

Wisconsin Veterans Museum  
Research Center

Transcript of an  
Oral History Interview with

PAUL A. PINARD

Artillery, Army, World War II;  
Artillery, Army, Korean War.

1996

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**Pinard, Paul Armand**, (1919-2007). Oral History Interview, ca. 1996.

User Copy: 2 sound cassettes (ca. 85 min.), analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.

Master Copy: 1 sound cassette (ca. 85 min.), analog, 1 7/8 ips, mono.

Transcript: 0.1 linear ft. (1 folder).

**Abstract:**

Paul A. Pinard, a Chicago native, discusses his career in the Army, including his experiences during World War II and the Korean War. While in high school, Pinard mentions training for a month each year with the Citizens Military Training Camp at Fort Sheridan (Illinois). He talks about enlisting in 1940, having minimal training in Maine, assignment to coast artillery, and being in Dutch Guiana (now Suriname) when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Pinard touches on duty in Panama in 1940, including replacing men who caught malaria and the tight control of transit ships. He talks about recreation at "Dockside," a camp in Trinidad, witnessing the impressive efforts that went into creating the airfield at Fort Read (Trinidad), and helping keep the thousands of hired natives in line at payday. Sent in a task force to Suriname, Pinard talks about landing at Paramaribo, working anti-aircraft defense at the construction of an airfield, the foreign dignitaries he saw, and recovering bodies from a plane that had crashed under mysterious circumstances. Sent to Fort Stewart (Georgia), he mentions working on perfecting an air transportable anti-aircraft outfit until being called up as a replacement after the Battle of the Bulge. Pinard describes transport by ship to Europe and his first exposure to combat at Monschau (Germany) in the Battle of the Bulge. He comments on being made acting platoon leader, taking cover from V1 rockets, and relations with German civilians. Pinard reflects on relations between the military and civilians around his bases in the United States. In Europe, he talks about getting in trouble with an officer for wearing scavenged clothing, including a German Hitler Youth scarf. Pinard recalls the interrupted food supply during the Battle of the Bulge, intermittently sleeping on the ground or in German buildings, and assignment to General Rose's 3rd Armored unit. Stateside, he talks about gambling, facilities, and a typical day's schedule working in the artillery control room. Pinard touches on motivations to participate in combat and the rumors that spread after the Malmedy massacre. He talks about his experiences near the Panmunjom Corridor (Korea) during the Korean War. Pinard comments on his disappointment with the officers in Korea and patrolling in the extreme cold. He details five close calls he had in Germany: being pinned by enemy artillery in a little building while holding an unstable grenade, some situations when shrapnel damaged his equipment, having to cross a minefield, a near-miss by a sniper, and being pinned by a friendly machine gun firing over his back. Pinard recalls a time when his foxhole hit a spring and he was up to his neck in water, and in that same battle threatening the crew of an artillery gun who were firing directly above his foxhole. He talks about the soldiers' use of nitro to soften the ground for foxholes and seeing a soldier wounded when the nitro in his pocket was accidentally set off during combat. Pinard touches on passing through a German "Strength Through Joy" town and taking a risk by investigating a patch of freshly turned

earth during a patrol. He states he had no homecoming after World War II, though he had a nice homecoming after the Korean War. In 1948, he mentions teaching at the Reserve Officer Training Corps at Campion Jesuit High School (Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin). In Korea, Pinard tells of when his unit was mistakenly placed in front of a British unit's final protective line. He reflects on the odd combat situation when they were not allowed to fire in the Panmunjom Corridor during peace talks, even though the Chinese used sniper fire from their side. Pinard states he backed out of the opportunity to be an aide to Folke Bernadotte in Jerusalem so that he could get married. After a few more years on ROCT duty at Prairie du Chien, Pinard tells of assignment to Germany for peacetime occupation duty. He talks about bringing his mother over to Germany and visiting her uncle, who had been a lieutenant colonel in the German Army. During the war, he describes uneasy relations between Russian soldiers in charge of a work camp and his own men, who wanted to fraternize with women at the work camp. After the war, Pinard mentions assigning five men to Dachau as guards and hearing about what was stashed in the basement of the administrative building. He touches on ROTC duty to Loras College (Dubuque, Iowa), getting rid of an alcoholic company commander, and his daughter's career in the Army. Pinard tells an anecdote about Army and Air Force personnel cooperating in Suriname to get cold beer, and he mentions attending reunions of M Company, 60<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment.

### **Biographical Sketch:**

Pinard (1919-2007) served in the Army from 1940 to 1961 and was honorably discharged at the rank of first sergeant. Born in Saint Paul (Minnesota), he grew up in Chicago, and, after his discharge, he settled in Prairie du Chien (Wisconsin) with his wife, Mary Jo, and worked at a variety of jobs, including fourteen years at the post office.

Interviewed by James Hannah, Crawford County CVSO, 1995

Transcribed by Marie Drumm, 2011

Checked and corrected by Joan Bruggink, 2011

Abstract written by Susan Krueger, 2011

**Interview Transcript:**

James: It's Monday, November 13, 1995, and I am doing an interview with Paul Armand Pinard, who is a retired United States Army veteran. We'll start with Paul giving his name, full name and spelling, please.

Pinard: Paul Armand Pinard. Pinard spelled P-I-N-A-R-D, Armand spelled A-R-M-A-N-D.

James: In what year were you born, Mr. Pinard?

Pinard: 1919.

James: And where were you born?

Pinard: St. Paul.

James: St. Paul, Minnesota?

Pinard: St. Paul, Minnesota.

James: Okay. And did you grow up in that area, or where did you grow up?

Pinard: I grew up in Chicago, northwest side of Chicago.

James: What were you doing before you entered the military?

Pinard: I was working at a warehouse Carson Pirie Scott had where orders were gathered and organized and sent to the stores throughout the Midwest that had sent in orders. We were called order fillers.

James: Do you remember where you were and what you were doing when you first heard that Germany had invaded Poland in 1939?

Pinard: 1939, I was still in Chicago.

James: Okay, and where were you when you heard about the attack on Pearl Harbor? In 1941.

Pinard: 1941? That was when? What date, to make sure?

James: December 7<sup>th</sup>.

Pinard: December 7<sup>th</sup>, yeah. I was in Surinam, South America. Official name now was Dutch Guiana.

