Chadbourn: OSS days remembered

Philip H. Chadbourn fought with the French Resistance

First of two parts

LA JOLLA - In Paris, after World War II, State Department examiners asked him how he felt when parachuting into German-occupied France.

"Terrified," said Philip Hemenway Chadbourn Jr.

The honest answer helped him enter the Foreign Service. After decades of diplomacy, Chadbourn is now retired amid the splendors from Bird Rock to Ardath Road gridlock.

He chain-smokes Gitanes, a French cigarette, marginally less strong than Mount St. Helens. He waves one like a wand. Through the Gallic smoke he conjures up his days of terror.

In the month before D-Day, the June 194 Allied invasion of Adolf Hitler's Fortress Europe, Chadbourn was dropped onto a field near the French port of Brest.

The Office of Strategic Services-the OSS, forerunner of the CIA-sent Chadbourn and two Frenchman to organize and arm French guerrillas and attack the German armies.

"We hit and ran," he says.

"One day, 80 Maquis (French resistance Fighters) and I set up an ambush on the Brest-Paris highway. We had Bren guns and grenades dropped by British planes."

When a German convoy was in the trap, he would signal 'open fire' by blowing a whistle.

"Three trucks, loaded with German soldiers, came down the road. I was going to blow the whistle when all of the trucks were in front of our guns."

"But the Maquis were amateurs really. They opened fire before I whistled. We got two of the trucks. Things got, ah, pretty messy."

"I counted 38 dead Germans on the road and in the ditches. I think all the Germans in the back of the truck that got away were killed."

He says he lost no one. Chadbourn radioed London. Keep it up, said his OSS bosses, Chadbourn sighs.

"So we did it again. in the same place. Ah, the inexperience," he says. This time the Germans, experienced, were ready. But Chadbourn had luck. He had positioned his men along the road. He turned his binoculars on the hills on either side.

"I thought I saw things moving up there," Chadbourn says.

"I saw the things were men. In dark field gray uniforms. German soldiers."

"The Germans were just about to surround us. We all got away."

Sometimes they did not all get away.

Chadbourn had parachuted into France with the Jedburgh force, teams of Americans including William Bolby, later a CIA director, journalist Stewart Alsop and Chadbourn's friends like Larry Swank.

"The Maquis were brave, but not professional soldiers. Ever since the German occupation in 190, these men had resented having no cars," Chadbourn says.

"So, now that they had arms and ammo, they also got cars. It was hell. They loved nothing so much as roaring around at night, with no lights on, in black Citroens."

It was during one of these joyless joy rides that Swank was killed. His car ran into a German roadblock.

Chadbourn knew the sensation.

"One night I was in one of the cars when it raced into town, skidded around a corner and rammed into a German roadblock," he says.

"Thank God, the three German troops at the roadblock were asleep."

"We had jumped out and made it into the woods before they opened fire."
Soldier-diplomat recalls his OSS days in France

Chadbourn's life always had been a tale of the unexpected.

He was born in 1917 on George Washington's birthday - but in Petrograd, now Leningrad, once St. Petersburg and then the capital of czarist Russia.

Papa was a U.S. diplomat. In the days before America's entry into World War I, papa's job was that diplomatic nicety, being the neutral who handled German interests.

Germany and Russia had been at war since 1914. German interests were the tens of thousands of German troops captured by Russia early in the war. Weeks after Chadbourn's birth, America entered the war against Germany.

Then came the Bolshevik Revolution. Baby Chadbourn was sent home to America. He grew up in Turkey and France, where papa worked and played in the 1920's.

A painting by papa of the family chateau near the Bordeaux vineyard hangs on a Chadbourn wall. Other walls hold the dark semi-cubist landscapes of Chadbourn's kid brother Alfred, an internationally known artist.

Philip Chadbourn paints in words.

In Turkey, in 1922, age 5, he witnessed, in Smyrna, the Turkish crushing of Greek and Armenian minorities.

"Wow, one explosion blew all the windows out of the house," he says.

"And there was the unforgettable day a mad dog came down from the hills and into the house and attacked father."

"And all the British, French, Americans, camels, Greeks, Armenians, all crowding the dockside. We got into a Red Cross boat that took us to Constantinople."

