

the RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

VOL. 23, NO. 2, JUNE 2012

James River Batteau Festival

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The Richmond Reunion

By Bill Smith

The 13th Biennial Rucker Family Society Reunion held in Richmond, Virginia may be over, but pleasant memories remain. Those who attended should agree that it was well planned and executed.

Thursday - This was an optional day when Rucker research was carried on at various locations, while other engaged in visits to historic sites such as Jamestown and Williamsburg.

Friday - Individuals conducted self-guided tours of the Museum of the Confederacy and guided tours of White House of the Confederacy. The objects displayed in both locations were amazing, and the level of knowledge and commitment by the tour guide for the White House of the Confederacy was superlative. After lunch, many Ruckers laced up their jogging shoes for a two hour "walking" tour of Cobblestones and Canal Boats. Our guide was articulate, very knowledgeable, and set quite a pace as we filed in and

out of buildings, by old canal locks and through some of the older parts of downtown Richmond. The day was completed with a casual dinner at Price Wood's home in one of the quiet, elegant residential areas of Richmond. The event had something for everyone and was a pleasant end to the first day.

Saturday - The second day began with a guided tour of Hollywood Cemetery provided by the same guide from the prior day. She provided the same level of expertise as Friday, showing us some of the famous "residents" and their tombstones.

Lunch at the Halfway House was a visual, gustatory and auditory treat. Visually, the level of restoration of the Half Way House is astounding. The food we enjoyed was perfect for the occasion - good choices that were well prepared in the neighboring building, since the Half Way House doesn't have a kitchen. Finally the auditory pleasure was to be found in conversations with genial Ruckers and topped off with an improptu talk from Rick Young (owner and husband of Peter

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Rucker descendant and his wife, Sue) about his passion for all things concerning the Wright Brothers. Some who didn't go on to the Old Blandford Church were given a tour of Rick's current recreation project.

After lunch many Ruckers headed off to the Old Blandford Church. The 1735 church is restored and has served as a Confederate Memorial since 1901. We had a guided tour by an knowledgeable church member. The church's Tiffany stained glass windows are not only beautiful, but touching considering the more than 30,000 Confederated soldiers who died during the 1864-1865 Siege of Petersburg.

Friday evening began with a speaker from the Museum of the Confederacy spoke about the roles assumed by the "Women of Civil War Richmond." What made the talk a cut above what might be expected was the specifics about real women who lived in or were "active" in the Richmond area during the war years.

Following this talk, we were treated to an amazing performance/recitation by Michael P. "Mike" Rucker who offered of some of the works of American author Edgar Allan Poe. His forty-five minute act included *The Cask of Amantillado*, *The Telltale Heart*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Bells*, and *The Raven*, among others. For someone who has a hard time remembering directions, I am in such admiration of Mike's ability to memorize and give meaning to this program. Congratulations and

