<sup>29</sup> Morris Graves, artist, was born in Fox Valley, Ore. His works have been exhibited in many American and foreign museums and are represented in permanent collections in Eugene, Ore., San Francisco, London, Dublin and elsewhere.

showed up at the induction center and refused to take the oath. At first the military put them in the brig, the military brig, and began to work them over. Later, they turned them back to the civil authorities.

I remember one time when he [Graves] was with us—this was when the Coast Guard was still around—he set up a kind of lean-to down on the beach there. James and I were down there one evening talking with him, and here came a Jeep. It pulled up and this lieutenant got out. Two dog-faced GIs were with him, their eyes this big. We all had long hair back in the days when it just wasn't seen. I still remember the faces of those eighteen-year olds. The crisp lieutenant stepped down and said, "Let's see your identification, please." Graves got up; he was soft, suave, and a gentleman. But that kind of strain . . . Not as if he were a smoothie in the way Mills was. Mills would have handled it in an entirely different way. Graves got up very gently and said, "May I offer you some tea?"

"No."

"Would you like to have some tea?"

(To the two GIs)

"No."

The lieutenant interrupted, "Let's see your papers!"

And then Graves said, "This is Mr. Everson, and this is Mr. James, sir."

So finally he produced his papers, and the guy looked them over and saw that he held a medical release from the army. Then he checked us. We didn't have any.

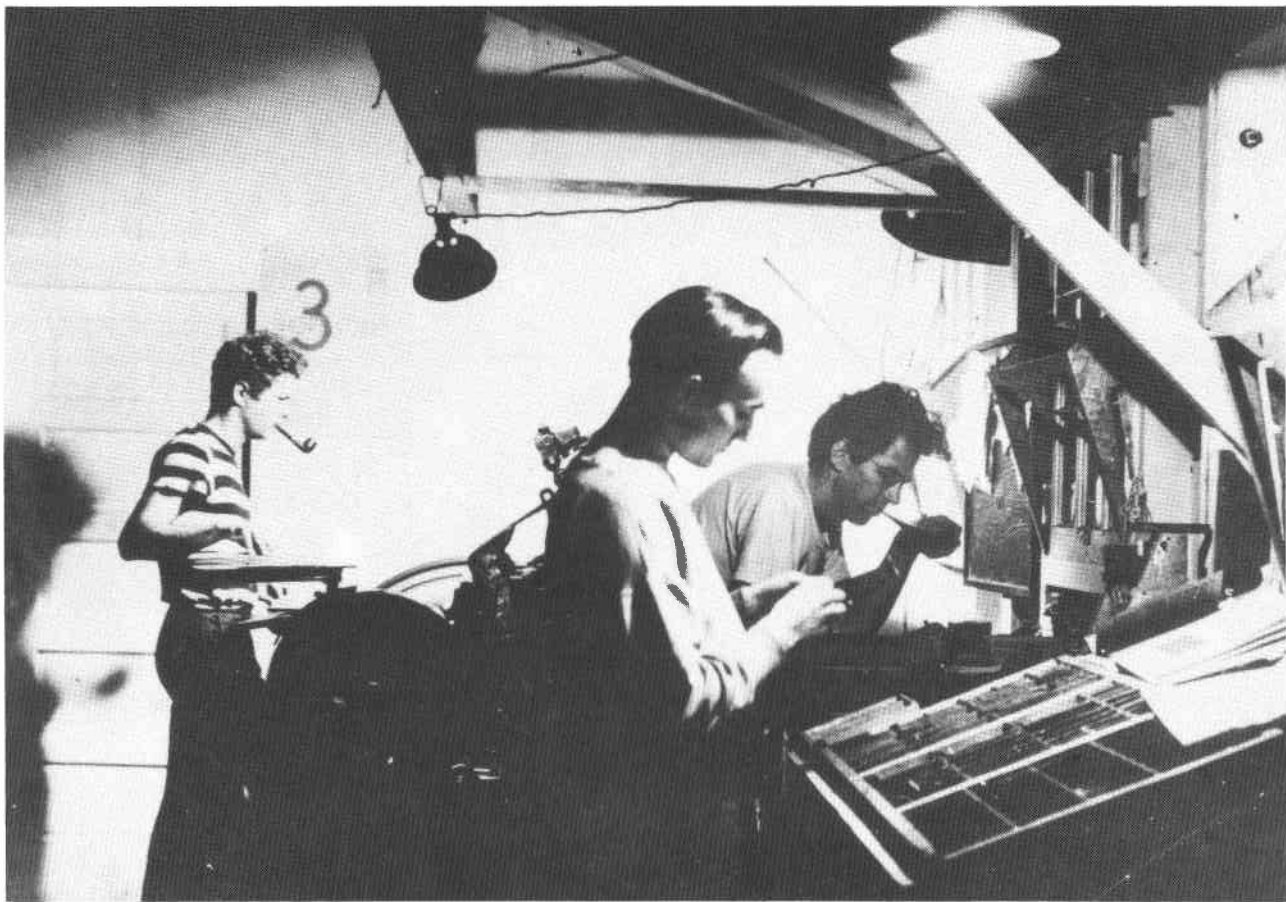
"What about your papers?"

