


MY LIFE IN THE MILITARY SERVICE DURING  
WORLD WAR I BY GEORGE DOUGLAS MCMULLIN



As told to his daughter in law,  
Hazel McMullin. Information taken from  
a partially kept diary and from memory.  
Completed in February 1964.

I had my physical examination at Price,  
Utah on my 24th birthday, September 6, 1917.  
I had been working in the coal mine in Clear  
Creek. They told me I could go home and wait  
until they called me. Instead I went to Spring  
Canyon and the mine Supt. wanted me to go to  
work there. I told him the situation I was in  
but he said he wanted me to go to work anyway.  
He gave me all the overtime I wanted. I got in  
12 or 13 shifts in 6 days. Then I was called  
back.

I left Sept. 18, 1917. I was stationed at  
Camp Lewis, Washington - a member of the 362nd  
Infantry, 91st Division of Company "L". Milton  
Cowley trained with me there. That lasted  
approximately 9 months. Milton and I had one  
furlough home during this time. I was promoted  
to a Cpl. soon after being inducted.

LaVar Gunderson from Huntington was in the  
service at this time, and we were together  
practically all the way through.

We said goodbye to Camp Lewis on June 24, 1918, and went by  
train clear across the continent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

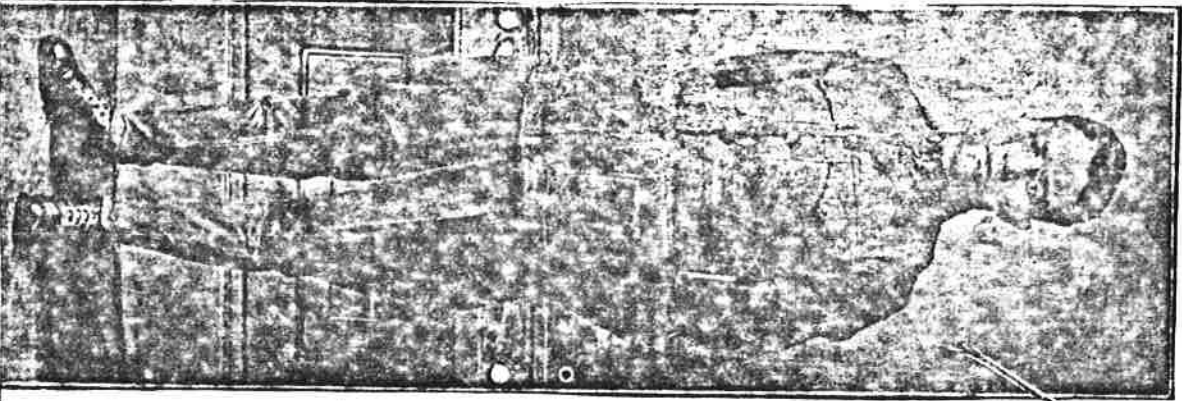
While on this trip the train stopped near a river. They had us  
undress and go down to the river for a bath. The officers told  
us they would go refuel the train and when they whistled it we  
were supposed to come back to the track. Well, we bathed until  
we heard a whistle then went back to the track. But the train  
that came along was a passenger - there stood two companies of  
naked soldiers.

We arrived at Camp Merritt, New Jersey at 3 A.M. June 30.

Here we received equipment for overseas. We loaded on the "Empress  
of Russia" and left the New York Harbor 7 A.M., July 6. Fifteen  
transports were in our convoy. Nothing but water. Why did they  
make the ocean so wide?

The weather was very cold and the sea rough. I got sick a  
little one day is all.

As we entered the danger zone we were ordered to sleep fully  
dressed.



Cpl. George D. McMullin,  
son of Mrs. Flora Davis of Cl-  
eveland. He was reported as  
killed in action on the battle-  
fields of France on Oct. 26,  
1918. In Dec. of 1918 a tele-  
gram was received stating that  
he was alive and was a prisoner  
of war of the Germans.

