



Powder Springs resident

Lucile Wallace Dunn, 73, of Powder Springs, died Wednesday.

Services will be 2 p.m. Friday at Bellamy Funeral Home with the Rev. Mark Davis officiating. Burial will be in Macland Cemetery.

Mrs. Dunn was a life-long resident of Powder Springs and retired from Kennestone Hospital in 1965.

Survivors include two daughters, June Nowell of Duluth and Nancy Bright of Smyrna; four sons, Douglas and Roy Dunn, both of Powder Springs, Larry Dunn of Clarkston and Harley Dunn of Pittsburgh; two sisters, Pauline Dunn of Powder Springs and Dorothy Pace of Marietta; brother, John C. Wallace of Powder Springs; seven grandchildren; one great-grandchildren; nieces and nephews.

27 JANUARY 1993



Mr. Dunn

Glenn C. Dunn, 79, of Marietta, died Wednesday.

Graveside services were to be held at 11 a.m. today in Crest Hill Cemetery. The Rev. K. B. Robertson was to officiate.

Survivors include his wife Lucille Dunn of Powder Springs; two daughters June Nowell of Doraville and Nancy Floyd of Smyrna; four sons, Douglas Dunn and Roy Dunn, both of Marietta, Harley Dunn of Mobile, Ala. and Larry Dunn of Decatur; one sister, Evelyn Bost of Marietta; one brother Noland Dunn of Chattanooga, Tenn.; six grandchildren, several nieces and nephews.

