

Flanders Hero Decorated at Camp Lewis



GENERAL JOS. D. LEITCH
DECORATING
LIEUT. AT-LEE

BELAND. Photo.

ARTHUR T. LEE, FIRST LIEUTENANT, 364TH INFANTRY.
Arthur Trumbull Lee, to whom Major General Joseph D. Leitch presented Wednesday the Distinguished Service Cross on behalf of the war department, is 24 years of age. His father is pastor of the Presbyterian church at New-

berg, Oregon. His brother, Lieutenant Walter Lee, of the 148th field artillery, died in France November 16, of pneumonia contracted by lying in a shell hole after being gassed. Lieutenant Arthur Lee was a member of the class of 1917 at Whitman college, leaving before graduation to enter the first officers' training camp. He was stationed at Camp Lewis and drilled with the 31st division, with whom he served so valiantly abroad. Below, the line of officers in attendance at the presentation ceremony.

TROOPS OF CAMP LEWIS SEE GIFT OF HONOR MEDAL

D. S. C. PRESENTED TO YOUNG OFFICER OF 91ST DIVISION

FIRST SUCH OCCASION HERE

Maj.-Gen. Leitch Pins Cross on Lieut. Lee—Parents Are Present.

Apparently the least concerned and least disturbed person present at the ceremony on the parade ground Wednesday afternoon was First Lieutenant Arthur T. Lee, 364th Infantry. Yet it was for him that the 1st Infantry marched on the field and formed in line behind the colors, together with two or three thousand soldiers of numerous divisions attached temporarily in the 168th depot brigade. It was to him, standing solitary on the field while the formation was aligned, that the commanding officer, Colonel Harvey W. Miller, came. It was in his honor that Major General Joseph D. Leitch attended with his staff—for the commanding general came to pin upon his breast a symbol of one of the highest honors the nation can bestow upon a soldier, the Distinguished Service Cross. The pride and glory of it all shone in the faces of Lieutenant Lee's parents, Rev and Mrs. George H. Lee of Newberg, Oregon, and of his sister, Miss Ruth Lee of Port Angeles, who were here to attend the ceremony. It was the first of its kind in the camp, and so far as is known it was the first time the honor won on bloody French soil has been bestowed on the field back home where the soldier first drilled with his comrades.

Lieutenant Lee was a patient in the base hospital here, recovering from a bad bullet wound in the leg; but no inkling of the distinction due him was had by those around him until it was made public a few days ago by the commanding general. His companions in the hospital found him unassuming and retiring in the extreme. Yet his specialty was hunting and wiping out German machine gun nests, like a

farmer who plows mice under a granary. The citation regarding the cross says it is for extraordinary gallantry in this activity. At Tronsol farm, in the Argonne, on September 28, he led a platoon in the face of heavy artillery and machine gun fire, capturing seven guns and returning with his command in good order. At Leeuwkan, Belgium October 21, while "spotting" machine guns which were holding up the advance of American troops, he was shot in the leg and refused to retire until ordered to do so by a superior officer.

These citations General Leitch read aloud, after announcing to the troops the purpose of the ceremony. "Officers and soldiers of Camp Lewis," he said, "you are assembled here today to do honor to one of the soldiers of the American expeditionary forces who has so distinguished himself in France by extraordinary gallantry as to win the Distinguished Service Cross, one of the highest awards that can be made to any man or officer in our army. It is given for acts above anything required or expected in line of duty." Then he pinned upon the lieutenant's blouse the crimson and blue ribbon carrying the precious emblem. "For Valor," stepped back a pace and saluted him. As the young man returned the salute, the band began "The Star Spangled Banner," and the general and colonel stood beside him to honor the anthem and the dipped colors.

Memories of Olympia

BY C. M. MOORE

Original Big League of Nations.
Another old-time citizen of Olympia has joined the original Big League of Nations—up there where peace is forced on them by nature. It seems that as long as man lives in this world he is by nature forced to fight. But when he joins the silent league of nations thenceforward he has universal peace, in spite of the enthusiast who thinks he can subdue and control the world and the enthusiast who thinks he can give universal peace by force. After all we must all succumb to nature and when nature says war there will be war whether man's league of nations sanctions it or not.

