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Ruffner Roots and Ramblings, Vol. 8, Issue 2

Ruffner Family Association

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RUFFNER ROOTS & RAMBLINGS

Volume 8, Issue #2

June 2005

Explore the Wonders of Lancaster County

Visit a land where time has stood still,
a land of old world charm and handcrafted heirlooms,
a land of cultural diversity, natural beauty and history,
and a land of unlimited family fun.

It's not too late to register for the 2005 Ruffner Family Reunion, June 24-26. Our headquarters hotel is the Bird-in-Hand Family Inn in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch Country. The theme of this year's reunion is "Honoring our Ruffner Mothers."

On site registration begins Friday, June 24th, at 10am. Our hospitality suite will be open all day Friday and Saturday with exhibits and silent auction items on display. We will have an outdoor tent at the Bird-in-Hand Inn on Friday and Saturday for socializing. If you are driving to the reunion and have room in your vehicle, please bring a couple of lawn chairs. They may come in handy for sitting outdoors at the Inn or at the Sunday picnic.

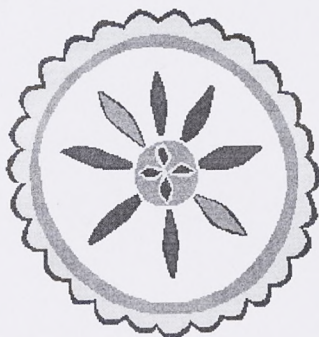
The Lancaster County Historical Society and the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society, both located in Lancaster City, will be open on Friday and Saturday. They charge a daily rate and have family information ~ look for Steinman, Stoneman, Stehman.

For additional information on area attractions, the following websites will provide you with a good overview: <http://www.800padutch.com/> and http://www.hersheyfarm.com/local_attractions.asp.

Maps and directions will be provided for self-guided tours of the area on Saturday, June 25th. Our family banquet that evening will be held at Hershey Farms with authentic Pennsylvania Dutch cuisine and entertainment provided by Larry Ruffner and members of our talented family.

On Sunday, June 26th, we will travel to the Conestoga Historical Society, near where Joseph & Fronica Steinman settled in the early 1700s and where our first American mother, Mary Steinman, grew to womanhood and married Peter Ruffner in 1739. There we will partake of a delightful picnic lunch and record the Ruffner family return to Lancaster County with official family photographs.

For registration information, please contact ~
Phyllis Hershock, 2005 Reunion Chair
2575 Sandy Lane, York, PA 17402 ~
(717) 755-6574 or email: chershock@cyberia.com.



In Memory of Virginia Rigg

1904 ~ 2005

Peter ~ Benjamin I ~ Benjamin II ~ Andrew Harrison ~ Harrison Newton ~ Alma Rosella (Ruffner) Rigg

We lovingly dedicate this issue of RR&R to the memory of Virginia Rigg. The lovely lady many of us affectionately knew as "Ginny" peacefully passed away at her home in Denver, Colorado on April 10, 2005, just short of her 101st birthday.

Virginia was one of Colorado's premier piano teachers and a former University of Denver professor. She taught for eighty-seven years and gave her last lesson one week prior to her death. She lived a full and rewarding life as a mentor, teacher, activist and individualist.

She was born in a company house at the Union Stockyards on July 2, 1904, the youngest daughter of Samuel Rodem Rigg [1854-1929] and Alma Rosella (Ruffner) Rigg [1860-1966], both natives of Illinois who were born before the Civil War. After moving to Colorado they farmed near Derby. Samuel was Superintendent of the Denver Union Stockyards prior to being appointed by Governor William E. Sweet to fill a vacancy with the Adams County Commissioners. He was elected again to that position which he held until his death in 1929.

Virginia's mother, Alma, was a piano teacher whose students resided throughout the Denver area making her a familiar sight, traveling in her horse and buggy from house to house giving lessons, often for barter. In 1928 she became a writer under the pen name of Quaintance Leith. She died at the age of 106 in 1966.

In 1906, the family moved to Westminster, where Virginia grew up and attended Westminster Grade School. She graduated in 1922 from North High School in Denver.

Virginia began her teaching career in 1918. She was a piano student at the Wolcott School of Music, which became the Denver Academy of Music. She graduated in 1926 and went on to teach at the Wolcott School, Colorado Women's College, Denver Academy of Music and the Lamont School of Music, retiring as an Associate Professor in Music at the University of Denver in 1960. Thereafter, she taught privately and continuously in her studio/home near the University.

Virginia was honored on her 100th Birthday with a concert in Hamilton Hall of Lamont School of Music at the Robert and Judi Newman Center for the Performing Arts on the University of Denver Campus, July 2, 2004 (see RR&R, September 2004).



She was the recipient in 1996 of the Orah Ashley Lamke Distinguished Alumni Award of Mu Phi Epsilon Music Fraternity. She held a Life Membership in Eastern Star. In 1981 she was awarded an Honorary Life Membership in the Colorado State Music Teachers Association of which she was a charter member and president in 1941. In 1999 she received the Award for Historical Preservation ~ Special Recognition from the Westminster Historical Society. She was a Director Emeritus of the Newman Family Society and the Ruffner Family Association, both national organizations dedicated to the preservation of our national genealogical and historical heritage. Her ancestral roots were planted deep in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia before the American Revolution and in Central Illinois before the Civil War.

In 1928, she cast her first vote in a national election. Always interested in politics, she had been an active precinct worker and was proud to vote in the 2004 national election. Denver Mayor Hickenlooper in his proclamation on the occasion of her 100th birthday, called Virginia an "esteemed citizen of the City of Denver, Colorado, whose contribution to the musical heritage of our city was profound. Her love of our nation, our state and our City of Denver, had been demonstrated by her political activism, having lived during the time when women did not have the right to vote."

Virginia is survived by a niece, Harriet Rigg McCracken and nephew, Richard Rigg both of San Jose, CA; three grand nieces: Shirley Ann Sheets of Denver, Jane Webber of Broomfield, CO and Harriet Schetzle of Moab, UT; four grand nephews: Richard McCracken of Menlo Park, CA, David McCracken of Aptos, CA, Douglas McCracken of Redwood Shores, CA and Robert Sheets of Denver; and three great grand nephews and a great grand niece.