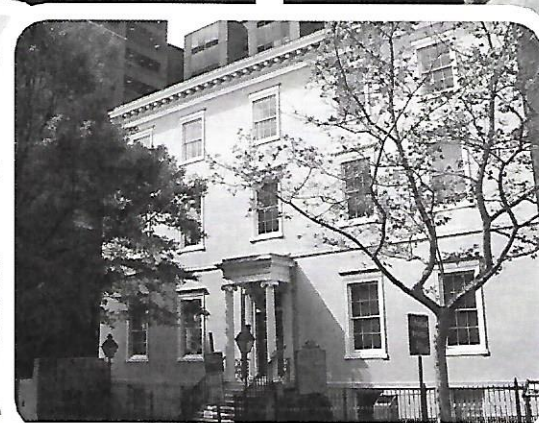
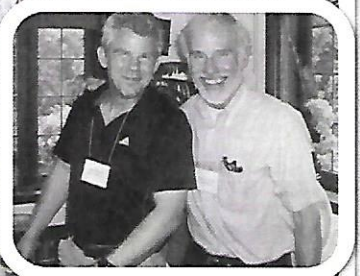
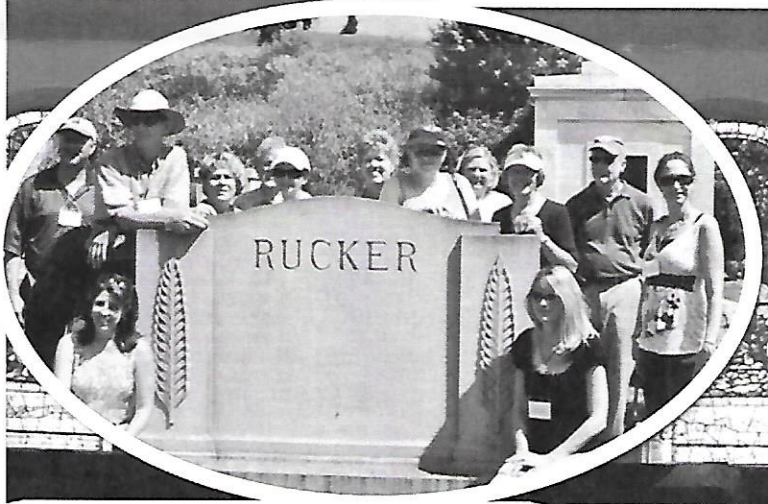
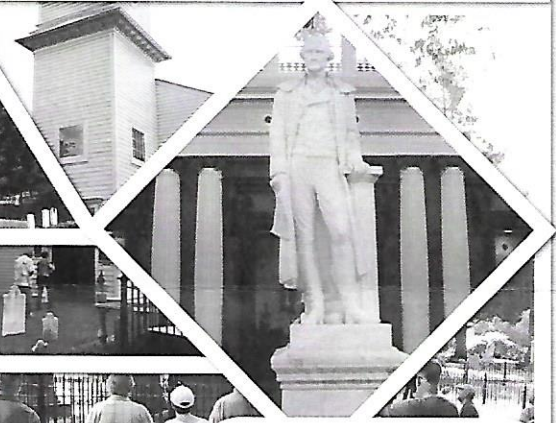
thanks! To set the matter right, those who participated in the taste test and chose B as the amontillado, you were correct (choice A was cream sherry).

Sunday - After breakfast, the General Meeting of the Rucker Family Society was "gaveled" to order by President Chris Rucker. New board members were named and the reunion was dedicated to Jeannie Brydon, former President, newsletter Editor and for decades leader of Rucker research. Following the meeting was the auction conducted Mike Rucker. The results provided more than \$900 for the RFS.

Begin planning now to attend the next Rucker Reunion in Phoenix, February 27 through March 2, 2014!

Memories of the Richmond Reunion - From the top left corner: "The Headman" is a sculpture with a Rucker batteau that we saw on Brown's Island on Friday's Canal Boats and Cobblestones Tour; triangle shows the Confederate Women's Memorial seen on the Saturday tour of Hollywood Cemetery; a group shot on the stairs of the Rick and Sue Young's Half Way House after lunch on Saturday; the triangles beneath the group shot is of St. John's Church where Patrick Henry gave his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech in 1775; Thomas Jefferson's statue from the Jefferson Hotel; fragments of a shot from the Hollywood Cemetery; Derek and Mike Rucker at Price Wood's party on Friday evening; Mike Rucker in mid-performance of "A Cask of Amontillado" on Saturday night; the "White House of the Confederacy" in downtown Richmond; The Museum of the Confederacy, immediately next to the White House of the Confederacy; above the White House of the Confederacy is a small shot of Rick and Sue Young in the Half Way House; a group shot of Ruckers surrounding the marker of Edwin T. and Annie P. (Pierce) Rucker in Hollywood Cemetery; and the exterior of the Old Blandford Church. Many thanks to all who responded to my request for pictures from the reunion.

Memories of the Richmond Reunion - June 22-24, 2012



The Autobiography of Moses Peter Rucker

Part III

Edited by Michael "Mike" P. Rucker

Continued from Last Issue

I might have done this if I had been well, but in my condition I could not do it and I would get off my horse and lean against the fence. After midnight I thought I heard some one coming up the road and I got ready for action; in the meantime drilling the young man what to do. I let him get in about ten steps of me and called to him to halt, which he was not inclined to do. I told him if he did not halt I would shoot him without any further warning. He was then inclined to stop but was very sullen.

