

MEMORIES
MATTIE LAMB TUCKER



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS



AMERICAN LEGION
POPPIES

VETERANS HOSPITAL
PARTIES
SANTA
PICNICS

KEEP
BUSY

HELP
OLD
PEOPLE

RED CROSS
BANDAGES
BLOODMOBILE

FAIRS

CANNED GOODS
VEGETABLES
NEEDLEWORK
PETS
FLOWERS
BRAIDED RUGS
CUSHIONS
TOTE BAGS

BAKE SALES

FOR
A TV FOR BOYS
AT
VETERANS
HOSPITAL

HERITAGE HALL
PARTIES

KNITTING
CROCHETING
EMBROIDERY
BEADWORK
FURNITURE

HORSE SHOWS



DRAPERS MEADOW
HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB

CANING CHAIRS & A HAT
COOKING
BEER CAN ART
ALUMINUM TRAYS

CANCER SOCIETY
BANDAGES

SMILE

BIRTHDAY PARTIES



GARDEN
WORK

THINK
OF
OTHERS

CHURCH
PRESBYTERIAN
NURSERY
METHODIST
BAZAAR
DINNERS
COMMUNION
(SUPPLIES)

FARM
WORK

Mrs. Minnie Linkous' Prayer as given to Rev. Coffman

"LORD, THOU knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will some day be old.

Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly from the habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details -- give me wings to get to the point.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' plans. Help me to endure them with patience.

Seal my lips on my own aches and pains -- they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint -- some of them are so hard to live with -- but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all -- but THOU knowest, LORD, that I want a few friends at the end."

* * * * *

At one of the Nurse's Stations in Roanoke Memorial Hospital

"Dear LORD, teach me to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I am talking about, and deliver me from blabbing what little I know."

* * * * *

TAKE TIME

Take Time to WORK -- it is the price of success.

Take Time to THINK -- it is the source of power.

Take Time to PLAY -- it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take Time to READ -- it is the foundation of wisdom.

Take Time to WORSHIP -- it is the highway of reverence.

Take Time to BE FRIENDLY -- it is the road to happiness.

Take Time to DREAM -- it is the hitching of your wagon to a star.

Take Time to LAUGH -- it is the music of the soul.



My mother



When I was young



Me again



Mr. William Tucker 84; Mary Jane Tucker 80
Arthur's father and step mother



Party given Arthur by the employees of the
Post Office upon his retirement

MEMORIES
(mostly good ones)

Mattie Lamb Tucker

I was born January 26, 1893 in Montgomery County, Virginia. We lived in a roomy house about two and a half miles from the town of Blacksburg on the Luster's Gate Road.

I have one sister, Mrs. Bessie Hurt. She has been in a nursing home in Bristol Memorial Hospital for two years. She is 86 years old. When she lived in Blacksburg she worked in the women's department of Black Logan Store on Main Street where Main Street Bazaar is now located. Her sons are Bruce and Otis. Otis lives in Bristol and Bruce lives in Washington, D.C.

My brother, William T. Lamb is dead. His sons Otey and Burley both live in Blacksburg. His daughter Anna Belle is also dead. She was married to Bill Barbour.

Mamma was good in every way. She was good to sick people and Drs. P.D. Elliott, Henry Pack, Frank Henderson and Charlie Frank Manges all said she was a better baby doctor than they were. She could somehow bring babies through serious illnesses when the doctors would give up on them. In those days mothers didn't go to hospitals to have their babies. My mother would be there sometimes before the doctors could get there and she would deliver the babies. She would then go each day to be with the mother and they would be in bed for nine days after giving birth. She had to walk everywhere and sometimes she would take food from her house.

Sometimes people would have boils and carbuncles on their necks and they would come to Mamma for treatment. She would go miles to do something for sick people.

I had two stepfathers. They were good to me and I liked them. One died of cancer and the other died with pneumonia.

When I was about three years old I was playing in the fire-place and my clothes caught on fire. My mother was out of the house and my brother threw water on me to put out the fire but it was some time before Mamma came back and sent for Dr. Kent Black. Dr. Black was the brother of Mr. Alex Black. I was burned so badly they thought I wouldn't live but Dr. Black rode horseback from Blacksburg and visited me every day for a year and took good care of me. When I was a little older I had skin operations done at Mamma's house by Dr. Finche and Dr. Black.

When I was very young Mamma bought a piece of ground in Blacksburg near the cemetery and built a small house. Button Slusser lives there now.

When I was about twelve years old Colonel Palmer and his family got Mamma's consent for me to go with them to Richmond for treatment at Memorial Hospital. Dr. Sheldon Horsely did a big operation on the burns and did skin grafting. The Palmers gave me the very best of

care and came out to the hospital to see me every day and would bring that big limousine and take me all around everywhere. They always gave me spending money and pretty clothes.

When I was fifteen I had appendicitis. Dr. Henry B. Pack of Blacksburg was my doctor then and he took me to Roanoke to Dr. Hugh Trout who did the operation. After discovering the burn scars on my body they weren't interested in the appendicitis. A clinic was being held in Roanoke and Dr. Trout asked if I would let some other doctors see the scars and I gave my permission. They observed and then asked if they could operate on the scars. I told them they could and they cut me all to pieces - cut me just everywhere and skinned me. They kept me down there in the hospital for three months and they were just as good to me as they could be and Dr. Trout never charged me a penny for the operations. I came home and commenced to get feeling in my hand. I could pick up things in my hand and move my shoulder.

None of the ailments listed below have kept me from working. Don't ever think you have to give up.

I have had chickenpox, the mumps, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and measles twice. I also fell twice and broke my ribs each time. They still hurt. I also broke my thumb real bad. I have been bitten by a dog and had three stitches on my lips.

Arthur was sick with heart trouble and had to be lifted a lot. This caused me to have to have a bladder operation and a recticele and cystocele. Dr. George George operated on me in Roanoke Memorial Hospital. I took phlebitis and had a hernia. I had to have a second operation on my bladder and Dr. Marsteller Johnson did that. He did a hysterectomy and also a hernia operation. I almost died then. I have had phlebitis four times. Last time Dr. Johnson cut flesh out of my ankle and did a skin graft and it got well. Dr. A.M. Showalter took my tonsils out twice. Dr. Stone did a sinus and submucuous operation at Gill Memorial Hospital. Dr. Young operated on my eyes for attrition. Dr. Linwood Keyser removed a goiter and I almost died. Dr. Houston Bell removed a Wharton tumor. Dr. Gill performed a mastoid operation at Gill Memorial. Dr. George took some intestine out as it made a crook and I had a pain in my side.

One cold night two men caused our barn to catch on fire. They were drunk and had gone into the barn as it was so cold. The barn burned to the ground and burned up fifty bales of hay and twenty-five bales of straw, forty-eight chickens - they were young hens. We were lucky the horse wasn't in the stable. Arthur had heart trouble at the time and I got pneumonia. Dr. Boatwright had me taken to the hospital in Radford. I didn't know when they took me. At that time I had two little sores on the burned skin. I asked Dr. Blake Fawcett if he could do anything for them. He cut me all to pieces. He took sixty two square inches of skin off my hip and

put it on my body. If he hadn't done that I would be an invalid today.

I was a midwife four times - three times before I was married. My mother would help the doctors and she was with Mrs. Pack when Henry, Jr. was born. She was scheduled to go to a good friend of mine, who was also married to an old sweetheart of mine, and she came down with lumbago and I went in her place. I was seventeen years old and scared to death. When the baby was born Dr. Elliott told me to wash and dress the baby. I told him I couldn't and he said he would show me how to do it. We got along just fine. The baby was Hubert Grissom, the son of Leonard Grissom.

The next time I was a stand-in midwife was when Mamma was again sick in bed with lumbago and Mrs. Charlie Oliver's son came for her. I went and stayed with Mrs. Oliver until Dr. Grant arrived. The babies came, two of them this time. I couldn't leave as the doctor told me I must wash and dress the babies. They were boys - Jack and Paul - and they are now living in Radford. Mr. Oliver worked on the railroad and didn't get there until after the babies were born. Mrs. Oliver had three sets of twins. The other four had died at the ages of three years and two and a half years.

I was a midwife again but it was after I was married and lived near the Willards. Mr. Willard came after me about twelve o'clock at night and then went for Dr. Sydney Roop. I got out of bed and went with him when he came back by the house. No one was there but Mr. Willard, Dr. Roop and myself. Betty Jo (now Mrs. Estes) was born. Mrs. Willard had a hard time as it was a breach birth. We got along all right and Mrs. Willard got along all right afterwards.

I kept Virginia Camper's son, Bobby, while she was in the hospital once. He loved cottage cheese and ate too much and broke out in hives. He would cry so I let him sleep with me and he wouldn't go to sleep except on my stomach.

Dan Mason stayed with me when Martha had to stay with Sally when she had an operation. He was a year old and was used to a night light and told me it sure was dark at my house.

I kept Rodney Bess when he was about two years old. His mother and father had to be away on account of the deaths of Claude's brother and sister. He slept with me and to be sure I was there all the time he kept feeling my face. He wanted to go home so bad I had to lock the front door and take the key out to keep him from going outside.

When I raised chickens the rats got into the feed barrel and ate lots of feed. I found them in the barrel and poured boiling water in on them and killed them. I tied their tails together to hang them up so I could get the following picture.



When I was young I stayed with people and went to school. I stayed with the Frank Kales. They had two children then, Frank and Elizabeth, and lived on Roanoke Street. Elizabeth would hold her breath when she got hurt and would sometimes turn blue. Once her mother was gone and Elizabeth fell down and held her breath. I didn't know what to do so I picked up a pitcher and threw cold water on her face. She caught her breath then.

I stayed with Baptist Preacher Jackson who had two little boys, Walter and Truman. They lived on Roanoke Street.

I stayed also in the home of the Charlie Pedigo's three or four years and went to school. They had three girls Nellie, Elizabeth and Alice. Mr. Pedigo was a Pharmacist at Mr. Bob Ellett's Drug Store and lived on Roanoke Street.

When I attended Sunday School as a child, I went to the old Presbyterian Church on the corner of Lee and Main Streets which is a beer joint now. They built the church on Roanoke Street, which is now occupied by The Church of God, and I went to church and Sunday School there. I joined the church when I was fifteen years old. My Sunday School teachers were: Miss Nell Walker, Miss Emma Walker, Miss Nancy Eakin, Mrs. Pritchard's sister, and Mrs. Jeannie Dewedy. Miss Emma Walker later married Dr. Harry Evans who was a doctor in Dr. A.M. Showalter's hospital in Christiansburg, then Cambria. He was a good doctor. I worked in the nursery when my son Henry was a baby. Helped with church dinners and other things in the church.

I was a Presbyterian until my boy, Henry, was fourteen. He wanted to join the Methodist Church. He joined and I moved my membership and joined with him. I put communion in the Methodist Church for seven years alone. Mr. Joe Gardner and his sister put it in before that. I helped Mrs. Maggie Slusher and Mrs. Laura Roop with the nursery and worked in the Bazaar and also helped with dinners and other ways.

I sat up with sick people. I sat up with three ladies who died with T.B. One was Ernest Git's mother who was 85 years old when she died. I would sit up all night and work hard all the next day. I sat up three nights with her.

The next one was Mrs. Emery Lee. She was 82 and the next one was Mr. Will Scanland's wife. She was 86. She died in my arms as she couldn't get her breath.

I also sat up with a two year old baby that had membranous croup. It also died in my lap so I washed it and dressed it and

laid it out. His name was Roy Ellett Walker. His father was Roy Walker, the man who hauled ice in Blacksburg for many years. The doctor for the above was Dr. F.B. Elliott. I did love to do things for sick people.

After working for Mr. Pedigo and his girls I got myself a job and worked until I got married September 29, 1918, when I was 25.

Arthur had been married before. His wife had died at child birth leaving a two day old baby. William was hurt badly at birth so when he got older we had to put him in Lynchburg Colony. He is 72 years old now and can't walk at all. He has a very good mind in his way.

Arthur and his father worked for Mr. Alex Black on his farm. Mr. Tucker worked there for forty years. The Black farm is where Dundas Heights is now. The Tucker's lived in the house Dr. Ford Lucas remodeled and lived in when he bought the farm from the Blacks.

Arthur went to a school which was held in a house on the Lusters Gate Road down the mountain. His teacher was Miss Effie Kabrich. Among the pupils were Violet Bennett Massey and her brother and a colored girl and her two brothers that the Tuckers raised and a Kabrich girl and another girl.

Mrs. Lou Otey Hoge lived in the house known as the Dobbins house near the Tucker house.

Arthur was born on the farm and when he was big enough to do a man's work Mr. Black paid him \$20 a month. When we were married he gave him a raise of \$5.

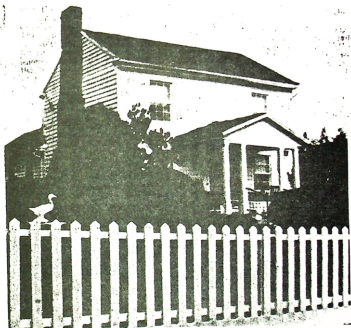
Mr. Tucker moved to town to his house on Wharton Street and Arthur and I lived in one of Mrs. Black's old houses - a make-shift house. We had to pay rent but we had plenty to eat. Arthur mowed, milked the cow, worked the garden, fired the furnace for Mr. Black at his house on Main Street all for the rent of the house where we lived on Washington Street. I also worked for him by straining the milk and making butter for them. All we got was a little milk. Mr. Black made us think he was going to give us the house. It didn't have water in it, no bathroom (an outhouse which three families used - it had three sections in it). Arthur had water, a commode and tub put in the house. Arthur worked for Mr. Black till his death. He died March 21, 1935 and didn't leave Arthur a nickel. Mr. Harvey Apperson got Arthur a job in the postoffice so we could soon begin to live. Arthur worked for twenty years and retired. It was nice of Mr. Apperson to get Arthur the job. There are lots of nice people in Blacksburg.

When Mrs. Tucker got sick, and was sick for three years, I had to get a job. I went to see Mr. Vane Kelsey at the VPI Tailor Shop to ask for a job. He told me to come to work the next morning. I worked for him and his brother, Mr. Will Kelsey, and Mr. A. La-Moscolo. They were all so good to me. They showed me everything to do and I got along so well when pay day came I was a proud woman.

Mr. Kelsey gave me as much as he did some of the other girls who had worked there for fifteen years. I was so proud for we didn't have any money to pay bills. Arthur and I had to pay all the bills for two houses and a boy in school, but the Lord blessed us and we made it - paid all the bills.

Arthur's father and mother were good people. We got along fine. Mr. Tucker was in the Civil War. He was too young to fight and was a water boy. He lived to be 87 years old.

I saw the putting away of my 61 year old mother and my step father, Arthur's father and mother. She was 82. Also Arthur died August 16, 1967 and I cared for all the bills and everything.



THE TUCKER HOUSE in Blacksburg is believed to be over 200 years old.

By Nadine Allen

The Tucker House at 209 Wharton St. is believed to be over 200 years old. The house has belonged to the Tucker family since 1900 when William Tucker bought it from J. B. Painter. Mr. and

Mrs. Arthur Tucker inherited the house in 1940.

The two-story front is of log construction covered with weatherboard. Originally two rooms and two halls, Mrs. Painter had the stairway moved from the center (living

room) to the side of the hall. She used the downstairs hallway for a dressmakers shop. This hall was used by John "Cull" Spickard, as a saddle or harness shop, when he owned the house about 1870.

The only changes the Tuckers made were to convert two pantries into a bathroom and a breakfast nook and the back porch into a bedroom. Panelling was placed on some of the interior walls and tile on some of the ceilings where the plaster was in need of repair. Mrs. Tucker modernized her kitchen with "make shift" cabinets collected from various places. A white paling fence and a concrete walk have been added outside.

