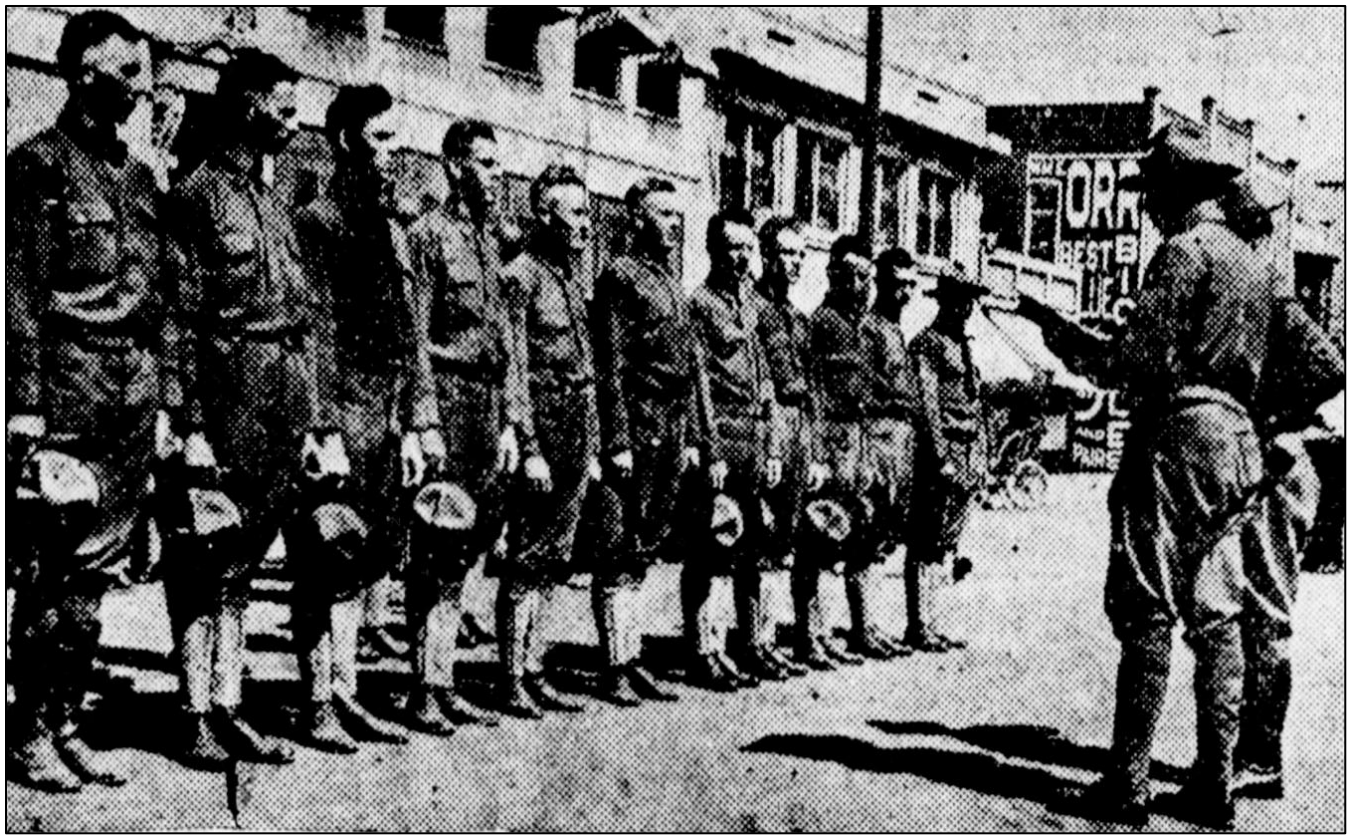
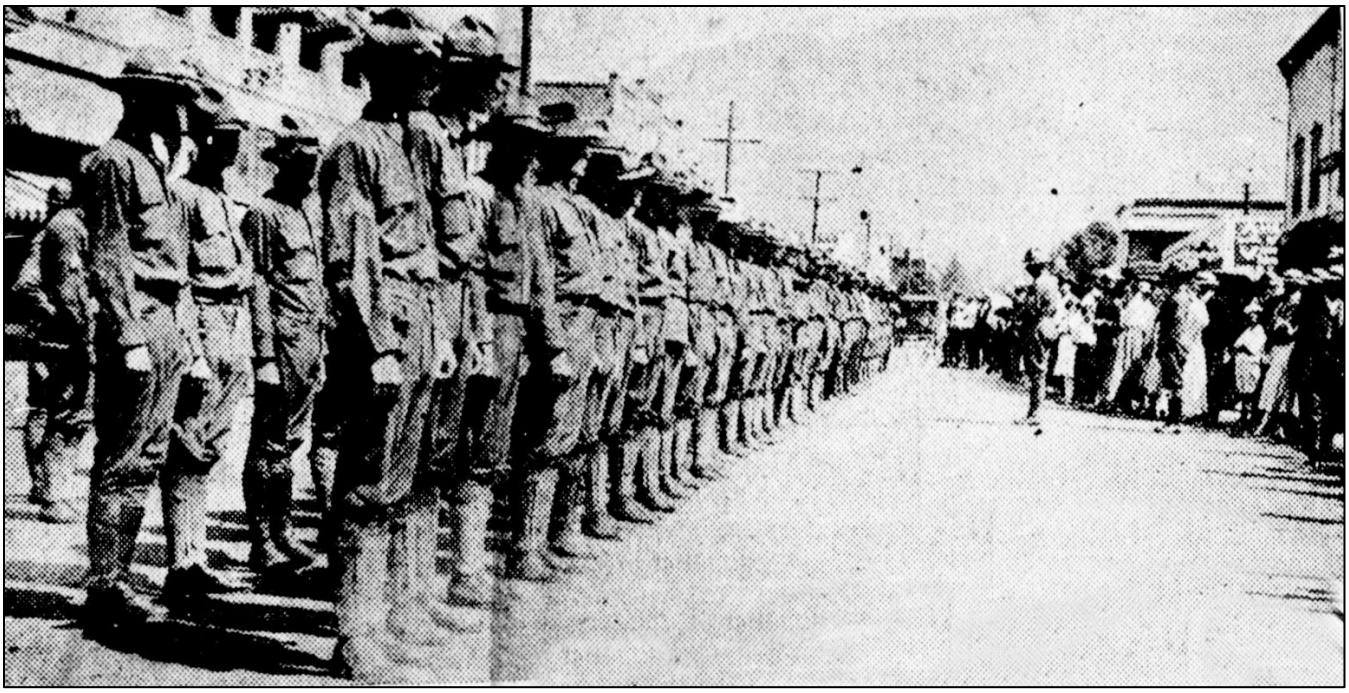


Over Here

Monrovia's First War

1917-1918

By Richard Singer
For the Monrovia Historical Society



Part I
Hail Columbia*!*

THEY LINED UP in two nearly straight rows just as they'd done during months of drill practice, but now they were wearing their brand new khaki uniforms complete with trooper hats and leggings, so if they weren't yet standing ramrod straight, and here and there some shoulders still slouched and a few chests still drooped, they nevertheless looked a lot like soldiers . . . or at least like raw recruits, which is what they were.

The 24th Coastal Artillery Company of the California National Guard, 130 strong and made up primarily of Monrovia men and a smattering of others from Duarte, El Monte, Sierra Madre, Azusa and Covina, had been federalized and called to duty with America's entry into World War I. As the company mustered on Myrtle Avenue at 7 a.m. Monday, August 6, 1917, Captain Charles Brown called the roll: "Brownfield," "Here;" "Carter," "Here;" "Harvey," "Here;" "Kirchenschlager," "Here," "Scofield Ethan," "Here;" Scofield Samuel," "Here;" "Stewart," "Here;" "Wharton," "Here . . . ."

Facing the men from across the street, families, friends and well-wishers overflowed the sidewalk to see them off, some wives and mothers weeping quietly, fathers looking proud but fighting back their own unease. It was the third time in three days that the community had gathered to say goodbye, and, ironically as it turned out, the men weren't actually going anywhere. Not yet.

THE BIG SEND-OFF—the really *big* send-off—had been two days before on Saturday, August 4 when quite literally the whole town turned out to wish them well. A 6 p.m. dinner under the pepper trees in Library Park opened the evening's festivities, with all 130 men seated at long tables surrounded by several hundred townsfolk who paid to eat with them, the $100-plus in total proceeds going to the company's mess fund along with dozens of jars of jams, jellies and preserves also donated by their dinner companions. As the soldiers and donors ate, others began gathering in the park.

By 8 p.m., somewhere between 3,000 and 5,000 others had arrived, according to published accounts, and were anxiously awaiting the start of the evening's promised patriotic extravaganza. They wouldn't be disappointed.[1]

The 24th had received word of the mobilization just four days earlier, so there wasn't much time to put together a big send-off. But the community threw itself into the project with wartime vigor. The ladies of the Red Cross organized the dinner and the donations while Francis Carothers, music director and organist at the Baptist Church and leader of the Monrovia City Band, put together a gala pageant to both entertain and inspire.[2]

It helped that it was a near-perfect summer evening. By 8 p.m. a yellow moon shone through the park's trees and a breeze began to cool the air. The thousands now filling the park crowded behind ropes, filled the park's benches and overflowed onto Myrtle Avenue. Earlier in the evening several arrivals had spotted a stack of chairs belonging to the City Band hidden behind the band stand and had appropriated them, requiring some of the soldiers to go into the crowd to get them back before the pageant could begin.

Carothers himself directed and narrated the pageant, leading the band, a dozen adults and more than 200 children on a raised platform at the northern end of the park.



The pageant began with a blast of trumpets and the stirring chords of *Hail Columbia* as Mattie Rogers entered the stage representing Columbia herself in a classic Greek costume, carrying a silk American flag and leading a parade of forty-eight young girls in white dresses with red, white and blue sashes, each carrying a blue pennant with a single silver star representing the nation's forty-eight states.

As Columbia seated herself center stage, the states grouped around her and the band played *America*. Carothers then introduced "Peace and Pleasure," a parade led by eight young girls in Hawaiian costumes and eight young boys and girls in sports uniforms followed by slightly older girls in Scottish dress—Julia Hayes, Harriet Dyke, Floramay Coolidge and Thelma Laird—who danced the highland fling and the sailor's hornpipe accompanied by the band. Their performance was followed by Mary McCune who did a Spanish dance to Spanish music.

