

W I N T E R E D I T I O N

the
RUCKER FAMILY SOCIETY

VOL. 22, NO. 4, DECEMBER 2011

RFS Richmond Reunion

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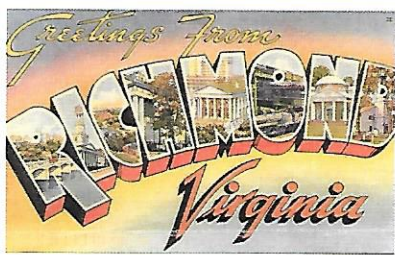


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Join Us for the 2012 Rucker Family Society Reunion in Richmond!

Everyone is invited to come and join us in Richmond, Virginia, June 21 to 24, for our 2012 Reunion! 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:(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 is \$129. The rate includes a full hot breakfast made to order, and the Manager's Cocktail Reception.

The Rucker – Dearing Feud in Amherst County, Virginia

by Christopher D. Rucker, MD



During a 1999 visit to Amherst, Virginia to research the lives of the local Ruckers who fought for the Confederacy during the War Between the States, I came across the following in the “Rucker File” at the Amherst County Historical Museum.

The Rucker – Dearing Feud as told to “Us”

After Bill Dearing had been badly beaten by Vol and Ambrose Rucker, his mother sent him out to get revenge. Several months later Mr. Dearing took his rifle and went down to Bethel store knowing that Vol Rucker would ride in sometime during the day. There he took position on the store porch and waited for him to appear. Finally he saw Vol Rucker coming around the curve. Mr. Rucker had heard that Dearing was going to kill

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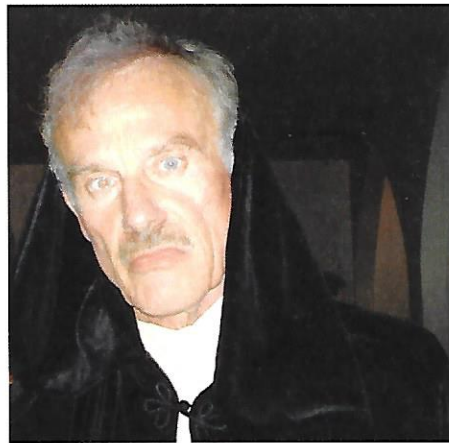
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RFS Reunion

(continued from page 1)



Michael P. "Mike" Rucker, a practiced narrator of the works of Edgar A. Poe, will perform in character on Friday evening, June 22.

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. The schedule of events is tentative until registration forms for the reunion are mailed; check the Rucker Family Society webpage for an updated schedule. The tentative schedule is - Thursday, June 21 - Library or Research Day: following are some of the options for genealogical and historical research in Richmond, and special interest museums. Members can consult the organization's website for holdings, locations, hours of operation, etc. by clicking on the highlighted link on the RFS webpage; Library of Virginia (excellent for genealogical research); Virginia Historical Society (archives, exhibits,

research); the Valentine Richmond History Center (archives, exhibits, research); Huguenot Society of Manakin Library; Virginia Huguenot heritage; the Museum of Edgar Allan Poe, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts; and the American Civil War Center at Historic Tredegar. - Friday Friday, June 22 - Carpool to tour destinations; Guided Walking Tour of Hollywood Cemetery; Museum and Whitehouse of the Confederacy; Guided Walking Tour of the; Canal Boats and Cobblestones; Edgar Allan Poe program with Mr. Michael Rucker - Saturday, June 23 - RFS Board Meeting at the hotel; Blandford Church and Petersburg Civil War Battlefield - Sunday, June 24 - Buffet Luncheon at hotel, auction and general session of the RFS.

The Rucker-Dearing Feud

(continued from page 1)

him on sight and therefore was carrying his rifle. Dearing took aim and pulled the trigger but Vol Rucker's unbroken colt reared just in time to save Mr. Rucker's life. The colt was killed instead of Mr. Rucker. He then took deliberate aim and before Mr. Dearing could step aside killed him.

