

The RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

VOL. 30, NO. 1, MAY 2019

2019 Rucker Reunion



Sweetbriar College—Reunion Homebase

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“Aint Sue” Stories by Elizabeth Shearer

When Grandfather [Daniel H.] Rucker died, he willed all of his possessions to four of his children, and the sum total of his earthly goods was his Sister Sue. He willed his Sister Sue to his children, “Take care of Sister Sue.”

Grandfather had always paid for Sister Sue and her daughter, Annie Byrd, to go to Biloxi. For the season. Whilst his two or three or four or five daughters got to go to Lynchburg. *Vuhginia*, that is. Grandfather was a widower. But Aunt Sue got to go to Biloxi.

Now, it was always... “When I was in Biloxi, I did such and such...When Annie Byrd and I were in Biloxi, we did this, that, and the other.” So when I got married and was headin’ to my new husband’s home in Texas, we hit Biloxi at 2 AM. I said, “Stop the car! We have to go somewhere and buy some postcards.” He thought I had lost my mind. He said, “What on earth are you talkin’ about?” I said, “I’m the second one in my family to go to BILOXI, and I must send some postcards!”

So there were some perfectly

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National D-Day Memorial by Michael P. “Mike” Rucker

The Thursday morning reunion event on June 6 is to be a visit the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford County about 20 miles southwest of Lynchburg. This article is to provide information for those who may be unfamiliar with the memorial – and to document the key role that Architect Byron Rucker Dickson, a descendent of Peter Rucker, had in the design and development of the memorial.

On June 6, 1944, thirty-four young men from Bedford, Virginia landed on the beaches of Normandy as a part of Company A of the 116th Regiment of the 29th Infantry Division of the United States Army. Nineteen died within the first moments, creating said to be the highest loss of any community in any allied nation. Four more Bedford soldiers died during the remainder of the Normandy campaign. The community of Bedford, like many others, wanted to honor their heroic dead. A small monument was dedicated at the county courthouse on June 6, 1954. But the memory of the many local lost soldiers lingered and want-

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beautiful resort hotels, and we drove up in front a one. Lights flashed on and we rang the bell and the desk clerk came. I said, "We're not here for the night. I would just like to buy some....post cards." He was only too glad to get rid of us. So we wrote 'em by the headlight of the car, and I said, "Now, when I was in Biloxi..." and that's all. I sent one to my mother, to my Aunt Maggie, to my Aunt Sudie, to my Aunt Marinda, to my Cousin Vixella, to my Aunt Verna, to two or three other people I can't think of right now. Two years later, Aunt Maggie was the third person from our family to get there, and she wrote me about what she and Annie Byrd did when they were in Biloxi. Biloxi has always been the resort of our family - even if we couldn't get there mostly.



Annie Byrd Smith Watson

You see, Aunt Sue separated Annie Byrd from her husband. You can understand why. Aunt Sue couldn't go on Annie Byrd's weddin' trip and she cried. Her daughter didn't take her on her weddin' trip and so Aunt Sue cried and cried and cried. Yeah,

she did. Well, Annie Byrd died way back even before Grandfather.

And so Aunt Sue came to spend the winter in Buena Vista, then the summer with us or a whole year in Buena Vista and a whole year with us. Half the time in Buena Vista divided between Aunt Beulah and Uncle Dan and Aunt Verna and Uncle Smith, those two households, and then Aunt Maggie and Uncle Ashton's and Mother and Daddy's.

When Aunt Sue came, the whole house changed, *en-tire-ly!* A downstairs room was changed into a bedroom. Our house was not made to have a bedroom downstairs. She took the sitting room. The fireplace had to run all the time because, "My child, my bones are cold, the marrow of my bones. You may not have cold in your marrows, but my marrows are cold." We had a coal furnace and good hot water heat. But, she was cold. She was cold because it made somebody *do* somethin'.

You had to have the Aint Sue sittin' in there. (We came to call the portable chamber pot the "Aint Sue".) It had been many a year since we had emptied a chamber pot; we had flushes--takes care of it. But the Aint Sue...I can't remember who emptied it. I know who didn't! Anyway, not only was the sittin' room her bedroom, but her bathroom as well, because she couldn't go upstairs, because it was all the way up. She stayed in her room and walked to the dining room to eat, and that was it.