- James: And what were you doing at that time? What was your occupation?
- Pinard: When I was overseas?
- James: Yes.
- Pinard: First I was in Panama. We were antiaircraft defense. I had gun positions located around the locks at Gatun; in fact, I had one machine gun on the causeway between the right and left set of locks.
- James: Okay, so you were in the military on December 31<sup>st</sup>, 1941.
- Pinard: Correct, correct, I was.
- James: When did you enter the military, Paul?
- Pinard: I entered the military on 20 January 1940.
- James: Okay, and what was the branch of service that you joined?
- Pinard: I joined, I was assigned to Coast Artillery. I was assigned to a unit in the harbor of Portland, Maine.
- James: And you were in the United States Army at the time?
- Pinard: In the United States Army at the time.
- James: How many years did you serve in the United States Army?
- Pinard: Twenty-one and a half years.
- James: What was your date of discharge?
- Pinard: My date of discharge was 1 September 1961.
- James: And with what rank did you retire from the—
- Pinard: I retired as First Sergeant E8.
- James: Thank you. Describe your entry in the service. How would you characterize your induction, interview and your physical?
- Pinard: Well, my thoughts and desire about entering the service were pushed a bit by a couple facts. While finishing high school in 1940, I had a German teacher who could do nothing but praise Hitler. She had been over there on a sabbatical. And I thought, now this is no good. Plus I, in 1940 in about

the summer time, I was visiting my uncle and he had a brother that was due to come in on a visit, but when I saw him this particular day, his brother had just called and cancelled his trip. He happened to work for the printing office for the United States Government. They had a rush job in early 1940; that rush job was printing draft notices. So I thought this looks like it's building up. I always liked the military. For three years as a high school student, I had a month a year training with the CMTC.

James: What's that?

Pinard: Citizens Military Training Camp. Reserve Officers Corps organized it and my training spot was at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

James: What about your induction? Did you have an induction interview?

Pinard: None whatsoever.

James: Okay, you just volunteered.

Pinard: I volunteered.

James: Do you remember your physical that you went through; was there anything?

Pinard: Very minimal, very minimal; I don't even remember much. I think I got on a scale, doctor listened to the heart and looked you over. He did everything but jab you with a pin to see if you could feel it.

James: Do you remember your fellow inductees, much about them or anything?

Pinard: No, not in Chicago. I was alone and I had train tickets to go to Portland, Maine. When I got in Portland, Maine, I had to go down to the harbor, I forget just where, and get a boat to our island post, which was Coast Artillery. The group was marched off on a boat, or gathered off on a boat and taken to the old barracks, and the first thing we did was go down in the barracks basement and draw our rifle. Well when it was my turn, somebody read off the list "Pinard" and a head bounced up from behind the counter, "What the heck"—stronger words—"what the heck do you want?" And it developed it was a cousin of mine from New York. So it was rare. That was right from the start of strange things happening throughout my Army career.

James: Yeah, that is. How would you characterize your military training?

Pinard: The initial training, oh, was minimal. We had close order drill and what have you and a little marksmanship, but the main thing is we were

oriented on the operation of our assigned cannon and I happened to be in charge of the plotting room, which was right below the cannons, and I think that's part of the reason I'm wearing a hearing aid occasionally.

James: Again, I think you've already mentioned it, but where did you do your training? In Maine, is that where it was?

Pinard: Training in Maine on an island post.

James: Okay, and for how long did you train there, Paul?

Pinard: Before I got actively—

James: Was it weeks or months?

Pinard: Let's see, I think it was a couple weeks, two or three weeks.

James: Okay. In retrospect, how realistic do you think your training was? Did you think it was fairly realistic for when you got into battle or—

Pinard: No. Since this was Coast Artillery it was minimal, because they weren't accepted or expected to be in battle, and since I was in and out as head as their armament, two six inch cannon in place, there wasn't much training there.

James: When you went overseas, did you go directly overseas from there?

Pinard: From Maine, directly over to Panama.

James: What was your transportation to Panama? How did you get there?

Pinard: By boat.

James: From where?

Pinard: I think the thing was at Château-Thierry, which dated way back to World War I. It was a mule transport boat that had been cleaned up, obviously.

James: So the accommodations on the boat, besides being old—but it was clean?

Pinard: Oh, yes, it was clean, but it was kind of small and we hit a big storm. One of the crewmen was washed overboard, so it gives you an idea, the storm was not a small little squall and a few whitecap waves.

James: About how many people were on the ship?

- Pinard: Oh, this is just a guess; I'd say about three hundred.
- James: And where did you arrive and when did you arrive there?
- Pinard: Arrived in Panama the first of August, 1940.
- James: Whereabouts in Panama?
- Pinard: On the ea—on the Atlantic side.
- James: Now we are going into combat questions here, so—
- Pinard: Okay.
- James: The question is, if you are a combat veteran, describe your first exposure to combat. When was your first exposure with combat?
- Pinard: The first exposure was about 28 December 1944. A lot of people were being reassigned to infantry because of the Bulge which was taking place, so I was part of a group that was first rushed over there to augment lost personnel from various units.
- James: Okay, and where were you stationed for this first combat? Where were you at?
- Pinard: We were on the line at Monschau which was about fourteen kilometers up the road from Malmedy where all of the tankers were killed by German army.
- James: And how did you get over there to this area?
- Pinard: Oh, I got over there by a nice cruise on the USS America. They had converted that passenger boat, and I luckily got a little sore throat that had to be treated so I was in the sick bay and I didn't have to stand in the chow line, which was about a constant line going through for one meal. By the time the end got there, the head was ready to go for the second meal, and this was from breakfast to dinner and for supper, a lot of people going through.
- James: Sure, I guess that would be. How did you feel about—did you know that you were going to be going into combat? Did you expect that when—
- Pinard: I expected that, yes.
- James: How did you feel about knowing that you were going to be going into combat?



Pinard: Well, I think—this may sound crude, but I expected it to be very exciting. I didn't go in with a worry, which I don't blame the ones that did have it, because combat is a nasty deal no matter how you look at it.

James: Did the nature of combat change over the time while you were in the service? Was there a big difference in the first combat episode you had until your last combat or was it always—

Pinard: No.

James: Was combat *combat*?

Pinard: Combat, *combat*. It was always something that the lower echelon had to do following a platoon sergeant, a squad leader, what have you. It was, ah, kill or be killed; that you had to impress on replacements, young men, draftees and what have you.

James: In retrospect, do you think your training adequately prepared you for the experience of combat? When you went into it, do you think you had been trained well enough, or was it another learning experience?

Pinard: No, I had been trained well enough and I joined this infantry company during the Bulge and in just a few days I was an acting platoon leader, so I assumed that my performance was noticeable and worthwhile.

James: During your period both during combat and during peacetime, did you have much contact with the people surrounding your military stations?

Pinard: Not until after we moved out, when the Bulge was finally more or less stopped and we were chasing the Germans, except while we were emplaced I had a foxhole and the responsibility of the squad right alongside a farm house and got to know the elderly couple. They hadn't evacuated, which was surprising because things—we were facing a valley that all of the reject or not completely operative V1s were falling in. We used to call it "happy valley," but every time we'd hear the V1s coming over, they had an engine that was an impulse generator went "put put put put put" and quite often we'd hear "put put..put...put [deliberate pause like a failing engine] put...put" and you'd pull your head down in that foxhole because there was no way of knowing where they were gonna go down and the explosion force was terrific.

James: How did you get along with these people? Were you good friends with them or you just knew them? The people surrounding your area, the civilian people.

