



Staff Sergeant George Mullins of the 101st Airborne, C Company, 327th Glider Infantry Regiment (GIR) was born in April 1925 in Kentucky. Knowing that he was going to be drafted, SSGT.Mullins volunteered in the military. During his deployment, he spent most of his time on the front lines. While in Berchtesgaden for two months, SSGT.Mullins was promoted from Private to Sergeant and then Staff Sergeant. He was injured by getting hit with shrapnel while fighting near the village of Dodwaard-Hein, and suffered a minor concussion and fatigue while in Bastogne. After the war ended, SSGT.Mullins stayed in Auxerre, France for 6-8 weeks, until

he was able to go back to the U.S. In June 2017, he received the French Legion Of Honor Medal and was awarded the keys to the city of Carentan in the same year.

I was born on April 28, 1925 in Jenkins, Kentucky; I was the second child of eleven children. I had a normal country-boy life when I was growing up. I had lots of chores; before I went to school, I had to load up the days firewood, and feed the livestock. I learned to hunt and trap small game before I was 10. We had no cars, so I walked everywhere. We didn't have a lot, but nobody around us did. It was a very rustic lifestyle.

I volunteered in the military. I knew I was going to be drafted, as all the boys in my area were, so I decided to volunteer. By volunteering, I at least got to choose what branch of the military I would go in. At the time, I felt it was the right thing to do. There was a war going on that threatened democracy as we know it. I knew it was the right thing to do. Additionally, the country was just coming out of the depression. There weren't a lot of jobs other than the coal mine, and I knew that wasn't for me. I didn't even finish high school. (Something I knew was important. I finished after the war ended.)

The worst part of training was learning to get along with people. By my nature, I was a loner; living in the country, I only had a few kids around me other than my siblings. When I went into training, there were all sorts of boys, from all over the United States, with their different lifestyles, and attitudes; dealing with the bad-attitude boys was probably the hardest part. Because of how I grew up, I already knew how to live off the land, and fire a rifle as good as, or better than most.

Like all recruits, I started out as a private. I remained a private for almost two years. I am proud to say I was promoted to Sergeant in Berchtesgaden, and then Staff Sergeant a few days later. So I went from no stripes to four while there. I was in the 101st Airborne, C Company, 327th GIR.

I spent most of my time on the front lines in various countries, but we always went back to Camp Ranikhet, England, so I guess that was my home base. I was also stationed at Camp Mourmelon, in Holland. I also spent two months stationed in Berchtesgaden. I spent my time either in Quonset huts, or tents while on base. In the field, I spent a great deal of time living in a foxhole, although we did find abandoned barns, and homes that we slept in when we were traveling from place to place. I spent most of my time resting, or training when I was not on the front lines. I did get a couple of passes to go places. I saw London, and the surrounding area. I also did a lot of exploring of the countryside in the various locations I was in.

War is a terrible thing. I remember most of the battles I was involved in pretty well; they were all terrible. So many lives lost on both sides; there was a young man from my hometown named Edward Shortt. He and I went to school together. He was killed in action. Fortunately most of the men I bonded with during the war made it out alive. What I can say to you is that when I was fighting in Veghel, it was some of the most intense fighting I ever experienced. To this day, I don't even remember the fight, or ending the fight.

I got hit with Shrapnel while fighting near the village of Dodwaard-Hein. I also suffered a minor concussion and fatigue while in Bastogne. I was lucky, the two men with me when I got the concussion weren't so lucky; I never saw them again afterward. There were really no hospitals where I was. There were first aid stations in the field, and make-shift hospitals in larger towns. When I was hurt in Bastogne, they sent me to The School of the Sisters of Notre Dame, which was a make-shift hospital. I still have the shrapnel in my shoulder to this day. Other than not remembering leaving Veghel they call it mind-blanking. That is when your brain can't process all that's happening around you. It's a defense mechanism that protects you from being overwhelmed.

There was no celebration by my unit when the war ended; the day was just another day for me. My unit was still working, rounding up German officers and guarding them. I spent a good deal of time after the war ended on guard duty. When the war ended, I was on guard duty for a couple of months. After that, I was sent to Auxerre, France to wait for my turn to go back to the United States. The military had a point system they used to send us home. It was based on your time in service, and how long you had been gone. I was in the second group to go home, so I stayed in Auxerre, France for about 6-8 weeks. During this time I still had responsibility in the unit, but I did take advantage of some training that the military provided. I learned about vehicles. Tearing a jeep apart and putting it back together.

I received a Purple Heart, a Good Conduct Medal, a Bronze Star, the Presidential Distinguished Unit Citation, a Belgian Fourragere, and the French Legion Of Honor award. I received the French Legion Of Honor medal in June 2017. Europeans celebrate and treat veterans very differently than Americans. In fact, they have celebrations every year in Europe to honor and pay their respects to the brave men and women who fought in the war. I have been to numerous events honoring and celebrating veterans. I was awarded a medal, and the keys to the city of Carentan, by the mayor in 2017 as well. There are huge memorials, and numerous graveyards to honor and celebrate the fallen there as well.