How some ever, that room that she was in also became the place that the postman brought the mail. She controlled whatever. The postman changed his route

to come to her window, and the mailbox was put on the shutta there. Now, she wasn't strong enough to go upstairs to the bathroom, or walk up to Cousin Margaret's and Cousin Anna's. Cause when she went, I'd drag a chair, and she'd pant and walk about six steps, sit down and rock five minutes and then go again. But she could get and raise that tight window—swelled by summer humidity—up to get the mail when the postman came. As soon as she wrote a letter, it had to be mailed. You went out and mailed it, come rain or shine, didn't make any difference.

How old would she have been? Three thousand and fifty! Her head had worn out several bodies.

Aunt Sue was "the cock of the walk." She was "the watch dog." She neva slept at night. Neva! She was the watch dog, but the house across the street burnt down one mornin' that she'd been the watch. Daddy inquired, "Well Sista Sue, how did you rest?" "Oh, I was the watch dog!" "So, did you look out at the fire?" "WHAT FIRE?"

Aunt Sue had a way of making you perfectly welcome to anything she didn't want, and if she decided she didn't want it, she'd git rid of it. What she didn't like of her food, she'd put on my sister Margaret's plate. Margaret, being a little picky herself, didn't really like that, because Aunt Sue put vinegar on all of her food. Margaret really didn't really care for that. So Mother had to ask Aunt Sue not to do push her food off onto Margaret's plate. But Aunt Sue said "It's perfectly clean; it's off MY plate!" Mother said, "Well, Aunt Sue, Marga-

ret isn't too much unlike you on that respect, she does not care to eat after anyone else, so don't put it on her plate." Well, of course, Aunt Sue was hurt because she thought she had done her an honor to put it on her plate, and swappin' food to other plates was not unusual at that household. I never allowed bones on my plate. That's one thing I do not like, to eat with a bone on my plate. I can remember from early childhood that Daddy would see me lift a bone, and he's start scraping his food aside, cause I'd be puttin' it on his plate. With his knife and fork a-scraping, cause he didn't like other people's food either, but he knew that I couldn't eat with that garbage on my plate either. So, he took it.

Well, she didn't like onions, they "stunk" in her nose. So you had to have what she liked. When she was sick, you know, she had to have her coffee the hottest in the world. And you take it in, and you go for her toast by that time the coffee wasn't hot, so you take the coffee back and heat it, by that time the toast wasn't hot. One time Mother was sick, herself, she said, "Drink it hot or cold anyway you want it! That's the only haul, I'm gonna do."

When Aunt Sue had to come up from Buena Vista to Arlington, she couldn't just take the train. Someone had to travel with her. Daddy was down there to see a brother or see a funeral or see after somethin' about the farm, and he said he would bring Aunt Sue back. One of his relatives packed him a lunch. She had put in two pieces of cake, cause she knew Aunt Sue was gonna be along. So when they ate the lunch, Daddy said, "Aunt Sue,

would you like a piece of cake?"

"No thank you," she replied demurely. So Daddy ate 'em both, cause he did love cake. The next day, Aunt Sue whimpered to Mother, "Mr. Rees ate cake right in my face; didn't give me any." So Mother checked on it. Daddy says "Well I offud it to her, and she said 'No thank you.'" "Well, but he only offud it once," Aunt Sue interjected. Mother said, HUNNH! If you want it, when he offers it once, you gotta take it."

Daddy was very easy goin', he'd kinda tease Aunt Sue a little bit, in a sweet way, and not take anything to heart that she said. It would be hard to get mad with Daddy. And he was good to her. Kind to her. He wouldn't do anything to make her angry. He was good. Here was a woman with no income.

But the prize of it all was that Aunt Sue, back in—I don't know—in the early days of the world—'cause she had lived forever—had something wrong with her throat. The doctor told her to try smoking. Well sir, SMOKING! Yes, SMOKING! So she had the habit, and she'd smoke Piedmont cigarettes. Piedmont! And it was when no lady smoked at all, none! When Mother's guests came to call on her, Aunt Sue would say, "You didn't bring your guests in to see me." Mother says, "No Aunt Sue, I didn't. They would have seen you smokin'." "Well the doctor told me..." Says, "That was a long time ago, Aunt Sue, that the doctor told you that." It was so, so unusual for a woman to smoke. I don't suppose anyone but Alice Longworth smoked then, I don't know. But anyway, I remember Woodrow

Rucker lookin' at her with his mouth hangin' open sayin' "Aint Sue, did you smoke when you was a little boy?"

