



INFLUENZA SITUATION BAD

INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC MORE VIOLENT AND WIDESPREAD THAN PREVIOUS VISITATION.

Instead of having subsided from its crest, the influenza epidemic in this city and state as a whole seems to be more aggravated instead of being lessened. City physicians report at least 200 cases in Independence and unless it is immediately taken in hand and more drastic measures enforced, this city will be in a most desperate situation. The plague seems to be more severe than when it first struck our city several months ago. Three deaths is the record for this week, with a number of victims in a serious condition.

The city council met last evening and adopted an ordinance regulating the enforcement of the quarantine of patients in an effort to prevent further spread of the disease.

The many deaths occurring this week may be attributed chiefly to influenza. The death of H. L. Fitchard, owner of the Independence Bungalow Garage, removes from our business circles a progressive and influential citizen as well as business man. Mr. Fitchard was taken sick shortly after New Years Day and for awhile seemed to be getting along nicely, but a change for the worse came, with the result that he crossed the great divide early Wednesday morning.

Harold Fitchard was born in Clinton, New York, February 10th, 1890, and when a young man moved to Uta at which place he later was married to Miss Margaret Retzer on May 15, 1912. During the same year he moved to Los Angeles, California, where he engaged in the Automobile business. The following year he removed to Independence, Oregon, where he made his home and engaged in a similar business up to the time of his death.

He is survived by his wife and son Robert Lewis, his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P., a brother, Thomas N., and a sister Dorothy. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Fitchard the funeral services will not occur until Monday, which will be strictly private to conform with the quarantine law. The body will be taken to the Crematory at Portland, complying with the wish of the deceased.

Mr. Fitchard was a member of the Masonic Order of this city and leaves a host of friends.

WARREN FOSTER.

Warren Foster, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foster, of Portland, who at one time resided at Oak Point died in Portland Tuesday, influenza being the cause. Mr. Foster who lived with his aunt, Miss Jessica Foster at Oak Point, went to Portland to spend the holidays, but on his arrival found his parents sick with the influenza. He remained to nurse them and contracted the malady himself and died in a few days. Mr. Foster was 29 years of age and is survived by a sister and four brothers. One of the brothers in Enterprise, Kansas, one living in Dallas and two in the O. A. C. The family came to

DIGS ALL DATA FOR WILSON'S PEACE.



When President Wilson quotes facts and figures in his various peace stands at Versailles, he will know - absolutely - whoseof he speaks. Dr. Sidney Messer, president of the College of New York City, accompanied the president as chairman of the committee whose duty it is to furnish all such



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Oregon from Montana nine years ago

COLUMBUS TETHEROW.

The death of Mrs. Columbus Tetherow, a native of Polk county and descended from one of the pioneer families of the Willamette Valley, occurred in Portland within the past week. She had been in delicate health from a constitutional ailment for the past two years but this was not the immediate cause of her death. She had gone to Portland to have dental work done by her brother, Dell Ireland, and while there contracted the influenza which terminated fatally.

Mrs. Tetherow's maiden name was Annie Ireland, a daughter of William Ireland who died last year. She was born about 47 years ago on the family homestead, now known as "Walnut Acres" and owned by S. Taylor Hill. Her forefathers were pioneers, her grandfather being Steven Staats. Since her marriage to Mr. Tetherow she has lived on the original Tetherow donation land claim near the Luckiamute River.

She had no children and beside her husband is survived by a sister and five brothers. They are Mrs. Bessie Hammell of Falls City, Fred Ireland, of Lebanon, Woolworth Ireland of Corvallis, Dell and Clarence of Portland and Glenn Ireland of Eastern held on Tuesday.

CHARLES H. HOAG.

Charles H. Hoag of Dallas, was born in New York in 1841, and died January 2, 1919, at the age of 77 years, three months and 17 days. He came to Oregon when a young man, coming by the way of Panama. For a year and a half he was manager of a saw mill at Jefferson, Marion county, where he met and married Lenora Terhune. They soon left for Wasco county where he was engaged in stock and sheep raising for a

couple of years, when they returned to the valley and bought a farm in Polk county near Suer. Eight years ago he retired from farming, and built a home in Dallas. To mourn his loss he leaves a widow, a son, Dwight A. Hoag of Marion, a brother, S. A. Hoag of Hoquiam, Washington, a sister, Mrs. Myra Williams of New York, and many other relatives and friends. A daughter, Artie Gertrude is deceased. He was an earnest christian, being a member of the Evangelical church. For the past four years he has been an invalid, but through all his suffering not one unkind word or a murmur of complaint ever came from his lips. He was ready to go, his only regret being the leaving of his loved ones.