I made him advance and when and when he got up close I halted him, placed my gun against his breast and he gave the passwords. He said he as never treated that way before, but I told him I had orders to do so, and he would have to obey. He leaned over and gave it, but appeared to be very much humiliated. I gave him to understand that nothing short of that would have been satisfactory with me. He appeared to have been an officer of high rank but I never found out who he was. The rest of the night passed off very slowly. After daylight a Tennessee Regiment passed by us and took a position near a small branch beyond us, which was a great relief to us to have them between us and the "Yanks". My companion, being thirsty, concluded to ride over to a

spring near the place where the regiment of infantry were stopping and get a drink. He got off his horse and tied him with his halter strap to the top rail of the fence. While he was getting the water the horse became frightened and came down the road in full tilt with the rail hanging to him. The road became macadamized it made a very fussy affair. I had laid down and fallen into a deep sleep and was awakened by the noise of the horse and rail and the soldier's hollering. I did not stop to see what was coming, but thought it was nothing else but the yanks coming, running over everything. I tried to get on my horse and got one foot into the stirrup and was in the act of throwing my leg over on the other side when he put off in full speed while I hung to one side of him trying to hold on to him. I could not stop him to see what the difficulty was about or to see what was coming, until we had gone a long distance. At last I peeped around and found it was nothing but the horse with the rail hanging to him. I felt very small, but was very glad to feel small.

I returned to camp, terribly sick with but little attention. It was raining and the ground was damp. It would be proper for me to mention at this point the kindness of one of my lieutenants (T.H. Nance) in sending his cot down to my tent and having me placed upon it. I would also mention the kindness of Dr. Almond who came to see me and give me medicine which things were against orders. Orders had been given that no more sick men should be treated in

their tents but all the sick should be sent to the rear in the hospitals as a battle was then imminent. The enemy were coming up and our troops taking position.

By this time I had become in an unconscious condition and would only come to myself when they undertook to move me. It hurt me so much to be moved that it seemed to bring me to my mind, therefore, it was only at such times that I knew anything. When the boys lifted me on the train at Fairfax Station I recollect they put me on the floor of a cattle car with my blanket spread underneath me, and then I went back into a stupor. Somewhere between Fairfax Station and Culpepper Court House the train stopped and the sudden jerk in starting threw down a gun which a soldier had set beside the train. The gun struck me on the forehead and cut an ugly gash, causing the blood to flow freely. The next thing I recollect, while lying on the platform at the depot at C.H., a lady came to me and asked me what she could do for me. I told her she could go away and let me alone, an answer I would never had made if I had been in my proper element. I will never know who she was, and, of course, I can never apologize.

I suppose some twelve hours after this I found myself in a private house. In the room there were two Bedford men, Dr. Page and John Goode, all three of us with Typhiod [sic] Fever. The Doctor, a nice looking man, died in a few days, and John Goode was taken to the house of a friend in town. I grew worse and was so low that the

doctors gave me out and said that their time could be more profitable spent with those who were more likely to get well. Oh! What a sad time I had at that place; not able to raise my hand to my head and my tongue with a deep crack across it. While I was entirely among strangers, they were very kind to me. There were plenty of good things to eat while I had no appetite, and after I got so I could eat they had to move everything out of my way.

The County Court of Bedford, at its July Term, made provision for a committee to look after the Bedford soldiers who were sick around this place and Manassas, and see that they were cared for. Major John T. Chilton was one of said committee. He called at my door one day and asked if any Bedford boys were there. The young lady of the house replied, "Yes, Mr. Rucker is here." I was in a helpless condition and he certainly proved a friend indeed. He stayed with me until I was well enough to start for home. How pleasant it was when I got to Lynchburg and Bedford (then called Liberty) again. The hearty shake of the hand, the greeting "glad you are up again" was really uplifting to me. I met with a friend, J.F. Hurt, in Liberty whom I asked to hunt a conveyance for me to carry me home. I was so weak I would stagger as I walked and could scarcely stand up.

He was soon ready with the buggy for the trip. Old Bedford never looked so beautiful to me as it did that morning with its beautiful

mountains and fine breeze and many friends whom I would meet on the way congratulating me on my recovery, and it made me appreciate my home and County as I never did before. When I arrived at home there was quite a strange meeting. The colored people saw me first, and large and small came out to meet me and looked at me with astonishment for I was a walking skeleton. My dear mother and sister came to meet me. They tried to be pert, but they broke down and wept like children when looked at me and saw the great contrast between now and a few months ago. Then a healthy young man, now a shadow. I missed my beautiful dog. My mother said after I left for service he would not eat and would howl around the yard in the day time and would sleep by her door at night. He died soon, apparently with a broken heart.

I improved very slowly, and in September I went with my mother, horseback, to Providence Church to attend the Quarterly Meeting. On our return, while coming down a slant, my horse stumbled and gave me a jerk. This hurt me very badly in the small of my back and I stayed in bed for about twelve months, a portion of which time I had to be turned on a sheet.