So it was really a source of humiliation to her nieces that she would smoke, and everybody said, "Oh, she's so loyal to her family." I can remember Margaret sayin' "Well, I reggon so, they feed her and clothe her. She ought to be loyal to 'em."

Well, you know Aunt Sue was germ-conscious. You had to carry a glass by the very bottom of it. I was awfully little, and if I came in holdin' the glass at the top of it, as you would if you were to drink it yourself, "OH-WHOA-WHOA, my child, you'll infect me with your disease germs! OHHHH! Take it out and bring in some fresh." And I did it for many times. One time Daddy was in the kitchen. I told him what I had been doing recently. "I come out and I run the water, and then I go back in and I take Aint Sue the SAME glass with the SAME water, holdin' it down lower." "Good, that's just the way to handle it," he smiled.

Aunt Sue had strong likes and dislikes. One of the dislikes was Georgie. Georgie was a little girl, you know, just two or three years old. Aunt Sue lined her bed with newspapers so that Georgie, walkin' around, wouldn't touch it with her "diseased hands." Now, how Aunt Verna put up with that I don't know. I just DON'T KNOW how she stood it! A neice-in-law, she did that to! It was the days when you got along with your eldas, the nieces and nephews were brought up with it. But, you have to remember, you see, the men could go out all day to work. It

was the women who caught the brunt of it.

Well Aunt Sue had a trunk and in her trunk she had mothballs, but she also had a box of mints that during her visit in a given home, she would pull it out about three times. And offer the children a mint, which by then was more mothball than mint. And you knew to say thank you. "Thank you, Aint Sue." And start *off* runnin'. "Eat it HERE, my child!" So you'd have to eat that mothballed thing.

I went to my little church organization that is called Sunbeams. At that time it took in up to 4-6 years old. The lady was always trying to teach us...such a nice lady, Miz Horner...to be good little people, good little children. One time at this little missionary meeting, she gave us each a tiny white envelope with a golden cord, about two feet long, hangin' out of the corner of it. Every time we did a good deed she told us to tie a knot in the little gold cord and stuff it up in the envelope. We began to talk about what would be a good deed, and Miz Horner said, "Well, bein' nice to an old person and takin' 'em a flower." I sat there and I thought, "I got this thing licked. I've got ole Aint Sue, just sitting there. I'll pick flowers...Oh, there's nothin' to it."

So I went home, and I immediately tied that knot and stuck it up in that envelope. Then I went out to the railroad tracks where the very best violets grew. It was violet season. I thought, they's so pretty; I did love those violets. I picked 'em, and I took those violets and I stuck 'em in my little fist and I smacked 'em down with my other hand, so

they'd be even on top. Then, I recalled how my mother said "Green leaves look so pretty with flowers," which, of course, I thought just about ruined 'em, but I was gettin' 'em for an adult. If they thought that was pretty, OK. So I put green all around the edge of 'em, and I waltzed myself in and stuck my fist out to Aunt Sue. I said, "Aint Sue, I brought you somethin'." And she looked, "OHHHHH, my child, do you want to kill me? OH git out! Git out of this house this minute!" Of course, I didn't know what on earth I had done. What I had done was to edge the violets in pois'n oak. She was deathly afred of getting it.

Well, that really taught me a lesson I remember to this good day. I had taken payment in advance, and it hurt my conscience. How was I gonna get that knot out of that golden thread? I didn't tell anybody for years that I tied that knot before I did that "good" deed. When I went back to the next meeting, I had knots on my hands but very few knots in the golden thread. I had done very few good deeds.

One time, Aunt Sue told me about Annie Byrd. She gave me a little locket that had been Annie Byrd's, a little enamel thing. Had a little bird on it, and I loved this little locket she gave me...I'd never had a locket before. I walked around grippin' it tight in my fist, so I wouldn't lose it, though it was around my neck. Of course, I held it too tight and a hinge got a little loose, though it was still workable. It had Doc's hair in it. Aunt Sue said I must never put any picture or anything else in it because Doc's hair was in it. I don't know whether Doc was her husband or the hoss. So Aunt

Sue went to Buena Vista. The story came back from Aunt Verna in Buena Vista—this is how the nieces got together on things—that Aunt Sue came and said she gave Elizabeth a locket, a very handsome locket that had been Annie Byrd's, and Elizabeth took it out on a rock and broke it. I said, "Aunt Verna..." She said, "I know you didn't do it."

