

YONGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

World War II: The Home Front

Personal Experiences

O.H. 1456

Dorothy Greenwood

Interviewed By

Rebecca Smith

On

November 24, 1991

Dorothy Duke Greenwood

Dorothy Duke Greenwood was born in Calcutta, Ohio on June 18, 1923, the youngest of five children. Her parents, George and Julia Duke owned a farm on Duke Road. They were not greatly affected by the Depression because they grew their own food. Of course, money was scarce, but they were able to keep the farm, and had plenty of food. Dorothy remembers selling three quarts of berries for twenty-five cents. Amazingly, many people could not afford to buy them. Many times her parents would donate potatoes to the soup kitchen in town to help out the needy. To Dorothy, luxuries during the Depression were “store-bought” clothes, for her mother made almost everything, and “store-bought” bread.

During the war, when meat was scarce for most people, Dorothy’s mother raised and dressed chickens, which she then sold to neighbors. They also sold eggs, butchered hogs, and hauled milk to a local dairy company. Despite the gas rationing, her father was able to get plenty of gas for his farm equipment. Thus Dorothy had enough gas to go back and forth to work. Since she was the only child at home during the war, and most men were in the service, she had to help her father run the farm. At the same time she worked at the Y.E.L.P. Trucking Company in East Liverpool. In order to help her father cut grain, she would work at Y.E. L. P. from 4:00am till noon, and then go to work on the farm.

Dorothy clearly remembers the day Pearl Harbor was attacked. She and her father were listening to the Jack Benny Show when news of the attack interrupted the program. To her parents, the news meant one thing – their son Donald was going to have to go to war. Donald was drafted in 1942, but never left United States territory.

Some of the memories of the home front for Dorothy were the scarcity of coffee, bananas, nylons, and the V-Mail sent home by the soldiers. The mail was censored, photographed, and mailed on a small postcard-size envelope. The envelope opened up into a sheet of paper with the letter written on the reverse side. The purpose of the censorship was mainly to see that the soldiers did not reveal their whereabouts. Two boys that had been neighbors of the Dukes were killed in the Pacific. Dorothy therefore also understood the sorrows that come with war.

Dorothy and her family joined in the celebration of V-J Day, wept upon the death of Roosevelt, and rejoiced when the boys came home. Like others they had kept abreast of the news, had written to servicemen and prepared care packages from them, and bought war bonds in support of the war.

Dorothy met Charles Greenwood at Y.E.L.P. Services when he got a job there upon his return to the States. They were married in 1947 and he remained with the company for the next 43 years. They have one son, Chuck, who also lives in East Liverpool. The farm is gone now. It was sold upon her mother's death. Dorothy and Charles are both retired, but they still keep very busy.

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Interviewee: DOROTHY GREENWOOD

Interviewer: Rebecca Smith

Subject: World War II: The Home Front

Date: November 24, 1991

RS: This is an interview with Mrs. Dorothy Greenwood for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program. World War II: The Home Fronts by Rebecca Smith at 748 Lang Street, East Liverpool, Ohio. On November 24, 1991 at 3:00pm.

RS: Okay Mrs. Greenwood would you give me some background information about your life? Where you were born, what your father did?

DG: Well, I was born in Calcutta, which is a suburb of East Liverpool. At that time my father was a potter and he worked in the pottery. I am the youngest of five children.

RS: My goodness!

DG: then I was only two years old when we moved out to the farm, when I talk of the farm that's on Duke Road and my maiden name was Duke and the road was named after my father when we got the electricity up the road in 1937, until that we didn't have any electric up there and we lived back up Duke Road one mile. And we got the electric up there and that year for Christmas I'll never forget; the four remaining children my oldest sister died when I was three years old, the four of us bought our mother everything electric for Christmas appliances and everything and here the electricity didn't come in until February and she had all those things and couldn't use them until then. Finally we got the electricity and that was such a joy, because before we had the electricity at night when we got home my job was to clean all the oil lamps, the globes and fill the bases. I remember we had one called an Aladdin lamp and boy you had to make sure that you didn't break that little white thing in there for it work. That was my job every evening from the time I went to school. When I went to elementary school I walked a mile.

RS: Did you really?

DG: To Hazel Run School, everyday. When I was a sophomore at East Liverpool High School, the buses came back in and picked us up, but until then we had to walk to the highway that one mile to get the bus to go to high school, then you get off the bus and walk that one mile back up the road, that's the way it was. That was life on the farm, but we didn't mind it. We had fun.

