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# The Life Story of Curtis W. Dunn

By Curtis W. Dunn



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I am going to go back just as far as I can remember and write everything that I can think of. In 1932 we lived on a place that was called the old Gilbert place about 6 miles northwest of old Keystone, Okla. Ella May was born there and she was the 5th child of the family not counting the baby boy that was lost at birth. Trudy, my oldest sister, and I was playing late one evening out in our back yard with a rubber ball and she threw the ball to me but I missed catching it. The ball rolled into the cellar and I ran into the cellar to get it and I came out of the cellar a lot faster than I went into it. There was a big black snake down in the cellar and my dad heard me scream and came running to check on his son. I showed my dad the snake and he taken a garden hoe into the cellar and cut the head off of the snake. The snake had swallowed a whole toad frog and it came out of the snake after the head was cut off of the snake. Back then people did not know what air conditioners were and there was not that much crime going on so every one slept out in the yard. I was about 5 years old at the time and I would sleep up in our farm wagon outside till I would hear our dogs barking and that would scare me and then I would get to sleep with some one. While living there my dad and I taken a load of cotton to Keystone to the cotton gin and if I remember right, I think that we got a half of a cent a pound for it. On the way home from the gin we found a brand new full size mattress at the side of the highway and we stopped and got it and taken it home with us. No one ever clamed it

so my parents got them a new bed to sleep on. My parents and us children was down to see some friends of ours by the name of Henderson one Sunday afternoon and our iron wheel wagon had a coupling pole sticking out a ways on the back of the wagon. The children would always try to be the first one to get on the end of the coupling pole and ride home on it. I saw that my dad was hitching the team of mules up to the wagon so I ran out to the wagon just as he started to back the wagon up a little to turn it around and my dad did not see me. The wagon knocked me down and the iron wheel started to roll over my body and it got on my body about my left hip and just before it got to my head, I let out a big loud scream and my dad pulled the wagon ahead off of me. I got a cracked left collar bone out of that mishap.

In 1933 we lived on what we called the old Woodring place and none of us 10 children was born there. Before I go any farther, I was born at Big Cabin, ( on Jan. 11, 1927). A few things happened while we were living there on the old Woodring place that I might mention. One day my older brother

and I were out feeding the pigs (all these places that I am mentioning here were out in the country on the farm) and while the pigs were eating, I ran up and got one of them by the tail and the pig started running and I fell down. My older brother (which was 3 years and 4 months older than I ) said "Goody, goody, goody - that is what you get for bothering the pigs while they are eating. I said "I'll get you for making fun of me and while I was looking for a little rock to throw at him, he ran and laid down behind a 55 gallon drum that was laying on it's side. I went and threw the rock anyway and that rock sailed right over that drum and came down on the top of my brother's head and he went into the house and told our mother what I had done. I went and hid in the barn and stayed there all rest of the day but my mother didn't forget about it and used the rod on me when I did come out. My parents believed in using the rod and I thank the good Lord for parents that loved me enough to not spare the rod when one of us children done something that we should not have done. Parents that love their children, in my opinion, will use the rod on them when

they need to. I credit the rod for keeping me out of prison and teaching me to behave myself and causing me to want to work and to do my share of work.

A cousin of mine came over to our place one day to play with me and my folks had been picking cotton and putting the cotton into a little building close to the house. My cousin wanted to see if the cotton would burn and he wanted me to light a piece of cotton that he was holding with a match and then he was going to throw the cotton out the window. Instead of him throwing it out of the window like he said that he would do, it burned his finger and he dropped it onto the rest of the cotton and the cotton burned over right quick and went out but we thought that the place was going to burn down. (That sounds like something that Jerry Clower would do.) My cousin got scared and went home and my dad was notified and he came to the house from out of the field and lit a fire under me with the rod and my dad said that he would of lit one on my cousin too if he had of been there. My cousin lived across the road from us about a quarter of a mile. We had a

cistern there for water and my older sister, about a year and a half older than me, was teasing me there one day about jumping into the cistern and her shoe fell off of her foot and went into the cistern and none of us children ever told our parents what happened.

My dad had a good team of mules while we lived there and he sold them and everyone was telling me that the man that bought the mules was buying my dad too and I was very unhappy about that. Like I said before, this was 1933 when we lived on that place and times was hard to make ends meet. One day while living there I had on a pair of girl's long handle underwear and I don't know if I did not have any underwear of my own or why I had on a pair of my sister's and we had company come over one night to see us. When the company went home, I said that it was a thousand wonders that the company didn't notice girl's underwear on me. In 1934 we lived on what is known as the old Churchill place and while there, my brother Ivy was born. I guess that I was about 7 years old then and I remember my dad taking all of us kids



fishing about 1/2 to 1 mile from our house over to a pond. I remember catching a little perch about 2 or 3 inches long but to me it was like catching one that weighed 2 or 3 pounds.

We had some neighbors that lived about 1/4 of a mile down below a hill from where we lived there. Our neighbors had some turkeys and one of the old hen turkeys had some little baby turkeys and I had been trying to catch one of the baby turkeys and my dad told me that the old mother hen was going to get me but I didn't pay him no mind and kept trying to catch one. Sure enough that old mother hen got after me and I want you to know that I went up over that hill like there was a super highway going up over that hill.

One day while living there I saw a hay fork ( pitch fork ) laying on the ground with the prongs sticking up and instead of picking it up, I tried to step over it and I hit a prong of it with the bottom of my bare foot and it nearly went through my foot.

My oldest brother and my oldest sister got

angry at each other one day and one of them got a pair of barber scissors stuck in their ankle from the hand of the other. I forget who done what. It was only by the Grace of our good Lord that we lived through it all and lived to be adults.

Talk about hard times, people nowadays don't know the meaning of hard times. Back then a family of 5 or 6 was considered to be a small family and there was a lot of families with 10, 11, and 12 or more members in them. I remember one day that my dad didn't know what my mother was going to feed the family and he went out to the barn there on the farm and got a big bucket of threshed wheat and brought it in the house and washed it good and cooked it and we had a good feast of wheat with milk and sugar on it with bread.

The good Lord tells us in his word that He will supply ALL of our needs. There was not very many cars back then and I remember riding on a horse behind my dad and go to a little country church maybe 4 to 7 miles from home and get back home some where around 11:00 p.m.

When I was a baby, a boy of about 13 or 14 years old by the name of Wilson Wooten came to our home and asked my dad if he could stay with us and work for his room and board until he got grown and my dad taken him in and he became a brother to all of us children. My dad and Wilson would cut a lot of firewood for money to buy food with. My dad gave 15 ricks of firewood for a cow one time and he told Wilson that when they got 3 rick of wood cut, they would call it a day. They would be back to the house by about 4:00p.m. most of the time after going about 2 and 1/2 miles on foot to cut wood.

The old Churchill place was where we lived when I first started to learn to milk a cow. My grandparents always lived on a farm and about everyone that had any connections with them lived on a farm. One time I was visiting my grandparents and I was helping my uncles milk the cows one evening and I got done milking a cow and one of my uncles ask me if I got all of the milk that the cow had? I said no, I left some for in the morning and they all got a big laugh out of that.

The next place where we lived was known as the old Gifford place and we lived there in 1936 and I don't remember if we lived on the old Churchill place in 1935 or on the old Gifford place but it was one of the two places then.