STEVEN BARKLEY.

Chauncey Barkley passed away at the Hotel Beaver Friday afternoon, following an illness of several days of influenza. Mr. Barkley was well known over Polk county and was an extensive stock buyer. A number of relatives from a distance were at the bedside when the end came. His home was at Corvallis where the body was taken for burial.

Rube Troxel who lived in North Independence, after an illness of about three days with influenza, passed away on Thursday. A short private funeral service was held Friday and the body taken to Lebanon for burial. Mr. Troxel was a man of good character, honest in his dealings and a good father as well as husband. He leaves a wife and several small children.

NO ONE SHOULD BE CARELESS STOPPED BY D --- M OLD HUN

WHEN SICKNESS COMES EVERY PRECAUTION SHOULD BE TAKEN TO PREVENT THOSE ILL AND THE COMMUNITY.

It seems foolhardy on the part of those who refuse to obey the quarantine laws when flu is contracted. It does not seem necessary to have the entire community unite to enforce the law, as is being done in several cases in surrounding towns. Those who have the disease in their homes ought to have the sense of self protection at least and do the right thing to prevent the disease from spreading.

The Enterprise urges everyone to observe the quarantine laws strictly, for if we do not, we will have the disease worse than ever. Take for example the people of Salem and



GENERAL HAIG

Albany, and other cities which have had a relapse so to speak. The disease is spreading like wild fire there and reports are that in nearly all cases it is of the virulent form.

Good Care is Best.

From all reports the great medicine for the flu is good care. Those who immediately undertook to rid themselves of the disease were successful and were not very sick. They went to bed at once and remained there until they were well, and then did not venture out until they were certain that they were strong enough to stand the rigors of the weather.

A strict quarantine was maintained without law enforcement and as a result those sick quickly became well and the disease was prevented from spreading.

How easily this can be done, and yet people continue to willfully violate the law.

MAKES ESCAPE FROM GERMAN PRISON, BUT STOPPED BY GUN IN HANDS OF HUN GAURD.

Base Hospital No. 49 France, December 2, 1918.

DEAR SISTER:—J

At last I am back in France (thank God) after four months with the Huns, but at present none the worst except some very unpleasant memories of solitary confinement and starvation. Our great American Red Cross has saved many of our lives by sending us food, some of which we received, but often our parcels were robbed before they reached us. I escaped September (Friday) the

13th; was gone for ten days and nights sleeping in the woods during the day and traveling during the break, my comrade and I were slipping through a little town by the name of Erding, hoping to find concealment in the river bottom on the other side, but here luck was against us. We were just turning a corner when a d— Hun guard cried 'halt! We looked around and found ourselves covered with a gun, of course, we were helpless and hardly able to drag ourselves along. They took us to the town where we spent two days and nights; the food was not very good, but they gave us plenty. We were returned to our former prison and placed in confinement (that is my pard and self) The other two who escaped with us were brought in the next day. We were all in one large cell for two days, then one night when supper was late, we started to sing, "God help Kaiser Bill," at the same time around the table to keep warm. It was quite cold, no heat was allowed us, also our beds were folded up so we could not use them during the day.

Now to get back to my story. Our singing did not seem to take very well with our gailors, for they came rushing in shouting "Dos ist Verbatin, etc" We laughed and said we did not know it. They then noticed we were not standing at attention; Then there was an explosion of jaw-breaking words. I thought he was going to blow up and bust, also I stopped laughing and began to look worried, for we could see he had went too far. The result was that we were put in separate cells at once. The next day the mayor came and gave us three extra days of solitary, which was to be added to our sentence for escaping, which we found out to be 21 days (14 days later) thus making 24 days in all, but when our time was up they could not give us transportation to another camp, so we had to wait three days more before we could leave.

I could write a book of my experiences while in Hunland, but I would rather wait and tell it to you when I come home. I have been examined by the M. D. and placed in Class A, which gives me active duty just as soon as our quarantine is over. So I cannot say when I will leave for the good old U. S. A.