The two-story structure of antebellum vernacular style has been well preserved and maintained. It has been painted white, replacing the white wash and green trim. Mrs. Tucker also painted the original smoke house on the lot.

The pine plank floors are 12 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches thick, resting on logs that are 12 inches in diameter. The

rafters, made from timbers on the property, still have the original bark. Baseboards 15 inches wide were used. The doors are planked up and down; two have half glass.

The house was also owned by W. B. Conway at one time. After Mr. Tucker bought the house he rented it to Oscar Wilson, Will Scantland and George Price at different times.

Spout Spring, once the main source of water for the town of Blacksburg and Virginia Tech is on the Tucker property. The Harvey Blacks were the first citizens to have water piped to their house from this spring. On the garden site once stood a slaughter house.

Arthur Tucker worked on the Black family farm as did his father before him. When Mr. Black died, Mr. Tucker worked at the post office until his retirement.



THE ORIGINAL SMOKEHOUSE still stands next to the Tucker House. (Photos courtesy of Mrs. Arthur Tucker)

When the Painters lived in this house, Mr. Charles Painter and Mr. Sam Lybrook were great friends and Mr. Lybrook stayed here lots. He and Mr. Charles would go out on dates and come back late and would crawl in the upstairs window so the old folks wouldn't hear them. That was in the wild days. Mr. Lybrook had a store on Main Street across from the postoffice. Mr. Lybrook joined the Presbyterian Church. I know because he and I joined the same day. The preacher was a Mr. Woods. A fine preacher. Mr. Lybrook had to go to a nursing home in his old days. They brought him to Blacksburg to be buried in the Stanger cemetery. I went to the funeral.

The names of the Painters were Kissie and Mr. J.B. There children were Charlie, W.L. and a daughter.



Our boy, Henry Kelly, went into the Marine Corps Fifth Marine Division as soon as he was graduated from Blacksburg High School. He was a boy everyone liked. He was sent to Iwo Jima and was killed. I couldn't bear the thought of him being buried over there so I had him brought home to be buried. He was named for Henry Kelly Groseclose. Henry told Arthur as he didn't have any children he would like for us to name our boy after him. Several years later he had a son and came to Arthur and said "I've got a boy now and haven't a name for him as I gave my name to your boy."



Henry Kelly Groseclose

March 22, 1945

Dear Mother,

I never thought I would have to write a letter like this one. Because of Aunt Matt and Uncle Arthur's health, it is necessary that I break the bad news to you and hope that you will be able to comfort them as best you can. Above all, you must prevent this tragedy from affecting the mental outlook and physical well-being of the family as much as possible.

Henry was killed in action during the late afternoon of March 1. This, I know, is true because of the five or six Marines I have talked with who are now casualties at the various hospitals in this area. I know every detail of his death, and I can assure you that he died bravely in action. He died in the arms of Pfc. J. K. Little of Houston, Texas. I have talked for some time with Little, and he has given me all of the tragic details.

Henry fought for 12 days on Iwo Jima, his company having landed in an early wave on the beach from which they struggled courageously inland to Mt. Suribachi where they fought along the base of the extinct volcano and then towards the northern part of the island. After rounding Mt. Suribachi, the volcanic mass at the southern end of the 8 square mile island, Henry's squad was sent to the northern sector where his last Jap was killed. After killing at least 30 Japs and displaying--according to all of his squad members, including the tough Sergeant--coolness under fire and extreme gallantry, Henry received a fatal wound from a Jap sniper. That same sniper killed at least five other men, including the Captain. That damp sniper got it swiftly after that.

I would like to address the rest of the letter to Aunt Matt and Uncle Arthur.

Dear Aunt Matt and Uncle Arthur,

I know how much of a blow this will be for both of you. Henry was the whole world to you, for in him you saw your own flesh and blood and your long past but never forgotten youthful spirit. But let me assure you of several things. He is not dead, for he lives in our hearts, and those soldiers never die who live in the hearts of others. They achieve greater immortality than an old age could ever give them. It has been said that it is better to die in battle than to die from starvation or a hundred other similar things, simply because it is better to die for something than to live for nothing. And Henry died bravely for something. All of his friends praised him highly, commending him for his coolness under fire and

his skill in fighting. His most remarkable characteristic was coolness. One of his friends said that one night a Jap shell exploded near their camp. Henry asked what it was, and his friends replied that it was a 12-inch shell. Henry rolled back over on his bunk, pulled the covers over his face, and replied--"Is that all? --and went back to sleep while his friends scurried below into their foxholes. I have spoken with Karto, Becker, Cassidy, Little, and Krull, and every one of them have nothing but praise and respect for Henry's fighting ability and rare coolness. You may be assured that Henry's machine gun killed many Japs. There is the story about his killing two Japs in a foxhole which had only recently been dug behind our lines. According to his friends, nothing seemed to bother Henry. Nothing seemed to worry him. Always in the best of spirits, he was an important factor in the morale of all those he came in contact with.

But he died that others might live, that untold generations might spring from the loins of Man and live safely in a new, free world. What Henry did with a gun, you can finish with your ballot and your privileges as an American citizen. Henry had guts. He belonged to the greatest fighting outfit this world has ever known. After spending five days talking with casualties, Marine Colonels, Lt. Colonels, Captains, etc., and Navy war correspondents, I realize the huge debt all of us owe to those gallant dead, who fought as men have never fought before. Some said that the morale of the fighting American was going stale. Let them look at the torn and shell-scared flag of the 28th Regiment of the 8th Marine Division. Yes, you can finish what he has done. Show everyone that you have as much guts as he possessed. After all, he inherited his courage and physical stamina from you, and you should now show how staunch and brave both of you can be. There have been wars before led by men with the same old ideas, but God grant that the American voter comprehend the issue at stake and make the most of it. The men on the fighting front beg that the American citizens fight for a peace based on a concert of nations so that these honored dead shall not have died in vain, and so that our own children--if we have any--shall not live in the valley of the shadow of death, war, and global tragedy. At present, there is a resolution in Congress for the representation of enlisted men from every branch of the service at the Peace Conference. Support all such measures and much thought and discussion on world issues are your responsibilities. Henry had grave responsibilities, too, but yours are just as grave. He met the challenge. Please show us that you can meet yours.

This is no time for much sorrow. Rather it is time for reverent admiration. No one will ever forget what the 28th did at Iwo Jima. Thousands are born each minute who never leave behind them "footprints in the sands of time". But Henry has left large, very large, footprints on the consciousness of the American people. So did the four thousand honored dead at Iwo Jima. No one shall erase those footprints. They are not of the unstable element of sand; they are made out of the immortal substance of ideas, thought, and memory. At this moment there are thousands who swear that none of those brave men shall have died in vain. Let this be a moment of

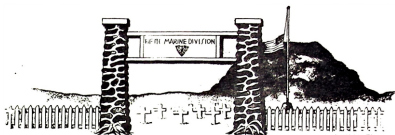


OF THE MANY HEARTBREAKING
TASKS A FIGHTING MAN MUST
FACE, THE MOST TRYING IS THE
TIME HE MUST LEAVE A COMRADE
WHO HAS MADE THE SUPREME
SACRIFICE ON THE FIELD OF
BATTLE.

THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF
THIS DIVISION WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT IN YOUR HOURS OF
BEREAVEMENT, THEY, TOO, HAVE
NOT FORGOTTEN HIS VALOR
AND SACRIFICE.



MAJ GEN U.S. MARINE CORPS
COMMANDING
5TH MARINE DIVISION.



ADDRESS MADE BY MAJOR GENERAL KELLER E. ROCKEY,
U.S.M.C., COMMANDING THE 5TH MARINE DIVISION, AT DEDICATION
OF THE 5TH DIVISION CEMETERY ON IWO JIMA ON 21 MARCH 1945.

WE ARE HERE TODAY TO DEDICATE THE
FIFTH MARINE DIVISION CEMETERY ON
IWO JIMA. UNDER THESE WHITE CROSSES
LIE 1,876 OFFICERS AND MEN WHO GAVE
THEIR LIVES IN THE CAPTURE OF THIS ISLAND.
THEY WERE THE BRAVEST LEADERS IN THE
FIGHT. THEIR COURAGE ON THE FIELD OF
BATTLE WAS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL
AND TO THEM MUST GO THE LARGEST SHARE
OF THE CREDIT FOR THE SUCCESS OF THIS
OPERATION.

THOSE WHO LIE HERE ARE OUR COMRADES
AND FRIENDS...THEIR MEMORIES WILL LIVE
ALWAYS IN OUR HEARTS. THE RECORD OF WHAT
THEY ACCOMPLISHED HERE WILL LIVE FOREVER
IN THE HEARTS AND MEMORIES OF THE AMERICAN
PEOPLE.

OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH THEIR FAMILIES
AND LOVED ONES IN THEIR HOURS OF SORROW,
AND WE EXTEND THEM OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

THE FINEST TRIBUTE WHICH WE CAN PAY
TO THESE MEN WHO LIE HERE IS IN DEDICATING
OURSELVES TO MAINTAIN IN OUR ORGANIZATIONS
THE HIGH STANDARDS OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION
WHICH THEY HAVE SO NOBLY SET.



This is Henry's Grave on Paris Island. The graves had to be removed so I asked them to send Henry home. The Memorial Service for him here was December 30, 1948.



May 5, 1945

Mrs. William Ormond Young
211 West Franklin Street
Richmond 20, Virginia

My dear Mattie:-

Here is this wonderful letter you sent me. Thank you for sending it. Wonderful about Henry and wonderful that Bruce should have written it. I am returning it because you must show it to everyone. I suppose it is a copy but you can't have too many.

Of course Henry's loss is the ever present thought in your mind but just what an amazing time we are living through! The whole world, I mean, Mussolini, Hitler and Roosevelt, all gone together almost and the Germans done with as far as fighting goes.

William has had an awful time with his toe and now a surgeon has had to remove the entire nail - root and all. It is the worst looking thing I ever saw. It has been sore for three months and worked on and now it is just raw. I am very worried about it and it will be ages before it is well. He has stood it in the most remarkable way - like my father - he never complains anyhow - about anything. But this all seems so unnecessary and physical suffering on top of his other trouble.

I am thankful Henry was not taken prisoner by the Japs. So thankful he did not come home blind or maimed. You must try to think it was better as it is. Peace for him and his duty done. But don't think I don't know how you suffer.

With my sympathy always -
(Claudia Palmer Young)

May 26, 1945

3542 Lenox Road
Birmingham, Ala

Dearest Mattie:-

I think of you so often and know how your heart aches. I will be at Mt. View the 15th of June. I am anxious to get back to our dear mountains. Ralph is at Okinawa where the fighting is as fierce as any on the Island in the Pacific. Of course I pray for his safety all the time. But you know how anxious I am. I had a letter today from him. He said it was raining in torrents and their fox holes were filled with water and that heavy fog was over everything. I hope they will soon take the Island completely. What a terrible thing war is - I hope it will soon be over.

Come to see me right away when I get to Mt. View. I care so much for you. For so long you have been my friend and we need each other.

My love to Arthur, I know his grief is hard to bear. But I feel we must do the best with what is left in life and try and give happiness through affection and consideration to those our lives touch.

Good night - it is lonely here. Sarah and her husband are in California and have been away from here since January. Peggy, Ralph's wife, will come to Mt. View to be with me. She is a perfectly lovely girl.

Were the lilacs lovely at Mt. View this spring? We've had no warm weather. Could you get any of those sweet peas to plant at Mt. View that you had and I loved so much?

Affectionately
(Virginia Nesbit)

Give Margaret and Mrs. Willard my love.

Dec. 22nd, 1945

3542 Lenox Road
Birmingham, Ala

Dear Mattie - I am thinking of you and Arthur as Christmas draws near. It will be so sad for you, I know, but you knew in your life a son you can be proud of.

I send you a little check to get something for your home. I suppose by now the painting is done and I know you have every thing spick and span and the curtains all washed and the windows shining. I hope you'll spend your Christmas with other people - possibly with Ima's baby or Mrs. Willard, who I know will need you to help her. Mattie, it's a grand thing to know you're needed. You are so smart and so helpful and do everything so well. Go out unto others and give them your support. You'll find in doing for them that peace will come to you.

I am sorry to say the last I heard from Ralph was from Ie Ghimia on the 7th. He said rumors came to him that they'd leave the 15th but he had been disappointed so many times in the past 6 wks that nothing was definite. He cannot possibly get home for Christmas now and they say travel from the west coast home is simply terrific. I'm so sorry for Peggy to be disappointed. She has taken the separation so well.

Drop me a line about Mrs. Willard. Give her a hug for me - tell her I do hope she'll be better soon. The turkey came yesterday. It is beautiful. We ate sausage to night and tell her it was wonderful. Tell her I send happy Christmas greetings to all her family.

Goodby, dear Mattie - keep on being your fine brave self. You are a wonderful person. My love to Arthur.

Affectionately your friend
(Virginia M. Nesbit)

White Hart Inn
Salisbury, Conn.

Connecticut is perfectly lovely. I just wish you could see it. The trees are beautiful. This Inn was built in 1800, is quaint and very interesting. I haven't been to any antique shops yet but will drop in to see what they have.

It's rained nearly all the time since we came ten days ago. Only about three nice days. Having no car one can't get around. We did take a taxi and took a beautiful drive one afternoon.

There is little to do. I've eaten, and the food is fine - read and sleep. I worked pretty hard before I left Fla. helping close the house for the summer and part time we had no cook. Sewing etc. kept me busy. Now I have more time and can write a lot of letters.

Mattie, I again want to thank you for all you and Arthur and Bessie too did to help us when K died. Old friends always stand by and we can never forget their kindness such as yours will never be forgotten.

The enclosed I cut out of the paper the day after the "Memorial Services", and I think its a lovely tribute to the boys.

I'd be glad to hear how you all are. News from home is always welcome. I'll be back in the fall. This traveling around with Mrs. Tod, as her quest, may never come again to me. It is a nice opportunity to see the country. We will go up into Vermont in a week or so. Mail forwarded from Blacksburg, Va. will always reach me.

Best wishes to each of you and to Bessie too.

Aff.

(Mary)

10 June, 1945

Dear Aunt Mat,

I wish to thank you for the compliments you made about the letter regarding Henry's death. I wrote it with only one purpose in mind - to make things easier for you and somehow pave the way for the bad news.

You asked how you could write to some of Henry's friends. You can get in touch with them if you address your letters to Co. A, 1st Batt., 28th Marines, % P.O. San Francisco, Calif. The following, all of whom have the above address, were some of his friends:

Cpl. C.F. Becker

Pfc. G.P. Cassidy

Pfc. A.R. Marto - home town Green Bay, Wisc.

Pfc. J.R. Little - from Houston, Texas. Little was with Henry at the time of his death. He was Henry's squad leader.

Pfc. K.J. Krull - from Rochester, Minn.

Pfc. Maurice Weisenberg - I believe that this man knows something about the location of Henry's personal possessions.

It is customary for the government to send personal possessions of casualties to the next relation. You may, however, obtain more definite information (rest of sentence torn off)

As far as his insurance is concerned, I am afraid that you will have to wait for some time. The large number of casualties naturally results in much delay in the payment of beneficiary checks.

Censorship prevents my telling you about my present activities. As you probably know, I was in Hawaii for five weeks before being assigned to a ship. I made the long trip from Hawaii to Guam via Evinetak in an LSM. About ten days later I left Guam in an LST. During the entire voyage from Hawaii the weather was very favorable and no one became seasick. Before I forget, there is one more item which might interest you. On our conn is painted a Jap flag beside a plane.

I hope that you and Uncle Arthur are in the best of health. Please take care of those 70 chickens for I may get home in time to eat chicken as only you can cook it. Write again as soon as possible.

