

Harvey Chauncey Chapman
Lovingly Remembering My Brother for the Hero He Truly Was
by George Chapman (with Caryl McIntire Edwards)



Harvey Chapman was born on May 30, 1921 to my parents, Alice Oraville (McIntire) and George Linscott Chapman. He and my sister, Beulah (later Hanscom) born June 25, 1920 were so close in age they were almost like twins: they were in the same grade in school; they did most everything together; and always watched out for each other. Even on her death bed Beulah, then suffering from dementia, always remembered and asked for him.

As a boy he was very gifted at woodworking. He was always making little things to give to other people. Sometime in those early years he connected with Joe Blaisdell, his great uncle, who taught him a great deal more about this craft. When he was in high school he made several nice pieces of furniture which thereafter graced his parents' home until it was sold.

Like other people in our family he had a great passion about-a love for animals. One day while mowing the lawn with a push lawn mower he saw a snake in the grass. He picked the animal up and moved it to a place where it would not be harmed. He was always doing things like this.

As a teenager he observed slaughtering done in a relative's barn. Once he saw a calf slaughtered by a rabbi in a manner that was deemed kosher. He could never watch a slaughter again



and his heart always went out to those animals who were destined to die so that he could eat.

He was an industrious young man: in high school he mowed lawns in the Village and at the Harbor and made enough money in the summer to take flying lessons at the Portsmouth Airport with Ernie Schultz as instructor.

When he was eighteen he got a student pilot's license and was well known for his flights around town. In the winter he put skis on "his" airplane which were supplied by instructor Schultz.

Not long out of high school in 1942 Harvey and his first cousin, Glenn McIntire, a year his senior, were the first boys from Beech Ridge to be drafted. Harvey joined the 30th Infantry Division known as the "Old Hickory Division." He had 10 months of training and was then sent to England to the staging area where the soldiers were preparing for the invasion of Europe. I was stationed there, as well, and we were lucky enough to see each other from time to time.

On D Day Harvey was on a landing craft, vehicle, personnel (LCVP) or Higgins boat and reached land on the tip of the Cherbourg Peninsular. He stayed in the water for "two tides" before he and the others could get up the steep banks. They were not, however, bombarded by artillery as some others were. The 30th Infantry was part of the 1st Army under General Leslie J. McNair. The 1st Army was one of the key fighting units for the entire European Campaign.

Harvey was a PFC with Company D (Heavy Weapons Company), 2nd Battalion of the 120th Regiment. He was wounded two times, hospitalized and offered a one month reprieve when he could go home briefly to his family. He refused and went back to his outfit instead.

There were initially 132 men in his company who went in on D Day; on VE Day, when the war in Europe ended, there were only seven of the original 132 who lived through the entire war from Cherbourg to Czechoslovakia. Harvey was one of the seven. Soldiers killed or wounded were replaced with men from the replacement pools called RPLEDEPLES. A soldier's greatest fear was to be sent to the RPLEDEPLES. You were destined to replace a

soldier lost. This is the reason why Harvey refused furlough after he was wounded two times. Harvey received 2 Purple Hearts, 2 Bronze Stars, 7 Bronze Star Clusters, and all the other “hardware,” as he called it, that was included for The European Theater of Operations.

After the war he came home to York and married Sylvia Chadbourne, from South Berwick. They had one son, Larry, and shortly thereafter moved to Florida and planned to make their life there.

Harvey had a very successful construction business there with many pieces of equipment and a crew of men who worked with him but one day that all changed. Memories from his past came back to haunt him-memories which the Military gave him no tools to deal with. He tried to chase the memories away with the one item he had at his disposal: alcohol. As a result of this, he lost his business, his marriage, and just about everything else he held dear.



Many people in York remember him as a man addicted to alcohol. When he died, December 6, 1992 few people attended his funeral service. This has been written to set the record straight: My brother, Harvey, was indeed trapped by booze, yes, but he was also so much more. He tried to do for himself what the Military had declined to do: deal with his Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and, in doing so, the man who gave his all, who was a hero, lost everything he had. Here is your long overdue tribute for your courage and for your kindness; for your willingness to try to make everything right that the Military declined to because they did not know how; and for being my brother-a man I remember with pride and love.