Suddenly there was an alarming crash of war cymbals and the beating of battle drums. The Scot and Spanish dancers rushed to Columbia and the states were agitated until the calming voice of President Woodrow Wilson, as recited by Carothers, reassured them. California, portrayed by Dorothy Dillon, stepped forward then to pledge her devotion to Columbia and to offer up her treasures.

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[1] A remarkably large crowd when you consider that the total population of Monrovia in 1917 was about 5,000.

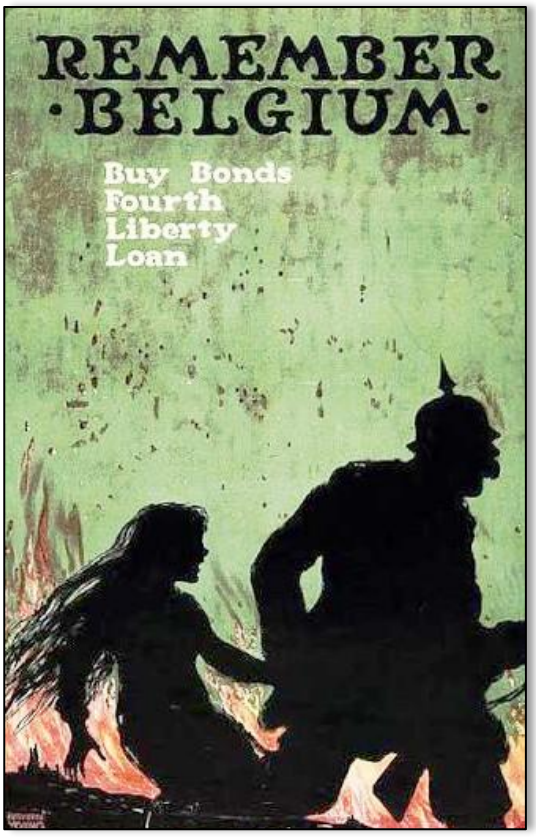
[2] Carothers was the great-great nephew of President James Monroe. He and his wife Mary lived at 511 W. Maple for 35 years.

To the music of *I Love You California*, she reviewed her industries and resources: agriculture first, with children carrying oranges and lemons to represent fruit pickers, followed by vegetable gardeners with carrots and lettuce, farmers with corn and wheat, milk maids with pails and a boy in blackface carrying a basket of cotton. Industry entered, with sixteen boys costumed as wheelwrights, sailors, mechanics and aviators and, behind them, eight girls in gold and silver dresses representing mineral wealth. Finally, Motherhood of the Southland entered impersonated by Klea Valentine and escorted by a troop of Boy Scouts.

The massive audience applauded enthusiastically with each entry, then roared, cheered and surged forward as the band broke into *Stars and Stripes Forever* and the 130 men of the 24th Coastal Artillery Company came marching in two abreast with near-perfect cadence, passing in review before Columbia and her forty-eight states. As they passed the stage, the soldiers were showered with flowers from both the cast and the audience. Then everyone, soldiers, cast and audience, stood and sang, some weeping unashamed, as the band played the *Star Spangled Banner*.

THE WORLD WAS A MESS IN 1917. Germany and the Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman empires had squared off against an alliance of Britain, France, Russia and Italy in what would become World War One, and after more than two years of battling had arrived at history's bloodiest stalemate with between ten and fifteen million dead, wounded or captured and no end in sight.

In the Pacific, Japan had at first joined the allied nations and seized the German colonies in the Marianna, Caroline and Marshall Islands, then backed away and began cozying up to Germany while making veiled threats against the other European interests in Asia, all the while rattling a sword toward the United States in anger over laws baring Japanese immigration and property ownership. Meanwhile in Mexico, a series of revolutions, bandit raids and corrupt dictators kept the U.S. border states in near-constant anxiety, while the United States Army was tied up chasing bandit/revolutionary Pancho Villa from Sonora to Chihuahua to Zacatecas and back again.



War bond poster c. 1918

Most Americans wanted nothing to do with the European War as they called it, and heartily approved of the Wilson Administration's insistence on U.S. neutrality. About a quarter of the U.S. population then was of German extraction, and most of the other three-quarters had ancestral ties to the allied nations. But Germany's invasion of neutral Belgium and repeated reports of German atrocities against civilians in Belgium and France, including women, children, priests, nuns and medical personnel, had, by 1917, turned public opinion decidedly toward the allied cause.

The Wilson Administration continued to hold to a policy of strict neutrality, but it also began preparing the country for war should it come to that. It initiated the nation's first peacetime draft and began beefing up the army and navy. It also increased aid to the allied countries in the form of food, medicines, fuel and armaments sent across the Atlantic on U.S. ships.

German U-boats had already sunk several of those ships, bringing the U.S. to the brink of joining in, when Germany, in what was to prove to be a massive miscalculation, announced that it would pursue a policy of

unlimited submarine warfare against any ship in the Atlantic, and—knowing that could bring the U.S. into the war on the allied side—began secretly encouraging both Mexico and Japan to invade and annex the Southwestern states and California in a ploy to keep the U.S. forces occupied and away from Europe. When the American public and the Wilson Administration learned of the German moves and both Japan's and Mexico's possible interest, neutrality was no longer possible. And so, on April 6, 1917, when the United States Congress declared war on Germany, it did so with the nation's full support. [4]

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, THE EVENING after the Library Park extravaganza, the men of the 24th were guests at a religious service sponsored by five Protestant churches from the Monrovia Ministerial Association. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, veterans of the Civil War, filled the front row. Directly behind them sat the men of the 24th while congregants from the Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Episcopal churches packed the rest of the pews. There were prayers and hymns and a collection that raised another $35.63 for the mess fund, and then the 24th heard the Congregational Church's Reverend Arthur Skeele sermonize on the theme "Fight the Good Fight."

"You are today doing the most heroic thing that is possible for a man to do in laying down your lives and your all on the altar of your country," he told the recruits. "To fight is the law of the universe, under the law of survival of the fittest. All fighting is of two sorts, egotistic and altruistic; the struggle for self and the struggle for others. We may be sure that fighting of the unselfish sort, whether it be for a good cause or a needy fellow creature, is in full accord with the spirit and the teaching of the Master who said, 'I came not to spread peace, but a sword,' and who came to lay down his life for the world.

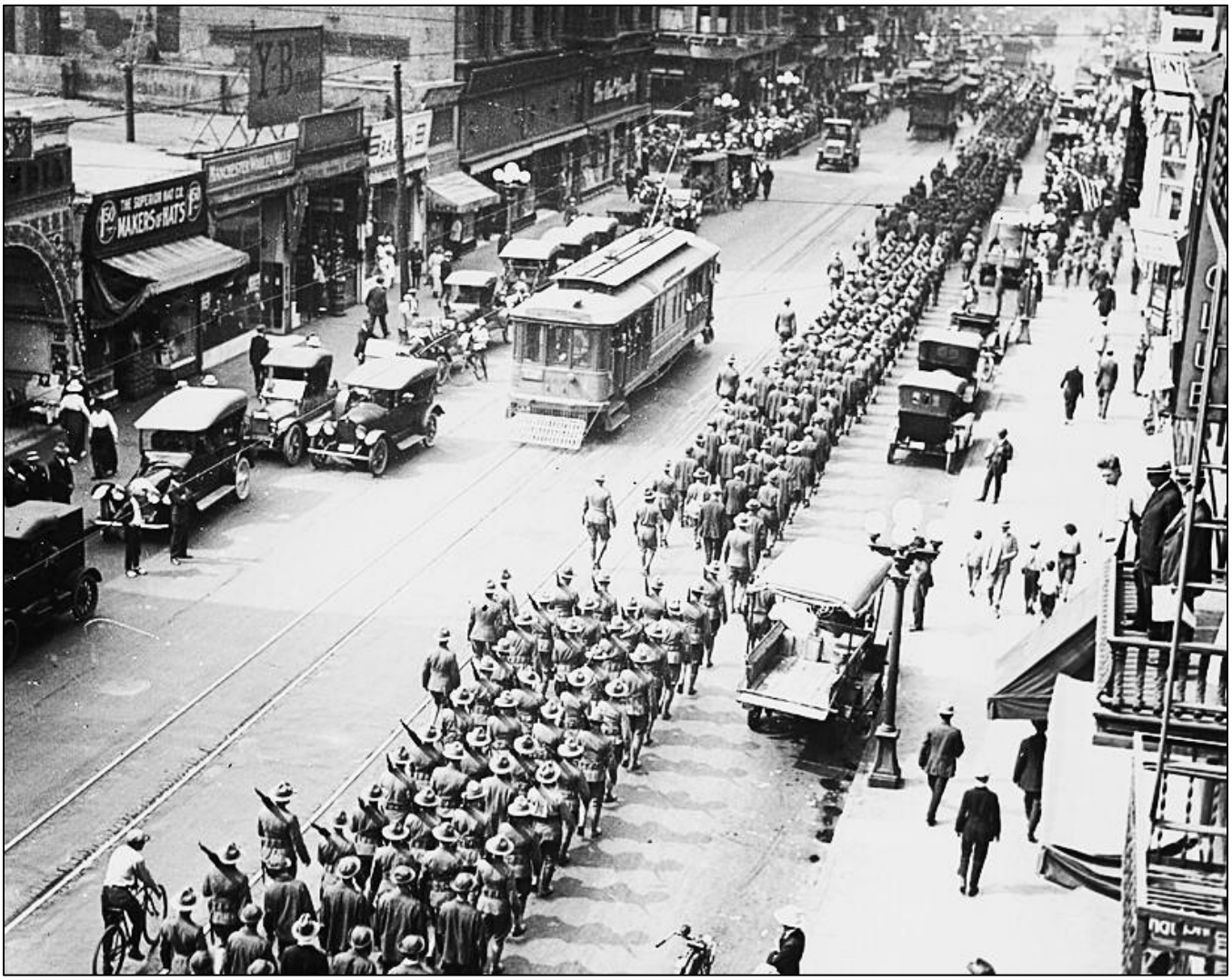
"Our hearts are with you as you go forth today into this good fight," he said. "We praise you for the heroic choice that you have made; we congratulate you on the high honor of being the defenders of your country; we charge you to be faithful to the trust that has been imposed upon you; we pledge to you our comradeship and support in the home field, every one of us, all doing not merely his bit but his best for the speedy winning of this good fight, with the help of Almighty God to whom we commit you and your holy cause."