When Aunt Sue died the funeral was quite a nice one. It was the first time that the four sisters had been together in a long, long time. Relatives came from different directions, West Vuhginia, Newport News, Leesburg, and Arlington. They converged on Buena Vista. Anyway, they were talkin' and just so glad to be together. Aunt Sudie, Aunt Marina, Aunt Maggie, and Mother. "Oh,DI-DI-DI-DI!" All the sudden Aunt Sudie said, "Oh we musn't do it this way. This is a serious occasion. We've come for a funeral." Mother said, "Now listen to me, Sudie. We haven't been together in ages. And you know and I know that Aunt Sue out-lived her time and several other people's time, and we should have a good time. So just stop that!" So they just had a real good time at her funeral.

An interesting note is that Sudie Rucker Wood was named for Aunt Sue.

Aunt Sue's two Rucker lineages are: Susan⁶ "Sue" Margaret (Rucker) Smith [1838-1920], William⁵ Ballenger Rucker, George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹, and Susan⁶ "Sue" Margaret Rucker William⁵ B. George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹ and Wm. B.'s wife Mary⁶ A. D. Rucker, Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

The person who remembered the Aunt Sue Stories, Elizabeth A.

(Rees) Shearer's [1911-2004] Rucker four lineages are: Line 1-Elizabeth⁸ Rees, Ella⁷ Blanche Rucker, Daniel⁶ Hilton (m. Mariamna⁷ Rucker), William⁵ B., George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹; Line 2-Elizabeth⁹ Rees, Ella⁸ Blanche Rucker, Mariamna⁷ (m. Daniel⁶ Hilton Rucker), James⁶ Monroe, Jonathan⁵, George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹; Line 3-Elizabeth⁸ Ann Rees, Ella⁷ B. Rucker, Daniel⁶, William⁵ B. (m. Mary Ann Dawson Rucker), George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹; Line 4-Elizabeth⁸ Rees, Ella⁷ Blanche Rucker, Daniel⁶, Mary⁶ Ann Dawson Rucker (m. William⁵ B. Rucker), Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

* * * * *

In Memoriam

Virginia "Ginni" Hutchison Bazler, age 86, loving sister, aunt, community leader and passionate supporter of Ohio State University, passed away peacefully at StoryPoint in Troy, Ohio on March 20, 2019. Ginni was born on September 27, 1932 in Columbus, Ohio to Chester Smith Hutchison and Virginia (Black) Hutchison. She is preceded in death by her parents and her husband, Frank E. Bazler. Ginni is survived by sister, Nancy Richard, and a niece and nephews.

Ginni graduated from Worthington High School in 1950 and spent 2 years at Denison University before graduating from Ohio State University in 1954 with a Bachelor of Science in Home Economics (Cum Laude) from the School of Home Economics (now the College of Education and Human Ecology).

After her marriage to Frank in 1954, they briefly lived in Shreveport, LA before moving to Troy in 1956 and becoming

involved in the local community. From 1958 to 1962, she served as the Shelby County Extension Agent, working with young adults through 4-H, local clubs and educational programs. She remained active with Extension over the years through her volunteer efforts, often serving as a judge of 4-H and Open Class Competitions at various county fairs in West Central Ohio. Ginni served as chairperson of the Troy Board of Zoning Appeals and secretary of the Miami County Facilities Review Board for a number of years as well as serving on the board of the Dorothy Love Retirement Community in Sidney. She was an active member of the First Presbyterian Church in Troy, serving as an Elder and President of the Women's Association.

Ginni's feelings, passion and commitment to Ohio State University was only surpassed by her love and devotion to Frank. Active in Ohio State's Miami County Alumni Club, she served as its treasurer for a number of years. Her efforts on behalf of the university earned her several alumni awards, including the Miami County Club's Prepared for Citizenship Award in 1993, the Alumni Association's Alumni Officer Award in 1994, and the Alumni Citizenship Award in 1997. In 1998, Ginni and Frank received the John B. Gerlach Sr. Development Volunteer Award from The Ohio State University for their fund-raising activities. Ginni received an Affirm Thy Friendship Award from the College of Human Ecology in 2000 for her dedication to the college and received the OSU Alumni Association's Citizenship Award. In 2004, Ginni and Frank each received Ohio State's

Distinguished Service Award from the Board of Trustees and in 2010 received the Ralph Dav-enport Mershon Award from the Ohio State University Alumni Association.

