

the RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY

VOL. 23, NO. 1, MARCH 2012

RFS Richmond Reunion

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Lucy Naomi Haynie

By Anita "Micki" Rigney

I would like to introduce you to my great-grandmother Lucy Naomi Haynie. It has been exciting getting to know her and I'm not quite done.

Lucy was the second youngest child born to Zerilda Rucker and Ornsby Haynie. Born in Winchester, Scott Co., IL, on August 15, 1852. Lucy and her six siblings became orphans when their mother Zerilda died in 1857. The children were distributed throughout the state of Illinois to Ruckers, Haynies, Howards and Knoxs.

Lucy lived with Zerilda's brother, Rev. James Cook and



Lucy Naomi Haynie Sellers in 1925

The Autobiography of Moses Peter Rucker Part II

Edited by Michael "Mike" P. Rucker



Moses Peter Rucker

My next teacher was William Holland. A splendid teacher he was, tender and kind to me, and captured me by love. One of the first things he taught was to think. I believe Mr. Holland taught in the years 1845-1846, a six-months' session each year through the fall and winter months. I was able to form an opinion of my schoolmates at this school that

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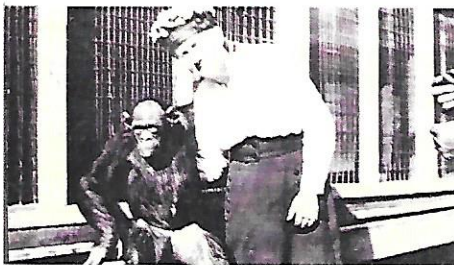
his wife Rachell. Also living with his aunt and uncle was her youngest brother, O. W. (Ornsby Wilson).

I must mention that Lucy is the granddaughter of Rev. Ahmed and Nellie Rucker.

On June 25, 1885, at the "ripe old age" of 33 years, Lucy was given in marriage to Peter Sellers by her uncle, the Rev. James C. Rucker. The marriage produced four daughters - Elizabeth or "Lizzie," Aldora, Harriet or "Hattie," and Marie (the author's grandmother).

Peter and Lucy were farmers in the DeWitt County area. Peter was in the Civil War in 1863 and had been married before. He was twenty years Lucy's senior.

In 1903 the the family was living in Decatur, IL with the girls when Lucy's cousin, Dr. John Edmiston, became gravely ill. Peter took Lucy and Aldara to the station and put them on the train for Clinton for a visit. As he was walking home in the very early hours of the morning, he was hit by the train carrying his wife and daughter. His injuries from the accident led to his death later in the day.



Lucy and a more distant Rucker relative

When reading Peter's obituary, I was surprised to discover that there had been a son born to Lucy and Peter, where he had been listed as "a student at the university in Lincoln." The 1900 census lists that he was in Lincoln, but not as a university student! He was a fourteen year old inmate at "the Asylum for Feeble Minded Children." I was shocked and saddened - no one ever talked about him. Through a letter to the judge I was able to obtain his admission papers. It was hard to figure out his disability from 1898. Someday I will find out what became of him and will be able to acknowledge his *being*. By the way, his name was James Rucker Sellers.

There is a seven year gap between Peter's death in 1903 and the family's presence in California in 1910. How did they get there?

For the next thirty-one years, Lucy was a California girl! She lived with all four daughters and sons-in-law in various parts of the state.

My grandfather Peter Kortes came to the United States as a thirteen year old immigrant in 1903. After arriving in Chicago, he discovered his father had died in Greece. He then ran away and joined the railroad; worked the oilfields in Bakersfield, CA; bought a horse and trained it to do tricks; and finally joined the Wild West Show. This was the beginning of his "Show Biz

Career.” He later owned a carnival, a side show with midgets, giants, sword-swallowers and other acts. Great-grandmother Lucy spent some time on the road with her daughter Marie and Pete. I’m sure you took notice of that great picture of Lucy with one of our very first ancestors!

Lucy Naomi died in Los Angeles in June 1931. She was cremated and returned with her daughter to San Francisco I’d like to think her ashes were scattered from the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco Bay. Bless you Lucy.

Lucy⁷ Naomi (Haynie) Seller’s lineage is: Zerilda⁶ Rucker, Ahmed⁵, John⁴, John³, John², Peter¹.