And I said, "We don't have to have any. We're stationed over at the camp; we don't have to have papers."

He didn't challenge; and then he went off. And then Graves just about collapsed. He just went "Whewwww!" He'd just been through so much of that kind of harassment in the army that he just said, "Tssssss!" and sat down.

GW: How many in the Fine Arts Group altogether?

WE: Oh, I imagine that at the most there'd be about twenty. It had a big start as things do. It kind of boiled down when they began to restrict transfers there. At first we had art projects for some of the other campers as the Brethren wanted us to do. Start classes; get some of the painters to teach the other boys how to draw. There was that kind of a flurry of activity, but this didn't last too long. Another artist from the Northwest came down, Waldo Chase; he taught there for a while. But in the end it came down mostly to your own individual—except for music and the theater. The drama was the most successful of all in terms of group effort. It was the best. The musicians were too temperamental and sometimes members of the group would hardly speak to each other. Everything tended to be sort of solo activity except the theater group that had worked at the Hedgerow Theater in Pennsylvania and was the industry behind the drama. That held through and ended up in San Francisco where it became the Interplayers after the war. But the rest of it was just what you could write or paint on your own. And I would have done that whether the Fine Arts had been there or not.



Left to Right: Vladimir Dupre, William Eschelman, William Everson in print shop at CPS Camp 56, Waldport.

This is the first printed production of The Untide Press, a venture in creative expression, the project of a group of pacifists in a camp on the Oregon coast. We began by issuing William Everson's *War Elegies* and followed with Mr. Coffield's *Ultimatum*, both in mimeographed form. We hope to continue with other items, some of them now ready for printing, depending for issuance only on time and the publisher's luck. We solicit your interest and your orders—if nothing more, your curiosity. As for our purpose, it is simple enough. These are the years of destruction; we offer against them the creative act.

The Untide Press  
Camp Angel  
Waldport, Oregon



THE HORNED MOON  
BY GLEN COFFIELD  
UNTIDE PRESS · WALDPORT · OREGON  
NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY - FOUR

William Eshelman wrote in great detail information that was most helpful in the completion of the study of the Waldport Camp and the printing activities therein. In addition, Eshelman furnished a thorough bibliography of the Untide Press. This bibliography originally appeared in *The Advance Guard*, vol. 1, no. 2, 1948. Permission to reprint this bibliography came from Mrs. Alan (Mae) Swallow, of Denver, Colorado, widow of Alan Swallow the publisher of *The Advance Guard*.

The editors of IMPRINT: OREGON wish to thank Mr. Eshelman for furnishing the bibliography and Mrs. Swallow for permission to publish the bibliography.