RS: Your father owned that land?

DG: My father bought that farm and he quite working in the pottery and he farmed. This was his goal before he had moved there, they were saving money to buy a farm and my father owned the farm until about nine months after my mother died in 1965. We soled the farm in 1966 then. We brought Dad in with us. Dad was 82 years old and Dad came and lived with us for ten years before he died.

RS: Well, what did he raise to make money to support his family on the farm?

DG: He raised produce and cattle.

RS: Okay

DG: Like you said you wanted something about the War. When the war was on of course my two older brothers were gone they had married and left home and my brother that was older then me was called to service so that just left me at home. I was working at Yelp Service; it's a trucking company. At first we were located on Elmwood St. in East End and then they moved down in the C.C. Pottery Company about 1946. I started working for them when I got out of Business College and I graduated from Business College in May of 1942 and just as I was ready to graduate I got a job with Yelp. I worked for them for seven years and that's were I met Charlie was at Yelp, when he came back from service he was a semi-trailer driver.

RS: Oh was he?

DG: He had worked for him before and when he retired from there he had worked there 43 years all together without counting service time. The only job he ever had.

RS: Really?

DG: Yep. Things were rough during the war out on the farm, it was so hard to get parts or anything or help. We raised so many berries: raspberries and strawberries, any little neighbor kid that wanted a job in the summer could always go to Dukes and get a job picking berries.

RS: Oh really?

DG: We had Acers and Acers of berries. Then of course we had rations, Dad would say that we were going to get gasoline, but course gasoline was rationed. But Dad would get gasoline because he had a farm tractor and he could fill out the application and he always managed to get gas. So, be having the rations meat was very scares, you couldn't have meat everyday like you do now. So, my mother raised chickens and I know for several years she would dress about

1,000 chickens during the summer. Then on Saturday's I would deliver them to the houses, people would call and ask for chicken or chickens however many. Then on Saturday morning that was my job, I delivered the eggs and I delivered the chickens for them. Then of course as I said I got a job at Yelp and my brother had been called to service so I was the only one at home so, I would haul the milk for my dad as I went to work and I had it real nice with the milk though. Dad would load it up for me to take and then at the dairy the workers at the Dairy would unload it for me. I didn't have to unload it. Then they made a rack outside, a special rack for them to put my cans on and at night on my way home I would pick up my cans. Of course I would have to put them in by myself. They had those cans out there everyday for me. I thought that it was very nice of that dairy; it was over here on St. Claire Avenue just before you come to that light. It was call Azdell Dairy.

RS: Azdell?

DG: Azdell, A...z...d...e...l...l, That's where my dad sold milk and that saved dad the time and also that way I was able to have enough gas to go to work. Cause I worked down in East End and I would cut down Park Way there and get right down to East End. So, it worked out good and course when it came that dad couldn't get any more farm hands to help because he had a binder, at that time they didn't have combines for combine grain, dad would go and cut peoples grain, but when he cut grain at home he need a person to drive that tractor. My boss was very nice he would let me go to work at four o'clock in the morning and I would work until twelve and then I would have my day's work in. Well, when your cutting grains you don't want to start before twelve because there's dew on that grain. So, he would let me work until twelve and then I would go home and I would drive the tractor for my dad. I would haul him around the fields.

RS: I want to back up just a little bit here. You bought the farm; your father bought the farm during the depression? Correct?

DG: No my father bought the farm in 1925.

RS: Oh 1925, okay.

DG: Yes 1925.

RS: Well tell me a little bit about the depression, how did it affect you?

DG: The depression didn't really affect us because we lived on the farm. We grew everything we had food and everything to eat. We didn't have a lot of money because you couldn't sell hardly anything, but we were fortunate we had a good place to sell milk and at that time as I told you we raised a lot of berries, well you couldn't sell them all at the stores. Dad would take my brothers and I and we would peddle. I remember peddling berries and hoping that the lady would buy my berries at three for a quarter. Three boxes for a quarter!

RS: Oh you're kidding?

DG: And they were hard to get rid of, people didn't have the quarters.

RS: Isn't that a shame.