THE NEXT MORNING, all 130 men of the 24th were expecting to leave for Ft. MacArthur in San Pedro at the mouth of Los Angeles Harbor where they would complete their basic training and learn to use the field guns and mortars protecting the harbor from possible attacks by German submarines, Japanese invaders, or Mexican insurgents. But Ft. McArthur wasn't ready for them yet, so after mustering on Myrtle Avenue, answering roll call and saying goodbye for the third time in three days, they simply marched three blocks to the field behind the high school on Ivy Avenue and set up tents, and there they spent the next week eating, sleeping and drilling. It wasn't until Tuesday, August 14 that they finally got notice to move out.

The earlier goodbye scene on Myrtle Avenue repeated itself that morning, but this time, after the men of the 24th had said their goodbyes yet again, they climbed into a caravan of autos that took them into Los Angeles where they joined a regimental band and men from five other local companies in parading 700 strong through the downtown to the Pacific Electric station at Sixth and Main. There they all boarded Red Cars for the rest of their journey to Ft. MacArthur and basic training.

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[4] For a detailed and exciting account of events leading to the U.S. entry in WWI, read *The Zimmerman Telegram* by historian Barbara Tuchman.



The 24th and other regional companies march 700 strong down Spring St. on their way to Ft. MacArthur.

Part II
A Question of Loyalty

"It is our theory that anyone who pacifies Mexico
will be entitled to at least three Nobel peace prizes."

Atchison, Kansas *Globe*
January 20, 1914

MONROVIANS TOOK THE THREAT of a Mexican insurgency or a Japanese invasion very seriously in 1917 and they set about preparing a home defense well before the declaration of war with Germany. Eight months earlier, the Monrovia Rifle Club, the forerunner of a home guard, was organized and began preparations to defend the community should the nation's armed forces be busy elsewhere. The impetus came from one man,



Anti-German, Japanese and Mexican cartoon from 1917

61-year-old South Monrovia fruit rancher Waldo Huss Marquis, who had been warning of threats from both Mexico and Japan, and decrying Monrovia's unpreparedness, for months. "I became determined to make an effort toward organizing a rifle company," he explained, "when I thought what a small percentage of our men know the first thing about military training. During the last few months, as Master at Arms in the Gem City Knights of Pythias Lodge, I have had to conduct the initiates through their work. I made it a point to ask them whether they had any military training and found that out of forty, only one had any training whatever."

Marquis wasn't shy about his views on Mexico and Japan when recruiting for the rifle club. "Do you know that the yellow and brown men outnumber the white men by the enormous total of 32,000,000?" he asked rhetorically. "How would you like to see the states of Washington, Oregon and California pass into the hands of the hordes of Asia? What could prevent such a catastrophe in case our little Pacific fleet was destroyed, unless we had a large, well armed, well trained force to resist invasion? No section of the country is more vulnerable than the Pacific coast.

"The marvelously rich country of Mexico is inhabited by a non-productive race," he continued. "The survival of the fittest will be the inevitable result. It is the destiny of the United States to dominate and eventually absorb this country unless, mark this, through our own folly and supineness the Asiatics succeed in establishing themselves upon the western coast of America, as they hope to do."

Whether his racial and political views motivated recruits can't be determined, but by the time his rifle club had organized he was claiming 120 members. Marquis, not surprisingly, became the club's president, with prominent Monrovians George Anderson, George Baker, Ralph Black and Samuel Bennet rounding out the

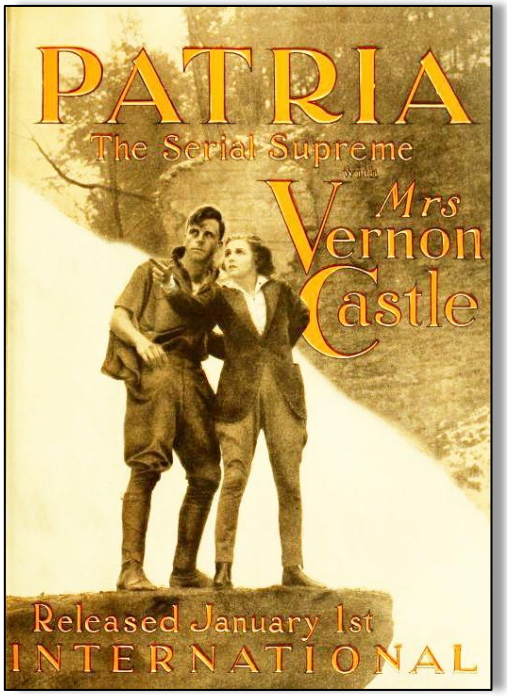
officers. But the real stimulus to organize no doubt came from a Wilson Administration project that offered cheap rifles and free ammunition to just such groups and for much the same reasons as Marquis set forth, primarily giving an unprepared American populous some weapons training in case war couldn't be avoided.

While club members were under no obligation for military service, the Monrovia Rifles,[6] as they called themselves, would be eligible to buy army surplus Krag-Jorgenson rifles for $5 each (they retailed for $17.50)[7] and each man would receive 120 rounds of ammunition.


Krag-Jorgenson bolt-action rifle

The club itself would get one free rifle for every five-man squad it organized and would qualify for government rates on other equipment and supplies. To make it all official, the club was formally sanctioned by both the state's adjutant general and the federal government. Land was donated for a shooting range behind Gold Hill and it was cleared and embankments raised by club members and volunteers from the 24th who were invited to share the range, which they did right up to their mobilization. Dues for club members were set at $1 per year.

It wasn't just Monrovians who fretted about possible Japanese and/or Mexican aggression. On March 7, a month before the U.S. entered the war, Monrovians witnessed a small dirigible blow up 200 feet over the Southern Counties gas plant, a location often used by balloonists to fill their bags. The explosion prove to be a special effect for a movie company filming a scene for a new serial, *Patria,* starring Irene Castle (under the name Mrs. Vernon Castle for some reason). In the movie script the airship supposedly carried three Japanese air-artillerymen on a mission to attack the U.S.



"Patria" movie poster, 1917

Communities throughout the county were forming their own home guards. In Los Angeles, they mustered to protect aqueducts and power lines against possible sabotage. In Santa Monica, a cadre of women organized themselves as a military unit, the home guardswomen. Women under 40 trained as a rifle company while those over 40 were delegated to ambulance and hospitality duties.

The home guard in Azusa actually went into action in early April when hundreds fruit pickers harvesting oranges—Mexican-Americans and Mexican nationals—went on strike, setting off violent confrontations with local police, resulting on April 9 in the shooting death of one striker and the arrest of nine others. Over the next week, sixty volunteers from Azusa's home guard, calling themselves the Citizens Protective League and armed with

[6] They took the name from a similar cadre formed in 1898 to protect Monrovia from a feared Latino uprising during the Spanish American War.

[7] The breech-loading Krag-Jorgenson rifles, in use by the army since the Spanish-American War, had been phased out and replaced with new Springfield rifles by 1903.

army surplus rifles, were deputized and joined the police in patrolling Latino neighborhoods and searching homes for weapons. During those patrols, two Latino men were arrested, tried and later convicted in the local court of distributing pro-German literature among the strikers. They reportedly admitted to being anarchists.

In Monrovia, Marshall Ernest Bovee reassured residents and businesses that, "I do not expect any such difficulties," and "I can safely say that we are safe. Mexicans in Monrovia are law abiding. They have been here for years and unlike those reported to have been stirred up in other localities by 'sympathizers,' they are loyal. We would find them aiding us if we were ever called to defend our homes."

The Monrovia Rifles assumed the Home Guard mantle with the blessing of the municipal government, calling on "all Monrovia or Duarte men who have rifles, revolvers or shotguns," to "join this organization, or at least give a list of their weapons to the police so that in case of need the equipment could be used." To help train and drill the guard's volunteers, Captain Charles Brown of the local 24th Coastal Artillery volunteered his experienced assistance.

Addressing an organizational meeting of the Guard, Brown stressed the need for "sufficient military training to make them (guardsmen) obey orders promptly and go about their work in a business-like manner." He suggested districting the city, creating signaling procedures, establishing an officers' corps and "obligating every member so that when needed they could be depended upon to come."

Officers were appointed and regular drilling began, along with a program of physical conditioning based on the army's proscribed exercises. Their first such conditioning session on the Library Park lawn drew some amused attention from the local press:

"One of the strangest performances ever witnessed," the *Monrovia Daily News* told its readers, "was staged on the big lawn of the city park last night when members of the Home Guard were given their first sitting up exercises. Men who knew physical culture only as a printed word leaped into the air, hopped, skipped and flung themselves about with the abandon of children. And the hundred or so spectators gathered on the sidelines declared the program was better than an Orpheum headliner."



Capt. C. O. Brown

MONROVIANS WERE SUPER PATRIOTIC in the spring of 1917 and took the war and the possibility of insurrection, invasion, sedition and sabotage very seriously.

Cecil B. DeMille's epic film *Joan the Woman* opened at Colonial movie house on Myrtle Avenue the day after the U.S. declared war and was preceded by recordings of *America* and *Yankee Doodle* that brought the audience to its feet applauding and cheering; and the crowd remained standing and sang along as the theater's victrola followed up with the national anthem. When a transformer in the projector burned out halfway through the movie that evening, forcing the theater to give refunds, most took it as a matter of course, but rumors soon had it that saboteurs were behind the incident.

A week later, when the morning service at the Methodist Church was interrupted by clouds of black smoke billowing from the heating system, congregants were sure it was German, Mexican or Japanese sabotage until it was discovered that the janitor had turned on the facility's crude oil supply instead of the organ's compressed air, sending oil directly into the furnace where it accumulated and burned, filling the building with smoke and soot. Then there was the explosion from somewhere southeast of the city that rattled both windows and nerves at 8 p.m. on a Friday night, followed by a second unexplained blast an hour later, that sent the Home

Guard scrambling for their rifles and heading to their assigned defensive positions, only to learn that it was the Fulton Iron Works excavating boulders from a rock quarry along the San Gabriel River. And when someone used deadly carbon bisulfide gas to asphyxiate 250 hives full of Italian bees at an apiary on Foothill Boulevard, police said they believed it was done by someone with a grudge against the owner, but the local press also reported, "there is suspicion that the outrage may have been committed by alien enemies."

In January 1918, the federal government announced that all male "natives, citizens, denizens or subjects of the German Empire" over age 14 had to register as enemy aliens under penalty of imprisonment. Doing so, the government said, would be proof of their peaceful intentions. In June, alien women were added to the requirement. Eleven men and a like number of women registered in Monrovia. Most of them were in the process of completing naturalization requirements when the war broke out.

