

the RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

VOL. 23, NO. 4, DECEMBER 2012

Ahmed Rucker's Burial "Found"

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Two Authors are Rucker Descendants

by **Bill Smith**

In my usual explorations for Rucker descendants, I recently ran across the names of two authors, Marcus Blakey Allmond and Charles William Saults. Neither is well known in the early 21st century, but in their own time, the late 19th century for Allmond and the 1970s for Saults, under his pen name J. Edward Hyde, they were known and respected for their literary contributions.

Coincidentally, both authors are descendants of Peter Rucker's youngest son, Ephraim and his wife Margaret Vawter. Marcus Blakey Allmond (Alfred⁶ D. Almond, Jane⁵ Allen Blakey, Margaret⁴ A. Rucker, Angus³, Ephraim², Peter¹) was the second child and oldest son of Alfred Dismukes Almond (1818-1897) and Jane Allen Blakey (1826-1892). Marcus was born in Stanardsville,

Virginia on



Marcus Blakey Allmond

August 17, 1851 and died in Louisville, Kentucky on September 7, 1909. Though Allmond was the original spelling, in some cases it became Allmond to facilitate more correct pronunciation.

Allmond would, no doubt, have led the comfortable life of a gentleman farmer had it not been curtailed by the Civil War. As a consequence, before he could begin his formal college education, young Allmond had to earn his living teaching school. At age 19 he attended the

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University of Virginia from 1870 to 1872; then from 1872 until 1873, he worked as the principal of the high school in Paris, Missouri, after which time he returned to the University of Virginia from 1873 until 1875 when his education was deemed complete; he earned a Proficient in Literature and Rhetoric, and a graduate degree in German.

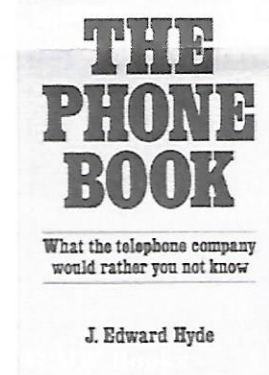
After his graduation from University of Virginia, Allmond was the chair of Latin and German at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia. He then became chair of ancient languages at the Louisville Male High School, in Louisville, KY, and later, the headmaster of the University School in Louisville.

Allmond is best known for his poetry, which includes "Agricola, an Idyl," "Estelle, An Idyl of Old Virginia," and "Fairfax, My Lord," an historical poem, among others. Each of these extended poems is available through Google Books, as are some of his best known poems contained in the 1890 edition *The Magazine of Poetry*, Vol. 2, Issues 1-4.

While in Louisville, Allmond met Virginia Cary Meade (1859-1921), who was also a teacher, and the couple married on 30 June 1879. Mrs. Allmond was the daughter of William Washington Meade, and the niece of Episcopal Bishop Williams Meade of Virginia. Mrs. Allmond was said to be the model for the heroine in the poet's "Estelle."

They had eight children, of whom six survived to adulthood: Marcus Blakey Jr. (1884-1937), James Boyce (1887-1924), Cary Meade (1890-1963), Allen Everard (1892-1963), Evelyn Nelson (1895-), and William Kidder Meade Allmond (1899-1969); they also had a daughter, Bessie Randolph Allmond and another unknown child, who died young. Allmond's poem "In Quiet Cave Hill" describes the burial site of his unnamed male child.

Marcus Blakey Allmond died of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1909, and is buried in the family plot at Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville, Kentucky.



The Phone Book: What the telephone company would rather you not know is the work of Charles⁹ William "Chuck" Saults (Dudley⁸ Rucker Saults, Charles⁷ L., Elizabeth⁶ Jane Rucker, Charles⁵ E., Ephraim⁴, Augustine³, James/William², Peter¹; and Tomagen³ Rucker (w. of Augustine³), Ephraim², Peter¹) was born November 7, 1949 in Kansas City, Missouri and died, also in Kansas City, May 13,

1999. He was married at least three times (the known wives are Jill S. Cook and Lisa Kafer) and had three children. His obituary refers to him as a writer, actor, media personality, and an irascible curmudgeon. Chuck is best known for his 1976 exposé of the Ma Bell's less appealing habits. For younger folk, it may seem odd that at one time in the not so distant past, there were very few telephone carriers. Different from today's plethora of "phone" companies. Steve Chapple wrote an interesting review of Saults' book *In These Times*. In that review of the book he states Saults "manages to hold a blowtorch to some specific shenanigans [of Ma Bell]. Saults discovered that 70% of the phone users in "undesirable" neighborhoods had to pay a deposit for their line, while 30% of suburban users had to pay the same deposits. He provides the "nitty-gritty [on] deposits, billing, WATS line bilks, the long-cord racket and color phone overcharges." In the end, the reviewer concludes that Saults is too cynical or timid to go further and simply "throws up his hands."