There was nothing to indicate the author or when it was written, and my inquiries of the museum staff and Rucker genealogists were fruitless. My interest piqued, I dug deeper. The Amherst County



William A. Dearing portrait, owned and reproduced by permission of his descendant, Mr. Dudley Chapman of Falls Church, VA

Order Book showed that Valentine “Vol” Rucker was arrested for the shooting of William A. Dearing on 30 December, 1862, and was charged with murder when Dearing died the next day.¹ In May of the next year, Rucker was judged not guilty.² Armed with a date, my search of the archived Lynchburg newspaper revealed nothing of the events. This seemed to be the end of the trail, until a remarkable discovery ten years later.

The Rucker⁷ brothers (lineage Edwin⁶, Ambrose⁵, Reuben⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹) were born into a prominent and prosperous family at “The Orchards” in Amherst County, part of John Rucker’s patent in 1739; its location is marked today by the Graham Cove cemetery, where lie the remains of the brothers’ parents, and Ambrose.³

In 1860, the household consisted of brothers Valentine, Ambrose Clark, and William F., sister Lucy, half-sisters Cora and Mary, and Ambrose’s son, Edwin Samuel.⁴ The family owned forty slaves.⁵ On the adjoining property lived William Alexander Dearing, his wife Jane, three children,⁶ and fourteen slaves;⁷ Dearing had bought the property in 1850 while in Rappahannock, and built “Speed the Plough” which is today a Bed and Breakfast.⁸ By the end of 1862, Valentine had returned from the War, having lost reelection as Lieutenant of the Amherst cavalry unit.⁹ A physically powerful man of six feet, he had distinguished himself in battle by saving his captain’s life in a hand-to-hand saber fight,¹⁰ suggesting that he was fearless and aggressive. It seems that he was usually in the thick of a fight: a Richmond newspaper mistakenly reported him dead after the First Battle of Manassas.¹¹ His brother, “Long Ambrose,” was seven inches taller than Valentine,¹² and one hopes that his disposition was not commensurately worse. I wondered what caused the disagreement between the Rucker brothers and Dearing, and what physical injury the Ruckers might have inflicted. Whether Dearing’s mother, Ann, sent him out for revenge is doubtful: she was in Rappahannock from 1850 to 1880 and there’s no evidence that she ever moved to Amherst County.¹³⁻¹⁶ I also questioned Rucker’s

“unbroken colt” taking the bullet meant for Valentine; it’s doubtful that any cavalry veteran would ride an unbroken horse on an errand to the store.

Valentine married Arianna West in 1864,¹⁷ and never had children. He was a prominent citizen, a successful orchardist with apples in Amherst and oranges in Florida, and could afford treatment at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for his eventually fatal disease.¹⁸ He is buried in his wife’s family plot at Spring Hill Cemetery in Lynchburg, Virginia.¹⁹



“Speed the Plough” mansion house c. 1850 by contemporary artist Peyton Baber, courtesy of Rowland and Lorri Girling, proprietors of the “Speed the Plough” Bed and Breakfast in Elon, Virginia.

I thought that was all I would ever know about Valentine’s violent, feuding past, until ten years later, when I “Googled” his name. Eureka and mirabile dictu! On the Afrigeneas genealogy forum, there was an exchange between a lady researching her Campbell County, VA slave ancestors, and a lady with a document relating to an Amherst County slave, a murder, and one Valentine

Rucker! After I tracked down Vickie Iton of South Orange, NJ, she graciously sent me her family information pertaining to slave ancestors, and the illustrated document, my transcription of which follows.

