

SHAMBAUGH FAMILY NEWS-LETTER

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MRS. F. W. SEELEY, 516 S. E. 4th Street, Mason City, Iowa, writes: "I was so impressed with the story of the Snow Storm. It made me realize a bit more fully what Christianity is all about. It put new spirit in me to continue faithful." Comment..... Now, you see Mrs. Black what your story can mean to folks. We hope to have more from your memory book of days gone by.

MRS. TERESA BOYD, 745 South 6th Street, Coshocton, Ohio, writes: "I did enjoy reading the News Letters and I am so glad I belong to the Shambaugh clan because they must all be very nice people. I only wish I could see some of them and get to know them..... I get so homesick for some of my own folks. You know I am the last of my family."

Comment..... Now, Teresa, if you were to take a peek into the looking-glass you would see one of the very nicest Shambaughs that we know! Mrs. Boyd celebrated her 87th birthday on February 18th. She lives at the Bonnie Mere Rest Home in Coshocton and we are quite sure that any of you who will write to her will be more than repaid by the very fine letter she will write you in return. We have visited her, both in her own home and at Bonnie Mere and hope that we may have that privilege again some of these days.

X A TRIBUTE TO DR. HAWTHORNE DARBY, by her friend, Dr. Rebecca Parrish. (Note: The following article was sent us for publication by Katherine Switzer Bolt, Secretary of the Peter and Catherine Switzer Family. Dr. Darby was very closely related to Rev. W. F. Switzer of Gary, Indiana.)

In a small Hoosier town, Colfax, Indiana, late in the eighteen nineties, a cherub-faced baby daughter was born to Edward L. Darby and Daisy Watt Darby. They named her Hawthorne, but 'twas more like "Hawthorn" - for her life was destined to be as pure, always, as those flower petals; fragrant, too, with the faith with which she was born and nurtured by truly Godly parents.

She grew to be a real little personage in the town; in church, school and community; and in her youth she was such an ardent, enthusiastic attendant of the Battle Ground Epworth League Institute, from which she received priceless inspiration. Ever-welcoming on Battle Ground campus was the Darby cottage called "Dew Drop Inn."

Completing the Colfax High School course, Hawthorne entered DePauw University, from which she graduated in 1917.

The writer, also from the same town, had already gone to Manila and founded the Mary Johnston Hospital, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. All during her student years, Hawthorne said, "When I grow up, I am going to study medicine and go out as a medical missionary to the Phillipines, to help Rebecca Parrish."

Ah! Who knows what seeds of spiritual integrity God was sowing and developing in the young heart those years, preparing her for the supreme test of 1944? She said she would prepare and go and help, and she did just that thing!

After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, Dr. Hawthorne had her internship at the Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis. Then she took a special course in Dr. Joseph B. DeLee's Chicago Maternity Hospital. All this fitted her for the future work she was to have in Oriental hospitals.

Dr. Darby went to the Phillipines in 1925, well equipped in mind and spirit and eagerly threw her young life into the big task, none more strenuous and

testing than the work of a foreign medical mission. She was young, vigorous, vivacious, alert, enthusiastic, devoted. She joined the staff and immediately became "one of us."

Very early the new doctor became a great friend and helper amongst the younger group of Filipinos - students, young professional people from the principal Manila churches, and they all responded to her influence.

The two hospital doctors, alternating in taking "Sunday off," taught a young woman's Sunday School class in the church across the plaza for many years. Hawthorne took her turn, too, in leading the nurses' devotions of the mornings in their dormitory. It became noticeable how many times she chose the morning hymn, "Lead On, O King Eternal, the Day of March Has Come."

On the staff she taught courses in the school of nursing, naturally, and she cooperated willingly in all the little necessary economies, so gladly doing more than her share of work with limited means and personnel. Her professional contribution was unexcelled, enhanced by her spirit. Every phase of the work interested her; out-patient clinic, public health in a great needy neighborhood, hospital wards, medicine, surgery, maternity, sick and crippled children. A mother named her new baby girl "Darby" for the doctor, and as the bright child grew, she was as proud of her name as was her brother "Jonathan" named for the son of King Saul.

Missionaries have little time for trips, but once Hawthorne went with a party by boat for a few days' visit to Culion Leper Colony, on a distant island. How enthusiastic she was on her return! She had seen the marvelous curative treatment going on and eight of our own hospital graduates on the staff, helping in the tragic, merciful task. Too, she saw the religious comfort being given the Lepers by the devoted Presbyterian and Catholic missionaries.