Sincerely,

(Bruce)

Welch, W.Va.
April 3, 1945

My dear Mattie:

I was so sorry to see in the paper yesterday, the death of your son. You were telling me about him, when I was in B - two weeks ago and little did I think, he would be gone so soon. I know it is a great blow to you and Mr. Tucker, but I trust the good Lord is very near you and will comfort and lead you in the right way. I hope Bessie's boys are safe and will be spared to her, after this awful war is over. So many sad cases and we hardly know what to expect from day to day.

I had a safe trip back home and Sam met me in Bluefield and we were soon here in Welch. The baby came back from Logan last night, stayed for Easter and came loaded down with eggs, candy and the like. She is a precious little soul and I am glad to have her back. So much company for me, for Sam is out most of the time. She goes to kindergarten three hours every morning and is asleep now while I write. This country is beautiful now and so much farther advanced than last year. We were over here two weeks later at Marguerite's funeral and it was cold then. I do hope we will not have any more cold weather for everybody is planting gardens and the flowers are all in bloom and we would hate to have them killed.

I did enjoy my visit home so much but didn't have time to see near all the folks I wanted to but the ones I did see were so cordial and seemed so glad to see me.

Many changes in Blacksburg now and so many new faces, I will hardly know any one if I stay away much longer.

Please remember me to Mrs. Camper and Mrs. Effinger, also to Bessie.

You and Mr. Tucker be good and bear your sorrow bravely as I know you will.

With best wishes from Sam and my love to both of you.

Sincerely,
(M. A. Pritchard)





UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Saturday July 6th 1945

Dear Mrs Tucker,

I most surely would have written you sooner had I known your address. I am sorry but I know of no one who knows anything about Henry's personal belongings. I wasn't near Henry when he was killed, I did ask Corp. James McCarthy who was near him and he says Henry wasn't wearing any personal belongings. I gather that his personal things must be in his sea bag. I asked the top sergeant and he says you should write to U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters Washington D.C. about his sea bag in reference to his personal belongings. My sincere sympathy goes to you Mrs Tucker for I know you have lost a wonderful son and I have lost a very dear friend. Any information I may find out about Henry's personal belongings I will let you know, and any thing I can do please don't hesitate to write and ask. I remain
your sincere friend
P.F.C. Maurice B. Huseinberg
A-1-28



*The United States of America
honors the memory of*

HENRY K. TUCKER

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful
nation in recognition of devoted and
selfless consecration to the service
of our country in the Armed Forces
of the United States.*



Lyndon B. Johnson
President of the United States

MEMORIAL TO HENRY KELLY TUCKER

I deem it both an honor and a duty to stand before you tonight in tribute to the memory of Henry Kelly Tucker, who was my friend and the friend of my son.

Henry Kelly Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tucker, was born May 12, 1925, at Christiansburg, Virginia. He started attending Sunday School at the Whisner Memorial Methodist Church when he was but two years old, and became a member of the church March 17, 1940, at the age of fourteen years. He attended the local schools, and was a senior in Blacksburg High School when he entered the Marine Corps on August 1, 1943. He took his boot training at Paris Island, South Carolina, afterwards being transferred to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina. From there he went to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California, and was sent overseas on September 23, 1944.

I have known Henry ever since he was a little boy. He was only six days younger than my eldest son, and they were classmates all the way through school. They entered the service together, getting as far as Roanoke before they were separated, where, because Jeff's eyes were bad he was sent to the Seabees and Henry to the Marines. This was a great disappointment to them both for they had hoped and expected to go on together. Were it not for this twist of fate, my son might be with Henry tonight. Henry was a quiet child but full of fun and liked a good time. I knew him better as he grew older and during his two furloughs he came to visit us several times. The thing I noted most about him during these visits was his deep love for his mother. He said often that he wanted to come back and go to college and make a success of his life, for his mother's sake more than his own, because he knew he meant so much to her. On his last visit to us, my mother, who is a minister's daughter and a good Christian, asked him if all were right with his spiritual life. He replied that he said his prayers every night and had always done so, and that yes, everything was all right with his soul. This is a great consolation to his parents as well as to his friends.

At the request of the Tucker family, Miss Elizabeth Woolwine, who was Henry's Sunday School teacher for a number of years, has given the following testimonial: "It was my privilege to have a conversation of some length with Henry when he was here on his last visit, just before leaving for his final call to duty. I shall always feel deeply grateful for the fact that he felt he could open his heart to me on the most serious issues of life, as I was his first teacher, and so deeply interested in his welfare. To be very brief, I was assured that he was fully aware of the danger awaiting him, and entirely ready to meet the outcome. We spoke of bygone days when he was just a tiny boy in his first school - such a lovable, obedient child - and then we dwelt on the joy awaiting those who have made the supreme sacrifice in the line of duty, quoting: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." I shall always remember the final conversation with Henry as a rich blessing he left to his first teacher, and know that he is awaiting the time of reunion with all those whom he has known and loved, in the Home beyond the ravages of war and sin. To those of us who are left to mourn the bereavement of so many loved ones "We are nearer Home today, perhaps, than now we think."

The following is an excerpt from a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. Tucker from their nephew, Ensign Bruce Hurt, regarding Henry's death. Everyone who has seen this letter pronounce it a masterpiece of its kind: "Henry was killed in action during the late afternoon of March 1, 1945. This, I know, is true because of the five or six Marines I have talked with who are now casualties at the various hospitals in this area. I know every detail of his death, and I can assure you that he died bravely in action. He died in the arms of Pfc. J.R. Little of Houston, Texas. I have talked for some time with Little and he has given me all the tragic details.

"Henry fought for 12 days in Iwo Jima, his company having landed in an early wave on the beach from which they struggled courageously inland to Mt. Suribachi where they fought along the base of the extinct volcano and then towards the northern part of the island. After rounding Mt. Suribachi, the volcanic mass at the southern end of the 8-square mile island, Henry's squad was sent to the northern sector where his last Jap was killed. After killing at least 30 Japs and displaying - according to all of his squad members, including the tough Sergeant - coolness under fire and extreme gallantry, Henry received a fatal wound from a Jap sniper. That same sniper killed at least five other men, including the Captain.

"I know how much of a blow this will be for both of you. Henry was the whole world to you, for in him you saw your own flesh and blood and your long past but never forgotten youthful spirit. But let me assure you of several things. He is not dead, for he lives in our hearts, and those soldiers never die who live in the hearts of others. They achieve greater immortality than old age could ever give them. It has been said that it is better to die in battle than to die from starvation or a hundred similar things, simply because it is better to die for something than to live for nothing. And Henry died bravely for something. All of his friends praised him highly, commending him for his coolness under fire and his skill in fighting. His most remarkable characteristic was coolness. One of his friends said that one night a Jap shell exploded near their camp. Henry asked what it was, and his friends replied that it was a 12 inch shell. Henry rolled back over on his bunk, pulled the covers over his face, and replied -- "Is that all?" - and went back to sleep while the others scurried below into their foxholes. I have spoken with Marto, Becker, Cassidy, Little and Krull, and every one of them have nothing but praise and respect for Henry's fighting ability and rare coolness. According to his friends, nothing seemed to bother Henry. Nothing seemed to worry him at all. He was always in the best of spirits and was an important factor in the morale of all those with whom he came in contact."

Miss Mary Apperson, a representative of one of Blacksburg's oldest families and who has known three generations of the Tucker family, has paid the following tribute to Henry: "Henry was a kind, gentle boy in his home, always generous in his love and affection for his mother and father, as well as his neighbors and friends, linked with heroism and the glorious concentrations of courage, the essence of all living. As Dr. Binyon in his "Ode to Fallen" wrote

after the last war:

"He shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary him, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember him."

- Colin Junkin Fippin
(Mrs. W.H. Fippin)

Virginians In Uniform

BLACKSBURG. — Three Blacksburg boys, S 17c Ernest Jeffries, Pfc Buford Blair, and Sgt. Charles Thos. Tate, write their parents from the Marianas Islands, where they are stationed, of getting together and creating a home atmosphere for themselves. Neither of the three had seen the other for two years until the Marianas meeting in February. Jeffries is with the Seabees, Blair is in photography, and Tate is a gunner on a B-29. Several other home boys are there and they hope to locate them soon. Sgt. Tate writes of having had night missions over Tokyo and several other much publicized targets. On a recent mission his plane landed for refueling on Iwo Jima, and while there he visited the cemetery where another of his schoolmates, Henry Tucker, is buried. Henry was with the marines and was killed in the invasion of Iwo Jima.

CAMBRIA—Lt. (jg) Mary Haynes (NC) USNR, of Cambria, has recently been promoted to that rank at the U. S. Naval hospital, Long Beach, Calif., where she is on duty.

Marine From Dante Wounded On Iwo Jima

DANTE, April 25.—Word has been received here from the war department that Pvt. William A. Steffey was wounded in action on Iwo Jima March 8. Pvt. Steffey entered the marines in June, going overseas in November.

His wife, the former Elizabeth Fox, and six months old daughter, Pamela Lee, reside at Dante with her parents.

Funeral for Henry December 30, 1948

Henry Kelly Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tucker, was born May 12, 1925, at Christiansburg, Virginia. He started attending Sunday School at the Whisner Memorial Methodist Church when he was but two years old, and became a member of the church March 17, 1940, at the age of 14. He attended the public schools in Blacksburg and was a senior in High School when he entered the Marine Corps on August 1, 1943. He took his boot training at Paris Island, South Carolina, after which he was transferred to Camp Le Jeune, North Carolina. From there he was sent to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California, and was sent overseas on September 23, 1944.

Henry saw a great deal of action in the Pacific theater of war. After twelve days on Iwo Jima he was killed along with a number of companions on the afternoon of March 1, 1945. In sending a message to the bereaved parents, Henry's chaplain said, "It is with deep feeling that I write you concerning your son Henry. Of all the men of his company who have lived together as one family, there was none who was more highly respected and beloved by his comrades than your son. With deepest sympathy we express our sorrow, yet not as though we have no hope, for we believe in God's offer of eternal life to those who serve him faithfully. I know that you too believe in our Master's words - 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me shall never die.'"

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair

It needs must be, since he lingers there.
Thinking of him faring on, as dear

In the love of There as the love of Here;
And loyal still, as he gave the blows

Of his warrior strength to his country's foes -
Mild and gentle as he was brave,

When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew

Blue as the eyes they were likened to;
The touches of his hands have strayed

As reverently as his lips have prayed;
When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead - he is just away!

- James Whitcomb Riley

One icy December I borrowed Arthur's horse and delivered Christmas packages in the outlying areas to those who otherwise could not be reached.

Arthur and I both loved horses and broke many to ride and had lots of fun going to horse shows.

When VPI had horses a mare died with kidney trouble and the male colt was a week old and about to die. Prof. R.E. Hunt of the Animal Husbandry Department gave the colt to Arthur and I raised it on the bottle until it was about six months old. I fixed six bottles a day for it out of lime water, Karo syrup and milk. This was when sugar and syrup were rationed and I was criticized. We named him Billie and when he grew up he thought I was his mother. Arthur and I broke it to ride. I would ride a horse and lead the colt with Arthur on it. When he was 2½ years old we sold him to a man who worked at VPI. We had a cow then and when I would milk and set the bucket down the colt would drink all the milk in the bucket.



Billie Tenifer 8 weeks old

Phyllis Howard feeding Billie She is now married to Nick Jones.



MATTIE and ARTHUR

Arthur and Henry both loved horses, and as you can see, I did too. He had what you call a pleasure horse and one summer he won seven blue ribbons. The thing of it was he had some help. I would wash the horse and shine his hooves and do all the work and he'd go to the shows and get the ribbons and have a good time! I didn't mind that one bit.

Horses Almost A Way Of Life For Blacksburg Resident

By BILL HAYS

Horses may be passe with some people, but not with Arthur Tucker, 76, of Blacksburg. He has owned one almost all his life.

"Use to be people got excited when they saw a motor car," Tucker said. "Nowadays, they come running when they see a horse."

He and his wife Mattie, live at 244 Wharton Street in what may well be a Blacksburg landmark. The house is 235 years old and they have lived in it since 1918, when he left the farm. He and his wife have been married 43 years. Before moving to town, he worked on the Elex Black farm just north of Blacksburg. His father had worked on the farm for about 50 years. Blacksburg was named for the lack family that owned the run.

Retired for the past 6 years, Tucker was employed by the Blacksburg Post Office for 20 yrs. Both he and his wife have seen Blacksburg grow and prosper over the years, and they have become part of the life of happiness and sadness that makes the true spirit of a community. For these are what might well be called "real people" with hobbies and interests that seem to fill their days with an afterglow that few modern people can capture.

It might be the spirit of giving and understanding one another.

"I never get tired of her. She's always a surprise to me," Tucker said of his wife.

"Take for instance how I got Smuggins. We'd just sold our last horse, Pepper. I'd been looking at Smuggins for some time and was dickering over the price when last year she just went and bought him for my birthday present," he laughed, looking at his wife fondly.

On the wall are pictures of some of his horses, Honey Bee, and Pepper. He also has a wall-board filled with ribbons he has won over the years with the horses he's owned in shows. One horse, Mary Anna won 9 blue ribbons. He has entered shows in Lynchburg, Roanoke, Christiansburg, Wytheville, Bland, Newport, and Peterstown, W. Va. Although Smuggins has not won any blue ribbons yet, he has managed to collect many second and third place ribbons.



(News Journal Photo)

HORSE FANCIER — Among other things, Arthur Tucker of Blacksburg loves horses. In fact, he has had a horse most

of his life. Above he is shown on Smuggins, a 9 year old 5-gaiter, on the streets of Blacksburg.

Smuggins, who was bought from Otto Caldwell in Giles County, appeared in this year's Christmas parade in Blacksburg as well as a few shows.

"Smuggins is a gentle horse. Lots of kids like to come and ride him and Smuggins seems to enjoy that just as much as they enjoy him," Tucker laughed.

Tucker has a number of saddles and his favorite seems to be an old english saddle because "it's comfortable." But he uses a Buena Vista saddle in shows and parades.

"Good horses are coming back. Men seem to like a good horse," Tucker said with a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course, we've had to do without some things in order to have a horse, but I think it's been worth it," Mrs. Tucker said snuggly. "Some of the things we've gone through for horses!"

"I even raised a horse on a bottle from the time he was a colt," Mrs. Tucker said. "No thought I was his mama."

Explaining the difference between a three gaiter and a five gaiter, Tucker said a five gaiter can walk, trot, slow gait, rack and canter while a three gaiter can only do three of these things.

"You've got to love a horse and show him you're the boss," Tucker said, which probably explains why he's won a number of blue ribbons.

Nor is blue ribbon winning confined only to Tucker. Mrs. Tucker has managed to win quite an array in her own endeavors.

Over the past ten years she has entered canned goods and other home making items in the Montgomery County Fair and the Prices Fork Fair.

Out of 149 ribbons won in the Montgomery County Fair, she has won 45 blue ribbons. In the Prices Fork Fair out of 238 ribbons are 162 blue ribbons proudly hanging on her wall board.

Among her various skills and crafts are crocheting and metalworking. She has crocheted hats and almost anything imaginable that can be done with hook and thread. Out of the lowly tin can, Mrs. Tucker has fashioned with the aid of only a pair of snips beautiful wall-shelves and decorations of such intricate curlicues that they remind one of metalwork done by artisans of ages past. Besides the medallions, she has fashioned angels and Christmas trees with the care of a true craftsman.

Never one to seem to have idle time on her hands, she was actively engaged in preparing a multitude of Christmas baskets for Veterans in the Veteran's Hospital in Salem. She has been a "Gray Lady" there

for 15 years. And for 16 years she has been active in Red Cross work. On a remarkable record she holds: is helping with the Bloodmobile in Blacksburg for the past 16 years, only missing two visits because of sickness.

One of the tragic moments of their lives came when their only son, Henry, was killed during the Second World War. He was with the 5th Marine Division when it assaulted Iwo Jima which took such a heavy toll of American lives. He was shot by a sniper during the thirteenth day of fighting. On the wall of their home are framed a Purple Heart citation and a message from President Roosevelt.