## Bibliography of the Untide Press

by

William Eshelman

Title:	<i>Ten War Elegies.</i>
Author:	William Everson.
Illustrator:	Kemper Nomland, Jr.
Designer:	Kemper Nomland, Jr.
Classification:	Poetry.
Contents:	Title page, author's note, ten poems.
Production:	Mimeograph and silk-screen.
Binding:	Pamphlet style, single sheets stapled from the side, cover folded and glued to endpapers at spine. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.
Number of pages:	Twenty.
Size of book:	Six by nine inches.
Illustrations:	Nine line drawings in mimeograph stencil.
Title page:	Title, hand lettered. Author, illustrator and press name in elite typewriter type.
Cover design:	Typography in yellow and black silk-screen on blue background. Some copies of fifth printing in red and black silk-screen on blue background.
Paper:	Tan Cheviot mimeograph, 100M.
Cover paper:	Blue construction paper.
Types:	Text: elite typewriter; headings & titles: sans serif hand lettered.
Ink:	Black mimeograph; Sherwin Williams silk-screen yellow, black and red.
Press:	None.
Edition:	First.
Size of edition:	Approx. 1,000.
Printings:	Five.
Date of issuance:	April, 1943.

Copyright: None.  
 Remarks: First printing, 100 copies, April, 1943. The only uniform printing. Other printings, April through December, 1943, vary in that as mimeograph stencils wore out new ones were typed, errors corrected, and new errors made. Drawings for first printing were made by Kemper Nomland, Jr., directly in stencils. In subsequent printings, as new stencils were made, drawings were traced by other people in Nomland's absence. Only two or three stencils survived through all printings. Also the construction paper for covers varied slightly from printing to printing.

Title: *Ultimatum* (from the Unforgettable).  
 Author: Glen Coffield.  
 Illustrator: Glen Coffield.  
 Designer: Glen Coffield.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Note on technique, title page, author's foreword, ten poems.  
 Production: Mimeograph (Speed-o-Print).  
 Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets inserted in cover without fastening. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.

Number of pages: Twelve.  
 Size of book: Eight and one-half by five and three-quarters inches.  
 Illustrations: Eleven line drawings in mimeograph stencils.  
 Title page: Title, author and press on head of page also containing foreword.  
 Cover design: Lettering and linedrawing in mimeograph stencil, black on green background.

Paper: Tan Cheviot Mimeograph, 100M.  
 Cover paper: Light weight green construction paper.  
 Types: Text: elite typewriter; titles: elite typewriter caps. Cover: A. B. Dick Letter Guide #1516 & #1514.

Ink: Mimeograph black.

Press: None.

Edition: First.

Size of edition: Fifty.

Printings: One.

Date of issuance: July, 1943.

Copyright: None.

Remarks: This issue was executed entirely by the author: writing, designing, illustrating, typewriting, mimeographing, folding, assembling and distributing.

Title: *The Horned Moon*.  
 Author: Glen Coffield.  
 Illustrator: Cut of quarter moon by Charles Davis.  
 Designer: Charles Davis, William Everson in consultation with author.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Author's photograph, title page, acknowledgements, author's fore-

word, twenty one lyrics, colophon; blurbs on front and read jacket-flaps.

Production: Letterpress.

Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, single signature, hand-sewn through center with heavy thread. Bristol cover over which is folded light wrappers, the latter unsecured except for folding. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.

Number of pages: Thirty-two.

Size of book: Six and one-eighth by seven and one-half inches.

Illustrations: Cut of quarter moon on title page and cover.

Title page: Title, author, press name, 14 pt. Kennerly Caps, black. Cut of quarter moon (linoleum) in red.

Cover design: Author and title in 14 pt. Kennerly Caps Italic, black, over red quarter moon linoleum cut on light blue-grey background.

Cover paper: Blue cheviot bristol with blue cheviot book wrappers.

Types: Text: 12 pt. Goudy Light Oldstyle (Monotype), Roman and Italic.

Ink: Titles, headings: 14 pt. Kennerly Italic (Monotype). IPI job black (Everyday Book) ; Everyday job red.

Paper: 25 x 38-100M India Mountie Eggshell Book (Carter, Rice & Co. of Oregon).

Press: 5 x 8 Kelsey Excelsior, hand operated.

Edition: First.

Size of edition: Approx. 520 copies.

Printings: One.

Date of issuance: February, 1944.

Copyright: 1944, Glen Coffield.

