



Above is entrance to Camp Abbot, Army Service Forces Training Center south of Bend, Oregon, on U. S. Highway No. 97, with spectacular Bachelor butte in background. The native timber structure was built by Engineers in the design of the Corps insignia.

Camp Site Created by Ancient Crater Action

(What is the story behind the old volcanoes that look down on Camp Abbot? Phil F. Brogan, veteran of World War I and now news editor of The Bend Bulletin, member of the Oregon Geographic board and writer of geologic articles, has volunteered some information on these ancient landmarks, so abundant in the upper Deschutes country. We are sure men of Abbot who not only live among the old volcanoes of Oregon, but work among them, will find his article of considerable interest.)

Guarding picturesque Camp Abbot on Oregon's upper Deschutes river is the greatest array of extinct volcanoes found in any part of North America—volcanoes which not so long ago, as geologists measure time, shaped the topography where men of Abbot now play the grim game of war.

Abbot's guardian volcanoes are parts of two separate mountain systems, the towering Cascades just to the west and the low-domed Paulina range in the southeast. These ranges, with their different types of lava flows, merge near Camp Abbot, although apparently separated by the meandering Deschutes above Benham falls and the bottom lands formed in ancient Lake Benham.

Most majestic of all the aged volcanoes looking down on the Camp Abbot terrain are the towering Three Sisters, each more than 10,000 feet high. These great glacierbearing peaks are the remnants of a massive mountain of old, Multnomah of the Oregon skyline, shattered by volcanic explosions, deeply eroded by glaciers of the pleistocene.

Most familiar of all volcanoes looking down on Abbot is beautiful, symmetrical Bachelor butte, 9,044 feet in height and glacier-bearing. This is one of the most imposing isolated peaks of the middle Cascade range of Oregon. It is directly southeast of the towering Three Sisters, and receives its name because it stands apart from them, austere, cold and mighty.

The glaciated Three Sisters and Fujiyama-like Bachelor butte are only a part of the great family of mountains in the central Cascades overlooking the Camp Abbot and Bend country on the east and the rugged upper McKenzie river country on the west. Other peaks of this mountain family include the Hus-

band, the Wife and the Brother.

Faith, Hope and Charity

In early days, so pioneers say, the Three Sisters were known as Mount Faith, Mount Hope and Mount Charity. In the opinion of Lewis A. McArthur, author of "Oregon Geographic Names," the Three Sisters, with Broken Top and Bachelor, comprise "the most majestic alpine group in the Cascade range." Broken Top, huddled close to the South Sister, is the eroded remnant of a secondary volcano.

Immediately southeast of Camp Abbot are the Newberry volcanoes, grouped around the massive shield forming the base of mighty Mt. Newberry of prehistoric days. When active volcanoes ruled the Cascade range, sending billowing clouds of ash into the sky by day and illuminating the heavens by night, Mt. Newberry dominated the skyline just south of the area now occupied by Camp Abbot. This giant volcano probably reached a height of 12,000 feet before its massive top collapsed, in concentric faulting, forming the present Newberry caldera, location of East and Paulina lakes, two of the most beautiful in the northwest. These two caldera lakes are separated by a series of comparatively recent volcanoes.

Surrounding the Newberry shield, many of them visible from the Camp Abbot area, are hundreds of parasitic volcanoes, which in the distant past hurled volcanic bombs into the air, filled the sky with ash, and sent lava streams tumbling down the sides of the parent volcano.

It is the opinion of geologists that in no part of the world can be found more evidence of spectacular volcanism than in the upper Deschutes country of Oregon. This is manifested not only by the cold volcanoes of the present, but by spatter cones, fissures, lava flows and lava tunnels.

Lava Tunnels Unique

The lava tunnels of the upper Deschutes basin are among the most unique features of the region. These conduits, some of them more than a mile in length, are believed to be subterranean drainage channels, formed when molten lava seeped out of a cooling flow. Lava River tunnel, the type cave of the region, is adjacent to highway No. 97, between Bend and Camp Abbot. To the east is Skeleton cave, more than a mile long and sufficiently

wide for two trains to operate side by side—provided two trains could be lowered underground. There are scores of such caves in the area.

Also on highway No. 97, not far from Camp Abbot, is Lava Butte, a volcano which hundreds of years ago sent a flood of lava westward to dam the Deschutes river and force that mighty mountain stream to cut a new channel. It was the damming of the river by the Lava butte basalt that formed the meadow land on which Camp Abbot was constructed.