Many times at night, when the work was finally "finished" for the day, the two missionary doctors would go out across the hospital lawn to the sea wall, overlooking beautiful Manila Bay, to rest a bit and counsel together. Out there, alone under the tropic sky, perhaps at midnight, ten thousand miles from home and family, the two little Hoosier women consulted and planned how to improve the hospital. Finally they clasped each other's hands and prayed fervently for divine guidance in their mammoth task. The hospital had to be, in every way, approved by the government. Both doctors were always members of the American Medical Association and of the local Manila Society, and stood well professionally.

Dr. Darby's father passed away during her first missionary term in Manila. Then her brother, Edward, of the Army Air Service, lost his life in a plane accident over Georgia, in 1937. Her mother, Mrs. Daisy Darby, and sisters, Laura, Elizabeth and Jeanette, watched with great anxiety, the war clouds over the Phillipines.

And then! War came on! Dr. Darby allied herself with the Emmanuel Hospital, a cooperative, being on the staff with the best Filipino doctors. They were allowed to carry on fairly freely, naturally under Japanese surveillance. She and Helen Wilk, the business manager, were not interned until late in the war. Many old-time Americans were treated in her hospital; several cared for until their death, and their ashes saved for relatives at home.

Dr. Darby befriended American soldiers in every way when 'twas forbidden, of course, and she and Miss Wilk and Mrs. Stagg aided the guerillas with messages, supplies and in any way they could. Brave! Suspicionings and questionings frequently failed to stop them. At last, when all missionaries were interned, Hawthorne with her cousin Ruth, and the other two were taken to old Fort Santiago and put in cells for 105 days. 'Twas reported that Mrs. Stagg and Miss Wilk were tortured. Then all were removed - Ruth to St. Thomas, and the other three to Bilibid - and that was a real prison, and very drastic.

Information from twelve different sources has come to the writer, telling of torturing. They "not accepting deliverance." Finally, one day a tragic little procession was formed at Bilibid. Five women and twenty-nine men were blindfolded and marched away. Three of these women were our missionaries - "Faithful unto death." Other prisoners watched sorrowfully. From previous experience those prisoners knew that these would not return; driven away to their execution. Courageous Hawthorne Darby. She was faithful unto death. She truly wears a martyr's crown, but it is a Victor's crown.

X Hawthorne Darby

PHILIP SHAMBAUGH, JR., of the BUCKS COUNTY line; his children and grandchildren.

One of the means used by those of us hunting genealogical and family tree data is that of city directories. Several years ago the writer thumbed through a Milwaukee directory and noted therein the name of Mrs. Flavilla Shambaugh, a widow. Letters to her brought no response but on the occasion of a visit to Milwaukee, she was contacted and through her it was learned that quite a sizeable group of Shambaughs had settled in and around Richland Center, Wisconsin, one of them being her son, Bert. This gave an excuse to visit that lovely little Wisconsin town and to spend a half-day in the courthouse there, gathering data as well as to visit a cemetery where many of the clan were buried. Bert Shambaugh advised that the group had come to Wisconsin from Indiana where others of the clan still lived.

On our way to the Second Shambaugh Reunion, we hunted out Mrs. Elias B. Shambaugh and her daughter Mrs. Emma Moore. A well-remembered day and night was spent in that home and in visiting scenes where this early pioneer family was developed, for now we were digging out facts concerning Philip Shambaugh, who had been born in Virginia, went to Ohio as a young man and then with a neighbor by the name of Nicholas Hightsoe, set out for further west. This intrepid pair contributed a horse a piece and bought a covered wagon in common and with that made the trip settling north of Indianapolis in 1830.

We have referred many times to the Rev. Adam Shambaugh, one of the most picturesque of the entire Shambaugh clan. This unusual character, probably no closer than a fourth cousin to this group, also came west and becoming attached to, married Sarah, daughter of Philip Shambaugh. Land was opening up in Wisconsin and the Rev. Adam induced the old folks, together with two of the sons, to accompany him and his wife to that northern state in 1856.

We do not know the exact birthdate, nor date of marriage of Philip, but from a comparison of family records he was probably born about 1777, and married to his wife Mary, known in the Wisconsin records as Polly about 1815. He is buried in the Ash Creek Cemetery near Richland Center.

