

Hometown Hannibal

Explore the real-life inspirations for Mark Twain's fiction/F4



Lifestyle

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 2014

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LETTER FROM HARRISBURG



Dorcas Smucker

Some new growth just needs time

I almost gave up on the camellia bush. As one of those determined, low-maintenance plants that makes people like me look like far better gardeners than we are, the camellia bush filled my office window with a view of sturdy branches and thick, shiny leaves. As I recall, the leaves never dropped off in all the 14 years we've lived here, even as the plant grew some 12 feet tall. It bloomed in an explosion of pink early every spring. It reassured me that if, God forbid, our daughter Jenny or any other child fell from the upstairs window, they would land safely in those dense branches instead of on the ground.

Independent, reliable, pretty and multipurpose — that was the sort of bush I wanted for a friend.

Last December we had a cold snap, the temperature dropping into unheard-of fridity — single digits, then zero, then seven below.

Well into January, with the weather back to normal, I noticed that the camellia leaves were dropping off the bush, making a thick layer of dull leaves with curled-up sides, shrunken and sad.

Oh dear.

Surely this was a normal response to extreme cold, I thought, Nature taking care of her own, and the bush would revive and bloom in February like always.

I saw one bud in February. It snapped off when I touched it, a dead relic of the previous spring. The bare branches scratched my window through March and April and May.

Was it dead, or not? Brittle twigs broke off in my fingers. The only green on the entire bush was a bit of moss. A dark eyesore on the north side of the house, stark and naked among all the greenery and growth around it.

But I had a horror of cutting it down if there was any chance it would revive. So I waited.

Meanwhile, daffodils and tulips bloomed, and lilacs and fuchsias and daisies.

Surely it was dead and ruined, and we might as well cut it down, burn it, replace it with a new shrub. But I still had an inner urge: wait.

Give it time.

I think it was August when I saw the most improbable sight. All around the thickest part of

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The fine arts residents of the Civilian Public Service Camp No. 56 just south of Waldport appear in a photo from 1943. Their dormitory is now the Waldport Heritage Museum.

PRISONERS OF PEACE

Author uncovers fascinating piece of Oregon Coast history: A work camp set up for conscientious objectors during WWII



ANDY NELSON/The Register-Guard

Steve McQuiddy has written a book called "Here on the Edge" that documents the history of an internment camp just south of Waldport where conscientious objectors spent their time during World War II.

BY RANDI BJORNSTAD
The Register-Guard

Just off Highway 101 on the Oregon Coast, roughly halfway between Waldport and Yachats, a sign points to the Angell Job Corps Center.

These days, the facility takes in youths ages 18 to 24 to help them further their education and learn job skills in order to better their lives.

But during World War II, from 1942 to 1946, the "camp" had a very different purpose: It was a prison of sorts, housing conscientious objectors — COs — whose personal convictions ran so contrary to the idea of war that their moral sense could not allow them to participate.

Nationwide, about 50,000 people spent the war in the CO — officially known as CPS, or Civilian Public Service — programs.

Camp No. 56, the designation



An assembly line of campers cut, chop and stack wood — the camp's primary source of fuel for heating and cooking.

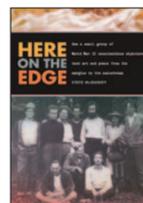
for the Waldport camp because it was 56th of the 151 CPS camps opened during the war, became home to an interesting array of "interns."

It was nicknamed Camp Angel, dropping the second "1" of its namesake Norman Angell, a forester who had died in the early 1930s.

Ironically, a much more famous Angell of the same name — Sir Ralph "Norman" Angell of Great Britain — was an active anti-war activist who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933.

One poet stationed at Camp Angel, William Everson,

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STEVE MCQUIDDY ON "HERE ON THE EDGE"

Tsunami Books: 7 p.m. Thursday, 2585 Willamette St. Free. 541-345-8986

Nye Beach Writers' Series: 7 p.m. Saturday, Newport Visual Arts Center, 777 N.W. Beach Drive. Admission \$6, students free. writerson-theedge.org

"Let these Conscientious Jitterbugs stay in camp — their act smells!"

— DAVE HALL, 1940S' LINCOLN COUNTY TIMES EDITORIAL WRITER

30 ARTISTS ... 300 COSTUMES ... 20 ACTS ... "DAZZLING" -The Washington Post

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