Albert M. Dobbins Funeral Home in Marietta was in



Roy Lee Dunn
2009



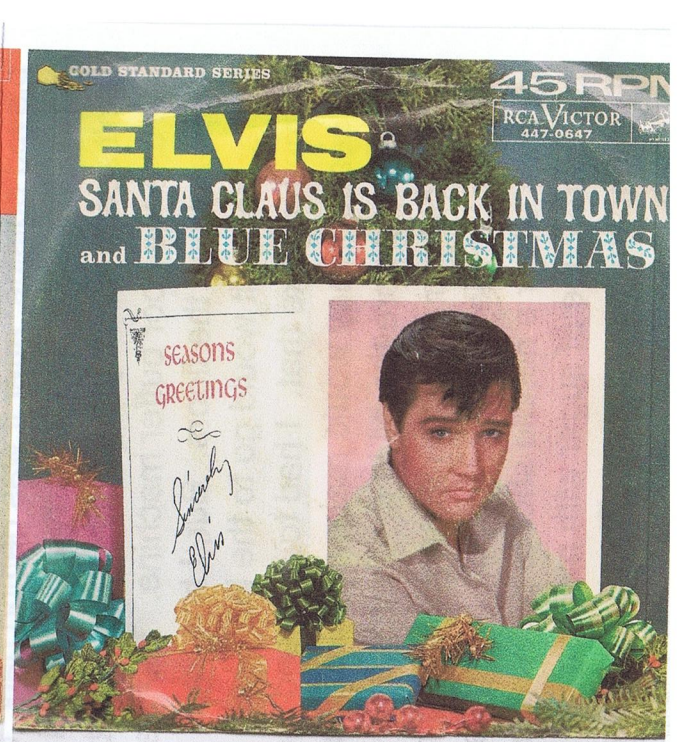
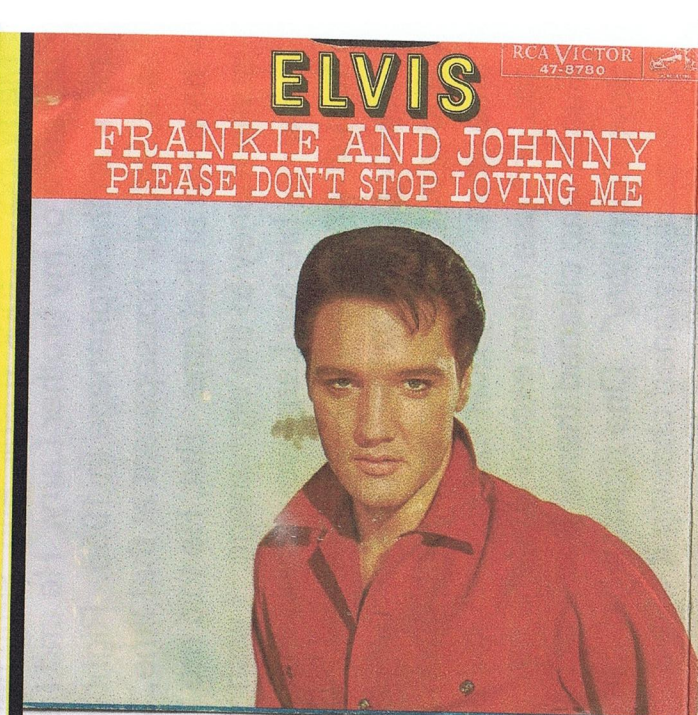
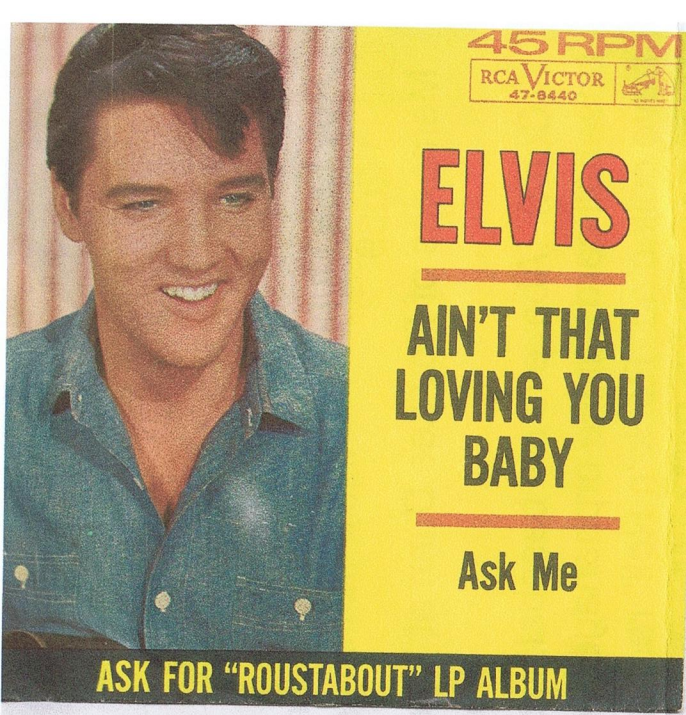
Elvis Presley from
age 2 1/2 thru age 16