- Pinard: The civilian people—well, I got along with them fairly well because I could speak just a little German. Not that I was leaning towards the German side, but I felt they were just normal human beings that were caught in a war and some had left their homes, I suppose hiding in caves and what have you, but not too many in the area that I worked in.
- James: How did these German people get along with the United States troops? Did they want to stay away from you guys?
- Pinard: Well, I hate to say a percentage, but I'd say it was half and half. Some were very nice, good, the war is gonna be over attitude and the others were you were a doggone invader and they were strictly "Seig Heil, I'm a good Nazi man."
- James: How about when you were stateside; did you get out and visit and get along with the people offside your stateside bases? I suppose you were married while you were in the service.
- Pinard: No, I was not; later on.
- James: Later on, okay.
- Pinard: Well yes, we did get out. I went to Portland, Oregon; we had to go by what they call a supply boat. And I was walking down the street once and towards me comes a gal who I recognized as another cousin of mine. She was in from New York working around there. But, ah, we got along good with the people. They knew that the Army was necessary. There was a few occasions where I had to grab a chair to work my way out of a big brawl in a bar or something like that but, ah—
- James: How did the civilian people stateside that lived around the towns get along with GIs?
- Pinard: When I was first in they got along very good. There were little incidents but they weren't played up and they weren't real bad.
- James: Did they think of these as money for their communities, is that kind of what your sense of that was?
- Pinard: Yes, I think they enjoyed the influx of additional people because when a GI would go to town, he'd spend money.
- James: How did you occupy your time while you were overseas during the wartime? How did you occupy your free time that you may have had? What kinds of things did you do?

- Pinard: There was very little free time except right towards the end of the war there was a little more chance of relaxing and not worrying about an artillery barrage coming in. I was relaxing and ah, I suppose I could be listed as a character because the division commander came up to me, I was standing in a field, and he said in no uncertain terms, "Sergeant, just what the hell Army do you think you're in?" Well, I had a pair of women's leather gloves on because I could handle the machine gun better with them, I had a German belt with a buckle on it and I had a Beretta pistol, Italian, on my right hip, and instead of a towel under the shirt I had a German Hitler Youth scarf around my neck. The shirts, the OD shirts, they were so dirty, we got 'em changed maybe once every six months or something like that, so the neck would get raw, so sometimes we'd use a blank—not a blanket, I mean a towel, but I happened to run across this fancy scarf, and I still have it. It was silk, a very nicely made scarf.
- James: Did you spend any of your time writing letters home? Did you get time to do things like that?
- Pinard: I wrote some, but not too many.
- James: Did you spend time gambling, or was that something that was done?
- Pinard: I can't recall if there was any gambling. I used to shoot dice when I was in Maine and make sure that the blanket was taunt and somebody wasn't throwing on a slack blanket and cupping[?] the dice to where they wanted to have a certain mark come up.
- James: Was that pretty much the same for all your comrades and that while you were overseas? Is that pretty much the way that everybody's free time was?
- Pinard: Well overseas, if we had any free time an individual would sleep or try to find some food somewhere, extra over what was issued, because during the Bulge there was times we didn't get food for a day and I think we lived on D bars—they were a concentrated chocolate bar—and of course it was cold and you didn't have steel teeth so you had to use the butt of your bayonet to break 'em into chunks. I think we lived on that almost about a month. You get a little tired of eating the same thing.
- James: Sure, sure. How about sleeping facilities while you were overseas?
- Pinard: Well, they had plenty of them: the ground. Once in a great while, towards the end—I shouldn't say we slept on the ground all the time, but when we was pushing out towards the end of the war, we were assigned to Patton's armored—no, not to Patton's armored unit, to General Rose's 3rd Armored unit. And occasionally we'd take a town and it wasn't destroyed

and we'd sleep in with guards inside of a building, sometimes even a couple of Germans, "Boy, you guys, you're gonna burn me out of coal for my cook stove," because we was stoking up the stoves a lot more than they were doing because we were worn, worn out with the cold and would like to get warm.

James: You kind of mentioned your eating. Did you have eating facilities or was it again, just wherever you happened to be at the time you would stop?

Pinard: Our company had a mess hall, a mess sergeant and a truck, but quite often if you were working, they wouldn't get any food up to—by working I mean if you are in combat, 'cause your headquarters, company headquarters, was always to the rear of your assigned area, so sometimes you just didn't eat.

James: When you were stateside, what kind of eating facilities did you have?

Pinard: Stateside, we had the regular company mess hall and it was very good.

James: And sleeping facilities stateside, they were barracks?

Pinard: Barracks. You were in the conventional steel cot that the Army had and a couple blankets and a pillow, sheets and a pillow case.

James: So there really was a difference between combat and—

Pinard: Oh, yes.

James: You know, when you were going through training for combat, did that part seem like you were trained well enough for that change of having to sleep outside of a—was that a change to your system or had you been kind of—

Pinard: No, it wasn't a change to the system. I went about six months without a shower during combat so it gives you an example; you've gotta survive with the way conditions are.

James: Okay. If possible, Paul, can you describe a typical day of being in the military, one being stateside, one being a combat day? Can you kind of, just kind of talk about—let's start with stateside. When you would get up, the time you would get up, while enlisted, while you were single, your earlier times in the service.

Pinard: Well stateside I was on this island post in Maine Harbor. We would have close order drill, calisthenics, and then nomenclature and study on the weapons we had. And when we were firing practice, I happened to be in the control room and we had two six inch cannon. The control room was

right in the casement underneath them, so when they went off the roar was terrific. I was in charge of the plotting board quite often because we had base end stations which sight on the target, send that information back, the azimuth, and we plotted these along with the temperature of the powder and the air conditions, the tide conditions and what have you, a lot of little factors, that slide rule you had put into your determination of what to give the guns as azimuth elevation.

James: About what time did your day start while you were in training?

Pinard: While in training ? Six o'clock.

James: Six o'clock. And what time would it end usually? What time would the day end?

Pinard: Well the day would end, more or less, you might say, officially with taps in the evening. Now the unit I was with was regular Army and it was very strict. After taps, if you went upstairs to the barracks room, you'd better take your shoes off so you don't make noise as you go up and wake somebody that might be sleeping.

James: How about a typical day of combat? What was a day like? Did it have a normal starting time of when you would get up or go to sleep, or what was it like?

Pinard: No, there was no normal starting time because things were not normal. Sometimes in a lull you'd sleep, which would be spasmodic because maybe the ground combat was at end, but you could be getting artillery so it definitely—I don't recall too damn much of sleeping, though I did, I know it, but I mean, I can't be specific about, you know, how many hours or where. It might be in a foxhole or if we were following armored, it might be in my Jeep that I rode and sleeping in the front seat.

James: Describe some of the men in your unit. Let's talk about in your combat unit. What were they like? Just like you? Was there a big difference in the people that you served with or did everybody kind of have the same—

Pinard: Oh no, there were a few who had individual personalities, a little, but they were all attentive. I gained, I'm proud to say and bragging saying it, that I had the attention of my men and their respect, and if I said something, "Do it," they did it.

James: What in your opinion made you and your comrades fight? What was it?