June 2, 1904

James J. Woodruff

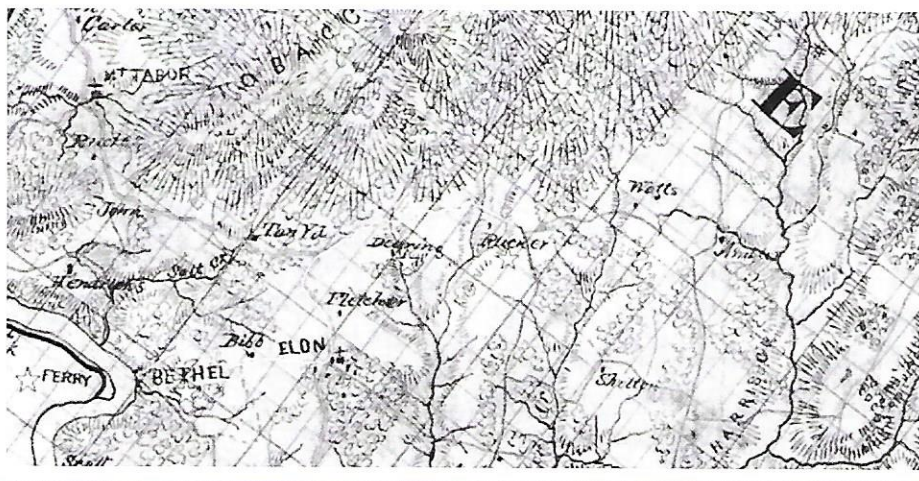
Mary Morris mother of Ann Morris slave of the Dearings & Garlans Dearing had on road to Elon hid from Valentine ("Vol") Rucker. (Nathan Rucker & Daniel Rucker were (good natured) Dearing & Rucker had argument about a line fence, Vol Rucker killed Dearing. Vol afraid of Dearing Dearing shot ? Rucker ? Rucker on horse Dearing hid behind bush with Colt Shot five times "my conscience" suffers Vol killed Dearing. Carried Dearing upstairs in post office at Salt Creek. Died after a few days. Miss Jane Dearing ? after Rucker with a shotgun Winchester across saddle. rode across fields around fields Livery stable at ferry 15¢ horse led over Dearing waited for Vol Rucker to return from Lynchburg.

Here, then, is a slave's eyewitness account of the shooting. James Jefferson Woodruff, born in 1854,²⁰ was the son of a Rucker slave named Wyatt,²¹ who was a wedding gift in 1859 to Nathan⁶ Dawson Rucker and Mary

June 2, 1904
James J. Woodruff
Mary Morris (mother of Ann Morris)
slave of the Dearing & Garlans
Dearing had on road to Elon hid from Valentine ("Vol") Rucker.
Vol Rucker killed Dearing. Vol afraid of Dearing Dearing shot ? Rucker ? Rucker on horse Dearing hid behind bush with Colt Shot five times "my conscience" suffers Vol killed Dearing. Carried Dearing upstairs in post office at Salt Creek. Died after a few days. Miss Jane Dearing ? after Rucker with a shotgun Winchester across saddle. rode across fields around fields Livery stable at ferry 15¢ horse led over Dearing waited for Vol Rucker to return from Lynchburg.

Woodruff.²² Mary Morris was twenty-seven years old at the time of the shooting; her daughter was

born in 1875.²⁴ It seems that Woodruff was being interviewed by someone researching the family tree, and the style of the narrative suggests that these were notes taken as he spoke about the events witnessed by his mother-in-law, Mary, as related by her daughter, Ann. The notes are recopied on a government form dated July 1943. The "Garlans" were the Garland family. The Nathan Dawson Rucker and Daniel⁶ H. Rucker homes were next to the home of James and his parents,²⁵ so he would have been familiar with their "good nature" as opposed to the violent temperament of their nephew, Valentine. The Bethel community, also called Salt Creek, was on the Amherst side of the James River, and the ferry connected it to Lynchburg, on the Bedford side. The gist of the story is clear, adding to the legend found in the museum file. The Ruckers and the Dearings quarreled over a fence between their properties, tempers flared and led to a fist fight, Dearing plotted revenge and ambushed Valentine after he returned from a trip across the James River to Lynchburg, emptying his revolver but missing his mark, and Valentine fatally wounded him in self defense. The narrative is tantalizingly unclear on whether Dearing's wife then came after Rucker to exact her own revenge, or whether it was Valentine carrying the repeating Winchester rifle (more likely a



Historic map of part of central Virginia showing Elon and Bethel, and the James River

Spencer rifle from his War service) when he was ambushed. Tragically, for the next forty years the Dearing and Rucker families lived next door to one another, sharing the same line fence which started the feud.²⁶

The morals of the story are that persistence in genealogic research can be rewarded, that kind strangers may hold the key to your puzzle, and that good fences don't always make good neighbors.