In 1936 while living on the old Gifford place, my dad had gotten a old Model-T ford truck some where and he traded it for several stands of honey bees- some of them in hives and some of them still in the trees. One pretty warm day in early spring of 1936, my dad got about 3 or 4 guys to go with him to cut down the bee trees and get the bees in hives and see if they would have any honey in the trees. They drove an old Model-A truck down on the old Keystone bluffs of the Cimarron river and they forgot to take any drinking water with them. By the time they got the first tree cut down, they were all hot and dry from lack of drinking water. My dad told the others that he would stay there and get the bees in the hive while they go and see if they could find any water some where. My dad found the Queen bee and put her into the hive and all of the other bees would follow her into

the hive. My dad got all of the bees in the hive before any of the others got back and he went to look for water himself. My dad had on a new pair of leather sole shoes and he started down over that river bluff and he stepped on a big rock and the rock rolled with him on it. My dad jumped and landed on another rock and his right foot slipped and the rock that rolled with him landed on his right leg and crushed it and then slid off of his leg. It took 4 men to lift the rock that landed on my dad's leg. My dad taken his two hands and lifted his right leg up and his foot dropped down and his leg bone stuck out the side of his leg. When my dad got hurt, he yelled for help and the other men come running to help him. My mother had sent along some nice clean white linen to put over the honey if there should be any but none of the men thought about that. One of the men had an old red handkerchief and they wrapped that around my dad's leg and then an old burlap sack on over that. They taken an axe and cut a pole and sat my dad on that pole and carried him on that pole about 1/2 mile to where they had their old truck parked. They laid dad on the back of that old truck and started out to

the hospital in Pawnee. They stopped somewhere and called for a ambulance and they meet the ambulance about half way to the hospital. The old doctor there at the Pawnee hospital drilled a hole in through the heel and through the knee of my dad's right leg and put steel pins in it to hold the break apart. The doctor said that by holding the break apart, his leg would grow on each side of the break and when the two sides meet, they would grow back together but the part of leg that his foot was on was dead and did not grow and would not heal. My dad was bedfast for several months with his broken leg. He finally got able to get up on crutches after several months and he walked on crutches for two or three years and then he made himself a peg leg. The peg that he made was a piece of two by six hewn down from the full width at the top of it on a slant to where it would be square at the floor end of it. He put a one by six on top end of the two by six and let it run back to his right ankle for a leg rest with a thick pad on it. He had a one by one and one half inch board nailed on the left side of the peg leg and it came up to his crotch on the left side of his right leg with a

strap fasten to the top of it long enough to buckle around his thigh and he had a board just like that one on the right side of his peg leg but it went up to his waist with a strap long enough to buckle around his waist fasten at the top of it (Now you Know how to make a peg leg). In the winter time when it was cold, Dad would put on about two pairs of socks on his sore leg and foot and then a paper sack and then another pair of socks. You ask why the paper sack ? Guess Why- stop and think a minute why dad would put a paper sack on his foot and leg before you go any farther. You give up ? He wasn't using his foot any and it was just hanging there on the footrest of his peg leg and it would get cold so he used that paper sack to keep the cold wind from going through it and get his leg cold. The paper sack was a windbreaker for wind won't go through a paper sack.

1936 was a hot and dry year and there was a drought that year and all the crops was burnt up and there wasn't much pasture for the cattle so we turned the cattle into our crop fields and let them try to get something to eat in them. One morning my

older brother who was about twelve years old and I who was about nine years old at the time went down on the creek that was almost dry except for holes of water here and there to see if we could catch some fish. My brother made him a fish hook out of a safety pin but it did not work out for him. After that homemade hook didn't work for my brother, he started to sticking his hand in some holes in the bank of the creek under the water and he caught a fair size catfish and we went to the house for dinner. That afternoon a couple of my cousins ( Clarence and Robert Collins ) came over to our house and my dad, my brother and I and my two cousins got some burlap feed sacks and made us a fish net and put a log chain on the bottom of it to hold it down in the water. ( It would have to been before he was hurt. I can't remember if this was after or before my dad hurt his leg.) After we ate dinner, my dad, my brother, my two cousins and I taken the fish net that we made and a wash tub to put the fish in down to the creek and my brother and cousins started using the net. I started doing like my brother had done that morning by sticking my hand in holes

under the water in the bank of the creek. I told my cousin that I had a hold of a good one in a hole in the bank of the creek. He told me that I might let it get away and for me to move and let him get it and I said no, that I had a good hold of it and I pulled it out of the hole. Guess what?, it wasn't a fish but a water moccasin snake and I had a hold of it right behind it's head and no one had to tell me to turn it loose. I threw it about thirty feet and kept on doing what we went there to do and that was to get some fish. We got that wash tub about half full of fish by using the net we made and we had a fish fry and every one got full of fish. For back then there was no electric refrigerators to keep them in so we ate and ate and ate until we couldn't eat no more or they were all gone.

That was back in the good old days when no one knew what money was or what money looked like for not many people had any money to show off. We ate fish, rabbit, hawks, and some times a hog in the winter if we had one. And that was our meat supply but back then you would never hear people complain and people would help

one another and visit and be friendly and go to church and worship the good Lord.

The year before my dad got hurt, he was living in a tent down by uncle Raymond baching and working on the W.P.A. and he would stay there all week and come home on weekends. I can't remember if he was working five or six days a week. Uncle Raymond only lived about four and a half or five miles from where we lived but dad didn't have a car to drive then and he done his going in a horse drawn wagon. I was about eight years old I think at that time and dad let me go down there and stay with him for a week one time. I would stay with Aunt Virgil in the daytime while dad was gone to work. I think that it was in the fall part of the year but I can't remember.

Back then we would buy big packages of about anything that we would buy and dad bought a 25 lb. can of peanut butter and then it wouldn't stay soft and pliable like now and all of the oil would rise to the top and it would get stiff down in it a ways. Any way dad and I was eating a lot of peanut butter and we both liked it real like

well and one evening I told my dad that Uncle Raymond and his family might like eating some of that peanut butter and dad thought that I was getting tired of it or getting burnt out on it when I said that and when we got back home that weekend, Dad told everyone that I said that we ought to give that ole peanut butter away. But I didn't say what he thought that I said.

The year that my dad got hurt I was going to the Scraping Ridge School that was up on top of a big hill and we only lived about a half of a mile from it. I was in the second grade then and when dad got hurt, all of the children (3) that was in school had to quit and take care of the farming and the cattle. We always grew cotton and I kept my math up good by picking cotton and weighing the cotton that I had picked and keeping up with the weight of it on paper. All of us children was out of school for three whole years and I forgot everything that I had ever learned except for math. When I started back to school, I started back in the second grade and the only way that I stayed in the second grade, they didn't want an eleven year old in the first grade. I passed to the

third grade only on account of my age and size and not on my grades that I had made in the second grade that year. In the third grade I really started to applying my self and everything started to come a lot easier for me. I was always the best pupil in my grade in math and the teacher would always let the next to the best in math go to the blackboard with me ( A Girl) and we two would run a race in our math figures that was on the board and I would always beat her done. (The same problems except in different order). My worst subjects in school was spelling and English and history and health an geography. You say what else is there? Reading, and I never was good at that.