DG: But I think that I peddled every street in East Liverpool. Its strange, but they were hard to get rid of. But, we would haul food to different people that we knew were hard up. My mother was a great giver and anyone she heard of that was having it rough she would haul food to. I know one day we took some potatoes and apples to some people over up in Maple Wood and, they were a relative of ours, when they saw us come they said Oh Uncle George did you bring us some potatoes. These two little kids was outside playing in the winter time and it was cold and they were outside and did you bring us some potatoes and he said yes and I brought you some apples, and a couple chickens. They grabbed one of those potatoes and started eating it dirt and all; it hadn't been washed just like we had taken it out of the ground, and those kids were that hungry that they started eating those potatoes like that. They were so tickled to get food.

RS: My goodness.

DG: But we would go down town and I remember people lined up at the central fire station with their soup kettles.

RS: Really?

DG: And they would go there and get soup. My dad and mother they would donate a lot of potatoes for the soup and sometimes they would give if they had just killed a beef at home they would take a big portion of a quarter of the beef down to those people to cook and make their soup with. They helped out that way during the depression to help other people. But actually out on the farm we had enough to eat and it never hurt us, except we didn't make a lot of money, but at least we were able to live through it.

RS: Right.

DG: And we weren't suffering that way. And course now with me, my mother was a great seamstress and at night she would sit and sew and make my clothes. When I went to grade school every fall when school was going to start she would make me ten new dresses. I remember most of them always had a bow in the back.

RS: Yes.

DG: She would buy me anklets, little sock's. She would buy a pair of sock's to match each dress for me to go to school in and I had enough dress for two weeks and then the next third week I would start wearing the ones I wore the first week. When I went to high school, I started high school in 1937 cause I graduated in '41. When I went high school things were still pretty tight because she would buy me dresses then because I would say Mom I don't want home made dresses to me it was home made dresses. Oh I thought it was a picnic to get a slice of bought bread, because mom made all the bread, she would make seven loaf's of bread every other day three day's a week. It was always Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday that she baked. On Saturday it was four pies and a cake. She bakes probably all day Saturday.

RS: My goodness!

DG: She was a good baker, my mother worked like everything I can't begin to work like my mother, I can't. She really worked, that's all she knew was work. I thought it was when I went to high school I said please can I have some bought clothes. Well, right to start school in I didn't get the bought cloths, but then towards to winter they took me and buy me some bought dresses and a couple of skirts, but I didn't have a lot of clothes. But I got by. She made my blouses. So, that way I could have a lot of blouses to wear with those skirts, which wasn't bad. I know so many other kids had the same thing, home made cloths. I thought it was a put down to wear home made cloths. You know, my brother and I were talking one day and he said You remember when I went to high school we never had jeans. We always had to wear dress pants. At that time they weren't polyester and they had to be dry-cleaned and of course dry-cleaning was more reasonable then it is now, but they never wore jeans. I'll tell you that Charles was in the third grade before he even got his first pair of corduroy pants. He wore dress pants to school in first and second grade. His dad thought it was terrible to even wear corduroy pants to school. Then when he asked could I please have a pair of jeans, well first if started out well yeah you can have a pair for everyday. Then one day he said mom I don't see why I can't wear these to school other kids do and I said okay go ahead. So, he starting wearing jeans to school and he was happy. My husband thought that jeans were for poor people now look at the price of jeans. My gosh, I would hate to have to start out and buy them now for kids! But that's the way it was.

RS: Since you were in high school just before the war started did you ever discuss what was going on in Europe in your classes?

DG: Not that I can recall.

RS: Okay, then you surely remember Sunday December 7th, 1941?

DG: I sure do!

RS: Okay, tell me about that day. Where were you, what were you doing, what was reaction?

DG: We were at home.

RS: Okay

DG: And we had a radio in our living room and dad always like to listen to Jack Benny, and he had Jell-O as his sponsor. Dad liked to listen to Jack Benny and we had the radio on and all at once here came President Roosevelt. This is a day that will in infamy; I'll never forget it we had one in our, we had a big house and it was in what had been originally called a sitting room and then there was like a petition with a sliding door were you went into the living room, but anyhow it was in this sitting room is where the radio was and there was a fire place in there and it was very cozy, and she had a black leather davenport in there, it was a good davenport and the living room suit was in the other room. And I will never forget my dad was sitting on that davenport and he said the war has been declared, they just bombed Pearl Harbor. My mother she started

screaming, my brother Donald was at home, Donald they're going to take you... Donald they're going to take you!

RS: Oh my!

DG: I'll never forget it as long as I live. Donald didn't have to go until November of '42. Now Charlie went in March of '41.

RS: Okay now wait a minute, March of '41 or March of '42?

DG: No March of '41 is when Charlie went.