"There, one day, on a crowded street, near the anchorage of all the British, American, Italian and French battleships, I was walking with mother."

"A British Army dispatch rider came winding through the crowd on a motorcycle. He flopped over. I looked down. I saw blood. I saw why."

A Turkish woman - Turkey had fought Britain in the war - had jammed a hatpin into the back of the motorcyclist's head.

In 1935, Chadbourn entered Harvard.

"Harvard's my one great regret," he says.

"I didn't learn too much those four years. I fooled around. I was supposed to chase history and drink economics. I chased waitresses and drank with the boys. I didn't take advantage of Harvard.

Chadbourn waggles a Gitane. He smiles. Ah, well, he did begin studying the world.

The Spanish Civil War boiled. Chadbourn read Ernest Hemingway's journalism. He saw friends go to Spain to fight. Some died. Hitler and Italy's Benito Mussolini were aiding Francisco Franco's forces in the war.

"I decided to join the anti-Fascist fight," he says. "I moved to join the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Then a Communist from New York knocked on my door at Harvard."

"He asked for a donation for the cause. Donation? I said I was giving myself. 'Not enough', the communist said."

"He figured anyone at Harvard was rich. I was not. It made me wonder. I threw him out. It ended my idea of going to Spain."

World War II dawned. Chadbourn tried to become a military pilot. His eyes were not 20-20. He enlisted in the Army.

His first job was teaching nurses at Fort Devens, Mass., to swim. "I loved that."

Then he was made an officer, taught to parachute, put into the OSS, (he knew France and French) and into the terror.

One night the Maquis and I camped in a valley. I awoke. I heard dogs barking. Germans used dogs.

"Our sentry had fallen asleep. But we all went over a cliff and down a couple of streams and got away."

"It seemed better, after D-Day, when the Germans pulled out of a village. I led my Maquis into the square and the villagers whooped. Alors! An American! Liberation!"

"They broke out what food and drink they had. Sardines and cider. The men fed us. The women all kissed me. Ah, oui," says Chadbourn.

"Then a man came running. German tanks were coming back!"

"Down came the French and American flags. The streets emptied. The villagers fled into houses and slammed doors."

"We scattered like alley rats. We were embarrassed, but alive."

"Later," says a running Chadbourn. "when the German columns had left for good, I avoided the village."

But, with Gen. George Patton's armor smashing to Paris, Chadbourn and a handful of surviving Jedburgh fighters decided to go to Paris. But how?

"We liberated the Peugot of a whorehouse owner and became the first Americans in Paris."

(To be continued in next Edition)

The phrase "cute as a spotted calf", Once was uttered in my behalf. That was nice, but I'm wondering how I've since become known as a "Pied Cow"

M. Barden
Treasurer's Report
Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1987

Beginning Cash Balance 7/1/86 $4,007.30

Revenue
- Dues $2,653.00
- Interest 280.77
- Miscellaneous Donations/San Diego Reunion Sales 875.50
- English Research Fund Donations 730.00
- Genealogy Publication Fund Donations 757.00 5,296.27

Expenses
- Postage, Photocopies, Office Expenses and Telephone 440.80
- THE PIED COW Expense 1,355.24
- Other Printing Expenses 405.88
- Miscellaneous Expenses 123.11
- Net of Sales and Costs of 5-Generation Charts, Note Cards, and Sturgeon Creek Maps 316.73
- English Research Expenses 90.00 2,731.76

Cash Balance 6/30/87 $6,571.81

New CFA Members
Marjorie R. Dow, Fergus, Ontario
Ruth Kilkenny, Dixon, CA
Dorothy Chadbourne Toelken, Honolulu, HI
Eleanor D. Hayward, Laconia, NH
Billee Chadbourne Canfield, Seattle, WA
Helen Chadbourne Simpson, So. Yarmouth MA
Richard E. Day, North Berwick, ME
Mary E. Rosene, Terre Haute, IN
M/M Keith L. Stoops, Mesa, AZ
Loma McCloud, Santee, CA
Agnes D. Carr, Ellsworth, ME
Merle J. Chadbourne, Springvale, ME
Joan E. Gordon, Gorham, ME
Charlotte Chadbourne Holmes, Melrose, MA

