

the Rucker Family Society

NEWSLETTER

Volume 15

Number 1

March 2004

High Water on the James

By Michael P. Rucker

"High water is a real bummer," declared Captain Mike Neal as he steered the *Rose of Nelson* straight into the most turbulent water he could find. He was hoping to test out a newly redesigned bow to assure that it would keep water from coming over the front of the boat even when shooting rapids with three or four feet of "standing water."

The James River was four feet above normal last June and moving fast. That meant the *Rose* was traveling about six miles an hour down the river, about double its speed when the river is at its normal level. The high water also meant that there were no rapids to be negotiated. The *Rose* was hurtling downstream several feet above rocks that in previous years had required careful navigating by the captain and strenuous poling by the crew to avoid disaster should timing or direction be off in the slightest. "This is no fun at all," sighed Captain Mike.

The *Rose* is one of fifteen sleek, fifty-six foot long tobacco boat replicas that participate in the annual James River Batteau Festival. The event launches each June from Lynchburg on a Saturday morning and finishes at Maiden's Adventure, just west of Richmond a week later as the exhausted batteau crews and battered craft come ashore.

The festival commemorates a time two-hundred years ago when more than 500 vessels of this sort brought tobacco and other produce downstream to Richmond. They returned upstream with manufactured goods to help bring the pleasures of civilization to the frontier. The batteaux were the equivalent of our modern day tractor-trailers, railroads and airplanes combined. They brought wealth to the interior of the Virginia commonwealth.

Con't on next page



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The first boat of this design was launched in 1775 by brothers Anthony and Benjamin Rucker of Amherst County. The event was witnessed by their friend and neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, whose country retreat, "Poplar Forest," was nearby. Jefferson's account reads, "Rucker's battoe [sic] is 50 f. long, 4 f. wide in the bottom & 6 f. wide at the top. She carries 11 hhds. [hogs- head tobacco barrels] & draws 13½ [inches] water."

The Rucker brothers were tobacco farmers and needed a more efficient means of getting their product to Richmond to sell. In fact, tobacco itself was the de facto currency in the colony in those days. Before their invention of the batteau, the Ruckers and other farmers had two inefficient options to get their valuable commodity to market. The first option was to put a wooden axle through the center of each hoghead barrel and have a worker drive an ox pulling one barrel more than 100 miles along the muddy "Rolling Road" to Richmond. The second option was to load several of the four-foot diameter barrels onto a double dugout canoe created by the Reverend Robert Rose of Nelson County (hence the source of the name for the *Rose of Nelson*).

A better means of transportation was needed and the Rucker brothers invented it: a sleek, keelless vessel of sturdy oak. Holding a cargo of about eleven hoghead barrels of tobacco, the Rucker batteau could accommodate a payload more than

any other means of transportation. In addition to tobacco these crafts carried wood, coal, and apple brandy downstream. After unloading their cargo at the Great Basin in Richmond, the batteauxmen loaded their vessels with cargo designated in a shopping list by the plantation owner for the arduous trip back up the river. The return trip, which included everything from fine china and harpsichords to millstones, was a lot less fun than shooting the rapids coming downstream. The upstream trip was just plain hard work the whole way. The batteauxmen had to use long poles to shove the heavily laden boat against the current and over the rocks all the way back upstream.

There is no bow or stern to a batteau. Both ends have a pointed prow and, with no keel, the crew can maneuver the rudders on each end (called "sweeps") to spin the boat around midstream should the situation call for such action. Normally, only the captain and experienced crew members handle the sweeps, but that day with little danger from the rocks far beneath us Captain Mike allows me, a neophyte batteauxman, to man the front sweep. The front sweep on these vessels is the one that establishes the direction of these highly maneuverable craft. "Just keep it over towards the right side of the river," Captain Mike told me as he went back to get a snack. I did fine for a while, but as the current picked up around a bend I suddenly realized that I had let the vessel get dangerously crosswise to the current. At that instant my fellow crew members, who were lounging amidship, cried out in unison, "Who the hell is manning the front sweep?" Desperate to remedy the situation, I plunged the sweep into the water and pulled with all my might only to immediately realize that I had moved it the wrong way! As the crew howled in anticipation of imminent disaster I broke into an instant sweat as I now pushed the sweep the other way. Captain Mike came running, but thankfully, I had it somewhat under control as he took the handle of the sweep from my trembling hands. "Don't feel too bad," he told me. "I crewed for three years before anyone ever let me man the sweeps." Mike Neal is a very tolerant captain. Only then did I fully realize the degree of skill

required to navigate one of these craft. As with all activities that require well-honed skills, Captain Mike makes it look so easy. I sat down with the other crew members to endure their ribbing and absorb their sage advice on batteau navigation.