The California State Defense Council exhorted the public to be vigilant in rooting out enemy agents and sympathizers. "We are at war with the most merciless and brutal nation known in human history" it declared, "and its agents and friends are among us. These German supporters and sympathizers would see this country humiliated and beaten to the ground. They must be hunted down as we would hunt venomous snakes in the grass."



New York Herald cartoon, 1918

Hunt them down they did. In Monrovia, the first to be arrested was Arthur Fingus, a registered alien known locally as The Count due to his foreign accent and snobbish manner. Detectives reportedly found a cache of "obscene and objectionable photographs taken by him," in addition to a suitcase filled with German letters and documents stashed under a chest of drawers. Taken next was Mrs. J. P. McGowan, arrested on the complaints of several women for repeatedly saying Germany would win the war. Minnie Raymond, French-born proprietress of the rooming house in which Mrs. McGowan had lived for several days, testified at her trial that, "I think she is a German spy, and that she is going to put a bomb under my house. She is loose in the head, against the government, and I'm glad when I see she is pinched. If people talk like she does what would become of our poor soldiers? Our boys are good fighters and I know we're going to win. She is all the time saying, 'the Huns are coming, the Huns are coming.' I say she ought to be made to keep her mouth shut."

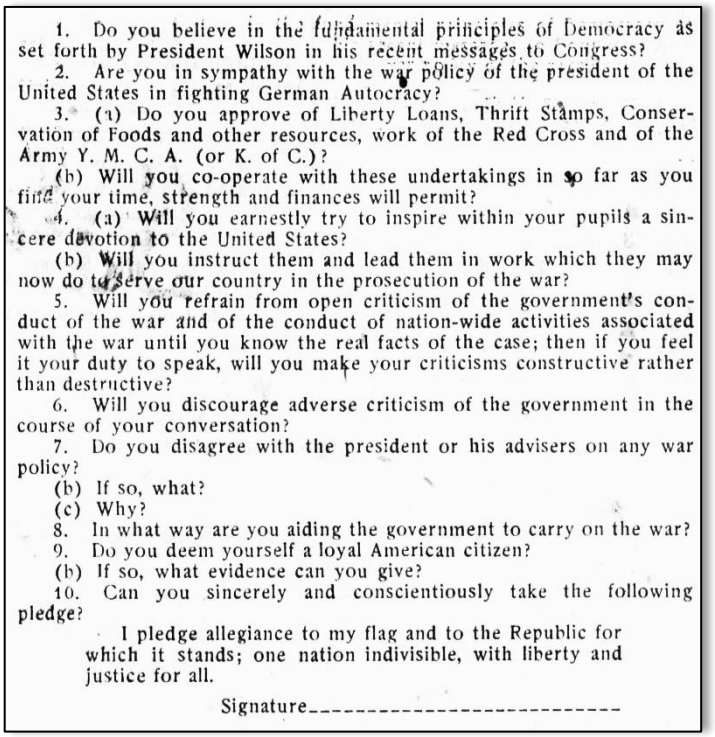
Clark Evans, a Monrovia fruit packer, was arrested at his East Huntington Drive home and charged with "seditious writings and utterances." Police confiscated several thousand copies of two books he'd authored on pacifism, *Living Christianity* and *Pagan Christianity*, in which he asserted that soldiers who go outside their country to fight are no better than murderers. He was ultimately freed by a federal court, but "severely warned against the anti-patriotic trend of some of his pages."

Local cabbie A. J. Lyons was arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace after calling his employer, J. H. Cokely, pro-German, prompting Cokely to go after him with a revolver. Cokely got arrested for brandishing

a firearm. Judge Vincent Bowser of the El Monte Court opined that, "calling a man pro-German in the present condition of public thought is itself a disturbance of the peace," of which he found Lyons guilty. He suspended the sentences of both men as long as Lyons refrained from calling people pro-German and Cokely stopped carrying concealed weapons. Austrian-born Joseph Blash wasn't so lucky. His reported pronouncements that he would "sow bombs and poison over California if he had an airplane," and that he thought the Kaiser was "a good fellow" and that he would fight for him if he had a means of getting to Europe, got him convicted of disturbing the peace and landed him in the county jail for ninety days.

Being a slacker—failure to register for the draft or avoiding callup—was also grounds for arrest. Jose Estrada, 29, detained for disturbing the peace, admitted to Marshal Bovee that he was unregistered and explained that he had tried, but he couldn't understand the procedure. Estrada was turned over to the county sheriff's office for draft evasion.

Persistent rumors that there were German sympathizers teaching in the schools led the Monrovia Teachers' Club to require its members to fill out and sign a loyalty questionnaire and submit to interrogation by a committee of their peers.



1. Do you believe in the fundamental principles of Democracy as set forth by President Wilson in his recent messages to Congress?
2. Are you in sympathy with the war policy of the president of the United States in fighting German Autocracy?
3. (a) Do you approve of Liberty Loans, Thrift Stamps, Conservation of Foods and other resources, work of the Red Cross and of the Army Y. M. C. A. (or K. of C.)?
(b) Will you co-operate with these undertakings in so far as you find your time, strength and finances will permit?
4. (a) Will you earnestly try to inspire within your pupils a sincere devotion to the United States?
(b) Will you instruct them and lead them in work which they may now do to serve our country in the prosecution of the war?
5. Will you refrain from open criticism of the government's conduct of the war and of the conduct of nation-wide activities associated with the war until you know the real facts of the case; then if you feel it your duty to speak, will you make your criticisms constructive rather than destructive?
6. Will you discourage adverse criticism of the government in the course of your conversation?
7. Do you disagree with the president or his advisers on any war policy?
(b) If so, what?
(c) Why?
8. In what way are you aiding the government to carry on the war?
9. Do you deem yourself a loyal American citizen?
(b) If so, what evidence can you give?
10. Can you sincerely and conscientiously take the following pledge?

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Signature_____

Among the questions: "Do you deem yourself a loyal American citizen? If so, what evidence can you give?" . . . "Are you in sympathy with the war policy of the president of the United States?" . . . "Do you disagree with the president or his advisors on any war policy? If so, what? Why?"

Once the entire teaching staff had filled out the questionnaire, been interrogated to the committee's satisfaction and had signed the Pledge of Allegiance, Morton Boyton, teachers' club president, reassured the community that "every teacher in Monrovia is a loyal American."

To further reflect such loyalty, Monrovia's high school trustees declared that the teaching of German in language classes would stop immediately, although four boys in their senior year who needed the class for their college requirements were allowed to continue their studies through the end of the year. High school aged boys were actively recruited as cadets in the California National Guard, and a learn-by-mail course was set up to teach them military disciplines. By the time the high school resumed after the 1918 summer break, a course in "military drill and tactical science" had been added to the required curriculum for all boys. Girls at Orange Avenue School meanwhile were busy knitting socks to send to soldiers overseas.

Caught up in the war fever, a young girl identified only as "a patriotic student,"' submitted a poem for publication in the *Daily News* that began, "Kill the Kaiser, end his life; kill him with a butcher knife . . . ."

Tanner's Music and Art Shop on Myrtle Avenue put a Victrola in its window amidst a realistic representation of a frontline trench, with sandbags, rifles, barbed wire and a backdrop of bursting shells. A sign above the tableau read: "The Victrola is playing its part in war." A young woman driving past was reportedly so taken with the display, brilliantly lighted at night, that she plowed into a parked car belonging to Dr. Lawrence Wheeler, a local physician.

The Baptist Church rang its bell at noon every weekday "to remind Monrovians of the righteousness of the Allied cause." Homeowners started victory gardens. Residents, businesses, school children and institutions bought war bonds and saving stamps. When the city council imposed in new war tax, no one objected.

More than 150 local men were now in the service, a few of them in a segregated African-American infantry regiment. Jenny Baldwin, daughter of local telephone company manager J. M. Baldwin, enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Lloyd Stanley Eddy, 24, presented himself for induction into the Army but was turned down due to ill health. Despondent over being rejected, he put a gun to his head and blew his brains out.

Part III
Over There



"Over there. Over there. Send the word, send the word, over there.
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
With drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So beware. Say a prayer. Send the word, send the word, to beware.
Over, we're coming over. And we won't be back 'till it's over over there."

George M. Cohan
1917

ALAN NICHOLS WAS THE FIRST Monrovia boy to die overseas. That's how Monrovia remembered him . . . as a boy.

Alan left Monrovia when he was 17. He died a hero, age just 21, mortally wounded in the skies over the front lines near Compiegne, France, about 50 miles northeast of Paris.

Nichols and his family had relocated to Palo Alto in the Bay Area shortly after he finished high school, and he was remembered fondly by friends and classmates in Monrovia, as were his brother and sister—as was their father Walter, who taught history at Monrovia High for several years.

The Nichols family had never stayed long in any one place. Alan was born in Ann Arbor Michigan, but the family had moved to New York City by the time he was 2, his father having secured a temporary professorship at Columbia University. Other teaching jobs followed, and by 1902, when Alan was still just 5, the family had also lived in Boulder, Colorado and Salt Lake City, Utah.

Walter and Eleanor Nichols and their children arrived in Monrovia when Alan was 10—actually, in county territory just south of Monrovia—and Walter began teaching at the high school while Alan, his older sister Helen and younger brother John were enrolled in Monrovia's elementary schools.



Alan Hammond Nichols

A gifted student and popular teenager, Alan graduated from Monrovia High in 1914 and took some post-graduate courses at Pasadena High School before the family uprooted again in 1915 and moved to Palo Alto where his father had taken a job teaching at Palo Alto High. Within three years Walter Nichols would become that school's principal.

The family bought a home across the street from Stanford University, and Alan—and later his brother John—enrolled there, and for the next two years Alan pursued an academic life.

Early in his junior year, though, Alan was recruited by the American Field Service to serve as a volunteer ambulance driver in the French army.[8] He left for France while he was still 19. His brother John, a year younger, would follow him into the French ambulance corps a few months later.

Alan served with the French Army from February 14 to July 23, 1917 driving ambulances on the Verdun front during battles around Moronvilliers that saw the death or wounding of more than 21,000 Frenchmen. His AFS unit was decorated with the French *Croix de Guerre* for courage and devotion in evacuating the wounded.[9]



Alan Nichols behind the wheel of an AFS ambulance near the front.

Alan left the ambulance corps that summer and enlisted in the French army's aviation school, learning to fly Nieuport and Spad biplanes. During his training he regularly sent long letters to his father that were carried in the *Palo Alto Times*. In mid-December, he graduated pilot school and was assigned to the *Lafayette Escadrille*, an aero unit comprised entirely of American volunteers. He returned to the front lines.