In February, 1863, I returned to my command, which was then at Culpepper Court House. Soon after my return to camp we fought the battle of Kelly's Ford, a very stubborn cavalry fight. This came off on the 17th of March, 1863. Our Company had been in several skirmishes before this, but this was

the first battle they had taken part in with the exception of the second Manassas. I had heard much of the bravery of our men and when I went into this I thought I would select one of the braves and act as he did. When we were ordered in, he turned his horse and put out to the rear. I knew there was no enemy in that direction, so did not follow his example. It was in this fight that the gallant Pelham lost his life, the bravest of the brave. Mr. William Burroughs, my friend, was also killed here.

To be continued in the next issue.



A scene from the Battle of Kelly's Ford
The battle fought on March 17, 1863 in Culpepper County, VA involved 2,100 Union cavalymen under the command of Brig. Gen. Wm. Averell and 800 men under Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

* * * * *

Rucker Village Dedicated at Georgetown College

Edited from an Online Article

Georgetown College is a small, residential, co-educational liberal arts college with a commitment to Christian values in Georgetown, north-central Kentucky. Recently they announced the beginning of construction on Rucker Village, the first new student housing constructed in a number of years. The obvious question is, what is



Rucker Village at Georgetown College, KY

their “Rucker” connection? As it turns out, Professor Jefferson James Rucker (1828-1910) “led the effort to integrate women into Georgetown College’s student body, beginning in 1889 and ending in 1893, when the first women graduated with men. The first women’s dormitory, completed in 1895, was named in honor of his efforts. Rucker also supervised the construction of the mammoth Romanesque Revival building that housed the chapel, library, gymnasium, museum, and literary society meeting rooms.”

The student residents of Rucker Village are upperclassmen in groups of six who will apply to live in the units and those with the highest GPAs will be awarded spots.

Professor Rucker’s lineage is: Jefferson⁶ J., Rev. William Thornton⁵, William⁴, John³, Thomas², Peter¹.



Rucker Hall built in 1895 and demolished in 1971 on the campus of Georgetown College, and named after Professor Jefferson James Rucker.

* * * * *

Mike Rucker Runs More Marathons!

Perhaps the title states what some would consider the obvious and the expected, but Michael P. “Mike” Rucker’s marathon accomplishments are truly astounding. In an article in the September 2011 RFS Newsletter, Mike admits to running three or four marathons annually. He’s already run marathons on seven continents (North and South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, *and* Antarctica!).

Mike’s latest exploits involved a marathon in Pittsburgh on May 6 (race 32 - and it must have seemed pretty ho-hum unless there was a blizzard) and on Easter Island on June 3 (race 33). I should add that his niece Heidi accompanied Mike to Easter Island.

When Mike was musing about why he had run so many marathons, his answer was that it was due to his ego. Hmm. The gentleman I met in Richmond and email regularly has never struck me as displaying an overactive ego. Perhaps he has too much energy, but not ego. Below, you will see Mike posed in front of the famous Easter Island statues, known as *moai*. This grouping has been placed the ceremonial platform known as an *ahu*. I may not be a good judge of such characteristics, but don’t the *moai* show a trace of the Rucker nose? I’ll let you be the decide for yourself.



* * * * *

In Memoriam

Kay Frances Doss Rucker, 75, of Madison Heights, VA died on May 22, 2012 in the Lynchburg Health and Rehabilitation Center, Lynchburg, VA. She was the wife of the late Carlton Edward “John” Rucker, Sr. She was born July 23, 1936 in Appomattox, VA, the daughter of the late Burl and Victoria (Stanley) Doss.

She retired from Central Virginia Training Center, a facility that provides services to persons with intellectual disabilities, and was a member of Bible Baptist Church, Madison Heights. Kay is survived by her son, Carlton Edward “Eddie” Rucker, Jr.; sisters, Dale Wells, Ann Moore, Ellen Stowe, Wanda Cooter; grandson, Jeffery Edward Rucker; and great grandson, David Allen Rucker.

Carlton Edward Rucker and his mother’s obituaries are in Vol. 4, No. 3, September 1993 issue of *RFS Newsletter*.

Carlton⁹ Edward Rucker’s lineage is: James⁸ Edward Rucker, William⁷ M., James⁶ A., Willis⁵, John⁴, Isaac³, John², Peter¹.