Burial was by cremation with interment at Crown Hill Cemetery, Denver, on April 21, 2005. A Memorial Concert was performed at 12 Noon on Saturday, April 30, 2005, in Hamilton Hall of the Newman Performing Arts Center, University of Denver.

Contributions in her memory can be made to the "University of Denver" for the "Virginia Rigg Memorial Piano Scholarships," c/o Richard Holz, University of Denver, 2190 South High Street, Denver, CO 80208.

(See additional memorials on page 11.)

A Message from our President

Call to Meeting

The 7th Annual Meeting of the Ruffner Family Association will be held on **Friday, June 24, 2005**, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, during our biennial family reunion.

There has been a lot of work, by few people, to make this year's reunion a reality. Everyone involved is looking forward to greeting and meeting family members and friends when they arrive in Lancaster County. I am sure there will be a few first time attendees and some who were not able to attend the Arizona reunion in 2003.

This issue of *Ruffner Roots & Ramblings* is considered the final newsletter with Joan Ruffner Reid serving as its full time editor. Joan has done an outstanding job in putting together a very informative quarterly publication for the past eight years. RR&R has found its way into libraries and homes throughout the country.

One thing I believe which really sets our newspaper apart from other family newsletters is the ability to consistently generate quality articles and news. From historical stories and series ~ to profiles of individuals in the Ruffner family ~ and news items to our membership and friends concerning upcoming events or ongoing concerns of the RFA ~ RR&R has been **THE SOURCE** of our family information for the past eight years.

While Joan has sought input and editorial feedback within the organization with each issue, she has been the energy behind the gathering of this information. Joan is the one who gets a fragment of a story and tracks down "the expert" to fill the gaps. She has also sent story ideas around that may not have come together yet, but may someday. The Ruffner Family Association is truly indebted to Joan for the energy and vision which has resulted in the newsletter you have seen over the past eight years. To say she will be missed is truly an understatement.

Joan, I wish to thank you for your commitment to this organization. You have been there to provide your unique talents and we are all very grateful. Working with you on the newsletter has been a true pleasure and I look forward to working with you in whatever capacity you wish to serve within the Ruffner Family Association.

Dan Ruffner

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* * * * *

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www.ruffnerfamily.org

Chartered and incorporated in 1999, to support an association of members who will research and preserve their common heritage through the collection of artifacts and documents which form the basis of knowledge and appreciation of the historic role played by the Ruffner Descendants and their collateral lines in the settlement and development of the American Frontier.

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Tribute to our Retiring Editor Joan Evelyn (Ruffner) Reid

by Pamela (McNeely) Flasch

When Everett and Ruth (Reese) Ruffner welcomed their fourth child, little did they know they were making a major contribution to the Ruffner Family Association. A quiet child, who read and wrote before starting school, little Joan Evelyn found herself working as a teacher's aide at the age of six. She hasn't stopped working since.

Growing up in the German Village section of Columbus, Joan won a few spelling bees and learned to play the violin. Her father became ill during her junior high years and so upon entering high school Joan went to work after school to help with family expenses. Having completed a commercial course in high school, she found her niche in business offices and worked for many years as a secretary/comptroller for an architectural firm. During these years, Everett passed away and Joan and Ruth often lived together.

At a Hungarian restaurant down the street from her office Joan entered a "staring contest" with a handsome young salesman. He soon joined the table where Joan and other singletons discussed "everything from the price of bread to politics...shades of the old Angonquin Hotel in New York." He introduced himself as Ken Reid and after six months of daily lunches, he asked our cousin on a date, which was to a Tony Bennett concert. Seven months later they were engaged and in September of 1968 they married. Joan once asked Ken why it took him so long to ask her out. "Well," he replied, "You ate so much lunch, I didn't think I could afford to feed you."

Since 1988 the happy couple have been residents of Whitehall, another Columbus suburb. Joan retired from the association management business in 1997 and worked part-time for the Ohio Nurses Association until 2000 to become a full-time housewife. She also keeps the books for Ken's office supply business.

"Although we were never blessed with children," Joan says, "We have kept very busy with our siblings, 21 nieces and nephews, 33 great nieces and nephews, 3 great-greats, cousins by the dozens and a wealth of good friends."



Between Elementary & Junior High - 1947



Joan & Ken Reid ~ 1990

"I undertook the editing of Ruffner Roots & Ramblings in 1997, after a need for a newsletter was discussed during the Ruffner Family Reunion in Luray that year. It has been a rewarding experience which has brought me into contact with unforgettable 'cousins' and many other interesting people throughout the United States. I hope to remain a contributor to the newsletter and an active working member of the Ruffner Family Association for the rest of my life."

Joan Ruffner Reid is the face and heart and the soul of our association. She keeps us informed and connected. She consistently produces a quality newsletter on time. Joan does this with a cheerful and professional attitude. Each reminder from her is signed, "Love, Joan." Each issue is chock-full of interesting articles, news, letters and photos. To say that we are grateful would be an understatement.

Enjoy your latest retirement, Joan!

Richard ~ A Little Boy Lost

by Betty Lou (Deebach) Gaeng

Descendant of Peter Ruffner, Jr.



Richard Wallace ~ born 1899

When I was young my great aunt Maude lived with us, until she died in 1946 when I was 19 years old. She was the daughter of my great grandmother Martha/Mattie (Ruffner) Tutt, of whom I wrote the story *Luray, Virginia to Yakima, Washington* (Dec. 2002 issue of RR&R). Aunt Maude always kept the photo of a little boy Richard Wallace nearby. Maude was married twice, both times late in life, and she never had any children of her own, but for four years Richard had been hers to love and care for. I always thought he looked so very cute in this picture, but kind of sad. Now, I wonder if Richard and Maude both knew he would be leaving soon. His fancy shirt and pants were made for him by my great grandmother Mattie. Before I tell the story, however, I must mention that the Ruffner and Tutt families, dating back to the time they were in Virginia, often cared for children that needed a home during times of trouble.