What's in a Name?

by Bill Smith

I'm certain we have all discovered naming habits that seem out of touch with our current child-naming sensibilities. Current favorite baby names are, for girls, Sophia, Emma, Olivia, Isabella,

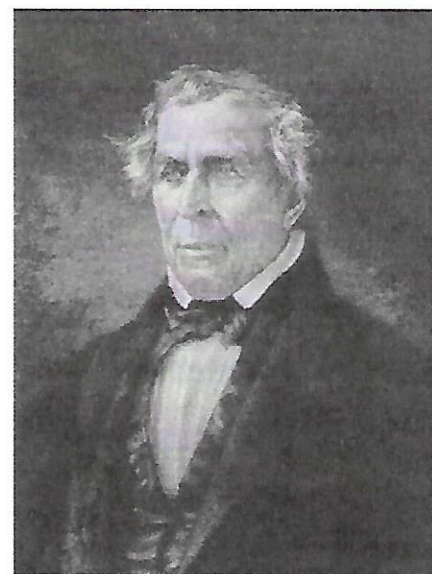
Ava, Lily, Zoe, Chloe, Mia, and Madison. For boys they are, Aiden, Jackson, Ethan, Liam, Mason, Noah, Lucas, Jacob, Jayden and Jack. These favorites will change with each generation as different sources apply pressure on expectant parents. Names also carry images of strength or grace or beauty. Billy Bigelow in the musical *Carousel* sings about "My boy Bill ... He'll be tall and tough as a tree ...! But would Bigelow carry on about "My boy Ethelbert?" Or if you wanted your daughter to succeed in life, would you name her Fanny if your last name were Large (then top it off with B. as a middle initial).

What about a young lady named Zoda (1880-1969) and her younger brother Xemar (1886-1950), the children of John and Hattie Minor who resided in Scott County, Kentucky (John has Rucker Ancestry)? Neither name is unique in naming children in the United States, but Xemar is far less common than Zoda, both seem to have been limited to the southern states.

These are some of the examples of what I'd like to challenge our RFS Newsletter readers to respond to. I foresee two categories. First, send me the names of your most unusually named direct ancestor, and then your favorite unusually named person that you are certain was not "made up," in other words, someone who actually existed. I'd like to write about

your entries in the next issue of the newsletter.

In this latter category, you are in for some stiff competition: Preserved Fish (1766-1846) was a prominent New York City shipping merchant; Fairy Clutter (1901-1994); Charity Ball (1851-1922); Capt. Strong Boozer, USN (1914-1975); Helen B. Quick (b. abt 1898 in Georgia); Cranberry Turkey Breckenridge (1914-1992); Judge J. Minor Wisdom (1905-1999); Fountain Rainwater (1853-1944); Iva Odor (1880-1980), school teacher, Iowa; Earless Romero (1926-1996); and a cousin of mine from Massachusetts, John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart Sherwin (1822-1908); or the nine different Doctors Bonebrake practicing medicine in the United States. The list is amazing and seemingly endless.



Preserved Fish, New York Merchant

Please email me your entries to wsmith0128@ca.rr.com.

* * * *

In Memoriam



ROBERT CARTER BRYDON died on Friday, November 30, 2012. He was born in Richmond, Virginia on December 31, 1936, the son of Robert Brydon III and Jean (Wood) Brydon. He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Mary (Bullard) Brydon; and their children and families; his son, Carter Christian Brydon and wife, Paige, and their children, Miller and MacLaren; his stepdaughter, Susannah O'Brien and husband, Jim; his stepdaughter, Joellyn Miller and husband, Alan; stepson, Edward Sawyer and wife, Whitney; by his sister, Jean Wood Brydon and her son, Edward Willis, his wife, Susan and their son, Cabell Willis.