Lucy Naomi Haynie Sellers with her daughters and granddaughters

* * * * *

Treasurer’s Message

Thanks to all who have paid 2012 dues, and for those who have given extra support for the DNA project or Preservation and Memorial Fund. If you are one whose newsletter mailing label

still reads “2011,” then you need to pay \$15 dues for 2012.

* * * * *

Moses Peter Rucker

Continued from page 1

did not change or alter after years. I advanced rapidly in common old field studies, and the teacher and I fell in love with each other. I recollect Samuel Morgan and I were in the same class and were allowed to take our books out under the shade of the trees and study our lessons. When we were satisfied that we were up with our lessons we would sometimes idle.

In those days every school had what we called “tell-tales,” and this school was not different from others in this respect. So the tell tale let the teacher know that we were playing out door, and he called us in. He apparently was very much puzzled to know what to do with us, but a bright idea seemed to strike him. He decided to send me after a good switch and make us whip each other. He was very hard to satisfy in a switch, and send me back the third time with the injunction that if I did not get a good one he would wear out such as I did bring until I should bring him a good one. He liked the next one better. He told Samuel to stand out in the floor and bade me take the switch and hit him three licks. I hit him easy, catching on to the fact that my time would come next. The teacher would not count them because they were too easy,

and said if I did not come down on him he would try his hand on me. Therefore I gave Samuel three hard licks and received three hard ones in return.

I was large enough to make a good hand in the field and my father was fond of seeing work go on; consequently I was often stopped to do errands. I think my father thought it was no small part of one’s education to learn to work. I believe it was his idea to send me to a good classical school but his health began to decline. At this point one of his overseers died, April 1856, and, as there was no chance to get another at that season of the year, he told me he would have to send me to take his place. Oh! How I hated to do this but was too proud to let him know of my objections. I kept it to myself, but the idea of going into that house, from which the overseer’s corpse was taken, and stay by myself, was perfectly horrible for me to think of. Those hands were awakened early those mornings, because the nights were all too long for me any way. I was a stout lad then, nineteen years old and full of energy. I made a fine crop that year of which I was very proud. I was considerably taken down when an old friend and neighbor, being asked if I did not make a fine crop, replied: “Yes, but he would never have done it had it not been for my advise”. The old man was smarting through prejudice.

During this year I met her of whom I will say more hereafter. I did not cultivate her acquaintance, but thought she was a proud little girl. I managed for my father till his death, which occurred July 1858. It was a sad blow for me to lose one of the best of fathers. The last thing he said to me was –“Peter, take care of your Mother”. This I tried to do until her death in the spring of 1871.

Going back to 1858, I was again thrown in company with that little girl. She had grown very much, and was not as proud as I had thought. We formed a lasting friendship of which I will speak again. If I mistake not, this was the year in which I was converted. I have not a shadow of doubt in regard to my conversion. I have never seen the day that I did not want to be a Christian since I was eight years old. My mother would take me to church with her, and after preaching they would hold class meetings which were the best meetings I ever attended. To hear those old brethren and sisters tell of the dealings of God with them, and hear the loud Hallelujah shouts and shake of the hands, made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, which shall continue with me till time shall be no more. It is said by some professing Christianity now that this was emotion with them or delusion. It is a popular idea now to call “Confessing Christ” conversion, apparently without feeling. I am glad to say that I was not converted surrounded by any

excitement, but was alone, riding along the road one dark night. I had been a penitent for some time and I commenced to reason with myself thus: “It seems to me that I have used all available means to become a Christian, and now I am fully determined to live a Christian life and avoid all wicked company, read my Bible and try to live a Christian life as near as I can”. I had faith that God was willing to bless me and I wanted to cast myself fully into his hands, and I would receive a blessing in God’s own good time.

Oh! What a delightful time I had then. All was peace and happiness and what a great desire I had that everyone should feel just as I did. Then the bashful boy was not ashamed to tell it, and never expect to be. I feel that time is short with me; the battle will not be long. May God fill me with faith and courage to be a good soldier of the Cross.