Endnotes

¹ *Amherst County Order Book 1859-63*, p. 349.

² *Ibid.*, p. 368.

³ *The Rucker Family Genealogy*, Sudie Rucker Wood, (Richmond, 1932), p. 82.

⁴ *1860 US Federal Census*, Amherst Co., VA, residence # 1096, family # 1092.

⁵ *1860 US Federal Census Slaves Schedules*, Amherst Co., VA, p. 61.

⁶ *1860 US Federal Census*, Amherst Co., VA, residence # 1097, family #1093.

⁷ *Slaves Schedules*, Amherst, VA, p. 61.

⁸ *National Register of Historic Places Registration Form*, US Dept. of the Interior, http://historytech.com/images/stories/files005-0040_SpeedthePlough

⁹ *Compiled Service Records of Confederate Soldiers Who Served in Organizations from the State of Virginia First Bttn. Pe-Sp.*

¹⁰ Wood, p. 82.

¹¹ *Richmond Times Dispatch* July 26, 1861, "The Battle of Stone Bridge"

¹² Wood, p. 83.

¹³ *1850 US Federal Census*, Rappahannock Co., VA, family # 517.

¹⁴ *1860 US Federal Census*, Flint Hill Post Office, Rappahannock Co., VA, family # 567.

¹⁵ *1870 US Federal Census*, Wakefield Township, Rappahannock Co., VA, family # 131.

¹⁶ *1880 US Federal Census*, Wakefield Township, Rappahannock Co., VA, family # 273.

¹⁷ *Marriages Bedford County 1853-1908*, reel 6.

¹⁸ *Lynchburg Virginian*, 7/13/1900, p.4, col.2; 7/14/1900, p.8, col.2.

¹⁹ author's personal visit.

²⁰ Woodruff family Bible, courtesy of Vickie Iton, South Orange, NJ.

²¹ *1870 US Federal Census*, Pedlar Township, Amherst Co., VA, image 17/p. 17, residence # 145.

²² Iton, personal communication.

²³ *1870 US Federal Census*, Harris Creek Post Office, Elon, Amherst Co., VA, family # 333.

²⁴ Woodruff family Bible.

²⁵ *1870 US Federal Census*, Pedlar Township, Amherst Co., VA, image 17/p. 17, residences 145, 149, 150.

²⁶ *1900 US Federal Census*, Elon, Amherst Co., VA, residences 291 and 295.



In Memoriam



Robert Saunders Rucker, 91, of Bedford, VA, died on November 6, 2011. An avid reader, gardener, dedicated Francophile, lover of politics and history, descendant of French Huguenots, and lifetime native of Bedford. He attended Virginia Military Institute (VMI) and received his degree from Lynchburg College, served in the last U.S. Horse Cavalry at Ft.

Riley, KS, and worked as a salesman most of his life.

Born November 1, 1920, he was preceded in death by his parents the late Henry Latham Rucker and Francis Blanche Saunders Rucker; and his brother, Henry Latham Rucker Jr.

Bob is survived by his wife of 50 years, Marjorie Bayse Rucker; three children, Robert Saunders Rucker Jr., James Leonard Rucker and wife, Anne, and Ann Rucker O'Connor and husband, Timothy; and four grandchildren, Hannah, Carmen, Edward, and Henry.

Robert⁹ Saunders Rucker's lineage is: Henry⁸ Latham, Samuel⁷ Burks, William⁶ Garland, Garland⁵, Ambrose⁴, Ambrose³, John², Peter¹.

Claudia Ann Guffin Rucker, age 71, of Fairfax, passed away November 24, 2011. Claudia Ann Guffin was born March 1, 1940 in San Mateo Co., California, and was a graduate of Fremont High in 1957. After attending San Jose State she worked at the Radiation Laboratory at the University of California at Berkeley, and was later employed by Hewlett-Packard, where she met Richard, her future husband. They were married June 9, 1962 in Santa Clara Co., California. She and her husband moved to Fairfax City in 1963, where they were active in the arts community. She is preceded in death by her husband, Richard A. Rucker, who died in April 2009, and is survived by her sons Brian D. Rucker and Kevin M. Rucker and sister Linda C. Ratcliff.