We arrived at Liverpool, England, 6:30 P.M., July 17. Here we saw and felt the effect of war for the first time. We set up a rest camp at Knotty Ash for a short time. Then we moved on through Oxford to Southampton, England. There we were loaded on the "St. George" boat and crossed the English Channel.

We reached LeHavre, France, July 22. Here we were loaded in boxcars - twenty nine men per car - small cars at that. We stopped at Avrecourt, France - a quaint old fashioned village. The people there were very good to us. We camped here for quite some time. I was still a Cpl. but I was in charge of my platoon. At this camp I drilled several new recruits. We had hard drill all through the month of August, about 9 hours a day.

We were loaded in 6 trucks and moved to Chalindrey. Then we went by train to Houdlecourt.

Often they would ask for volunteers to help cook when the cooks were give out. Sometimes we would march 20 or 30 killos (1 killo not quite a mile) with full pack. Some of the soldiers would start out with extra shoes and other unnecessary things, but they were soon thrown to the side of the road. The cooks were not used to this long marching and when breakfast time came they were just too tired to get up.

We left Houdlecourt at 9 P.M. and walked in rain and slush with heavy packs for 6 hours. Our orders were: No smoking. No noise. We arrived in some woods at 3 A.M. and slept on a hillside - all very tired. We rested till 2 P.M., then marched on to another wooded area near St. Mihiel. Big guns fired all night. It rained like hell - our beds were full of water, and mud was up to our ankles. We spent most of the day trying to get dry. A good hut near Luneville served as our camp. There were lots of airplanes, noise from big gunes, and buildings blown to pieces.

September 15 was inspection and a talk from the new Col. Harboiled Parker.

We started to hike again at 9 P.M. and marched until 6 A.M. I had to cook breakfast this morning. We left the woods at dark and camped in a rock building in a destroyed village near Verdun. Here we rested until dusk, Then moved northward into the Argonne Forest area near the front line. Our next stop was at 11 P.M. We pitched tents - everything camouflaged. There was a big bombardment early in the morning, but we moved on again through terribly muddy roads with lots of big shell holes. We looked around for something to eat for the company, but had very little luck. We were welcomed with a gas attack during the night and it was very cold. Coffee, bacon and bread was our menu for breakfast. We ate to the music of machine guns.

Sept. 25 was spent fixing light packs and then we moved up to Deadman's Hill to be ready to go over the top in the morning.

The bombardment started at 2 A.M. We sure could tell there was a war on. We pushed on past the big guns and into deserted German territory. We got some raw cabbage from a German dugout.

We moved up and went on an outpost. From this post we sure could here the boys cry for first aid. Many were wounded. The music of shells continued all night. "Keep your heads boys."

We advanced about 200 yards. I took a pistol, a tall can of pork and beans and 3 biscuits off a dead man. His leg was lying about 100 ft. from him.

About 10 A.M. I made a cup of coffee and warmed my beans under heavy fire all the time. After nothing to eat for 3 days

you'd try most anything.

The enemy shot up my fire and spilled half of my coffee so I had to move. It was too hot for me..

We met heavy shell fire Sept. 29. One shot killed and wounded thirteen men. It covered me with dirt - close call. We moved on again and over another hill. I was in charge of fourteen men.

What a warm reception!!

Late in the evening I was shot in the hip. It was really cold. I laid out all night. Early the next morning three boys came and started back with me. We were fired on by the Germans and they killed the three boys. I laid behind a little raise in the ground all day watching the Germans all around. I was captured late that night. I was all in - down and out.

Two German soldiers came and took me off the battlefield just a little ways out of firing range. One of their officers questioned me. He spoke English very well and asked me where our company was. I told them they would be right there in just a little while. That is all they got out of me.

Here I was loaded on a horse drawn buckboard and we traveled until about 2 or 3 A.M. We stopped at a church and slept there till morning. Then went on to another one room building that resembled a church. Here we were served a real good meal and I was too sick to eat it.

During my stay here I received a little medical aid for my hip. I also contracted the intestinal flu. After all this I was really weak.

We were here about twelve days. Then we were loaded on a train and taken farther into Germany to Zwickau. Here we stayed in what resembled an army barracks. We received food from the English



Mud, noise, and fierce action in the shattered Argonne Forest, France—scene of some of the bitterest fighting in the closing days of World War I.

