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Title: **REC-Autob53**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Greenstone -- I used to kid her about my Tiki. It had been handed down for several generations and she knew the history of if, but one day she seriously offered to give it to me. Of course I refused. I told her it would be a mere trinket and keepsake for me to remind me of N.Z., but to her it was an almost sacred heirloom and to never give it except to her own child. I did bring one home, though. One morning one of the brickie boys, Alan Forbes, brought one on the job and as he showed it around I put it in my pocket and thanked him and told him I had been wondering how I could get one. After some kidding and arguing I handed it to him.

About a year later he came to me one morning and asked me seriously if I wanted his tiki. I said, "No, I was just kidding. To me it would be a nice keepsake or momento, but to you it has a long history and is almost priceless. It would not be fair for me to take it."

He said, "I want you to have it."

I said, "No."

He insisted. I refused. Then he said, "I want to give it to you. I've got to get rid of it."

I said, "How come?"

He said, "Remember when we had that dance festival about a year ago? I had Fern as my partner and we had quite a lot to do with each other. When I brought the tiki on the job that morning I was bringing it for her. I made her think it was almost like giving her an engagement ring. Now I am going to marry Nalene. Fern gave it back to me. I tried to make her keep it, but she wouldn't. Now if I have it I'll have to give it to Nalene, and I don't want to after I gave it to Fern under those conditions. So I've just got to get rid of it."

I said, "OK, let's have it. It's beginning to take on a little history already." So I have it.

That first Friday night we were in Hamilton we drifted into a second-hand bookstore, as we so often do with my Daisy. She's a bookworm. The man of course knew we were from the "College" -- everyone knew it as soon as they saw us. Americans in that part of N.Z. were of course Mormons and were from the "College." He said his wife was one of those, until she found out there was nothing to the religion. Of course after him telling us that, we didn't try to crowd the church on him, but for nearly two and one half years, about every week or two, we'd go in there for a few minutes. First we'd buy a book, then he would loan us one, then he'd save one for us when he had one he thought we'd like. He often got some used brass things like bowls or novelties and etc. We bought a few, then he'd save some for us and sometimes gave it to us. Finally when it came time for us to leave, Daisy was in Hamilton and went in to say goodbye. He cried. We were some of the best friends he had ever had. He wished he had gone over to the college and investigated. His wife was an alcoholic and etc.

Working at the college and being from America we had a ready-made reputation that is hard to describe. Everybody in the business community trusted us implicitly with anything. I sent

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