Remarks: Errors in counting resulted in some pages being over-printed and others under-printed, accounting for the short edition, planned to be six hundred. Error in measuring resulted in the wrappers being too narrow for the book. Wrappers were printed on the Challenge Gordon, 14½ x 22, treadle operated.

Title: *The Waldport Poems.*

Author: William Everson.

Illustrator: Clayton James.

Designer: Clayton James in consultation with the author.

Classification: Poetry.

Contents: Half-title, title page, copyright notice, author's note, eleven poems, colophon.

Production: Letterpress.

Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, single signature, two staples through center, cover glued to end papers at spine. Approximately 400 copies hand-sewn with heavy thread. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.

Number of pages: Thirty-two.

Size of book: Nine and five-eighth by six and one-half inches.



Illustrations: Four linoleum blocks in text and on cover, printed in brown ink.  
 Title page: Double spread, large initial "W" cut in linoleum by Clayton James, in brown; title, author, press name and illustrator in 30 and 14 pt. Lydian, black; "1944" in brown.  
 Cover design: Letterpress, linoleum block in brown, title and author in 30 pt. Lydian, black, on India background.  
 Paper: 23 x 38-120M Ivory Linweave Text Antique laid (Zellerbach Paper Co.).  
 Cover paper: 230M India Antique Atlantic Cover (26 x 40) (Carter, Rice & Co.).  
 Types: Text: 12 pt. Goudy Light Oldstyle (Monotype), Roman and Italic; titles, headings: 30 & 40 Lydian (AFT).  
 Ink: IPI Everyday Bond Black; brown made by mixing equal parts IPI Everyday Bond Red and IPI Everyday Bond Brown.  
 Press: 14½ x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor or treadle operated.  
 Edition: First.  
 Size of edition: 985 copies.  
 Printings: One.  
 Date of issuance: August, 1944.  
 Copyright: 1944, Untide Press.  
 Remarks: Typographical errors: *beginnings* and *achievement* in poem Eleven were misspelled and escaped notice in the early part of the run. The first was corrected after about 200 had been run, the second after about 400. The '1944' on the title page, printed the same run as the line cut opposite poem Eleven, gave much trouble, and never improved. The initial letter of the title page was run without slip-sheeting, and offset occurred. Some offset also occurred on the block opposite poem Eleven. Carelessness in gauge-pin setting resulted in a lack of uniformity of top margin.

Title: *War Elegies.*  
 Author: William Everson.  
 Illustrator: Kemper Nomland, Jr.  
 Designer: Kemper Nomland, Jr.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Half-title, title page, copyright notice, author's note, eleven poems, colophon.  
 Production: Letterpress.  
 Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, two staples through center, single signature, cover glued to endpages at spine. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.  
 Number of pages: Thirty-two.  
 Size of book: Nine and five-eighth by six and one-half inches.  
 Illustrations: Sixteen zinc line cuts, black. Twelve linoleum blocks in various forms—rectangles, squares, strips, etc.—off-red.

Title page: Title, author, press name and illustrator in 30 pt. and 14 pt. Futura. Linoleum block, off-red.  
 Cover design: Linoleum cuts in blue and black. Title in 30 pt. Futura, blue. Author in 18 pt. Futura, black. On gold background.  
 Paper: Delivered from Zellerbach Paper Co. as Ivory Linweave Text, deckle. However, watermark reads *Linweave Early American*. 160M 25 x 38.  
 Cover paper: 26 x 40-260M Gold Atlantic Cover.  
 Types: Text: 12 pt. Goudy Light Oldstyle (Monotype), Roman and Italic. Title, half-title and headings: 30, 18 and 14 pt. Futura (Foundry).  
 Ink: IPI Everyday Bond Black, Everyday Bond Bright Blue, Everyday Bond Red (mixed with another color here).  
 Press: 14½ x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor treadle operated.  
 Edition: Second. First printed.  
 Size of edition: 982 copies.  
 Printings: One.  
 Date of issuance: December, 1944.  
 Copyright: 1944, The Untide Press.  
 Remarks: Stiffness of paper gave more trouble than anticipated, and resulted in many fuzzy pages throughout the book. Through an error in the color block opposite Elegy X, which was run in the same location as that of Elegy VIII, it was necessary to redesign that page. The designer neglected color on Elegy XI, making that spread appear tamer than the others. Elegy XI also contains a typographical error: *diminished* was printed *dimished*, and the by-line on Elegy I should have been run in Italic.