Hildegard Margarete Rucker, 84, died in Colorado Springs on

May 11, 2012. She was born on June 12, 1927 in Leipzig, Germany. An only child, Mrs. Rucker attended school in Wurzburg, later worked as a secretary for the U.S. Army in Germany near the end of WWII, and it was there she met her husband-to-be, Delmon Alvia Rucker (1920-2006), the son of William Armistead Rucker and Carrie Bell (Cobbs) Rucker. The couple married on May 18, 1955 in Montreal, Canada. Their two children, Lorrain and Vernon Charles, were born in Ft. Carson, Colorado. Mrs. Rucker moved her family a number of times, and in 1969, upon her husband's retirement, the family returned permanently to Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Rucker was predeceased by her husband in 2006. She is survived by her son and two grandchildren in Texas, and her daughter in California. Her memorial service was held on May 23, 2012 at the Shrine of Remembrance "America the Beautiful" Chapel, Colorado Springs.

Delmon Alvia Rucker's lineage is: Delmon³ A. Rucker, Armistead², Armistead¹.

Brian David "Oddjob" Rucker of Richmond, VA died April 15, 2012 at the age of 48. He was born January 26, 1964 and was preceded in death by his parents, Claudia Ann (Guffin) and Richard Rucker. He is survived by his brother, Kevin Rucker. Brian studied Advertising at VCU. He was a valued member within the online gaming community, and was

known by his handle "Oddjob." Brian worked at Lantagne Legal Printing for 17 years, until his recent retirement. A celebration of his life was held May 6, 2012 at Poe's Pub, in Richmond, VA. His final resting place is Hollywood Cemetery, a place filled with the kind of history and legend that he loved.

His mother's obituary is in the December 2011, Vol. 22, No. 4 of the RFS Newsletter.

Joyce L. Eblen, 92 of Austin, MN died Saturday, July 16, 2011 at St. Marys Hospital in Rochester, MN. Joyce Lucille Henley was born November 7, 1918, at Nora Springs, IA, the daughter of Audley and Marie (Rucker) Henley. She graduated from Austin High School, worked as a secretary at the Wheeler Coal Company and also worked with her husband at the Austin Bowl. Joyce married B. Maurice Eblen on Dec. 31, 1938, in Austin. They were foster parents for 25 years and were very proud of all the kids.

Joyce was a member of the First United Methodist Church, of the Rebekah (Noble Grand) Lodge 4, of the Child Care Auxiliary, the South River Street Extension Group, the Austin Garden Club, and was active in 4-H as a child and as an adult.

She was preceded in death by her parents; her husband, Maurice Eblen; brother and sister-in-law, Don and Clara Henley; sister and brother-in-law, Laurine and Adolph

Ludvigson; and great-grandson, Derrick.

Joyce is survived by her children, Patricia and Chuck Johnson of Cottage Grove, MN, Lynda Howden and Ron Farrell of Austin, MN, and Gary and Stephanie Eblen of Fair Oaks, CA; grandchildren, Lori, Lynn, Amy and Allison of Minnesota, Troy, Beth and Stephanie of California, Rhonda and Tracy of Colorado, David of Virginia, and Cindy of Nebraska; great-grandchildren, Alaina, Jillene, Shawn, Dana, Hannah, Joey, Molly, Megan, Madlyn, Maysen, Kade, Peyton, Bailey, Regan, Alexandra, Morgan, Cullen, Camden, Savannah, Abigail, Joey and Grace; sister and brother-in-law, Doris and Frank Potter of Austin.

Funeral services were held July 31, at the Austin First United Methodist Church and interment will be at Oakwood Cemetery, Austin.

Joyce Eblen's Rucker lineage is: Joyce⁸ Lucille Henley, Marie⁷ Elizabeth Rucker, William⁶ Newton, Isaia⁵, Joshua⁴ Carter, Joshua³, William², Peter¹.

Alberta Faris Rucker, died March 9, 2012, at her residence in San Jose, CA. She was 93. Born July 24, 1918 in Crewe, VA, the daughter of Albert Sidney and Frances "Fanny" (Berry) Rucker, Mrs. Rucker lived in the San Jose area for almost 30 years. She was active in Opera San Jose, which honored her as the Volunteer of the Year in 1992, and the Altar Guild of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Los Gatos. She was the wife of the

late Alfred Morgan Rucker (1917-1987); and she is survived by her daughter, Carol Gavette of San Jose, CA and her son, Alfred Rucker of San Antonio, TX; as well as grandchildren Sydney Wilson, David Wilson, Christopher Rucker, John Rucker, and Anna Rucker; and great-grandchildren Dorion Wilson and John Ross Rucker. Memorial services were held at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Los Gatos, CA on Thursday, March 15.