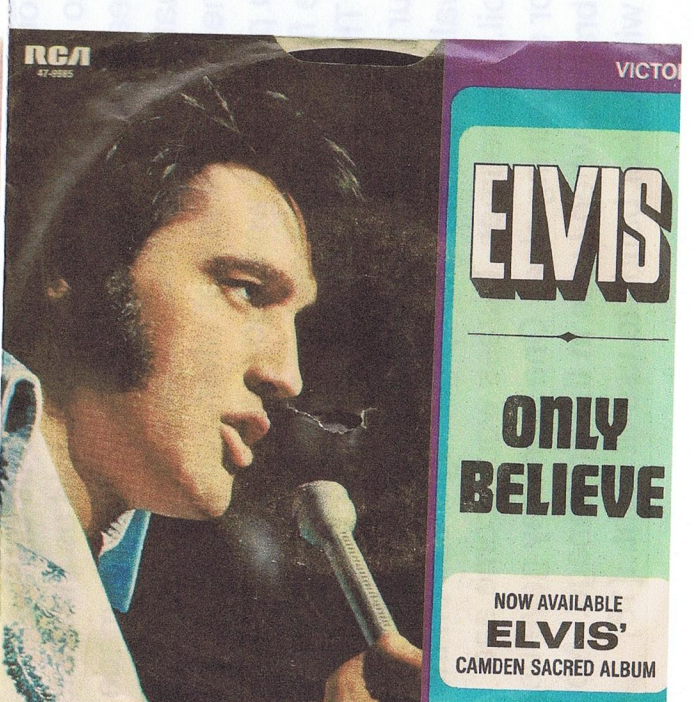
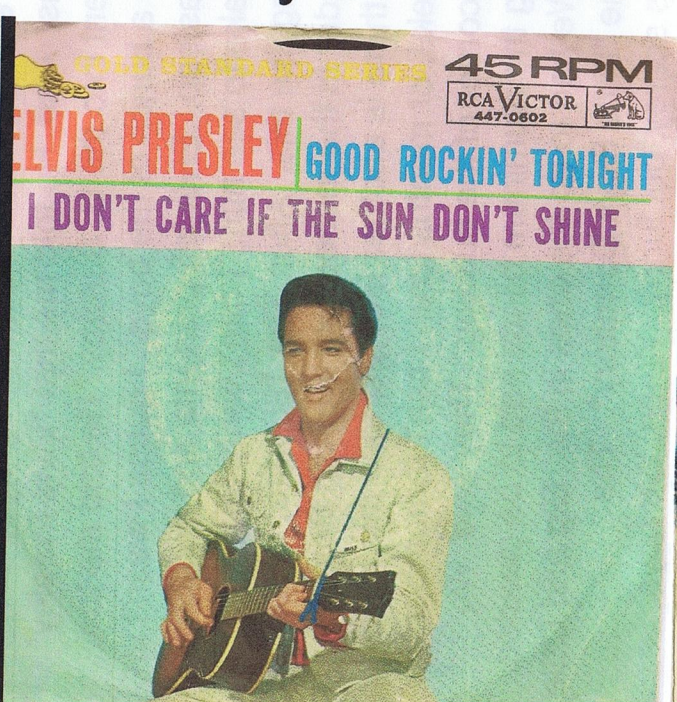
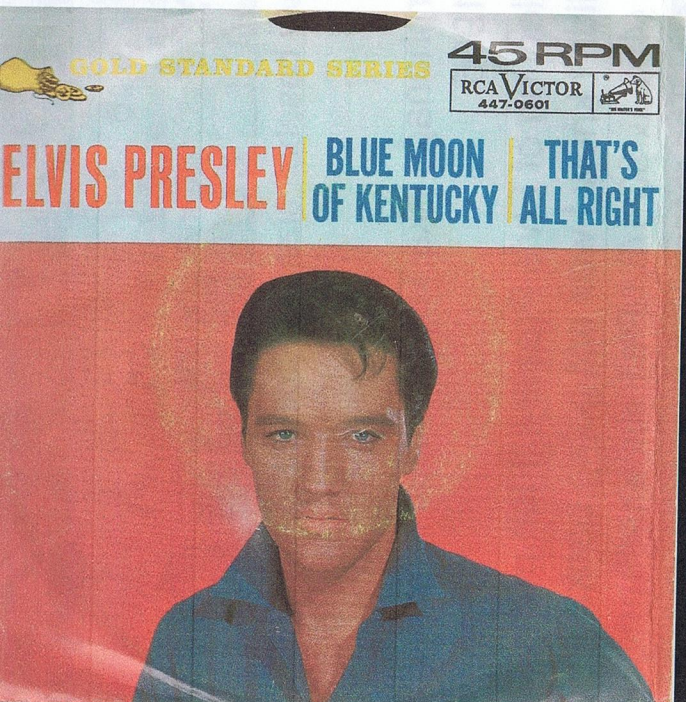
My baseball size card collection of ELVIS

Memories of Roy Lee Dunn at Vine Street Orphanage aka The Children's Home from 1951 - 1965