Manning a batteau in high water is very easy on the crew. The two individuals manning the sweeps do all the work to keep the boat running straight. The remainder of the crew lounge around swapping yarns such as our close encounter with the copperhead at our last "pit stop," and watching the changing scene such as an eagle soaring high overhead. A lot of the talk is of batteau disasters, recent and past, such as the one I almost caused. Everyone chortled with laughter at the umteenth telling of yesterday's mishap. A couple in a canoe of well-wishers during the festival launch in Lynchburg had a Chihuahua dog in a carrying case. They had strapped the case down in the canoe. Upon shoving off in the rapid water the canoe went cross current (sound familiar) and capsized. Nearby batteauxmen pulled the drenched couple from the muddy water as the woman screamed "Save my dog!" Seeing no dog they inquired where the dog was and learned of the cage inside the submerged canoe. Heroic action by the batteauxmen saved the Chihuahua which came up looking like a wet, emaciated rat. "Why would anyone do that – tie a dog down in a canoe?" asked one crew member as the others howled with glee. "Why would anyone even have a dog like that?" to even greater hilarity.

The mishap of this particular day was even more fun because it involved Captain Dewey, acknowledged by all as one of the most experienced and capable batteau captains. As the *Rose* approached [?] Island, Captain Mike told the crew that the batteau usually took the left-hand channel, but because of the high water he said, "Let's take the main channel. I don't think we could clear the footbridge with this high water." Captain Dewey, however, went the usual way to the left – and got his boat lodged under the bridge.

Rucker Family Reunion

June 17-20, 2004
Amherst Co., Virginia

For information, please contact Nell Cordick,
13051 Harvest Place, Clifton, VA 20124
Phone 703-802-2075

We will visit the Batteau Festival in
Lynchburg Saturday morning and see the
launching of the Rucker batteaux

Two other captains followed his lead. Fortunately, there were no injuries or major damage, but all three boats had to be completely unloaded, filled with water and submarined under the bridge, then bailed and reloaded. At the camp ground that evening, groups gathered around the hapless Captain Dewey to cajole him about the incident. Dewey, the only black captain, took it all in stride. Just another day on the river.

Slaves and indentured servants manned the original batteaux. Someone commented that it is interesting that the slaves didn't run away while alone on the river. Captain Mike told us that the crews were treated very well. They were provided ample provisions of food and drink for their journey. After all, the existence of each plantation was placed in the hands of the batteau crews. The batteaux were valuable, but the tobacco and produce they carried provided the income needed to keep the plantations operating. The crews consisted of proven, trusted employees. Nevertheless, with more than 500 batteau crews on the river, there were enough rowdies to assure numerous incidents of thievery: chickens and pigs from the farms along the way and produce from the boats.

While lounging amidships or gathered around campfires at night the crewmen talk, joke and cajole constantly. The conversations vary from speculating on the lives of the actual batteauxmen

years ago to whether watermelon rind will biodegrade rapidly enough to pitch into the river. You just have to like all these guys and gals. No doubt, the evenings around the campfires are very similar to those of two centuries ago: lots of jokes, some beer and spirits, and highjinks in general. Not many worries from home are here on the river.

However, just as I was getting into the laid back routine of a batteaman's life the twenty-first century intervened on my tranquility. I phoned home from a general store near the Bent Creek campsite (none of our cell phones or radio phones would work there in the wilderness) to learn that my wife, Harriet, was in intensive care in the hospital. The initial prognosis was kidney failure. I hurriedly packed my gear and stepped out of the late eighteenth century and back into the early twenty-first: back to rental cars, highways, airliners — and modern hospitals. Harriet would remain in intensive care for several days but, thankfully, the problem turned out to be a kidney stone that had blocked her ureter rather than kidney failure. I write this as I sit in her room in the intensive care ward, my head still reeling over my concern for Harriet, my recent adventure to another century, and my hopes to complete the full week-long Batteau Festival in June 2004.

