

"POLLYANNA ENKE"

ANNA ENKE
April 18, 1995

7th Period

Enke, Pollyanna. Nov. 21, 1939.
Orangeville, Utah. Personal Interview.

My mother's name is Pollyanna Enke, and her maiden name is Pollyanna Ferguson. She was born on a very, very, bitter cold winter night, in a house located on the North end of State Street, Orem, Utah. She was later raised in Provo, Utah during her whole childhood. She married Arthur Harold Enke, on Feb. 27, 1959, and later had seven children. This story takes place when my mom was a small child, trying to earn money for something she wanted very badly, but it seemed pretty hard to get.

It was winter in the late 40's, when my sister and I woke up and discovered it had snowed during the night. My sisters and I did our usual Saturday morning thing, sitting around the radio in the living room, listening to our favorite show, "Let's Pretend". Christmas was soon approaching, and we all wanted the latest Christmas record, which was called, "White Christmas", sung by Bing Crosby. The 78 slate record cost a whole dollar. In order to get the money to buy the record, we had saved several soda pop bottles to trade in for money. The Coke bottles were two cents each, and three cents for the other bottles. My sister and I walked to town with our two runner sled. The air was crisp and cool, and we could see our breath in the air. We had our coats, mittens, and rubber boots on. The snow crunched as we walked in it, and my sister and I took turns pulling and pushing each other on the sled. We finally arrived at the grocery store, (which was a block away from our house), and cashed in our bottles that we have collected, for the money to purchase our record. We proceeded to walk further into town, about five, or six more blocks. We arrived at the music

store and purchased our treasure, then headed home to share it with our other family members. We didn't get very far, however, when it happened! The slate record was laying on the sled and my sister exuberantly made a run, and leaped on the sleigh to take a fast ride.....Oh no! The record broke into! Oh, we were just devastated! How could we possibly tell the others the bad news! It was a long dreaded way back home, and we were just sick! Finally we arrived home and shared our sad story. My other sisters scolded us, but my mother very lovingly said," it's all right girls, we will buy another one". She found some money and sent our oldest sister to purchase another one. We enjoyed listening to it over, and over, and over again. To this day, I love that song, but I can't hear it without remembering our great adventure.

Enke, Polly. Nov.21, 1939.
Orangeville, Utah. Personal Interview.

My mother's name is Pollyanna Enke, and her maiden name is Pollyanna Ferguson. She was born in a house located on the North end of State Street, Orem, Utah. She was later raised in Provo, Utah during her whole childhood. She married my dad, Arthur Harold Enke, on Feb. 27, 1959, and had seven children. I am the seventh. This story is about my mother, and her feelings during War World II, when she was a small child.

I remember World War II really well. I lived in Provo, Utah at the time. I helped my sisters gather up and squash cans so that they could be used for metal. Rubber also was scarce, and we gathered up rubber bands and clothing to donate to the war effort. War planes flew overhead- food was scarce, and meat ration tokens were issued but we couldn't afford it, so my mother gave them to me to play with.

I remember my dad received a letter that said he was exempt from going to war because he had had a broken back. I remember feeling deeply emotional and clutching the letter to my chest and kneeling down on my knees and crying for thankfulness.

Then one day our newspaper called, "The Daily Herald", came out with " Germany Surrenders". Later after Japan surrendered, our old black and white newspaper had "War Ended", in big bolded red letters. Right after the war ended, my dad let me honk the horn in his big dump truck, and the whole town shouted for joy, banged pots and lids together, rang bells ect. Then a few days and weeks later, big army trucks came down our streets, and we watched as the soldiers got out and ran to their home and families.

My uncle was in the Army, and he brought us back foreign coins from where he served. One of the things they did during the war was sell Bonds, to make extra money to pay for war fare. My mother said that they couldn't get things like Bobbie pins or tires for vehicles, (which were cars).

They gave us Iodine pills, and orange juice in our schools after the war, because we were malnourished. During the war we were safe, or well protected, but I remember having nightmares about the war being fought in our town. At the movie theaters, they showed us newsreels of the war.

Later on in High school, they showed us some of the awful killings Hitler did. It was so awful, my friend Sandy and I left. We were upset and sick for days..... He was a very wicked dictator, and he caused so many unnecessary deaths.

I just remember the joy we all felt when the war had finally ended, and our heros, (soldiers), came home at last! I feel so much love and appreciation for our Veterans who valiantly served our country and bravely left their homes and families to fight for our country. I feel strongly that we need to respect our Veterans, and appreciate all that they went through. We should take every opportunity to respect and honor them, when we have the chance at a parade, or even something that renews the price that they had to pay.

Enke, Pollyanna. Nov. 21, 1939.
Orangeville, Utah. Personal Interview.

My mother's name is Pollyanna Enke, and her maiden name is Pollyanna Ferguson. She came from a family of five girls, and three brothers. When she was nineteen, she married Arthur Harold Enke, on February 27, 1959. In this story, my mom shares what she felt when Television was first introduced, and how excited she was when her family finally purchased one.

I lived in Provo, Utah with my parents, four sisters, and my brother. We lived in a very old house that was built in the year 1900. I remember when we used to listen to the radio like how we watch television now days. The radio shows were dramatized, and with our imagination, we could visualize all details. Our family listened to "Blondie & Dagwood", "Our Miss Brooks", and "Baby Snooks", on sunday nights. Radio shows were fascinating, and we enjoyed them; especially when my sisters, brother, and I, after school, listened to a show called, "The Lone Ranger", music from William Tell Overture. We loved to go to the movie theater! We went about every saturday, and they cost four-teen cents. There was a drug store on the corner of the theater, that sold candy bars, three for eleven cents. Our mother loved to clean the house when we were gone, so she gladly gave us the twenty-five cents each for the movie, and the candy. In those days, if we wanted to see the movie twice, we could just stay seated and they would run the movie over again. First the newsreel, then a cartoon,(if they had one), and then the movie. Usually once was enough for me. If we arrived late, and had missed the first part of the movie, we would probably wait and watch the first part we had missed, then exit out of the side door. We were allowed to watch the movie more times, without

paying additional money. In the year 1950, I saw Television for the first time. The first television shows were all snowy and not much of the picture showed; it was like a shadow. But it fascinated us so much! "Kookla Fran and Olie", was a puppet show, and it was the first television show I remember seeing. Later the picture improved. But it was only in black and white. We didn't own a television, but we were welcomed at our friend's house, who let us watch theirs. We watched, "What's my line", and "I love Lucy". By the time we got our family a television, I was in eighth grade. By then, the picture and the prices of televisions had improved. Our favorite show was "Topper", and we shared our television and let friends come over to watch it with us. Everyone needed a television antenna on the roof, so it was a status symbol to have an antenna. At first, very few people owned a television. We used to take notice everytime a new television antenna would appear on someone's roof. It was a big day for us when we got ours. Mother brought treats, and daddy hooked it up. My younger sister and I were alone when it was delivered, and boy, we were so excited! We were also curious, so we plugged it in, turned it on, and even without the antenna, saw a clear picture. We were fascinated! That very night, my close friend Sandy, invited me to stay over at her house. I remember arguing with her saying, "I can't come, we just got our television!" She said, "Well you can watch ours". Finally, she talked me into it. Going to her house was a special occasion for me. I also remember the first color television that came out were only pink, and green colors; not too

exiting. I was married and had three children before I even saw a full colored television. And it was awesome, really, really beautiful, and it fascinated me oh so much!