Besides their love for horses, the Tuckers have two cats, Tommy Tucker and George. Mrs. Tucker has taught Tommy to take milk from a bottle while holding it with his front paws.

But their pride and joy is Rex, a 16 year old colt who seems to have near human intelligence. Rex many times literally brought home the bacon. He would go to town with Mr. Tucker and would bring home a package in his mouth. He loves to meet the newspaper boy and bring in the paper.

Perhaps the Tuckers have discovered the secret of youth, having a consuming interest in other people and the things about them, for they seem never to want for something to do.

"GOODWIN"

The Finest in

Photography

Oct. 8, 1969



TOTE BAGS -- Mrs. Arthur Tuck displays a colorful array of tote bags for the craft show presented last week by Montgomery County home demonstration clubs. Each of the bags Mrs. Tuck showed boasted an unduplicated, hand-stitched design.

I have caned chairs and made a hat of cane - wore it to church. I have made baskets. Most of the furniture in my house are things people threw away and I fixed them over. Some pieces are over 100 years old. I made a bedside table out of scraps people gave me. I am proud of them because I fixed them to look like new.

I have made braided rugs from old blankets they threw away at the Veteran's Hospital. I also showed the boys at the hospital how to make the braided rugs and trays of aluminum. They got a big kick out of that. I made fifteen large trays for the hospital over 25 years ago and they are still being used when they have parties and they still look good. I have made from fifty to one seventy-five trays and sold them or given them away.

I took great pride in exhibiting things at the fairs. At Price's Fork and Montgomery County Fair at Christiansburg I have won 401 ribbons on everything from quilts, knitted and crocheted things, aprons, baby dresses, cushions, canning, preserving, jellies, vegetables, lamps, beadwork, aluminum trays, beer can art, Christmas decorations and embroidery.

In nine years I have gotten the following ribbons:

Montgomery County Fair	Prices Fork Fair
70 blues	74 blues
58 reds	106 reds
33 whites	60 whites
161	240

There was a preacher who always got the blue ribbon on gardening and I beat him one year! Rev. H.E. Poff of the Glade Road Church. He was a fine man and a real good preacher. He has passed on.



MRS. TUCKER shown with a little neighbor Cathie Lohr. Back of them are part of the blue ribbons won by Mr. Tucker in shows.

Tuckers Win Many Awards

By Ed Hancock

Between them, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Tucker, of Blacksburg, have garnered many blue ribbons.

At the cozy home on Wharton Street, countless colorful ribbons hang from the walls of the old home.

Mrs. Tucker's skills as a cook, canner and handicrafter, brought the prize ribbons to her. She has been honored for her home demonstration work three times. Mrs. Tucker each year submits top entries to the fairs at Christiansburg and Price's Fork.

For his skill at horseback riding, Mr. Tucker has won many ribbons. He has shown horses in shows at Petersburg, W. Va., Bland, Newport, Wytheville, Lynchburg and Roanoke.

Mr. Tucker rode his horse "Smuggins" in the recent Santa Claus parade through

downtown Blacksburg.

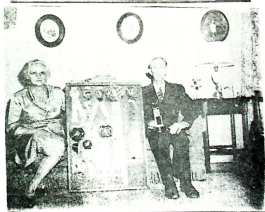
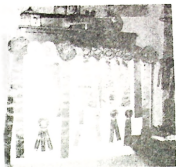
"Smuggins," a nine-year-old plantation horse of chestnut color, was a birthday present from Mrs. Tucker on Sept. 29, 1960.

Now 76 years old, Mr. Tucker is retired from his work at the postoffice in Blacksburg.

For several weeks Mrs. Tucker has been especially busy with her worthwhile hobby of putting on parties at the Roanoke Veterans Hospital in Salem.

She collected for and packed many Christmas baskets, and at the hospital arranged for a holiday party for the patients.

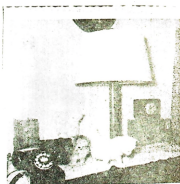
Mrs. Tucker was helped by contributions from circles of the Episcopal, Methodist and Church of God churches, the Blacksburg Senior Woman's Club, Draper's Meadow Home Demonstration Club, Mountain Club, the Blacksburg Social Club and individuals.



Now I want to tell you about my pets. A cow was to have a calf and they promised it to me if it would be a heifer. It came at Christmas in zero weather. Arthur went to check and found it had come and it was frozen stiff. We wrapped it in some old sacks and put fire in the cook stove and laid the calf behind the stove. We got up in the night and put some warm milk into it and it showed a little sign of life. Next morning when we woke up it was standing at the bedside looking at us. Susie made a good cow. We sold her for \$235.00.

When Arthur and his folks lived on the farm a sow had a litter of pigs. Mr. Tucker gave me the runt. It became quite a pet. It was so cold one night I set the clock to get up and feed it and it was so pitiful I wrapped it in a sheet and put it in the bed with me. Next morning when I woke up I looked at the pig and it was dead. I had rolled over on it.

I have raised pigs, calves, geese, chickens, ducks, toad frogs, fish, canaries, parakeets, chickadees, and many dogs and cats and of course Billie the horse. In fact I have now, July 30, 1980: five chickadees, two parakeets, a little rabbit which I feed with a medicine dropper, a bear gerbil which is lost in the house somewhere and a kitten. Also a bull frog, a toad frog and a little green tree frog. The little green frog I found the day I sold poppies outside the ABC Store at the Gables Shopping Center. We thought he came out of the store. I have the frogs in a large plastic container with a small hole at the top. The little green frog got out one day and I can't imagine how he did that. I take them out every day and give them a bath and let them play in the bath tub for awhile. Also I have ten gold fish at this time.



I had a big collie dog named Rex. He was everybody's dog. He would go to the corner of Lee Street and meet Mr. Ed Bodell every day, follow him to the postoffice to get the mail, then would follow him all the way home. Mr. Bodell lived on the mountain on Washington Street. Rex would go to the front gate and when Mr. Bodell would shut the gate Rex would come home.

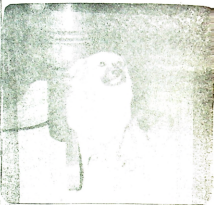
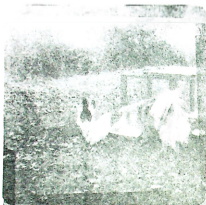
Rex was a very smart dog. He would carry groceries. Arthur would go by the grocery store and buy groceries on the way to work, give them to Rex and tell him to take them to Mattie and he would bring them home. They would always be wrapped and he would never tear them open.

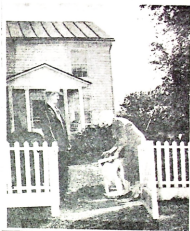
I trained him with a box of soda or salt so if any one took it from him it wouldn't be much loss. One time Arthur took him to the store and gave him a box of soda. He came home without the soda and I scolded him and tried to send him back. He would run to the corner of Lee street and come back. Later in the day I took him with me on a walk to the cemetery and we got Webbie Noblin on the way. On the way back Rex remembered the soda and went behind a bush and dashed back to me with it. He had visited a girl friend on the way home from town. Mrs. Colin Fippen who lived next door to the Noblin's had a little black dog he liked.

He brought a turkey home one day. I found it in the yard and upon enquiring found it had dropped from one of Sally Oliver's trucks and belonged to Miss Carrie Sibold. He hadn't torn the wrapping at all but brought it home to me. Sally Oliver ran the Blue Grass Market for many years.

Rex was given to me by Margaret Barringer when he was a pup a month old. He lived to be 17½ years old. I had to have him put to sleep. I thought he was as smart as Lassie on TV.







Rodney Bess and I taking some of my pets to the Price's Forks Fair. I'm holding Susie and Rodney is handling Rex for me.



Mrs. Tucker showing Mrs. Kate Estes Hoge her handiwork - crocheted tablecloth, braided rug, aluminum tray and basket



Mrs. Tucker showing Mrs. H.E. Agee Christmas decorations she has made for the bazaar, parties etc., and showing her how to cane a chair.



50-40-45-35-20 lbs.
Prize pumpkins



An article from the News Messenger:

Glade HD Club Talks VA Work

The Glade Home Demonstration Club met yesterday at the home of Mrs. J.L. Maxton. Mrs. W.K. Estes and Mrs. James Settles gave the demonstration on braided rugs at the all day meeting.

After the covered dish luncheon Mrs. J.H. Bywaters gave an interesting discussion on the work of the Red Cross at the Veterans Hospital in Salem.

H.D. Club Plans White Elephant Sale

BLACKSBURG — Members of the Draper Meadow Home Demonstration Club have announced a white elephant sale for their meeting on Wednesday, November 10.

Low calorie desserts were discussed by Mrs. W. K. Estes at the meeting held recently. Mrs. John T. Buck was hostess to the group at her home on Main St. She served a party plate.

Twenty - six members and guests attended the meeting.

Drapers HD Club Feeds Veterans

The Drapers Meadow and the Blacksburg Home Demonstration Clubs recently sponsored and served 275 patients at the Veterans' Hospital in Salem. Those assisting were Mrs. W. K. Estes, Mrs. James Settles, Mrs. J. B. Wall, Mrs. John Payne, Mrs. Guss Word, Mrs. J. R. McGraw, Mrs. Johnsen, Mrs. Simon Weddle and Mrs. Arthur Tucker.

Textile Sale Nets Club \$22

Textile painting was the demonstration given by Mrs. W. K. Estes at the November meeting of the Draper's Meadow Home Demonstration Club, held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. R. J. Holden.

Twenty nine members were present and three guests, Mrs. J. B. McGraw, Mrs. Ann Faulkner and Mrs. H. Y. Loh. Twenty two dollars were realized from a white elephant sale conducted by the members. The co-hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. Mattie Long and Mrs. T. B. Hutchinson.

H. D. Club Has Meeting Today In Blacksburg

BLACKSBURG — The Draper's Meadow Home Demonstration Club met this afternoon, with Mrs. John T. Buck at 908 South Main St. Mrs. K. N. Kessinger and Mrs. John Albert were co-hostesses at the meeting which began at 2 p.m.

Mrs. W. K. Estes gave the demonstration. Her topic was "Low Calorie Desserts."

Blacksburg
Wednesday, October 13
The Draper Meadows Home Demonstration Club will meet at the home of Mrs. John T. Buck, 908 S. Main St., at 3 p.m. with Mrs. K. N. Kessinger and Mrs. John Albert as co-hostesses.
David E. Durham, associate secretary of the YMCA of VPI, will speak at the YMCA Vespers in the Little Chapel at 8:00 p.m. at 4:45 p.m.



Citation of Appreciation

This citation of appreciation is gratefully presented to

Mattie Tucker #182

In recognition and sincere appreciation of outstanding service and assistance which contributed to the advancement of The American Legion Auxiliary programs and activities dedicated to God and Country.

by at Salem VA Medical Center

Department of Virginia

Betty Swanson
PRESIDENT

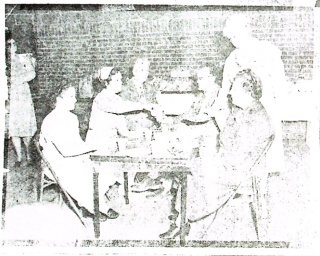
ATTEST: Mary L. Hull
Dept. Hosp. Rep.

Arlene L. Self
SECRETARY

I have belonged to the American Legion Women's Auxiliary for about fifty years. I have sold poppies every year but two and I was sick then. I sold more poppies than anyone else. This year, at the age of 87, I wasn't real well but I sold poppies and collected \$170.00, the most anyone had collected. One man gave me \$25.00 and his wife gave me \$10.00. (Mr. and Mrs. L.B. Dietrick). Three women gave me \$5.00 each. We sold all the poppies and that was the first time since we had been selling them. Everybody was so good to pay me and I enjoyed doing the work and had lots of fun.

I have worked with the Red Cross for forty-six years, Cancer Society for ten years and the Bloodmobile for twenty-seven years.

Below shows some donors when first Bloodmobile visit was made to Blacksburg. January 17, 1951.



RESTING IN THE CANTEREN after giving their pint of blood last Wednesday when the "Bloodmobile" was at Blacksburg, are these donors, who helped to set a new record for this area, with a total of 123 pints of blood given. They are, left to right, enjoying some refreshments, Mrs. Pauline Lamb, Mrs. Frank Marshall, who had charge of arrangements; Dr. I. D. Wilson, Mayor John M. Barringer, first man to go through; Mrs. Arthur Tucker, volunteer worker; and Mrs. John R. Hutcheson, first woman to give blood.



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

Hospital

Roanoke 17, Virginia

July 24, 1951

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130-10EG

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
Box 405
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

Enclosed you will find a copy of a letter forwarded this date to Mr. Fogleman in appreciation for his generosity regarding the donation of paint. As I understand it, you have exercised a personal interest in bringing about this donation, and at this time I also wish to express our thanks for your intervention in the matter above.

As I understand it also you are quite active as a voluntary worker here in the hospital. I am sure you will feel a personal satisfaction in knowing that the paints will be put to good use in our many shops at a future date. I hope I will have the opportunity to meet you sometime in the hospital and extend my personal thanks.

Sincerely,

CHARLES W. SCULLY
Executive Assistant
Physical Medicine Rehabilitation

Enc.

cc: American Red Cross
Field Director

FORWARDED:

T. C. MESMER
Chairman, VA Voluntary Service
Hospital Advisory Committee



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
ROANOKE 17, VIRGINIA

February 4, 1953

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130-6

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
209 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

We are deeply grateful for your very kind thought and consideration of our indigent patients in furnishing them one dollar canteen coupon books. Attached is Canteen Receipt No. 152137 covering your recent donation.

The coupon books are being distributed to a number of our indigent patients and, as you know, they will certainly derive a great deal of pleasure and benefit from the use of these books.

It is our understanding that this contribution was made up of donations from several civic and service organizations in and around your community. Please extend each our warmest thanks for such generous thoughtfulness. Special thanks to you for your continued efforts on behalf of our hospitalized veterans.

Sincerely yours,


R. C. FESSLER
Chairman, VAYS Committee

Encl: 1
Cant. Receipt

cc: Mrs. Freddie Cloud
Mrs. R. L. Kinnaird



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
ROANOKE 17, VIRGINIA

August 20, 1953

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130-60

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
Box 405
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

We wish to thank you for arranging another picnic for our hospitalized veterans on Wednesday, August 26, 1953.

Arrangements have been made to bring patients from Ward 10A as requested. There will be approximately 30 people including patients, personnel, and driver. It is understood that your group will furnish the food and drinks and we will bring plates, cups, tablecloths, etc. The group will leave the hospital at 9:30 A.M.

I am sure this will be a treat that they will remember for a long time.

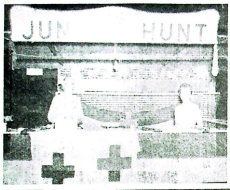
Thanks again for your interest and cooperation.

Very truly yours,

Sam E. Ellington
SAM E. ELLINGTON
Recreational Director

FORWARDED:

I. C. Mesmer
I. C. MESMER
Chief, Special Services



Mattie Tucker

Arline Hale



Mrs. S.H. Kessinger Mattie Tucker



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

HOSPITAL

Roanoke 17, Virginia

April 13, 1954

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130-60

Mrs. Arthur Tucker
209 Morton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

We wish to thank you for the large quantity of magazines received from you recently.

Were it not for such gifts as yours, we would be unable to meet the heavy demand we have for literature of this type.

Thanks very much for your generosity.

Very truly yours,

Elizabeth Fitts
ELIZABETH FITTS
Chief Librarian

Forwarded:

E. C. Foster

E. C. FOSTER
Chairman, VAVS
Hospital Advisory Committee

RICHARD H. POFF
8th District, Virginia

HOME ADDRESS:
RADFORD, VIRGINIA

NANCY LEE CALLENDER
ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Radford, Virginia
December 20, 1954



COMMITTEE ON THE
JUDICIARY
POLICY COMMITTEE

Mrs. Arthur Tucker
Blacksburg
Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

This will acknowledge your letter
of December 15.