"This time I am going as a flyer instead of an ambulance driver," he wrote home. "It marks sort of an epic for me at the end of the year. With Uncle Sam rolling up his sleeves in dead earnest, Germany is eventually bound to go down for the count. But anyway, I've learned to fly and it's the greatest sport ever invented. *Apres la guerre* I'll have a little 15-meter, 80 horsepower Nieuport of my own to fly on Sunday afternoons and do stunts for the family. This year is going to be the most trying of all, but things being as they are, I wouldn't be anywhere else, so there you are."

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[8] The AFS, a pro-Ally organization in the U.S., bought ambulances for the French army during WWI while the United States was still officially neutral, then recruited young men from prestigious American universities such as Harvard, Yale and Stanford to drive them in battle zones. Volunteers paid for their own transportation to France and enlisted in the French army. They were paid 15 cents per day, the same as French soldiers.

[9] The Nichols brothers weren't the only AFS recruits from Monrovia. Vernon Caughell, son of widow Dora Caughell of 221 S. Myrtle, had also gone from Monrovia schools to Stanford and then into AFS service in France. He and the Nichols brothers served in three different sectors of the front.

Nichols flew reconnaissance and combat missions with the *Escadrille* on the Verdun, Champagne, Somme and Soissons fronts. In another of his letters home, he described a harrowing May 1918 dogfight in which he downed a German fighter:



A Spad biplane breaks off after leaving a German plane trailing smoke.

"…by some bungling our patrol of five got separated from the gang," he wrote. "At this critical moment, a gang of six *Albatross* monoplanes hopped us! Our first three men were taken by surprise and went down in wild dodgings with seven of the brutes on their tails. The forth man and I saw them coming and engaged the others, my partner two at once and I had one alone. We started after each other's tails, round and round in flat circles, because at that height it's very easy to fall into a *vrille*.[10] Neither could gain on the other, so the *boche*[11] broke away, gained a little height, and came back on me, dove at me head on, but our combined speeds made it difficult for him to judge his fire and I saw his tracers pass overhead. We drove head on, and it was a matter of bluff which should give way for the other. He, being higher, redressed as we approached to pass over my head. All I had to do was pull up a bit and shoot point blank at twenty or thirty yards into the upturned belly. He certainly got it, because he went up and over on his back, making a slow *renversement*.[12]



Nichols in his *Escadrille* uniform

"As a result of this, I will someday sport a nice *Croix de Guerre* with palm, an army citation which is the reward for a *boche* brought down single handed. I only hope to high heaven I don't wake up and find it isn't true. If it's a dream, it is certainly a vivid one!"

Nichols received his *Croix de Guerre* with palm, and that spring, the young flyer transferred from the French military to the U.S. and began flying with the American army's air service.

On May 31, he downed his second plane. An American bomber was returning to base, having completed its mission, when it was

[10] A twisting dive, also called a corkscrew.

[11] Derogatory French term for Germans.

[12] An airplane maneuver consisting of a half-roll followed by a half-loop, also known as a stall turn or wing-over.

attacked by a German chase plane. The first burst of machine gun fire killed the bomber's observer/gunner, seated behind the pilot, leaving the plane and its pilot undefended. The German pilot circled, jockeying for position to complete his kill when Nichols swept in flying a French-made Spad and let loose with his machine gun, sending the German into a spin and crash. Nichols and the bomber pilot landed their planes together and Nichols was awarded his second *Croix de Guerre* and second palm.

It was just two days and several flights later, on June 2, when 21-year-old Alan Nichols suffered the same fate as the two Germans he'd shot down . . . mortally wounded in the air by machine gun fire. He was able to land safely with a bullet in his abdomen, but peritonitis had set in and he died that same day in a field hospital outside Compiegne. He was buried nearby.

PAUL BARNES SPENCE, 22, had died two months earlier, even though he never made it overseas. A member of the 24th Coastal Artillery Company training at Ft. MacArthur, Spence had just begun a two-week furlough with plans for some sightseeing when he became ill and went home to Monrovia where he got steadily worse and was diagnosed with spinal meningitis, apparently contracted in the camp.

Spence was the scion of two of Monrovia's founding families, the Spences and the Barneses. He died at 2:15 in the afternoon on April 2 in his parents' home at 270 N. Canyon Boulevard and was buried in Live Oak Cemetery with full military honors, including six pallbearers, an eight-man firing squad, a bugler and a platoon of army friends. His name was engraved on a brass plaque and attached to a memorial oak tree planted in his honor in Recreation Park. Room was left on the plaque for more names, should they be needed.



Paul B. Spence

THE FIRST MONROVIANS to leave Ft. MacArthur for France actually drew lots for the privilege. Artillerymen were needed immediately for a newly organizing anti-aircraft company that was being rushed to the front, and 150 men were to be recruited; ten from each training company. When everyone in the 24th volunteered to go, Captain Charles Brown, still in charge, ordered lots to be drawn.

Of the ten successful volunteers, two were from Monrovia: George Kirchenschlager, the son of local barber and orchard owner Henry Kirchenschlager; and Bartle Harvey, son of Monrovia's early newspaper owner/editor James Harvey and his wife Elma. Kirchenschlager, Harvey and the other 148 volunteers left for France in mid-December, 1917 for a relatively safe assignment far to the rear of the front lines protecting supply depots and other infrastructure from rare attacks by enemy bombers. It wasn't long after that the soldiers left behind were issued steel helmets for the first time, a sure sign that they, too, would soon be off for the war zone.

Their approaching departure triggered a desire in Monrovians to throw one more going away party for the 24th, even though by then the former National Guard company had morphed into first the 12th and then the 15th Coastal Artillery and the unit was now made up of not just Monrovia and San Gabriel Valley men, but also soldiers from throughout the country. No matter; Monrovia

was throwing another party and they were all invited. And they all came—and they brought the regimental band with them.

The farewell party was held on Tuesday, February 19. Despite being a normal workday, Monrovians were lining both sides of Myrtle Avenue to welcome the soldiers as they disembarked from the Red Car on Olive Avenue and walked three blocks north to Library Park for the welcoming ceremonies. With a ready-made audience, 110 men from Ft. MacArthur detrained at 10:15 a.m. and immediately formed ranks. Then, led by their band playing a military march, they paraded up the middle of Myrtle past light poles and store windows decorated for the occasion with banners, flags and patriotic bunting. A threat of rain did nothing to lesson the crowds that greeted them with cheers and applause the length of their march.

"They were the same boys (who had left Monrovia six months before)," commented George Barry, editor of the *Daily News*, "yet different, more solid, and with ruddier, out-of-doors complexions. And there was much more assurance and rhythm in their step; a snap and a quickness that comes only after months of training."

At the park, Mayor Walter Dunn made a welcoming speech and the regimental band reciprocated with an impromptu concert on the lawn. Then the soldiers were scooped up by three dozen host families who took them home for lunch before they reassembled and entertained additional crowds with a exhibition of close-order drill on the same high school field where they'd bivouacked in August before leaving for basic training.

One Monrovia soldier, though, didn't take part in the morning festivities. Supply Sergeant Lewis Collins had left Ft. MacArthur the night before and on the morning of the 20th, while his fellow soldiers were climbing aboard a Red Car for their trip to Monrovia, he was in the living room of his family home at 324 W. White Oak Avenue marrying his fiancée Beatrice Nelson. News of the ceremony leaked out, and the couple's wedding breakfast was interrupted by the band and an escort party who marched the newlyweds to the parade grounds playing the wedding march. There, they were honored by reviewing the troops.

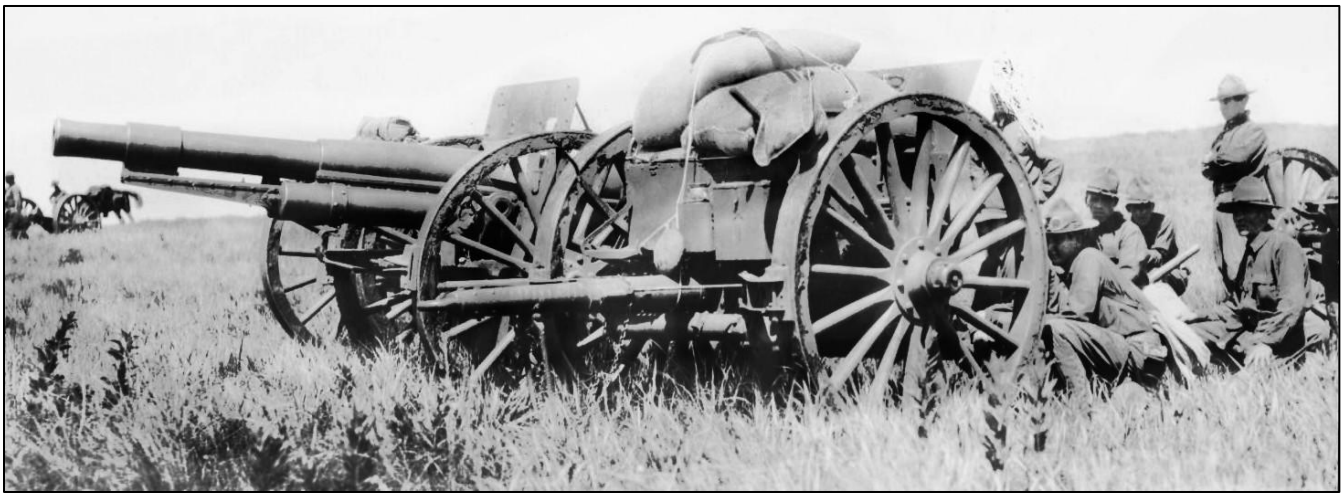
Rain finally began to fall mid-afternoon, and the men and their sponsoring families headed for the nearby Woman's Club for another concert, this one featuring a soloist from the Boston Opera Company, after which it was on to the Baptist Church where they, the dinner committee and nearly 200 others who had paid for the privilege sat down to a meal that included meat from sixty chickens, 700 dinner rolls, seventeen gallons of ice cream and wedges of homemade cake. After dinner, everyone joined in singing "Johnny Get Your Gun" and again heard a series of short speeches.[13]

Not over yet, the party now shifted to two dances, one at the Woman's Club and another at the Knights of Pythias Hall across the street (ladies admitted free to both). Meanwhile, as most of soldiers went back and forth from one dance to the other, those not dancing took in yet *another* concert at the Baptist Church featuring the Occidental College Glee Club accompanied by a jazz band.