This is the story of a little boy, Richard S. Wallace, born in 1899 in Montana. In April of 1901, while my family, consisting of Martha (Ruffner) Tutt, my grandfather Lee Tutt, his brother James and sister Maude, lived in Great Falls, Montana, the police took Richard to the Tutt home and placed him in their care. When he was only two years old, Richard's mother, a young unmarried girl of Irish descent, left him on the platform of the train depot in Great Falls. His father, also named Richard Wallace, found him there and took him to the police so they could find a home for him, and that is how he ended up living with the Ruffner/Tutt family. The elder Richard Wallace was a man of mixed Caucasian and Native American blood, who had grown up on the Crow Indian Reservation in Rosebud County [now Big Horn], Montana, and was already married. My grandfather Lee was in the newspaper business and his work took him to different places and the family moved with him. They went to Grand Forks, British Columbia, Canada (where

my mother was born in 1903). In 1905, Mattie, Maude and little Richard, were living in Pendleton, Oregon with James. That year in Pendleton, Richard's mother attempted to kidnap him, but she was caught by the police. However, she was now married and was able to convince the authorities that she was capable of caring for her son, and Richard was turned over to his mother and stepfather. Aunt Maude always said that Richard went out of their lives forever. Even though his mother promised to keep in touch and let them know how he was doing, they never heard from her again. Maude always mourned the loss of Richard, just as if he had been her own child, and to the date of her death she wondered about him.

Now through the wonders of the Internet, I located Richard Wallace! First at 11 years of age, living in Missoula, Montana with his mother and stepfather, John C. and Martha McFarland. Richard's stepfather John was a brakeman for the railroad there. Richard appears again in 1930, living in Portland, Oregon, 31 years old, and married for nine years to a lady named Leora. However, they did not have any children. Richard worked as a dock superintendent in the shipping industry along the Columbia River. He died April 2, 1963, at the age of 64, still living in Portland. Leora, his wife for 42 years, survived him. Aunt Maude would have been pleased to know that Richard had survived a traumatic childhood, and went on to live a normal and, I hope, a happy life.

This handsome boy in the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* outfit, grew up O.K. after all.

*People will not look forward to posterity
who never look backward to their ancestors.*

~ Edmund Burke



The Washed Window

For the young ex-slave a Vermont schoolteacher
opened the door to civilization

by Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

*(Reprinted with permission from a mid-1970
issue of American Heritage Magazine.)*

Older people in Arlington, Vermont, have a special interest in the last house you pass as you leave our village to drive to Cambridge. It was built and lived in for many years by our first, local skilled cabinetmaker. In the early days nearly every house had one or a few good pieces of professionally made furniture, brought up from Connecticut on horseback or in an oxcart. These were highly treasured. But the furniture made here was, for the first generation after 1764, put together by men who just wanted chairs, beds, and a table for the family meals—and those as fast as they could be slammed into shape. For many years Silas Knapp lived in that last house practicing his remarkable skill. Nearly every house of our town acquired in those years one or two pieces of his workmanship. They are now highly prized as “early Nineteenth-Century locally made antiques.”

He not only made many a fine chest of drawers and bedside stand there; he also brought up a fine family of children. You may never have noticed this house as you drove by, but once, some twenty or thirty years ago, a great American leader, who chanced to pass through Vermont, asked to be shown the old Knapp home. He had been delivering an important address to a large audience in Rutland. When he stood in front of the low old house he took off his hat and bowed his gray head in silence. Then he explained to the person who had driven him down to Arlington, “For me it is a shrine.”

This is the story behind that visit and of why it was to him a shrine. It goes back to the exciting, heart-shaking years of the Civil War. When that terrible passage in our history ended, it left in the South thousands and thousands of newly emancipated Negroes, free, but dishearteningly ignorant—ignorant not only of their letters but of the simplest ways of civilized life. In prewar days in the South, it had been a grave legal offense, punishable with heavy social and legal penalties, to help a Negro to literacy. Naturally, the white people of the South could not at once shift gears into the opposite attitude. Many of the first schools were taught by northern girls, keyed up to the crusader tensivity of purpose by the four years of war. **[See Editor's Note at the end of this article for a possible explanation of the following seven paragraphs which appear to be historically inaccurate.]**

Among these was young Viola Knapp, the schoolteacher daughter of the cabinetmaker who lived in that small house which we Arlington people pass every time we go to see a “down-the-river” friend. To the accompaniment of great anxiety, and great pride in her courage from her Arlington family and neighbors, she made the difficult trip from Arlington down South to one of the newly established schools for illiterate Negroes—they were all illiterate.

When she arrived at the rough, improvised little school, not nearly as well built or well equipped as the little district schools on our back roads, Viola Knapp found that she was regarded as a social outcast by all the white people in town. No one spoke to her, no one even looked at her. She had great difficulty in finding a place to live, and finally moved herself into a tumble-down, two-room, abandoned poor-white frame house close to the new school.

The ostracism was as complete as human imagination could make it. Her existence was ignored with great ingenuity. If she walked down one side of the street, any white person who happened to be on that side silently and instantly crossed over and walked on the other side. If she went into a shop to buy something, every white person present turned at once and went out, leaving her alone with the clerk, who served her without speaking or looking at her.

One would have thought that a blooming young woman in her twenties away from a good home for the first time would have suffered a good deal from this. So she might, except that she was from Vermont, and wasn't too much cast down, even by disapproval from others, if she herself felt sure she was doing the right thing. I won't say that she did not also find considerable satisfaction (she was human) in undergoing some martyrdom for a cause she considered good.

But evidently, from what followed, what most helped her ignore the disagreeable parts of her experience was her liking for another northern white person who was being ignored and ostracized in the same way. This was young Lieutenant Ruffner of the U.S. Army, stationed there to care for the military cemetery where Federal soldiers, killed in a battle near the town, were buried.