New Life - Members
Pat Puffer Scott, Sudbury, MA
Judith A. Eschweiler, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CFA Officers for 1987-1988
President ................................................................. Ruth Landon
First Vice President .......................................................... Pam Ritter
Second Vice President ......................................................... George Langlais
West Coast Vice Pres. ......................................................... Otto Chadbourne
Corresponding Sec'y/Treas. ................................................... Linda Hanscom
Genealogist ................................................................. Elaine Bacon
Executive Board Member at Large ................................. Roger Chadbourne
Sturgeon Creek Map

This unusual, illustrated map, entitled "A Plott of Mr. Humphrey Chadburns Farm Att Sturgen Creek," was prepared by William Godsoe at the request of Humphrey's widow, Lucy, in 1701. Godsoe was town surveyor of Kittery, Maine from 1694 to 1715, a well known cartographer whose work is said to be best illustrated by this particular map.

The original is at the Maine State Archives in Augusta, and The CFA now has 8 x 10 color prints of this map for sale.

To order, send your check for $7.50 (covering cost of the print, explanatory text, mailing materials and postage) to The Chadbourne Family Association, Box 907, Chadbourne's Ridge, North Waterborough, Maine 04061.

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Though we search the branches of our ancestral tree, Why is it, do you suppose, That often there appears to be `one sad, ungathered rose'?

M. Barden

Are You "In The Book"?

by Elaine Bacon

After months of pleading and asking politely for information on your relatives and family histories, it is near the time for us to say "enough".

The genealogy, hoping to be published by 1989, must be prepared for a publisher. We need everything for the final draft. Incomplete records will be printed as is, unless we hear from you. TO ENSURE INCLUSION OF YOUR FAMILY WE WILL NEED THE MATERIAL BY MARCH 31, 1988.

It's a shame that we can't reach all those unknown Chadbournes around the country. It's up you to locate ones in your vicinity and send in the particulars. Also, any biographies of your own family that you would like to see included. We have made the decision that we cannot continue to accept late information, so be sure you're in the final draft.

The work of recent researchers has added a great written volume of new material to add to the previous Chadbourne Genealogy, published in 1904! Therefore, "the book" must be completed as soon as possible so that you and future generations can enjoy it.

Richard Day

Queries

1. James E. Chadbourne, b. ca 1858 possibly Canada, d. Rockland, Me. 3 Jan. 193, m. Emma (?Roderick) b. Orono, Me. Any clues to his identity?

   Cortland W. Wilson

2. Need info on Elizabeth/Martha Ayer who married Joseph Chadbourne, b. 1764. Was she daughter of Moses and Mary Ayer of Saco?

   Eleanor D. Hayward

3. Want children and dates of Nathan and Elizabeth (Pomeroy) Spinney.

   Eleanor Hayward

   (as above)

4. Do I share ancestry through Noah and Esther (Heard) Ricker with any other members?

   Priscilla Smith

   P.O. Box 5, Canaan, Me. 04924

5. Lucinda Chadbourn, b. ca 1870 North Carolina moved to Georgia. Does anyone know who she was?

   Jon Robert Pierce

   129 Parsons Rd., Oak Ridge, Tn. 37830

6. Mary Chadburn m probably Ohio, William Sinnard, b. 1785 Oa. Who was she?

   Clifford Coleman

   RR. 1, Valley Falls, KS 66088
An Account Of A Visit To Fort Chadbourne
Compiled and written by Thomas L. Eschweiler

(Continued from Spring 1987 issue)

While stationed at Ballinger, Texas for Primary Flight Training in July 1943, I decided to visit the Fort Chadbourne shown on my Sectional flight chart. Dad had written to me, reminding me of my great uncle, Theodore Lincoln Chadbourne who had been killed in the second battle at the outset of the Mexican War. Hitch hiking over there with a fellow aviation cadet, we had good luck until we got within the last four miles, where the rides gave out, the hills got steeper, and the summer sun baked the hotter. The first marker we came to was a roadside monument posted on the west side of the North Concho River.

"One mile southeast to Fort Chadbourne, a station on the Butterfield Mail and Stage Line, which linked St. Louis with San Francisco, 1858-61. The Fort was established in 1852, occupied until its surrender to state forces in 1861, and garrisoned at times after the Civil War.

