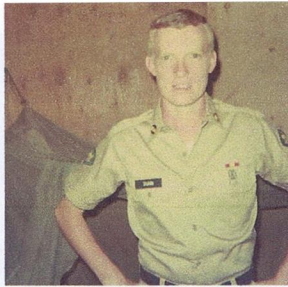




Roy Lee Dunn
Age 60 - 2009



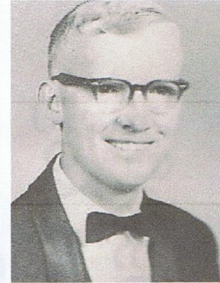
Sp4 Roy Lee Dunn
20 - Vietnam 1969



Vine Street Orphanage
315 Gillespie Road
Chattanooga, Hamilton, Tennessee



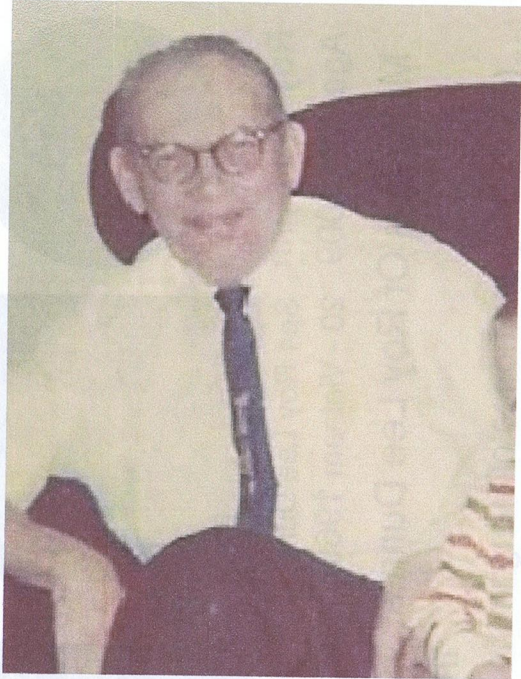
Roy Lee Dunn
16 yrs old-1965



Roy Lee Dunn
H.S. Yearbook
18 yrs old - 1967

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

...(Con't)...My memories of living in the Vine Street Orphanage has always stayed with me all these years. In the "Big Boys Dormitory" we had bunk beds and single beds. The "Little Boys Dormitory" had only single beds. I remember one night I fell out of the top of the bunk bed. I was lucky not to have hit my head on the dresser drawer. I must of had a bad dream, or something. Because, I just rolled over and fell out. Some mornings, When I woke up I would forget I was in a bunk bed and I would fall straight down on my feet. I can't remember the year, but some of us boys were told we had to move down the hall to a another room. It was not a dormitory. They had put beds in it for about six of us boys, I think. I guess, More kids were put in the home and they needed more room. I remember that the window in the room was directly over the front entrance of the home. In the summer months, It got very hot in the daytime. I remember trying to get to sleep, it was still hot at night, too. They did not have air-condition in the home. My pillow got wet from sweat, when I was trying to sleep. We still had to go use the restroom in the "Big Boys Dormitory", etc. It seemed like an eternity, when I was in the orphanage. But, Since I have been out of it all these years, I kind of miss it. Mostly, my friends! Your only young once. Someone from my church asked me recently, "Did you like being raised in an orphanage?". I said, What do you mean? He said, "Were you happy or sad"?. I told him, mostly sad. Being raised without your mom and dad is very sad. I missed all my friends that were sent to the "Bonny Oaks Orphanage". Or left the home, and I didn't get to say good-bye to them. It happened to me, like I mentioned before in my memories. I've gone back to the orphanage several times. And, I hope I can go back some more times in the near future. I testify, my friends, that all my memories of "Vine Street Orphanage" is TRUE to the best of my knowledge. I want to give credit to Christine Haven for putting my memories on the ..."Vine Street Orphanage" website. I pray many will read them, even if they were not in the home. Just to get some kind of feeling what kids like myself went thru, being raised in an orphanage. Some kids may have went thru different things, when they were at "Vine Street Orphanage". These things are only my memories. And, If I think of anymore, I will send them to Christine Haven. Thanks, Christine! My prayers and love go with you. I don't know, If other kids grew up living a righteous life. When they got out of "Vine Street Orphanage", or "Bonny Oaks Orphanage". But, I know my life is a good life. I am happy with it, and I pray yours is, too! May the spirit of the Lord be with all of you. Take Care! And, Sweet dreams. I pray that any bad dreams, never come back. Only the good ones. Peace be with you...Your Friend Always...Roy Lee Dunn...[21]