I very much appreciate your giving
me an opportunity to participate in this worth-
while cause. I am attaching hereto a very
small donation which I wish could be larger.
As a veteran myself, I am very much interested
in anything which helps those who gave so much
in the defense of their country.

With every best wish for a very Merry
Christmas, I am

Sincerely yours,



RICHARD H. POFF

Attachment

February 4, 1953

5130-6

Mrs. Dudley Thomas
Blacksburg Woman's Club
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Thomas:

Mrs. Mattie Tucker of Blacksburg recently donated a sum of money for use in purchasing one dollar canteen coupon books for a number of our indigent patients. She advised that your organization very generously contributed toward the filling of Christmas Stockings for our patients and that the remainder of your donation should be used toward the canteen coupon book project.

The coupon books are being distributed and, needless to say, they will certainly provide a great deal of pleasure and benefit to many of our indigent veterans. On their behalf, please accept our heartfelt thanks for your very kind thought and consideration.

Very truly yours,

T. C. RESMER
Chairman, VAVS Committee

cc: Mrs. Mattie Tucker

March 30, 1955

5130-60

Mrs. Ray Celingburg
c/o Mr. Ray Celingburg
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Celingburg:

Mrs. Tucker, one of our volunteers from Blacksburg, informed us that you were in charge of a Dancing School and had expressed a desire to present a show for our hospitalized veterans.

We are sure the patients will enjoy the program and will be delighted to have you visit with them.

We shall be happy to have your group on Friday, April 29 or Friday, May 27, at 7:30 P.M. or Sunday, May 22 at 2:30 P.M.

We sincerely appreciate your interest in our patients and hope that you will be able to bring us a show on one of the dates we have listed. Please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Very truly yours,

LUTHER C. SCHILLING
Acting Recreation Director

FORWARDED:

J. C. Hesmer
T. C. HESMER
Chief, Special Services

cc: Mrs. Mattie Tucker

C
O
P
J

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
Roanoke 17, Virginia

January 14, 1955

Mrs. A. B. Tucker
209 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

The True Spirit of Christmas is not measured by ordinary means; it is measured instead, by a special formula of remembrance, warmth, friendship, and sincere interest which comes from the heart.

Each of us here know that the true spirit of Christmas did visit our hospital at Christmas time, for all of these ingredients were present in the 65 Christmas stockings made possible by the donations of the many members of Blacksburg and the surrounding communities.

When the stockings were presented to a group of patients who had received no other Christmas packages their smiles brightened the entire room and one young man asked, "Is it really for me; I didn't think any one would remember me." Another said, "Thanks, this really makes it Christmas;" and still another remarked, with a big smile, "Aren't those people swell."

We are sure that if each person or group who so kindly donated to make these stockings possible had been able to see the smiles and to hear the expressions of gratitude, they would have realized why the Spirit of Christmas is measured by such a special formula.

We are deeply grateful to you and to the many members of your community whose warmhearted thoughtfulness made possible a much brighter Christmas for our veteran patients. Will you kindly express to each of them our sincere appreciation and wishes for a full and Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

T. C. HESMER
Chairman, VAVS Committee

Thursday, January 26, 1956

Letter

The following letter was received by Mrs. Arthur B. Tucker, of Blacksburg, a gray lady volunteer at the Veterans Hospital. She was chairman of the drive to buy and fill Christmas stockings to veterans at the hospital.

Mrs. Arthur B. Tucker
206 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

January 20, 1956
Dear Mrs. Tucker:

To be remembered at Christmas time gives us all a warm feeling—a good feeling—to know that you have friends—someone thinking of you. To receive a gift from someone you don't know—from someone who has a sincere interest and wish to make others happy—makes the gift even more meaningful.

This expresses how the patients and the hospital staff feel toward those people in and around Blacksburg who so graciously donated 45 Christmas packages to be presented to a group of our patients at Christmas time.

We wish that you and each person who so kindly donated the stockings could have been here when the patients received your gifts. Their smiles and expressions of thanks were sincere demonstrations of how much they appreciated being remembered.

We are also grateful to you, each person, or group who donated the \$15.00 for canteen coffee books for indigent patients and \$10.00 to the recreation fund for refreshments for special parties for groups of patients. Those patients who have no funds will welcome a canteen book to purchase things to their liking.

This past Christmas was one of

the nicest our patients have had, and we extend our deepest appreciation to you and the members of your community for your help in making this possible. We extend our very best wishes to each of you for a very Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

T. C. Hesmer

Chairman, VAVS Committee
These Blacksburg organizations contributed packages to the Veterans Administration Hospital, at Roanoke.

Draper Meadow Home Demonstration Club, of Blacksburg, Glade Home Demonstration Club at Glade, Blacksburg Home Demonstration Club, Mount Taber Home Demonstration Club, McCoy Home Demonstration Club.

Price's Fork Home Demonstration Club, Roanoke Valley Home Demonstration Club, Junior Woman's Club, Blacksburg Woman's Club, Rotary Club, Blacksburg and Christiansburg, Auxiliary of the Episcopal Church.

Circle No. 1, Mrs. W. E. Garrett of the Methodist Church, Circle No. 2, Mrs. Dan Frederick of the Methodist Church, Circle No. 3, Mrs. Edward Hult, Methodist Church, Circle No. 7, Mrs. L. E. Wilkins, of the Methodist Church.

Friendship Garden Club, Mrs. Tom Harman, Rodney Hess, Mrs. John Wilson, Mrs. J. L. Maxton, Mrs. John Rockridge, Mrs. V. E. Kelsey.

Mrs. David Correy, Mr. and Mrs. Poon Clood, Mr. Ed Cook, Mrs. Harlin Little, Dr. Walter Newman, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Ford E. Lucas, Mrs. Grace Gray, Miss Aline Price, Miss Georgia Crogg, Mrs. Walter Newman, Sr.

Mrs. John Hutchinson, Sr., Miss Emma Hurdette, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. W. G. Buckland, Mrs. Clyde Smith.

Mrs. Russell Arrington, Mrs. Annie Allen, Mrs. S. K. Cowan, Mrs. S. B. Feggo, Mrs. F. L. Roberson, Mrs. Hermand Dickey.

son

Pot²⁵
961
Juri

By Pot Licker

Call him Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, St. Nick, or "Big Daddy"—I hope "Ole Whiskers" was good to you. And if he had something in his pack that you didn't need, remember you can always exchange it for something you did — and give the sales clerk a fit.

The biggest Santa Claus I saw this Christmas was at least 10 feet tall. That was the best measurement I could come up with, considering the shape he was in. He was being carried through Blacksburg strapped to a flatbed truck, and he was lying prone and his tongue was hanging out. He probably was suffering from the aftermath of too many make-believe belly laughs. Hal Hal Corny, yes, but remember the early Americans loved their cornmeal mush at Christmas time.

My foot got a little heavy on the accelerator last week as I was headed home broke after a shopping spree in Roanoke (The Blacksburg merchants will bang me at dawn, I was on Route 460 at the time and in the general vicinity of Grant's Tavern. The marquee of the well-known ten caught my eye. It read: "Santa Claus knows you are speeding." My right foot eased up a bit. Ed Hancock did an article last week in the Roanoke World News on Blacksburg's Mrs. Arthur B. Tucker. For 15 years this selfless lady of the "old school" has clocked more than 3000 hours of time staging parties for the patients at the Roanoke Veterans Hospital in Salem.

Hancock, in his story, tells of another Blacksburg woman, who, like Mrs. Tucker, lost a son in the war. She once asked Mrs. Tucker, "How can you bear to work with war veterans when you lost your own son?" "I couldn't," explained Mrs. Tucker, "if I thought about myself more than I thought of others." Hesn't this dear lady captured the real essence of the Christmas spirit?"



RED CROSS

CORNER

"People helping people." is an apt definition of the Red Cross. Not only does it apply to disasters such as the recent flood in the northeastern states and the fires that have struck during the past year in Montgomery County, but is week in and week out activities in our own communities.

The unselfish services of the Gray Ladies of the Montgomery County Red Cross Chapter exemplify some of the unhealed activities carried on by the local chapter.

The latter part of August a carnival was staged at the Veterans Administration Facility in Roanoke for the patients by patriotic and service organizations of the area. The Montgomery Chapter sponsored a booth at the Carnival with Miss Opal Teel and Mrs. Ruby Snuffer serving refreshments and operating games for the entertainment of the patients. Mrs. Arthur Tucker and Miss Violet Martin, of Blacksburg, along with Miss Thelma Weiler, also of Blacksburg, visited the patients at regular intervals, taking them magazines, periodicals, candy and chewing gum. The Blacksburg Methodist Church sent 300 copies of that denomination's inspirational publication, "The Upper Room," for distribution among the patients.

The Gray Ladies also conduct classes in occupational therapy for the patients. A shop is provided for such instructions by the facility with the classes being supervised by the Gray Ladies. A total of 80 hours was spent with the patients during the month of August by representatives of the Montgomery County chapter.

Four men received their Red Cross certificates in life saving for having successfully completed the 18 hours senior life saving course held at Virginia Tech. It was announced by M. Buford Blair, chairman of Montgomery County Chapter safety services. One of these was Don R. Benner, of Blacksburg. The course was taught by M. B. Blair and assisted by Red Cross Instructor John C. Griffith.

Red Cross Instructor C. W. Akers, of Blacksburg, has just completed a course in advanced first aid. Two men, member of the Blacksburg Rescue Squad, received certificates. They are James Davis and William G. Harman.

Camp Carybrook at River completed a junior and senior life saving course recently. Fourteen juniors received certificates and two seniors. Both classes were taught by Red Cross Instructor Ann Key.

To round out the water program at Camp Carybrook, Red Cross Instructors Ann Key, Marty Petty and Lee Carter completed two more intermediate and two swimmer courses with 14 receiving intermediate certificates and 10 receiving swimmers certificates.

This fall, starting Sept. 19, Professor M. B. Blair will teach two beginners, one intermediate and a senior life saving class in the VPI pool. A standard first aid class will also be held at nights for college students and citizens in the community.

Red Cross Corner

The Montgomery County Red Cross Christmas parties for the Veterans Hospital, Salem, will be held tomorrow, Sunday and Sunday. Mrs. Arthur Tucker, Gray Lady, of Blacksburg, and Mrs. R. L. Kincaid, Gray Lady, of Christiansburg, are in charge of the parties and assisted by local churches and organizations.

Next Monday the Junior Red Cross will assist Mrs. Margaret Billingsley with her Christmas party for the home-bound children.

Twelve VPI students, accompanied by the Gray Ladies, Mrs. Arthur Tucker, of Blacksburg, and Mrs. Ruby Snuffer, of Christiansburg, escorted patients at the Veterans Hospital in Salem Nov. 22. Woody Leach, student director of the Blacksburg Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. P. L. Cochran, executive Red Cross secretary, accompanied the group. Corwin Matthews played the electric guitar.

April 27, 1956

5130-6

Rose's Five & Ten Cents Store
Blacksburg, Virginia

Gentlemen:

We are sincerely grateful to you for your generous donation of 900 comic books and 500 pounds of Easter candy which you gave to Mrs. Arthur Tucker for distribution to veteran-patients at our hospital.

Our patients derive a great deal of pleasure from reading comic books, and they are very fond of candies; especially did they enjoy the big Easter eggs.

On behalf of our patients, please accept our heartfelt thanks for your kind and considerate thought.

Sincerely yours,


T. C. HESMER
Chairman, VAYS Committee

cc: Mrs. Arthur Tucker
Blacksburg, Va.

Choral Group of County Gives Party For 187 Veterans at Salem Hospital

The Montgomery County Choral Group, for the county Red Cross Chapter, gave a party for 187 patients at the Veterans Hospital, Salem, Dec. 17.

Mrs. R. L. Kinnaird, of Christiansburg, wishes to thank the various groups who furnished refreshments, fruits and cigarettes.

The following participated: Mrs. Mattie Tucker, Woman's Auxiliary of the Blacksburg Episcopal Church, Circle 6, Blacksburg Methodist Church, Price's Fork Home

Demonstration Club, Blacksburg Alliance Mills, Miss Louise Adkinson, Blacksburg, Mrs. and Mrs. Teeks, Blacksburg, Mrs. Annie Allen, Christiansburg Senior Women's Club, Christiansburg Home Demonstration Club, members of Christiansburg Presbyterian and Brethren Churches, Montgomery County Red Cross Gray Ladies.

Q. How long will the effects of granular septicache last in controlling the alfalfa weevil?
A. Only one entire season.

December 1949

Mrs. Tucker has always been first on the scene when Red Cross volunteers are needed. She participated in all chapter activities during World War II, served as a Gray Lady at the Salem VA hospital (received recognition for 2500 hours) organized and supervised many parties for VA patients; assisted with fund campaigns, Christmas Ditty Bag programs and continues to be on hand with a friendly smile serving at each of the Bloodmobile visits at Va. Tech.

*22 at VA Hospital 10 years with the
30 with Red Cross Cabaret
Dec 1972 23 years help with
the bloody mobile
Miss Turner 1972*

Form provided by Comptroller General, U.S. November 19, 1947		FIELD SERVICE RECEIPT - GENERAL		NO. A 2375637
APPROPRIATION OR FUND TO BE CREDITED		SYMBOL 36X8180		
NAME OF BENEFICIARY (If other than remitter) Mrg., Fr. Contributed Funds		CLAIM NO. C.	AMOUNT 25.00	DATE 1-11-56
DESCRIPTION OF REMITTANCE		PURPOSE		
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> CASH <input type="checkbox"/> CHECK (Domestic) <input type="checkbox"/> MONEY ORDER <input type="checkbox"/> CHECK (Foreign) <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER:		\$15.00 for Gift Coupon books \$10.00 for Recreational Activities		
NAME AND ADDRESS OF REMITTER <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 10px auto; width: 80%;"> Mrs. Arthur Tucker 209 Wharton Street Blacksburg, Virginia </div>		STATION NO. 5130	PLACE Roanoke, Va.	
		RECEIPT IS HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGED OF THE AMOUNT STATED ABOVE—CHECKS ACCEPTED SUBJECT TO COLLECTION.		
		<i>Ralph W. Foster</i> Ralph W. Foster AGENT CARRIER		



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
ROANOKE 17, VIRGINIA

July 5, 1956

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130-6C

Mrs. Arthur Tucker
209 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

In reference to your letter dated July 2, 1956, we will be delighted to bring a group of twenty-four patients to the Picnic Nook at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute on Thursday, July 12th, for lunch. The group will arrive there at approximately 11:45 A.M.

We deeply appreciate the time and effort the ladies of Blacksburg are putting forth in arranging this special outing.

Very truly yours,

Arnold L. Brumfield
ARNOLD L. BRUMFIELD
Acting Recreation Director

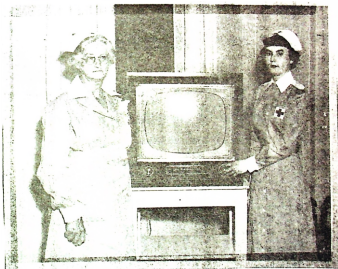
FORWARDED:

T. C. Hesmer
T. C. HESMER
Chief, Special Service

Mrs. Perry Marshall and I helped to get lots of boys on their feet. There was one they called Louis. He hadn't walked in twenty-one years so Mrs. Marshall and I worked with him with his therapy and we got him so he could walk with a cane. He could walk all over the hospital and he was so proud and we were too. His mind was good.

I went to work at the Veteran's Hospital after World War II when they brought the sad ones home. I'm so glad I could help with them for my only child, Henry, got killed at Iwo Jima. I would go on Christmas Day to work since Arthur had to work at the Post Office then. We would take each boy a Christmas stocking with twelve different items in them. Some of them would want me to have theirs as they didn't have anything to give as they didn't have families to care for them. It was so pitiful. I saw lots of sadness at the hospital.