...(Con't)...Above is my baseball size card collection of Elvis Presley. I left my baseball cards at the orphanage, because I didn't know I was not going back. I have collected "Rock 'n Roll" records of Elvis (45's & 33 1/3 LP's), since 1966. Plus, Many more "Rock 'n Roll" and "sentimental songs", etc. The reason I am bringing up Elvis is because of my brother Larry. He and I are Elvis fans. Also, He told me that "Elvis Presley" came to the orphanage in 1958. Right before he went into the U. S. Army. He told me that Mrs. Hill, our houseparent at that time, told him and a bunch of the boys. I guess I wasn't in the room at that time. But, He told me we were all asleep. Elvis left presents and donated some money to the orphanage. I wish we were awake to see him. I can't verify this, but I know my brother Larry would not lie about something like this. After, The 1960 fire, which burn down the roof. They decided to put a rope ladder in the restroom of the Big Boy's dormitory. Next to the window. We were told that if there is another fire, just toss this rope ladder out the window and climb down it. A few weeks, or months later, I can't remember the time span. They built metal stairs outside on each corner of the building. They said, We couldn't use them except during a fire. Every spring the aluminum blinds had to be cleaned. Guess who cleaned them. Some of us big boys. We had to do the ones in the "Big and Little Boys Dormitory". One night, A bat came flying in the "Little Boys Dormitory". The houseparent started chasing it with a broom. It was scarey, but funny. When, We boys played outside, after it was getting dark, the bats would fly down and try to bite us on the head. We boys had to hurry and get in the house to avoid them. Some boys told us that bats can't see in the daytime, but use radar at night to see where they are going. Miss Cain made me use the floor buffer machine. The black man that worked in the daytime is suppose to strip and buff the floors. But, I had to do it sometimes. I was told that when you push the buffer down, it would go to the left. And, When you pull it up it would go to the right. Or, Something like that. I had to strip and then buff the floors, using certain round pads. Every flu season, they would make us take "Castor Oil". The houseparent would have a large spoon and pore the oil in it. Then tell us to open our mouth wide, and put it in our mouth. And, Hold our mouth shut, so we would have to swallow. Later, I end up getting a boil on the inside of my leg. They stopped giving us kids the oil. Sometimes, Nurses would come and give us either a neddle shot to prevent small pox, or something else. One time they gave us a square cube of sugar with medicine in it. I wore braces, when I was in the orphanage. Not, The kind they use today. These were brass ones, with rubber bands to use at night...[18]



This is just some of the ELVIS 45 RPM Record Collection of Roy Lee Dunn



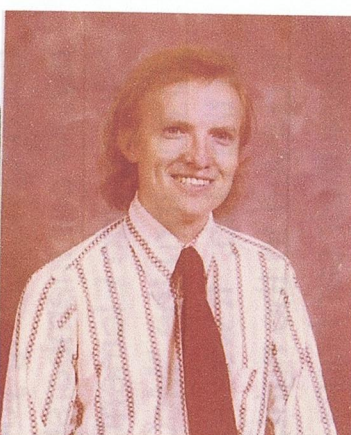
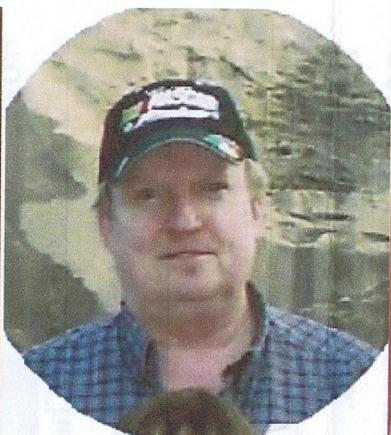
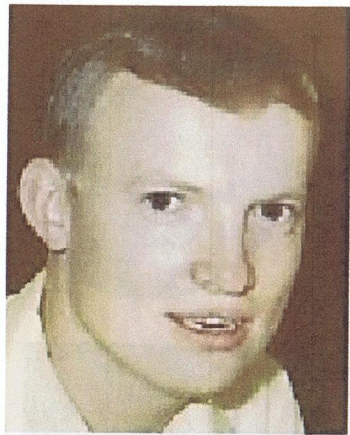