Bob attended the University of Virginia and graduated from Virginia Commonwealth University with a B.S. in Business. He was active in the Virginia National Guard and spent six months on active duty, after which he became a C.P.A. and was partner in the accounting firms of Brydon, McRee and Smith, Cherry, Bekaert and Holland and Walker Consulting.

He was a member of the West Richmond Businessmen's Association, Kiwanis International, the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Virginia and the Estate Planning Council of Virginia. A memorial service was held at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Richmond, VA, on December 4.

Bob Brydon's lineage is: Robert⁹ C. Brydon, Jean⁸ W. Wood, Sudie⁷ Rucker, William⁶ Ambrose Rucker, William⁵ Ballenger Rucker, George⁴ Rucker, John³ Rucker, John² Rucker, Peter¹ Rucker; and Mary⁶ Ann Dawson Rucker (m. William Ballenger Rucker), Ambrose⁵ Rucker, Reuben⁴ Rucker, Ambrose³ Rucker, John² Rucker, Peter¹ Rucker.



TAZEWELL ELLETT III died on December 9, 2012 at Westminster-Canterbury, a retirement community in Richmond, Virginia. A native of Richmond, Taz was born on August 18, 1922, the son of Tazewell Ellett Jr. and Susie (McGuire) Ellett. Preceding him in death were his parents; and his two sisters, Helen Ellett Feamster Schulze and Josephine Scott Ellett. Taz attended McGuire's

University School and graduated from Virginia Military Institute. He fought in World War II as a Marine Captain in the Pacific. He was the owner of Ellett & Co. Realtors for over 25 years, and later an associate broker at Neville C. Johnson, Inc. He was president of the Richmond Board of Realtors and served on boards of the Virginia Association of Realtors, Metropolitan National Bank, Richmond Chamber of Commerce, Richmond Better Business Bureau, United Givers Fund, St. Christopher's School Alumni Association and other community and charitable organizations. Taz was a member of the Kiwanis Club. He was also a member of St. James's Episcopal Church, Richmond, VA. Survivors include Marguerite (Rucker) Ellett, his wife of 64 years; his daughter, Susan Elizabeth Ellett and husband, William Louis (Mo) Shumate, III; his sons, E. Tazewell Ellett and wife, Lee (Withers) Ellett; and Robert Scott Ellett and wife, Ruth (Modlin) Ellett; his grandchildren, Pender Ellett Koontz and husband, Mark Christopher Koontz, E. Tazewell Ellett, Jr., Dabney McGuire Ellett, and Sallie Kirkwood Harrison Ellett; and his great-grandchildren, Zachary Sanford Shumate, Kelsey Marie Koontz, and Todd Ellett Koontz. A memorial service was held, December 15 at St. James's Episcopal Church.

Marguerite (Rucker) Ellett's lineage is: Edmund⁸ H., Dana⁷ Henry, William⁶ A. William⁵ B., George⁴, John³, John², Peter¹ and William B.'s wife Mary⁶ Ann Dawson Rucker, Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.



HAROLD BERNARD PAYNE, 82, of Springerville, Arizona, died October 15, 2012 in the Sierra Blanca Rehabilitation Center in Lakeside, AZ. He was born September 12, 1930 in Coxton, Harlan Co., Kentucky, the son of Youmbert C. and Mary (Cornett) Rucker. Harold was a veteran of the United States Marine Corps and served in the Korean Conflict era. He had lived in the Springerville area for more than 20 years.

He is survived by his two sons, Steve Hills and his wife Vickie, and Harold Hills; and by two brothers, Ronald F. "Ron" Payne of Marietta, GA, and Youmbert C., Jr. "Bob" Payne of Yates Center, KS.

Hal's obituary was originally from the October 19, 2012 issue of the *White Mountain Independent*. His Rucker roots are mentioned in the March 1993 (Vol. 4, No. 1) and the June 1995 (Vol. 6, No. 2) issues of the *Rucker Family Society Newsletter*.

Hal¹⁰ Payne's Rucker lineage is: Youmbert⁹ C. Payne, Joseph⁸, Joseph⁷ S., William⁶, Nancy⁵ Rucker, Colby⁴, Peter³, Thomas², Peter¹.

DOROTHY RUCKER MARTIN died October 29, 2012 in Alma, Arkansas at the age of 87. Dorothy was born 1925 in Enid, Oklahoma to Edith Keepers (1895-1957) and Albert "Bert" Rucker (1900-1964). She was predeceased by her husband Wayne "EW" Martin and their son Bruce; as well as by her sister to Joyce Olive, William Henry, Robert and Ella.