See you in Lynchburg.

Ancestral Rucker Photos

From Christopher Rucker

A few years ago, Chris Rucker requested that we have a photo corner for the newsletter. He has now started a web site devoted to sharing photos of our Rucker ancestors, descendants of immigrant, Peter Rucker. Post your old pictures, download someone else's, and ask questions of others researching their Rucker family history. Chris notes that the site is free and secure, only you can change the text on a photo you submit.

Everyone has treasured old photos of ancestors, and this is an opportunity to share them with your Rucker cousins. One advantage of sharing your photos is, in addition to finding pictures of your long-lost relatives, it is possible that some of your unknown pictures may be identified.

Web site:

www.msnusers.com/AncestralRuckerPhotos

or contact him at christopherrucker@msn.com

Chris will be at the reunion in Amherst County in June to further explain the web site. Or contact him at 329 Farm lake Rd, Spartanburg, SC 29316.

Old Photo of L. M. Rucker

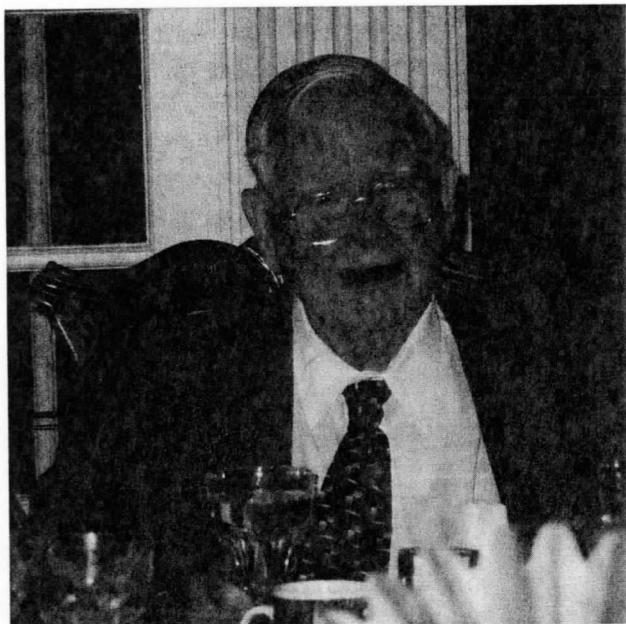
Submitted by Louise Armstrong

Louise Armstrong is a friend in my local genealogy group (GRIVA) in Richmond, Virginia. She told me about a photo found in her family album. She wrote: I've been scanning some photos that belonged to my great-grandmother. While most are of unknown people, one is signed "Yours Truly L. M. Rucker" — the photographer was in Brunswick, Missouri (probably taken in the 1890s. I'm 90% sure of the 1st initial — and was wondering if anyone knows who he was?

The only information that I have is that the picture was taken by Leftwich & Hoffman, Brunswick, MO. The albums were put together by either my father's grandmother Mary Mitchell Armstrong or her mother Elizabeth Berry Mitchell Ives (her 1st husband Charles Mitchell died when Mary Mitchell was an infant and she remarried to George Ives). They were from Oneida County (Utica and Whitesboro), NY. Mary Mitchell also went to a boarding school Helmuth Ladies College in Ontario, Canada.

The photo will be scanned on Chris Rucker's web site (as it would not reproduce here). If you are interested, contact her at [<lamstrong@i-c.net>](mailto:lamstrong@i-c.net).

IN MEMORIAM



Robert Brydon III, age 97, died February 15, 2004 in Richmond, Virginia. He was married to the late Jean W. Wood, daughter of Sudie Rucker Wood and was the father of Jeannie Robinson, Editor of the *Rucker Family Society Newsletter*. Jean⁸ Wood (Sudie⁷ Rucker, William⁶ A. William⁵ B., George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹, Wood, p.56 and William⁵ B.'s wife, Mary⁶ Ann Dawson Rucker, Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹).

"Bob," son of the Rev. G. MacLaren Brydon and Nathalie Page Coleman, was born October 30, 1906 in Baltimore, Maryland. He grew up in Richmond, Virginia and attended St. Christopher's Episcopal School for boys in Richmond and the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He was an accountant and C.P.A. His hobbies were golf, traveling and woodworking. He made hand made, reproduction antique furniture, a few of which the Editor has and treasures.