Amme

Red Cross.

This was the first time we were able to get cleaned up. We showered and shaved and our clothes were sent through a sort of a laundry we called a delouser.

There were approximately twenty English prisoners and about six Americans in our group. The Englishmen often received medical supplies from their Red Cross, and they would share with us.

From here we were moved back toward France. We stayed at a large army camp near Luxembourg, which is a big railroad center. This area was very neat and clean.

It was about this time that the Armistice was signed. After that the Germans who were in charge of us disappeared and left us on our own. The American Red Cross gave us food. We stayed here about a week or two.

We went into Belgium and stopped at a cafe in Brussels. Here some Mormon missionaries came in and asked if there was anyone in there from Utah. I was the only one. I went with them on a walking tour of the city. Our stay there was only a few hours.

During the first part of January, 1919, we stayed at a rather large hospital at Vichy, France.

There were a couple of men at this hospital from our company. They were shot up quite bad. I did some barbering while staying here. We could get candy, nuts, pop, crackers and things like this from the American Red Cross here. I received my first payday in five months. We spent our time sweeping and scrubbing the rooms, going to shows, taking hikes, and window shopping. I wrote to Mother whenever I could. I also went to the Red Cross to find out the casualties of our Company.

We left Vichy Jan 12, stopped at Tours, France, then went on to Lemans. Here I caught a train and went to LeFerte Bernard. We camped for the night in a Y.M.C.A. building. A fellow, George Dolan, from San Francisco, and I set out on foot from here to find our outfit. We walked a long ways, stopping in the best places we could find.

On Jan. 23 we arrived at Camp Montoer near St. Nazare. This was a large camp. They fed about 10,000 soldiers at the mess hall, and ran them through in 2 hours. Here they put us through another delousing and quarantened us in a small section for a few days to make sure we were not going to take something back to our company.

On Jan. 28th we finally got back to our Company. During Feb. and March we did about the same things each day. Some short drills, inspection, target practice, and played some base ball.

April 3 we were wakened by reveille at 3:30 A.M., had breakfast was loaded into a truck and hauled to St Nazare. We were loaded on the "Floridian Hatch" boat at 9:45 A.M. and pulled out of the harbor at 5 P.M. The sea was very rough. I was sick and had a head ache most of the way across. We landed in New York Harbor April 4, 1919.

We got on a ferry boat and went to Long Island. We arrived at Camp Mills about 3 P.M. and spent 12 days there just going to shows. I had my picture taken, got some clothes fixed at the tailors shop and visited nearby places.

We marched to the train and left Camp Mills on April 26 At nearly every railroad stop we would get a treat from the Red Cross. When we arrived at McCook Nebraska some people gave us a dance and a swell time. There was a big turn out and lots of cheers. We were served sandwiches and oranges from the Red Cross at Grover, Colorado. We went through Cheyenne Wyoming and on to Camp Russell.

May 1st I was assigned to check ordinance equipment. Then that day I signed my discharge.

It took about three days to get home. This included a stop in Salt Lake City where I bought a new suit, the best one I ever had. Upon arriving home I found the following articles had been published in the newspaper:

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CLEVELAND SOLDIER KILLED ON FIRING LINE IN FRANCE

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Cleveland, Utah Nov. 1918 -- Corporal George D. McMullin, of this community has made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefield of France. According to an official telegram recieved by his mother, Mrs Florence Davis, from the war department. He was killed in action in France , Sept 29

Young Mr. McMullin enlisted Sept.6, 1917. Leaving immediately for Camp Lewis, Washington. Later he was transferred to Camp Merritt, N.J. His company was transported overseas in July. He was a member of the 362nd infantry, 91st division, and for some-time past has been in the front line trenches. He was 25 years of age, born in St.George. As a child he moved with his mother and sisters to Cleveland, where the family has since resided. He is survived by his mother, step father, four sisters, one half sister, and two half brothers. He was a moral, upright young man, was loved and respected by all who knew him, and was always ready and willing to do his part.