During this fall I joined a splendid Volunteer Company of Cavalry, all nicely uniformed and on fine horses. It was truly a grand sight to behold them on parade. In 1859 when John Brown agitated his insurrection at Harper’s Ferry we tendered our services to Gov. Wise, which were accepted if needed. The whole country was in an excited condition and was closely patrolled for there were constant rumors of negro uprisings. This excitement continued until 1860, at which time our Nation elected their

president. Four parties contested election: The Republican party voted for Abraham Lincoln, The Democratic party voted for Stephen A. Douglas and Jno. E. Breckenridge, The Old Whigs or Peace party, ignoring the dangerous political strife, voted for John Bell.

Lincoln was elected. The majority of electoral votes would have been 157; he received 180. I had then arrived at the age that I could vote. My sentiments were with the Peace Party and I voted for John Bell. I did so, partly because my father voted that ticket while living, but more because I had begun to read and think for myself and I endorsed the sentiments of the Old Whig Party, which was then led in the state by such men as William L. Goggin.

When the state of Virginia held its convention to consider Secession and passed that ordinance, William L. Goggin was a delegate, and at the next Bedford Court he gave an account of himself in a public speech in the Court House. When he told the people, with tears in his eyes, how he deprecated the result, he broke down and wept like a child over the condition of the country. There were not many dry eyes in the crowd that evening.

When Lincoln called for 75,000 troops from Virginia to defend Washington and coerce our Southern States which had seceded, of course no true Virginian could fight against his

own State and his Southern brethren. So the patriotic boys began to fix for business. Our fine Volunteer Company, which I mentioned before, did not have the same attraction it had in time of peace. However, we were organized and ready for action, and responded at once to the call of Secession.

As well as I remember, we left Davis Mills about the 27th day of May 1861. Long shall I remember that day, seeing those gallant men when the bugle sounded the mount, the husband taking leave of his wife, leaning on each others shoulders and weeping like children; the boys taking leave of their friends and relatives. Some of our girls were more demonstrative than they had ever been before, but, of course, they were excusable for this was a trial they had never had before. As I was getting my horse, there was an old man close by, a good friend of mine. I reached out my hand to bid him adieu, but the old man was too full to say anything but – “don’t, don’t”, and the tears ran down both our cheeks.

There were about one hundred of us, well mounted and clothed. The Captain rode to the right of the column and gave command: “Attention, look to the right and dress.” He rode to a central position and a few paces in front of his line and unfurled a nice Virginia flag and placed it on its staff. He made a few touching remarks and presented it to the

Company as a gift of the ladies of our community. He then placed it in the hands of that gallant old man, Thomas J. Phelps, saying that it would be safe in his hands, and that these gallant boys would rally around it for love for the old State of Virginia and its fair donors. We were fond of this beautiful flag, which was not a battle flag but the flag of Virginia. Following this, a Methodist preacher named Gregory, came to the front and offered prayer. He prayed fervently for the boys in line and their loved ones whom they were leaving, but when he came to the enemy he went off in the most excited way. Poor fellow, he afterward went deranged.

We went off in a silent manner, but we soon shook off this melancholy and were as cheerful company of boys as were ever seen. We arrived in Lynchburg the next day and went into camp for drill for about two weeks. What a green lot of fellows we were and knew nothing about military discipline. We were thrown into the 2nd Virginia Cavalry Regiment, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K – a fine regiment and well mounted. Many laughable things occurred while drilling at Lynchburg. Established Camp guard. We were put on guard and given strict orders what we must do, and it was dangerous for anyone to cross that line unless he gave a good account of himself. Many an innocent man was taken to the guard house, a very disgraceful place at that time for

us, as we thought. I enjoyed the drill very much and more especially did I enjoy jumping on horseback the deep gully close by camp.

We thought we might be hemmed in between the Yankees and a deep gully, and we would teach our horses to jump these gullies and be ready for such a dilemma. Many letters were sent back to the loved ones we had left behind us. A great many of the boys were taken sick and reported to the Doctor. Some got furloughs to go back home and many of them were low spirited. I felt very sad when I thought of my dear old mother and sister whom I had left. They often wrote to me for my advice and I would give it with a great deal of pleasure. How kind they were to me in relieving my wants whenever they could. When I would write to them I would always try to keep on the bright side.