I received your dear letter and pictures both were very good, but I don't believe I would have known you unless you had of told me who you were. You shure look as though you had tried to get as large as sister Lil. I also received a letter from Lil, mother and Mrs. Fenton, they were the first word I had received from home. I was overjoyed to hear that mother and father were O. K. as well as the rest of you.

Well sister, I will close, for I have so much to do. First I must locate my clothes for the uniform I have worn while in Germany is out at the seat, also it is away too small for me, for during my last month of captivity I actually got fat, even so far as to get a double chin. I also grew a mustache, but shaved it off before I left. It was red.

I don't know where my clothes have been sent, so must get busy and locate them. They have put me in a ward, and taken all of our clothes to be delivered, so I stay in bed most of the time, except when the chow call sounds.

Well sister, I will close and write again soon. You may address me U. S. Air Service A. E. F.

Your brother,

RALF.

DEWEY STEEL RETURNS HOME

Dewey Steel, who has been in actual service with the Canadian army in France for the last thirty months, was wounded and sent home with the first casualties after the armistice was signed and is at present at the home of his sister Mr. N. C. Anderson. Dewey tried every branch of service of the American army, but was rejected as physically unfit. He received shrapnel wound as well as gassed by the Germans, the latter taking the worse effect, but he does not murmur at his misfortune and says he would not have missed the big battle for anything. His many friends are all eager to listen to his interesting war stories which he can tell to a finish.



LEON TROTZKY

U-BOATS WERE OUT OF LUCK

LYNN HUNTLEY IN SQUADROM OF CONVOYS PROTECTING 45000 SOLDIERS ACROSS SEAS.

C. E. Huntley recently received the following interesting letter from his son Lynn, which is as follows:—

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28.