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FIRST CLEVELAND LAD TO LOSE LIFE AT THE FRONT

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A shadow of gloom which was all the more intense for the rejoicing on account of peace, was thrown over Emery County as a whole and the town of Cleveland in particular, by the receipt of a telegram by Mrs. Flora Davis of Cleveland, saying that her son, Douglas McMullin had been killed in action on the battlefields of France. No particulars have been forthcoming and the grief-stricken mother still clings to the fond hope that there may be some mistake. Many friends of the family gathered at the home to offer consolation. Memorial services will likely be held as soon as public gatherings are permitted.

George D. McMullin was born in St. George Sept 6 twenty five years ago and came to Cleveland with his mother and four sisters nineteen years ago, his father having lost his life in the Delamar mines. Most of his life was spent here but he was also well known in Carbon County where he worked at the various camps. (coal mines) It was from there that he was called into the army. He had his physical the day he was twenty four years of age and soon went to Camp Lewis. He remained at this camp until last May when he and Milton Cowley, was given a 60 day furlough to assist on the farm. But after a brief stay of two weeks they were suddenly called back and sent to France almost immediately upon their return. He had held the rank of corporal for some time previous to his death.

"Doug" as he was more commonly known, was of a jovial nature and was well liked by all who knew him. He was of good moral character and clean habits. He was especially devoted to his mother and ever thoughtful of her welfare. Besides his grief-stricken mother and step father, he leaves the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Florence Jensen, Mrs. Sadie Whimprey, Mrs. Olivia Whitehead, Mrs. Hyla Sherfick, Leah, Lowell and Loraine Davis, and a host of friends. The following letter was written to his mother only a short time previous to his death and shows plainer than any of our weak the kind of a lad this fine young soldier was.

France, September 15th

Dear Mother and All:

Received your letter last night and very glad to hear that you are all feeling good. I am the same - I never felt better in my life. I am ready for anything that comes my way as I have never struck anything very bad yet but don't know just when I shall.

I wish I could tell you just where I am and what I am doing but you will have to guess a little. There are air birds around here thicker than blackbirds in the spring at home. It sure is some sight.

You ask me about this country. It's very plain - about all rolling hills and no big mountains like there is at home and no timber except small trees and willows and a very few pines. This country is something like England and Mr. Davis can tell you something about that country. This is about all farming district with little villages about one or two miles apart. They are very small. All the farming I have seen is dry land farming, and I have traveled over a good piece of this country. They have a lot of rain. I am where I don't need a newspaper to find out how the war is going, and it sure is going fine. It sounds like the 4th of July by all the noise we can hear from a short distance