Title: *Generation of Journey*.  
 Author: Jacob Sloan.  
 Illustrator: B. Straker James.  
 Designer: B. Straker James.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Half-title, title page, copyright notice, dedication, three poems in section one ('From New Hampshire'), four poems in section two ('The Colony'), three poems in section three ('To My Wife'), colophon.  
 Production: Letterpress; pages printed four-up.  
 Binding: Pamphlet style, french-folded sheets (uncut), two staples through center of single signature, cover glued to end pages at spine. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.  
 Number of pages: Forty.  
 Size of book: Nine and five-eighth by six and one-half inches.  
 Illustrations: Four pen-and-ink drawings reproduced by line-cuts. Three are sectional divisions, the middle one being a double spread, printed in black; one is cover illustration.

Title page: Author, title, illustrator's name, press name: 36 and 14 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (Monotype), 60 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (ATF), the latter for the title which is in almost an Indian brown (specially mixed).

Cover design: Line cut in special red-brown. Author's name in 60 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (ATF), in a special orange-brown. On grey stock. Price printed on rear cover.

Paper: 25 x 38-100M Ivory Linweave Text; deckle. (Zellerbach Paper Co.).

Cover paper: 20 x 26-130M Antique Grey Hammermill (Zellerbach Paper Co.).

Types: Text: 12 pt. Goudy Light Oldstyle (Monotype), Roman and Italic; footnotes in 10 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (Monotype). Sectional pages: 60 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (ATF). Author's name on title page in 36 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (Monotype). Titles of poems, title page & colophon: 14 pt. Goudy Oldstyle (Monotype).

Ink: IPI Everyday Bond Black; various shades of brown mixed at Waldport from IPI Royal Red, Blue and Black (all Bond).

Press: 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor or treadle operated.

Edition: First.

Size of edition: Approx. 850, although colophon says 950.

Printings: One.

Date of issue: March, 1945.

Copyright: 1945, The Untide Press.

Remarks: Some offset in this entire edition in the illustrations. Particularly troublesome was the double spread for 'The Colony,' which we finally ran separately, worrying constantly about register, because we could not get either adequate impression or inkage. After fewer than one hundred pages of 'Waterville Valley' had been run, an error was discovered caused by the type setter having set the poem partially from memory of an earlier version, rather than watching. This was corrected and after one hundred-fifty more impressions were made, another error from the same cause was uncovered and corrected. Proof was belatedly read carefully and the remaining seven hundred impressions were without error on this run. The entire edition of the book was run with an error in the last line of 'Waiting En Route,' which was pointed out by the author after the book had been published. Six copies were misgathered, and ninety-four rejected for offset, making the edition 850 approx. The glue used to bind the book was found to have a chemical action on the paper, and after some months there is a slight discoloration which shown through the cover; may have to be rebound.

Title: *The Residual Years.*  
 Author: William Everson.