DEAR DAD:—

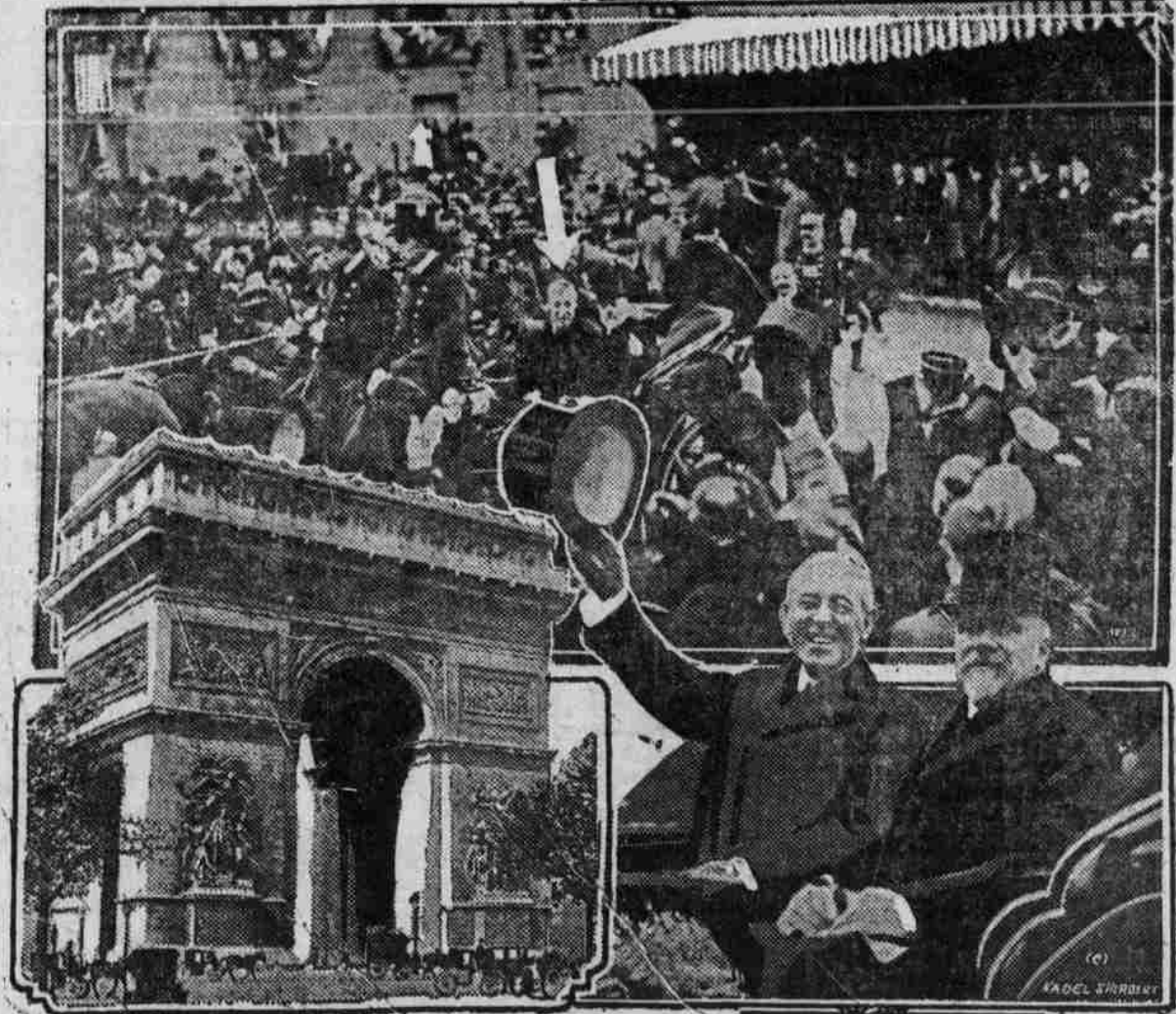
Recieved your long and very interesting letter yesterday and am taking advantage of this great holiday which holds a double significance this year, and the boys are making the most of it. The censorship was lifted at midnight last night, so we can now feel more free in writing. The weather is delightful today, just enough snap in the air to make one full of life. There are about fifteen large battleships at anchor in the harbor this morning with all flags flying, bands playing and several thousand hungry gobs impatiently waiting for the big dinner. You spoke about the demonstration at Independence when news of peace came. Well, you should have been aboard this battle-wagon. We were about 300 miles off New York when the news came by wireless. I happened to be on watch in the inter-fleet station on the wireless telephone set, when a breathless messenger from the main station came tearing by with the message, which said: "All hostilities have ceased on the seas and the restriction on lights is lifted." We were returning from our second convoy trip and had been running with a totally darkened ship, except the radio shack and station well below decks, and its no joke with 1200 men aboard to stumble around open hatches not knowing what minute you may leave the boat-deck and pick yourself up in a coal bunker about seven decks below. As soon as the captain read the message, he had all lights turned on. That was about 8 o'clock in the evening, then the whole crew went delirious with joy.

The band came out and paraded all around the ship with the crew behind in single file, band playing and every one singing "Hail! Hail! the Gang's all Here, so what the hell do we care Now." This being one of our latest navy songs. Whistles blew, bells rang and every object which would produce noise was used. Then Captain McClain came out and said "make a night of it boys."—We did.

We had been shot at three times by torpedoes and if it hadnt been for the good judgment and cool head of our brave captain, the old Battleship New Hampshire would probably be in Davy Jones' locker. The first attack was when we went out for target practice just before starting on convoy duty. It was a foggy morning, about 9 o'clock when the look-out, shouted down "Submarines on the port side, sir." We were standing at quarters on the boat-deck at the time. Torpedo defense sounded instantly and in less than a minute 1200 men were at their battle stations. Meanwhile the three and seven inch guns began to roar. At almost the first shot on the periscopes, listed and disappeared—we had made a dead hit. The other bub let two torpedoes go at right angles, and by putting the helm hard over the ship swung with her bow toward the submarine and the torpedoes shot by one on either side. By that time the Sub was out of sight. The officers

(Continued to Page Eight)

Over There With Woodrow



Welcoming Woodrow in Europe has been one of the most "Americanized" stunts our allies have ever indulged in. It has been in a two-dated whoop'er up way which has thrilled all who witnessed the demonstrations in France and England. Here are the first pictures of Wilson in Europe. Upper shows President Wilson, with President Poincaré, receiving the wild cheers of the people as their carriage leaves the railroad station of Boulogne Woods. The "close-up" shows the two driving along the Champ Elysees, in Paris. The insert of the Arc de Triomphe is the historic structure through which President Wilson has just driven, vindicating his peace mission. The other picture shows a group of soldiers, led by the Prussians who passed under it in 1871.