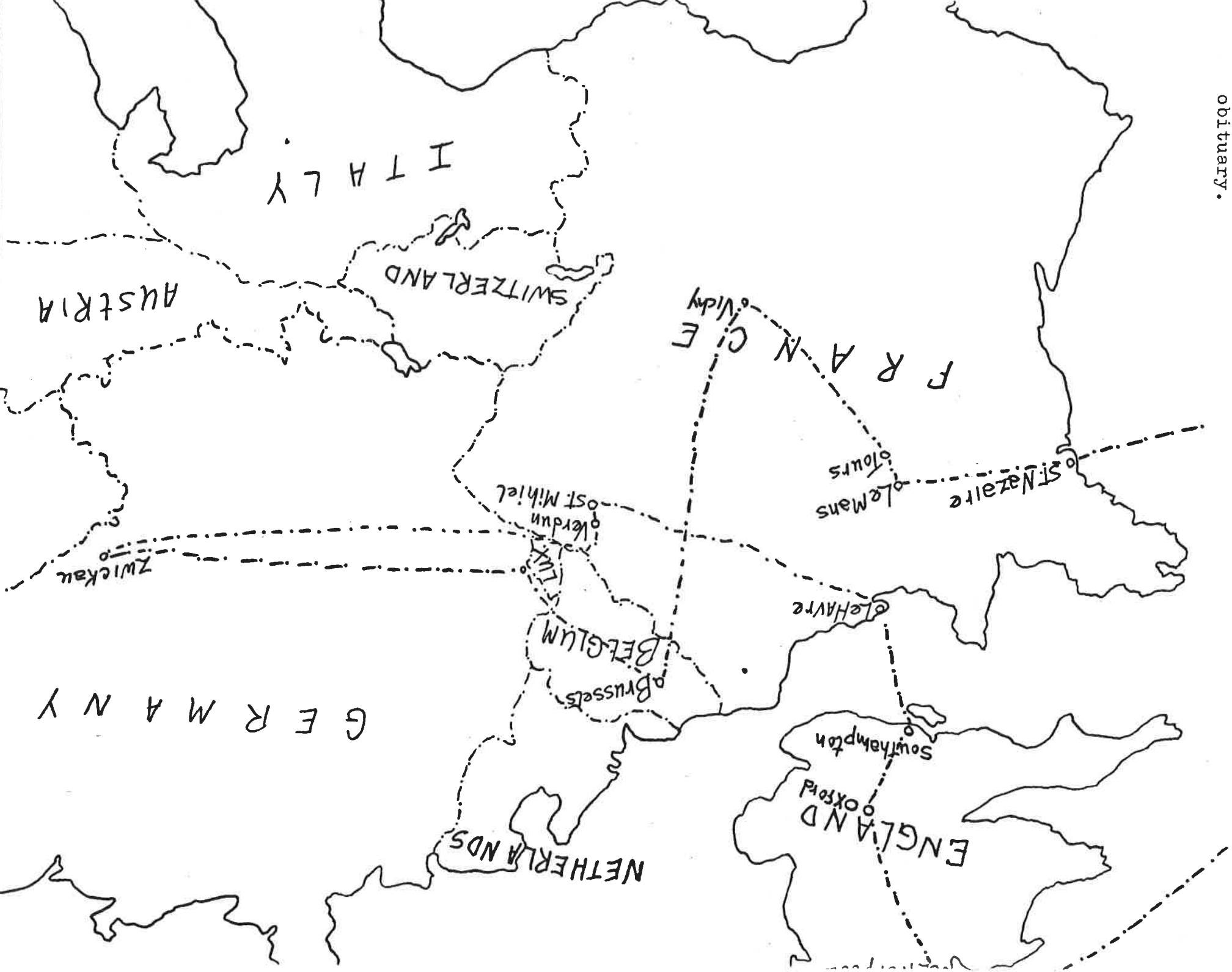
Now Mother give this letter to my sisters to read because it is impossible for me to write to them. You can tell them to drop me a line as often as possible. I would write to all of them if I could. One reason is I can't carry the writing material, and another, I can't get it censored, Our officers are too busy. You see, Mother,

everything we own we have to carry on our backs wherever we go and we are moving all the time.

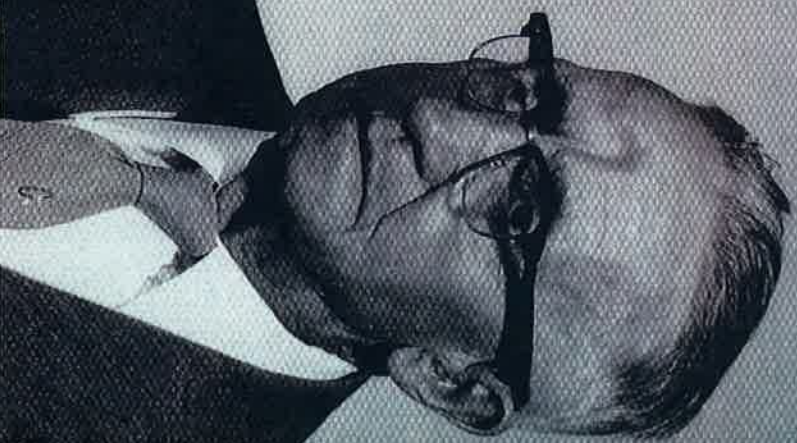
Well, I can't tell you any more at this time. Will close with love to all. Write soon, Doug

P.B. If you want to keep track of where I am, you read where the 91st division is. I am with them all the time.