The first child, William, was born August 1, 1817 in Ohio and was married to Rachel Snyder, a daughter of another family who came to Ohio at a later date from Virginia. He died Sept. 17, 1899 and is buried in the Pine River Cemetery near Richland Center. To this family six children were born. The oldest was Harriet, born June 20, 1837, marrying James Wilkins, and passing away at her home in Wisconsin December 17, 1902. The second child, Mary Jane was born in 1842 and passed to her reward in 1920. She was married to Stephen C. Davis, also of Richland Center. The third daughter was Elizabeth, born Dec. 9, 1845, living until July 1, 1929. She also lies beside her husband, Henry C. Baer in the Richland Center Cemetery.

Sarah was the fourth daughter, born about 1850. She was married to a man named Gault. We have no further record. Benjamin, the only son was born July 25, 1853 and was married in 1875 to Miss Flavilla Knowles, who gave us our first lead to this family. He died April 27, 1932 at his Milwaukee home. The family list is completed with Emma L., born in 1857. She was married to Robert Ross. Her death occurred in 1923.

Jonas, the second son of Philip and Polly Shambaugh was born about 1820 for his tombstone in the Pine Creek Cemetery, after giving his date of demise as March 12, 1894, states that he was 74 years old. His one daughter, Annie, married a man named Doughty.

To Sarah, the third child, born about 1822, comes the distinction of being, with her husband, the only definite link known between the Bucks and the Lancaster branches of the Shambaugh families. Their daughter Anna, was married to a man named Houts and the entire family lies buried near Richland Center.

Samuel Jackson Shambaugh, born August 16, 1826, became the only one of the family to stay rooted in the Traders Point, Indiana Territory. He was married about 1847 to Minerva Anna Cooper and with her raised a fine pioneer Indiana family. The oldest child was named Samuel Jackson, after his father. He was born Sept. 8, 1848 and died in 1911 at New Augusta, Indiana. The second son was Elias, the

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husband of Mrs. Elida Shambaugh to whom we are indebted for much of this section of our history. The third child was a daughter named Delilah, who married a man named Voorhees. Then comes Mary, the wife of Frank Dayenport. The list is complete with Louise, born Feb. 3, 1869, marrying Edward Rowlett in 1894.

Of the other two children, Mary and Benjamin, we know little except that they also seem to have been included in the Wisconsin migration.

A GEOLOGICAL ITEM OF INTEREST..... One day a friend of mine asked me what I knew about jade deposits in America. He said that he had read in Popular Science that we did have such deposits near a town called Lander in Wyoming. I recalled that one of our Shambaugh clan, Mrs. L. V. Abbott, lived in that town and so we wrote her. The answer on the matter of jade came from her husband who admits to being "an amateur mineralogist and general rock hound." Here it is.

"To begin with, to get an insight into conditions in this state, you must understand that this is a country of great distances and few towns. To the south of Lander, Rawlins is the closest town about 135 miles distant. To the east it is 150 miles to Casper with three small towns between. To the west it is 135 miles to Pinedale, and to the north 80 miles to Dubois. The localities where jade has been found lie approximately fifty miles southeast of Lander along both sides of the Sweetwater basin. It has been found in an area probably fifteen miles in width to thirty miles in length.

"The article which appeared in Popular Science, while in all respects sticking to the strict truth, yet through the ambitiousness of the writer gave a greatly exaggerated impression of actual conditions. We have had many people come here as a result, expecting to be able to go out and pick up all the jade they wanted anywhere in that region. Most of them have been badly disappointed. Most of the jade is in wash. It is still undecided whether river or glacial wash, but being so, it is scattered here and there over a vast area. You can ride for miles and never find a trace of it. Then in some areas it will be quite thickly deposited. In a few places it has been found in ledges. Wherever there are known deposits the ground is all staked with claims, and the picking is getting pretty scarce. Also only a small percentage of the jade found is of good quality. I have seen any amount of it that was not fit to cut. Naturally the men who first found it and who had the foresight to accumulate it and then create a market, are the ones who are cashing in.

"While...there is a large percentage of the jade found which is of poor quality, still there is some fine jade picked up from time to time, ranging in color from a brilliant green (approximating but not equalling the apple green or oriental imperial jade) through various shades of olive green to a green that is so dark that it is known as black jade. This black jade has a very glossy black appearance when polished and its green tinge can only be told by holding a thin edge to the light. A few fragments of white jade has also been found but that is extremely scarce."

Mrs. Abbott gives us this information about her son. "Our older son is an ensign in the navy and at present is on a mine-sweeper and when he last wrote he was near Korea. We are glad the fighting is over although we do not expect him home for sometime."

IF YOU HAVEN'T SENT THAT CARD TO PRESIDENT JOE ABOUT THE REUNION YOU HAD BETTER HUNT UP YOUR MARCH LETTER AND DO IT RIGHT AWAY.