- Pinard: I don't know. I think I could crudely put that to this: you were sent over and it was a combat unit, you were sent up to the unit, whether it was engaged at the time with the enemy, and that was it.
- James: It kind of goes back to what you said before, right, about it was either kill or be killed?
- Pinard: That's correct.
- James: That was what made you fight, right? I mean, to stay alive in one sense.
- Pinard: Yeah. After that Malmedy massacre down the road from us, it's surprising how the grapevine spreads quickly. The grapevine got the word out, no prisoners.
- James: Okay. Where were you when you learned that the war was over, that World War II was over? Where were you?
- Pinard: Where was I?
- James: December of '46, approximately.
- Pinard: Yeah, down in Engelstadt, Germany. We had moved after we had cleared up the Ruhr pocket and after we had crossed the Remagen bridge and still went on and so when things finally quieted down, we got moved out.
- James: What did you think and feel when you heard that the war was over?
- Pinard: Well, a sense of relief, and a sense knowing that you were still alive and you still had a much better percentage chance of staying alive.
- James: At that time, had you decided that this was going to be your career or did you come back to the States and make that decision, Paul, or when did you decide that the Army was going to become a career for you?
- Pinard: When I enlisted.
- James: Way back—
- Pinard: Way back then, that's right.
- James: Okay, and after combat and everything you still wanted to?
- Pinard: Still wanted it.

- James: Okay. Now we're going to go to when you got out of the service. Again, when did you get out of the service?
- Pinard: I was retired the first of September, 1961.
- James: What did you do when you left the service, Paul?
- Pinard: When I left the service, I came back to Prairie du Chien where my wife was located and I picked up a few jobs and then I was working for a furniture store in town and then a few other things and then I got a chance to—well let's see, how should I say it? I got a chance to go into the post office. I had to take an exam; I didn't know just how to put it. And I got into the post office and worked there for fourteen years.
- James: You know, we kind of skipped real quick over your different units that you belonged to while you were in the service. We just talked about the very beginning of World War II. What were some of the other units you belonged to and things that you did after World War II? I know you came back to the States and there was also the Korean War during your period.
- Pinard: Yes I had a—
- James: Did you go overseas?
- Pinard: I had a chance to go over and see Korea, yeah.
- James: Okay. I know this interview was mostly about World War II, but how did Korea differ from Germany, being overseas?
- Pinard: Well during wintertime, it was a lot colder than during the Bulge. Plus I think the officer corps should have been lined up and disposed of because they were there just to get their ticket punched. I was up on a ridgeline most of the time over there and my company commander didn't come up once, as an example. He had very little cooperation and fortunately assumed responsibility for your men up there, too. **[End of Tape One, Side One]**
- James: Training for Korea, was it different than the training you received for World War II?
- Pinard: I didn't receive any training, I just was sent over and then I—up on a hill. I was on a ridge, the position was just to the right which is now the Panmunjom Corridor.
- James: The equipment that was used in Korea, had it changed a lot from World War II? Was that noticeable in the weapons that you used or the tactics

that were used? Were there big changes in those between World War II and Korea?

Pinard: No, the weapons were the same. The only basic difference was your clothing.

James: And that was because of the cold, right?

Pinard: Because of the cold. As an example, I went out on a New Year's Eve on a patrol, an ambush patrol, we went out at 12 o'clock and the med station was saying that the temperature was twenty-five below zero and a thirty-five mile an hour wind blowing.

James: Oh my goodness.

Pinard: And we went out and we were on the reverse side of this ridgeline and I could hear the Chinese patrol dogs whining themselves and we had one with us and the handler after just a little while crawled over and said, "I've got to take the dog in; he can't stand it." And as a result, I had a little confrontation with one of the men who wanted to shoot me if I wouldn't go in right then and there. But we settled that, but after a bit we went in because it was, it was cold.

James: What other units did you belong to during your time in the service? I know you did some teaching. Why don't you just go through the different units that you belonged to.

Pinard: Okay, then I would be able to touch on the teaching experience.

James: Yeah, I kind of got away from that when I went to what did you do after you got out of the service, and I know that, so I'd like you to kind of go through and talk about the units that you belonged to, the things that you did peacetime while you were in the service, and kind of just go over your twenty-one and half year career of what you did while you were in the service.

Pinard: Well, from the States we went down to Panama, got there the first of August, 1940 and our main job was anti-aircraft defense along with other units at the locks of Gatun, which is on the Atlantic side, and that's about it. We did have to build our own little shack on a hillside later after moving out from the main base that we initially went into. The Canal was always within sight; in fact, the one time company commander moved me, battery command part of me at the time, I was jumped from unit to unit, you know, this gun to there, because somebody'd get malaria and I just seemed to be immune to it or I didn't get it, fortunately. And to show and make you feel that things were getting to a boiling point before the war



broke out, they declared a tight hold on all transit ships. And on this one position I'd been moved to we were just within spitting distance of the Canal and word was no ship to transit with any running lights or any lights whatsoever. One night we could hear the boat chugging up and by God it has its riding lights on, so I got on the bullhorn and told them, "Ship attempting to transit Canal with running lights on, turn 'em out or we'll shoot 'em out." Plumpf! [sound of lights shutting off] they went out right away. When it got a little closer I could see it was an American destroyer. But they at least were responsive and we would of shot them out because that was the word.

James: How did you get along with the native people down in Panama? Did you have much to do with them? I know you've shown me some pictures and things of places that you were located down there, but did you have much to do with the civilian people down there?

Pinard: Well, just when you went to town, and one time we were set up around a housing, at Gatun it was, native and workers from the States, almost like a big motel or what have you, and I got along with them. In fact, I had about an hour's talk with a Cuban; he did all the talking, I did all the listening and I didn't know what he said from the word that he started 'til the end, but I kept nodding and he was happy.

James: [laughs] That's cute. That's cute. What other units did you belong to and places were you during your career?

Pinard: Well, from Panama we moved down to Surinam, South America and that was interesting. Got a phone call while we were in Panama, get my men down to so and so spot right off the Old French Canal, there's a clearing, and we'll talk to you when you get there. So we went there and in came the biggest crowd of colonels and lieutenant colonels that you'd ever want to see in one group and they were all from the chief of staff's office because they had the emblem hanging out on their pockets. But we were lined up, my men, there were half of them or better without shoes because the jungle mud and that rotted them and we couldn't get replacements. A lot of them are in shorts, a lot of them had long hair because they hadn't had it cut, it was like me cutting yours and you cut mine, and got a compliment from the colonel that went down and was questioning the men, "You've got a good bunch of men." He said, "What we're doing is, it is being organized, a combat force is going to move out and you're gonna be part of it, for the antiaircraft part." So we did. We were moved out. I don't know who took the positions over. I think it was Marines because I met a Marine in Naples at the USO and we were talking and he took over my gun positions. It was just one of those coincidences.

