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Title: **REC-Autob46**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

We were met on the wharf by Elder Oliphant -- he saw us off in Honolulu -- Elder Bates from Salt Lake City, head of all transportation equipment, Cyril Clark with truck to haul our boxes to the project, and Elder "Bill" Child and wife.

I had worked for years for Bill. We had had it up and down, easy and hard and good and bad. He embraced me and hugged and etc. I thought he was about to kiss me. He was sure glad to see me.

Daisy and Cherry and Rod rode with Childs and I followed with Elder Bates. As we drove through the beautiful countryside I could tell that my wife was weeping over the beauty and England-like scenery. The project was 90 miles from Auckland, so it was evening when we arrived. Friday night was market night and also a grand celebration -- street dancing, etc., for Christmas, but the shops close at 9, so we had to hurry to get a few supplies because: Saturday, no business; Sunday, no business; Monday, no business -- Boxing Day. I went in one butcher shop. They had closed, but the door was open and the staff were inside drinking their Christmas cheer. I told them of how we had just arrived from America and I wanted a roast and etc. They were glad to oblige and wanted me to share their Christmas cheer too. Daisy just reminded me -- "It was a good roast, one of the best we have had. And it was cheap."

Our new home was a motel-like affair: twelve units each with two bedrooms and an attached open-end garage. It was built in a U shape with two units partly closing the open end of the U. There was a laundry with a few washers, automatic, and one a wringer type. There was a boiler room from which hot water pipes ran through all the floors for radiant heat. Each apartment had a small apartment size electric range and a small fridge, good beds, etc. In all it was cozy and adequate. In our apartment they partitioned off half of the garage for a bedroom for Rod.

The climate in N.Z. is comfortable in summer and very chilly in winter, about like the San Francisco bay area. You get so chilly you wonder if you have ever been warm. The homes -- even nice homes -- do not have central heating, so there we very few people in N.Z. living as comfortably as we were. The "motel" was at the foot of Temple Hill. We lived in No. 12. It lacked some finishing touches when we moved in.

People in N.Z. take their holidays very seriously and definitely. It's the law. Every working person gets a two week vacation with pay. The time may be arranged between employer and employee, but if it has not been arranged, it is automatically at Christmas time, so there is a good deal of slow down of activity nation-wide at Christmas time. In this connection, Friday night is market night and everything is open to 9 o'clock. There is no business on Sat. or Sun. If you are traveling on Sat. or Sun. and you enter a city, there is a sign posted telling you the location of a gas station and chemist shop (drug store) that is open. This is rotated to give each one a turn and provide for emergency. If a business violates this law, it is severely dealt

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