Mrs. Freddie Cloud, whose husband had been a prisoner of war and was one of the last to be returned, and I had three bake sales and made enough money to buy a RCA TV for one ward. Mr. Carver gave us a discount and we paid \$300.00 for it.



BLACKSBURG WOMEN PRESENT TV SET TO VA—Mrs. Arthur Tucker (left) and Mrs. Freddie Cloud, of Blacksburg, presented a TV set to the Veterans Facility patients yesterday. Dr. G. W. Grady, the hospital manager, is shown accepting the gift. The women raised the money for the set by conducting two bake sales at Blacksburg. Mrs. Tucker lost her son, Marine Pfc. Henry M. Tucker, in the Battle of Iwo Jima during World War II. The husband of Mrs. Cloud, Tyndal Don G. Cloud, of the Second Division, is now a prisoner of war in Korea. (Times Herald)

Freddie and I took it upon ourselves to bring veterans to Blacksburg for a picnic at the Duck Pond. We did this three times. One time we had 50, another time 25 and the next time 30. The hospital furnished the buses. We had nice days each time. Freddie and I prepared all the food - fried chicken, ham, corn pudding, beans, corn on the cob, pickle, rolls, apple sauce, pie, cake, lemonade and other things. The VPI Creamery furnished us with chocolate milk, milk and ice cream for each visit. Mr. Bill Altman brought games for them to play - soft ball, horse shoes and croquet. Some did a little fishing. We drove them all over the campus and one time Mrs. Newman invited them to the President's House. Speck Anderson was one of the fellows and he had lived in Blacksburg and when he attended VPI was in Number One Barracks so some of the attendants took him and some of the other boys up into his old room. They talked about that for days. These visits were a lot of hard work but it was worth it. We also had a preacher to ask the blessing and sing songs for them.

PICNIC FOR WARD 10

Twenty-four patients journeyed to Blacksburg, Va. on July 12th for a wonderful afternoon of entertainment consisting of a Picnic and Sight-Seeing Tour through V.P.I. Mrs. Tucker, one of the regular ARC Volunteers from Blacksburg, was in charge of the arrangements and the Long Shop Ladies from Blacksburg served the food. This group left the hospital at 10:30 AM and returned at 2:00 PM. May thanks to those who made this extra activity possible.

WE SALUTE THE VOLUNTEERS CHAPEL
Veterans Administration Hospital, Roanoke, Virginia
Thursday, May 21st, 1953 7:30 P.M.

Certificates of Devotion to Duty

1,000 HOURS

Bowles, Emily
Clemmer, James H.
Cregger, Mildred R.
Golden, Sadie
Hankla, Bonnie
Huffman, Berta S.
Hughes, Ettie J.
Lukey, Doris
MacKenzie, Frances G.
McIntosh, Winifred M.
Malcolm, Bonnie J.
Miller, Mildred
Monk, Bessie
Mountcastle, Marguerite

Oberfell, Florence
Robertson, Fannie M.
Rowe, Theresa
Smoot, Rosa
Stras, Mary
Swann, Gladys
Trippner, Leona
Tucker, Mattie
Urick, Alma S.
Waldron, Veva G.
Webb, Nannie B.
Wright, Edna
Wyant, Grace
Wylie, Grace

MEMORIAL DAY Volunteer Recognition Ceremony
Thursday, May 30, 1957 - 10:00 A.M. Front
Lawn - Veterans Hospital, Salem, Virginia.

FIVE THOUSAND HOUR CLUB

NAME OF VOLUNTEER	ORGANIZATION	HOURS
Alma S. Urick	A. R. C.	5442

ONE THOUSAND HOUR CLUB

Bertha Black	A. L. A.	1015
Emily S. Bowles	A. R. C.	2406
Frances E. Brown	V. F. W. A.	1724
Frances I. Butler	A. R. C.	1647
Mary Claytor	V. F. W. A.	1866
James H. Clemen	A. R. C.	2680
Florence A. Cook	V. F. W. A.	3054
Mildred R. Cragger	A. R. C.	1784
Sefronia Edwards	V. F. W. A.	1052
Hazel E. Fox	A. R. C.	1339
Sadie C. Golden	A. R. C.	1676
Robins J. Guilt	A. W. M.	3064
Gladys Giles	A. R. C.	1833
Bonnie S. Hankla	A. R. C.	2110
Florence M. Hale	N. M.	1123
Ruth C. Henderson	A. R. C.	1219
Rhea Horsley	V. F. W. A.	1899
Kittie Knox	V. F. W. A.	1822
Doris F. Lukaty	V. F. W. A.	2180
Frances G. MacKoenzie	D. A. V. A.	1584
Madaline S. McCausland	A. R. C.	1637
Ollie McCoy	A. R. C.	1375
Winifred McIntosh	A. R. C.	1935
Gladys McLain	V. F. W. A.	1929
Bonnie J. Malcolm	A. L. A.	4075
Mildred Miller	A. R. C.	2553
Beattie Monk	N. M.	1981
Marguerite Montcastle	R. C. GAR. C.	1822
Tressie Murphy	A. W. M.	1587
Florence Oberfell	A. R. C.	2263
Fannie Robertson	A. R. C.	2688
Theresa A. Rowe	A. L. A.	2021
Margaret Sandridge	A. R. C.	2275
Rosa Smoot	N. M.	2266
Mary J. Snapp	A. L. A.	1212
Mary L. Strass	A. L. A.	3368
Gladys Swann	A. R. C.	1717
Louise M. Teichler	V. F. W. A.	1465
Leona Trippier	A. L. A.	1738
Mattie Tucker	A. R. C.	1650
Veva G. Waldron	V. F. W. A.	1452
Nannie B. Webb	V. F. W. A.	2977
Virginia Wood	A. R. C.	1382
Edna Wright	A. R. C.	1444
Grace Wylie	V. F. W. A.	1823

JOINING THE 1,000 HOUR CLUB THIS YEAR

Astrid Anderson	NON-AFF.	1076
Ruth Hackler	A. L. A.	1304
Yuille Hoyt	A. R. C.	1961
Katherine Leguin	A. R. C.	1325
Toelma Macom	A. R. C.	1042
Mable Martin	A. R. C.	1129
Sylvia Yarbrough	A. G. S. M.	1017

493 hours
Red cross

1150
393
2040

MEMORIAL DAY, Volunteer Recognition Program
Friday, May 30, 1958 - 10:00 A.M.
Front Lawn, Veterans Hospital, Salem, Virginia

FIVE THOUSAND HOUR CLUB

Alma S. Urick

ONE THOUSAND HOUR CLUB

Astrid Anderson	Winifred McInosh
Bertha Black	Gladys McLain
Emily S. Bowles	Thomas Mason
Frances E. Brown	Bonnie J. Malcolm
Frances I. Butler	Mabel Martin
Mary Claytor	Mildred Miller
James H. Cloner	Bessie Monk
Florence A. Cook	Marguerite Mountcastle
Mildred E. Cragger	Tressie Murphy
Selma Edwards	Florence Oberfell
Rae E. Fox	Fannie Robertson
Sadie C. Golden	Theresa A. Rowe
Robbie J. Gail	Margaret Sandridge
Gladys Giles	Rosa Smoot
Ruth Hackler	Mary J. Soapp
Bonnie S. Hinkle	Mary L. Stoss
Florence M. Hale	Gladys Swann
Ruth C. Henderson	Louise M. Teichler
Yvonne Holt	Lucas Trippner
Rhea Howley	Mattie Tucker
Kirke Koon	Vera G. Waldron
Katherine Leggett	Nannie B. Webb
Doris F. Lohry	Virginia Wood
Frances G. MacKessie	Edna Wright
Madeline S. McCasland	Grace Wylie
Ollie McCoy	Sylvia Yarbrough

JOINING THE 1,000 HOUR CLUB

Clara B. Carter	Ethel McCann
Marie deKorwan	Lillie Paddle
Ann Hinchey	Ruby Saffler
Nellie Hodge	Louise Wheeler
Mildred Lilly	

BLACKSBURG PRESBYTERIAN CHAPELS
NORTHSIDE ROANOKE VALLEY

P. O. BOX 101

BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA

April 7, 1962

PHONE: PR 2-0084
PR 2-0014

REV. FRED H. CURRIE
MINISTER

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
209 Wharton
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker,

I was very pleased to read in the "Volunteer Views and News" of the Veterans Administration Hospital, Salem, that you are to receive a 1,500-hour Certificate for service at the Hospital.

This is a real example of unselfish Christian service on your part, and would well serve as an inspiring example to others. My congratulations to you for all you have done at the Hospital.

Sincerely,

Fred H. Currie

They wanted someone to play Santa at the Veterans Hospital one Christmas so I asked Mrs. John Barringer and Miss Eleanor Wall to go with us. They gave Elsa a Santa Clause suit and she was just great. Some of the boys would just sit there but they would pat their feet and that showed they enjoyed the music the girls made. They even played the piano together and the boys liked that. We gave them candy and cookies and all of us had a wonderful time giving the boys a good time. Eleanor also sang.



Elsa Gudheim Barringer
Wife of former Mayor



Eleanor Wall
Schoolteacher

I received several pins and nine medals for my work down at the Veterans Hospital.

**' Ellington Promoted at VA Hospital
To Director of Volunteer Services**

Sam E. Ellington, recreational director, has been promoted to director of volunteer services at the VA Hospital, Dr. C. W. Grady, manager, announced today.

Ellington is a native of Petersburg. He graduated from the University of Virginia with B.S. degree in physical education. He did post-graduate work at William and Mary College.

He served the United States Army in World War II. Ellington was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received on the D-Day invasion of Normandy.

In 1961 Ellington was appointed sports director at the Roanoke VA Hospital. In 1962 he was promoted to the position of recreational director.

Luther C. Schilling, sports director, has been named as acting recreation director pending the selection of a successor to Ellington.



Sam E. Ellington

RECOGNITION CEREMONY
Thursday, April 18, 1963
7:30 P.M. Chapel

Veteran's Administration Hospital
Salem, Virginia

SILVER EMBLEM PIN
2500 Hours of Service

Margarett Bradley
Mattie Tucker
Grace Wylie

GOLD EMBLEM PIN
5000 Hours of Service

Margaret Sandridge
Freda Clemons

SPECIAL AWARD
6000 Hours of Service

James Clemer

DEDICATED SERVICE AWARD
7500 Hours of Service

Florence Cook
Ann Hinchee



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
SALEM, VIRGINIA

November 21, 1963

YOUR FILE REFERENCE:

IN REPLY REFER TO: 5130/117

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
209 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Mrs. Tucker:

First, we would like to extend our thanks to you for bringing recreational programs and entertainers to this hospital over a period of years.

Again, on November 10, 1963, you escorted a group of young entertainers from the Presbyterian Church of Blacksburg, Virginia. Our patients enjoyed the community singing, the accordion soloist and the songs by the young people's choir. The refreshments were also very tasty and enjoyed by all.

From our observations, this group of youngsters deserves to be complimented on their well-mannered behavior, while displaying their talents.

Thank you again for the fine work you are contributing to our hospital. Please come and visit with us as often as you can and bring this fine group of young people whenever you can.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. Bounds
J. B. BOUNDS, M. D.,
Hospital Director

Good For You, June 29 - 1967



These four persons received awards denoting 25 years of service with Red Cross. They are (from left) Mrs. Frank Marshall Jr., Mrs. A. B. Tucker and Mrs. Walter S. Newman, all of Blacksburg, and L. H. Gardner of Shawsville.

June 29, 1967

Virginia Tech Students Give 445 Pints As Bloodmobile Makes Three-Day Visit

Virginia Tech students boosted the blood supply of the Roanoke Regional Blood Center by 445 pints during a three-day stay of the Bloodmobile at VPI, April 20-22. The visit was highlighted by donations from a number of "gallon club" members. Altamont Dickerson, Jr., sophomore from Spotsylvania, topped the list by giving his twenty-second pint.

Members of Alpha Kappa Psi, business administration fraternity, pledged 100 per cent contribution toward the goal of supplying 75 pints for a small boy suffering from leukemia in a Pulaski hospital, as part of their community service program.

Campus arrangements for the Bloodmobile visit were handled by a committee from Alpha Phi Omega, service fraternity, headed by Don Trippier, junior from Roanoke. The home demonstration clubs of Long Shop, Glado, Price's Fork and Mount Taber donated all the sandwiches and cookies for the canteen and the VPI Creamery furnished milk.

The Bloodmobile staff was assisted by the following ladies of Montgomery County: Nurses, Mesdames Ray Albert, Martha White, David Corey, L. C. Sparks, Gail Smith, Quina Word, Marcus Long,

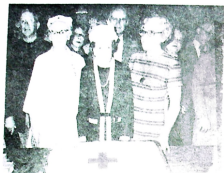
John T. Burych, William McCoy, R. T. Ellett and Alice Lucas, Nurses Aides, Mesdames Lucy Sarver, John Moore, R. T. Ellett and Trigg Correll, Canteen, Mesdames Arthur Tucker, George Grice, Verne Hillman, Mary Davis and Miss Dorothy Bell Price. Staff Aides, Mesdames Walter Newman, Tom Smith, M. C. Harrison, R. L. Humbert, Haven Long, R. W. Engel, Arthur Epperson and D. R. Fessler. Doctors who helped were: Dr. D. S. Phlegar, Dr. Hoge Woolwine, and Dr. Charles R. Lyons. These volunteer groups were headed by

This was the first Bloodmobile visit of more than two days duration to VPI and a part of the all-out effort of the Red Cross to collect extra blood for processing gamma globulin to fight paralytic polio during the next summer epidemic.

Fortunately, the preparation of gamma globulin is an integral part of the fractionation of blood plasma serum albumin, used for the treatment of shock caused by battle wounds. Thus a single contribution of blood may save the life of a wounded soldier in Korea and protect a child at home from the paralytic effects of polio.



Mrs. Mattie A. Tucker, 209 Wharton Street, accepts a certificate and pin given in appreciation and recognition of her 35 years of devoted service with the Red Cross Blood Program. Raleigh Sandy, Chairman of the Montgomery County Chapter of The American Red Cross made the presentation and offered his personal "thank you" at the Tucker home on November 2, 1977



CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY—The American Red Cross Bloodmobile in Blacksburg celebrated its 225th anniversary Wednesday during the bloodmobile's quarterly visit at Squires Student Center, Virginia Tech. The first visit was Jan. 17, 1951. Many of the 123 original donors attended the celebration. Three of the

original and still active volunteers—Mrs. Mattie Tucker, Mrs. Walter Newman, and Mrs. Perry Marshall—cut the birthday cake. The largest donor is George Gray, donating seven gallons. The largest amount, 532 pints, was donated last November and the least amount, 54 pints, was donated in October, 1967.

Bloodmobile Anniversary Celebration Held At VPI

BLACKSBURG—The American Red Cross Bloodmobile collected 1,469 pints of blood on its 25th anniversary visit to the Virginia Tech campus last week. Failure to reach the goal of 2,000 pints, according to Mrs. Frances Miller, secretary, was probably due to the flu-related illnesses on campus.

Among the 123 original donors on Jan. 17, 1951, attending the 25th anniversary celebration were E. G. Willard, R. E. Blaser, J. William Brown, James H. Lillard, Martha K. Roane, Lavalette J. Lawrence, Leila Kelsey, John T. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chumbley, Gertrude Groseclose, Dorothy Bell Price, Bernice J. Pettenger, Cracie Gray Arrington, Mrs. Leo Beamer, P. H. DeHais, W. H. D. Hickey, John H. Hickey,

Bill Bradley, Bill Buchanan, Marie Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Newman, Dr. Lloyd Hobbs, Dr. David Phlegar, Mrs. Perry W. Marshall, Mrs. Arthur Tucker, Mrs. M. Buford Blair, Leonard McFadden, and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bess. Also present was Rev. Claud McCauley, Montgomery County Chapter

Chairman.