James: And then from there did you go—

Pinard: We went down to Surinam—well, Trinidad first. Trinidad was a stop-off point while the troops were getting more or less integrated together. We were at a little camp called Dockside; it was just around a big shipping area, and that was interesting. We would go up town and close to our camp, maybe about five six blocks up, was an intersection and it was a main intersection. There were a lot of bistros and Sir John and Sir Lancelot, the rum and Coca Cola was because of me and other people who drank rum and Coca Cola. And we also went to the Manzanilla beach to go swimming and we'd see the Calypso singers. The Calypso is you'd put the "accent on the wrong syllable," [said with Trinidad accent] cute singing, and it would just be a trio and we got along good, and then I would for a little change go into the botanical garden which was just off the Governor's residence there and there were a lot of English people that I would sit with and talk, but we had an interesting experience.

While we were in Trinidad, all of a sudden we find out that we're going out of Port-of-Spain a little into the interior, and it's the site of an airfield being built. You can't imagine the size of that field. It's Read Field, I believe, but one million barrels of cement went into the concrete mix. A big deal, and they must have known something we didn't know, because I was talking to some engineers. They were blasting hangars out of the hard rock bluffs that faced the field and *heavy* reinforced steel doors on slides were being put in. Now personally I think it's because they didn't know who was possibly likely to attack, but it was almost an atomic proof airfield as far as getting the planes in the hangars. They had used and were using ten thousand natives with machetes to cut the brush away when we first came into the interior a little of Trinidad. And my battery commander called me in one day after we got out at this field area and he said, "You're going into Port-of-Spain, you're gonna go from there and report to somebody," and we did. I had with me about ten GIs and there in the field where I was taken was this great big fencing structure. There was a center high tower, but there were ten lanes marked off, just like going through a turnstile in a train station or what have you. And the numbers were posted on the top. One through nine hundred ninety-nine and the ten aisles would take care of the ten thousand natives that came. The English had been paying eight dollars a week for their work. The Americans started paying them ten dollars a week, so they had no trouble getting natives, but on that first payday we had to keep them from rushing and getting all mixed up going just through any aisle holding their hand out expecting to get paid. And it was hard, ten thousand all at once. They had a wife that was having a baby or the grandmother was sick and they lived the other side of the island or just before they left, their shack had fallen down. They all had reasons to get paid at once and it happened to be our responsibility to get them used to be lined up, and it was kind of cruel on our part, but when somebody comes at you with a machete, you don't

stick 'em—we were, I had my troops bayoneted, but you've got a rifle butt and I happened to hit one gentlemen on the head because he was rushing at me and he stepped back and in a cryptic British accent, "Man, never have I been so sorely accosted by an official of the government." And I almost hurt my wrist when I had to bounce him on the head. But it was interesting, it was interesting. We had a job to do and we did it. And then we got the word, get ready to move.

The task force, the first one sent out by the United States. We went down to the harbor, got on a passenger-type boat and started steaming. Going to Surinam, a couple, a two days' trip, and all of a sudden I could see the dark channel-like movement coming out into the fresh water. We were abreast of the Amazon River and I was talking to one of the crewmen because we were told all get on deck and, "What's going on?" He said, "You're gonna transfer to a freighter that's gonna take you into the harbor in Paramaribo." I said, "How are we gonna do that? Where's the gangplank?" And he said, "Well, I'll show you," and he points to a 2 x 12 that he says, "We're gonna put it on this rail and onto the rail of the freighter that's gonna come alongside and you're gonna go over and jump," because the distance from the freighter rail to the hatch cover was quite a distance, maybe six, six feet thereabout. Of course, normally that wouldn't be too bad, except we had tin hat on, you had your rifle, had a pack, and the gas mask and yourself to take care of. But everybody got across. The only thing lost was one case of scotch that one of the officers was carrying. And anyway, we landed in Paramaribo, then went into the interior and our job was to set up an airfield. We had a dual reason: the airfield was going to be used as a transit point and a fueling point for planes coming from the States, going to Europe and North Africa. They would jump from our place to Ascension Islands and from the Ascension Islands over to wherever. So we had quite, quite a job. I wasn't doing the work; we were the antiaircraft defense. But it was interesting, it was interesting, the people that came through the field, through the field. One was Somerset Maugham's wife and she coerced a young pilot to take her around, show her the jungle, and he crashed the doggone little cub plane, but we had Prince Bernadotte of Holland come through and let's see, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek came through too, going up to Mayo's [Clinic] in Minnesota.

And then we had an interesting deal. I always seemed to be in charge when somebody didn't want to do a job, so the battery commander called—no, he was gone, he was gone with most of the officers, they were going to Antigua or somewhere for a big conference, and so post headquarters says, "You are to get a group of X amount of people together, a plane is down. Your duty will be to go to the plane and you'll be issued body bags before you get there and bring the passengers back." Well, they were gone a couple days and one of the groups came back.

Mine was about the first, I think, and one of the souls that was part of it said, "It's strange, this was a Constellation four motor plane, it had taken off from Trinidad and the pilot had reported some problem and he thought he was gonna land into a nice savannah, and it happened to be a tidal basin. The people going in said there was just about four or five foot of the plane above the water. But there was strange things about it. Everybody—the plane didn't wreck, it didn't roll, didn't catch fire. All of the passengers, fifty-four of 'em, were still in their seats." And one of my men told me in some of the pistons there were holes as big as your fist. We know the plane was sabotaged, and that was a time that President Roosevelt and his entourage was going to Casablanca. The reason I think it was Roosevelt that was due to stop at our place, because a few days before I had to send the men down, out of the carpenter shop of the Air Force group comes a great big ramp. And the plane that did make the water but didn't come in was one of the two Constellations that had been built, a big one, four motors. So one of my crew gave me a passport with a couple pictures in and somewhere along the line I lost it; it was Eric Knight, a British author. He used to write, oh, jocular stories about Sam Small, a worker around docks. But he was the first passenger as you came in the plane on the left; a guy went through his pocket. And somewhere—I would have sent it to his wife, but somewhere along the line you lose things. But interesting enough, one of the biggest mistakes I made in my career was down there, because the natives were selling an ounce of gold for twelve dollars because we were close to a gold mine that was down a little train tracks, down a little, fifty miles or something like that. There was a lot of gold available. So that was one of the interesting points.

James: After that, is that when you left then to go over, you went overseas from there then?

Pinard: No, from Surinam we were sent to Fort Stewart, Georgia. It was Camp Stewart, Georgia at the time, and we were perfecting an air transportable anti-aircraft outfit with C40s as the planes that carry us and we had a nice little two-wheeled .40 millimeter Bofors gun which normally were big four-wheeled carry. And it was pulled by a Jeep, very good. We started practicing of course. We did the old airborne shuffle going anywhere; you know, walk a little, double time a little, and calisthenics. After coming back from a ten mile trip you always, you always had calisthenics so you could loosen up and things like that. But then all of a sudden the Bulge started and replacements we were.

James: During your time in Germany during the war, do you have any events or anything that you'd like to talk about or things that happened?