I am getting ahead of my self here and I guess that I am getting in a hurry for this is the first book that I have ever tried to write. Now going back to the place when us children left school to work the farm, I was only about nine at the time and my sister, Gertrude, was about eleven and my oldest brother, Jay Dee was about twelve but we got the work done I guess for I am still living. I can't think of much of anything



that happened on that place other than Dad getting hurt and me pulling that snake out of the hole but that is the place where we lived when W.R. ( Bill ) was born there. We moved from there to the old Berson place and that place (160 acres ) had a lot of timber on it and we cut a lot of wood off of it and sold it for fifty cents a rick at the stump or for \$1.50 a rick delivered and we usually delivered it. We sold a lot of wood to Bill Tanner who ran a little country grocery store and that is where we bought a lot of our groceries on old Highway 64 about 6 miles southeast of Cleveland, Ok. We probably cut two to three hundred rick of wood from off that place and maybe more than that, I don't remember for that was 58 years ago and a few things has changed since then to cloud up my mind. We did not have chain saws and such back then and the only power we had then to operate our saws was called arm and elbow power on about an 7 foot cross cut saw but it got the job done. I was telling about dad hurting his right leg earlier in this writing and I can't remember if I told you how long that dad was on the crutches and how long that he walked on his peg leg. He walked

with crutches for about three years I think and on his peg leg for about four or five years.

We moved from the Berson place on January 10, 1938 to Joe Hamilton's place about four miles north of old Mannford, Ok. My oldest brother, Jay Dee was fourteen at the time and he was riding Ole Ribbon moving the cattle and Dad, Mom and the rest of the children was on a wagon loaded with furniture bringing up the rear and it had been raining that day and the roads was muddy and slick in places. Ole Ribbon, a mare, was one-half race horse and J.D. liked to ride her and she was trained to stop when a rein dropped to the ground. J.D. was driving the cattle west on a country road and they came to a cross roads and we wanted the cattle to go straight ahead but they turned north at the cross roads. Keep in mind that it had been raining that day and the road was muddy and slick. J. D. started running old ribbon chasing the cattle to head them off. After he turned onto the other road and got up the road a ways to head the cattle and turn them around, Ole Ribbon's feet started to



slip in the mud and she fell with J.D. There was an oil field crew drilling an oil well right inside of the fence and they saw the whole thing and said that J.D. went about ten feet into the air and came down on his head and shoulders and was knocked unconscious. One of the oilfield men got into his car and went out on the road and got J.D. and went back and got my dad from off of the wagon and rushed my brother up to Doctor Saddoris's office in Cleveland, Ok. The doctor examined my brother and could not find anything wrong with him other than he was unconscious. The doctor told my dad to take J.D. home and if there was no change the next morning that he would admit him to the hospital. The next morning there was no change so the doctor admitted J.D. to Morning Side hospital in Tulsa, OK. ( That is Hillcrest hospital now). At the hospital they could not find out right away what was the matter with my brother other than he was unconscious. After he was in the hospital for twenty-one days and still unconscious, the doctor told my dad that my brother might have a blood clot on his brain and that he was going to operate on

him. They operated on him the next day and cut almost the whole top of his head off. They started at the side of his forehead at about his hairline and went all the way around the back of his head and to the other side of his forehead at the hairline and laid the top of his head back all the way to his brain and immediately my brother started to get better. His brain was swollen and when they operated, they relieved the pressure and he was home in another week after the operation. Up at the top of this page you will notice that I told you the date that this all taken place. You ask how do I remember when it happened? The 10th of January, 1938 and the next day on the 11th. January, 1938 I was eleven years old and I thought at the time what an awful birthday present that I was getting to have my brother in the hospital hurt and I went in and laid down on the bed and cried. They think that J.D. accidentally dropped a rein and Ole Ribbon tried to stop and in trying to stop, she fell with him.

About a year or two after the horse falling with him, J.D. got real sick and we had to rush him to the hospital up in Pawnee.

They operated on him and taken his appendix out and they thought that J.D. was getting better but after two weeks he started to get worse again. We didn't have a phone so the hospital called our neighbor and had him to bring my dad a message that they was operating on J.D. the second time. They operated on his stomach this time and taken about a quart of abscess out of his stomach and in about another two weeks he was home. When we was living on that place when J.D. got sick, around about that time or it might have been a year or two later, I don't remember, my dad and two of my brothers and I was hoeing in our corn field one day in Johnson grass. The corn stalks and the Johnson grass both was over our heads in height and dad always kept our hoes sharp and we was swinging our hoes cutting the grass off just above the ground. I was a little ways away from my other two brothers and the two of them got too close to each other and one of them got his nose cut on a slant from one side to the other side on the big part of his nose and dad taken him to the doctor and got it sewed up. I was plowing ground one day and when it came quitting time at the end

of the day, I started to take the plow and the three horses hooked to it to the barn yard. I had to cross a little creek on the way to the barn yard and the plow that I was using was a riding plow and I stayed on it to ride it to the barn. When I came to that creek the point of the plow hit a solid rock that wouldn't move and the plow went side ways right quick and I fell off of the plow. I was afraid that the team was going to get away from me (but they didn't even know that anything had happened) so I ran up to the side of the team to grab the reins and when I done that, the team got scared and sure enough taken off. The plow that they were hooked to, the point of the plow would hit the ground about every forty-five feet for it would scar the ground every time that it hit the ground. The team had to go through a gate as they were entering the barn yard and they made a sharp turn to the right and there was a tree there where they had to turn on the left. Two of the horses went to the right of the tree and the other horse went to the left of the tree and when the team did that, they broke away from the plow or they might of still be running. The only reason the seat of my pants didn't

catch on fire was because my dad didn't have his pocket knife in his pocket at the time that it happened. My dad didn't tell me to bring my team and plow to the barn yard, he just wanted me to unhook from the plow and leave the plow in the field there and bring the team to the barn.

My older brother was plowing with a walking plow in the same field that I was plowing in and my dad wanted my brother to bring his plow to the barn yard so he (my dad) could do some work on it but he wanted me to leave my plow in the field. In the fall of 1942 along about Sept. it came a big rain and almost washed away all of the country roads for that was back before they started to put crushed rock on the roads out in the country. A school bus or a big truck could usually get over the roads but they would a hard time of doing so

When it came that big rain, I was told to go out and shut the baby chicks up in the chicken coop and close the door of it so the chicks couldn't get back out and get wet. It was raining and the door of the coop was

wet and swelled up some and hard to shut and I had some trouble in shutting it. I was squatting down to shut the door and my foot slipped out from under me there in the mud and I fell against the edge of a tin roof that was on the chicken coop and opened up a gash on my right cheek to where you could see my cheek bone. As I said before, all of the roads was washed out where a car couldn't get over them so my parents taken some clean white cloth and put a pressure bandage on it to stop the bleeding and I got up the next morning and caught the school bus into Mannford, Ok. I got off of the bus there in town and went down to the doctors office and let the doctor look at it and doctor it. It was swelled up so much that the doctor said that he could not sew it up so he put a big bandage on it and I went on to school. At school when it came time for recess, I went outside to play and the bandage came off. I went to the principle's office and he looked at it and proceeded to put another bandage on it and after about twenty or thirty minutes (It seemed) everything started to get dark for me and the principle said you can go now and I said that I can't see anything. That scared

the principle and he said to wait there for a minute and that he would be right back. He went and brought the superintendent back with him and just as they were entering the office, I started to faint and falling over and the two of them caught me and put me in a chair over by the window and they raised the window so I could get some fresh air and I came back around in just a few minutes. I was in the sixth grade then and I only went to school for another four or five weeks after that happened. I was fifteen years old then. The reason that I quit school at that time is because we moved away from that school at the Mannford school district over to Terlton school district and I didn't want to start to a new school and be with a lot of children four or five years younger than I was in the sixth grade.