Roy Lee Dunn
2009

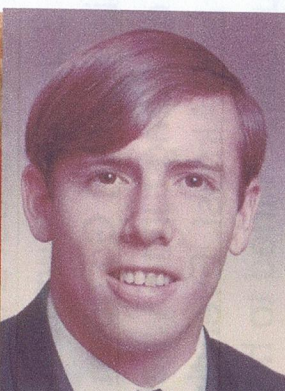
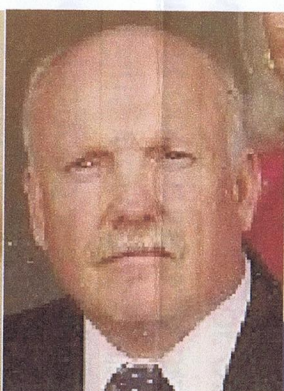
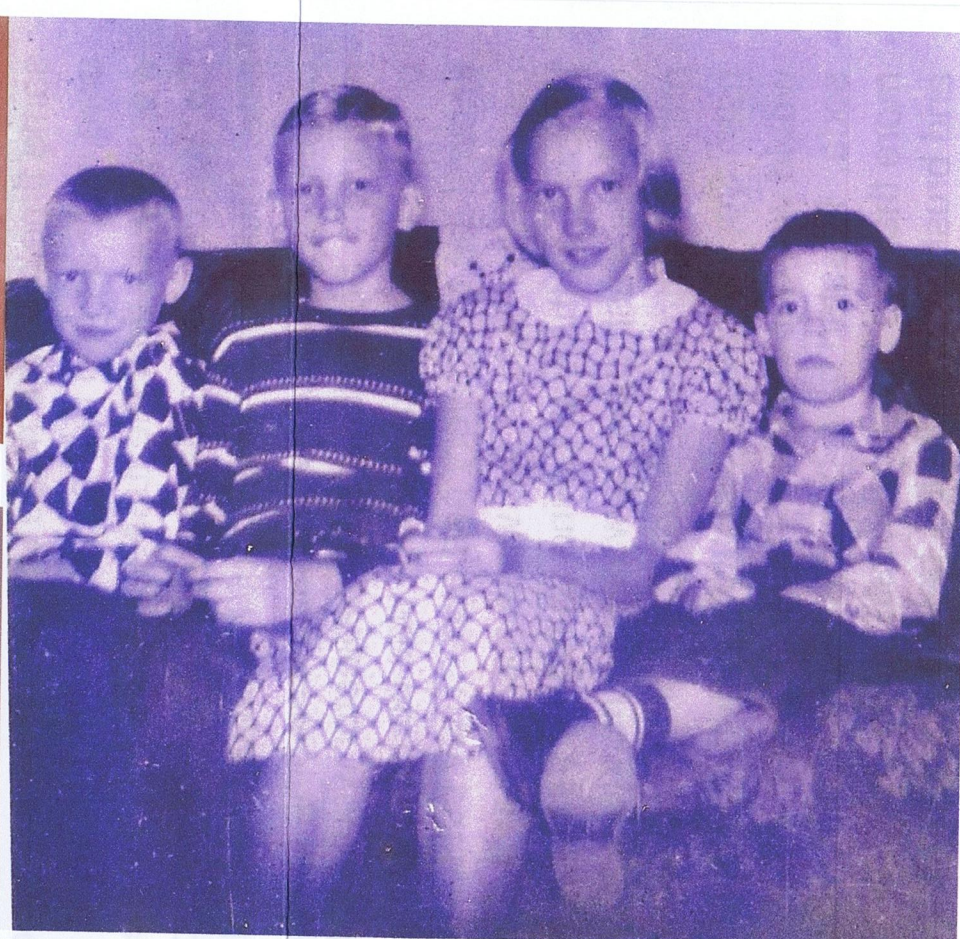
The Children's Home, 315 Gillespie Rd, Chattanooga, Hamilton, Tenn.