Ginni's husband Frank's Rucker lineages are: Frank⁸ E. Bazler, Minnie⁷ Mabrum Rucker, James⁶ Madison, Nathaniel⁵ Wingfield, Isaac⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹ and James⁶ M.'s wife, Jane⁷ Ellis Duff, Martha⁶ A. Rucker, Willis A.⁵, John⁴, Isaac³, John², Peter¹.

Corliss Louise Clay passed away on August 7, 2018 at Kadlec Hospital in Richland, WA. She was born April 6, 1935 in North Platte, NE, the only child of Louis Charles Frederick and Marcia Pauline (Marlenee) Kruse. She moved to Omaha with her parents at a young age and started school at Rose Hill Elementary followed by Omaha Benson High School where she graduated in 1952 as salutatorian. She enrolled at the University of Nebraska – Lincoln and graduated in 1956 with a degree in Business Administration, followed by a semester of graduate work at Washington University of St. Louis.. She was a member of Kappa Delta Sorority.

She met her future husband, Lawrence Clay in freshman English at the University of Nebraska in 1953. They were married December 17, 1958 in St. Louis, MO while in graduate school. They lived in Pasadena, TX and Deer Park, TX from 1959 to 1965. She worked for Great Southern Insurance Company and began to volunteer with the tiny Deer Park Public Library. By the time she and Lawrence moved to Nebraska she had developed the library and was instrumental in getting a new li-

brary approved. She was presented with the Deer Park Citizen of the Year Award.

While living in Beatrice, NE from 1965 to 1983, Corliss volunteered at the library, church, homemakers, bridge club, helped form a Cub Scout Pack. She also helped organize a T-ball softball league for 8-year old girls. She received an Ak-Sar-Ben Award for Volunteer work.

Corliss started playing the organ at an early age and became organist for her church in Omaha in the 8th grade. Throughout most of her life she was the back-up organist at every church she belonged to and was a substitute at many other local churches. While in Nebraska Corliss taught piano and organ lessons for beginning students.

After moving to Kennewick, WA she helped establish a pre-school at Ascension Lutheran Church and continued her support as it moved to Lord of Life Lutheran Church. Corliss was an active member of the Homemakers Club and helped organize trips to national tournaments for a 16-18 girls slow pitch softball team.

She also was active in the Tri-Cities Genealogical Society, worked for the Kennewick Public Library in 1987-1988 and edited the Tri-City Stamp Club newsletter for over 20 years. Lawrence started a stamp and cover business in 1987 and Corliss was an integral part of this business until 2005 doing most of the record keeping and traveling to stamp shows with Lawrence.

Corliss and Lawrence have two children: Christa Lynn Clay, who was living with her parents

as her mother's care giver, and Michael Edward Clay, a paramedic with the Mesa, AZ Fire Department. She also is survived by brother-in-law Richard (Judy) Clay of Horton, KS; sisters-in-law Dawn Johnson of Merna, NE; Jean (Dillard) Anderson of North Platte, NE and Elizabeth Baker of Kenosha, WI, and many nieces and nephews.

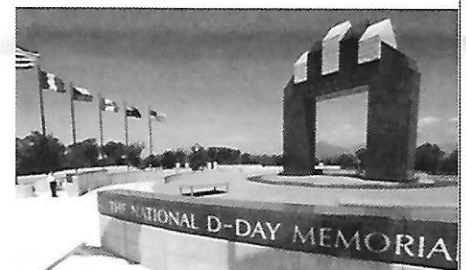
She was preceded in death by her parents and two sisters-in-law and three brothers-in-law.

Rucker lineage of Corliss' husband Lawrence: Lawrence⁹ Clay, Ralph⁸ R., James⁷ W., Mary⁶ Elizabeth Rucker, Lemuel⁵, Ambrose⁴, Lemuel³, James², Peter¹.

* * * * *

National D-Day Memorial

Continued from page 1



-ed a more significant memorial.