It did not take the two lively young outcasts long to make each other's acquaintance, and the acquaintance soon became an engagement. After a while, they were married. It turned out a very happy, lifelong mating. As time went on, the

(continued on page 7)

The Washed Window (from page 6)

young lieutenant rose in the Army, became a major, became a general. The Ruffners lived in many cities, towns and army posts, bringing up a fine crop of children who also turned out well.

Our Vermont Viola had a much more colorful and wide-horizoned life than she would have had if she had not gone a-crusading. Many years later, after his wife's death, Major Ruffner (I never understood why we always called him Major) used to come every once in a while to Arlington to see the people who had known his wife in her girlhood. He was quite an old man then, and glad to talk about his past to any younger generationer who would listen. I've heard him, many's the time, tell the story I'm setting down here.

But I have also heard it from the lips of the distinguished American educator who, as a boy, had been a student of Viola Knapp Ruffner. He became one of my father's valued friends in later years. This is about as he used to tell it to us, with many more details than I ever saw it given in print.

"I never knew exactly how old I was when I first saw Mrs. Ruffner, for in the days of slavery, family records—that is, black family records—were seldom kept. But from what I have been able to learn, I was born, a slave, on a Virginia plantation, about 1858. My home had been a log cabin with a dirt floor about fourteen by sixteen feet square. We slept on frowsy piles of filthy rags, laid on the dirt floor. Until I was quite a big youth I wore only one garment, a shirt made out of agonizingly rough refuse flax.

"We slaves ate corn bread and pork, because that could be grown on the plantation without cash expense. I had never seen anything except the slave quarters on the plantation where I was born, with a few glimpses of the 'big house' where our white owners lived. I cannot remember ever, during my childhood and youth, not one single time, when our family sat down together at a table to eat a meal as human families do. We ate as animals do, whenever and wherever an edible morsel was found. We usually took our food up in our fingers, sometimes from the skillet, sometimes from a tin plate held on our knees, and as we chewed on it held it as best we could in our hands.

"Life outside our cabin was as slovenly and disordered as inside. The white owners made no effort to keep things up. They really could not. Slaves worked; hence any form of work was too low for white people to do. Since white folks did no work, they did not know how work should be done. The untaught slaves, wholly ignorant of better standards, seldom got around to mending the fences, or putting back a lost hinge or a sagging gate or door. Weeds grew wild everywhere, even in the yard. Inside the big house, when a piece of plastering fell from a wall or ceiling, it was a long time before anybody could stir himself to get it replastered.

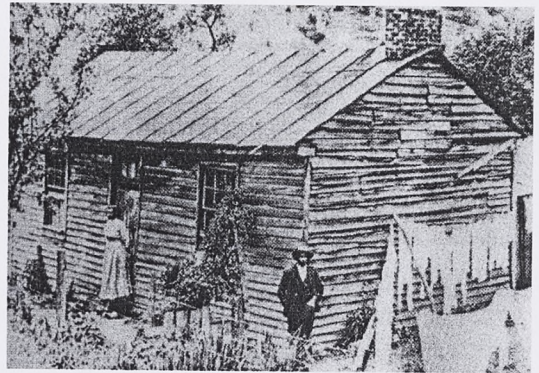
"After the end of the Civil War, when we were no longer slaves, my family moved to a settlement near a salt mine, where, although I was still only a child, I was employed—often beginning my day's work at four in the morning. We lived in even more dreadful squalor there, for our poor rickety cabin was in a crowded slum, foul with unspeakable dirt—literal and moral. As soon as I grew a little older and stronger, I was shifted from working in the salt mine to a coal mine. Both mines were then owned by General Lewis Ruffner.

"By that time I had learned my letters and could after a fashion read. Mostly I taught myself but with some irregular hours spent in a Negro night school, after an exhausting day's work in the mines. There were no public schools for ex-slaves; the poor, totally unequipped, bare room where colored people young and old crowded in to learn their letters was paid for by tiny contributions from the Negroes themselves.

"About that time I heard two pieces of news which were like very distant, very faint glimmers in the blackness of the coal mine in which nearly all my working hours were spent. One was about a school for colored students—Hampton Institute it was—where they could learn more than their letters. The other was that the wife of General Ruffner was from Vermont, that before her marriage she had been a teacher in one of the first schools for Negroes, and that she took an interest in the education of the colored people who worked for her.

"I also heard that she was so 'strict' that nobody could suit her, and that the colored boys who entered her service were so afraid of her and found her so impossible to please that they never stayed long. But the pay was five dollars a month, and keep. That was better than the coal mine—and then there was that chance that she might be willing to have me go on learning. I got up my courage to try. What could be worse than the way I was living and the hopelessness of anything better in the future?

"But I can just tell you that—great, lumbering, muscle-bound coal-mining boy that I was—I was trembling when I went to ask for that work. The Ruffners had just moved into an old house that had been empty for some time and they were not yet established, their furniture not unpacked, the outbuildings not repaired. When I first saw her Mrs. Ruffner was writing on an improvised desk which was a plank laid across two kegs.



Booker T. Washington Home, Malden WV

(continued on page 8)

The Washed Window (from page 7)

"I falteringly told her I had come to ask for work. She turned in her chair and looked at me silently. Nobody had ever looked at me like that, not at my rags and dirt but as if she wanted to see what kind of person I was. She had clear, steady gray eyes, I remember. Then she said, 'You can try.' After reflection she went on, 'You might as well start in by cleaning the woodshed. It looks as though it hadn't been touched for years.'

"She laid down her pen and took me through a narrow side passage out into the woodshed. It was dark and cluttered with all kinds of dirty, dusty things. A sour, mouldy smell came up from them. Great cobwebs, hung down from the rough rafters of the low, sloping roof. Stepping back for a moment, she brought out a dustpan and a broom. A shovel leaned against the woodshed wall. She put that in my hand and said, 'Now go ahead. Put the trash you clean out on that pile in the yard and we'll burn it up later. Anything that won't burn, like broken glass, put into that barrel.' Then she turned away and left me.