Sometime, about the last of June, 1861, our squadron composed of Companys F & C left Lynchburg for Manassas. We were cheered and flowers were thrown at us as we passed through the country and town. Our fine horses were shying and cutting up generally and we began to think that we were men of great import. We went down Main to Bridge Street, down Bridge Street to the river and forded below the bridge so that we could water our horses. Our Quartermaster had gone ahead to provide food for the horses, and to

see that the people were informed that we boys were coming. We had dinner that day at Piny River, on the line between Amherst and Nelson Counties. There the good people of that community had a bountiful dinner spread for us.

The next day we have a nice dinner at Lovington, the county seat of Nelson County, which was provided by the good people of that place. We left them with cheers from them to us and also from us to them. That night we stayed at Covesville near the Albermarle line. Good people and a good country, but our feasting had suddenly and very sadly ceased. Now for hard tack and bacon. The next day we went back to Charlottesville and camped for the night just beyond the city of the Rivana river. It was a very warm day. At this place I went into the river bathing and, not content with that, I stood under a current of water which was flowing over a dam. This caused me to feel very badly. That night we had a severe storm with terrible wind which blew down many tents and caused great confusion in camp. Our mess numbered about eight, all strong, healthy fellows. We gathered on to our tent and assisted the fastenings to hold it erect till the storm passed over, and so kept our baggage dry. At all such times as this the soldiers always had a jollification when it was over.

The next found us at Barboursville, Orange County. We had some hospitality shown us

here – there was one egg issued to each man. The next night found us at Culpepper Court House and the following night at Warrenton Springs, a nice place. From there we journeyed to Flat Run near Bristol Station, a very dull, sluggish stream, and it was at this place that we had our first experience in washing our clothes. After washing on them for a considerable time I quit, thinking I had washed long enough and raised my shirt out of the water. It looked like a yellow dog's hide. The water contained sulphur (to which I was not accustomed) and wherever there was a "fraz" a yellow mossy looking stuff was sticking to the shirt. We remained at this place for several days in the hot sunshine. The boys had not become hardened to camp life and a great many of them became sick. We left this place, going through the many camps around Manassas Junction. It seemed to me then there were enough troops, without our company, to whip any enemy that might assail us.

That night we went into camp near Fairfax Court House, a low, wet camping ground. There were many reports of the enemy close by. Men coming in off picket were telling what they had seen and how they felt and so on. This was a few days before the 1st Battle of Manassas and in a few days I was detailed to help picket and handle heavy ordinance. I worked hard one day and was detailed to picket all night on the outer post so unwell I could scarcely sit on my

horse, but too proud to cry out sick at this important point. I should not have been there. I had a man with me from another company of the regiment. We had the countersign and by-word, and we were placed on the side of the road with the caution to keep a close look-out and suffer no man to pass unless he gave them. Make those who come up lean over and give it in a whisper, with my gun sprung and the muzzle against his breast, and to be sure to keep on our horses.

To be continued in the next issue.

* * * * *

Sue and Rick Young Devoted to the Study of the Brothers Wright

Two residents of Chesterfield County, Virginia have a passion for the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville. Sue and Rick Young were featured in an article by Fred Jeter in the *Chesterfield Observer* last October 19. In it the reader learned of Rick's obsession, "In fact, Young is so into the Wrights he refers to them as 'Wil and Orv.'"

Their interest began "in the early '70s and have been actively involved ever since ... kind of made it our life's work." Rick refers to his wife Sue as his combination "co-pilot" and "navigator."

Rick is the vice president of the First Flight Foundation in North Carolina, that serves to preserve

and share the Wright Brothers' legacy.

Rick and Sue are currently building a version of the Wrights' 1911 record-breaking plane that flew for nearly ten minutes above North Carolina's sandy Kill Devil Hills. That amazing feat was the world record for nearly a decade.

The Young's version, the *only* fully assembled replica, was displayed at the Soaring 100 flight fair, held last October at the Wright Brothers National Memorial.

The event marks the 100th anniversary of the Wright's Brothers historic flight.

The Young's plane has the same measurements as the 1911 original since it is twenty-one and a half feet in length, with a thirty-two foot wingspan. Amazingly, the entire plane only weighs 170 pounds, empty. Rick and Sue have been working on their plane since last December.

Family Society's June 2012 Reunion will be visiting the Young's "Half Way House" in Chesterfield, which has been described as an "upscale restaurant in an 18th century building."