Two individuals became the most significant in getting the project started. These were local veteran Bob Slaughter and architect Bryon Rucker Dickson. Largely as a result of intense local promotion by Bob Slaughter, articles of incorporation for the facility were formulated on July 6, 1989. However, the citizens of Bedford County were left to fund the facility on their own. An appeal to Congress resulted in passage of a bill designating Bedford as *the* site for the National D-Day Memorial, however no funds were provided by

Congress. Once construction was underway, consideration was given to having the National Park Service take over the facility, but this did not work out and it remains a 501c3 not-for-profit organization.

Byron Dickson established Dickson Architects & Associates, P. C. in 1965 in Roanoke. His firm has designed many residential and commercial buildings in Roanoke and Southwest Virginia. He volunteered his services to the memorial in 1989 as soon as the organization was established. When a site for the memorial was purchased in 1994, he began to formulate plans. He envisioned and designed a commemorative, art deco-style arch and a circular design to form a three-stage monument dedicated to the planning, the invasion and the resulting victory. He also designed a 49,000 square-foot education center. He said, "You don't do a memorial like this without doing your homework. I toured every memorial I could find." Dickson worked closely with sculptor Jim Brothers who created the hauntingly realistic sculptures of soldiers for four areas of the invasion: "Through the Surf," "Across the Beach," "Death on Shore" and "Scaling the Wall." Dickson and Brothers traveled to Normandy in 1996 to study the design of the German bunkers to replicate one for the memorial. The beach head Dickson developed is a creative replica of Omaha Beach. Concerning one of his objectives for the memorial, Dickson stated, "Your anxiety and anticipation grow as you walk across that plaza."

The most dramatic portion of the memorial is the forty-foot tall Overlord Arch representing the third stage of the memorial:

the victory of *Operation Overlord*. While the crossing of the English Channel was named *Operation Neptune*, the actual invasion was called *Operation Overlord*. The memorial is international in scope and is "In Tribute to the valor, fidelity and sacrifice of Allied Forces on D-Day, June 6, 1944." It commends all Allied Armed Forces involved during the D-Day invasion.

The facility officially opened on June 6, 2001 with 15,000 people present, one of whom was then-President George W. Bush.

Fundraising and building the memorial took seven years of planning and approximately \$25 million to complete. In 1994, the town of Bedford donated 11 acres of land to the memorial. The foundation purchased additional acreage, bringing the total size of the memorial to 50 acres. In 1997, the foundation received a one million dollar donation from cartoonist Charles Schulz, who, with his wife, volunteered to head a fundraising campaign for the memorial. The sacrifices by the soldiers from Bedford were chronicled in the best-selling book *The Bedford Boys* by Alex Kershaw, and inspired the movie *Saving Private Ryan*. The movie's director, Steven Spielberg, helped fund the memorial, which included funding for the creation in 2000 of the Arnold M. Spielberg Theater on the site at a cost of \$4 million, in honor of his father, a World War II veteran. Spielberg has not acknowledged the amount of his considerable donation.

The facility still struggles financially because of low attendance due to its location away from

significant population centers and vacation sites. However, it is a magnificent memorial to the brave soldiers of World War II and, in particular, those who gave their all on June 6, 1944.

Architect Dickson summed up his satisfaction with the tremendous amount of work he put into the memorial, "I feel like I have gotten more out of it than really I deserved."

The memorial is open Monday through Sunday 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM.

Byron Dickson's Rucker family lineage: Byron⁹ Rucker Dickson, Jr., Byron⁸ Rucker Dickson, Sr., Sally⁷ Margaret Rucker, Moses⁶ Peter, Anthony⁵, Ambrose⁴ Jr, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

* * * * *

Descendants of Elmer L. Rucker Gather in Richmond for Annual Reunion by Anne Rucker Webber

In early November 2018, over 25 relatives congregated in Richmond for the annual reunion of Elmer⁷ Levi Rucker's descendants. The group event was a tour of Monticello with lunch at Micki Tavern – after which some of the attendees went to Ruckersville on their way back to Richmond. The family members toured various sites near Richmond during the day and met at Lee and Anne (Rucker) Webber's home each evening for a pot luck supper and lots of catching up. One evening the group was visited by Jeannie Brydon, Rucker Family Society Vice President, to learn more about our Rucker family.