Memories Of Roy Lee Dunn at Vine Street Orphanage aka The Children's Home from 1951 - 1965

...(Con't)...More memories popped into my head. We boys were able to join the "Boys Club of America". Girls were not permitted in the "Boys Club of America", back in those days. It didn't cost much. I can not remember the price, but you got a card saying your were a member for one year. Each year, We had to renew our membership. It was about 2 miles away, I think. We had to walk past "Sunnyside Elementary School". Down to the "red light". Then, We took a right up and thru the "McCallie Tunnel". Go down about a block and take a right to get to the club. It was kind of a long tunnel when we walked thru it. And, I remember it curved to the right, or left. Almost, Everytime we walked thru it, people would blow their car horns at us boys. I tried to hold my finger in my ear, and run at the same time. So the noise wouldn't hurt my ear drums to bad. It had a walking area, with an iron rail, on the right inside of the tunnel. Some of the boys didn't want to walk thru the tunnel, because of the people blowing their car horns at us. So, We decided to climb over the large hill, above the tunnel, to get to the other side. This usually takes alot longer, but we only did it a few times. I remember playing all kinds of games, and watching cartoon movies, from a small tube projector. Sometimes, The projector would not work. The tube kelp burning out, or something. A trampoline was donated to the orphanage for us boys. I don't know if the girls every had one. They put it in the only room available. Located on the other side of the wash room, near the top of the stairs. I remember jumping on the trampoline so high, I touched the ceiling with my open hand. We used the wash room to wash our hands, and brush our teeth. We used to brush our teeth with toothpaste. But sometimes we did not have anymore toothpaste to use. So, The houseparent had "salt & baking soda" for us boys to use. We would wet our toothbrush. Put some salt in our hand, and mix it with baking soda. It tasted bad, but it worked. I think we had to use "salt & baking soda", more than we had toothpaste. Drinking powdered milk (white or chocolate milk), and brushing with "salt & baking soda" was the worst thing I hated...[19]