RS: Your husband Charlie?

DG: My husband Charlie, he was one of the first ones drafted out of East Liverpool and they were preparing of war.

RS: Oh I see, okay!

DG: He was in the first or second bunch that was drafted from East Liverpool and he left the first of March of 1941.

RS: So, they had a peacetime draft then.

DG: Yes.

RS: Okay, I was not aware of that.

DG: They were planning for, they were afraid that something was going to happen. So, they were being prepared. Actually, when war was declared Charlie was out in California and he had been to Fort Knox, Kentucky no it was Fort Campbell, Kentucky that he was stationed. Then he was sent from there out to California and that's where he was when war was declared. We were just talking about that last night. He was in service for 54 months and never came home once on a furlough the whole time he was gone.

RS: Really?

DG: Yes. And he was discharged the 3rd of August 1949.

RS: Well, what was the talk in school the next day?

DG: Oh my, it was like a morgue. Kids were scared and of course the seniors that was kids, well of course I had graduated, but the seniors in high school my friends told me gee we have to go into the service and there's nothing to look forward to. I was in Business College when this happened.

RS: Well, when did you graduate?

DG: I graduated from East Liverpool High School in 1941.

RS: Okay, so you're in Business School now.

DG: I went to Ohio Valley Business College when it was there at the corner of Fifth and Market. I went there because I didn't want to go on to College and so they thought they had to do something with me and so I went to Business College. My brother Donald the one next to me older he had went to college and graduated in 1940. He had gotten a job up at Garfield School up where the community resource center is now that was his first job and he was a math teacher up there. He must have been a pretty hard teacher because he gave his kids test's all the time and he would bring those papers home at night and he and I would sit there and grade them. After I would do my homework I would help him grade his papers. A lot of nights we would sit there until twelve o'clock at night and that I had planed on going to college, I had taken my college pre course and go to college and when I saw what Donald was going through to be a school teacher I said this isn't for me I am not going to work like this at night, hey I got to work enough on the farm without doing that. Of course we wouldn't get to start grading papers early either because he had to help dad at night. A lot of nights I remember we worked until twelve o'clock well then he got up at five o'clock on a normal day on the farm, you would get up at five o'clock. Now they would go to the barn to milk, they my brother and mom and dad, I would get up and get breakfast ready for them when they came back from milking. Then after that was when you could get ready to do what you had to do, but in Business College there were boys that thought I hope I get to graduate from Business College. Some of them did and some of them just dropped out and enlisted.

RS: Oh did they?

DG: Yes, they enlisted right away and they thought well they would get in to something that they wanted to do. You didn't run around at night because there wasn't gasoline to run around on. When you went home you mostly staid there, we would go out maybe on Saturday nights and that would be it.

RS: Well, you just came out of depression and now you're at war how does that war change everyday life? I realize that gas rations but?

DG: Well, it's a terrible thing to say, but we made money on the farm during the war because you sold so much stuff and prices went up some. Of course not inflation like we have today. But you sold in quantities so much and were able to do that we made quite a bit of money of the farm during the war. That was the beginning of prices to start to go up because before that everything was so cheep. When I was in high school Kroger's grocers, I would stop there and I could buy a pound of prunes, and I loved dried prunes and they don't affect me anyway, and I would buy those and I would eat some of them in the afternoon in school because I wasn't a great candy eater and you could get them for a nickel. There was a store called W. T. Grant and it was in there where D&K is on fifth street and I would go there for my lunch and we had sales tax, three cents on a dollar sales tax, you could buy a card and get it punched ten times and my mother

would give me money to buy a card, a tax card. If you spent ten cents you had a pay tax, it started at ten cents, so I would go to W. T. Grant and they had a soda pop and you could buy a hot dog for a nickel. I would only buy one at a time so that I wouldn't have to use my card you see.

RS: Oh, okay.

DG: Sometimes I would only buy one hotdog and save the other nickel for a pound of prunes down at Kroger's. Then I would put them in my locker and they would mostly last me a week. I would take some out and put them in my purse and go on to class. But that's the way things were. But, as I said during the war prices went up and we made quite a lot of money on the farm. To bad we had to make it that way, but that's just the way things were.

RS: Now your one brother was drafter? What about you're other brothers?

DG: Well, they weren't drafter they were married and married men were deferred. The oldest brother was a farmer, but the middle brother he had been examined and he had to children so he had a second deferment and he was on that deferment when the war ended.