In Oct. 1943 when I was sixteen years old I went to work on the Frisco RailRoad which is the Burlington Northern Rail Road now. I worked on the section gang there at Mannford ( Old Mannford ) for .46 cents an hour and I want you to know that I was getting rich quick at that rate. Ha! That

was back during world war two and good help was hard to find for there wasn't much help in those days to find. A month or two after I started working on the section gang, a bridge gang came to Mannford to repair some bridges in that section of the rail road and they were real short of help. My foreman came up to me and said CURTIS, how do you feel about working on the rail road bridge gang, Do you think that you would like it? I said that I didn't know but for him to tell me a little more about the job. He said that I would live right on the rail road in bunk cars and a wife of one of the men would cook our meals for us there on the rail road for \$1.05 a day. He said that we would have three hot meals a day at .35 cents each. I said that sounded pretty good to me but tell me more and he said that you are getting .46 cents an hour here on the section gang and if you decide to transfer to the bridge gang that you will get .77 cents an hour and I said that you need tell me no more. I was living in a section gang bunk house there at Mannford and when I transferred to the bridge gang, I lived right on the rail road in a bunk car and had our meals cooked and fed to us

right there in the same rail road car as we lived in. We taken care of bridges on the Frisco R.R. in Okla., Kansas and part of Tex. I stayed with that job till about the middle of June of 1944 and I got to where I could not stand that creosote that the rail road used to treat their timbers with for in hot weather it would make the skin on my face blister and all the skin would peel off of my face. It was not very bad in cool or cold weather but it would burn my face if I go within sight of it in hot weather. I think that I worked on a pipe line that summer south of Terlton after I quit the rail road and then went to work on the Katy rail road later that fall up at Cleveland, Ok. and worked through the winter of 44 and 45 there for 37 cents per hour or one penny more per hour than what Frisco R.R. paid me on the section gang.

I went to work for R.C. Inbody who owned a big truck hauling Pepsi Cola out of the Tulsa plant. We had a country route where we would haul Pepsi Cola and flavors to Keystone Cleveland, Pawnee, Maramec, Blackburn, Skedee, Ralston, Fairfax, Pawhuska, Wynona, Hominy, Pershing and

some stores along the highway. I got \$4.00 per load and a lot of the time we would deliver a load in 4 hours. That was back during the W.W.2 and sugar was rationed and about 4 or 5 loads of pop a week would be all the pop that the Pepsi plant would let us have. We paid the Pepsi plant 60 cents for a 24- 12 oz. bottles of Pepsi per case and we would sell it for 80 cents per case and we hauled 212 cases per load. There was a lot of stores that would have taken the whole load if we would have sold it to them but we drivers had to ration it to the stores too. Some stores would get 10 or 12 cases at a time while others would get 4 or 5 cases at a time. It would depend on the size of the place of business.

I stayed hauling Pepsi till late fall of that year and I don't remember what I worked at between then and the 3rd of March of 46 when I went into the Army In the army they sent me to Fort Lewis, Wash. for 8 weeks of basic training from Camp Chaffee, Ark. and the rail roads went on strike the day that our basic training was over. Since the rail roads was on strike we could not ship out so the Army put all of us in another part

of Fort Lewis and gave us 8 more weeks of basic but this time it was engineering training and that made all of us real happy - Hog Wash! Join the Army and see the world but they don't tell you what all that you have to do before you can see the world over on the other side. I went to Germany and I was there for about 21 months and I did get to see a lot of things that I would have never seen if I had never went to the Army. I landed at Bremerhaven, Germany and went from there to Ludwigsburg for a few months and then on to Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Nuremberg, Mannheim, Munich, Hamburg, Heidelberg and maybe a few other places that I do not remember. All of these places are in Germany.

I got discharged from the Army on June 8, 1948. I worked for a while for Griffin Grocery Co. after getting out of the army for about .60 cents an hour ( I think ) and then I got a job driving a truck hauling groceries for Safe Way Stores Inc. in Tulsa for 1.00 an hour plus 10 cents an hour after 6:00pm for night pay. I stayed with driving that truck till I went back to the army on

17th of Nov. 48. I volunteered to be drafted for 21 months for if I had of reenlisted in the army, I would had to went back in for 3 years since I had already been in the army once and I didn't want to do that. Since I was out of the army over three months, I had to take basic training again and this time at Camp Chaffie, Ark. (The state that the man that trying to act like a president is from but that is all that he is doing is acting. He's not a president, he just thinks that he is, Ask Hillary-and she will tell you who is the president.) Getting back to the army. I taken another 8 weeks of basic training at Camp Chaffie, Ark and then went over seas in Feb., 1949 to Japan and was assigned to the 209th Military Police detachment at Yokohama. I worked as dispatcher on night duty in the motor pool checking out jeeps to the military policemen. I would have to check around in the motor pool about every thirty minutes to an hour to make sure everything was in order and that no one was stealing anything. One night I was out in the motor pool messing around with one of the jeeps and I went to see if it would start (About 2:00AM) and I touched what I thought was



the starter button down on the floorboard but -it was not the starter, it turned out to be the siren button and it was not quiet any more. But it didn't seem to wake anyone up that was asleep at 2:AM. But that put a stop to my messing around with something that I didn't know nothing about. Another night while I was on duty there in the motor pool, I thought that I heard something out in the shop there and I taken my flashlight and went out to see if I could see anything. There was an army truck there in the shop that was partly over a grease pit and I was shining my light where it would show about waist high on a man and I walked around to the front of the truck and stepped into the grease pit. I fell and landed on the other side of the grease pit right in the ribcage on my left side just under my left arm. The grease pit had a little curb right around the edge of it on top and when I fell I clamped my arm to the curb and started to let myself down real easy for I didn't know how deep it was or what it was at the time. My toe finally touched the bottom of the pit after my ear got about even with that curb and there was steps at the end of it to climb out of it on. I climbed out of it and I knew

that I had something wrong with me at the time but I didn't think what it was and about that time I caught my breath and then I realized what it was that was wrong with me. My breath was knocked out of me and it taken a while for me to catch it. I was really hurting and I got on the telephone and called the C.O. (Charge of Quarters) but I couldn't raise anyone so I stayed there in the motor pool till 7:00am. (That that happened about 1AM). I went on sick call that morning and the doctor said I probably had a couple broken ribs. The doctor taped me up real good from the bottom of my ribcage to just under my left arm and from the center of my back to the center of my chest and told to come back in about two weeks and he might could take the tape off. I wasn't about to let that doctor take that tape off for I knew what he would do in taking it off. In about two weeks after the tape was put on, I woke up in about the middle of the day and started working with it real easy and trying to get it started. After a few minutes of working with it, a buddy ( I thought ) of mine came by and said "Let me help you with that." And I said that I would take it off. My buddy (I



thought) told me to turn or my stomach there on the bed and he would be real easy and get it for me on my back. So I taken him at his word and got on my stomach and he started pulling it off real easy. Pretty soon he had enough taken loose to where he could get a real good hold on it and then (you guessed it) he stood up and gave it a big yank and just spun me around and it felt like that he taken hide and hair both off with it it was all off in a jiffy. I told him that was why I didn't want to go back to the doctor for I thought probably be the way that the doctor would have done it.