Roy Lee Dunn

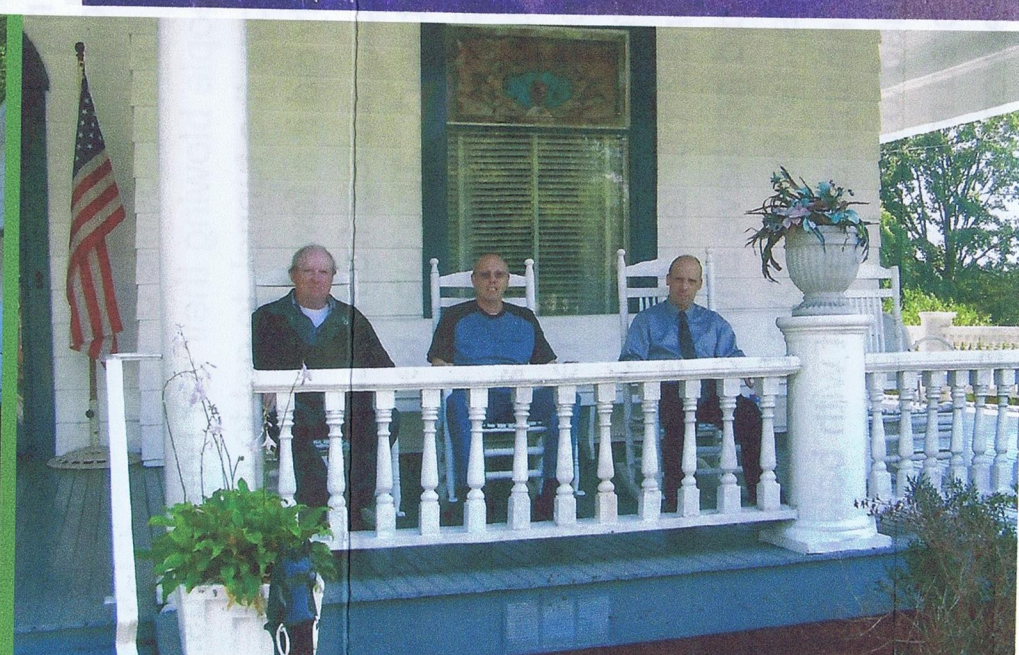


June

Nancy

Larry

Harley





Roy Lee Dunn 2009 -
60 yrs. old



The Children's Home
315 Gillespie Road
Chattanooga, Hamilton, Tennessee



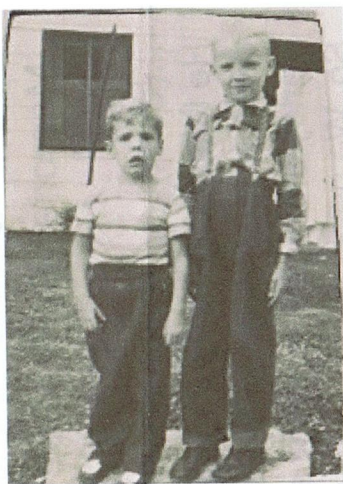
Roy Lee Dunn
3 yrs old - About 1953

Memories Of Roy Lee Dunn at Vine Street Orphanage aka The Children's Home from 1951 - 1965

...(Con't)...Near the end of July 1965, Harley and I were picked up by our Uncle Elmer Dunn. He lived in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was married to my Aunt Pauline Dunn, but they had divorced some years earlier. He moved to Tennessee. My big sister, June, was with him. Harley and I did not know at the time, but we would never be going back to the orphanage. So, We never did take our personal belongings and say good-bye to our friends. When we got to Powder Springs, Cobb, Georgia, our mom, Lucile, was living with her mom, Victoria Isabel Harris Wallace. She was married to my grandfather, Phillip Sylvester Wallace. He had a farm, with a mule, horse & chickens, etc. My Uncle J. C., John Calvin, Wallace had a horse stable. He took care of people's horses. His stable was called "Little Creek Stables". Our mom, when we walked into the house, stared at us, Harley and me, and then she grabbed the both of us. I thought she was never going to let us go. My grandfather grew crop of all kind, it seemed. Corn, squash, beans, tomatos, okrah, lettuce, cucumbers, and much more. He took me around with him in his old pick up truck. I noticed his truck had a choke to get it started, and a shift knob, behind the steering wheel. To this day, I don't know how he could shift the gears, from behind the steering wheel. He loaded his truck down with all this produce. Then, He would either go to the "Square of Marietta", where he would back his truck up in the middle of the square by other trucks that had produce on them, too. It was called "The Farmer's Market". Later, He would drive around the neighbor hood, near where we lived in Powder Springs, Georgia, and sell his baskets and baskets of produce. I guess, If I wasn't put in the orphanage, I would have been a country farm boy. Going bare foot and wearing a straw hat. Harley and I were suppose to only be in Powder Springs, Georgia at our grandpa and grandma's house, where our mom lived, for only about four weeks. Before the four weeks were up, my mom got a letter from the orphanage. My grandmother told me to read it out loud. Because, Our mom couldn't read hardly at all. So, I read it and it said that Harley and I did not have to go back to the orphanage. We were surprized, but also kind of sad. Our grandmother said that we couldn't live there, because she didn't have room for us. We slept in our grandpa's bed, in back. They didn't have a washer and dryer. They washed there clothes with a washboard, and hung there clothes on wire, between trees. Our brother, Larry, came and took us to his minister, Rev. Jack Ballard, who lived in Decatur, Georgia...[20]