RS: Okay, where was your younger brother sent?

DG: From East Liverpool they sent him to Columbus and they kept him there for three weeks because he had such large feet that they couldn't get shoes for him. He wears a size thirteen, so he was in Columbus for three weeks and then they sent him to California. He was there for a while and then he went to Fort Louise, Washington and then he was out in Norm, Oklahoma then he went back to California and then he went to Puerto Rico and he helped induct; he had one eye that he doesn't see really good out of and when he was a little fellow when we were living at the other place where I was born he had a bailing wire run through his eye and he didn't see out of it for a year; so he had a very bad eye and this is why they sent him to college because they said that manual labor would pull the strength of that eye and he wouldn't be able to do a lot of farm work and that was the purpose of sending Donald to college. Then he went to Puerto Rico and helped to induct the Puerto Ricans in to service and then he came back and was stained in Fort Simmons Hospital, Colorado for a while and finally he was discharged in June of 1945. Charlie came home in August 3rd of August in 1945 and Donald wasn't home yet. It must have been that fall that Donald came home and he stayed out on the farm and helped dad on the farm that winter and then he got a job at Patterson Farming, he's a chemist he majored in Chemistry, and then from there he went to the city of East Liverpool as there water chemist and he worked there.

RS: So, as far as rationing other then gasoline, you really weren't affected too much then either since you were on the farm?

DG: No, no in fact we had a lot of meat rations that we could give to other people because we had the beef, had our own pork because we raised our pigs and we had beef and we raised chickens.

RS: What about coffee?

DG: Coffee, that was hard and my family all drank coffee. We never I don't think a cup of tea I can't remember us ever drinking tea at home. And now I drink tea all the time.

RS: Well, what did you do without your coffee?

DG: It just seemed like mom would manage it that we got coffee. Of course in the summer time we only had coffee for breakfast, me would have a lot of lemonade she was great for making lemonade, so she would make lemonade we would go out in the field, they always planed a lot of work on Saturday when I would be home, we would go out in the field and mow corn and she would take a gallon of lemonade with us to drink while we were working. She thought that that kept us happy, but it would be mom, and dad, and I and we would go mow corn. Same way in the fall they would cut corn and at that time they didn't have a corn picker they cut corn with a corn knife and made chinks of corn, and always on Saturday we had to husk corn about October. Picking potatoes was on Saturday too everything was on Saturday.

RS: What about getting sugar? Was that hard to get during the war?

DG: Sugar was very hard, but I'll tell ya'll when my mother found out that things were getting scares she stocked up on sugar and flour.

RS: Did she?

DG: Yes, we had an extra room upstairs; she must have had 1,000 pounds of sugar.

RS: Oh gees!

DG: She stored it and if somebody sugar, she always got 25-pound sacks of sugar, but if one of our relatives needed sugar mom would give them a 25-pound sack. Here I've got this you can have it. She stocked it up and we would raze her about, sugar's going hard mom, it don't make any difference it will be usable anyhow. She used it, and same way with flour. She stored a lot of flour so that she would be able to bake her bread and she would buy yeast in like a cake, you went to City Market and you told them you wanted a dimes worth of yeast or you'd go to Smith Bakery that's closed up you'd go in there and tell them that you wanted a dimes worth of yeast. That's dimes worth of yeast would last all week and mom would be able to make her bread out of that dimes worth of yeast.

RS: Could she really?

DG: Yes

RS: Goss! Makes me want to make some bread now.

DG: Well, that's a lot of work Becky, I prefer to go buy a frozen loaf and let it rise. That's much better then doing' all that work, but mom made good bread. I know after we were married and I

had gotten away from homemade bread, I really learned to appreciate that homemade bread and I would go out home and mom had baked and she would always give me a pan of rolls or a loaf of bread and I'd bring that home and Charlie and Charles they thought was great, but I learned to appreciate that good homemade bread.

RS: Well, now you being a young girl during the war years did you, my mother always talked about always having a lot of beau's boyfriends in the services and writing to people, did you write to many people?

DG: Oh yes.

RS: Well, when you wrote to them what did you talk about in your letters?

DG: Well, we would tell them what we heard on the radio and ask what they were doing and where they were.

RS: Okay, we were talking about writing to friends in the service?

DG: Yes

RS: And I asked you what you talked about?

DG: Well, I'd tell how things were at work and who I saw, things like that. When they were overseas they would send you "BE" mail, its just a little letter about as big as a postcard, and magnified so small that it was hard to really read. That's what they would answer back on and they free mail, soldier boys didn't have to pay for their mail when they sent any letters home.