The five cakes provided by the Blacksburg Lions and Kiwanis Clubs for the celebration were served to the donors and volunteers Wednesday. Sponsored by Alpha Phi Omega, service fraternity, the bloodmobile is a participating agency of the United Fund.



BLOODMOBILE—Mrs. Mattie Tucker, who has a record of 40 years service with the Red Cross, is ready with a cup of orange juice for donor Thomas Zartman when his temperature is taken. Gloria Keisten has her pulse rate taken by volunteer Mrs. Esther Critchfield, who also has a long service record with the Red Cross.



86 Years Young

Mattie A. Tucker celebrated her 86th birthday at a luncheon given in her honor Jan. 26.

NEWS MESSENGER January 1969

Local History Buff, Volunteer Celebrates Eighty-Sixth Year

BLACKSBURG— Mattie Tucker, 209 Wharton Street, celebrated her 86th birthday on Friday, January 26.

She was the guest of honor at a birthday luncheon planned and hosted by her neighbor and long time friend, Mrs. H. E. Agee, 200 Wharton Street.

Members of Mrs. Tucker's Sunday School class from Blacksburg United Methodist Church,

members of the Draper's Meadow Extension Homemakers Club and neighbors and friends gathered at the

Agee home to pay tribute and bring gifts to a lady who has come to be loved and

admired by area residents. Mrs. Tucker was born on the outskirts of Blacksburg and has lived in the area for all of her life.

She has become widely known as an accurate source of information about early families, homes and businesses that make up the history of the town's development.

One of the earliest houses built in Blacksburg is the place Mrs. Tucker calls "home."

The charming two-story structure on Wharton Street once belonged to her father-in-law, William Tucker. It has been her home for approximately 34 years. She

lived there with her husband, Arthur Tucker, until his death in 1967.

The Tuckers were parents of one son, who was killed in World War II on Iwo Jima.

Tucker worked for Alex Black and later for the Blacksburg post office.

Mrs. Tucker is perhaps the most widely known and appreciated volunteer in Blacksburg.

She has received recognition for her many hours of volunteer service with the Red Cross Bloodmobile, the Gray Ladies at the Veteran's Hospital, the American Cancer Society and additional service groups with her church and homemaker's club.

She is a devoted dedicated member Blacksburg United Methodist Church.

Active and alert of the charming 86-year-old delightful conversation.

Although she is a slowed down by the weather and a battle arthritis, Mrs. Tucker put most of us to shame.

She still continues work on assorted handicraft projects, maintain

immaculate home and time to befriend all come in contact with her.

"Silence is a fence around wisdom."

Mrs. Tucker serves, and serves

By JILL BARTHOLOMEW

Mrs. Arthur (Mattie) Tucker of 209 Wharton St., Blacksburg, this week's featured cook, has spent most of her 76 years delighting family, friends and acquaintances with greek cooking, handicrafts and the gift of service.

Her most recent accomplishment in a long series was selling \$52.26 worth of poppies on Poppy Day, May 24, as a member of the American Legion Auxiliary. This amount represents more than one-fourth of the \$263.28 total raised by poppy sales.

Mrs. Tucker has been active in American Legion programs since her only child, Henry, was killed while serving with the 5th Marine division at Iwo Jima in 1945.

She is a member of the Drapers Meadow Home Demonstration Club and a life member of the Blacksburg United Methodist Church, where she is active in the Women's Society of Christian Service and other activities.

Active in Red Cross programs

for 28 years, Mrs. Tucker has served at the Bloodmobile since it first appeared in Christiansburg on December 14, 1950, and in Blacksburg on January 17, 1951. She has also logged more than 2500 hours of volunteer work at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Salem, and she is Cancer Crusader every year.

Handicrafts provide Mrs. Tucker with an additional source of enjoyment and means of serving her neighbors.

Currently, Mrs. Tucker is making place mats for a bazaar. She also finds time to look after both a vegetable and a flower garden.

A life long resident of Montgomery County, Mrs. Tucker attended what is now known as the Old High School building on the Tech campus when it was still a grade school.

Mrs. Tucker taught herself to cook after she got married. She does not consider cooking any easier today than it was then because, she said, "I still use a pinch of this and a dash of that."

"Cooking is easier for young people today," she added. "They can go to a cookbook and find anything they want."

With more than 160 ribbons

from the no longer held Montgomery County Fair and 247 ribbons from the Price's Fork Fair to her credit, Mrs. Tucker provides recipes that will be appreciated by Blacksburg cooks of all ages.

SEAFOAM CANDY

2 cups sugar
1/2 cup light brown sugar
2/3 cup water
1/2 cup white Karo syrup
2 egg whites

Put white and brown sugar, water, and Karo syrup in a saucepan and cook until it reached the hard ball stage on a candy thermometer.

Beat the whites of two eggs in a bowl. Slowly pour the cooked mixture into the egg whites, stirring constantly. When stiff enough to stand, drop by teaspoonful onto waxed paper.

Nuts may be added to the mixture and also may be used on top.

MARTEA WASHINGTON CANDY

1 can condensed milk
1 stick butter
2 boxes powdered sugar
2 cups nuts

Work ingredients together with hands. Let it set for five min-

utes. Make into small balls and dip in 1 large package of chocolate chips melted with 3/4 of a block of paraffin.

SPOONHEAD

2 lbs. sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 cups whole milk
3/4 cup corn meal
6 eggs
1/2 tsp. baking powder
Bring sugar, salt and milk to a boil. Stir in corn meal. Stir until cooked, about two minutes. Stir in 4 egg yolks and baking powder. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Stir into corn meal mixture. Place batter in a greased baking dish and bake at 370 degrees for 30 minutes.

IMPOSSIBLE PIE

4 eggs, beaten
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup self-rising flour
1/2 stick butter, melted
2 cups sweet milk
vanilla to taste
1 can Angel coconut

Mix ingredients together. Pour into two 9-inch greased pyrex pie pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Impossible pie makes its own crust as it bakes.



MRS. ARTHUR TUCKER, pictured with a portrait of her late son, Henry, who was killed in action with the 5th Marine division at Iwo

Jima, has devoted more than 2500 hours of volunteer service to patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Salem.

Wednesday April 7 - 1976



Cancer Crusade Continues

Mrs. Fannie Reynolds, captain of the southwest area of Blacksburg for the Cancer Fund, distributes a walker kit to Mrs. Maddie Tucker of Wharton Street. Mrs. Tucker, a spry 83 years old, has volunteered her services to the Cancer Fund for the past 10 years.

Red Cross Volunteers 'Help Those Who Can't Help Themselves' For Over 40 Years



Unselfish Workers

Pictured are Mrs. Arthur Tuckar, left, and Mrs. Perry Marshall.

To truly offer one's services for a period of five to ten years is indeed commendable but to offer one's services for over 40 years is even beyond that. Such is true for Mrs. Perry Marshall and Mrs. Arthur Tucker.

Each seemed concerned about receiving what they felt was undue publicity and carefully instructed this reporter to shed most light on the "other one." Mrs. Marshall insisted, "Do not make me a hero or anyone great, I just love helping and working with people. I try to help out the best way I know how." Similar comments were shared by Mrs. Tucker.

It started around 1935. Mrs. Tucker's only child, a son, was killed in the war. According to Mrs. Tucker, "It was then that I decided to help those boys who couldn't help themselves. That's when I decided to join the Red Cross. Mrs. Marshall and I started rolling bandages. That's how it all began."

The two ladies have served more hours in the Red Cross than any other volunteers in Montgomery County. Mrs. Tucker alone has served about 3000 hours with Mrs. Marshall following close behind.

The first bloodmobile in the Blacksburg area was held about 25 years ago. Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Tucker served as Red Cross volunteers at that bloodmobile and have just recently served at the latest bloodmobile. In 25 years of working with the bloodmobile, Mrs. Tucker has missed only six. She comments, "Three times I was in the hospital and the other three times my husband was sick."

The bloodmobile makes four visits yearly to the VPM&ST campus. At the last visit Mrs. Tucker worked all four days, all day long. Mrs. Marshall laughs, "She puts we 'younger' women to shame."

Very few volunteers remain at a bloodmobile for more than a half of a day. Mrs. Tucker works all day long whenever possible.

Working in different areas of the Red Cross is a fulfilling experience. Perhaps the most useful work Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Marshall have done is their work at the Veterans Administration and Hospital. For 22 weeks these ladies traveled back and forth twice a week visiting the patients at the VA Hospital. At the end of this period transportation became a problem and Mrs. Tucker was forced to continue her traveling by bus, paying her own expenses to the hospital.

Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Tucker have shared concerns for the hospital in many activities. They have celebrated parties and coffee hours with the patients and bingo games have become a favorite. Mrs. Tucker, feeling the hospital lacked in the number of TV sets, held bake sells to raise a total of over \$350 to purchase a new set.

Visiting the hospital was not enough to fulfill the needs of some of the patients so Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Tucker arranged picnics in Blacksburg for the veterans. Arranging a picnic was a big responsibility as an area was necessary for the picnic and alternate plans were needed in case of rain.

Changes have been made in the years since Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Marshall first began their visits. Mrs. Marshall says, "The center is now integrated, they have changed the rooms around, and there is a bigger effort made to rehabilitate the patients." Mrs. Tucker objects, "They now try to place patients in private homes. Some of the patients though have never had a visitor."

People have refused to go along with the ladies on their visits to the VA Hospital offering the excuse that it is depressing. "I really don't feel that it is depressing at all, instead I feel that it is a very worthwhile experience," says Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. Tucker continues, "We have taught patients how to walk and we've learned how to communicate with even those patients who can't talk."

To try and recount all the contributions these two ladies have made is virtually impossible and unlimited. Mrs. Tucker says she is known as the "best beggar in town." "I'm really good at begging for others but I've never tried doing it for myself," she laughingly remarks. In a fund raising drive for the Red Cross Chapter she personally raised over \$850. On another occasion she encouraged her church to contribute books to the VA Hospital and the practice is now being continued on a regular basis.

Mrs. Marshall perhaps said it all when she stated, "We just love people and love doing for people."



Left to right: Nell Corey, Clyde Robinson, Mattie Tucker, Mrs. Noblin, Mrs. Powley, and Mrs. Huffman. Fixings for some special party.

Blackburg Lodge Fetes Veterans

A coffee hour was held at Veterans Hospital, Salem, Sunday afternoon, by the revived Rebekah Lodge No. 100 of Blackburg.

The following 12 members of the lodge served the guests who numbered over 200: Miss Georgia Croy, Mrs. V. T. Kanode, Mrs. Ina Bess, Mrs. Zora Wall, Mrs. Virginia Bock, Mrs. Georgia King, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Shelor, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Smith, Mrs. Raymond Willard and Mrs. Clyde Robertson. They were assisted by three visitors, Mrs. Ruby Snuffey, Miss Sally Oliver and Mrs. Shirley Perdue.

Entertain Veterans

Sponsored by the WSCS of the Blackburg Methodist Church, three members, Mrs. Ray Castwell, Mrs. Monroe Fisher and Mrs. Arthur Tucker, gave a party for 65 patients in Ward 18, Veterans' Hospital, Roanoke, on April 14.

Thirteen members of the VPI Southern Colonels played for a VFW dance on Monday evening at the Veterans Hospital in Roanoke, from 7:30 to 10. Other interested individuals who assisted with plans for the dance included Mrs. Arthur Tucker, chairman, Miss Thelma Weiler, Mrs. Cleo Shu Krum, Mrs. John Rochevitch, Bruce Hurt and Mrs. P. L. Sawyer, of Christiansburg.

SOME THINGS ABOUT BLACKSBURG

The Palmer house near us was built by Colonel William Palmer who was some kin to the Blacks and Appersons. It has a long driveway from Main Street lined with trees. His son, Will, lived in Richmond and owned an envelope company. He and his sisters would come to Blacksburg in the summer. His sisters were Mrs. Sally Means, Mrs. Bessie Christian and Mrs. Claudia Young. Each of them had a son. Mr. Will's wife's name was Bessie. They were my very best friends. They gave me money and pretty clothes.

It was a pleasure to work for them and I made chair cushions, pillow cases and other things. Each one had their own monograms on their pillow cases, towels, and sheets. I did the monograms for them. I also made the bedspread that was over Mrs. Sally when they had her funeral at Mountain View. They paid me about \$700 or \$800 just for the embroidery work I did for them. I was well paid and I stayed up there a lot and would eat with them.

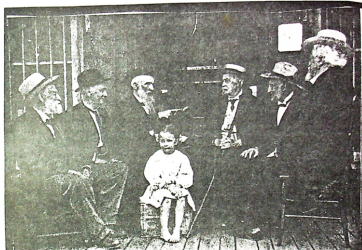
Another job I had for them was to wash William Young's head each week. He had milk scurvey and the doctor had told them to wash his head and paint it with black iodine. Mrs. Young gave me that job. He was a handsome child and very smart but finally lost his mind and is in a nursing home now.

They had a maid, a cook, a chauffer. Mr. Willard, Ima Bess' and Betty Jo Estes' father lived nearby and looked after the place when the Palmer's weren't in residence. Also a colored man who had been in the Civil War got paid monthly for things he did around the place.

When they were settling the estate they told Mr. Willard to ask his daughter, Ima, to come down to get her mirror. When she was about eight years old she was asked to spend the nights down there when the maid wasn't there, so she could answer the telephone. The telephone was behind the steps near a long mirror and Ima had told them she would like to have it. They remembered and asked her to come for it.

When Mrs. Sally died I helped Mr. Oakey. I dressed the bed up in fine linen and put clothes on her she hadn't worn for a long time. We put her in the bed under another fine sheet and the bedspread I had made her and she looked like she was asleep. We put a bunch of flowers on each side of the bed. She was there until eight o'clock that night and they had her funeral and then put her in a black casket (black was the only kind used then) and took her to Christiansburg and the family went with her on the ten o'clock train to Birmingham. She was the prettiest corpse I ever looked at.

The sidewalks were plank for a long time. One ran from the Post Office down to where the Varsity Shop is now. The Post Office was about where the present Post Office parking lot is now. A log bridge went across the creek which now goes under the street and under College Inn. On the other side of the street Mr. Charlie Gallaway had a shoe shop for years. Next to that Aunt Henrietta Wade, a black woman, had an eating place.



FORMER BLACKSBURG POSTMASTER AND CRONIES SEATED AT BUILDING ON SITE OF PRESENT POSTOFFICE--Byrd Anderson (third from left), Blacksburg postmaster from Nov. 1913 to Jan. 1915, is pictured with some of the town's prominent citizens of another era. Seated on the porch of the Luster-Anderson Hardware Store, site of the present post-office, Anderson, co-owner of the hardware, is apparently discussing an important issue of the day with (from left) William H. Thomas, Dr. W. B. Conway, first druggist in Blacksburg; A. W. Luster, co-owner of the hardware; W. E. Hubbert, banker; and C. F. McKenna, a judge. The little girl seated on the box is Mr. Anderson's granddaughter, Ella Anderson. Mr. Thomas was the grandfather and Judge McKenna a great uncle of Miss Betty Conner.

A wooden bridge went over a creek at Mr. Alex Black's old home, now Hoy Funeral Home.

Alex Black's mother lived across the street from him in a two story white house. When she died Mrs. Katrina McGhee lived there and ran a tea room. Everyone knew her as "Mom" McGhee. She had lots of friends with the townspeople as well as the VPI boys.

I remember when the old black man by the name of Wash Owens would come to Blacksburg from about five miles out in the country. He and Arthur Keyes would wake the VPI boys up for breakfast every morning back in the old days when there were about 500 students (cadets). Arthur played the drums.