Pinard: Oh, yes! I had five close misses of getting killed. The first one was when we moved out after the Bulge, we got into this little town that was not too

far from our position. We were waiting for the orders to advance further and Jerry decided he didn't want us to, so he attacked and attacked heavy! And a platoon hunkered down right outside this little building that I was in. And a little while after we had been in and trying to keep quiet, a little private came over and he said "Sarge, I've got this *grenade*," and he said, "the handle is almost falling off. What should I do with it?" Well I lifted the trapdoor in the floor and I'm gonna drop it down in the potato bin and it was full of people, so I couldn't do that. I didn't want to toss it out the window because the opposition outnumbered us nine to one, so I spent an hour and a half holding that grenade and slowly pushing the handle back where it was supposed to be and feeling for the safety, which is that little cotter key-type of thing. An hour and a half, but I covered every square inch of the floor where the fella was and where I was; he was close to me. And I finally found it.

And then the Germans attacked, and by the time they finished with their assault guns our top floor was down to nothing, but the fight was over. But before the fight was over, an interesting thing happened. Since the ground was frozen, somebody in Engineers or some headquarters thought well the way to help the GI out is to give him a quarter pound of nitro starch with a fuse, put it in the ground, pat it down tight, blast it off and you got the ground softened so you get in and build a foxhole. Well I was looking out of the window at our battalion commander to come up and he was calling artillery, our artillery down on us a little and there was a couple other infantrymen in the ditch right straight across from the window. A tank came up then finally we got armor to give us a little protection and they fired, and when they fired, there was a big boom. One of the GIs had had this nitro starch in his pocket and the concussion from the tank blew it up, and all it did was lose his leg because all of the force was going back. But that whole nitro starch deal—but God, of course he hopped around and God had been watching out for him there.

Well, that's one time. Well then we moved a little further and it was heavy snow about three foot deep and a road bisected our direction that we're moving. So I was down in the road infiltrating my platoon; again I was acting platoon sergeant or two at the time, contending with a German mortar crew that I could see on the rise to my left. And finally I could understand a little German. I don't know if they said, "Let's get that son of a bitch [gap in tape]—now a shell fragment from the exploding mortar round cut through my tin hat, the back part of it, clipped the strap and through the tin part and stuck there so I had that as a souvenir for awhile. But anyway, after that happened I got the rest of my platoon across right now and of course, it was snow on the ground, real deep, and you get the most scary word that you could expect: "mines." The field that we were crossing had been mined, so I told all of my men as they filed past me, "Footsteps of the man in front of you, but let them get a little ahead." So

we went through. Germans fired some flares and illuminated the ground so it made it easier to walk because they weren't firing at us too much. So that was one time, close to, or the second time I almost gave up the boat.

And then a little later on, spring was heading in and we were attacking towards the autobahn. The German Army was bumper to bumper; you could see 'em through binoculars. And our job was to mix with them, but before we got there—we were advancing, it was spring, the snow had gone, and I had a platoon leader sent up to take over my platoon. I say—and he was inexperienced and he started leading us down this slightly sloped hillside. And my expression “it didn't smell right” came, came to the fore. I turned around, got the attention by hand signals with my platoon and pointed “dig in.” And we did, and we got the .88 shooting at us just about the time we were halfway in. Of course the shovels flew a lot quicker then. Anyway, I was digging my own and I was comfortable, it was deep enough; I'm kind of tall so it's probably a little deeper than most. And I get a squeaky voice from one of the others, “Hey Sarge, would it be okay if I come over and join you?” I said, “Yes, but first you gotta do some digging to make it an L shape,” and the young kid came over. He had been a new replacement, scared to death, naturally; you didn't blame him. And he starts digging and he's down about eighteen inches and what happens, a little spring of water, like a little wee wee from a young boy comes out, keeps pouring, the water's getting higher in the hole. And he says, “Sarge, I'm going back to my one; I hope you don't mind.” By the time the water ends, the water was up to the little spring and it stopped and I was almost up to my neck in water. I've got—it was warm, but I wasn't gonna go crawling out of that hole because those .88s were working us over. And finally the armored comes up and of all things, the M6 stopped and fired and the muzzle break was right over the foxhole I was in. There was enough sound, that was another contribution towards not the best hearing. The concussion in the force even made ripples or waves in the water. I caught the tanker's attention by firing a couple of rounds and got one head sticking out. “What the hell's going on?” I said, “I'm coming in and get you guys if you don't back up. I'm not gonna stand for this firing over my foxhole.” And I got him to back up.

But we kept moving down after that and went up through some farm land. It was beautiful and we got the word to hold. And there was a little farmhouse on my side of my platoon that I went in with my runner. And I was thinking to myself, “By gosh, it's getting close to springtime, this is farm land, even though it was sort of hillside. There must be some onions, dried onions up in the attic.” It was a nice little house, but they did have an upstairs, an attic. So I climbed the stairs and turned to the left when a six inch German shell hits the side of the house and takes it out. And a shell fragment goes between my cartridge belt and my canteen. It cut through

the canteen, I lost my water, spun me around and I beat my runner to the basement before he got in. That was a close one there.

We moved out after that. We moved fairly close to the autobahn. I can't remember the name of the town, but I was looking out of a window. Now this wasn't just sticking your head out, but it was the second floor of a commercial-type building and I was trying to peek with one eye just out the window because we were gonna move out and I wanted to get an idea of what kind of terrain, and some sniper fired. Now he was good, but he wasn't good enough. He must have been one click off with his sniper scope, but the round went between my head and the window casement and there wasn't more than a couple inches there, so naturally I stepped back and thanked the Lord again that somebody missed.

And that's about it for close calls, other than in Korea I was on top of a bunker. I used to patrol in front of my line myself, and a Korean that was real good, he was assigned to the unit, went with me and I was on top of this bunker, was just going to throw a Willie Peter, white phosphorus grenade, in the opening of the bunker when a sniper fired. Shoom! [sound of a bullet]. It went over my back. I could feel my field jacket rumple, so I dove down into the trench line that the opening of the bunker faced, and "shogied" [?] back, as we say in Korea, to my gun position.

James: Oh my goodness.

Pinard: So there were a lot of close calls. One of the worst was, we were moving out, and this spring the weather was good, oh it was enjoyable to be out, and we hit this one area and there was a town up grade and we were going up this big field when all heck broke loose, so we had to hit the ground. I don't know why the doggone—[**End of Tape One, Side Two**—people leading us wanted us to go across this open field instead of on the side, but anyway, just before we started that march up, a lieutenant from headquarters comes up and gives me the platoon's payroll, and we were getting paid in cash whenever possible, so I shoved it inside my shirt. And then I had this friendly machine gunner, he couldn't depress his machine gun too much but he kept firing over my back. I could hear the [machine gun firing sound]; he held me there for a couple of hours. I was not anxious to try to even roll out. Since he wasn't hitting me I thought, "This is good, he can't depress his gun." So that was a kind of a close call also. We got into the town and it was a Strength Through Joy town that the German Army had. And oh, I had a lot of trouble with the guys. One of the houses where we were quartered was a bunch of the gals. But anyway, we moved out of there, but while we were still there, I went out on a sweep patrol because intelligence said a quartermaster unit of the German Army was out in the woods to the left of our forward motion. So I went out with one of the I Company patrols. I was attached to I Company most

of the time in Germany. And I pulled one of the most stupid mistakes I have done in my life. We were on this path and were making a turn and I saw under this bush some fresh-turned earth. Well, I probed a little, didn't hit anything so I thought "no mine" but I should have left it alone. But anyway, I dug the hole out and low and behold here is a nice, almost mint condition Italian Beretta pistol, 32 caliber. So I had that as a souvenir and I did bring it back. But that was kind of close. I kick myself in the rear for taking that risk. I was thinking this was dug in a hurry, but it could have been a mine.

