

Born to Charles and Essie Ewing on October 27, 1898 at Mechanicsburg Ohio. Attended high school at Marysville High School until the spring of 1917. He enlisted in Company E, 166th Infantry June 15, 1917 and went to France in October with the great Rainbow Division. Army records are somewhat in dispute as to the date of enlistment. The records show the enlistment date as June 19, 1917.

Co E 4 Infantry ONG (Co E 166 Infantry) to 27 Oct 1918. Private 19 June 1917. Private, first class 22 Feb 1918. Meuse-Argonne; Defensive Sector. American Expeditionary Forces 18 Oct 1917 to death. Killed in Action 27 Oct 1918; also wounded 21 June 1918. Notified Charles Ewing, father, R. F. D. 3, Marysville, O. Body returned to United States on SS Wheaton Oct 1921. Serial number 93749 Volume #: 5.

His age was shown as 18 y 9 months in the army records yet obituaries and census records show him born in 1898 which would make him twenty years old since he died on his birthday.

In a poignant letter to his parents B. E. Henry dated June 4, 1918 the death of Mac Winget and Ralph Berger was related by Irwin C Henry (later to be editor of the Marysville Tribune and leader of the Rainbow Veterans). Mr. Henry also noted that Ralph Ewing a friend had been slightly wounded. (Injured in the hip by a piece of shrapnel.) The wounds and deaths came from fighting in "no mans land." Ralph later volunteered to go back into battle at Sommorance, France in the Argonne District. He was killed by a bullet that pierced his heart on October 27, 1918, fifteen days before the Armistice November 11, 1918 when the war ended. Ralph's body was not returned home until October 1921, three years after his death. A newspaper report indicated that Ralph's body was accompanied by Corporal J. D. Brown of the Columbus Barracks. John Michaels was close by when Ralph fell in battle. Elmer E. Gabriel and Sons Funeral home took Ralph's body to the Ewing home on Delaware Road, about a mile East of Marysville.

Funeral services were held at 2:00 PM Sunday October 30, 1921 at the Ewing home. Members of the American Legion and Rainbow Veterans Association as well as high school classmates, relatives and friends attended the service conducted by John L. Davies Pastor of the Congregational Church. When Ralph had left for combat he was accompanied to the train station by his favorite horse. Prior to departing Ralph kissed his longtime friend goodbye. When Ralph's flowers were carried to the cemetery, the horse pulled the wagon. Miss Nellie Pearse, one of Ralph's high school teachers prepared a tribute to Ralph.

...His classmate and comrades will remember the happy life, the kindness and sense of companionship, the fun and humanity that were his. Those who were intimate with him can never forget his devotion to children and his kindness to animals. As a community we honor his memory. There are

pictures and poems that lift us to higher levels. If we notice and if we love them. How much more the inspiration of a life of sacrifice and service where sincerity, bravery in the right, steadfastness in responsibility, constancy and loyalty to country were the high ideals --- for the Master hath truly said: Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ralph was the oldest of five brothers, Chester, Robert, Melvin and Pearl. He was also survived by his sister Helen.

Marysville Tribune, November 27, 1918

**RALPH EWING KILLED IN BATTLE OCT. 27**

**PARENTS ARE NOTIFIED BY WAR DEPARTMENT--WAS PREVIOUSLY  
WOUNDED SECOND OF JUNE**

**Add another gold star to Union county's service flag, for another of the brave Company E boys whose fate it was to fall on the battlefield in the closing days of the great war.**

**Ralph C. Ewing is reported to have died October 27, from wounds received in action. It was his 20th birthday. Official notification came Friday to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ewing, who live one mile north of Marysville, on the Waldo road.**

**The sorrow thus brought to this home is shared by all of their neighbors and friends. Ralph was a fine young fellow, and attended Marysville High school until the spring of 1917. He enlisted June 15, 1917, in Company E, 166th Infantry and went to France in October with the great Rainbow Division.**

**Note: Ralph's remains were returned to Marysville and interred at Oakdale on October 30, 1921.**

**Burial: Oakdale Cemetery Marysville (Union County), Ohio Section G**



**Believed to be a picture of Allen Floyd or Floyd Allen of the 166<sup>th</sup> Rainbow Division**



Lice exterminator used on the boys of the 166<sup>th</sup>



Private L. S. Dunn of the 166<sup>th</sup> finds a garden of fresh celery at Chateau Frenois du Nord

SIGNAL CORPS PICTURE 30913 and PICTURE 32081)

Note: War Department regulations require that U.S. Signal Corps  
be given credit in publications for any signal corps pictures used.

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The above two pictures, taken in the closing days of the World War, recall again the fact there is no glamor in war for the combat troops - and that actual war events are not the same as come to the imagination with the ~~pinkish~~ music of a military band.

Combat troops in the midst of a drive fail to measure up in appearance to the perfectly groomed/~~pinkish~~ military figures shown on recruiting posters ~~like~~ as is fully ~~seen~~ demonstrated by the picture of the unshaven doughboy with the collar of his blouse open, his overseas cap squashed beneath his helmet, and the mask and tube of his gas mask hanging out of the cover.

The ~~pinkish~~ chap who needed a shave was Pvt. L.S. Dunn of the 186th Infantry, Ohio's unit in the "Rainbow Division, and the broad smile on his face was due to the fact he had discovered some celery in the garden beside a ~~large~~ chateau during the Argonne Drive. The celery had been planted for a German general who had hastily left a few hours before - and to tired, hungry, muddy combat troops anything to eat is a treat during an advance. The picture was taken in the garden at Chateau Frenois du Nord on November 9, 1918, two days before the Armistice while the "Rainbow Division was driving toward Sedan.