Notes From C - 52

By Cpl. Lowell Young

C-52 recently underwent a serious operation without benefit of anaesthetic. The combat engineers were removed with one sweep of the knife, and transplanted into A and B Companies. They did a swell job for C company during their 12 weeks here. They are responsible for the shields that hang on our mess hall walls, that signify that they were highest in the battalion in Technical, Tactical and Administration training at the end of the 10th week, and the technical shield in the 6th week. We are sorry to see the old bunch go, and we know that they will hold up their end of the show in their new places.

We hear that the men who went to the Oil Refinery Battalion from here are getting along O.K. Pvt. J. C. Melody writes from Camp Santa Anita, Calif., that he is enjoying a fine camp, good food and weather that is too warm for "long johns." He says that most of the fellows from C company are just finishing a refresher course down there, but says, "Don't bust your buttons. They make better soldiers at Abbot." Pvt. Melody is going back to his old trade of refinery welding, and expects to be sent to a refinery in the near future.

Our new boys in C company are doing O.K. We went on a bunion derby last week, that included an overnight bivouac, and that was only three days after they came to us. They are all specialists in the outfit, so they missed a lot of training in marches and bivouacs, but they sure learn fast catching on to out-guard duty in a hurry, and a chipmunk would have a hard time getting past their fixed bayonets. They made a good assault crossing near the end of the problem, and most of them had

never been in an M2 boat before. Most everybody, including cadre, found out that they were not the men that they thought they were when they went up the assault course, but the training division said they handled themselves well under battle conditions.

Pvt. Jack Dallas, who trained in C-52 in the last cycle, is now in England. Pvt. Dallas has made his home in Bend for the last 25 years, and his wife is living there with his parents. Jack was one soldier who got a break. It isn't everybody who gets to train so close to home.

Pvt. Tole Greenstien, also of the last cycle of C-52, writes that he is now in a replacement center in the Hawaiian Islands, and says that there are about a dozen men from the old outfit with him. He knows where he is to be sent, but of course he can't tell us. It seems that the Abbot boys are going both east and west, and we know they will be among the best soldiers in the army. Abbot is a tough camp, and our soldiers are tough soldiers.

C-52 lays claim to one of the most expert chow hounds in Camp Abbot, if not in the whole army. Corporal Davis says that he reached for a hot cake the other morning, and before he could get his hand out of the way, Sergeant Krepol had his hand on a plate, and had it covered with butter and sugar. Maybe the Sgt. thought the fingers were pork sausage. No wonder Sergeant Krepol's pistol belt is out to the last notch.

The boys here have noted that K rations are good to eat. That was when they were eating D rations. The Ks lost out, though, when they sat down to a mess of Blackie's pork chops after three K meals in the field.

Sgt. Joe Bombach was being escorted to headquarters after he had tried to slip through the guardhouse around one of our bivouacs. He stopped once, and the guard had a little trouble getting him started. The second time he tried it, Pvt. William Priel planted the business end of his bayonet in Sgt. Joe's posterior region with some force. We think we could put Joe up against anybody in the standing broad jump.

The boys around here are plenty good in a couple of this

war's most important items, namely, movement, cover and concealment. If you don't think they know about camouflage, just try to find a detail around here on a Sunday morning.

Sgt. Krepol was explaining some technical matters in the field the other day, and after some work was done in training, he was holding a critique. He asked one of the boys a question, and when the answer was given, he said "That's a good answer, but it's wrong." The sergeant is an easy man to please.

Pvt. Manuel Bettencourt had some trouble with his gas mask when he went through the chlorine chamber, and had to be assisted outside. As a matter of fact, he got his mask over his arm, and tried to put his helmet liner over his face. He says that he is a better man than the rest of the company because they all had to have masks on while they were in the gas, while he did O.K. without one (almost).

Overheard on the company street: "There is some good in all of us. Even the worst bolo serves a very useful purpose. He can be set up as a horrible example."

In the first running of the obstacle course by our new specialist bunch, the 3rd squad of the 3rd platoon average time was 5 min. 15 sec. Equipment carried was No. 2 pack, under arms with gas masks.

Pvt. Bob Earle, who took his first six weeks with C. company last cycle has sent us a V-Mail letter. He is somewhere in New Guinea, and he says that he likes it there very well. They have plenty of jungle and coconuts, and he says that there are plenty of places of interest that he hasn't seen yet. It was just nine weeks ago that Bob came over to tell his friends good-bye. This is a fast war all right. Bob spent the last eight weeks of his training over in B Company, where he learned to be an army clerk. He is an expert on the typewriter as well as with the M1 rifle.

North Bergen, N. J. (CNS)—New Jersey's candidate for "Mr. Meanest-Man-in-the-World for 1943" is Charles Malootian, 51, a pants presser, who locked his 80-year-old mother in the cellar with only a crust of bread to eat, according to police.



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"America quit fighting soon—miserable servant hear radio say, 'Lay pistol down, lay pistol down'"