One morning I got off from work and ate my morning meal and went right to bed and went to sleep. I woke up about 11:55AM and looked to see what time it was and there on my arm where my watch used to be was nothing but the print of the watch band that had been there just a few minutes before. Someone had stolen it off my arm while I was asleep. It had an expansion band on it so they take it off over my hand. I got sick with my stomach while I was stationed there and I went on sick call and the doctor told me that I had stomach

ulcers. He put me in the hospital around of the first of May of '49 and I got out of the hospital about the middle of June of '49 and went back to my job in the motor pool. My stomach got to hurting me again and I had to check back into the hospital about the first of Aug. of '49. That time the army sent me back to the U.S. on a hospital ship in Nov. '49 and sent me on a hospital train to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. About that time the army said that anyone that was drafted to the army could be relieved from active duty after 12 months of service and put into the army reserve. So on the 8th. Dec. '49 the army released me to the inactive reserve. I stayed out of the army til the 5th of March '50. I had decided to make and the army my career so I asked the army if they still gave re-enlistment bonuses if so, how much. They told me that for 3 years it would be \$30 per year or \$90 for three years and \$40 per year for four years, \$50. per year for five years, \$60. per that year for six years. So I said to myself six times sixty is \$360.00 so I said I would reenlist for six years since I am a career man. I was sent to Ft. Riley, Kansas that time. Around the middle of July '50, the

army food had to started to make me sick again. About the first of August '50 I had to go into the army hospital again for my stomach ulcers. And that time the army gave me a medical discharge on the 26th Feb.'51 because they told me that they could not keep me on a special diet all the time.

After I got out of the Army, I worked at odd jobs for a few months. The Army sent me home around the first of the year of 51 and mailed me my discharge and my settlement for my medical discharge from the Army. The settlement was \$1102.50 after \$200.00 plus for tax deduction.

At the time that I settled up with the Army, Jay Dee was living at Grants, N.M. I had loaned him \$50.00 some months before and when I got my money from the Army I told Jay Dee that he could forget about the \$50 that I had loaned him. I sent him another \$50 as tithes on the money the Army paid me when I got out. Jay Dee was sick with TB at the time. No one knew it back home that he was as sick as he was and he used that last \$50 for a bus ticket home. He was

trusting the good Lord for his healing all the time and the good Lord saw fit to relieve him of his misery by taking him home to be with him. Jay Dee would have probably died there in Grants, N.M. if I had not of sent him that \$50. He died on Friday, April 13, 1951.

Debbie and Danny went back out to California a couple of weeks after he died to be there with her mother. I started to a trade school (welding) in Nashville, Tenn. around the first of May 1951 under the GI Bill of Rights and I was there for about 8 weeks I believe and a little bug bit me and I quit the school there and went to California to see my girl friend. I got out there around the 10th of July of 51 and we were married on the 17th of July 51. Some people (I guess) think that was too soon after my brother's death. But I don't think that anyone can love a dead person and the fond memories that you have of that person can N E V E R be taken away from you.

In two more weeks Debbie and I will celebrate our 44th wedding anniversary so I would say that it has been a pretty good

marriage. But we have had some pretty rough road to travel at times but the good Lord has always kept his promise and supplied all of our-wants, or should I say, our needs. (There is a difference in those two words). I accepted the Lord as my Lord and Savior in 1944 (I think) or somewhere along there put I haven't lived as close to him as I should have at times.

But oh how glad I was to know the Lord as my Savior when our little Charley boy was born. Some people has asked me if I blamed God for Charles being like he was at birth. And I said no for God's way is not our way for God knows best and he knows what he is doing. It should be - our ways are not God's ways. ( I should have said up above this line.) We may not know why God does some of the things that he does but we know that there will come a day when God will reveal to us why things happen in the way that they happen. Charles was a sweet boy and I know that I will meet him face to face again some day and what a day that will be - Hallelujah. I don't know what would have happened when Charles was born if I had not known

the good Lord as my personal Savior. Who knows- I might of shot and killed myself but the good Lord made a way for us to finish the course.

A lot has happened in the last 3 and 1/2 years. First Danny Dunn died on August 8, 2000 and then W.R. (Bill) Dunn died on NOV. 29,2001 and my sweet Debbie went on to be with the good Lord the 2nd of AUG. 2003 after we were married for 52 years and 16 days. Debbie had suffered with arthritis pain real bad for the last 18 months of her life but she is at peace with her good lord now where there is no more pain or sorrow but all is happiness and gladness forever more. We never know who will be next to go- it may be you or it could be me but the good Lord knows best.

I have come to the end of another page and you may ask how many pages will there be. I don't know for the good Lord is the director of this and when the Lord tells me to stop-I will stop this and bring this to an end.

Getting back to a little more about Debbie

and the last three months of her life. Debbie's sister Joanna got lung cancer about two or three months before Joanna's death. And when Joanna died with the cancer Debbie just could not get over Joanna's death. It grieved Debbie something awful for Debbie was the first Bennington child to be born and the last child to die. Debbie just could not get over it. Joanna died July 10 and Debbie died August 2nd 2003.

I am very glad that I know the good Lord as my savior. And if we will just ask HIM for what we have need of Then HE will meet that need for we have not because we ask not so ask and it shall be given.

The first few days it was really lonesome around here with me and myself to keep me company but I made it just fine. But I do thank the good Lord for hearing and answering prayer. I am re-doing the last five pages of my story for there is a lot that I want to leave out and there is a lot that is not worth redoing and I am leaving another family out of it altogether because it is not worth the trouble to put it in here.

My family and I moved back here to good ole Oklahoma from Calif. the 1st of Mar. 1959 where the people are more friendly and some-what fewer cars and less traffic and where our children have room to grow and have fun if their parents will apply the rod and keep their children in line. I told my wife when we got married in July 1951 that I was going to be the bread earner and she was to be the home maker and take care of our children. We had 6 children and the last two would not go to head-start without their mother going. So my wife went to head start with the last two and that 4 weeks--(2 weeks each) was all the wages that my wife ever made from the public and we still done it without food stamps. My faith was in the good Lord and He supplied the needs. Our oldest son James Daniel joined the army and went to fight in the Vietnam war and came back home and died from a liver problem. Our Charley boy died from a liver problem. I worked in construction building highway bridges and three of my sons worked there too in helping to build bridges. There has always plenty of work if a man would get in there and work. I helped on a lot of highway

projects in several places and there is lots of work if a man wanted to work. There has always been a lot of construction for construction workers to do. I worked in Altus, Ok., Perry, Ok. Bartlesville, Ok., Tulsa, Sand Springs, and a lot of different places. You ask me what did I do? I built concrete forms for concrete walls, concrete slopes, set forms for walls and just what ever there was to do in the way of concrete work. And here I am working, cutting wood for Ray Firey free of any charge except for a meal now and then. (This about finishes page (14) of my life story. And page 15 too for both of those pages is here.)

Danny was about nineteen months old when Debbie and I was married and Charles was born May 30th, 1952 and then Stanley came along on Jan. 7th, 1954 and then Raymond was born 4th. Nov. 1955 and then our little princess Diana was born 8th. Dec. 1958 and then Timothy was born Feb. 12th. 1961 and he was our last. Diana was named Rebecca until she was born and then her mother and I changed it to Diana Rene so she could have her mother's initials

for Deborah Ruth. We tried to get Diana a little sister but we got another brother for her. Stanley who is married to Charlotte is our oldest son that is living as of this writing and he has one son who is Michael and Michael is 24 now. Stanley has one daughter, Melissa who is 20 now. Stanley and Charlotte will celebrate their 10th. Anniversary on Feb. 4-04. Michael is married to Sabrina and they have one daughter who is Alyssa, 3 years old. Raymond and Ann has four sons whose names are John, Joel, Joshua, and Jeffry. John is married to Michelle and as of this writing-Joel, Joshua and Jeffry are still single. John is 24, Joel is 22, Joshua is 18 and Jeffry is 13.