**“We’ve done our hitch in France”**

**I’m sitting here thinking of the things I’ve left behind,  
And I hate to put on paper, what is running thru my mind.  
We’ve dug a million trenches, and cleaned ten miles of ground,  
And a meaner place this side of Hell, I know is still unfound,  
But there is one consolation, gather closely while I tell,  
When we die we are bound for Heaven, for we’ve done our hitch in Hell.**

**We’ve built a hundred kitchens for the cooks to stew our beans,  
We’ve stood a hundred Guard Mounts, and cleaned the camp latrine.  
We’ve washed a million mess kits, and peeled a million spuds,  
We’ve rolled a million blanket rolls, and washed a million duds,  
The number of parades we’ve made it would be hard to tell,  
But they’ll not parade in Heaven, for we’ve done our hitch in Hell.**

**We’ve killed a million rattle-snakes, that tried to take our cots,  
And shook a hundred centipedes from out our gray socks.  
We’ve marched a hundred thousand miles, and make a thousand camps,  
And pulled a million catus barbs from out our gray pants.  
But when our work on earth is done our friends behind will tell,  
When they died they went to Heaven, for the done there hitch in Hell.**

**For when the final “taps” is sounded and we lay aside lifes care,  
And we do the last parade up the shining stair,  
And the angles bid us welcome and the harps begin to play,  
And we can draw a million canteen-checks and spend them in a day,  
It is then we’ll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell,  
Take a front seat “166<sup>th</sup>” for you’ve done your hitch in Hell.**

**(Author unknown from the 166<sup>th</sup> Rainbow Division)**

"We've done our hitch in France"

I'm sitting here thinking of the things I've,  
left behind,  
And I hate to put on paper, what is running thru  
my mind.  
We've dug a million trenches, and cleaned ten  
miles of ground,  
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I tell.  
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The following is a recount of activities in the war shortly after Ralph was first wounded in the hip and shortly prior to being killed by a snipers bullet:

Memories Of August 2, 1918. Recalled To Co. E Veterans The bringing of the remains of John R. Turner to Marysville recalls vividly to World War veterans of Co. E the events of the afternoon of August 2, 1918, when Turner received the wound which caused his death two days later. It was on the 2nd of August when nearly one hundred and fifty members of the Company were lost by being killed or wounded. Co. E was “dug in” at the bottom of a small hill in the Chateau Thierry sector on the afternoon of August 2nd when two German planes flew low over the unit then circled back to the German lines where the aviators communicated what they had observed the artillery and machine gun men. The artillery men and machine gunners had just about enough time to get the range on the crest of the hill when Co. B was ordered to advance. The Company deployed and started over the top of the hill when the artillery and machine gun barrage was put down on the soldiers. Shells came screaming into the very midst of the company to explode and wipe out whole squads while the machine gun bullets would “zip zip” their way through the ranks taking more toll in dead and wounded. In the-face of the fire the company did not falter but gaps in the ranks caused by the casualties were quickly filled up by the soldiers behind those who had fallen and over the hill

went Co. E, with Captain Doellinger in the lead. Dozens of stories regarding the happenings while the advance was made could be told; countless stories of heroic conduct could be recited, but just three instances, those dealing with members of the squad of which John Turner was a member, will be given. The squad was known as “headquarters squad” with the six members used as Company runners whose duty it was to carry messages from Captain Doellinger (now Major Doellinger) to platoon sergeants and commanders of other companies of the 166th Infantry. Capt. Doellinger was in the lead on the afternoon of August 2nd, then came First Sergeant Orville Warden (now Captain Warden) then the “headquarters squad.” One big shell came over and exploded beside the squad with Albert Fensel and Lawrence Haggard being wounded, the former in the leg and the latter in the shoulder, Thomas Hanlon being killed instantly, Carl Sheppard and James Detwiler having their legs blown off and John Turner being hit in the abdomen by a big, jagged piece of the shell casing. A piece of the same shell lodged in Orville Warden’s pack — the pack saving his life. As soon as he recovered from the shock Turner calmly, opened his first packet and bound up his wound himself, urging the first aid men to attend to the other wounded who were on all sides. Detwiler and Sheppard looked at their injuries and knew the end was not far off and, proceeded to get the last possible pleasure from life—they calmly pulled out tobacco and rolled cigarettes, lit the “fags” and with a smile on their faces shouted, “So long and good luck” to their comrades who were

passing. When Co. B was relieved and came back over the top of the hill Sheppard and Detwiler were dead on the spot where they fell. Two days later, On August 4th, 1918, John Turner raised up on his cot in a field hospital and shouted, "I'm going back to my outfit" and a second later he fell back dead. Countless stories could be told of happenings at the battle in the Chateau Thierry sector and still much would be left untold. Henry "Wink" Green's legs were blown off and with a smile he waved goodbye to his comrades as they advanced. Several days more later when Co. E passed the spot they saw Green's body in a shell hole. In his hand was grasped one of the little bibles that the ladies of the Methodist church gave each member of the company before the unit left here on the first lap of their journey to France. The Bible was open, Green having died from his wound while reading from the Book of books. The horrors of the battle could be described at length but they could not be fully told—the terrific explosion of shells; the crumpled and torn bodies of soldiers; the agonized crys of the wounded pleading for water and first aid are memories that members will always be with members of Co. E, experiences that can never be fully told as they are beyond description.