Illustrator: William Everson.  
 Designer: David W. Jackson, Jr., William Eshelman, William Everson.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Title page, acknowledgements, seven poems, colophon.  
 Production: Mimeograph.  
 Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, single signature, hand-sewn, cover glued to end pages at spine. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.  
 Number of pages: Thirty-two.  
 Size of book: Seven and one-quarter by eight and three-quarters inches.  
 Illustrations: Two, traced from originals to stencil. One used both on title page and cover; the second on colophon. Both in red.  
 Title page: Title spread over two pages in red; illustration in red; sub-title, author, press name in black. All type from A. B. Dick writing guide #686.  
 Cover design: Single illustration in red on dark grey construction paper.  
 Paper: Blue-grey cheviot mimeograph, 20# or lighter. (Fraser Paper Co.)  
 Cover paper: Gray construction paper from Northern School Supply.  
 Types: Text: L. C. Smith #10, elite; headings-first lines, title page, 'Note' in A. B. Dick writing guide #686.  
 Ink: #1710 Red Mimeotone, #767 Black. (A. B. Dick.)  
 Press: None. Mimeograph is #77A, A. B. Dick.  
 Edition: First.  
 Size of edition: Approx. 330 copies.  
 Printings: One.  
 Date of issue: April, 1945.  
 Copyright: None.  
 Remarks: Typing by Jackson, titles spaced & cut by Eshelman; layout idea by Jackson, executed by Eshelman upon consultation with author. The red runs were made by removing the ink pad, placing a cover sheet over the ink grille, utilizing a new ink pad over the cover sheet and painting the red ink on directly. The entire production of the book was conceived and executed in less than one week, in early December of 1944; however, it was not bound, the cover paper having not been decided upon, until April, 1945. The single error in the first poem, page 2, line 5, was corrected by the author by hand, and the entire edition was signed by the author.

Title: *poems: mcmxliii*  
 Author: William Everson.  
 Illustrator: Clayton James.  
 Designer: William Everson.  
 Classification: Poetry.  
 Contents: Two flyleaves, title pages, dedicatory stanzas, fourteen poems, author's name, colophon, fly leaf.  
 Production: Letterpress; two-up.

Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, single signature, two staples at center, cover glued to end pages at spine. Bound at Untide Press, Waldport, Oregon.

Number of pages: Forty.

Size of book: Nine and five-eighths by six and three-eighths.

Illustrations: One linoleum block on cover, one on erratum sheet; in black.

Title page: 30 pt. Lydian (ATF) lower case only; title only; in red.

Cover design: Cut in black, bled on right-hand edge; title, author's name in 14 pt. Lydian (ATF) lower case only, red.

Paper: 25 x 38 Sub. 50 White Mountie Eggshell Book (Carter, Rice & Co.); endpages of 25 x 38-100M White Monastery Book (C R & Co.).

Cover paper: 26 x 40-260M India Antique Atlantic Cover (C R & Co.).

Types: Text: 12 pt. Goudy Light Oldstyle (Monotype), Roman and Italic; titles, title page, author's name page, cover: 30 pt. Lydian (AFT) lower case only.

Ink: IPI Everyday Royal Red; IPI Everyday Bond Black.

Press: 14½ x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor or treadle operated.

Edition: First.

Size of edition: Approx. 500 copies.

Printings: One.

Date of issue: August, 1945.

Copyright: None.

Remarks: Printing by the author in late 1944, of careless inception and execution, done rapidly to get an old series of poems 'out of the way.' The author subsequently took more interest in the work, but too late to remedy the light paper, narrow margins, careless presswork of the early runs. The book was never thought out or designed, but 'grew.' For instance, the poems were originally untitled, but upon completion the pages look so sparse that the poems were then titled and the titles run in red. There were several errors, necessitating the re-running of some sheets, which depleted the stock of paper and could not be replaced. This occasioned substitution of paper for the endpapers. The omission of five lines in poem V was discovered only after the book was bound, an erratum was designed, utilizing a small cut made for the purpose by Clayton James.

Title: *An Astonished Eye Looks Out of the Air.*

Author: Kenneth Patchen.

Illustrator: None.

Designer: Kemper Nomland, Jr., from an idea by the author.

Classification: Poetry.

Contents: Half title, two contents pages, title spread, acknowledgements & copyright page, foreword, reverse block only, 29 pages of poetry (34 poems), blank page, colophon, and list of other books by same author.