Thank you Diana, for the calendar and birthday listings. If I had \$50.00 to put with this old typewriter, it might be worth throwing away then. Diana is married to Ray Firey and they have two boys and a Daughter whose Names are Christopher 15, Tyler 11 and Angela 4. Timothy and Ruth has two sons and a daughter and they are Jennifer 13, Jordan (Typing cuts off at the name Jordan) - The End

## BLANK - FOR NOTES


## CORRESPONDING NEWS ARTICLES AND DOCUMENTS

There have been many changes in this community. C. N. Nichols and Jay Garrison have moved to the Gilbert place, Jess Dunn to the Woodring place, J. O. Harp to the Hemming place, C. W. Peterman to the Sinnett district, Bart Reece, C. W. Reece to Osage county, Roy Nobles to the old home place, Ed Carter to the Almy lease, Habe Brown to South Field, Webb Fox to the place formerly occupied by Habe Brown and Tony Overstreet to Mrs. Sadie Shaffer.

Cleveland American Newspaper - Jan. 5, 1933

**Leg Crushed; In Hospital**  
Jesse Dunn of the Grandview community southeast of town broke his leg Friday, and after receiving first aid here, was sent to a Pawnee hospital in a Chapman ambulance. Dunn is a WPA worker in the community. His leg was broken in a fall.

Cleveland American Newspaper - April 13, 1936



1. PRINT NAME OF EMPLOYEE (FIRST, MIDDLE, LAST) <b>CURTIS WAYNE DUNN</b>		H. SOCIAL SECURITY ACCOUNT NO.	
2. SIGNATURE AS USUALLY WRITTEN (DO NOT PRINT) <i>Curtis Wayne Dunn</i>		I. DATE SIGNED <b>11-16-43</b>	
3. STREET ADDRESS OR RURAL ROUTE <b>Terlton, Okla.</b>		J. CITY OR VILLAGE AND STATE <b>Terlton, Okla.</b>	
4. DATE OF BIRTH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) <b>1-11-1927</b>	5. PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR VILLAGE, COUNTY, AND STATE, OR FARMER COUNTY) <b>Big Cabin, Craig, Oklahoma</b>	K. OCCUPATION TITLE <b>Section Laborer</b>	
6. FATHER'S FULL NAME (REGARDLESS OF WHETHER LIVING OR DEAD) <b>Jesse David Dunn</b>		L. COLOR OR RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE <input type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER, SPECIFY	M. DATE ENTERED SERVICE <b>42 Nov-7 1943</b>
7. MOTHER'S FULL NAME (REGARDLESS OF WHETHER LIVING OR DEAD) <b>Edna Mae Carter</b>		N. SEX <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MALE <input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE	O. PAY ROLL DATA <b>42947-4-8</b>
8. NAME OF PRESENT EMPLOYER <b>LOUIS-SAN FRANCISCO RY. CO.</b>		P. PLACE OF PRESENT EMPLOYMENT <b>Manford, Oklahoma (Sec. 653)</b>	
9. GIVE YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY ACCOUNT NO. IF YOU HAVE ONE		Q. HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ASSIGNED ANY OTHER ACCOUNT NUMBER WHICH HAS NOT BEEN CANCELED? YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
10. IF ANSWER TO ITEM 9 IS "YES," LIST THE ADDITIONAL ACCOUNT NUMBERS THAT YOU HAVE AND NAME UNDER WHICH EACH ONE WAS ISSUED		R. ACCOUNT NUMBER ASSIGNED BY <b>S. S. Card</b>	
IF YOU APPLIED FOR, BUT DID NOT RECEIVE AN ACCOUNT NUMBER, OR CANNOT REMEMBER YOUR NUMBER, ANSWER 11, 12, AND 13 BELOW			
11. EMPLOYER AT TIME OF PREVIOUS APPLICATION FOR, OR ISSUE OF, NUMBER		12. PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT WHEN NUMBER WAS APPLIED FOR OR ISSUED	
13. DATE OF APPLICATION FOR, OR ISSUE OF, NUMBER			
Form No. CER-1 U. S. RAILROAD RETIREMENT BOARD (9-2) <b>EMPLOYEE REGISTRATION</b> Budget Bureau No. 70-8032-42 Approval Expires September 30, 1943			

Curtis Dunn Railroad Card - Nov. 1943

## MILITARY RELATED

### Nine 18-Year-Olds, Three Older Men Classified in 1-A

The county draft board at its meeting last Friday evening found 12 men for class 1-A, nine of whom are boys 18 years old in January. The others were Elmer Thigpen, 36 years old; Cleo E. Smelser, 33 years old; and Roy R. Caldwell, 34 years old, all transferred from Class 2-A. Five men were transferred from 1-A to other classes and one was inducted.

1-A—Elmer Thigpen, Cleo E. Smelser, Roy R. Caldwell, Wayne L. Reynard, Curtis W. Dunn, Howard H. Butler, Carl F. Meyerdick, William F. Walker, Sammy Southern, Melvin G. Martin, Denver A. Grigg, John A. Futly.

2-A—Donald C. Cox, Wiley F. Kelso, Clarence M. Gill.

2-A (F)—Baptiste R. Collins, Perry A. McCollum, Archie A. Walker, Roy W. Casey, Charles H. Brown.

2-B (F)—Henry C. Nash, Roy E. Fowler, Charles S. Head, Jr., Dol-

Feb. 22, 1945

### 25 Are Put In 1-A By Board

The county draft board reclassified a number of registrants last Friday, placing 25 in class 1-A. Most of the new class 1-A men are married and have children. The reclassifications are:

1-A—Cecil E. Bennett, Raymond L. Horn, Buster L. Bryant, Clell L. Alexander, Marion S. Hopkins, Marshall S. Renfro, J. C. Blvin, Willis R. Pulliam, William B. Rainbolt, Glenn T. Lesher, Baptiste R. Collins, Henry C. Nash, Lowell E. Cummings, Francis Collins, Jess G. Pendergraft, Stanley C. Pappanus, Harry K. Wineinger, Roy H. Devers, Homer C. Stout, Oran L. Bettes, Clifford J. Baker, Robert H. Breeden, Tom Ramsey, Noble Kimmel, James W. Armstrong, William E. Lee, Lottie C. Pogue.

2-A—Charlie I. Walker, Harold J. Hooper, Leslie C. Duckworth.

2-A (F)—Virgil L. Bennett, William F. Redingfield, Charlie J. Hiltzman, Millard F. Kelso, William T. George, Cecil A. Matney, Lonnie N. Henry, Vernie Wilkerson, Owen Echo Hawk, Harry Green, Frank L. Jardt, Jr., Curtis W. Dunn.

4-A—Raymond W. Steele, William L. Enloe, Ora L. Leake.

2-B (F)—Wallace E. Johnson, Roy E. Fowler, James E. Lentz, Lyman Graham.