Dorothy Rucker married Wayne "EW" Martin and moved to Arkansas to raise her family. Dorothy leaves behind one daughter, four sons, numerous grandchildren, great grandchildren and an extended family.

Dorothy's lineage is: Albert⁸ E., Allen⁷J., Benjamin⁶ F., John⁵, _____⁴, Elzaphan³, James², Peter¹.

WILLIAM MICHAEL "MIKE" RUCKER died this past September 2 and his obituary was published in the last newsletter. As an update, his brother Steve let us know that a memorial service was held on October 26 at the North Island Naval Air Station Chapel, in San Diego, CA. Among the attendees were three members of Mike's old squadron who, when they deploy in January 2013, will bury Mike at sea.

Ancestral Rucker Photos Have Moved! Christopher Rucker

If you have looked recently for the wonderful ancestral Rucker photographs site that RFS President Chris Rucker maintained, you may not have been able to find them. The company Chris had used to host the pictures decided not to continue to support the former site. Here is the new site: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/ancestralruckerphotos/collections/72157632028240694/>

"Cousin Rucker" – Savior of the Citrus Industry

Edited by Mike Rucker
with permission from
Neil Allen Bristow

Those of us who enjoy orange juice have James Jefferson Rucker Bristow to thank.

Known as "Cousin Rucker" to those of the Bristow family, he was a chemical engineer who was involved in solving citrus problems over a period of almost three decades. He invented a process of washing citrus, and a machine for extracting essential oils from oranges.

But the invention which actually saved Florida's citrus industry from boom-and-bust ruin was Bristow's concentrate development. In times of bumper crops, citrus became so cheap it didn't even pay the grower to have

it picked. When harvests were poor, prices soared but many growers could not share in the high prices because they had no crop. During the summer, of course, there was no citrus.

Bristow invented a method of concentration in 1937. A "cooking" or boiling method had been used for years but was unsatisfactory because it destroyed the taste. Bristow's method was to boil it at only 50 degrees Fahrenheit, in a vacuum, to take out the water.

Bristow and a business partner built a small plant in downtown Dunedin, Florida built in 1938. The company began selling concentrate in gallon cans to various institutions. It was the first plant in the world producing satisfactory citrus concentrate.

When World War II began in Europe, English babies were cut off from the oranges of Spain and Palestine. Bristow's citrus concentrates firm came to the rescue. The firm obtained a Reconstruction Finance Corporation loan to build a huge plant and an initial government order of \$1 million for concentrate.

Immediately upon the cessation of the war the firm made further history in the citrus industry. It packed the first carload of frozen four-to-one concentrate for sale in drug stores in Washington. From that point the citrus business was on a stable footing and fresh tasting orange juice available

around the world. The value of the Bristow contribution to the citrus industry is hard to estimate.

James Jefferson Rucker Bristow was born in Georgetown, Kentucky September 23, 1891, the only surviving child of Judge Louis Lunsford Bristow (1854-1921) and Mary Alice Rucker (1858-1946). He graduated in 1910 from Georgetown College, Kentucky where his grandfather and namesake was president for 50 years. He married Frances Burke Pendleton (1891-1981) on June 15, 1914, the daughter of Philander B. and B. Lizzie C. (Leavell) Pendleton. He taught Chemistry at Washington High School in Washington, DC during the 1910-1911 school year. He then attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology from which he graduated with a B.S. in 1914. He was a chemical engineer with Aluminum Ore Company, East St. Louis, Illinois 1914-1916. He joined Virginia Products Company in Baltimore in 1916 as chemical engineer before relocating to the Pinellas, Florida area in 1921. He held a reserve commission as Captain in the U.S. Army, Quartermaster Corps. Bristow died in Dunedin, Florida January 28, 1965.