Her husband's Rucker lineage is: Alfred⁷ Morgan Rucker, John⁶ Alfred, John⁵ Harvey, Pleasant⁴, Joshua³, William², Peter¹.

* * * * *

More Dewberry Updates

Dewberry Expands Portfolio of Services

Both articles are edited by Michael Rucker from articles in the March 25, and April 1, 2012 issue of *The Washington Post* by Marjorie Censer

From reselling Amazon cloud services to partnering with a maker of electric-car charging stations, the Fairfax County-based professional services firm Dewberry, squeezed by the recession, is looking outside the box. The company was founded in 1956 in Arlington County by Sidney O. Dewberry, it had a hand in some of the most prominent development projects in the region, including the Dulles Toll Road and Tysons II, Fair Lakes and the Filene Center at Wolf Trap.

The company began with a specialty in land design and surveying but expanded into other

services, such as disaster assistance and hazardous materials management.

Dewberry recently announced several new deals, including one with Amazon Web Services to resell the company's products.

This will allow Dewberry to help migrate data from client-owned services to Amazon-owned-and-maintained servers that can host client data, thereby saving space and money by pooling computing resources.

They has also teamed up several companies to offer easy installation of electric-vehicle-charging stations, Dewberry will design the installation.

Dewberry's clients, also constrained by shrinking budgets, increasing want a single procurement source pushing Dewberry to expand its capabilities.

"We're not manufacturing or designing a car-charging station; we're using our engineering skills to site it." He said. "We could design a server farm, [but] we couldn't operate it and we couldn't host it."

Because services firms generally work closely with their clients they can often expand into lines of business they already know their customers might use.

The company first started seriously diversifying in 1990. Before 1990, about 30% of the work was related to land development; before the most

recent recession, that was down to about 15% and has continued to shrink.

Now, transportation is one of the company's largest lines of business, representing about 33% of its revenue.

* * * * *

Sid Dewberry passes the reins to his son, Barry

Sidney Dewberry is stepping down as chairman and passing the reins to his oldest son, Barry Dewberry.



Barry K. Dewberry and Sid Dewberry. Barry is Sid's oldest son and the firm's vice chairman, was elected chairman, effective April 13, 2012.

At 84, Sidney Dewberry, who remains on the board, said he is ready to pass the reins to his 60-year-old son, and said he hopes that the 1,800-employee company will remain family-owned and run. Though both Sidney and Barry Dewberry said while not changing company culture, they have endorsed service expansions.

Within the next 15 years, Barry Dewberry, with the company since 1975, plans on passing the leadership once again, perhaps to his younger brother Tom, who just turned 39, or to another younger family member.

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| 19 | Query of the Quarter; President's Letter |
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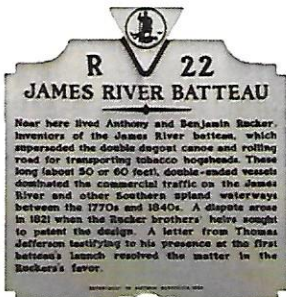
To be continued in the next issue.

James River Batteau Festival

The 27th annual James River Batteau Festival began Saturday June 16, 2012 on Percival's Island, a natural area in downtown Lynchburg with nineteen handmade replicas of early batteaux. The late 18th and early 19th century batteaux were the tractor-trailers of the time moving cargo and people from Lynchburg to Richmond, 120 miles away. For the uninitiated, brothers Anthony and Benjamin Rucker were the inventors and builders of original batteaux. The boat was different from any others and Anthony's descendants eventually patented the design. No less than Thomas Jefferson was present at the first launching.



James River Batteau
Near here lived Anthony and Benjamin Rucker, inventors of the James River batteau, which superseded the double dugout canoe and rolling road for transporting tobacco hogsheads. These long (about 50 or 60 feet), double-ended vessels dominated the commercial traffic on the James River ...

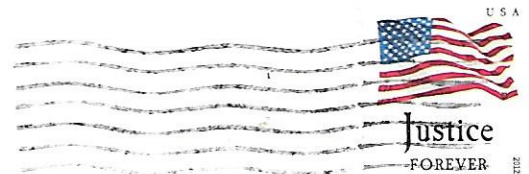


The RUCKER family SOCIETY



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