During World War II, Bob was a "Spotter" at Richard E. Byrd Flying Field (now Richmond International Airport). A Spotter was a person who worked at the airport during the night at an Army control board and marked the comings and goings of all airplanes all over Virginia.

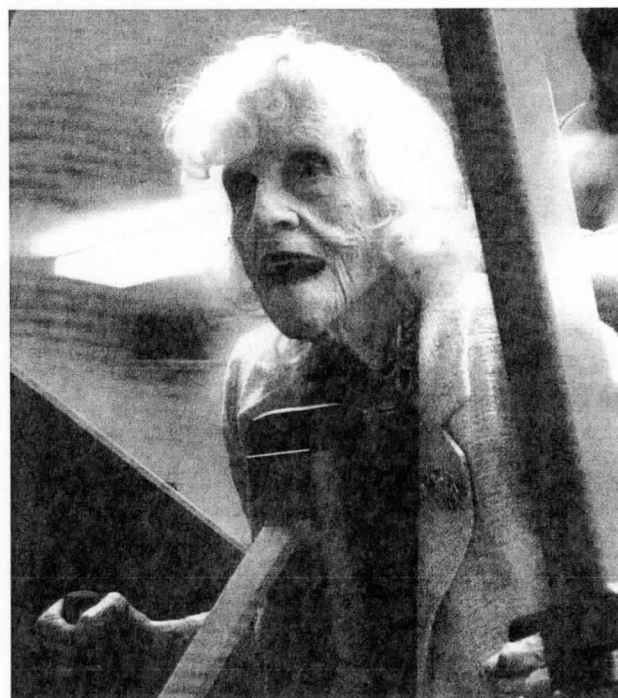
He is survived by his son, Robert Carter Brydon and daughter Jean Brydon Robinson; grandsons, Carter Christian Brydon and Edward Jones Willis III; and great-grandsons, Cabell F. Willis, Miller C. Brydon and MacLaren B. Brydon.

Bob was a member of St. James's Episcopal Church in Richmond and was buried at Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. His obituary was in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, February 16, 2004.

* * * * *

Katherine "Kitty" Rucker, 95, of Cedar Key, Florida, died February 2, 2004 at Florida Hospital in Alamo Springs, Florida of complications following a broken hip. She was the mother of children's story author and frequent contributor to this newsletter, Mike Rucker.

She was born Phoebe Katherine Price, June 12, 1908 in Blacksburg, Virginia. She was an employee of the Agricultural Department at Virginia Tech where she met graduate student Henry Cowles Rucker, Jr. They were married in 1934. He died in 1982.



Kitty Rucker pumping iron

She was preceded in death by her oldest son, Henry Cowles Rucker, III. Surviving are two sons, Michael Price Rucker of Peoria, Illinois and William Ambrose Rucker of Winter Springs, Florida; six grandchildren and (at time of death) two great grandchildren.

She was healthy and adventurous to the end as exemplified by a photo which appeared in a Peoria, IL *Journal Star* October 11, 2003 article showing her "pumping iron" at a Peoria area fitness gym.

Katherine's husband, Henry Cowles Rucker Jr. had two Rucker parents (each with two lines of descent):

Henry⁷ Cowles Rucker (Benjamin⁶ L., Benjamin⁵ J., Isaac⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹, Wood, p.110 and Sarah⁷ Frances Parks, Paulina⁶ Davies, Elizabeth⁵ McDaniel, Margaret⁴ Rucker, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹, Wood, p.416, 446).

Lillian⁷ Eliza Rucker (William⁶ A. William⁵ B., George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹, Wood, p.56 and William⁶ A., Mary⁶ Ann Dawson Rucker, Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹).

See article on Henry Cowles Rucker, RFSN, Vol. 8, no. 2 & 3, Summer, 1997, p.11.

Eva Rucker Franklin, 100 years old, died Sunday, January 11, 2004, at the Fairmont Crossing Nursing Home in Amherst Co., VA. She was the wife of the late Herbert Leamon Franklin.