Production: Letterpress, four-up.  
 Binding: Pamphlet style, sheets french-folded & trimmed, single signature, two staples, cover label glued to cover staples. Bound at the Untide Press, Cascade Locks, Oregon & Pasadena, California.  
 Number of pages: 40.  
 Size: 9½ x 6-5/16.  
 Illustrations: None.  
 Title page: Left half of spread, 72 pt. bold Futura (except for "O"s which are ATF Spartan) in a special Job Deep Red; right half of spread, over a reverse plat of special grey, the author's name in 48 pt. Futura demibold in black, a dedication & the Press Name in 18 pt. Futura Medium in black.  
 Cover design: Black paper with white label of brilliant gummed paper with the title in 48 pt. Futura demibold in black & author's name in red, same size; back of cover same, with colors reversed.  
 Paper: 25 x 38 - 100 M Gabardine Book paper (Carter, Rice & Co.) ; all but 50 copies have one sheet (8 pp.) of 26 x 40 - 100 M Hadley Deckle, necessitated by having to discard one sheet because of an error & being unable to secure Gabardine.  
 Cover paper: 26 x 40 - 260 M Black antique Albemarle cover (Zellerbach).  
 Types: Text: 14 pt. Spartan medium (ATF) ; titles of poems: 36 pt. Futura demibold (Bauer) ; contents page: 12 pt. 20th Century, medium (Monotype) ; Title page: 72 pt. Futura bold (Bauer) ; 48 pt. Futura demibold (Bauer), 18 pt. Futura medium (Bauer) ; Acknowledgment & Colophon: 12 pt. Futura light (Bauer), 12 pt. 20th Century italic (Monotype).  
 Ink: All IPI, special red, special grey, bond black.  
 Press: 14½ x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor operated; reverse tint-blocks by The Franklin Press, Corvallis, Oregon on a large flatbed press.  
 Edition: First for 14 poems; others selected from previous books.  
 Size of edition: 1,950 copies.  
 Printings: One.  
 Date of issue: May 20, 1946 to public; 50 copies completed December 11, 1945, of which 25 were sent to the author.  
 Copyright: By author.  
 Remarks: Many lessons accompanied this project, although there is nothing to show they were all learned: 1) never have any part of your work done out; 2) never attempt work ten times as complicated as you are capable of doing; 3) for small editions, two-up is as good as four.  
 Title: *Imagine the South.*  
 Author: George Woodcock.  
 Illustrator: Wilfred Lang.  
 Designer: Wilfred Lang & The Untide Press.  
 Classification: Poetry.

Contents: Heavy grey flyleaf, title spread, Acknowledgments & copyright page, blank, 16 pp. of poems, middle decoration, 18 pp. of poems, colophon spread, back of heavy grey flyleaf.

Production: Letterpress, two-up.

Binding: Pamphlet style, folded sheets, single signature, two staples, cover glued to heavy grey endpapers at spine. Bound at The Untide Press, Pasadena, Calif.

Number of pages: 40, plus heavy grey end papers.

Size of book: 9 $\frac{5}{8}$  x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Illustrations: Cover, one linoleum block with two line cuts over it; title spread, five linoleum blocks, three line cuts, one rule & type, in a total of 4 colors; middle spread, three linoleum blocks with two line cuts over them, in a total of three colors; colophon spread, two linoleum blocks, one line cut, one rule & type in a total of four colors; four linoleum blocks & type on back cover in a total of 3 colors.

Title page: 18 pt. Futura light (Bauer), 12 pt. Bembo (Monotype), title line cut from hand-drawn letters.

Cover design: Frost grey stock, smoke grey linoleum block with peach & black line cuts over; back cover two smoke grey linoleum blocks over & type in black.

Paper: 35 x 45 - 232 M White wove Strathmore text (Blake, Moffitt).

Cover & end paper: 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 26 - 133 M Rhododendron Cover in Frost Grey and Smoke Grey (Blake, Moffitt & Towne).

Types: Text: 12 pt. Bembo (Monotype); titles, 18 pt. Futura light (Bauer); back cover, 18 pt. Futura medium (Bauer), 14 pt. Spartan medium (ATF).

Ink: Calif. Bond black, 1P1 specially-mixed light grey, dark grey & peach.

Press: 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 22 inch Challenge Gordon platen press No. 6460, motor operated, hand-fed.

Edition: First.

Size of edition: 1,000.

Printings: One.

Date of issue: Nov. 7, 1947.

Copyright: 1947, The Untide Press.

Remarks: Increased knowledge of expansion trucks facilitated more even text blacks than heretofore. New register problem when tympan paper, pine & all worked to the right & went unnoticed for some time.



"Daddy, what did you do to help keep the peace?"