Mildred Rucker Kallenbach, 91, of Valley Center, Sedgwick Co., Kansas, died on May 1, 2011. She was born January 14, 1920 in Wichita, KS, the daughter of Ira M. and Lottie (Bridges) Rucker. She was preceded in death by her husband, Donald E. Kallenbach, who died in 1993. She is survived by her children Mike Kallenbach of Wichita, Ron Kallenbach, and Susan and Craig Scribner of Valley Center; 11 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren; her sisters Beverly and Max McAllister of Wichita, Patsy and Paul Boles of Liberal, KS, and sister-in-law Darlene Rucker of Burdett, KS.

Mildred⁸ Rucker Kallenbach's lineage is: Ira⁷ M. Rucker, John⁶ L., William⁵, James⁴ M., Mordecai³, William², Peter¹.

James Mason Rucker, 85, born in Petersburg, Virginia on May 18, 1926, the son of Claude L and Roberta Rucker, and died November 25, 2011. He served in the Merchant Marine in World War II, the Korean and Viet Nam Wars, and was retired from the Merchant Marine and Bethlehem Steel. She is survived by his wife Renee; his daughters Sharon Gibson, Linda Slivkoff, Kimbra Massaker and Callie M. Rucker; his grandchildren Michael and Kristina; and great-grandchildren Tyler and Mandy.

Jim was a RFS board member between 1992-1998 and "collected" graveyard information for the society. James⁸ Mason "Jim" Rucker's lineage is: Claude⁷ Lee, James⁶ A., Anthony⁵

T. B., Absalom⁴, Anthony³, John², Peter¹.

The Autobiography of Moses Peter Rucker

Edited by Michael "Mike" P. Rucker



Moses Peter Rucker in Confederate uniform
He served in Co. F, 2nd Virginia Cavalry

Moses Peter Rucker was one of ten children reared on a farm in Moneta, Bedford County, Virginia. His birth date was March 10, 1837. He served in the 2nd Virginia cavalry during the Civil War. Late in his life he dictated his memoirs to his daughter-in-law, Eliza (Cauthorn) Rucker. This autobiography comprises 21 single spaced typed pages. It is in the Bedford County Museum and Historical Society archives. Mike edited out very little of this document because it provides such a fascinating insight into the milieu in which he lived.

"My father [Anthony Rucker] was in the War of 1812, and we supposed he must have been born

about 1793. He was a son of Captain Ambrose Rucker of Amherst County and was born there. He sprang from one of the finest families of Amherst County and so ranked among the first of Bedford. Captain Ambrose Rucker was said to be one of the finest judges of land in the country.

I have heard others speak of the condition of the land at that time. Wagons were hardly known. Tobacco was raised as the main crop to make money, and grain was raised for home consumption. No tobacco was sold loose, but sold in hogsheads, light enough to turn water. When tobacco was to be marketed, heavy rims called "fellows" were put on and an axle was put on in such a way, that with a horse pulling, it would roll. The equipage was carried in a frame above the hogshead. When a creek was forded, the horse was made to go as fast as possible to prevent the tobacco from getting wet.

I have never heard them speak of any place to market it but Lynch's Ferry on James River, now called Lynchburg. The price of tobacco seldom went over \$3.00 per hundred. The tobacco was shipped from Lynch's ferry in boats on the James River, but at a great risk. Tobacco was used as a medium to pay taxes. We had a good many slaves when I was a boy. The question would generally arise – "Where did those slaves come from?" They were brought here by people called slave traders who went to Africa and captured them

without law or authority. Their usual landing place was at New York, making it a very profitable investment of the people of the North.