RS: Was their mail censored?

DG: Oh yes, over seas it was censored they couldn't tell you exactly were they were, but if you had a code worked out with them then you knew about where they were. So, even when my brother when to California, he wrote post cards on the way they sent him on a train and he wrote post cards, and he would say I saw a cow today you know where they raise those and things like that. You had a try and figure out where the heck he was and where he was going or in one post card we wrote do you know where Uncle Joe is? I tried to contact him and we knew right away that he was going to California cause Uncle Joe lived in California. So, that's the way that it was.

RS: Well, the boys in the service if they couldn't tell you where they were what did they talk about then in their letters?

DG: They would tell you about their fox hole and how it was made and sure wish that we'd get out of here. Now I read a letter one of the letters that Charlie wrote to his dad he was more interested in what his dad was doing with his money. Because he was having so much taken out of his check and sent home and his dad kept those letters. He would say how much money do I have in the bank these day's. The letters weren't long, they were short, but you were just glade to

get a note and you would know that they were okay. It was great to get a letter from someone. My brother, I wrote my brother a letter six days a week.

RS: Did you?

DG: And if you don't think that hard to write a letter mom and dad would ask me to type it for them and send it and I always manage to have at least one full page typed to send. Saturday night I thought was a blast because I didn't have to write. That's the way it was. My mom always wanted to make sure that Donald heard from us and she said you can type faster than I can write. So, you just go ahead and type it, that was my duty to type my brother a letter every night.

RS: The boys that you wrote to in the service did you know them?

DG: Yes, I knew them; in fact a couple of them were neighbors boys of ours.

RS: Now this might be kind of hard to ask, but were any of them captured or killed during the war?

DG: No, some of them were hurt, but one of them still has a bad leg, now Charlie the only thing that every happened to him in the service had gotten a broken leg and it broke both bones and they sent him to Italy they took him to the hospital and here the hospital that they took him to his brother was in the medics, his youngest brother, but he wasn't there the day they took Charlie in, the next morning he saw the name Greenwood on the list of people that were entered and he thought to himself I wonder if that's one of, all three of the Greenwood boys were in, he thought well its either Charlie or Ben, and he went to look and there was Charlie. That was the first time that they had seen each other since Charlie had left home

RS: My goodness.

DG: and went into the service. So, while he was recuperating he went to England and his older brother was in the air force and so he got to see him and spend a few days with him, because he was on R&R. When he was better he went back and joined his old group again. But Charlie started out in Casa Blanca and went all through until the war was over. He was pretty lucky that he only got a broken leg. Yes, a lot of them came back home and they weren't well and it was heart braking to see them when they came home walking with a crutch.

RS: Okay, when your friends came home what did they talk about, the servicemen?

DG: What they had been through that's all you hear. Really it was sad and heartbreaking.

RS: What were some of the things that you remember?

DG: Well, they would tell you about how they were running and try to get away from the enemies, maybe the Germans and they had to get away from the Germans and one of their close buddies would have been shot down and you didn't have time to go back and see about them. They had to go on to save their own lives. To me it was terrible, but they said that that's just the

way it was and then they would say and we've never heard from him since. One friend of mine he was lieutenant the army so he had more power, when some one would get killed he would be one of the ones to have to back here in the states go to the house and tell the parents.

RS: Oh really?

DG: Yes, they would go to the house. Now a friend of mine that goes to our church her husband was in services and she had two little children and he had gone over seas and here her sister went to the post office and there was a telegram in the post office box and it was addressed to her, but her sister picked up the mail and her sister thought gee I am not going to call Katie and tell her I'll wait a little bit. And sure enough somebody had appeared at the door that day and told Katie that her husband had been killed. She had these two little youngsters, so do you know that she went on raised her children and when they were old enough to go to school she got a job in X-ray department at the city hospital and just last year she just retired from City hospital.

RS: Really?

DG: She worked all those years then at City hospital, but she managed quite well. She had of course money that she received from his insurance and then by having the two children she got and allotment every month and she got a long real well. She did all right. So, then this sister that I said went to the post office she had been living with Katie while Dick was in service, so she lived with her and Mary worked as a nurse at the hospital and that's how Katie got interested in it. So, between he two of them if one was working one shift that other would be home watching the youngsters.

RS: That's good

DG: And it worked out good.