-Texas Highway Department

Since there was nowhere to go but along the road we were already on, we walked another mile or two, headed northeast, crossed the North Concho River, and went up a long slope. At the summit and to our right was a second roadside marker, (and beyond it the gate to Fort Chadbourne) which read:

"Fort Chadbourne"

"Established by the United States Army, October 28, 1852, as a protection to Frontier Settlers against Indians. Named in honor of Lieutenant T.L. Chadbourne, killed at Resaca de la Palma, May 9,1846. Occupied by Federal Troops 1852- 59, 1865-67. An important station on the Butterfield Overland Stage Route."

As we walked up the meandering driveway, the Fort's cemetery could be seen on our right, somewhat concealed by what seemed to have been an orchard, from the size and spacing of the tree-like shrubs. But these were, in fact, the original mesquite covering the area. The grave-like markers were of such soft stone that the carvings were largely illegible, and the dryness of the terrain maintained the delineation of the sod, cut and replaced over even the earliest graves. After a half mile or so of following the winding wheel ruts of the driveway, the old Fort came into view.

The site is now operated as a horse and cattle ranch, and still uses a few of the old Fort's original buildings. One of these, thought to be a barracks for the enlisted men, seemed to have been made into a horse barn, with picket fence corrals at the end of it. Another building seemed to have been an officer's quarters, and was now occupied by the hired hand and his family. New buildings, erected in the past 20 to 30 years, were homes for the owner, his sons and their families. A few additional sheds had been erected around the hot and dusty compound, separated by barbed wire fencing from the adjoining pastures. The place was fairly well kept up, for Texan ownership, but the dryness of the country does more to keep the place in its original state than any present maintenance.

As we came up, a few dogs barked at us, letting the owners know of our presence. We walked up to a group of men standing there in the noon sun, to introduce ourselves and to explain why we were there. The owner told us the little he knew of the place's history; and then, since he didn't seem inclined to offer us a drink of water or a bite to eat, we decided that we had better start on back. Since it was Sunday noontime, vehicles were most infrequent, and we again walked out the driveway, and back down the three miles of road to the more heavily traveled U.S. 277 highway, where we caught rides back to our flight school at Ballinger.

Later on, I visited San Angelo and its Public Library, about 35 miles equally distanced between Ballinger and Ft. Chadbourne. The town grew up around Fort Concho, so named because it was located at the confluence of the North, the Main and the South Concho rivers, which assured us of a dependable water supply. Selected in November, it was established in December 1867 by a part of the 4th Cavalry Regiment under Capt. George P. Hunt from Fort Chadbourne Fort Concho was located at the intersection of the Butterfield Route and its line of forts that extended from the northeastern border of Texas to El Paso on the western border, with part of the southern chain of forts that extended to the mouth of the Rio Grande. More active duty devolved upon the officers and troops stationed at Fort Concho, than at those other posts in this chain of defense. Their duties included scouting, picketing the mail road, escorting the mail coaches, and general escort duty for those on the trails.

On June 20, 1889, Fort Concho was abandoned as a military post, and the property comprising it passed to private ownership. In 1929, the old Fort Concho administration building was acquired to house the West Texas museum. Now called the Fort Concho Museum, it has had an aggressive program of acquisition and restoration of the old buildings of the Fort, which has helped get the Fort designated a National Historic Landmark, and to secure from the

(Continued on page 6)
National Trust, a pivotal $100,000 loan, to "become America's best-preserved relic of the Indian Wars." Headed by Director John Vaughn, the museum's educational program includes instruction in a school from the 1880's, while attending in pioneer costumes, and a "Digging History" program, which gives youngsters a chance to explore around old building foundations for such artifacts as pottery and glass bits, brass buttons, old tools, bullets, etc. For adults, there are two 19th Century memorial military units, the 16th Infantry Regiment and the 4th Cavalry Regiment, each participant wearing authentic woolen uniforms and carrying weapons and equipment from the 1870's and 1880's. During their weekend tours of duty, they live in old barracks buildings, now restored to their 1870's appearance.