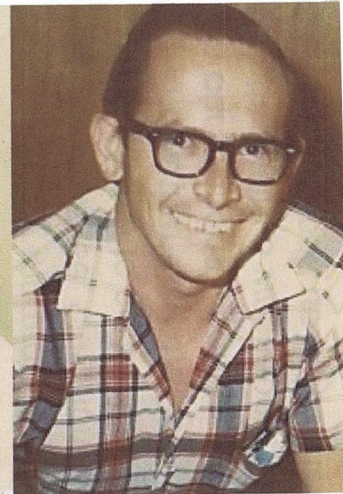
June



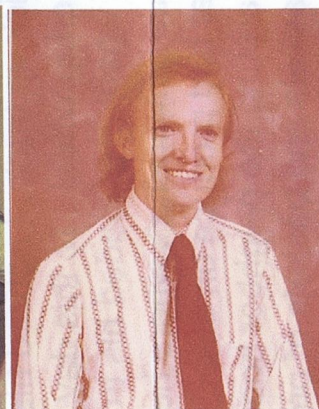
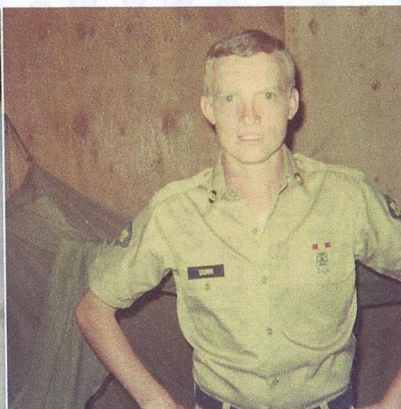
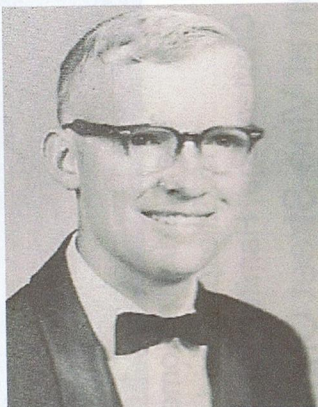
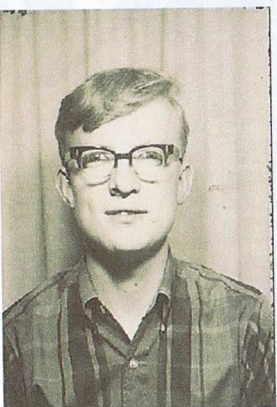
Harley & Roy



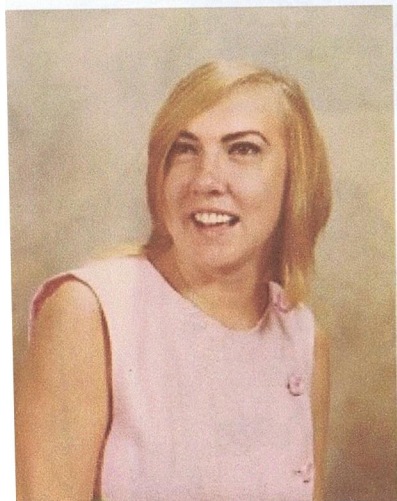
Vine Street Orphanage



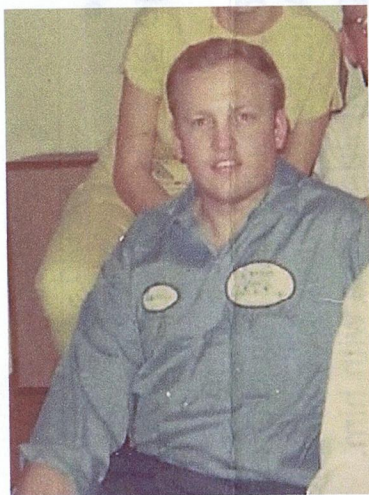
Douglas



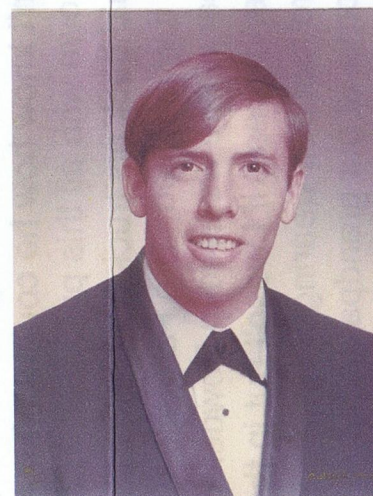
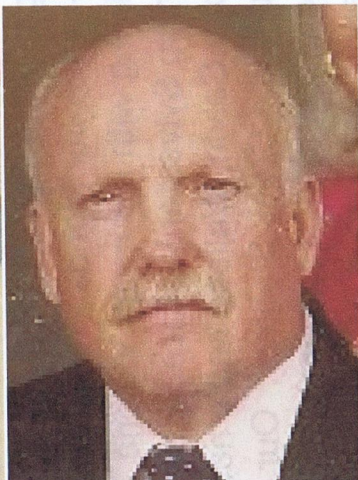
Roy Lee Dunn



Nancy



Larry



Harley