"You must remember that I never had done any work except perfectly rough, unskilled heavy labor. I had never cleaned a room in my life, I had never seen a clean room in my life. But I was used to doing as I was told and dead set on managing to go ahead with learning more than I would in that poor beginners' school room. So I began taking out things which anybody could see were trash, like mildewed rags, which fell apart into damp shreds the minute I touched them. There were, also, I remember, some mouldy heaps of I don't know what, garbage maybe, that had dried into shapeless chunks of bad-smelling filth. Glass was everywhere, broken empty whiskey bottles, bits of crockery ware. These I swept with the broom and picking up my sweepings in my hands (I had no idea what a dustpan was for) carried them outside.

"The shed looked to me so much better that I went in to find Mrs. Ruffner. She was still writing. I told her, 'I cleaned it.' Pushing back her chair she went out to the woodshed with me.

"She made no comment when she first opened the door and looked around her with clear gray eyes. Then she remarked quietly, 'There's still some things to attend to. Those pieces of wood over there you might pile up against the wall in the corner. They would do to burn. Be sure to clean the floor well before you start piling the wood on it. And here's another pile of rotten rags, you see. And that tangle behind the door. You'd better pull it all apart and see what's there. Throw away the trash that's mixed with it.' She turned to go back, saying, 'Just keep on till you've got it finished and then come and tell me.' She didn't speak kindly. She didn't speak unkindly. I looked at the woodshed with new eyes and saw that, sure enough, I'd only made a beginning. I began to pull at the odds and ends in that dusty mess behind the door. And to my astonishment I saw I was perspiring.

"The work wasn't hard for me, you understand. It was like little boy's play compared to the back-breaking labor I had always done. And it wasn't that I minded carrying around in my bare hands things slimy with rot nor having liquid filth drip on my ragged pants. I was used to dirt, and my hands were as calloused as my feet. I couldn't feel much with them. What made me sweat was the work I had to do with my mind.

"Always before, when somebody had given me a piece of work to do, he had stood right there to do all the thinking. 'Pull that piece of sacking out. That stick, put it on top of the woodpile. Those dried chicken bones, scrape them up from the dirt and throw them in the trash pile.' All I had to do was to plod along, doing what I was told.

"I was determined to do it right this time. Now that I was really thinking about what I was doing, I was amazed to see how little I had done, how much more there was to do than I had seen.

"I stooped to pull apart the grimy, mud-colored tangle heaped up back of the door. As I stirred it, a snake crawled out from under it and wriggled towards the door. A big fellow, I wasn't surprised. I was used to snakes. I dropped a stone on his head.

"Now I had come to a corner where chickens had evidently roosted. Everything was covered with their droppings, like smearings of white paint. I thought nothing of handling them, and taking up the body of one I found lying stiff and dead in the midst of the rubbish. More rotted rags, a stained, torn pair of pants, too far gone even for me to wear, still smelling foul. Some pieces of wood, not rotten, fit for fuel. Everything I came to, had first to be pulled loose from the things it was mixed up with, and enough of the dirt shaken off to let me make out what it was. And thus I had to think what to do with it. No wonder that the sweat ran down my face so that, to see, I had to wipe my eyes with the back of my hands.

"Finally, the last of the refuse was taken apart and cleared away and the litter and filth which had dropped from it to the floor as I worked was swept together and carried out to the trash pile. I kept looking over my shoulder for somebody to make the decisions, to tell me what to do. 'Throw that away. Save that. Put it with the firewood. Toss that into the barrel with the broken glass.' But there was nobody there to give me orders. I went in to get Mrs. Ruffner. 'I got it done,' I told her.

"Laying down her pen, she came again to see. I felt nervous as, silent and attentive, she ran those clear eyes of hers over what I had been doing. But I wasn't at all prepared to have her say again, 'That's better, but there's a great deal still to do. You haven't touched the cobwebs, I see.'

"I looked up at them, my lower jaw dropped in astonishment. Sure enough, there they hung in long, black festoons. I had not once lifted my head to see them. 'And how about washing the window? Here, step in here and get a pail of water for that. Here are some clean rags. You'll have to go over it several times.'

"She went back into the house and I stood shaken by more new ideas than I could tell you. I hadn't even noticed there
(continued on page 9)

The Washed Window (from page 8)

was a window, it was so thick with dust and cobwebs. I had never had anything to do with a glass window. In the dark cabins I had lived in, the windows were just holes cut in the walls.

"I set to work once more, the sweat running down my face. Suppose she wouldn't let me try to do her work. I never could get into Hampton. What if I just never could get the hang of her ways? Stricken, scared, I began again to clean that woodshed! I went over and over every corner of it. Once in a while I stopped stock-still to look at it, as I had never looked at anything before, trying really to see it. I don't know that I ever in my life afterwards cared about doing anything right as much as getting that little old wood shed clean.

"When I came to what I thought was the end, I stopped to get my breath. I looked up at the slanting roof. The rafters were not only cleared of cobwebs but bare of dust; the floor was swept clean, not a chip, not a thread, not a glint of broken glass on it. Piles of firewood against the walls. And the window! I had washed that window! Five times I had washed it. How it sparkled. How the strong sunshine poured through it. The woodshed was no rubbish pile. It was a room. to me it looked like a parlor. I was proud of it. I had never been proud of anything I had done until then.

"Then for the third time I went to call Mrs. Ruffner to inspect. Big boy as I was, twice her size, my hands were shaking, my lips twitching. I felt sick. Had I done it right this time? Could I ever do anything right?

"I watched her face as she passed my work in review, looking carefully up, down, and around. Then she turned to me and, looking straight into my eyes, she nodded and said, 'Now it's clean. Nobody could have done it any better.'

"She had opened the door through which I took my first step towards civilized standards of living."

His name was Booker T. Washington.