1-C (Inducted)—Jack H. Bilyeu, Leo C. Pingry, Homer R. Spillman, Jr., Oscar S. Treese, Jr., Raymond C. Peacock, William Sallee, Jr., Arthur M. Shields, Edward E. Cave, Elmer L. Cowan, Robert E. Cruzen, James E. McDaniel, Ernest J. Bledsoe, Wilbur W. Musgrove.

2-C—Oliver L. Ernest, Alvin M. Odle, William F. Walker, Leslie H. Sallee.

2-C (F)—Perry A. McCollum, Gus Dollie, Harold L. Pauley, John A. Fultz, Eugene B. Adkison.

4-F—J. D. Pulliam, Earl Cloughly, Orville W. Davenport.

April 12, 1945

CURTIS W. DUNN left Monday morning, March 4, for induction into the U. S. army.

March 7, 1946

### Pvt. C. W. Dunn Is Discharged From Army

Pvt. Curtis W. Dunn, who has been stationed nine months in Japan, has returned to his home near Cleveland. Dunn landed in the States on November 22. He plans to re-enlist early in January. He believed that the army was doing a really good job with the Japanese people.

Dec. 22, 1946

Pfs. Curtis W. Dunn, stationed with the military police in Kokohoma, Japan, has been in the hospital since August 2, with stomach ulcers and may be leaving the 49th General Hospital in Tokyo for the States for a major operation, soon.

Sept. 22, 1949

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carter returned home from California Friday morning. . . . Cpl. Curtis Dunn of Ft. Riley, Kansas visited here over the weekend.

March 30, 1950

**FOR SALE:** 1941 Oldsmobile, good condition; heater, defroster. A good buy. I am going to the army and have to sell soon. \$450.00. Write or see Curtis W. Dunn, Rte. 1, Cleveland. 20p

Feb 16, 1950

PVT. CURTIS W. DUNN writes that his address is Pvt. Curtis W. Dunn 18174469 Co. C. 70th Bn. 15th G.P. 9840 T. S. U. C. E-N. Fort Lewis, Wash. He asks that all his friends and family write and states that he is getting along o. k. in the army, getting plenty of food but doesn't like the way it is cooked. He also says they have rain about six days out of the week.

June 20, 1946

Recruit Curtis Dunn, son of Jess Dunn, has been assigned to the Fifth Armored Division for eight weeks of basic training. He is stationed at Camp Chaffee.

Dec. 23, 1948

### Pvt. C. W. Dunn Is Discharged From Army

Pvt. Curtis W. Dunn, who has been stationed nine months in Japan, has returned to his home near Cleveland. Dunn landed in the States on November 22. He plans to re-enlist early in January. He believed that the army was doing a really good job with the Japanese people.

Dec. 22, 1949

Pfc. Curtis Dunn of Ft. Riley, Kans., is spending a 14-day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dunn, and family.

Nov. 9, 1950



6-17-25 Note from Diana,  
Curtis' Daughter

I found quite a few Letters to the Editor to The Cleveland American Newspaper in the late 1940's up to 1951 while Dad was in the Army.

Dad was one to always speak his mind. Instead of writing to the Editor, we kids would later hear statements like "I'm Going To Put A Sign On My Pickup!" and he did just that at least a couple of times.

## Letter to Editor

Dear Sir:

Please print this in the Cleveland American for you won't be doing it just for me, but for the United States Army and all the servicemen. We would appreciate it very much if you will print this and put it in the paper.

Sincerely yours,

Pfc. Curtis Dunn.

Co. K, 2nd Bn. 5th Regiment O. R. D., Camp Kilmer, N. J.

To the Editors:

Do you want to help of work with the Service men as we go along the road together?

You don't like the army and you wouldn't want to be in something that you don't like, so here is how you can help us service men.

When you see a soldier on the road give him a ride. You may not be going but a little ways but the soldier may not be going but just a little ways neither I don't like to see no one in something they don't like but I love to see those in the army that are to dam proud of their car to let a service man ride in it. A dam civilian that has never been in the army don't know what a service man is up against, so when you see a soldier on the road lend him a hand and give him a ride.

It takes an ex-G. I. to meet a soldier on the road and give him a ride any more for they know what us service men are up against so they will give us a ride.

You won't see letters like this just in the Cleveland paper but in any of them and us men want you to know just what we think of you that are to dam proud to stop and give us a ride. Just remember the next time you see a service man on the road to stop and give him a ride.

Pfc. Curtis Dunn.

## Letters to Editor

May 4, 1947.

Stuttgart, Germany.

Dear Readers:

Here is a little notice from the European Theatre to remind all you folk at home to keep those cards and letters coming to your soldier boys over seas to keep them in touch with the United States.

You folk at home think times are hard and it is hard to make a living, but if some of you had to go through with the things the people over here are going through with, I think all of you would change your minds.

Since I have been overseas the past 8½ months, and see how these people live, I am very glad I always had plenty to eat and wear. Seeing these people and their ways of living makes me very proud to be an American, and to know that I can always have freedom and peace.

You folk back there should never fail to write to the boys overseas, who are still doing their job to keep America safe where she can have Freedom and Peace, as she has always had. So when you want to write a letter, remember that the soldier boy in the service is always very glad to hear from someone at home.

Yours very truly,

PVT. C. W. DUNN.

PVT. CURTIS DUNN, 18174469,  
287th Sta. Hosp. W. E. A. P. O.  
154 care P. M. New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

There are 600,000 men in the army and the army says they are losing 10,000 men a month and one reason that the men won't stay in the army, "where they are needed most" is because their folks don't write to them often enough and the reason why I know is because I haven't got but one or two letters the last month and a half or two months.

I like the army O. K. but if I don't get more mail after this I will go ahead and take my discharge and stay out of the army when my time is up this time.

I guess that every one at home is so busy until they don't have time to think about writing to their sons, sisters, and brothers, that is in the service of the United States armed forces.

When you are sitting around a good warm fire on a cold rainy day and can't think of anything to do, just sit down and write to us in the service and that is all we ask of you.

Yours very truly,

Pvt. Curtis W. Dunn 18174469

Det. D. Z.—385 M. P. Sv. Bn.

A. P. O. 154 Care P. M.

New York, N. Y.

(50)

Jan. 29, 1948

7 August 1949

Tokyo-Yokohama, Japan

A. P. O. 503

Dear Editor:

I guess that a lot of you folks there around home have been wondering why I haven't been writing. I figured that you have had plenty to worry about without worrying about me.

I have been stationed here at Tokyo-Yokohama, Japan, for about five months now and I spent 30

days in the hospital with stomach ulcers right after I was stationed here and I went back to my battalion and stayed almost two months and now I am back in the hospital again with a couple of operations ahead of me. I guess that I will be here yet for about 45 or 60 days in the hospital and I would like very much for you to write to me while I am in the hospital and if I am not able to answer the letters I will get the Red Cross girls to answer them for me.

My address is: Pfc. Curtis W. Dunn, U. S. 18174469, Co. "C", 519 Military Police Bn. APO 503, c/o P. M. San Francisco, Calif.

P. S. Please send me the Cleveland American. I believe it is \$2.50 for one year for service men overseas, isn't it? Please print this letter. It is for my folks for I'm not able to write very often.

Very truly yours

C. W. Dunn

(51)

Sept 1, 1949

## Letter to Editor

Dear Editor:

I guess a lot of people in and around Cleveland are wondering why I am still wearing my uniform now that I have been home for so long. Here is the reason:

I have been home since the 6th of January this year, but I am home on Detached Service from the army awaiting the approval of a medical discharge from Washington, D. C., or for orders to call me back to active duty. I don't have the least idea of when I will hear from the army, but I should be hearing something before long. I am still in the U. S. army drawing my full pay, so I am still authorized to wear my army uniform.