They were held in bondage there until it was found to be unprofitable as the location was unhealthy for the negro. They were sold off to the South, which had a more favorable climate for them. The Northern States became manufacturing states and had no need of them. The South being a cotton-raising country and having a warmer climate was better suited to the negroes. The negroes could stand more heat than the white man and they were very profitable in raising cotton. Those slaves were kindly treated in most places, as well cared for as if they were the children of the whites. They were housed in good log cabins usually, well cared for and well fed. They were a profitable class of people and were sold and bought as property, and used as other property for taxation.

We had no free schools until after the Civil War, but each man had to pay for his own children. A teacher could not get a position unless he used the rod.

My mother was Margaret Hardy. She belonged to the Methodist Church. She was inclined to the Presbyterian Church but there was none near us. She was reared very strictly to observe the Sabbath. Her father didn't think it was right to ride horses that worked all week.

There was in the country then an old wag who had no occupation and roamed all over the country. He came to my father's house and was talking to my father in an intoxicated manner. My mother said, "Mr. Rucker, I wouldn't let Bob Jones talk that way in my house." Bob replied, "Yes, I know who reared you. You were raised by old Joe Hardy and lived on collards." This was very offensive to my mother.

On the 10th day of March, 1837 I was born. I can recollect as far back as 1840 when I would get in my mother's lap and nurse. She shamed me out of nursing by calling my attention to an old cat nursing her kittens on the hearth. She would call me a kitten, and I would bang that old cat every time she could come around.

My nurse was a genial, well-disposed, colored boy named Hanibal, and it was his delight to please me. He lived to be grown and died. He was very dear to me and I grieved over Hanibal's death as though he were a dear connection. He never called me by my name. It was "Lick" or "Grey-eyed Perdue." My hair was naturally curly, but more so when it was going to rain. Hanibal would say, "It is going to rain. Lick's hair is curling."

In 1842 I started school as company for my sister, Mack, who had no one to go with her. My teacher's name was Hasten Amix, and he was a tyrant. He treated me as though he thought it

was absolutely necessary to use the switch every day. When I would go to sleep he would cool off with a gourd of cold water. He was a high-tempered wretch. The larger boys would often sympathize with me and say they were going to do with him if he did not quit whipping me. I would always believe them, but they never came to time.

The school house was a log-bodied house and the cracks were daubed with mud. Chestnut trees split open with legs put to them were our benches. More attention was paid to writing then than now. At that time it was thought to be a great accomplishment to write well. We had one log cut out of the house on one side to give us light and certain hours to write. The window had neither glass nor sash in it; but a plank fastened with leather hinges on the outside which we could raise and give light while writing, much to our discomfort in cold weather. We had no bucket in which bring water from the spring close by. When we wanted water, we would go to the spring and get it two of us at a time. There was a paddle hanging by a string, "out" written on one side, "in" on the other. When we would go out we would turn that side, and when we came back in we would turn the side written "in." There was a heavy penalty if we failed to attend to it.

The larger boys concluded on one Easter Monday that they would turn the teacher out and have holiday. They came in that

morning earlier than common and matured their plans. The piled those old slab benches against the door and nailed down the window. That was gala time for me, and I thought my deliverance had come. After a while the teacher came and ordered the door to be opened. The boys told him they wanted a holiday. He got something and prized open the door and that old long window was full of boys at once. Some went clear and some got caught. He was so mad he threw a mattock at them scalped the hat of one of the boys. The terms of surrender to the balance of us were these: if we would ask pardon and walk around an old writing table we would be pardoned. We all complied with these terms except bother Joseph. Who had to take a sound drubbing for humiliating himself. A goodly number of these boys never came back to school any more. Oh! How hated that man.

He boarded with my father and when Christmas came he and my brother Joseph undertook to celebrate the occasion by firing some heavily loaded guns. They filled each shot gun I supposed about one-eighth full of powder, and this teacher being the great "hero," of course, had to do the firing. The old gun burst and all the pieces never found. The teacher's arm was badly broken and he was bleeding so much they thought he would bleed to death. That was joyful news to me. My father had a great deal of presence

of mind and stopped the blood until the doctor could be gotten. His condition was critical, but in several weeks he was better and out of danger, which was bad news to me. I wanted him to die.