***Dorothy Canfield Fisher** [1879-1958], scholar and author, was born in Lawrence, Kansas, and lived out her productive late years in Arlington, Vermont. Her work includes not only many famous short stories, but books: the "Squirrel Cage" (1912), "The Brimming Cup" (1921), "The Deepening Stream" (1930) and "Paul Revere and the Minute Men" (1950), a story about Robert Newman, the g-g-great grandfather of Shirley and Bob Sheets.. Her father was James Hulme Canfield, a proud citizen of Vermont, who believed in equality and freedom. Her mother was Flavia Camp Canfield, an artist.

Editor's Note (see page 6): The friendship of Booker T. Washington [1856-1915] and Viola Knapp Ruffner [1812-1903] has been well documented. It appears that Ms. Fisher may have mistaken the life of Col. Ernest Howard Ruffner [1845-1937], son of Lewis & Viola Knapp Ruffner, for that of his father. Lewis Ruffner [1797-1883] and Viola Knapp were married in December of 1843, long before the Civil War. It is possible that Ernest, who graduated from West Point after the Civil War, could have visited Arlington, Vermont, the girlhood home of his beloved mother.

Hershberger Descendants

by Mark Flasch

The story of Joseph Hershberger's family comes to us from G. W. Hershberger of Winchester, Virginia, whose 1932 family history was printed in several editions of the March 1936 *Page News and Courier*.

The Hershberger brothers were another clan of early Pennsylvania Germans enticed to settle Joseph Steinman's holdings along the Hawksbill Creek in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, like Joseph's daughter Mary and son-in-law, Peter Ruffner. The Hershbergers established their home just above the Ruffner's original land, between what later became the villages of Mundellsville and Stoneyman. Though there were originally three Hershberger brothers, only one, John, remained on the Hawksbill Land the remainder of his life.

John Hershberger left a large legacy in the Valley through several sons and grandsons. One of his grandsons, Joseph (b. 1788) married Barbara Ruffner in 1813, granddaughter of Peter Ruffner, the Pioneer. Barbara was the daughter of Peter Ruffner, Jr., whose family remained in the Shenandoah (Page) Valley while most of his siblings moved westward.

Though Joseph Hershberger was the eldest son of Samuel Hershberger, he also chose to move west and took Barbara to the Kanawha Valley where her cousins, David and Joseph Ruffner, were developing the salt industry. David and Joseph, sons of Joseph Ruffner, the eldest child of Peter the Pioneer, had been born at the Hawksbill fork later called Mundellsville, adjacent to the Hershberger land.

After some time in the Kanawha Valley, Joseph Hershberger decided to move on, but suddenly took ill in Lexington, Kentucky, where he died "in middle life" and there was buried. We don't know when Barbara (Ruffner) Hershberger died, but G. W. Hershberger states Joseph "left a small family, probably only one son, Louis Hershberger." Later, Louis himself moved, first to Missouri, then to Galveston, Texas, with a young family of his own.

The trip to Galveston nearly ended in disaster for Louis, his wife and six-month old daughter Corrine. While traversing the final leg of the journey along the Gulf of Mexico coast by boat, a storm came up and the boat was broken up. The family clung to some wreckage, mother holding tight to the young baby, until they were picked up by another vessel. All landed safely, though they lost all their property.

The Hershberger descendants in Texas would suffer through another notable calamity, the Galveston "Tidal Wave" of 8 September 1900, which killed more than 6,000 Texans. This wave, actually a hurricane storm surge, required Corrine and family to "be taken out of a second story window by boats. She being a large woman, they had some difficulty in getting her out, all were landed safely, (her) for the second time in life."

G. W. Hershberger relates that Louis had two children in addition to Corrine, a son and another daughter. Corrine "married a railroad man and lived some eight to ten years thereafter. She probably left an heir or two but of that we have no record. The parents have long since passed away. The son and one daughter now represent the home and are living at this date (1932) so far as the writer knows."

Duty ~ Honor ~ Country

General Clark Louis "Nick" Ruffner

Peter ~ Joseph ~ David ~ Lewis ~ Ernest Howard ~ Ernest Lewis

By Joan (Ruffner) Reid

Like his grandfather and father before him, Clark Louis Ruffner chose a military career. He was born January 12, 1903 in Buffalo, New York, the son of Ernest Lewis Ruffner & Jennie H. Thomas.

His father was a surgeon with the Medical Corps from 1898 to 1934, who rose through the ranks, participated in the Phillippines Insurrection, served two years in France with the AEF, served in World War I and completed his service with the Hawaiian Department USA, retiring with the rank of Colonel. Clark's grandfather, Ernest Howard Ruffner, was featured in the March 2004 issue of RR&R, "*The Colonel and the Taft House*." Viola Knapp Ruffner was Clark's great-grandmother (see page 6 of this issue).

Clark graduated from the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, VA in 1924 and received a commission of Second Lieutenant with the 11th Cavalry Regiment. He rose through the ranks of the U.S. Army receiving promotions to: First Lieutenant in 1930; Captain in 1935; Major in 1941; Lieutenant Colonel in 1941; Colonel in 1942; Brigadier General in 1944; Major General in 1945; Lieutenant General in 1959 and General in 1960. He no doubt had achieved the highest military ranking of any member of the Ruffner family when he retired as a four-star general on October 31, 1962.

During World War II, he took part in the Normandy Invasion. He also served as Assistant and Deputy Chief of Staff in various military offices including Personnel (VII Corps), Hawaiian Department, Central Pacific Area and Chief of Staff, U.S. Army Pacific. By 1945, before the war was over, he had attained the rank of Major General.

He was a key Commander during the Korean War. The "forgotten war," as it is sometimes called, lasted from 1950 to 1953. During that time, close to six million American troops served in the conflict, including nearly three million U.S. Army personnel. During this war, he was Chief of Staff of X Corps and later Commanding General of the U.S. Army 2nd Infantry Division.

General Ruffner received orders to a new post in Washington in 1951. In the *History of the 2nd Infantry Division during the Korean War ~ Bloody Ridge*, it states: "Destined to depart the first of September, he [General Ruffner] could look back on more than seven months during which he had piloted his troops through some of the bitterest battles of the Korean War, leading them to their greatest victories climaxed by the overwhelming defeat of the Chinese during the Battle of the Soyang River which won for his Division the Presidential Unit Citation. Even as he prepared to leave, his men were struggling forward, welded into a completely professional, well-trained army which attested to his leadership."

