

# Shambaugh Family News - Letter

EDITORIAL STAFF —

F. A. Leightey Cleo Shambaugh Gervin - Harry Gleim

New Series No. 25 -- A project of the Shambaugh Families Society. April 1951

A card from Arthur and Orel Trautwein, now of Statesboro, Ga. & F. E. Roberts, Cabins, saying they arrived safely and are enjoying themselves in their new location. Potatoes are up, gardens are nice, peas in bloom and Pecan trees leafing out.  
( Oh boy, are we getting hungry now, back here at home )

Just a line from Mr and Mrs Howard P. Walker of LaMoille, Ill., saying they have just recently returned from a three months vacation trip to Florida.

Having been on a business trip to Cleveland, Ohio, E. Guy Shambaugh, of Rossville, Ga. gave some of the Ohio Shambaugh's pleasant surprises for a few days around April 15th, before returning home.

Visiting around Wooster and Loudenville, then on Sunday afternoon, Mr and Mrs Fred Fortney, daughter and granddaughter of Galion brought Guy to the home of your editor and wife, Mattie Shambaugh Longabugh was here, and later our sons and families too, so we all had a wonderful visit together. Later that evening and early the next morning we saw a few of the other relatives in this section before Guy started home.

## ANOTHER TRIP \*\* MORE RESEARCH \*\* TWO NEW CLANS FOUND

By Cleo Shambaugh Gervin

On the nineteenth of October I moved from my small home in town, which I had just sold, into an apartment in town (Knoxville), the twentieth I went to my house in the mountains to super-ise the placing of a load of furniture and some building material that I had sent up, returning to Knoxville that night, the twentyfirst I had five guests from Cleveland, Tenn. and we spent the week end in the mountains, the twentysecond a niece came up from Rossville, Ga. to join me on the trip to Virginia and we left the twentythird. Had I been a busy person! The move had been a hard one and I had rushed greatly to get moved in time to make the trip to Virginia.

The object of our trip was manifold! In the first place we were visiting relatives and old friends; we were to visit on a farm, where the field trials of the Virginia Fox Hunters Association would be held; we planned to visit many historical shrines, and last, but by no means least I intended doing some research in the libraries in Richmond, where I had been told I should be able to get a lot of material that I had not been able to get elsewhere. My niece, Mary Alice Dentzler, who was with me, had just had a rather serious operation and needed a rest and change of scenery and I felt I surely needed both.

We had a delightful five days visit with the friends and relatives and enjoyed the excitement connected with the start of the trials and following the hounds by car from road to road and saw them chasing the foxes. It was all most interesting and something entirely new to both of us. Food was cooked and served at the farm-- all of us going out each day and staying all day. I was on a horse for the first time in several years-- as a girl I had my own horse and rode all the time. Our hosts live in a small town, but the farm was out several miles. The time seemed very short but we had had a most wonderful time and had to be on our way.

Our next stop was Jamestown and we got there late in the afternoon, after ferrying across the James River, which was very wide and beautiful, with picturesque and historic old Jamestown showing so beautiful from the boat. We "covered" the historic ground very thoroughly, taking pictures and reading the tombstones in the graveyard of the restored church. Then we went on to Williamsburg, where we spent the night and I slept in the same bed I slept in while there in 1939. It was a huge four-poster and we had to climb several steps to get into it. Our room was in the old Bland House, where George Washington had been a guest and had slept ( so it is claimed ) in that very room.

The next day we "took in" Williamsburg and that afternoon, late, we drove to Yorktown, but returned to Williamsburg to spend the night-- Hallowe'en! Leaving the next morning for Richmond I was all keyed up with the thought that at last I would surely find some of the information that I had been seeking elsewhere on several occasions, but alas I was due for more disappointments. I just could't find what

I was after. I went to different libraries and thru records, but found so little of interest. I was told that the records I was seeking would most likely be found at Woodstock, way over west and across the mountains. So not getting anywhere in Richmond I decided to head for Woodstock!