Mr. John Eakin had to have his leg taken off. It was injured in the Civil War. Dr. Sibold, Mr. Frank Henderson, Dr. Henry Pack took it off at his home. That was done March 21, 1910.

Below is a picture of the Camper house on Wharton Street across the street from my house. It was the home of Miss Bell, Mr. Bob and Miss Janie who are in the picture. The house has been remodeled some.

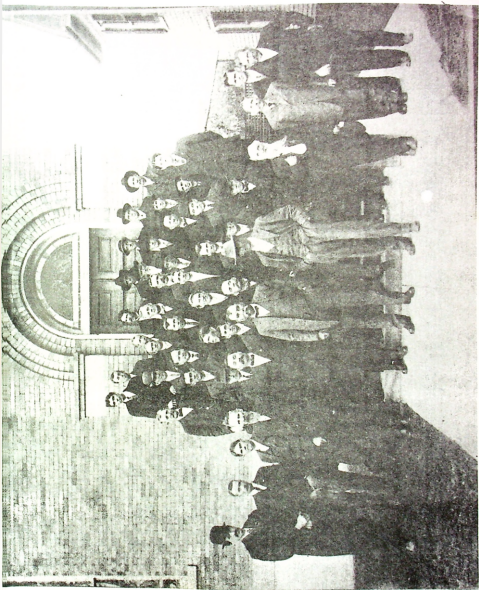


Mr. Worth Bodell made pottery, crockware and most anything. He lived where the Armory is now and his brother Mr. Ed Bodell was a painter. Mr. Worth died at the age of 101.

Mr. Stewart Argabright ran a blacksmith shop for Blacksburg. He lived in a little old two story log house at the site of the office of Dr. C.L. Boatwright. He was in the Civil War. His grand-daughter has a bell he made in his blacksmith shop. Her name is Mrs. Viola Bandy.

Down the street where Mrs. Louise Watkins lives - Church Street - was Mr. Tip Evans' Undertaker Shop and on the corner of the lot was the Jail House.

On the next page is a picture taken of the members of the Blacksburg I.O.O.F. the year the Titanic sank, 1912, in the Atlantic on a voyage to Europe. It was taken in front of the old Whisner Methodist Church and an article was in the News Messenger with the picture at one time. I have added the years when they were born. Got the information from the men themselves or looked them up in the cemetery and got it from their tombstones.



First Row		Born
1.	Mr. Charlie L. Price, a blacksmith, a hardware man	1876
2.	Mr. John Anderson, first taxi cab driver in town	1880
3.	Dr. Henry B. Pack, a medical doctor in town	1878
4.	Mr. Oscar Wilson, farmed for Colonel Palmer	1852
5.	Mr. Will Cook, instructor at VPI	1875
6.	Mr. Fess Cook, a farmer	1855
7.	Mr. Walter Price, Supt. Buildings and Grounds VPI	1871
8.	Mr. Bud Price, a farmer	1844
9.	Mr. Byrd Anderson, Postmaster	1844
10.	Mr. Milton Shafer, owned a store	1867
11.	Mr. Lyman Carrier, Agronomy Dept., VPI	1883
12.	Mr. Bob Stanger, a farmer for Colonel Palmer	1864
Second Row		
13.	Mr. Web Stanger, a farmer	1863
14.	Mr. Joseph P. McKenney, VPI printer	1883
15.	Mr. Charley Montgomery Price, VPI blacksmith	1884
16.	Mr. Lester Albert, worked in a store	1883
Third Row		
17.	Mr. Pat Harvey, VPI Band Director	1861
18.	Mr. W. French Pack, Supt. of Utilities, VPI	1876
19.	Mr. Alfred W. Drinkard, Director Va. Agric. Exp. Sta.	1876
20.	Mr. J.P. Hurd, a miller	1870
Fourth Row		
21.	Mr. John Brady, worked at VPI Laundry	1876
22.	Mr. Arch Bennett, a farmer	1883
23.	Mr. George Price, a rural mail carrier	1882
24.	Mr. Hugh Ledgerwood, a brick mason	1883
25.	Mr. Frank McCoy, Store owner with brother Bob	1882
26.	Mr. Bob Bingham, worked at Chemistry Lab. VPI	1861
27.	Mr. J. Thomas White, Postmaster	1871
28.	Mr. William Winston, worked at VPI Power House	1879
Fifth Row		
29.	Mr. Frank Shafer, a store manager	1869
30.	Mr. Ernest Sites, VPI Laundry manager	1878
31.	Mr. John H.J. Kelsey, Manager VPI Tailor Shop	1847
32.	Mr. David Guy Sower, Blacksburg printer	1860
33.	Mr. Charlie Perdue, a carpenter	1869
34.	Mr. Ballard (Ghum) Barger, a farmer	1844
35.	Rev. Robert Nelson, an Episcopal minister	1871
36.	Mr. Ollie Wirt, VPI caretaker	1874
Sixth Row		
37.	Col. Bill Oliver, VPI orchard worker	1875
38.	Mr. Charlie Camper, Blacksburg policeman	1876
39.	Mr. Ivan Wall, worked at VPI	1875
40.	Mr. Alex Wickham, VPI caretaker	1876
41.	Mr. Burne Ellison, manager VPI Mess Hall	1883
42.	Mr. Bob Camper, VPI carpenter	1864
43.	Mr. Houston Camper, worked at father's sawmill, later worked at Powder Plant	1891
44.	Mr. Arch E. Price, worked at VPI Power House	1883

Mr. William Tucker was an odd fellow for years. He worked on Mr. Alex Black's farm for 55 years and when he retired he came to live in his home on Wharton Street in Blacksburg. He was sick the day this picture was taken. He was born in 1848.

Mr. Arthur B. Tucker was an odd fellow also. He farmed with his father and came to town to live and worked at the Postoffice for 20 years. He had to work the day this picture was taken and was unable to be there. He was born in 1885.

I knew all of the men and have talked with every one. All are dead. Mr. Lyman carrier was the last to die

Mrs. Roop nears 90th birthday

Mrs. F. Sidney Roop Sr., a lifelong resident of Blacksburg, will observe her 90th birthday Tuesday, December 28.

Mrs. Roop, who is the widow of Dr. Roop, a well-known Blacksburg physician, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Broce, of Blacksburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Roop were the parents of two sons, F. Sidney Roop Jr., of East Lansing, Michigan, and Cecil B. Roop, of Blacksburg.

A devout Methodist, Mrs. Roop was an active worker in the Blacksburg United Methodist Church until recent years when crippling arthritis curtailed her activities. She is convalescing from a fall sustained in November.

She has maintained the belief that "work is the best therapy," and annually made



Mrs. Roop

so many aprons for the Blacksburg United Methodist Church bazaar that she was called "The Apron Lady."

Honor Mrs. Mason With a Shower

Mrs. George Mason, who leaves soon with her family to make her home in Pearlsburg, was honored Wednesday evening at a surprise shower by Miss Julia Price, Mrs. J. R. K. Cowan and Mrs. Arthur Tucker at the Mason home.

Delicious refreshments were served following games and contests. Mrs. Mason received many lovely gifts as tokens of affection and esteem from the 25 friends present.

Here are some old timers of Blacksburg who were members of the Methodist Church Sunday School at one time. This was taken in 1934 in front of the Whisner Memorial Methodist Church.

First Row: Mr. Warren Miller, Mr. Alec Wickham, Mr. Mark Slusser, Mr. Julius Shultz, Mr. Harry Gray, Mr. Tom Kanode, Mr. Cecil Davis, Mr. Leonard Grissom, Mr. John Wrenn, Mr. Ivan Wall, Mr. Wilferd Roberts, Mr. J.W. Roop, Mr. Jake Robinson, one I don't know, Mr. Ballard Crawford, Col. Bill Oliver

Second Row: Mr. Smith, Mr. Alverson, Mr. Arthur Tucker, Mr. Sam Wingard, Mr. Les. Buck, Mr. Roy Reynolds, Mr. George Rigger, Mr. Lacy Buck, Mr. Jim Bandy, Mr. Willie Lamb, Mr. Hampton Cromer, Mr. Houston Camper, Mr. Harve Gardner, Mr. J.A. Fetter (still living), Mr. Charles Kitchen, Mr. Detta Grubb, Mr. Floyd Dickerson, Mr. Berman Cromer, Mr. John Payne, Mr. Arthur Slusser, Mr. Joe Dickerson, Mr. Edd Cook, Mr. Arthur Martin, Mr. Willie Gray, Mr. E.H. Bowyer. Two in back can't identify.



Sandy Mound.

Montgomery County, Virginia
The old Ribble Home, Photo of
Pencil drawn by F. C. Hake.
With compliments of H. E. Ribble
Oct 24th, 1906.

Mathie Tucker, artist



First day the Bloodmobile came to Christiansburg



I helped with the Bloodmobile in Blacksburg on July 3. Stayed down there for eight hours and enjoyed every minute of it. Had lots of fun helping in the canteen. Saw many people I have worked with over the years.

I went to church July 6 for the second time in two years. I've been in poor health and couldn't attend. Heard our new preacher, Rev. Carl Douglas, and I like him fine.

I like to cook and can fruit and do handwork and look after people. My kitchen is made up of old wood and things from the junk pile. Arthur brought the wood home for fire wood and I took the best of it, some of it very old, and made my kitchen cabinets. My curtains are made out of feed sacks and I won blue ribbons on them at the fair at Prices Forks. My electric stove, refrigerator, deep freezer, washer, dryer, and sewing machine were all bought with the money my dear boy earned by giving his life at Iwo Jima for us all to live. I tell people Henry gave them to me as a great gift.

Sometimes people bring money to me so I can order flowers when friends have passed away. When Mrs. Noblin died I collected more than enough and had some money for a memorial. The last one was for Mrs. Betty Rutledge Green who died with cancer. My neighbors and I had a nice arrangement for her and some for a memorial also.

Mrs. Noblin liked pansies - she would put them up to her face and talk to them. I do that too. I took her some two weeks before she died on July 17. When she was at the funeral home I made a bouquet for her to have in her hand and it looked so pretty. I had asked the Flower Box to arrange one for her with my pansies but it didn't suit me and I made another.

In spite of all the sickness I have had I have always been glad to recover and get back to my work - at home and for others. The Lord has blessed me in many ways and I am thankful. I had a good husband. Sometimes he would get too much of the bottle and I would fuss at him about that because we were too poor to spend money on liquor. If you want to live a long time don't touch the bottle and don't smoke and run around. I am 87½ and didn't do anything like that. I didn't do everything perfect either. Keep your mind on good things and not evil.

I knit a bedspread using a real old pattern and crocheted two bedspreads, 10 afghans, three table cloths. I love to work with my hands and keep myself busy. If you want to be happy KEEP BUSY and think of others. It is not the big things you do for others to make them happy, it is the little things. Try it sometime if you don't believe it. Sometimes all I got for my volunteer day's work was a sandwich but it was worth it to help in whatever way I could.

**Veterans
Administration**

July 18, 1980

Mrs. Mattie Tucker
209 Wharton Street
Blacksburg, Virginia 24060



Dear Mrs. Tucker:

On behalf of our patients and staff, please accept our thanks for the 65 ditty bags you made for this Medical Center. We also appreciate the note you attached to your package. We miss having you come to the Medical Center to visit our patients.

It is always gratifying to know that we have people like you who remember our hospitalized veterans and take the time to do something nice for them.

Sincerely,

Fred C. Cox

FRED C. COX
Chief, Voluntary Service

cc: Mrs. Mary Hull
VAWS Representative
American Legion Auxiliary

Mrs. Harold Wall
American Legion Aux., Blacksburg Unit

RETIRED SENIOR VOLUNTEER PROGRAM

RSVP

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HONORS

Mattie Tucker

FOR SIGNIFICANT SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

AS A SENIOR VOLUNTEER




Director, ACTION

Tuesday, July 29, I went to the Veterans Hospital in Salem to the Annual Patient's Carnival. I had a wonderful time meeting old friends and patients and eating good food. Part of the time I was pushed around in a wheel chair. It really seemed like old time and I enjoyed it very much. Below is a picture of a boy by the name of Howard. He couldn't talk. I'm pushing him in a wheel chair.



They also sent me a picture of myself with the carnival attractions in the background.



Wednesday, July 30, I went on a bus tour to Abington, Virginia. Toured the town and went to a play at the Barter Theater. Dr. Leland Tate was along and looked after me most of the time. We were gone all day and I was pretty well tuckered out when I got home.

Not long ago I had a black-out and fell in the floor. I laid there from eleven in the evening until two A.M. When I came to myself I was in a puddle of blood. My glasses had cut my face. At seven in the morning I called Dr. Boatwright and he sent his nurse up after me. He did three stitches over my eye.

About a year ago I had to go to the hospital and the doctor said I had had a stroke. I couldn't walk. I again had two little sores, about the size of a dime, on my back and they wouldn't heal. Dr. Michael Payne and Dr. Alex Tan did a big operation on my back. Cut me all to pieces and did skin grafting. I was a year getting over that. Didn't anyone know about it although I felt bad. No sores at all now.

On July 7 I went to the hospital for two operations on my head, one for the removal of a tumor on my ear and the other to remove a mole on the side of my face. I got along just fine. I hope this will be the last time for awhile. Dr. Steven Davie did the operations.

Had a fall when I got up from a nap and got bruises and a skinned place. Lost my balance and down I went. Seems like I'm always asking for trouble!

The above wasn't the last - now I have a place on my leg which is infected and have to have it bandaged and to take antibiotics.

My advice is to have a smile for everybody and don't look like an old sour apple. I have had many people look at me with sour faces but I don't care. I have had people to say that I have no education and it hurt but I have gotten to 87 years and eight months and don't have to ask anybody for anything. Only good friends I ask favors of and I know I have lots of good friends.

If I live 87 years long I will write another story. I hope you haven't gotten tired of reading this. Every word is true. Lots of hard work, lots of pain with my illnesses and operations, burns and falls, but also lots of happy hours. I was made richer in many ways for God was good to me and I bless him.

Since I'm old I have many good friends who look after me. I have an especially good friend and her husband, the H.E. Agees, who live on the corner of Wharton and Lee Streets, not far from my house. When I was sick last time, and many other times, Anne carried me many good meals and I could always look for my Sunday dinner.

Another person who is always concerned with my well-being is Dot Lamb, Burley's wife. She comes at any time when I need her and has looked after me for years. We've had lots of good times together.

Mrs. Hallie Hawkins has taken me many places and we enjoy getting together.

Elsa and John Barringer have been wonderful to me. They took me to visit my sister in Bristol and then to Otis' daughter's wedding recently and many other places. Elsa came to my house several times recently when I had the tumor removed from behind my ear. She looked after me just as a nurse would.

Below is a picture of Elsa and Dit Pack in Elsa's garden at their home in Giles County. Elsa mows the big yard and has planted thousands of bulbs in the beds in the picture and all along the stone walls John has made around the yard. The stones are all from the yard. It's a beautiful place.



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RSVP

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HONORS

Mrs. Arthur Tucker

FOR SIGNIFICANT SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY
AS A SENIOR VOLUNTEER



Michael P. Silvers Jr.
DIRECTOR, ACTION

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR

The good green earth beneath our feet,
The air we breathe,
The food we eat.
Some work to do, a goal to win
A hidden longing deep within -
That spurs on to bigger things,
And helps us meet what each day brings.
All things and many more
Are things we should be thankful for.
And most of all our thankful prayers
Should rise to God because he cares.

All of this life story about MATTIE LAMB TUCKER has been taped, dictated and written to me from April through August 26, 1980. It is all true showing a wonderful life, fantastic memory and exciting experiences. She has not only had a long life but a VERY VERY FULL one. She said many times that she would like to live it over again with all its ups and downs. She has certainly turned all work into pleasure and wants others to find pleasure in doing things for others and to keep busy at something.

It has been a pleasure knowing Mattie Lamb Tucker of 209 Wharton Street, Blacksburg, Virginia USA.

Devota P. Pack