In Washington, he served as Deputy and Military Assistant to the Assistant Defense Secretary (International Security Affairs) from 1951 to 1954. He was promoted, in 1954, to Commanding General of the U.S. Army-Pacific. From 1954 to 1955, he became the Commanding General of the U.S. Army 2nd Armored "Hell on Wheels" Division and from 1956-58, Chief of the Military Assistance Group, Germany. From 1958 to 1960, he was Commanding General of the 3rd U.S. Army and from 1960 to 1962, the U.S. Military Representative to NATO.

Among the many decorations presented to General Ruffner during his career are: The Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal (three), Silver Star (two), Legion of Merit (two), Bronze Service Medal and Air Medal (three). Foreign decorations he received include the French Legion D'Honneur, French Croix de Guerre with Palms, Grand Officer of the Netherlands and Order of Orange of Nassau.

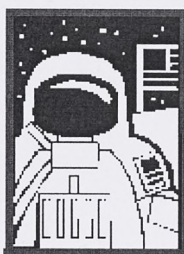
Clark was married to Elizabeth Morris and they had two children: Genevieve, born in 1930, and Ernest Lewis Ruffner, II, born in 1934. Genevieve married Edwin Tilman Stirling and they had three children: Catherine, Clark and Steven.

Ernest Lewis Ruffner II was a graduate of West Point, class of 1956. After three years service, he retired and became a partner in the law firm of Trees and Ruffner in Washington, D.C. He married Nancy Fitzgerald in 1956 and they had three children: Anne, Karen and Catherine.

General Ruffner retired from the military in 1962, and became Resident Vice President of the Seaboard Coast Line and Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. After retiring from the railroad in 1968, Clark and Elizabeth settled at Lake Toxaway, North Carolina in the Great Smoky Mountains. On July 26, 1982, he passed away in Washington, DC at the age of 79 years. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington. His wife Elizabeth died October 2, 1988, in North Carolina, and is buried beside her husband.



General Clark Louis Ruffner



Ruffner Cousin's Sketch Book commemorates man's first lunar landing

(Source: "Page County Man's Passion for Space Inspires Book" by Tom Mitchell, Daily News-Record)

When Richard Hilliard was a young budding artist, he felt the first space launches cramped his style. "They got in the way of my cartoons," Hilliard said. Eventually, he added extraterrestrial touches to his animated world. Today his zest for art and astronauts share equal footing, which recently resulted in the production of his first published work; a children's text on man's first lunar landing. The book, *"Neil, Buzz, and Mike Go to the Moon,"* went on sale in March.

Richard Hilliard is a 9th generation descendant of Peter, through Peter, Jr., John, Reuben, John Bedinger, John William, Charlotte Page Ruffner Long and Yvonne Edna Long Hilliard.

His book, published by Boyds Mills Press in Honesdale, PA (a division of the popular "Highlights," children's activity-book company) features figures of astronauts Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins, who flew America's Apollo 11 spacecraft to the moon in July 1969.

Bordered by captions, the primer's 17 acrylic paintings outline the lives of the famed Apollo crew from their respective youths to their historic flight. Each sketch portrays the trio's personal and professional paths preceding the epic voyage.

Hilliard, who lives in Stanley where he grew up, recalls watching U.S. space missions with a mixture of fancy and fear. The 1980 Page County High School graduate, earned a bachelor of fine arts degree in illustration and design from Pratt Institute in New York City and a master's in illustration from Syracuse University in 2003. In between, he worked 20 years in New York doing advertising and freelance illustrations.

His book grew from a class assignment at Syracuse. A final draft of it was sent to NASA to check historical accuracy. They only made one small change and their blessing rewarded Hilliard's tireless attention to his subject.

More precious than profit from the book to Hilliard is a letter he received several weeks ago from someone particularly close to the memorable moon shot ~ Mike Collins who piloted the Mission's command module. "He sent me a note saying he liked the book, and that he knew his grandchildren would like it."

William Paquet, a commercial artist and former classmate of Hilliard's who lives in Staunton, said: "Richard has a huge passion for space exploration and, as an artist, is a superior painter. That book is just who he is. I know he loves to take his knowledge and give that to other people."

***"Neil, Buzz, and Mike Go to the Moon"* by Richard Hilliard is available at Barnes & Noble.**

Memorials

Mary Lou (Ruffner) Griffith,

born in Prescott, Arizona on March 14, 1913, died in her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico on March 7, 2005. Private graveside services in the family plot at Mountain View Cemetery, Prescott, were held on Mother's Day, May 8th. Mary Lou will share the grave of her infant daughter Katherine.

Born into an Arizona pioneer family, Mrs. Griffith's mother was Mary Ethelyn Ward Ruffner, the first public school music teacher in the Arizona Territory. Her father was Lester Lee Ruffner, mortician and civic leader in the Territory and the State of Arizona. Her brother, who also preceded her in death, was Lester Ward (Budge) Ruffner, Arizona historian and author, and also a mortician.

Mary Lou Griffith was a graduate of Prescott High School, and after attending business college in Chicago, she returned to Prescott and was employed in the Justice Court. Upon accepting employment with the United Verde Mining Company, she moved to Clarkdale, Arizona where she spent many years as the payroll and utilities manager for the company. United Verde holdings included the first mining claims filed in the Verde Valley of Arizona in 1876 by her great uncle Morris Andrew Ruffner. His mining activity preceded the founding of the town of Jerome, Arizona, which later came under the jurisdiction of her uncle George S. Ruffner, as Sheriff of Yavapai County.

Mrs. Griffith's employers after she moved to Albuquerque in the early 1950s included U.S. Fidelity and Guarantee and the University of New Mexico Press. She was preceded in death by her husband, Amos Griffith, a Pearl Harbor survivor of World War II.