The sixty-one year old Young is the son of a physicist who grew up in Florida and Massachusetts. It's interesting to note that Rick doesn't possess an advanced degree, and has built *his* plane largely through examining photographs of the original.



Rick and Sue Young of Chesterfield Co., VA
Photo by Page Dowdy of the Chesterfield Observer

He became fascinated with the original photographs, since the Wright Brothers plane has not survived, and he has been looking at them for 35 years. Through carefully studying the photos, he has been able to recreate his personal lens to view the past. Still there have been many questions, and few clear answers. What were they trying to do and what was their motivation? Their current project is the 17th and latest in building Wright Brothers' models.

Sue^{9/10} Young's lineages are: Evelyn⁸ R. Feagans, Pearl⁷ R. Rucker, James⁶ Madison, Nathaniel⁵ W., Isaac⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹ and Jane⁷ Ellis Duff (wife of James⁶ M. Rucker), Martha⁶ Ann Rucker, Willis⁵ A., John⁴, Isaac³, John², Peter¹.

* * * * *

In Memoriam

Mary Etta Crist Rucker, 95, of Monroe, VA, died on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 2011. Mary and her husband Warner Arnold Rucker were members of the National Jousting Association and each was a member of the NJA Hall of Fame, Mary as a non-riding member and

Warner as the Knight of Pedlar Mills.

Born February 4, 1916 in Amherst County, VA to William Pendleton Crist and Etta Virginia Campbell. She and Warner were married in November 1939. She was preceded in death by her eight sisters, Ozelia Dodd, Willie Mae Davis, Estelle Crawford, Mamie Brown, Lottie Lair, Ruth Rucker, Dorothy Camden and Helen Eubank.

Mary is survived by her four nephews, Douglas and Joyce Eubank of Pleasant View, VA; Jimmy Eubank of Pleasant View; Rev. Crist and Joyce Camden of Athens, GA; and George and Lynda Brown of Big Stone Gap, VA; her nephew Frank E. Bazler, RFS Board Member.

Warner^{7/8} A. Rucker's lineages are: James⁶ Madison, Nathaniel⁵ W., Isaac⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹ and Jane⁷ Ellis Duff, Martha⁶ Ann Rucker, Willis⁵ A., John⁴, Isaac³, John², Peter¹.

Barbara Elizabeth Baker Guvernator, 75, died December 28, 2011 in. She was born in Richmond on December 29, 1936, the the daughter of the late Bess Bennett and Howell Maxwell Baker. She was a graduate of The Collegiate School for Girls and Hollins College, and earned a master's degree in adult education from Virginia Commonwealth University. Barbara worked as the Education Director for The Virginia League for Planned Parenthood; the Director of Volunteers Department for the Science Museum of Virginia; and the Head of Volunteers for the Bon Secours Hospice at St. Mary's Hospital. She was a Master Storyteller, having gotten that title

from her apprenticeship with the School of Sacred Storytelling.

She is survived by her daughter, Elizabeth G. and Peter Robert Singler, of Royal Oak, MI; her son, G. Christian Guvernator IV and his wife Channing Warrick, of Norfolk, VA; and six grandchildren, Leah and Samantha Singler; and Luba, Quint, Lana and Priya Guvernator. A memorial service was held on Wednesday, January 4, at St. James's Episcopal Church.

Barbara⁹ E. Baker Guvernator's lineage is: Tallulah⁸ E. "Bess" Bennett, Cynthia⁷ T. "Lula" Rucker, James⁶ Henderson, Wilford⁵, James⁴, Mordecai³, William², Peter¹.

The obituary was originally published in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* from December 30, 2011 to January 1, 2012.

Stanton William "Toodle" Cain, 83, of North Vernon, Jennings Co., IN, died August 13, 2011. He was born September 4, 1927, the son of Stanton John and Pearl Vail (Perry) Cain. He married Dorothy Jean Rucker June 28, 1947 in Vernon, IN. Toodle worked in the construction industry, and served in the infantry.

He is survived by his wife of sixty-four years, and their five children: Gerald E. and Mildred J. (Rose) Cain; Juanita J. and Franklin J. Jewell; Janet S. and Bobby Wilson; Diane M. and Thomas E. Sarver; and Richard L. and Melinda A. (Swayze) Cain.