James: So you came home from World War II, did you have any special kind of a homecoming, Paul, for your unit, or did you just go right to a base or your next base, or what happened then?

Pinard: Well, there was no homecoming. I had a nice homecoming after Korea, but not after World War II. We got off the transport and went to our—it was at the Brooklyn Army base and we got leave orders, and I honestly don't recall. I think I went by train and came into Chicago and then came up to Prairie du Chien.

James: Were you married at that time, or were you still—married Joan and you just—

Pinard: No.

James: Did you know her then?

Pinard: I didn't know her. I got to know my wife, but I had gone to 5<sup>th</sup> Army Headquarters in the loop and I was standing in the lobby and I had at least three colonels come up and say, "What are you doing and do you want to come with me into my outfit?" And I said, "No, I had to check on something first." A friend of mine that had been a recruiter said, "Try for ROTC duty." And I did apply for it in the office and they said, "Well, the only thing, since you want to hang around this area, where there is an opening is at Prairie du Chien or Green Bay." Well I knew by looking at the map, and asking too, that the Zephyr ran through Prairie du Chien.

James: What was the Zephyr, Paul?

Pinard: The Zephyr was that new fancy railroad. We had passenger cars and passenger trains coming through the town; we don't have them now. But anyway, I got assigned to Champion.

James: What's Champion?



Pinard:           Campion was Campion Jesuit High School run by the Jesuit orders; it was a Catholic boarding school. We had a lot of students there that were children of foreign service people that were out in Saudi Arabia or somewhere as well as a lot of stateside kids and a lot that some of the local priests might have sent to school there, but we had ROTC training.

James:           And what year would that have been when you went there?

Pinard:           Let's see, that was in May of 1948.

James:           Okay.

Pinard:           And I was here, I wasn't married yet, but then I get the order. I had to cruise across the Pacific, I was sent to Korea, moved up after a few days in the rear, moved up to the hillside. And as I say, I don't know the command structure or the thinking of the majority of people, but one time we get the order, we're gonna practice, we're gonna move out, emplace, and move to our left and emplace in a defensive position at night. That was the second stupid decision. So we're there and I'm with my unit and have them in place, machine gun fire coming from the rear, right over our head, and in the morning, just like in the movies, out comes this officer, very British officer. He had the swagger stick in his right hand, under his arm, and, [said in British accent] "I say, old fellas, what in the hell are you doing here? You're in front of my final protective line," which means that they were back defending and we were in front of their wire. It may have been a mine field a little further down. But anyway, the word got around, we moved out. And this was a whole regiment movement; somebody just had their heads screwed on wrong. So that was a close one in a sense, because with the noise that was made, not much, I'm surprised the British didn't fire on us, which was always a problem.

James:           And this is Korea, right?

Pinard:           This is in Korea.

James:           Yeah, okay.

Pinard:           And we were astride of, right on the right side of the Panmunjom Corridor and some of the peace talks had already started. In the Corridor, there would be no weapons firing. Well, there was a little exception to it. So they patrolled the Corridor with shotguns, double-ought buck, because a little further up the hill, to my left, the Chinese had a air-cooled .50 and they used to snipe like a son of a gun. Nobody could fire back because you are not supposed to fire back and there was that little exception that was a patrol out other than big firearms, they would use their double-ought to defend themselves. So that, that was a strange situation, to say the least.

James: When you came back from Korea, then?

Pinard: I came back from Korea, came to Prairie du Chien—

James: What year would that have been?

Pinard: —on a leave. Let me see, that was a, oh, that was about '52—no, '48, that was in May of '48.

James: That you came back from Korea?

Pinard: Yeah. And I was stationed for a short while at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. I helped their headquarters, they had lost count of a couple hundred individuals somehow. Somebody didn't check off some of the shipment list right, so I helped there. I had the chance to go as an aide to Prince [Folke] Bernadotte to Jerusalem and I had planned and had arrangements made to be married, so the post commander helped me buck out. 5<sup>th</sup> Army had picked me by name for some reason, and that would have been a nice choice assignment. I had seen Prince Bernadotte once; he didn't know me, I didn't get introduced, but he came into our field in Surinam. But anyway, 5<sup>th</sup> Army finally got me an assignment to Prairie du Chien for ROTC duty. And I got here, as I said, and put in a couple of years as instructor and then had a chance—we moved, I was married during this time, we moved and transferred to Germany on peacekeeping. Which was very nice. We went to Gutsbach [?] Germany and out of there we had a housing area.

James: About when would that have been, Paul?

Pinard: That was in '50—'59, and after awhile I was promoted to E8; that's when that just came out. The chief of the board was General Abrams, so I was the first E8 made in Europe at the time, I believe. But anyway, I'm back at the post and the post commander got on my side. It was hard to get quarters, but I had heard, by checking, that there were quarters available. So he called up one day and said we are going up to Giessen, which was where our command headquarters were, and he raised holy H with the housing, because for one thing, I was just about the ranking master sergeant, E8, over in Europe. And waiting for housing. Well eventually I got the housing, not too long after the colonel even blew his top and got the family over and got my mother over for a period of time. And we went up to Hanover, Germany which was her hometown of birth. My mother was German, my father was French, one hell of a mixture. But anyway, while up there she takes us to this particular house and it's a uncle of hers and he had a good, interesting career, too. He was the last German officer released by the Russians from a PW cage. He had been a lieutenant colonel in the German Army. We got along famously, but that was

strange. We were drinking a toast of greeting and he said, "Paul, I've got something to show you. Come with me." And we went out and there is a brand new Mercedes. I said, "They're not making them yet!" "Oh yes they are," he said, "this is the second." And he said, "Look," and then we go around the rear, he opens up the trunk and there's a freshly butchered hog on newspaper. He said, "The President is a friend of mine and he got me this yesterday." The thing wasn't two days old! He said, "I'm taking him the hog as a gift," because he had just come back and had been able to restart his business, he had sold ten thousand hogs in London, so his business was beginning to thrive and he was getting back. But it was a nice trip with my mother. We went back and things were somewhat quiet.

During the war I had the occasion to meet the Russians on our movement after the Bulge. Things were quieted down, we moved north, and in this particular town there was a big caged area. And it was a work camp, men and women, and the guys in the unit started getting friendly with the girls through the fence. And then we get the word to pull back across the river, the Elbe River. And after we'd been back, couple two or three days, my supply sergeant came up and said, "Sarge, I need to replace a basic load of ammunition." I said, "You had it when we came; where is it now?" He said, "Well the guys, they started going back over to talk to the girlfriends and on the first day the Russians fired at them, so they went back and set up the machine gun," he said. "And they went over the second day, they found a little rowboat somewhere and the Russians were using mortars on 'em, trying to scare 'em or get 'em, I don't know. But anyway the third day they went over," he said, "the mortar platoon is setting up the mortars, the guys are going across regardless." Well that would have been nice because when the war was over, most of the GIs in my unit that I was associated with said, "Now let's go out and knock the S out of the Russians." But anyway, that was a close call right there.