Some people may say that I like to wear it and I am very proud to wear it. I am very sorry that my health doesn't permit me to wear it any longer.

I entered the army in March, 1946, and spent about 21 months in Germany, and I served with the 385th railway security military police at Nurnburg, Germany, and the 508th city patrol military police at Munich, Germany. I was with the Co. D, 385th MPBN at Heidelberg, and was with the 633rd Med. Clearing Co. at Stuttgart.

I came back to the good old USA in June, 1948, and remained in the States until February, 1949. Then I took a little trip to Japan and served with the 209th MP Co. and with the 519th Military Police Bn. at Yokohama, Japan. I became ill and was sent back to Brooks General hospital at San Antonio after spending about four months in the Tokyo General hospital. They transferred me from the Brooks General hospital to the active reserve corps for five years, and in March, 1950, I took a short discharge and re-enlisted in the U.S. regular army for 6 years, with the intention of making the U.S. army my career. But my stomach trouble came back last July and I was sent back to the hospital in August because I was so ill I couldn't fulfill my duties properly. When a soldier is a MP, he has to be fit for duty at all hours, day or night, for when a prisoner escapes he is on call. And so I am unfit for that kind of duty, or so the army says, so they are discharging me to become a civilian again and settle down. But I have to admit that I LIKE THE ARMY.

Pfc. Curtis W. Dunn  
US Army Det. Serv., Box 34  
Cleveland, Okla.

Feb 22, 1951

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## Letters to Editor

27 March, 1951  
Cleveland, Okla.  
PO Box 34

Dear Editor:

To some of you this letter may sound foolish and to some it will sound O.K. Whether it pleases all of you or not I don't care, but I am writing it just the same.

Do "we" the American civilian people appreciate the boys in uniform?

Do we think enough of our service men to support them and pay their income taxes for them? Are we depending upon them to protect our freedom for us where as a little child looks up to its father for support? I would say "NO" to all of those questions because you don't appreciate the boys in uniform, for if you did you would try to do something about it.

What I am getting at is this: I was in the army for almost 5 years when they kicked me out on a medical discharge on the 26th Feb., '51 and from 1 Jan., '51 to 26 Feb., '51 I paid \$218.80 for income tax, where ole man Truman gets \$40,000 a year tax free besides the \$100,000 a year he gets as wages.

Yes, they can draft your son or your grandson into the army and start him out at \$75.00 a month and still make him pay 20 per cent income tax out of that \$75.00 and if he refuses to be drafted, what happens? I think you all know that answer.

I will tell you a little more

about the army we have. I re-enlisted last March for 6 years with intentions of making the army my career, but I got stomach ulcers while I was in the army so they didn't want me any longer and they kicked me out on a medical discharge with "NO" disability. So what? That is the same as to tell me "Go on back home and get you a full time job for there is nothing wrong with you but we don't want you any more."

So there you have it and maybe I can get some sleep.

Very truly yours,  
Curtis W. Dunn  
P.O. Box 34  
Cleveland, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Cross of Hominy visited here Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J.F. Gillispie, Diann Gillispie is spending this week in Hominy.

New Tires  
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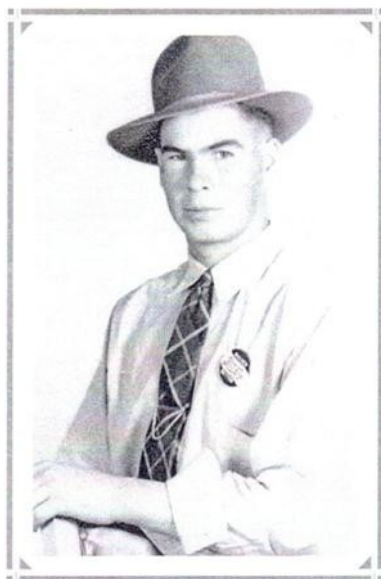
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April 5, 1951

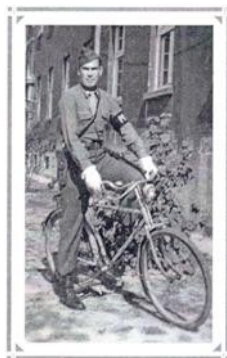
(53)



# PHOTOS



( 54 )



# PHOTOS ( 55 )



Something I've noticed through the years. There are no photos that exist of the all of the TEN siblings for one reason or another. The one above on the left have most of the kids (and Jess & Edna), but Curtis is not there (probably in Army) and also Wilma had not been born yet. The one above on the right has most of the siblings including Wilma, but absent are Ella May and Jay Dee because they died early deaths in 1950 and 1951. Not only is there no photo of all the siblings, Ernie and Wilma as the youngest children have almost no memories of Ella Mae and Jay Dee as the range of years born range from 1923 (Jay Dee) to 1946 (Wilma). Ernie said he had one memory of Jay Dee and Ella Mae and Wilma had none. (See 2001 Dunn Questionaire)





# PHOTOS



## Births

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wayne Dunn, 310 East 132nd st., Hawthorne, Calif., announce the birth of a son, named Charles Wayne, on May 30, 1952. The baby weighed 5 lbs, 15 ounces. He is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dunn of Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bennington of Hawthorne. Great grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Carter of Cleveland and Mrs. Josie Bonta of Guthrie.



## Births

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis W. Dunn of Compton, Calif., announce the birth of a son, Raymond Lee, on November 4. He weighed 9 pounds, 13 ounces.

Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dunn of Terlton, Mrs. Grace Bennington of Hawthorne, Calif., and Mr. Gordon Bennington of Oakland, Calif. Great-grandparents are Mr. A. F. Carter of Cleveland and Mrs. Josie Bonta of Guthrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis W. Dunn of N. Redondo, Calif. announce the birth of their third son, Stanley Paul, on January 7. He weighed 10½ pounds.

Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dunn of Terlton, Mrs. Grace Bennington of West Los Angeles, and Mr. Gordon Bennington of Oakland, Calif.

The baby's great-grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Carter of Cleveland and Mrs. Josie Bonta of Guthrie.



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## Births

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dunn of 1401 S. Hillford Ave., Compton, Calif., announce the birth of their daughter on December 8.

The baby weighed 9 pounds and 5 ounces and has been named Diana Rene.

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## Births

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Dunn announce the birth of their sixth child, fifth son, on Sunday, Feb. 12, in the Hominy hospital. The little newcomer weighed 9 pounds, 6 ounces, and has been named Timothy Allen.

Timothy's brothers and sister are Danny, 11, Charles, 8, Stanley, 7, Raymond, 5, and Diana, 2. J. D. Dunn of Terlton is the paternal grandfather. Maternal grandparents are Mrs. Grace Bennington of Inglewood, Calif., and Gordon Bennington of Placerville, Calif. Mrs. Josephine Bonta of Oklahoma City is the maternal great-grandmother.

## CONTACT INFORMATION

This booklet will be in printed form for a few copies but also made available online. Please contact Diana Dunn Firey for the specifics as I have not posted online yet under my Firey Trails Website.

Contact: Diana Dunn Firey  
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Mobile to Text: 918-639-0002

(Text to mobile instead of calling as I get so many spam calls and I can add your number to my contacts.)

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