1963 Rucker Family Reunion in Oregon

Pictured are: (back row) Elmer Lesley Rucker, Violet Rucker Amos, Louis Ivan Rucker (Anne's father), Jack Rucker, Clifford Lathrop "Bud" Rucker, (front row) Ivia Joan Rucker, Idol Lathrop Rucker (wife of Elmer Levi Rucker), and Clarence Raymond Rucker

These reunions were re-started in 1998. The original reunions of the seven children of Elmer and their families occurred in the 1950s and 1960s with camping events at Coeur d'Alene Lake in Idaho over the July 4th holiday. In addition to the seven children of Elmer and their spouses, over 20 cousins were often running around the camp, swimming, waterskiing and simply having fun. (see picture)

Elmer Rucker's father, Thomas⁶ Levi Ricker, was born in Franklin City, Missouri on September 22, 1852. He moved to Waldo Hills, Oregon (near present day Salem) in 1882. It is unknown why he moved to the Willamette valley, but because of his TB, he soon found he needed to move out of the damp valley. So, in October 1884, he moved to eastern Oregon and claimed 160 acres near Lostine. In March of 1887, he moved his growing family to the 'Leap District' still in eastern Oregon. Elmer was born in June of 1886, the 4th

child of Thomas. Thomas had one stepson and 7 other children – five of which grew to adulthood. Elmer's mother, Lucinda (Hewett) Wolverton was born in December 1877 in Kansas City, Missouri and died in October 1896 at age 39. Thomas died in 1899 leaving his youngest daughter at only 7 years old. Morton Wolverton (Thomas's stepson) continued his stepfather's business and for some time, became the guardian to Thomas's minor children. At some point, some of the children were taken in by other families and at least one, Sedalia the youngest, was moved back to the Willamette valley by her foster family – not seeing her sister again for 60 years. Thomas's family experience of losing their parents and being divided among several other families may be one reason why getting together frequently is so important to Elmer's descendants

In 1906, Elmer bought out his father's estate and added another

half section of land to it, which he turned in to a wheat ranch. He farmed this land until 1933 when he bought a small farm near Irrigon, Oregon which is where he died in April of 1963 at 77 years old. His wife, Idol Ellen Rucker died in January 1981 at the age of 90.

We enjoy getting together and plan to have many more reunions.

Rucker lineage of Elmer L. Rucker: Elmer⁷ Levi, Thomas⁶ Levi, Ambrose⁵ L., Ambrose⁴, Jr., Col. Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

Note: See article about Ambrose⁵ L. Rucker in the RFS Newsletter, Vol. 10, No. 2, June 1999. He was born in Bedford Co., VA and moved to St. Louis, MO with his in-laws, the McClures. His child, Thomas Levi Rucker and his 2nd wife, Susan Branch, were the parents of Elmer, subject of this article.

* * * * *

Rucker Family Society Reunions

- 1st 1988 Ruckersville, VA
- 2nd 1990 Amherst Co., VA
- 3rd 1992 Fredericksburg/ Essex Co.
- 4th 1994 Bedford Co., VA
- 5th 1996 Crabapple/ Atlanta, GA
- 6th 1998 Brentwood/ Nashville, TN
- 7th 2000 Jamestown/Williamsburg
- 8th 2002 Kansas City, MO
- 9th 2004 Amherst Co., VA
- 10th 2006 Salt Lake City, Utah
- 11th 2008 Charlottesville, VA
- 12th 2010 Nashville, TN
- 13th 2012 Richmond, VA
- 14th 2014 Phoenix, AZ
- 15th 2015 Lewisburg, WV
- 16th 2017 Columbus, GA
- 17th 2019 Lynchburg/Amherst Co.