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I guess I was really lucky - not many people read their own obituary.







**History of  
George Douglas McMullin  
&  
Luella Gordon McMullin**





**George Douglas McMullin**



1893 - 1966



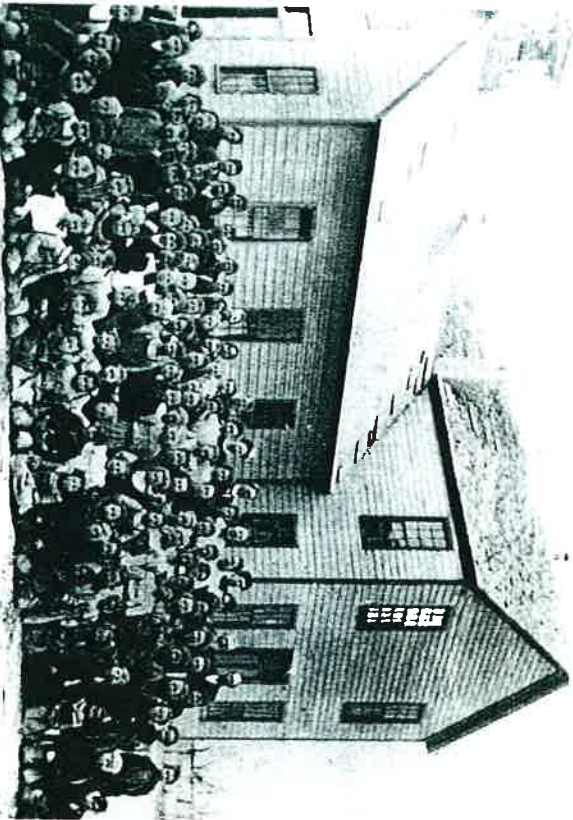


Father

## George Wesley and Florence



Mother



Cleveland Schoolhouse built in 1892.



Doug and Flicker



Doug's sisters, mother, & wife

Sadie, Hyla, mother, Olivia, Luella & Florence

## Life History of George Douglas McMullin



George Douglas McMullin was the 3rd child born to George Wesley McMullin and Florence Mae Oakden. George Wesley was born 5 Oct. 1859 in Payson, Utah, Utah. Florence Mae Oakden was born 21 May 1866 at Beaver, Beaver, Utah. She was a very pleasant woman. Tall and slender with dark hair and eyes. They were married on the 19th of Oct. 1887, at St. David, Arizona. Doug, as he was known all his life, was born 6 Sep 1893, at St. George, Washington Co., Utah. They lived in a small 3 room house that had a big yard next to a hillside. Big beautiful trees and a spring that ran down to the house. No modern conveniences--they got their water from the spring. All the children had good health. They had the usual childhood diseases, chicken pox, mumps, measles, etc. but nobody knew what they were. They just doctored them as best they could.

He was only 5 years old when his father died. We were told that George Wesley died from delamar dust. Research tells us that is exactly what happened. The silica dust inhaled by the miners at the Delamar Mine, located some 16 miles west of Caliente, Nevada. Delamar was a thriving town of about 3,000 by 1897. However, it soon acquired the name of "Widowmaker" as so many miners died breathing the deadly dust. He was only 38 ½ years old when he died on 4 Apr 1898. While he lay dead in the house, young Doug broke his arm riding a horse.

Doug had 4 sisters, Florence, and Sadie, (older) and Olivia, and Hyla (younger). There was a son, Willard John who was the fifth child, however, he only lived about 6 months. He was buried only two months before her husband died. Florence took her small family and went to the St. George Temple where she was sealed to George and so were her children. She also gave birth to Hyla 7 months after George died, in November of 1898. Sometime prior to this some of her family had migrated to Emery County. A short time after the death of her husband, Florence loaded her children in a wagon and with the help of two of her brothers, traveled to Cleveland where her mother lived, who was also a widow at that time. What a trip that must have been for a young mother with 5 little children. She traded her home in St. George to John Alger for one he had in Cleveland. Those 2 brothers and Florence then went to Sunnyside, in Carbon Co. Utah, where there was a coal mine. The 7 of them lived in a boarded up tent. The brothers worked in the mine and Florence took in sewing and cooked for some of the miners there. The family stayed in Sunnyside for about 18 months. When the miners came off of the midnight shift, sometimes Florence would still be doing some of her sewing. They would often holler to her as they passed her tent, "Mrs. McMullin, it is time you were going to bed."