Her survivors include her sister-in-law, Elisabeth Ruffner, nieces Melissa and Rebecca and nephew George (Eunice Ganteaume), all of Prescott, as well as eight grand and four great-grand nieces and nephews.

Peter ~ Benjamin I ~ Benjamin II ~ Andrew H. ~ Harrison N. & Lester Lee Ruffner



Mary Lou in 1932

Lillian (Neverman) Ruffner, 100, of Florida and a former Mount Clemens, Michigan resident, died Thursday, Feb. 10, 2005. She was born March 27, 1904, in Mount Clemens.

Mrs. Ruffner graduated from Mount Clemens High School in 1923. She worked as an exhibition artist and later in the fragrance industry in New York. She was a former member of Trinity Lutheran Church in Clinton Township.

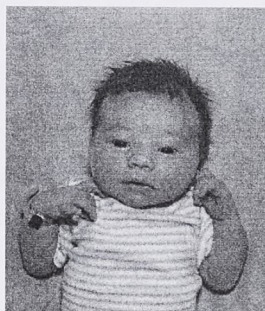
She is survived by her stepchildren, Sally Leiter of Aiken, SC, and Bruce Ruffner of Lake Katrine, NY. She was predeceased by her husbands, **Edmund "Tiny" Ruffner** and Frank Albrecht; and parents, William and Emma (nee Penzien) Neverman.

Burial took place at Clinton Grove Cemetery, Clinton Township, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

Family Additions

Rachel Lynn Williams was born March 24, 2005, to Shawn and Rebecca Williams of Catawissa, Pennsylvania. She, her three brothers and parents will be at the Ruffner Reunion this month in Lancaster County.

Peter ~ Peter Jr. ~ John ~ Philip ~ John David ~ Ida Virginia (Ruffner) Youngblood, Edna Virginia, Odesa Mae (Youngblood) Wood, Odesa Mae (Wood) Hummel, Elisie Mae (Hummel) Williams, Shawn Michael Williams



Reece Edward Peterson was born April 25, 2005, to Natalie (Nieman) and Scott Edward Peterson of West Chester, Ohio. Reece weighed in at 7 lbs, 5 oz. and 20-1/2 inches long.

Peter ~ Emanuel ~ Jacob ~ Isaac ~ William Stuart ~ Hiram Clay ~ Everett Stuart ~ Lois (Ruffner) Donnelly Archambeau ~ Sheilah (Donnelly) Nieman ~ Natalie (Nieman) Peterson

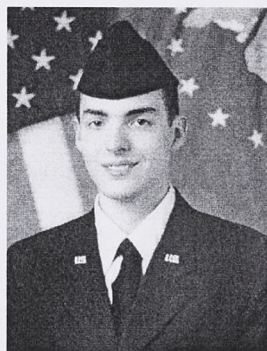
Mariah Renee Ruffner was lovingly adopted by Dana L. Ruffner of Tacoma, Washington on February 4, 2005. Mariah is a beautiful 12 year old girl and a proud addition to the Ruffner clan. Dana and Julie (Borchers) Romero (Mariah's mother) were married March 17, 2000.

Peter ~ Emanuel ~ Jacob ~ Isaac ~ William Stuart ~ Hiram Clay ~ Everett Stuart ~ Norman Stuart ~ Dana L.

Caleb Michael Bergstrom was born April 11, 2005, to Stephanie (Lytle) and John Bergstrom in Bozeman, Montana. Caleb, named for his late grandfather, weighed 8 lb, 12 oz. and is 21-1/2 inches long.

Peter ~ Emanuel ~ Jacob I ~ Jacob II ~ George Bertram ~ Caleb A. Donald ~ Sara Louise (Ruffner) Lytle ~ Stephanie Louise (Lytle) Bergstrom

Family News



Nicholas Sabel, Snohomish, Washington, son of Beth Ruffner Sabel and grandson of Lewis West & Jo Palmer Ruffner of Albuquerque, New Mexico, recently graduated from basic training in the U.S. Air Force.

Peter ~ Joseph ~ David ~ Lewis ~ Lewis Jr. ~ Lewis West ~ Lewis West Jr. ~ Beth Ruffner Sabel

The Editor's Desk

A Rewarding Experience

As I write my last editor's column and think back on the past eight years, I must admit it has been "a rewarding experience" to serve as your newsletter editor. It was a hard decision to step down, but I believe when you have attained three score and ten, you should consider accepting shorter term projects.



My heartfelt thanks to Pam Flasch and Dan Ruffner for their kind words on pages 3 and 4. I have always received more than my fair share of credit for the newsletter. But, like all association endeavors, there were many people behind the scenes adding their expertise and unique touch to the finished product. I hope I have expressed appreciation to one and all in the newsletter through the years.

I want to particularly again thank the members of the Editorial Board, those currently serving and those who have served in the past. Their input and editorship have been invaluable. There have been many contributors to the newsletter through the years, but I would particularly like to thank Bob Sheets, Joe Ruffner, Betty Gaeng, Bill Myers, Elisabeth Ruffner, Melissa Ruffner, Sam McNeely, Mark Flasch, Pam Flasch and Dan Ruffner for their numerous submissions.

I have always felt Ruffner Roots & Ramblings should represent a "living history" of our family. I hope we have accomplished that goal. I look forward, with you, to future issues and more chapters of the Ruffner story.

*With love & thanks,
Cousin Joan*

RR&R Editorial Board

Kimberly Fulcher	Assistant Editor
Elisabeth Ruffner	Arizona Reporter
Robert Sheets	Colorado Reporter
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Nancy Giles	Kentucky Reporter
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Phyllis Hershock	Pennsylvania Reporter
Pamela Flasch	Virginia Reporter
Robert Blaine	West Virginia Reporter

Deadline for the next issue is August 1, 2005.

Until a new editor is appointed, please continue to send your news, articles and/or photos to:
Ruffner Roots & Ramblings
 120 Rita Court, Columbus OH 43213
 or E-mail to Joan Reid ~ Jokereid@aol.com
 Or Kim Fulcher ~ Kimmiefulcher@aol.com