But even with all of this restoration and activity going on at the site of the old Fort, there is still the constant reminder of where all of this first came from, so many years ago: paralleling the Fort's long boundary is the main avenue of San Angelo called "Chadbourne Street".

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Note:

Descriptions of recent events have been excerpted from the "Help for Fort Concho" article that appeared in the "Focus on the Trust" column in the magazine Historic Preservation, October 1985, and issued to members by the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

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Attention Members!

Now is the time for all good members to come to the aid of their association!

We are looking for volunteers to host a CFA Reunion in the West and the Mid-West.

The last Western Reunion was held in February, 1987.

How about one in the Mid-West in 1988?

How can you pass up an opportunity like this to show off your beautiful city?

It's not as difficult as you imagine. If I can do it, you can do it.

Write to me or to the Association headquarters and you will be sent all the information you need.

Getting together with the other members is a lot of fun, and if you missed the reunions in the East, now is your chance to have one in your own back yard.

Let's hear from you.

Marge Barden
1624 Chiswick Ct.
El Cajon, CA 92020

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George Henri Langlais

Our New Second Vice President is a descendant of James Hobbs Chadbourne⁶. His mother is Elsia Chadbourne¹⁰ of Halifax, Mass.

George lives in Georgetown, Massachusetts with his wife, Karen, and two daughters, Heather, 15 and Alyssa, 12.

He has been a Math teacher at English High School in Lynn, Massachusetts for twenty-two years, and track coach for three years.

His hobbies include antiques, building, (including his own house and a log cabin in Vermont), and working on his Langlais Family genealogy.
"Even the weather proved to be co-operative!" was just one of the comments overheard as we all prepared to depart the Salmon Falls Country Club last October 18. It was certainly true that the weather (in an area of the United States that prides itself on the unpredictability of the weather), had offered the Chadbourne family Reunion not only maximum foliage pageantry, but had also issued in a surprise Indian summer. Overlooking the expansive golf course and the historic Saco River, (so important to the early Chadbournes' sawmills), the location of the Salmon Falls Country Club, with its congenial atmosphere really added to the pleasure of the day. Forty strong Chadbournes turned out for the occasion, renewing old acquaintances, updating charts and details of past ancestors, and generally having a good time. We were informed and entertained as Pam Ritter and Linda Hanscom shared', slides of their recent trip to England. Elaine Bacon shared the floor with several of her researchers as she very effectively explained how far the manuscript of "The Chadbournes in America" had come, revealing to us a typed volume 2-1/2 inches thick, which is presently being circulated throughout the United States for checking of errors or omissions. All of this is the result of painstakingly detailed work on the part of the researchers, as they have tried to compile data that is being sent to the Chadbourne Family Association headquarters. Elaine was clear in informing us that we are by no means ready for printing! The Finance Committee has to be set in place to raise funds for the volume. The Editorial and Publication Committee has an enormous amount of work to do.

Otto Chadbourne, on the West Coast and Ted Chadbourne on the East Coast, are gathering biographical data for either the volume or the archives. But the fact remains that for many present that day to simply see the draft-copy available for perusal, was a very satisfying experience.

Also available, for first-time review by the public, was a limited publication volume of the Paul6line of ancestry that has been compiled by Earle Ahlquist and edited by Nancy Chadbourne Maze, both of the Paul6 line. It has been noted that the Paul6 line appears to be the largest in The Chadbourne Family Association. This smaller volume will be published in the near future as an enticement to the larger, more complete volume of "The Chadbournes in America."

We were entertained by Aaron Chadbourn and his wonderful organ with lively music. We were fed very well by the Country Club and some of us even enjoyed a game or two of golf. Lots of mementos of the occasion, procured by Althea Hanscom, Dorothy Twombly and Kitty Ahlquist added to the fun. Another volume of "Chadbournes in Print" was given to the archives by Robert Chadbourne with his father's volume of "Gems and Minerals of the Bible." So by the time the General Assembly Meeting, chaired by our President, Roger Chadbourne, came on the agenda, all the membership seemed attentive to the concerns at hand.

The General Assembly had several important details to address that day, first and foremost of which was the election of new officers. Old business having to do with the details of last year's meeting and Executive Board concerns were accepted as read.