Born April 15, 1903, in Amherst County, she was a daughter of the Nathan⁶ Jones Rucker (Nathaniel⁵ W., Isaac⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹, Wood p.112) and Nannie⁷ Lee Duff (Martha⁶ Ann Rucker, Willis A.⁵, John⁴, Isaac³, John², Peter¹, Wood, p.135).

She is survived by son Alton Franklin of Madison Heights, Virginia and daughter Joyce Haynes of Cookeville, TN; three foster sons, John Puckett, Jackie Puckett, and Gordon Puckett all of Roanoke, eight grandchildren; ten great-grand

children; and four foster grandchildren.

She was a member of the Monroe United Methodist Church. Burial will be in the Amherst Cemetery.

Obituary from the January 15, 2004, *New-Era Progress*, Amherst Co., Virginia newspaper, submitted by Ellen Wagner, Highland, MD.

Ruckers in the News

Super Bowl 2004:

Cousin Mike Rucker

From Karl Rice, Moberly, MO

The most exciting event (other than the half time show) at the Super Bowl was seeing a Rucker cousin on the football field. Mike Rucker is from St. Joseph, Missouri and descends from Henry Rucker of Randolph County MO. It is thought that Henry was a son of Minor Rucker whose ancestry is Joel, John, Thomas and Peter. Being a Chiefs fan, I don't really care, but I'm going for Mike's team.

Look up Panther Mike Rucker's stats at the following web address:

<http://www.panthers.com/team/teamRosterDetails.jsp?id=931>

Go Mike! Go Panthers!

Rudy Rucker, age 29, stunt bicycle rider of San Francisco, appeared in the Heavy Pedal Cyclecide Bike Rodeo in Austin, Texas in February of 2003. His photo appeared in the *Austin American Statesman*, February 24, 2003, submitted by Alice Rucker Allen of Austin, TX. Anyone know who he is?

Dr. J. J. Rucker

From Paul Reynolds of Townsend, TN
<nreynol2@bellsouth.net>

On December 30, 1874, the Forty Third Congress, by a joint resolution, asked the supervising surgeon of the U.S. Marine hospital to confer with the local health authorities and physicians of those areas and prepare a report back to them regarding the Cholera Epidemic of 1873. This request was presented and signed by President U.S. Grant on January 12, 1875.

This report was completed and presented before the end of the 1875 year. The exact date is not known, but I did find it amazing, when comparing it to today's speed of our congress, that this could be prepared with such efficiency. This report is broken down into the different states, townships and counties of the United States. The Tennessee division of the report is the only one that I have a copy of which led me to the particular article on page 168 of Rutherford County, Murfreesborough [sic] City section.

The printing is faded somewhat but is retyped in its entirety: "Dr. J. J. Rucker, residing five miles west of Murfreesborough [sic], reports in his practice, from June 27 to July 19 twenty cases of cholera, but two of which were fatal. Of these cases twelve were males, eight were females; seven were whites, thirteen were blacks; eleven were married, nine were single. The ages range from three to forty years. In two instances two cases occurred in families, the other cases were isolated. The treatment adopted was opiates, with calomel, and enemata of capsicum, nut galls and quinine, sinapisms, absolute rest, ice."

I found it interesting that ice was prescribed in 1873. Have tried to research and find out when ice was first manufactured but have not determined when manufacturing began or how it was produced at that time. This being in the months of June obviously none was available naturally. The names of the drugs above have been carefully checked for

spelling but I have no idea what they were.

Have looked at many references searching for Dr. J. J. Rucker but have not found any information except what is listed in Ron Payne's book entitled *More than 50 Tennessee Counties Were Marked by Ruckers*, in Rutherford County.

~ On page 115 he has listed **Asa G. Rucker** [s/o Dr. J. J. & Nimmie (sic)] (22 February 1882-26 October 1883) Buried in Rucker Cemetery on Rucker Lane 0.7 miles north of Salem.

~ On page 119 he shows **James J. Rucker** Age 33, born in Tennessee, listed as head of household in the 1880 census in District 11, page 187C.

~ **Nimmie** [sic] Age 23, born in Tennessee, listed in above household, wife of James J.

~ **James J.** Age 9 months, born in Tennessee, listed in above household, son of James J.

~ **James J. Rucker** (s/o Dr. J. J. & Nimmie [sic]) [25 September 1879-30 September 1883] buried in Rucker Cemetery on Rucker Lane 0.7 miles north of Salem.