Clifford "Glenn" Dunn
(1903 - 1982)



Phillip Sylvester Wallace &
Victoria Isabel Harris
There home in Powder Springs, Georgia



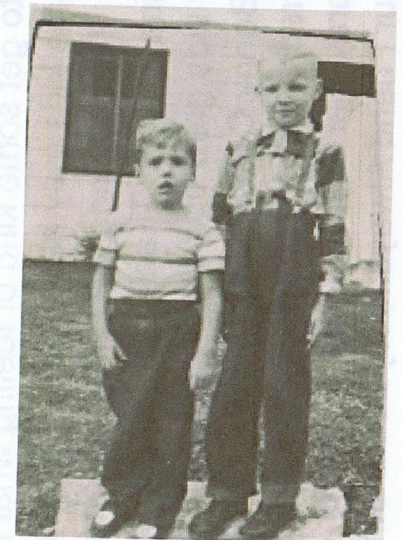
Lucile Virginia Wallace
(1920 - 1993)



Roy Lee Dunn
Age 60 - 2009



L to R - Roy, Larry, Nancy & Harley



Harley Gene & Roy Lee
Dunn - abt 1953



Roy Lee Dunn
60 yrs old -2009



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



L to R - Roy, Larry, Nancy
and Harley Dunn



Larry-Nancy-
Roy-Harley

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

...(Con't)...More memories coming. I remember that one day at "Sunnyside Elementary School", when I was taking recess. A boy said to me, "Did you know you have little red bumps on your face"? I went to the teacher. She recognized it as the "measles". She told me to go home. She knew I was from the orphanage, which was located across the street.

I walked home. When, I got there my houseparent told me to get in my pajamas and go to bed. She said, Don't go in this boy's room, I forgot his name, because he has the "mumps". I remember some boys got "tonsillitis". They had to go get a "tonsillectomy". This is to take your tonsils out. The houseparent said, Don't worry. You will be asleep and when you wake up, they will give you ice-cream. I never got tonsillitis. I still have my tonsils. Every three or four months, barbers would come and give everyone a haircut. They would put us on a stool, and use the clips to shave our hair very short. I didn't know it at the time, but when I was in the U. S. Army, they gave me the same haircut. They called it a G. I. haircut. I remember my brother, Larry, didn't like getting his hair cut. He wanted to keep it long. Because, The girls at school liked him with longer hair. That year, my brother Larry was sent away. Back in the 50's the kids didn't have long hair in the back of their head. Only long hair in the front. But, I noticed most other kids kept their hair kind of short. Longer than us kids in the orphanage. Everyone knew who the kids were from the orphanage. We kids loved to ride our bikes off the homes property. All the fourteen years I was at the orphanage, I don't think the houseparents ever knew we took our bikes off the property. I remember, Going down this steep hill. I had a kid, I don't remember his name, on the handlebars. Another kid was ahead of me, with a kid on his handlebars, too. When they got to the bottom, he waved with his hands for me to go to he right. I couldn't figure it out fast enough. Because, The brakes will not work on my bike, when it is going down hill. After, We leveled off, I got in the wrong lane. I finally got the bike to stop, but I still hit the front bumper of a car. It had a old lady and man in it. I bent the handlebars slightly on the bike. And, The kid on the handlebars fell off, but not bad. He never did ride with me anymore. He had to walk the rest of the time. We may have been six blocks away, or so. Bikes in those days didn't have hand brakes. Only pedal brakes. Riding bikes off the property was alot better than fighting with each other. Or, Getting a spanking. We knew, If we got caught, we would get a spanking. But, We didn't care! We were having fun. I remember, One time I went down a hill by myself. I couldn't stop the bike. So, I had to do something fast. The intersection at the bottom of the hill may have cars crossing it. I saw a five, or six, foot wall. So, I turned my bike into it. I bent the bars, but I fixed it. Kids, especially boys, loved thrills...[22]



Nolan & Pearl Harvey Dunn
East Ridge, Tennessee 1970



John Calvin, Pauline Wallace
Dorothy & Lucile Wallace(mom)



Dorothy, Victoria Harris, Lucile (mom), George & Phillip
Sylvester Wallace - Powder Springs, Cobb, Georgia -abt 1930



Robert Stephen Nowell, June(sis), Bobby



Eiffel Tower, Paris, France - 1968 - Roy leave



Arch of Triump - Paris, France - 1968 - Roy on leave.