The party had lasted fourteen hours, and it was a little after midnight when the 110 troops boarded a Red Car for their return trip to camp. As they did, they gave three cheers for their Monrovia hosts. And as the train left the station and disappeared into the dark night, the remaining crowd of Monrovia well-wishers could hear a bugler from the band playing taps.

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[13] Those who paid to have dinner with the troops were contributing again to the company's mess fund. At 75-cents per person, the dinner raised another $125.



American soldiers in France manning a field piece, somewhere on the Meuse-Argonne front.

THE MEN AT FT. MACARTHUR were dispersed—a few at a time—to other units in other camps for specialized training or to fill out other companies. It was June before the bulk of them shipped out for France.

Ross Smith of 227 E. Palm Avenue, found himself in a field artillery company not far front the front lines, as did Charles Davis, who had left his job as city editor of the *Daily News* to join the fight. Melvin Beaty, a bugler; Arney Brewer, a supply sergeant; and cook Harry Alexander went to other units. Edgar "Hook" Holcomb, of 1217 Shamrock Avenue, joined a signal corps battalion. Albert Cochran, Harold Stanton, Joseph Gallagher, Theo Ginson, George Cornes, Kenneth Carter . . . individually and en masse, the men of the coastal artillery left Ft. MacArthur.

By then, at least as many other Monrovians had either enlisted or been drafted into the nation's armed forces. Hazen Shower and Lee Collins quit high school two months before graduation. Shower enlisted in the navy, Collins in the army. Alan Williams was serving as a second lieutenant with the army engineers in France, the youngest officer in his regiment. Francis Boyd was also with the engineers. Leonard Sturgeon couldn't enlist in the U.S. air service because he'd been born in Canada, so he enlisted in the Canadian air service.

Like Alan Nichols, Vernon Caughell served in the volunteer AFS ambulance service, then left to become an aviator. Gilman Blake was also an AFS ambulance driver and volunteered for the artillery when the U.S. entered the war. Turned down because of imperfect vision, he returned home and continued trying to enlist, first with the navy, then with the air service, and was finally accepted by another artillery company and shipped back to France where he excelled and was recommended for an officer's commission.

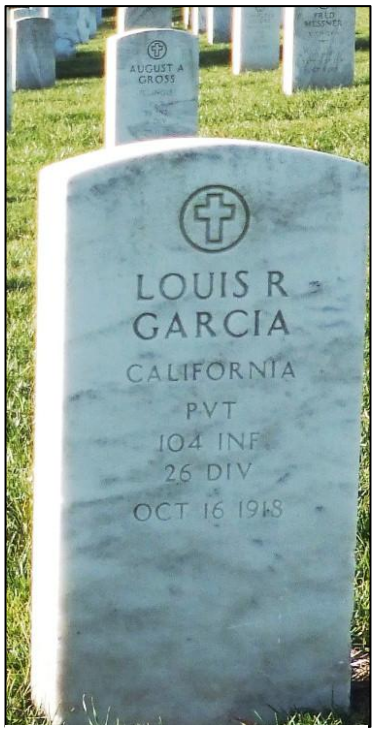
Fred Cronenwett was driving an ambulance along a heavily shelled road when he encountered a cloud of mustard gas. He put on his gas mask, but could no longer see to drive safely between the shell holes, so he removed it and continued on, sustaining gas burns on his face and around his eyes but successfully delivering the wounded men he was carrying to a field hospital.

Scores of others served in all branches of the military from the spring of 1917 to the war's end in the fall of 1918. Nearly all of the local men would survive the war. Some others wouldn't:

EDWARD POWER, 36, was killed in action on August 8, 1918 while serving as an infantry lieutenant in the Canadian army. Born in Canada, he and his family had been longtime residents of Monrovia and had moved back to Canada shortly before the war began. His aunt, Mrs. F. F. Graham, still resided at 603 E. Orange Avenue.

ALVIN GOODALE, 22, had been a classmate of Alan Nichols at Orange Avenue School, and, like Nichols, was killed while flying with the U.S. Army air service. A month before his death in September 1918, he brought down his first enemy plane and received a commendation for bravery under fire.

LOUIS RAMON GARCIA, 28, a Duarte resident employed as an orange picker before the war, was a foot soldier with the 104th Infantry Regiment of the 26th Division, known as the Yankee Division, the first U.S. force to deploy in France in 1917. He died of bullet and shrapnel wounds on October 16, 1918 in an attempt to take the Haumont Wood north of Verdun during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. His death came less than a month before the armistice of November 11 that would end the fighting. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.



Pvt. Louis Garcia's headstone in Arlington National Cemetery

WARREN CARLTON TATE, 21, also with the 26th Yankee Division, was killed by shrapnel a day after Louis Garcia in another sector of the same offensive battle. His parents were away from their home on West Lime Avenue when word of his death reached Monrovia, and his sister Frances, a senior at the high school, was left to deliver the news to their mother and father who were working near San Luis Obispo. Not wanting to do it by telegram, she took a train north to tell them in person.

DAVID BURCKELL was killed in Belgium on October 31—just twelve days before the war ended—cut down by heavy machine-gun fire while attacking entrenched German positions through a heavy mist near the town of Waereghem as part of the 91st Infantry's Ypes-Lys offensive. He was 26 years old.

There were nearly five million Americans in the armed services by the autumn of 1918, more than two million of them in France—1,390,000 on the front lines. Just over 100,000 would die in combat.

Part IV
Armageddon Postponed

THE REVEREND GEORGE LORD, pastor of the First Baptist Church, was so sure that the war foretold the second coming of Christ that he preached on that theme all through 1917 and into '18.

He told his congregation and anyone else who might be listening that Christ could be expected to appear soon and that the current world war was just the prelude to Armageddon, "the awful conflict between the forces of good and evil," in which "Christ will counsel the forces of right, while a great anti-Christ will lead the armies of darkness." He cited Biblical prophecies as evincing current events: "upheavals in the world of finance, religion, society and politics; great increases in travel and knowledge; the wonderful spread of missionary work to the ends of the earth, return of the Jews to Palestine; creation of remarkable fortunes and the amassing of great wealth in the hands of the few." And now a world war. Armageddon, he said, was sure to follow.

Perhaps. But for most Monrovians, the current war was what concerned them most. Armageddon would have to wait.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR was a constant backdrop to everyday life. While Monrovians were never called on to make the kind of sacrifices they would face two decades later in the Second World War, they nonetheless had to adjust their lives around a multitude of war-related demands and disruptions.

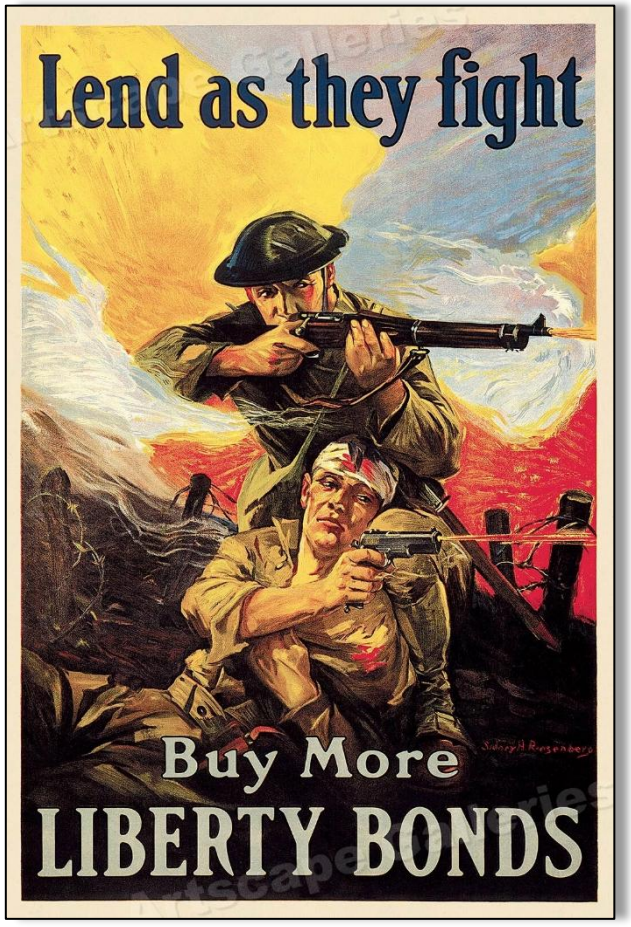
There were no blackouts or air raid drills and food was generally not rationed, although for a time sugar was and there were intermittent shortages of canned goods and fresh vegetables. Restaurants, butchers, grocery stores and ultimately housewives observed Meatless Tuesdays, some households planted what were then called war gardens and the government imposed some price controls on some food items. For a short time the state forbade the killing of hens to ensure adequate egg production, but allowed it again a month later when the peak laying season had ended. For several months, Monrovians saved peach pits and walnut husks and turned them over to the government for use in manufacturing charcoal for gas masks.

Automobiles, tires and gasoline were still for sale, although Ford shut off production of cars at its Los Angeles assembly plant for the duration to make parts for submarines. Fords could still be purchased, but there was now a three-month wait for delivery from San Francisco.

Movies about war were regular features at the Colonial and the five most requested books at the library were *Over the Top, A Yankee in the Trenches, The First Call, Private Peat*, and *Under Fire*.