When Doug's grandmother, Olivia got older, it was necessary for them to move back to Cleveland to stay with her and help take care of her and the hotel she owned. She lived in the home that now belongs to the Van and Dora Jones family. (The first house on the right one block down over the hill) At that time it had an upstairs where she took in boarders to help support herself. It also served as a small hotel. Butch Cassidy and his gang stayed there a time or two when they were in between robberies. She cooked several meals for them. Since Butch (Robert LeRoy Parker had an aunt who married a McMullin, so he probably felt a little more safe staying with family.) Grandma Bryson's home was the congregating place for the neighborhood children. She also made sure the children got their religious training. Prayers in her home and to their meetings regularly.

While staying with her mother, Florence met Thomas Evan Davis and they were married on 2 Dec 1902 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Davis was a widower, having lost his wife, Elizabeth Ann Greenland Davis to blood poisoning in February of 1902. Thomas had 5 children of his own. After they were married they had a girl and two boys together. They were Leah, Lowell and Lorraine. Together they made a combined family of 13. Mr. Davis treated Florence's children as his own and he helped teach Doug farming, as he had a farm in Cleveland. It sounds like the boys helped with the farming and the girls helped with the hotel. Thomas built a new home for the family 1 mile southwest of town. He also had a farm north of Elmo where Doug and his step brother, Sam helped farm.





**Doug just home  
From the service**



**What a handsome couple**



**Newly Weds**





The two boys were always a month late starting school because of harvesting and a month early getting out to plant. Thomas always had Doug and Sam take wagon loads of hay and grain down to the bishop for tithing.

Doug enlisted in the army 6 Sept. 1917 on his birthday. He was 24 yrs old. (See story of his war service and capture by the Germans in a separate story.)

Following the war, and his prisoner of war experience in Germany, Doug returned home in May of 1919 and found employment in the mines. He traveled from Cleveland where his mother lived to Mohrland. Doug ran the motor in the mine during the day, and worked as a barber at night. During his really busy times, his brother-in-law, Robert Whitehead assisted him.

It was while he was employed at the mine that he met a young girl that was waiting tables at the boarding house. Her name was Luella Gordon. They went together for about a years and then were married on the 21<sup>st</sup> of May, 1921 in Castle Dale. Doug's mother Florence, being the seamstress she was, made a nice white dress for Luella, and gave them a dinner at her home following the wedding. The couple made their home in Mohrland first, then Peerless, another mining camp.

(See most of Doug's life that we know, recorded in Luella's history)

Doug was elected mayor of Cleveland and went in on 3 Jan, 1950. He served as mayor for 11 years and was instrumental in making many many improvements to the town. Some of his accomplishments were as follows: Installed water meters. In 1951 moved the canal back a block so the State could grade and oil main street; built new tennis court with poles and wire. In 1952, street lights were installed and cement purchased for sidewalks in front of the church and on main street. A franchise was also given to Farmers Union to install telephone lines and television was brought to Cleveland. Bought a new fire truck for the town in 1956.



Mel & Arvin Lee & Doug



Doug and his truck & Rob



The Pool Hall  
Me's Club..

NUMBER 448 DATE Nov. 25, 1938

**THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**  
**DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR**  
**BUREAU OF MINES**

**CERTIFICATE OF ADDITIONAL FIRST-AID TRAINING**

Douglas McMillin

This certifies that Kenn Lworth, Utah, who already holds a Bureau of Mines First-Aid Certificate, has received additional Bureau of Mines First-Aid training.