It was generally agreed that a good time was had by all. In fact, we all agreed to do the same thing next year and would highly recommend that other areas do the same! If any of you would like information on how to start your own reunion, by all means feel free to write to The Chadbourne Family Association c/o Reunions at the headquarters.

Editor's Note:

The name of Erika Chadbourn, as author of the article, "COMING FULL CIRCLE" was inadvertently omitted in the last issue of The Pied Cow. We apologize, Erika.

It is with great sadness that we announce the loss of one of our Western members. H. Lincoln Chadbourne, a victim of leukemia, passed away January 17 at his home in La Jolla, California. We extend our sincere condolences to his family.

Notice

A Research Book of Paul6 (1748 1825) is ready to be type-set. This will be a hard-cover book of about 160 pages and will include all known descendants of Paul6 through 1987!

The book will sell for $ 16.00 and to reserve your copy, please send a $5.00 deposit to Earle Ahlquist, RR 4, Box 416, Gorham, Me. 04038. If you wish further information you may call Earle at (207) 839-4296.
No "Stories" List could be complete without the mention of some of the river drivers of the family. My grandfather, George, and his cousin Prescott, were two of the best. Every Spring, about April 15th, they would drop anything they were doing and head North to join John Ross, usually somewhere on the west Branch of the Penobscot. John Ross was considered King of all the river drivers. The people he had in his organization had to be top notch. River driving was the principal means of transporting logs from the forest to a place where they could be sawed into lumber and then shipped to markets.

This river driving was a dangerous business. I recall one story that happened on what they call "Devil's Elbow". This was an area where there were many boulders in the wrong places and where the river took a left hand turn. It was a place of constant trouble. Sometimes the logs would get coming too fast and without fail one log would fetch up on a rock which would start a build-up within seconds. The longer the "King Log", as it is called, stayed locked on that rock, the bigger that pile got and the more dangerous it got. The King Log had to be pried free, which required the expertise of the very best men. Being very capable, agile and light on his feet, George quite often got the job. He worked his way out on the logs to the trouble point. The water was very fast and the build-up was getting large. If he could just get this King Log started and make his way back to land he would be all right; otherwise he could not make the twenty feet to shore before being swept away.

Ray Sturgis, his friend and companion, quickly made his way along the river bank to dead water below the falls, fully expecting to recover George's body, but when he got to the bottom, there sat George, draining the water out of his boots!

Elijah, son of Paul and Joanna (Yeaton) Chadbourne, was a popular member of the family. He was just getting established in the lumbering business when he died. He had, however, educated his sons James, and Daniel, to carry on. Quite a famous story is associated with these two sons. First, one has to realize that "Jimmie" as he was called, was fun loving; a real showman with a good understanding of all his acquaintances. He liked to win! His brother Daniel was a quiet, unassuming sort. He resembled his uncle John, both in looks and nature. Jimmie and Daniel were building a new saw mill on the outlet of Chadbourne's Pond (now called Little Ossipee Lake). Since they had already done the preliminary work, it was now time to put in place the 18" x 18" x 30' "fender beam". Jimmie had well-advertised what he and Daniel were going to do. It had excited a lot of interest. So on the pre-advertised morning everyone from around town and as far away as Limerick showed up to see the two giants lift this beam into place. But Jimmie was in no hurry. He encouraged some of the rugged young fellows to try picking up the beam. Finally, by placing three of them on each end, the six did pick it up off the floor. The doubts began to rise then whether even Jimmie and Daniel could put this beam in place.

One thing led to another and finally the betting started. My great-great grandfather Ivory was asked by Jimmie to hold the money. Jimmie announced that he would cover all bets and by the size of his bank he came prepared. The betting was ferocious! When it let up a little, Jimmie and Daniel knew (Daniel didn't do any betting) they could accomplish the task, for they had tried it a couple of days before when nobody was around. The bets were all made. Jimmie positioned himself on one end and Daniel on the other. With the first lift they brought it up in perfect unison and set it in their hands just at chin level. Then they bent their knees and squatted down a little as to jump the thing to the full extent of their arms and they landed it in place! Daniel, being a little shorter than James, had to come up on his toes to get enough height. This story circulated all over New England and is still talked about today. What most people don't know is that they got almost enough in bets to build the mill.