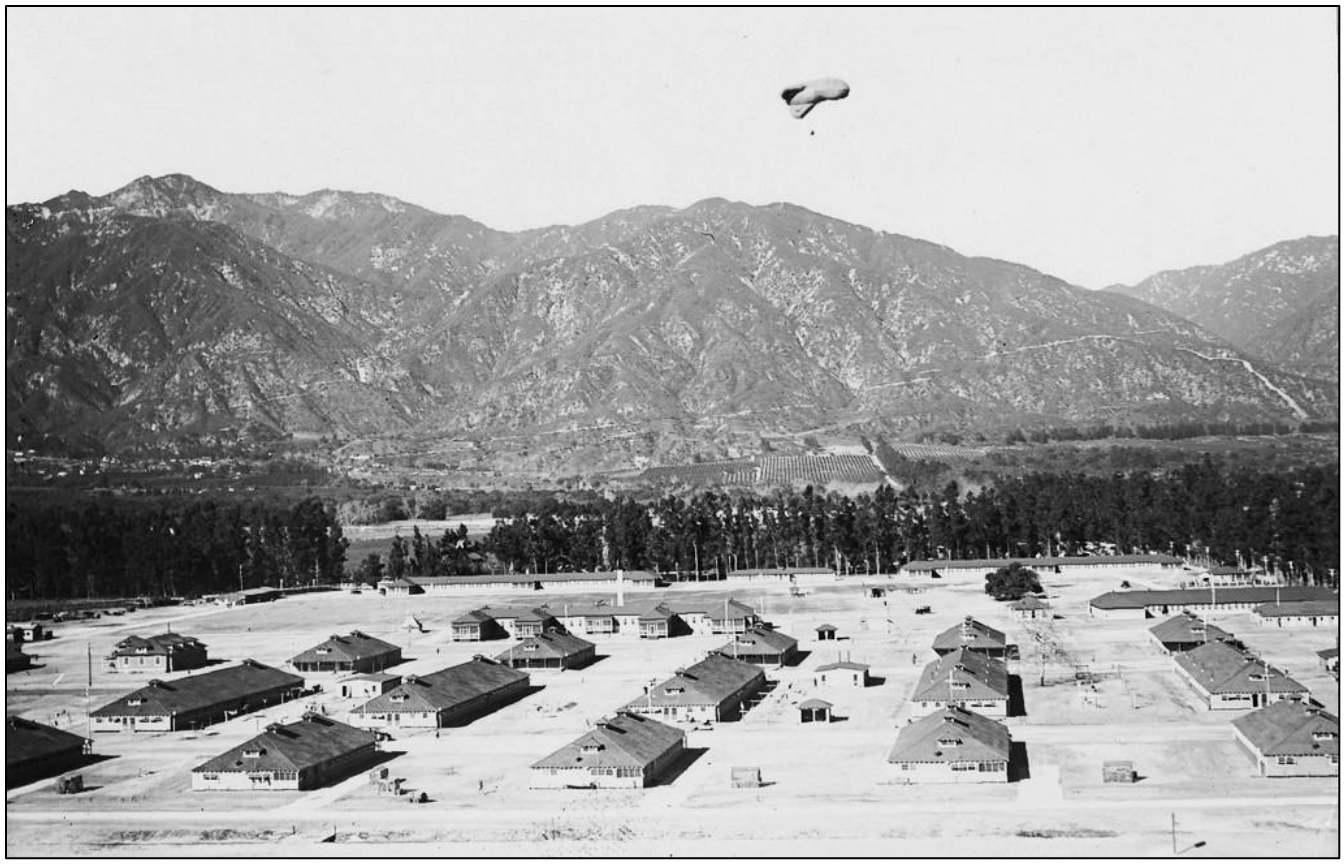
The Red Cross had twenty-five volunteers rolling bandages, cutting and folding as many as 1,700 gauze compresses each day. Red Cross and school girl knitters made hundreds of socks, mufflers and head warmers for the troops. More than a ton of clothing was donated for Belgian and French refugees.

Monrovians sold each other liberty bonds and savings stamps that could be converted to bonds. In June of '18, Mayor Dunn announced the creation of a "vigilante committee" to "make a complete and thorough investigation" of people refusing to buy bonds or stamps during a house-to-house canvas that month, even after the community had already bought $214,000 worth in two previous drives that year.

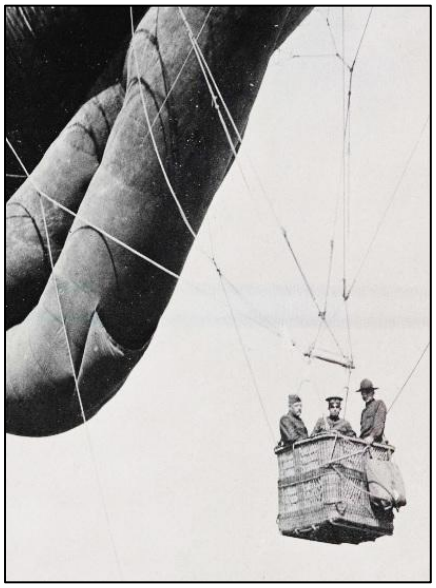


Liberty bond poster, 1918

And everyone got an hour less sleep on March 31 when Daylight Savings Time, long in effect in Europe where it was called War Time, went into effect in the U.S. for the first time. Chaos and hardship of every kind were imaged as it was imposed nationwide, but the press reported on April 1 that, despite the change, students arrived at school on time, stores, banks and offices opened as usual, and "through the simple scheme of twisting the hands of the clock once around, hundreds of thousands of dollars will be saved to the government because less electricity, gas and coal will be used for illumination after sundown," predicting that "there is every chance that Daylight Savings Time will become popular as well as a patriotic measure."



An observation balloon, its observer's basket hanging below it, hovers above the Ross Field barracks on the former Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia during training exercises in 1918.



AS SCORES OF Monrovia's sons, husbands and fathers were on their way to France, 5,000 soldiers suddenly appeared on the community's doorstep filling the barracks of the U. S. Army's new Ross Field Balloon School on a 200-acre portion the former Santa Anita racetrack in neighboring Arcadia.[14]

There, the army trained as many as 4,000 recruits at a time in balloon handling, aerial photography, map-making, panoramic perspectives, observation, and surveillance of ground fire. Another 1,000 personnel did the training and maintained the base.

Monrovia became a natural draw for soldiers on their time off, with its restaurants, shops, billiard parlors and movie theater . . . so much so, that the Chamber of Commerce and the Granite Club offered up the social club's Myrtle Avenue location as

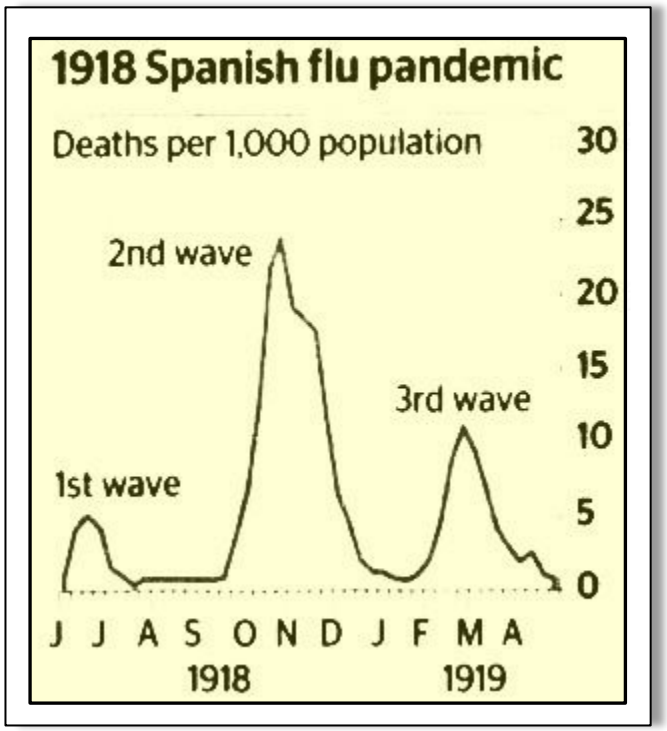
[14] Ross Field was constructed on the southeast corner of Huntington Drive and Santa Anita Avenue where Arcadia County Park and Golf Course is now located. The original racetrack closed in 1904 after passage of the Walker-Otis Act outlawing parimutuel betting in California. The act was later superseded by the Horseracing Act of 1933 that restored the betting, and an entirely new Santa Anita park opened again on its current site in 1934.

a War Camp Service Center, "a wholesome meeting place with lounging rooms where they can read, write letters home, buy homecooked meals and entertain visitors."

Ruth Cassil, owner of the Colonial movie theater, went so far as to open a second theater in Arcadia, near the camp, but ran afoul of Arcadia blue laws that outlawed showing movies on Sundays. Appeals to the city council and a straw vote of Arcadia citizens did nothing to change the law. So after a month of trying, Mrs. Cassil tested the ordinance with a free Sunday performance that attracted 700 movie goers, including 400 from the balloon school who arrived in military formation and filled the theater. Insisting that she had a right to entertain soldiers when and where she pleased, Cassil held free Sunday afternoon showings for weeks until finally shut down by the city marshal.

The problem was ultimately resolved when the theater was moved from Huntington Drive into a new army recreation building on government-leased land on the east end of Ross Field where local blue laws didn't apply.

ONE OF THE FACTORS driving the decision to move the movie theater onto the base was the 1918 Spanish Flu pandemic that arrived locally that autumn.



Before year's end, influenza—not just the war—would capture and dominate the minds of nearly every Monrovian.

