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Title: **REC-Autob52**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Elder B. took us to get our car. He knew how to handle all the red tape. We arrived just as they were pushing our car by hand to a place to park it. The gas was all drained out before they put it on the boat. We got a gallon of gas and put in it. Then, after a little while, got the motor started. The whole control system had been changed for driving on the left instead of the right. I didn't know the gear shift and the car was parked with the head lamp an inch from the dock rail. I had to feel the shift and then back out onto the busy waterfront street and drive on the left side through busy Auckland.

We were glad to have our car again. Our Dorothy had watched the progress of the operation on our car and arranged to have it driven to San Francisco and shipped to us. She also took care of all of our affairs at home, kept our home and another little house rented and cared for, income tax problems, bank account, etc.

Our work took us to Sat. noon and our obligations kept us busy most Sat. afternoons and Sundays, but we did find occasion to go around some. We never did go to the south island and never north of Auckland after our trip with Wimmers, but we did see quite a lot of the north island. The main north-south highway in N.Z. was paved. Nearly all the other roads were "metal" -- crushed rock about as sharp as a knife. I had seven good tires with my car, two brand new. In six months they were all shot. I kept the best one for a spare and got four six-ply heavy duty tires locally. They lasted the rest of the time.

Daisy had a cousin in England who had emigrated with her husband and small children to New Zealand. He was in the service and stationed at Palmerston, north 250 miles. We visited them three or four times and they visited us a time or two. We got the missionaries calling on them and they were baptized. We also went to Wellington a couple of times, and we went to the Hawkes Bay area (Hastings) where the old church college (M.A.C.) was destroyed by earthquake years ago.

We had a home Sunday school which we took care of. It was at Motonsoho, about twenty miles east. One of the families (Kupa) had a new baby and they named him Elwin. One Sunday morning waiting for time to start Sunday School, I was holding the baby and his father said, "You can have him if you like and take him to America with you." He was not joking and meant what he said. He thought his son would have better opportunities in America. Of course I declined, but it has been done a few times.

On our brickie crew there was a young Maori, Floyd Watene. He had been married about a year. He was powerful as a bull and a black belt in Karate, but he was very friendly and gentle. He had a good bird dog, an English Setter, and he loved to hunt pheasants. There were quite a few pheasants on the church farm, so we had a lot of fun together. There were several folks on the project, including some Americans, who liked to hunt, but I think Floyd and I got more birds than all the rest combined. We could hunt evenings and Saturday afternoons. His wife, Aroha, used to go with us hunting on occasion. She had a large Tiki --

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