~ On page 127 is **Willie R. Rucker** (s/o Dr. J. J. & Nimmie [sic]) [October 27, 1884-November 7, 1884] Buried in Rucker Cemetery on Rucker Lane 0.7 miles north of Salem.

* * * * *

Note from the Editor: He was James⁷ Joseph Rucker (Robert⁶ Bedford, James⁵ Jr., James⁴, Benjamin³, John², Peter¹), b. 15 Nov 1846, Murfreesboro, TN; m. 9 Jun 1879, Minnie Jenkins, b. May 1856. (Source: Sudie Rucker Wood, *Rucker Family Genealogy*, p.132. Edythe Whitley, *History of the Rucker Family*, p.65, listed him as James Joshua Rucker.) If anyone has proof of his correct name, please let us know. [Wife's name was Minnie.]

P.S. Ice was cut out of rivers and lakes in the winter and stored in pits underground. It was packed in straw until needed in the summer. At least that's what my father told me what his grandparents did in Halifax Co., VA.

LETTERS FROM RUCKERS

Note from Paulo Rucker of Brazil

<paulo_rucker@yahoo.com.br>

About three years ago I received an email from Paul Rucker, from Defiance, Ohio, where he identified himself and declared that he was surprised for finding somebody with the same family name in Brazil. From there on we exchanged many emails and became friendly. In a given moment I wanted to know more about the American Rucker family, made a series of questions to Paul and he re-passed one of these questions to you.

I am almost certain that your Peter Rucker was German. This family name is still very common in Germany. There are more than 10,000 phone numbers of people from the Rucker family in Germany, more precisely 10,108 phones.

* * * * *

"Terry the Tractor"

In the last newsletter (Vol. 14, No. 3&4), the flyer sent out about ordering "Terry the Tractor" books, by Michael P. Rucker, inadvertently left out Mike's address. Mike is offering 11 books for \$6.00 each (shipping included), with all proceeds going to the Steve Rucker Memorial Fund. Steve Rucker was the firefighter who lost his life in the California fires last fall.

"Terry" is an animated tractor that gets into many adventures. The books are basically for children up to the age of ten.

Send checks made out to Michael P. Rucker, 1003 W. Centennial Dr., Peoria, Illinois 61614. Email <mikruc@aol.com>. Indicate if you would like the books autographed or dedicated to a certain child.

COFFEY - COFFEE COUSINS' CONVENTION FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS APRIL 30 - MAY 2, 2004

From Bennie Loftin; Rt 1 Box 270; Kiowa, OK
74553-9727; phone 918-432-5434 or email
<bloftin@indiannationinternet.net>

Bennie Loftin wrote: I think the Rucker Family should host a reunion at Boone Tavern Hotel, Berea, KY. Lots of Rucker descendants have lived there. Lots to see and do there.

What do the members think? Please submit ideas for future reunions to the Editor.

* * * * *

The Huguenot Society of Florida has as its president, Rucker descendant, Keith Rucker Haygood. Currently they have 196 members. Keith says that descendants of Peter Rucker will always be eligible for membership.

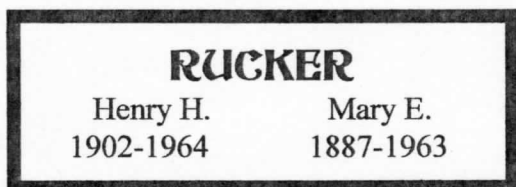
The eligibility holds true not just in Florida, but for THE NATIONAL HUGUENOT SOCIETY. When I applied, they accepted excerpts from the Studie Rucker Wood's book as long as she cited sources. If interested in finding out more about the National Huguenot Society, contact Keith R. Haygood at <nouno@allvantage.com>.

* * * * *

Enid Harris and John A. Ostertag of St. Joseph, Missouri celebrated their 70th Wedding Anniversary in August of 2003. Enid⁸ Gertrude Harris (Elmer⁷ R. "Jack," Lucy⁶ C. Rucker, Louis⁵ B., Lemuel⁴ B., Lemuel³, James², Peter¹) was born in Corning, Kansas and married 12 Aug 1933 in Atchison, KS. They have lived in St. Joseph, Missouri for the past 45 years. John worked for Metropolitan Insurance. Enid's hobby is genealogy and John's is gardening. They have five children and fifteen grandchildren.