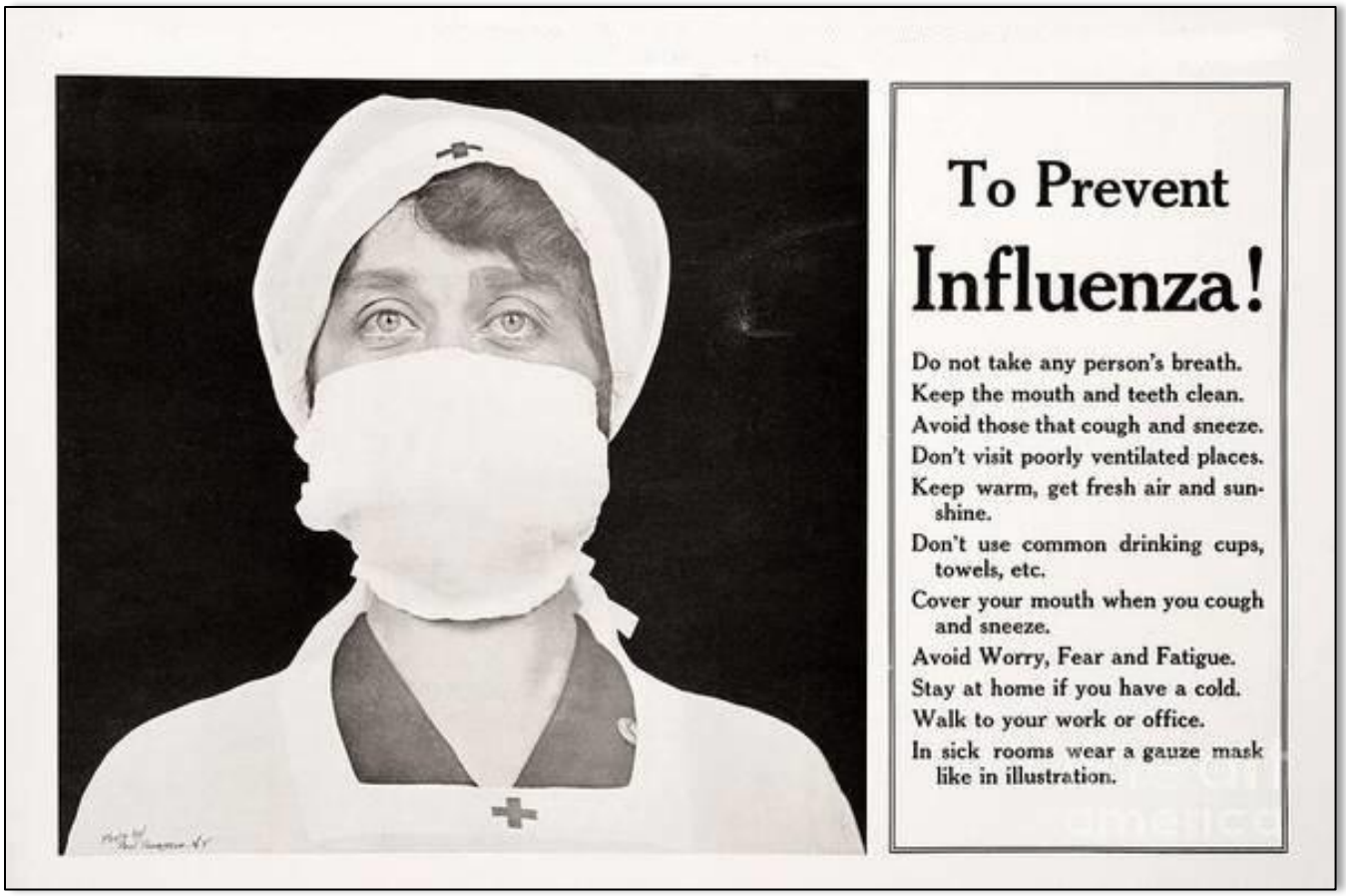
It began halfway across the country on the morning of March 14 when Private Albert Gitchell reported to the infirmary at Ft. Riley, Kansas with a severe fever, sore throat and headache. By noon, more than 100 men at the training camp had been hospitalized and within a week the number of sick soldiers had grown to 500. Before spring had ended, 1,127 had fallen ill and 46 had died from the resulting viral pneumonia. That fall it swept the camp again, infecting 15,170 more men and killing hundreds.

Meanwhile, troops deploying from Ft. Riley had carried the virus to other army and navy installations, to U.S. towns and cities, and across the Atlantic to Europe, seeding the global autumn outbreak that eventually infected a third of the world's population.

In a world at war, news of the outbreak was censored in both the allied countries and Germany, but in neutral Spain newspapers openly reported on the severity of the outbreak in articles that were picked up by newspapers around the world. The H1N1 influenza virus would thereafter be known as "Spanish Flu," not because of its origin, but because that country was the first to publicly acknowledge it.

The Arcadia balloon school imposed a limited quarantine on its soldiers even before the virus hit the camp, forbidding travel to Los Angeles and requiring that its men go no further west than Pasadena, no further south than El Monte and no further east than Monrovia. All 24-hour leaves were cancelled.

The first Monrovian known to catch the virus was 17-year-old Harold Bender of 331 Palm Avenue, who became sick during training with the navy in San Diego in early October and spent twelve days in the base hospital there recovering.



A health warning poster from 1918 advises on how to prevent infection.

The first four cases in town showed up suddenly over the October 12-13 weekend, causing local health officials to immediately order schools closed and church services either cancelled or moved outdoors and the Red Cross issued an emergency plea for volunteer nurses. Within days, organizations, committees and commissions were cancelling meetings.

By October 16, there were fourteen new cases in Monrovia and the movie theater at Ross Field was put off-limits to civilians. On the 17th there were two more reported infections in town; by the 22nd, another five. The first to die in Monrovia was 27-year-old Kate Thomas, daughter of Joseph and Emma Gallagher of 432 W. Palm and the mother of three, who succumbed on Oct. 24. One of her brothers, Eugene Gallagher in the navy, had just recovered from the flu. Four new cases were reported in Monrovia the day she died, and twenty-three homes were now under quarantine.

There were seven more cases reported on the 26th bring the total to fifty-six, then six more on the 28th and seven on the 29th. With an additional three cases on October 30, the local board of health ordered a halt to all Halloween activities scheduled for the followed night. That same day Leslie Downs, a former employee of the Duarte-Monrovia Fruit Exchange, was taken off a troop train in Rock Island, Illinois and died of the flu in a hospital there. He had been on his way to France.

Halloween saw six more cases and the death of 35-year-old Katie Lee, wife of Robert Lee of 132 W. Huntington Drive. The Lees' two children were also ill with the virus as were 76 other Monrovians.

On November 1, sisters Prudencia Saradel, 30, of 224 W. Chestnut, and Teresa Corralis, 34, of 611 Almond Avenue, died in their separate homes. They were among the six more cases reported that day, bringing the

number of infected Monrovians to eighty-four. Three days later, nine more cases were reported along with one more death, that of Laura Jean Cheney, 48. Her husband, son, daughter and daughter-in-law were also sick with the malady. By November 8, ninety-seven cases had been recorded, with five more reported on the 9th, along with the death of Joseph Quijara, 32, who lived on the corner of Huntington Drive and Ivy Avenue with his wife and several children.

Maudie Kirchenschlager, sister of George who was still at the front in France, caught the flu while working as a nurse at a hospital in Los Angeles. Robert W. Benson of 109 S. Shamrock Avenue, became ill while his wife Madeline was in Forest City, Arkansas, their former home, to bury her son who had succumbed to the virus. She arrived back in Monrovia just hours before her husband, too, succumbed to the flu, and she took his body to Arkansas to be buried beside his son. Louise Methfessel, 28, the music teacher at the high school died, but because of the ban on public gatherings no one from the school could attend her funeral.

It wasn't until late November that the epidemic had subsided enough for schools to reopen and churches to again hold services, although face masks were still going to be required in public for some months.

The flu ultimately subsided as populations developed antibodies and "herd immunity" took hold, but not before an estimated 50-100 million people had died worldwide, including 675,000 in the U.S., more than the combined American battle casualties of World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

The Spanish Flu killed nearly half of the American servicemen who died during the 1917-18 war.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR ended with an armistice that took effect at 11 a.m. on Monday, November 11, 1918.


PEACE CELEBRATION BIGGEST EVENING IN HISTORY OF MONROVIA

Every Motor Car for Miles Around, Whistles, Bells and Band, Join in Carnival of Noise; Kaiser in Resplendent Uniform, Shot and Burned

Headline in the *Monrovia Daily News*, November 12, 1918

That night, hundreds of Monrovians ignored two months of flu precautions and gathered in huge crowds to celebrate the end of the fighting, and they did it with another of the community's big—really, *really* big—parties. The *Daily News* called it the biggest evening in the city's thirty-two year history. Word had spread through Monrovia and neighboring communities all that day that a massive victory parade was to be held through the downtown that evening, and anyone with a vehicle was invited to join in. And join in they did.

As the parade kicked off just after sundown, cars and trucks were lined up along Foothill Boulevard for twelve blocks, all the way into Arcadia. Henry Gierlich, city engineer and chief organizer of the celebration, refused to guess at the number of vehicles nor describe their homemade decorations because, he said, "anyone who didn't actually see it wouldn't believe it."

The line of celebrants moved out heading East on Foothill, then turned south on Myrtle through the shopping district, past large crowds that lined the sidewalks waving small flags and cheering. Overhead, sky rockets and aerial bombs began to burst, shot off from neighborhoods throughout the city. School and church bells were rung and the fire siren sounded along with the loud whistle atop the Steam Laundry building. The parade itself added to the growing cacophony, with drivers and riders setting off fire crackers and an occasional small stick of dynamite. Empty gasoline cans being dragged behind cars banged and rattled. A truck with a small cannon in the back fired blank shotgun shells into the air while in the bed of another truck, small boys banged away on pots and pans. Ed Brewer of Monrovia Sheet Metalworks built a six-foot-long tin horn that

he blew from the bed of his truck. Participants said it was so loud it put the fire siren to shame. Library Park's civil war canon was hauled to the roof of the library for the occasion and was fired off repeatedly.

As the parade was ending and participating motorists were returning to Library Park for the rest of the celebration, an effigy of German Kaiser Wilhem, complete with helmet, breastplate, boots, a sword and his signature moustache, was hauled out of City Hall and hoisted above the crowd with a noose around its neck.

Constable James Quiggle stepped forward, pulled out his revolver, and sent six bullets into the effigy to the delight and cheers of the crowd. The bullets ignited the kerosine-soaked dummy and it burst into flames, once more causing a cheer to go up from the growing onlookers. The burning effigy fell onto the sidewalk and lay in smoking embers as Gierlich and member of the fire department danced around it whooping and hollering like western movie Indians. Then, as the firemen danced and the multitude cheered, the balloon school band, just arrived after an earlier appearance in Pasadena, came swinging down Myrtle playing a triumphant march . . . and the crowd went wild.



The Times

LOS ANGELES

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

PEACE

WORLD WAR ENDS AS GERMANY SIGNS ARMISTICE!

[Extraordinary Service Bulletins by the Associated Press.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11th, (Monday)---The world war will end this morning at 6 o'Clock, Washington time, 11 o'clock Paris time. The armistice was signed by the German representatives at midnight. This announcement was made by the State Department at 2:50 o'Clock this morning.

The announcement was made verbally by an official of the State Department in this form: "The armistice has been signed. It was signed at 5 o'Clock a. m. Paris time and hostilities will cease at 11 o'Clock this morning, Paris time."

The terms of the armistice, it was announced, will not be made public until later. Military men here, however, regard it as certain that they include:

Immediate retirement of the German military forces from France, Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine.

Disarming and demobilization of the German armies.

Occupation by the Allied and American forces of such strategic points in Germany as will make impossible a renewal of hostilities.

Delivery of part of the German high seas fleet and a certain number of submarines to the Allied naval forces.

Disarmament of all other German w[illegible]ships under supervision of the Allied and

Los Angeles Times, November 11, 1918

In the midst of it all was Dr. Charles Gaylord, the city's health officer, who had given up trying to convince people to stay five feet apart that evening and declared that the massed crowds were probably safe from the flu because "the aroma (from the burning effigy) was enough to intimidate, if not entirely asphyxiate, any flu bug in the neighborhood."

TWO DAYS LATER, quail season opened in California and the men of Monrovia's Home Guard laid down their war surplus, bolt-action Krag-Jorgenson rifles and began cleaning their shotguns.