James⁸ J. R. Bristow's Rucker lineage is: Alice⁷ Rucker, James⁶ Jefferson Rucker, Thornton⁵, William⁴, John³, Thomas², Peter¹.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MOSES PETER RUCKER

Part V

Edited by

Michael "Mike" P. Rucker

Continued from Last Issue



Union Generals at Brandy Station
Headquarters, February 1864

The next day we had a general review of the largest body of cavalry I ever saw on one field. We were reviewed by General Lee in person at Brandy Station. This was a day of fun and sight-seeing. What an immense body of Cavalry were together that day - 10,000 troops. General Lee and staff took position near a body of woods with miles of level country in front of him. He reviewed us by squadrons, each squadron seeing how well they could keep in line at a gallop. It was very exciting to the horses and several horses in our company ran away, one of which was Jesse L. Board's. After running several hundred yards when near a large rail pile, Jesse became excited and gathered one side of the reins with both hands which caused the horse to go around and around the rail pile, to the amusement of many soldiers. It was never my lot to see so many mounted men together as were on the field that day.

On the next day, the 9th of June, we had one of the biggest cavalry fights of the war. Pleasanton crossed over the river and gave our cavalry a hard time. There was a large force on both sides, but our forces were greatly in the minority and they played base across that level field at Brandy Station until late in the evening. Our regiment was held in reserve on the left and late in the evening we were ordered to turn the enemy's right by outflanking them. The enemy were undertaking to flank our left in a similar way. The two Regiments met each other in a body of woods unexpectedly and halted and looked at each other for a moment and our Colonel began to deploy, and the yanks commenced to do the same thing. So firing commenced from both sides. Our Company was in front and the front set of fours in our company were T. J. Johnson, Benjamin Turner, Polk Preston and myself. We were very much exposed. Preston was a good, moral young man, had not been in service long but wanted to do his duty. We buried him near John Minor Bott's house in Culpepper County. Wm. D. Fields was also a recruit. When we commenced firing, Fields was badly excited and sat on his horse and fired up in the air. Thomas Saunders asked him what in the hell he was doing, there were no Yankees up there. Pointing to them he said, "There they are, shoot like at 'um, Fields". Sam Wade from our Company left the firing line, his horse acting as if he was running

away, but he was holding on with his spurs, I think.

We succeeded in forcing them back and confusing the Yanks all along the line. Their object was to find out what Lee was doing, which information they failed to get. Lee's army was then making for the Valley of Virginia. Our cavalry were keeping between Lee's infantry and the Yankee cavalry, but our squadron was left near Brandy Station the next day while the balance of the Regiment moved in the direction of Rifeyville [sic. probably Rixeyville, Virginia]. The next day about 12:00 o'clock the Yankees sent a brigade over again to see what Lee was doing. We felt quite lonely but our squadron formed a skirmish line across the field as though we were the advance of a large army. We contested every foot of the ground until we passed John Minor Bott's house. We saw the old man Botts come out and have a talk with the Yankee officers and they then charged on our skirmish line. There was nothing left for us to do but get out of the way, which we did without any hesitation. We led them into a body of woods where the dismounted men of all of our cavalry were. We joined them and the Yankees went back about as fast as they came, losing no time in recrossing the river. We joined our Regiment that night in the neighborhood of Snicker's Gap which was then occupied by a portion of Lee's army, crossing over into the Valley of Virginia on



Snicker's Gap, Virginia

the way to Gettysburg. The Yankee cavalry were pressing this point and the next day we had a skirmish with them near this place. On the day following we moved in the direction of Aldie. While feeding our horses at the house of a man named Carter, Colonel Munford's boy, William, came up in a hurry and said to us that the Yankees were close on us and that Colonel Munford wanted Lieut. Col. Watts to mount the regiment and bring them at once. Colonel Watts mounted his big black horse and said, "Boys, come on". Our squadron of Sharp Shooters were on hand at once and fell in with him, driving in the front guard until we got to a rock fence running up to the road on which we were traveling. Colonel Watts dismounted us and put us behind this fence. Our squadron numbered about 80 men. Col. Watts formed the remainder of the regiment and rode down the road to meet the Yankees. He soon got in a fight with a brigade of them and came very near being captured. They stood and fought until they were in danger of being surrounded and then came back the road they went. Col. Watts had his arm broken which closed his

service on the field. We gave them a hearty reception. They came up to the fence we were behind with their Huzzas and we literally made the ground blue with them. We received three different charges from them. I never saw so few men do such execution as our squadron did that day. They were mounted and we were dismounted and it would have been capture to us to leave the rock fence, so we stood our ground and fought like Turks, repulsing them three times. They were hurled against us in an intoxicated condition.