COMPASS Summer-Fall 1944





COMPASS Summer-Fall 1944

Selective service official, Colonel McLean, overseeing the burning of brush by men assigned to do work of national importance by Civilian Public Service.



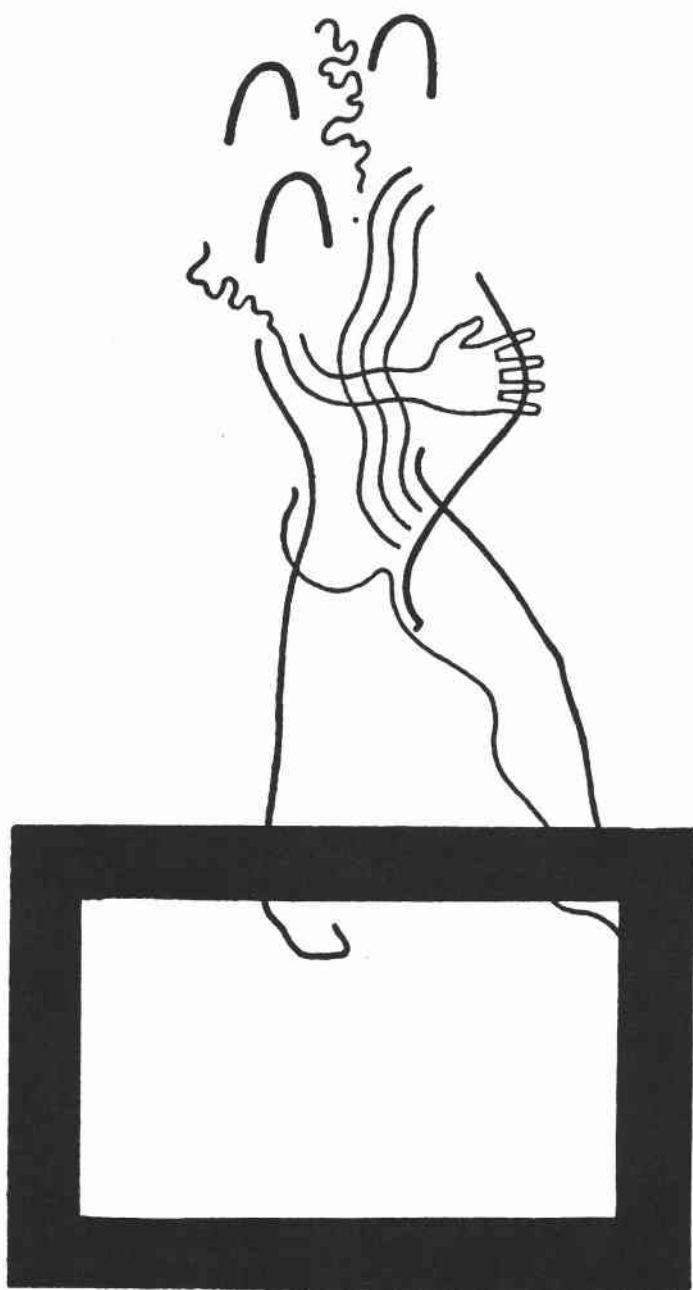
## Martin Schmitt: A Memorial

Through the years the readers of the *Call Number* and its successor IMPRINT:OREGON have come to expect literate articles reflecting the resources of the Special Collections Division of the University of Oregon Library. The person most responsible for the high standard of these publications was Martin Schmitt, Curator of the Special Collections Division.

On November 22, 1978 Martin Schmitt passed away after a long illness, during which he remained hard at work doing those things he loved so very much—accessioning new holdings in the manuscript collection, writing, reading and editing, and of course advising students on the sources of the manuscript collection.

Martin did not see himself as courageous or heroic in his battle against cancer. He retained his sense of humor, his dedication to his work, and his compassion for others. Although his counsel will no longer be available, the high standard of quality Martin established for this publication shall continue to guide the future of IMPRINT:OREGON.

KR



"WAR ELEGY V" From: "War Elegies" 1944 by William Everson. Illustration by Kemper Nomland, Jr.