The Rucker Family Society Reunion

**June 6-9, 2019
Amherst, Virginia**

Event Headquarters:

Sweet Briar College
Sweet Briar, VA 24585
Florence Elston Inn — Rooms Reserved for Rucker Reunion
Please call 434-381-6207 to reserve rooms

For More Information contact:

Ruth Pillow and Nell Cordick
LECNRC@AOL.com
703-408-3591

Thursday, June 6

National D-Day Memorial, Bedford VA
75th D-Day Anniversary Celebration
WWII Planes Flyover and Commemoration Ceremony
Boxed Lunch
Cocktail Party—Rose Hill Farm (Home of great-great-grandson of Peter Rucker)

Friday, June 7

Appomattox Courthouse National Historical Park
Appomattox Civil War Museum
Boxed Lunch and Speakers
Board Meeting
Amherst Museum
Academy Center of the Arts, Lynchburg VA
Dinner—TBD

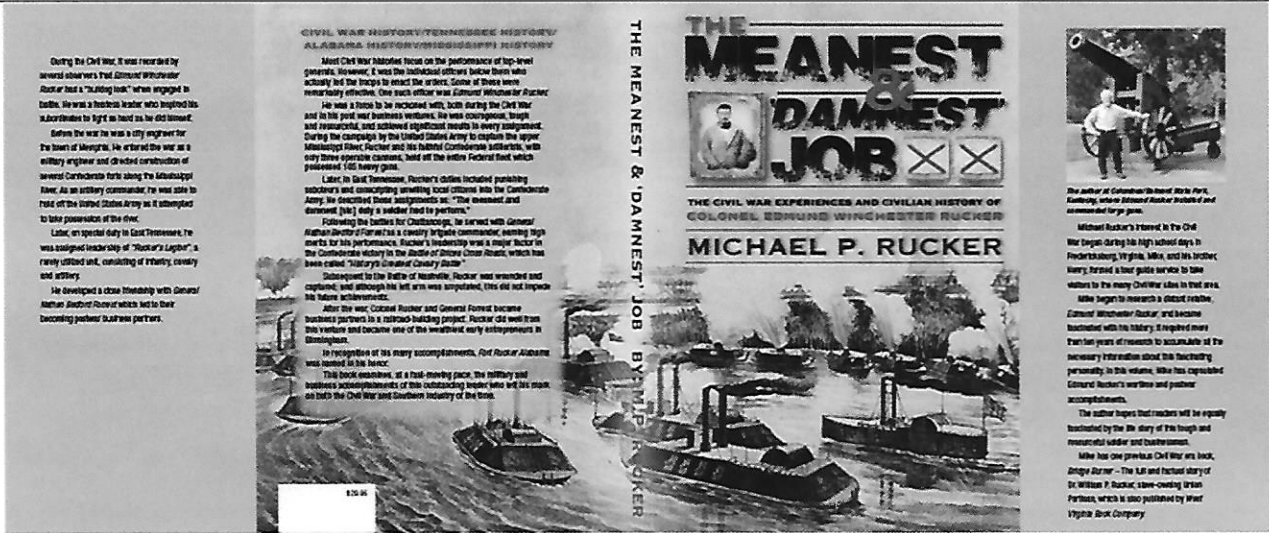
Saturday, June 7

Presbyterian Cemetery
Batteau Festival, Amherst VA
Boxed Lunch
Elon—Rucker Sites
Dinner—Sweet Briar (Members' Meeting, Auction and Rucker Duel Reenactment)

Sunday, June 8

Board Meeting
Rucker Sites—Self Guided Tour
Lunch—Sweet Briar
Queena Stovall Talk, Amherst Museum

****Packets and Reservation Forms with Pricing will be mailed by May 1.****



The Meanest and "Damnest" Job: The Biography of Colonel Edmund Winchester Rucker— By Mike Rucker

Mike Rucker's second Civil War book will be available for sale during the Rucker Family Reunion at Sweetbrier College. Most Civil War histories focus on the performance of top-level generals. However, it was the individual officers below them who actually led the troops to enact the orders. Some of these were remarkably effective. One such officer was Edmund Winchester Rucker. He was a force to be reckoned with, both during the Civil War and in his post-war business ventures. In tribute to Edmund Rucker's wartime exploits and accomplishments the United States Army Aviation Center of Excellence in Alabama was named for him. The cost of this attractive, well-illustrated book is \$29.95. Mike will donate 50% of the value of those copies sold during the reunion to the Rucker Family Society's Preservation and Memorial fund. Those who cannot attend the reunion can order a copy directly from Mike by contacting him at: mikruc@aol.com. Mike will send an invoice for \$34.95 (\$29.95 + \$5.00 shipping cost).

The RUCKER family Society



Rucker

Jeannie Brydon
 1500 Westbrook Court #3111
 Richmond, VA 23227

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



FOREVER / USA

First Class Mail

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