

# MISSOURI STATE SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

*Proudly Honors*



**JAMES EUGENE MULLINIX**  
UNITED STATES ARMY  
PRIVATE  
1942 – 1944



*as*

**PURPLE HEART PATRIOT**  
**JANUARY 2025**

*Honoring his Service and Sacrifice Through his Granddaughter  
Charlotte S. Hamilton*

*Sponsored by: Noah Coleman Chapter, NSDAR*



My grandfather, James Eugene Mullinix, was born in Shenandoah, Iowa in 1920 and with his parents moved to Dallas County, Missouri, in 1940.

At the time he volunteered for service in September 1942, he was working near Kansas City at Longview farms for the great horsewoman Loula Long Combs. He was sent to Camp Forest in Tennessee, Camp Roberts in California, and Fort Lewis in Washington for Field Artillery training. On April 16, 1944, his unit was transported to England aboard the converted luxury liner to troop transport, New Amsterdam. He was originally part of the 191st Field Artillery Battalion, but he was reassigned under the First Army XIX Corp 959<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery Battalion.

Eighteen days after D-Day they were at Omaha Beach and began engaging the Germans and participated in the Battle at Saint-Lo and the Battle of the Bulge. I had the great opportunity to video record my grandfather before his passing and he had so many war stories to tell. He explained that some in his unit did not like digging foxholes so when the Germans started shelling his buddies were trying to jump into other foxholes who had a bigger foxhole hollering "Move over!" Grandpa said the worst thing was just getting your foxhole dug in and then getting orders they were moving. He was tasked with screwing in the pin and charging for the shells of the M1 4.5-inch guns. His artillery unit was pushing towards Paris and at Conches, France, on August 23, 1944, they encountered German Nebelwerfer (translation "fog launcher") rocket fire. The transport truck he and his buddies in the Baker Battery were in, took a direct hit. My

Grandpa could not explain why, but the moment it hit he had stood up, and the next thing he knew he woke up several hundred feet away with his head resting on his boot. He realized his leg was no longer attached and took off his munitions belt and wrapped it to make a tourniquet. The entire area was getting continually bombed and the medics could not reach him. They finally threw him a rope which he tied around his waist and they dragged him over to where they could render first aid. Because of the heavy fire, an ambulance was impossible. He was put on a stretcher and transported to a medic tent on the front hood of an Army jeep. From there he was sent to a hospital in England and transported to New York aboard the Queen Mary, which was converted to a transport hospital ship. Three of his buddies were killed in that bombing and four others were injured. He talked of a terrible storm they encountered on the Queen Mary saying the ship swayed from side to side and he thought it was going to turn over. He chuckled for a moment recalling the soldiers in the lower bunks were unfortunate victims of seasickness by the soldiers in the upper bunks. When they arrived in New York City, the injured were rushed into a basement hiding the wounded from the public. My Grandfather said that several soldiers were angered by this, exclaiming "Take us out here so they can see us!" From New York, he was flown to the U.S. Army McCloskey General Hospital in Temple, Texas, one of the specialized hospitals for amputees.



My Grandpa was awarded the Purple Heart Medal at McCloskey General Hospital on February 17, 1945. Other awards received were the European Campaign Medal with 1 bronze star, the World War II Victory Medal, and Sharpshooter with Carbine Bar.

After discharge from the hospital, he returned to Dallas County, Missouri, and was the Dallas County Clerk from 1946 to 1949. He was a charter member of the Buffalo Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) Post 4080.

Towards the end of our conversation, I asked my Grandpa if knowing he would lose a leg, most of a finger, and the terrible shrapnel wounds he received to his elbow from the war, would he have voluntarily enlisted. He said, without hesitation, "Absolutely, I would do it again!" Looking back through my childhood and on to adulthood I never once heard him complain although I knew he suffered terribly from phantom limb pains and terror dreams. He was my hero that I always looked up to, always smiling and cracking jokes. My Grandpa passed away at 90 years old and is buried in the Maple Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo, Missouri.