We arrived at Woodstock at a little after four o'clock and as I pulled up at the side of the courthouse a cop knocked on my car window! I said "oh am I not supposed to park here?" and he said "Lady you have just passed a parked school buss!" Horrors, what would happen now and me so anxious to get into that courthouse if it was still open! Well official business came first and could not be sidetracked! I told the officer that I never did see the buss and where was it. He said, down the road about a mile and a half and he'd been following us all that time! Seems the buss was across the road from us and we had been looking away over across the fields to our right at a beautiful old farm house, many of which we had seen coming over along the valleys between Richmond and the foothills on either side. I told the officer that if I had passed a school buss and broken the law he would just have to do whatever he wanted to do with me. He said "Lady I believe you are telling the truth and I am sorry that I happened to be there, but I was, and I'll have to cite you." I could either come back Monday, I believe he said, or perhaps the judge was in his office and I could see him then. I told him I could not stay over as we had to be home by Sunday. So we went to see the judge and the officer was really nice and told the judge that he didn't believe I saw the buss as I was looking in the opposite direction - the result was that I paid 14.25. Of course that delay gave us less time to spend in the courthouse, we did get into the courthouse, but found no records!

Leaving Woodstock, with some memories that were not so pleasant, but satisfied that we had run down another clue and eliminated Woodstock as the place where those early records were, we went on to Winchester, stopping only one other place enroute. That was to go over to Lebanon Church, where a Miss Mamie Pingley had lived. The road had been changed thru there since I was there before, but thru inquiry we found Miss Pingley. She was a granddaughter of Catherine Shambaugh Pingley, who descended from Daniel Shambaugh. Aunt Kate (as Catherine had been known in her girlhood) had been instrumental (so I learned from the late Mrs Laura Stickley Bates, historian and beloved townswoman of nearby Strasburg) in helping the Stickley family and perhaps others during the Civil War. Several battles having been fought thruout that section. The home of Mrs Bates had been used as a hospital during the war, but the family allowed to live in a portion of the home. Catherine Shambaugh's father had taken the Stickley stock over to his farm at the foot of the mountains, thereby saving a part if not all of the stock. Catherine Shambaugh stayed with the Stickleys for some time and would walk from her father's home bringing food to the Stickley family and making herself useful in many ways.

It was dark by the time we had located Miss Pingley, but we had a good visit with her. She is not well, but it was good to see her again and to have the brief visit with her. She has been quite interested in the family history, but until after I contacted her in 1941 she had not known much of her ancestors. She had told me of Catherine, but she did not know just who she was or from whom she descended, but my visit with Mrs Bates at that time and the bit that Miss Pingley told me, started me "treking" and I found Catherine Shambaugh Pingley's bible! That gave us much history of descendants of Daniel Shambaugh that we were able to follow thru on. I would liked so much to have seen Mrs M. E. Godloxe, of Wheatfield and others whom I had visited in 1941, but it was night and we must get located for the night.

We found a room in a lovely tourist court just outside of Winchester. I called the Kline home in Winchester and after dinner we drove over to the home, where we had a delightful visit with members of that family. Miss Mamie, one of the sisters, has been especially interested in our family history and we have corresponded since 1941 and she has contributed much toward our work. She it was that night she told me of a Shambaugh she had discovered who was working in Winchester, but who had come from Unger, W. VA., where his father now lives. Miss Mamie had not been able to place him in the Daniel line after talking with him at length and on several occasions she called him while I was there and I talked with him at length, but he could not tell me anything that would place him anywhere in our lines already established. I thought perhaps now I have found the link I have been hunting for all these years.

This interesting letter of Cleo's will be continued in the next News-Letter.

Dollars received for N - I - Howard P. Walker 1.-

F. Guy Shambaugh 1.-

Woodstock - arrival, etc.