One old colonel got past our right and cursed Mr. Creed Hubbard and called him a gray-headed substitute. He fell from his horse with nine balls piercing him. They ceased to charge us, but were planning a flanking movement. We were ordered back by Gen. Fitz Lee and we went back a short distance. A courier rode up on a spirited horse and said Gen. Lee said we must go back to the fence. Major Graves gave command by fours "right about wheel". I did not obey it and many others were in the same fix, for this order did not eliminate from the proper authority. There soon came another courier from Lee asking why we were not brought out. Graves told him we had been ordered back to the rock fence and he replied that it did not come from the proper source. We went back into camp that night and the next day we put out for the Potomac.

While feeding near Ocanquan [sic - Occoquan] Creek, I asked Major Breckenridge to look at my horse as I did not think he would do to go on a long trip. He told me not to attempt to go, so I rested my horse in the country between Front Royal and Winchester, making my way to Williamsport. I crossed the Potomac, which was very high, by the aid of a rope ferry, and met the army returning at Hagerstown. We had a brisk engagement with the enemy and held them till our forces could get across the river. It was past fording and we had to swim a portion of the way and were fired upon while crossing. We returned to the vicinity of Rapidan, our army in a shattered condition. We picketed on the river with an occasional skirmish until the battle of Mine Run, Nov. 26th and 28th, 1863.

Our troops then went into winter quarters. Our regiment was camped at Orange C. H. and we had occasional skirmishing until March 1, 1864. We then fought the raiders at Stanardsville, Bartron Ford, and it was here we lost the gallant Lieutenant Wm. Parker. It was here that James Robertson concluded that Gen. Stuart never got into a fight and he was willing to follow him that day. Poor boy, he got into trouble.

It was in this fight that our squadron of Sharp Shooters did excellent service in saving our regiment when about to stampede. We were dismounted and in

ambush when our regiment was overpowered and came back in double quick time, with the Yankees close to their heels. We let our men pass us, and we poured volley after volley into their ranks which caused them to stop and meditate. We came off the field in good order. It was in this fight that James Morgan said it was his first fight and he felt very green but wanted to be a good soldier. He had heard an old soldier in camp tell how he had devoured the Yankees, so he concluded to do just like this soldier did and go as far as he did in the fight. It was six miles back to Orange C. H. but this old soldier ran back to that town and he followed him. We skirmished till May 8th when Todd's Tavern No. 2 came off which lasted till late in the evening of the 9th. We lost in this fight, eighteen killed and wounded. We fought behind logs piled across the road, and a large body of woods, and the greater portion of our lines were fortified with old logs and trees cut down.



Battle of the Wilderness, May 1864

To be continued in the next issue.

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28	Continued Autobiography of Moses P. Rucker

To be concluded in the next issue.

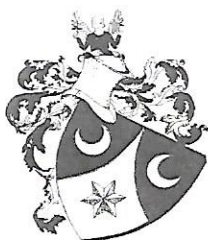
Ahmed Rucker's Burial Discovered



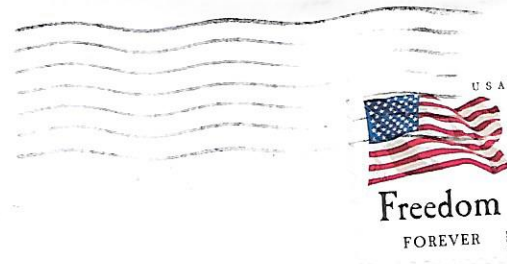
Recently, RFS member Micki Rigney (Ahmed is Micki's three times great-grandfather) forwarded some pictures to Treasurer and Board Member Alice Rucker of the grave markers for Ahmed Rucker. Reverend Ahmed Rucker was featured in articles in the September and December issues of the RFS Newsletter (Vol. 21, Nos. 3 and 4) based on research Alice had done over the past several years. Alice had always thought that Ahmed's wishes had been followed and he had been buried in the apple orchard on his property. As it turns out, Ahmed was buried in the Winchester City Cemetery, Winchester, Scott Co., Illinois (Scott County is in the west-central part of Illinois). Thanks Micki for this information. Ahmed's headstone reads:

Sacred
to the
memory of
the Rev
Ahmed Rucker
who departed this life
June 2, 1840 aged 64 years
blessed are the dead
that die in the Lord

The RUCKER *family* SOCIETY



Rucker



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