RS: Do you remember having any drills or blackouts or air raid drills here in East Liverpool?

DG: Don't think we ever had any.

RS: Okay

DG: That I can remember of.

RS: Okay

RS: If you remember last year in the Gulf War we tried to show our support to the boys by displaying flags and yellow ribbons. Was anything like that done during World War II?

DG: Oh, no! No nothing.

RS: Really. Nothing?

DG: That's what Charlie said last year; their making such a big fuss over this Gulf War, boy when we went to service there wasn't anything like that when I came home. I said they didn't even know that you went. No, there was nothing. Now I'll tell you the day that the peace treat was signed May 9th?

RS: You mean VE Day?

DG: I think it was VE Day; we had a march through East Liverpool that night and we marched through down town and all around. All so glorious that the war was over and we did the same thing when Japan surrendered.

RS: Where were you when you heard the news that the war was over with?

DG: I was out at the farm.

RS: Oh were you?

DG: Was it a Saturday? I think that was a Saturday. You didn't listen to anything else on the radio except the news and I use to get so sick of the news. We only had one radio and that's all you could turn it to was the one station had the news and that's what you listened to from the time we sat down to eat breakfast and that radio went all day and but it was news, because mom wanted to know about the war.

RS: So, what was the reaction on the farm?

DG: Oh, they were glad because at that time Donald was still in service and mom knew that Donald would get to come home and he wouldn't have to go over seas. She dreaded the thought that he was going to go over seas. And dad was just so happy too. So, Donald was home that winter and stayed home and just helped dad. Dad had his buddy back on the farm. Well it made it easier for me because then I still hauled the milk, but Donald he would help dad with everything else. It made it real nice then, there's so much work to do on the farm when you have a dairy and raise produce like we did. Just it's too much. My dad, when Charlie and I got married, my dad wanted to give us two Acers at the begging of the farm coming up Duke road. I said thanks Dad, but I don't want any part of the farm. Little did I know what that farm could have been worth, but anyhow I said no I don't want any part of it. When my mother died and we put the farm up for sale and none of four kids wanted any part of the farm, we had enough of farms, my oldest brother had his own farm, but other three of us had had enough of farm, we didn't want any part of farm, because we knew that meant hard work. We weren't about to work that hard again.

RS: Who were your hero's during the war?

DG: Well, my hero was Van Johnston.

RS: Dan Johnston?

DG: Van Johnston, the singer.

RS: Oh okay

DG: Oh, I idolized that guy.

RS: Did you really?

DG: oh really, yes. He and Rudy Valley, he sang through a mega phone that was my two people I idolized through the war. As far as war hero's I really didn't have anyone. I didn't like Eisenhower, but I did like General Macarthur.

RS: What was it about Eisenhower that you didn't like?

DG: I just didn't like the way, he was staying back they would tell this on the news, how he was staying back and he wouldn't go. I thought that he should go up to the front with the boys, but I guess maybe Generals don't do that I don't know. I though hey if its good enough for them to go you should go too, but no he would stay way back and send the guy's up for them to get killed. He was a pretty smart man he was Eisenhower, but I didn't care for him. I liked Macarthur because he was right out there and another one was, I heard that he was a rough man in service was General Patton and Charlie was under General Patton for a while.

RS: Oh was he?

DG: So, in fact when Charlie landed in Normandy on D-Day, Patton told them Hey your coming here, but you all won't go home.

RS: Oh gees.

DG: That's what he told them and he said you just ran for your life and if you lived it was a miracle.

RS: Since Van Johnston and Rudy were your hero's what were the sounds that were popular then?

DG: The biggest song that was popular was "Over There"

RS: Oh really?

DG: "Over There" everybody sang that, that was the biggest song, but we didn't get to listen to much music, because like I said the radio always had news on. We didn't get to listen to much music, but I know that Van Johnston came to East Liverpool to where Giant Eagle is down there now. I got to go there to see him and that was nice. Tickets weren't expensive like they are now.

RS: What was the general attitude towards enemy aliens, like Japanese, or German's, or Italians that might be living here?

DG: We really didn't have foreigners around here. There we were all American people. Now when I went to high school there were two colored people in my senior class. That's all we had, there wasn't and you know, you never heard of interracial problems.

RS: Well, what sources of propaganda were used during the war? I remember seeing an advertisement that you could make or buy a victory apron and victory gardens.