MITCHELL.
In the Morning Oregonian of March 18th there appeared a notice of the death of William Henry Mitchell at Los Angeles, aged 84 years, whose funeral was held in Portland the following day and interment in

Riverview cemetery. On the editorial page was this comment regarding the late resident of Olympia:

"The life of the late W. H. Mitchell covered the full period of growth of the Oregon Country from his arrival in 1853 to his retirement from active business in 1896. He was of the old school, of which integrity is the foundation stone, and there is a tablet to him in the name of 'Mitchell' on something on almost every farm in this great section."

The passing of Mr. Mitchell brings to the minds of our old settlers the early days of Olympia where he spent the most of his active business life. The name of "Mitchell," as mentioned by the Oregonian, evidently refers to the wagons, farming machinery and autos bearing that name, but they were not the invention nor manufactured by our W. H. Mitchell, although after his father's death he has been connected steadily with the firm of Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., whose home office and factory is in the East.

In the early days it was Mitchell & Lewis, when W. H. Mitchell, the son, lived in Olympia and had no connection with the manufacture of the Mitchell wagons and farming machinery by his father in the East. On the death of his father he became associated with the firm, which was then the Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., their western branch being located at Portland, Oregon, where the business has since been conducted by W. H. Mitchell and his son Harry, who is manager of that branch.

Ward & Mitchell.
After my arrival in Olympia on October 9, 1877, my first acquaintance with Mr. Mitchell was when he and our good old pioneer, Ira Ward, conducted a sawmill under the firm name of Ward & Mitchell at the upper falls in Tumwater, and their lumber yard was located near the present site in Olympia of the Olympia Door Company's plant. Old settlers who are still alive will remember these two old pioneer lumber merchants, and John Marshall who, with his steady, plodding team, hauled their lumber down from Tumwater to their lumber yard in Olympia.

And these same old settlers will know if I am relating these circumstances correctly or not. It is easy to make mistakes when one has to depend on memory as we go rattling along through life with no thought of recording for future reference the hurried transactions of the bygone days. As I look backward to old

times in Olympia some things seem quite dim at present.

Bob Frost's Hardware Store.
It must have been Ward & Mitchell who built that big building for their business at about the corner of Third and Jefferson streets. After the fire, which started in Robert Rawson's restaurant and consumed all the buildings on the east side of Main between Fourth and Fifth streets, they moved that building from Third and Jefferson to Main street for Robert Frost's hardware store.

The old building has had many years of hard wear, but if I am not mistaken, George Mills is still selling hardware in the same old building, long after the demise of those sturdy old pioneers, Ward and Mitchell and Robert Frost. I can see them all yet, and they look just as they did when I saw them in the seventies.

The Mitchell Machinery Depot.
Did that old sawmill at Tumwater burn down? I dunno, but anyway it disappeared and Mr. Mitchell opened a depot for Mitchell wagons and farm machinery at the corner of Third and Columbia streets, next to his residence, which was in the middle of the block, opposite the Carlton House, and when he was called to the Portland branch after the death of his father, the Olympia branch was continued by my old-time friend, B. W. Johns, who was a brother of Mrs. W. H. Mitchell.

His good friends generally spoke of him as Ben Johns because he was never afflicted with braggadocio or dignity. When he and his good wife Mary V. Johns lived just south of Tumwater on their farm, they furnished pasture for the live stock of Lammon & Moore's Meat Emporium in the old McKinney building at Fourth and Main, now covered by the big McKinney block.

Golly! How it does make us old timers hark back to old times in Olympia when we think of our good old friends in those happy days and hear the tick of the old timekeeper giving notice that another one has joined the Big League of Nations, never to return for strife in this bustling, busy, breathing atmosphere. It would make us wish to follow on with them if it were not for the brave old comrades who are still battling along beside us. It is a true saying, uttered by the servant of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde when he said; "What a funny, funny world!"

If the editor of the Morning Oregonian had known Mr. Mitchell as well as us old timers in Olympia knew him he could, with his ability as a writer, have given a better and a longer editorial for such a good old pioneer as was William Henry Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Fullerton are the happy parents of a baby boy, born at St. Peter's hospital Monday morning. Mrs. Fullerton was formerly Miss Dorothy Lang. The youngster weighed 8½ pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Leghorn have had as their guests this week their nephews, Jack Lyons of the Royal

Air Forces and Charles Lyons of the British navy, whose home is in Vancouver. Both enlisted in 1914 and were but recently discharged.

Mrs. Fred Stocking was hostess at a delightful tea at her home on East Seventeenth street Wednesday afternoon, to the ladies of the Baptist church and their friends.

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