Dorothy⁹ J. (Rucker) Cain's lineage is: Millard⁸ E. Rucker, Edward⁷ W., Nathan⁶ C., Jr., Nathan⁵ C., Reuben⁴, Wyatt³, James², Peter¹.

This obituary was originally published in the *Tribune* (serving Seymour and all of Jackson Co., IN).

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Sid Dewberry honored by American Society of Civil Engineers

Edited from the ASCE announcement

The American Society of Civil Engineers (ASCE) recently recognized the accomplishments of Sidney O. Dewberry by electing him a Distinguished Member. Distinguished Membership is the highest award the Society may confer, second only to the title of ASCE President.

He is the Founding Partner and Chairman of Dewberry, a 1,800-employee firm with more than 40 locations. Mr. Dewberry's leadership in urban infrastructure development has been extraordinary. In 55 years of practice, Dewberry continues to leave its signature on civil engineering practice and urban development. The firm, among other achievements, laid the groundwork for the development and implementation of the master plan for the northern Virginia suburbs of Washington, DC.

Mr. Dewberry's engineering leadership has been recognized repeatedly with appointments to influential strategic planning commissions, including, service on the board of the Greater Washington Board of Trade, chairman of the Regional Economic Development Advisory Council for Northern Virginia,

director of the Air and Space Heritage Council, and member of the Northern Virginia Transportation Alliance. Mr. Dewberry is the former chairman of the Arlington County, VA Planning Commission, and the Fairfax County, VA Engineering Standards Review Committee.

Mr. Dewberry is the author the *Land Development Handbook*, used in land development engineering education at numerous universities. He was also a founding member of the Engineers and Surveyors Institute.

His leadership in engineering practice and urban development have been widely recognized. At the national level, he has been recognized in the U.S. House of Representatives Congressional Record with both a salute to Sidney O. Dewberry and a Lifetime Achievement Recognition.

He was instrumental in the founding of George Mason University, and has served as a member of its Board of Visitors. He has served on the Governor's Commission for the Future of Higher Education in Virginia. George Washington University has honored him with induction into their School of Engineering and Applied Science Hall of Fame.

Sid Dewberry was profiled in the March 1995 (Vol. 6, No. 1) *Rucker Family Society Newsletter*. His Rucker lineage is: Sidney⁹ O., Mary⁸ B. "Molly" Rucker, Ambrose⁷, Rueben⁶ D., Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

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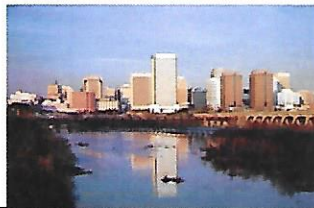
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| 23 | Continued Our Alaskan Bush Cousins |
| 24 | Continued Our Alaskan Bush Cousins |
| 25 | Continued Our Alaskan Bush Cousins |
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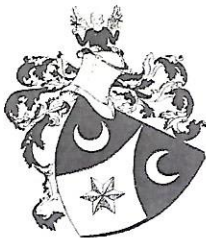
Rucker Family Society Reunion - June 21-24, 2012 - Richmond, Virginia

The Embassy Suites Hotel, Richmond, is our host lodging, where we have reserved a block of rooms. The Society meeting, lectures and social gatherings will be at the Embassy Suites. Individuals must make their reservations by June 1, 2012 to benefit from the special package put together by the Rucker Family Society. We encourage you to make your plans well ahead of time and reserve rooms early, which will facilitate planning for the tours and meals. Contact the Embassy Suites directly at (804) 672-8585, or at the central reservations number: 1-888-409-5345. Be sure to ask for the Rucker Family Society Reunion block when making your reservations. A single room is \$111 and a double room is \$129. The rate includes a full hot breakfast made to order, and the Manager's Cocktail Reception. Out of town guests may want to arrive on Thursday, June 21; Richmond has an abundance of attractions for the visitor, and there are sure to be too many to fit into just a few days. Those interested in researching at the Library of Virginia or the Historical Society of Virginia, should plan on arriving on Wednesday evening, June 20.

The reunion schedule is posted at the RFS website - www.theruckerfamilysociety.org



The RUCKER family SOCIETY



Rucker

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