DG: I remember the victory gardens, but I think that was after the war for people that didn't have much that they could go plant a little garden down a long the riverbank, but of course we weren't into that because we had the farm. I don't know that we had a lot of propaganda; because the war was over and everybody was happy, they were just happy their boys came back.

RS: Well, what about during the war? You might not use the word propaganda you might have used a different word, I am trying to think what they might have used.

DG: You mean against them, they were against the German's, Hitler they could have killed him.

RS: Like I said, shoot, War Bonds or and Posters in town they used.

DG: War bonds, it was always buy bonds today that was a big slogan: Buy Bonds Today. I know I was working at Yelp and I would have so much taken out of my pay for a bond and that's how I participated in it.

RS: Do you remember hearing the news about the atomic bomb being dropped over Hiroshima?

DG: Oh yes!

RS: What was your reaction at the time of that?

DG: Well, they thought at home, this is what Roosevelt should have done because see Truman was president and they thought this is what Roosevelt should have done. They were just so happy for President Truman, they thought he was the greatest man because he ordered this, but of course the people that it killed. I know that we had friends of ours that when the Jap's bombed Pearl Harbor we had friends of ours that were killed, two neighbor boys were on one of those boats they were in the Navy and they lived down below us, their name was Casto and they were lost at sea. That was really a sad thing when those two boys were lost, they were nice boys too, because we had known them quite well, they had worked for dad up on the farm. They were pretty nice young boys. I had never written to them. And when the Jap's bombed Pearl Harbor there they were on one of those boats that went down.

RS: Well, is there anything else about the war that you can remember that you want to tell me?

DG: I don't know. I think I told everything Becky.

RS: Well, I can't think of any more questions and I haven't anymore. Did we talk about Civil Defense?

DG: No

RS: Do you remember anything being done here in East Liverpool?

DG: No.

RS: Okay. Well, that's all I have unless you've got something to add to that.

DG: I don't know what it could be, really.

RS: Any memories that stand out, or events that happened during this time?

DG: Well, I know cars were very hard to buy during the war.

RS: Where they?

DG: Oh yes! We were just about ready for a new car when war. We at home on the farm had a '37 Chevy. Due you know that we had to keep that until 1946.

RS: Did you really?

DG: Oh yes, you couldn't get a car.

RS: Oh my.

DG: And now when Charlie came home from service he bought a used car and then it must have been 1948 before he could get a new car. In fact you were on a waiting list to get a new car, we had been on a waiting list at Trotter's Chevrolet I don't know for how long to get a car for my parents. There name never came up yet and finally Dad went to East Palestine and here he came home one day with a car. Of course you know me, I questioned right a way well how'd you get this dad? He said I offered the man a hundred dollars extra, he said we needed a car. See our car, back in those day's cars had running boards our running boards had rusted out and you couldn't buy a new running board you had to have wooden ones made to fight in there. Those things when it was slippery were terrible. So, they tried to put the little rubber treads down, but find a piece of rubber. Talk about one thing being scares during the war was bananas.

RS: Really?

DG: Bananas were so scares, the saying went they used them for slide the boats out into the water. They used to bananas for. We had always ate bananas on our cereal for breakfast and you couldn't get bananas and you were lucky to get bananas. Same way with nylons, nylons came out during the war, before that we wore what you called silk hoses. They were something like support hose are now about that heavy. I remember that I was down at Yelp's on River Road

working and someone heard that Ogle bees was going to have nylons, my mother called me and she said if you want nylons Ogle bees has them. So, I went to my boss and I said, Al can I take some time off to run up to Ogle bees they have nylons. He said Dorothy I don't want you coming bare legged go get your hoses. But you had to stand in line to get them. Right were you went into Ogle bees off of Fifth Street there at the front door I'll never forget they had a couple eight foot tables and you had to sign your name for them, because you couldn't go back again and get in line to get another pair.

RS: Oh my!

DG: You were only aloud one pair.

RS: Did you get your nylons?

DG: I got my nylons. Boy I took care of those nylons. I didn't wear them to work; I kept them to wear for good, because maybe I'd get a pair about once every three months and I need more hoses then that. So, I still wore the silk hoses to work even though they were heavy, but then when summer came I had the nylons then that summer to wear and I was so happy with them and they looked so nice and they had a seam up the back. To me it was so strange when they took the seam out of the hose. That's about it Becky.

RS: Well, that was a very good interview. Thank you very much for your time and

DG: Your quite welcome!

RS: This concludes my interview with Dorothy Greenwood.