5th ADDITIONAL TRAINING

W. W. Keenel

6-080 6-080 0-8400

W. W. Keenel

Director

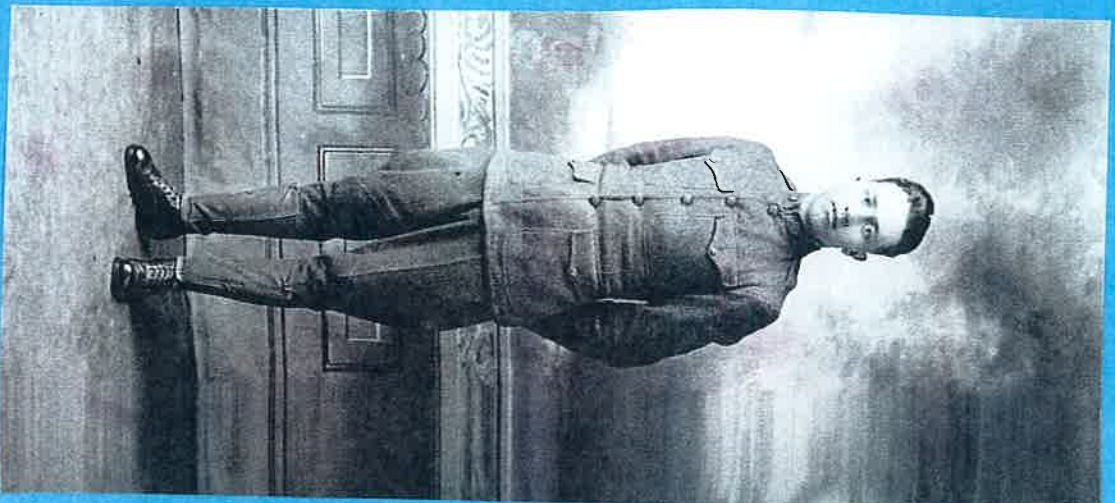


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CORPORAL GEORGE D. McMULLIN  
of Cleveland Utah  
Killed in Action October 26, 1918

## "With the Colors"

From Corp'l Ray Curtis of Orangeville

France, October 31, 1918

My Darling People:

I will now try and write a few lines to let you know I am well as a boy can be and hope you are as well.

I got four letters from home today so I am not worrying at all now. I got the pictures also and they sure looked good to me.

Now the reason I haven't written before is because we weren't allowed to. We are only allowed to write one today, so this means to you all.

Now we have sure been to war. If you ever saw a bunch of boys that had, we have. And it was no fooling—it was real war.

You asked me how Levar and Mell were. Well, Levar is still alright but Mell got captured or killed. He is missing, anyway. Gee, I sure don't like that a bit. And another one of my pals named McMullin, of Cleveland, got killed and several other boys I was well acquainted with got killed and wounded. Sam (fewkes) and myself came out without a scratch and I sure figure we were lucky. (The Mell referred to was Melvin McMullen of Murray, whose father owned the Paradise ranch property until a couple of years ago. The boy was well known in the county, especially to the cattlemen. He was officially reported killed in action about two weeks ago. The McMullin boy referred to was George Douglas McMullin of Cleveland, who was reported killed in action about a month ago.—Editor.)

Now we sure saw some real warfare, without any joking. We are making them hard to catch now. I guess you folks hear all about it as well as we do. Now leave it to me, she is sure a rough game. They get plenty rough enough for me. There were some exciting scenes upon the front, but I can tell you more about it when I get home. I will have to get somebody to shoot over my bed before I can go to sleep. When I get out of this, I wont even kill a gnat. It doesn't matter how hard it stings me, I'll never kill it.

Say, what you can't read of this send back for I guarantee my writing. Well, I'm going to just write like I feel for fancy writing is a thing of the past with me; but I know you can read it and that is all I care for now. I will write every chance I can get so don't worry in the least for I am an old soldier now; but I sure feel sorry for those boys like George (Young) and Reube (Hawks) and the rest. I'll bet they know how it is by now. They are getting just a little touch of it at the training camps.

When you write again tell me how the stock are and all about things. Don't stop writing at all but just keep them coming regularly.