Rucker Tombstone

In her wanderings, Linda R. Hubbard of Bethesda, MD, found a Rucker tombstone in the Karnes Cemetery in Low Moor, Virginia (Alleghany County). Does anyone know who they were or how they might fit into the family tree? Contact Linda by phone 301-897-5799 or email <LRuckerHubbard@aol.com>



* * * * *

Bill McKinnion of Collinsville, MS has sent in photos of his family. Most are pictures of his family beginning with William Wiley Rucker (1869-1937). Bill and his wife Glenda are planning to come to the reunion in Amherst Co., VA. Bill, maybe you can scan your photos onto the Rucker Ancestral Photo web-site, see p.4.

Gift of Dewberry Family Book

Many thanks to Sidney A. Dewberry and Sidney O. Dewberry for the gift of a book on their family, *The Dewberry Families of America and Their Ancestry*, Southern Historical Press, 2003.

It's a 637 page, beautifully illustrated book on the Dewberry family, which has been over 50 years in the making. On the cover are groupings of old family photos. The book contains many black and white and color photographs, migration maps and family lineages, charts and family stories. It has sections on the Dewberrys and allied families.

It includes a small section on their Rucker ancestry back to Peter Rucker the immigrant. Their Rucker lineage is through Mary⁸ B. ("Molly") Rucker (Ambrose⁷, Reuben⁶ D., Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹) who married 16 March 1876 to Aaron Jackson ("Jack") Dewberry.

For more information, contact the Dewberry Family Association, Inc., P. O. Box 904, Dawsonville, GA 30534 or access their website: <http://www.dewberryfamilyassociation.com>.

2004 RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY DUES

Please check your mailing label, the first number is your membership number and the second is the year through which you are paid. If it says "03," it is time to send in your dues. Please make your membership check payable to The Rucker Society and send to the Treasurer: Mrs. Leslie B. Cabral, Treasurer, 5601 South 37th Court, Greenacres, FL 33463-2332

___ \$10.00 Dues for Membership for 2004

___ \$5.00 Institutional Dues (Give the newsletter to a local library)

Name and address: _____

___ Donations for the Preservation and Memorial Fund

Membership number _____ I am a new member (please give Rucker line of descent)

Name(s): _____

Please print your name(s) exactly as you would like it to appear on your mailing label

Address: _____

zip + 4 _____

President's Note

Again the newsletter is late, all I can say is I need help. Is anyone willing to take over? There is always an abundance of articles and material, and we just need someone to put it together.

Because of having such an old computer, I can no longer receive and send emails. Hopefully this summer I will have time to look for a new computer. If you need to contact me, my address and phone number are on page 2.

We also need someone to take over the Rucker Family Society Web Site. Jo Thiessen, who has handled the site since its beginning, is no longer able to take care of it. If interested, please contact her at jogl@ix.netcom.com. Or to access the web site: <http://www.mindspring.com/~jogt/surnames/ruckerfs.htm>

Leslie Cabral, our treasurer, has been sick. She has been collecting dues checks and will deposit them shortly. We apologize for any inconvenience.

Be sure and check out Chris Rucker's web site on Rucker ancestral photos, see p.4-5. This is a wonderful opportunity to preserve your old family photos and share them with your cousins at the same time.

The Reunion plans are finalized and Nell Cordick and Ruth Pillow have done a wonderful job. It is not too late to sign up. Nell's address and phone number are on page 3. Come and see Rucker family home and cemetery sites and best of all—see Mike Rucker in his 18th century costume at the 2004 James River Batteau Festival. It will be a wonderful adventure!

P.S. to Mike Rucker's article on the batteaux. The dictionary spells the French word for boat as bateau, but this is a special Virginia boat and is spelled with two t's. One additional note, the Amherst County batteau, *The Anthony Rucker*, is manned by Capt. Ralph Smith, whose wife is a Rucker descendant.

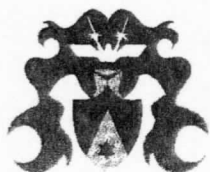
RICHMOND VA 232

28 JAN 2009 PM 5



LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY

THE RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY



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