When he got well we started to school again. He put me in an advanced grammar and undertook to whip grammar into me. At the foot of the hill of all the cutting and lashing, he had it, but the result was complete failure. I knew no more about it when his school closed than when it commenced and had a perfect hatred of it. I recollect that my sister and I were given the smoke house keys to bring something to my mother, and each of us wanted the honor of carrying the keys. I was the stronger of the two and got possession of them. He was watching us, and the next Monday morning when I got to the school house he called me up and humbled my valor very much by giving me a thrashing for it. My older sisters would often get jokes on him and keep him angry.

He was studying law and while at supper one night he spoke of one of his clients who had been about to see him about some difficulty he had gotten into and how nicely he advised him to get out of the difficulty. An old lady, who was spending the night with us, was present while he was telling this. Yes, she said she had heard someone speaking of his ability as a lawyer. He reminded her, she said, of a calf, the more he sucked the larger he got, and the more he

studied the bigger fool he got. Amix turned to her and said – "Curse your old soul," – this was all of his reply. He closed his work in 1843.

In 1844 I was sent to school with a Mr. James E. Lazenby, who was good practical teacher though I had some boyish objections to him. He would put his hands over his face and pretend he was asleep. I would think him fast asleep and get into mischief., while all the time he would be peeping between his fingers. He also made a dunce bench which I did not fancy. It was very uncouth looking affair and it was very weak. In a short time this bench was found down in the pine thicket, dislocated in every joint. Mr. Lazenby was an acceptable teacher and gave satisfaction to the patrons.

I recall a little circumstance which happened while I was going to school to Mr. Lazenby. It had been prophesied by the Millerites that the world was coming to an end at a certain time. One of the bad little boys drew up close to me and in a low whisper asked me if I knew that the world was coming to an end. I told him that I did not know it and I thought – "What a lie!" He replied that it was true for God Almighty has already killed two men and bag full of flies. This was more amusing to me than scary and caused me to laugh and come in contact with the teacher.

To be continued in the next issue.

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20	Jeannie-alogy
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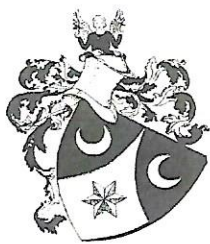
21	Engineer Steven L. Rucker 1965-2003-A Memorial; E. Rucker Agee-Map Collector
22	Continued E. Rucker Agee
23	Continued E. Rucker Agee
24	Continued E. Rucker Agee
25	Continued E. Rucker Agee; Continued Steven L. Rucker
26	Continued Steven L. Rucker
27	Continued Steven L. Rucker; John and Ruth Rucker Celebrate 90 th Birthdays
28	Continued 90 th Birthdays; "Bill Rucker"
29	Continued "Bill Rucker"
30	African-American Corner-Slave Schedules; Questions and Answers
31	Continued Questions and Answers; 2004 Rucker Reunion and Batteau Festival; Research Nurse, Steve Rucker-First Ebola Vaccine Volunteer
32	Continued Research Nurse, Steve Rucker; Another Legend of Peter Rucker's Arrival in America; In Memoriam: Mary "Doris" Edwards
33	Continued In Memoriam: Courtney Rucker, Corine Rucker Williams; Death Notices
34	Postscript from Allen Rucker, Bob Easter, Realtor and Author; Genealogical Treasures-A Commentary; What do you plan to do with your genealogy papers?
35	A Family Wedding-Marion Lee Addison and Chadwick Parker Lesley
36	Editor's Note
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1	High Water on the James
2	Continued High Water
3	Continued High Water
4	Continued High Water; Ancestral Rucker Photos; Old Photo of L. M. Rucker
5	In Memoriam: Robert Brydon III, Katherine "Kitty" Rucker
6	Continued In Memoriam: Eva Rucker Franklin; Ruckers in the News
7	Dr. J. J. Rucker

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.

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

The RUCKER *family* SOCIETY

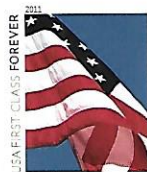


Rucker

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