And oh, that's about it. From there is when I somewhat soon, later, the unit went down to Engelstadt, Germany, which is in the south, and I was first sergeant. I had the company to control because the officers, a good friend of mine, now, they were kind of lax because they left it all on me. We were in an old German fort. It was nice; it took a lot of cleaning up to clean it. But anyway, I had to send a five man squad down to Dachau for guard; there were others down there. And one day, one of the guys in the squad came back and he showed me a little round cake, like a bar of soap with an indentation on one side that had a bunch of numbers in it. And he said there are barrels after barrels after barrels in the basement of the administration building. Now this has never hit the papers, but I suspect, since Dachau had a crematorium and each oven took two people at a time, they got rid of close to a million and some Jews, I think they, being so methodical on records, scraped the bone dust together, pressed it and made a cake out of it and before they burned the people they got the serial

number that was tattooed under their arm and this guy was telling me there was barrel after barrel after barrel of it. So that was surprising.

Well, another time, I had to send a squad to this park that was enclosed, and what it was, it was no park, but it looked like it. But it was a road through the center, it was all enclosed in wire, high fencing, one side was ethyl alcohol, five tanks of ten thousand gallons apiece. And on the other side was five tanks of ten thousand gallons apiece of nitroglycerin liquid. And it was scary, that was a job. One day the sergeant calls up that had that daytime guard, he says, "Those doggone Italians, they're blasting through the fence with those German concussion grenades and they started a fire. What should I do?" I said, "Well, you've got a choice of two things: put the fire out or open the gate and run like hell." [laughs] They put the fire out, but that was close. Little things don't hit the paper, though. But they should of; it was a nice place. I was too busy—this is an excuse, maybe, but we were rotating through another division, so each company had the responsibility of so many people and paperwork and the old pencil pushing started real heavy. But that was about the end of the German time in the German war down in Engelstadt.

I got rotated back to the states, Fort P\_\_\_\_\_ [?] where I was for awhile, then I got reassignment to Campion, and later on I was able to get an assignment on ROTC duty to Loras College in Dubuque, Iowa. So I was on the roster as available at times. And in Dubuque it was a nice duty; I preferred it to Campion. I got back from Korea and somebody had died, I can't recall who, but he was in the mortuary on our Monmont [?] Road. Big old frame place has since been torn down. And while I was there giving my respects, a couple of the Jesuits from Campion were there. "Oh Sarge, it's so nice to see you," because I had had a previous stay. "What are you going to do?" I said, "I don't know, I just got back from Korea." "Oh, say, did you enjoy it when you were at Campion?" I said, "Yes, quite well." "Oh," and that's all he said. And I get back to Fort Riley, which is—I was being processed through there. "Where in the holy H have you been?" I said, "Look at your duty roster. I'm on leave; I just have come back." They said, "The Pentagon's been calling, screaming for two days!" So the Jesuits probably had some ex-student that had made general and he was at the assignment section at the Pentagon and I had my assignment given to me and it was for Campion. I said, "If you guys had any common sense, you knew where I, should have known where I was on leave. You could have called up and saved me a trip here and back again." But it was interesting anyway.

I don't know if I built up a reputation in the Army, but I know I got along pretty good because I had a general go to bat for me once. I had a drunk for a company commander and of course he and I got into little heated discussions about yes and no and what to do. And one time the battalion

officers had gone down to Frankfurt for a meeting and when they came back, the chaplain's driver come over and said, "Company commander here?" "No." He said, "Well the general says cool it for awhile." He knew what was going on, he knew he was drunk, and so anyway, they got rid of him. He was, he was, he was bad news. And I can't think of any other incidents that are worthy of recalling.

James: You have two children, right, Paul?

Pinard: I have two children, yes.

James: Were they born while you were in the service or after you got out of the service?

Pinard: While I was in the service, yes.

James: Both of them?

Pinard: Yes.

James: You have a son and a daughter?

Pinard: A son and a daughter, and we made good friends in that peacetime occupation that we were over in in Germany.

James: Did either of your children follow into the military?

Pinard: Yes, my daughter two years ago retired with twenty years in the Army down in Fort Hood, Texas and she is still down there. And we are going down there the 17<sup>th</sup> of this month to visit for a couple weeks.

James: Well, that's great. Do you have anything more you'd like to add to this interview, Paul?

Pinard: Not that I can think of.

James: I know we talked about decorations. You didn't have the list or I misplaced it, so we'll add that to this. If you just drop off the list sometime, I'll add it onto the list here and we will send it in then.

Pinard: Okay.

James: Okay, appreciate it and have a good day. Thank you.

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James: This is a continuation. Paul just happened to remember a story so he is going to tell it.

Pinard: Well, while we were at Surinam, I was well acquainted with a lot of the Army personnel in the Air Force because that's basically what we were there for. We were there to defend the airfield and they were there first to build it. Well, being in the interior, we had no NCO club organized yet, but we got some beer somehow, I forget how somebody got it. And one of my friends was a crew chief; his pilot was a P40, bazook [?] plane. So we inveigled it around, he emptied his ammo trays of ammo, put in the beer, went up to as high as a P40 could climb, which would be about, maybe, I don't know if it went up to thirty thousand, but kind of cold up there, and come down quick and we had cold beer. Now that was cooperation between the services that if somebody knew about it somebody's heads would have rolled, but that was you might say fun and games, breaking the monotony of things. And that's the end of that story.

James: Okay [laughs]. This is a question that I would ask, Paul. Do you ever attend any reunions, Paul? With your, from your groups?

Pinard: Yes, my Company M assignment over in Europe. Company M was, let's see, Company M was 60<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 9<sup>th</sup> Division. And in fact, this spring or almost summertime, we had one up in the Twin Cities. My old company commander is there and not too many people show up because those that are still left are scattered around the U.S.

James: Do you meet every year?

Pinard: Every year, yes. A couple of years I had to miss, we were elsewhere, but I've attended one at Pigeon Forge, one out of Cincinnati, one up at Twin Cities, so it's a lot of reminiscing.

James: Yeah, I'll bet, I'll bet. Well, now thank you and thanks for your time.

These are the decorations of Mr. Paul Pinard. He has a Combat Infantry Badge with Star, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, Good Conduct Medal with Four Loops, American Defense Service Medal, American Campaign Medal, European African Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with Silver Star, World War II Victory Medal, Army of Occupation Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal with Three Stars, United Nation Service Medal, Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation, Presidential Unit Citation with Oak Leaf Cluster. The badges: he has an Expert Badge for rifle, Marksman for pistol, Sharpshooter for carbine, Marksmen Class Third, 5<sup>th</sup> Army National Match Course. This concludes the interview with Mr. Paul Pinard.

**[End of Interview]**