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Dear Mum and Dad,

This land of snow has not turned on a really cold spell for us yet, as all, or nearly all, the below-zero temperatures have been while we were asleep. However, most of the boys don't like it already, though personally I haven't started moaning yet. The snow is on the ground to stay, and by degrees I'm learning to walk in and out of doorways without doing an involuntary Sonja Henie on the ice-covered steps. Last week there was a day's wind which had the peculiar effect of drying out the snow to such an extent that it's now like powder and positively squeaks as we walk on it. However, I expect all this is nothing new to Father, who was just about born in the middle of icicles.

At last I have managed to post away my photos in a couple of batches as promised. I hope they arrive in good order, because my packing could have been improved upon.

We went into town on Saturday night for a good meal, did some shopping and went to a movie because our skating rink was occupied

by an ice-hockey game. We were out of the theatre in time to see the end of the hockey, which is sure a fast and furious game with plenty of action and some wonderful skating.

While we were shopping down town the three of us met two of the girls who tried to teach us to skate last Saturday. They asked us home for dinner some time when ~~by~~ we have enough leave, and we didn't say "no" because some home-made food would go down very well just now. "The three of us," by the way, means Tom, Bob Thornton, whom you'll see in the snaps, and my self. We've made a joint dent in the ice in the course of our crusading at Saskatoon.

After the two-to-a-room luxury with which the Air Force treats its recruits and trainees in New Zealand these Canadian dormitories take a bit of getting used to, because the going-to-sleep time of the dormitory is just whenever the majority of those present decide they want to sleep. The beds, fortunately, are comfortable and we really have a good time despite moans about bygone luxuries.

For instance, here there is no provision for

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the washing of one's clothes, and consequently it all goes to a laundry in town. Our washing certainly comes back in very good condition, but it's at the cost of maybe 65 cents to a dollar a time. None of the New Zealanders have yet become very keen on this charge of six cents for a bottle of milk with one's meal, either; there's milk to be had from a community jug for puddings and so on, but milk for drinking is paid for. We lament over all we consumed for nothing while stationed in N.Z. Our stay here means plenty of work, and has its drawbacks, but on the whole I think we will have a far from dull time.

In a weak moment I dropped my shaving brush a day or two ago, and as the floor was concrete the brush is now in the dustbin in the form of numerous small pieces. Without a handle, bristles are not much use and it was this, among other things, which prompted our entry into the big Hudson's Bay Company store last night. We all had shopping to do at the one counter, and by the time we had finished

we left the shop assistant in a state bordering on collapse. We could almost hear the sigh of relief wafted after us as we departed with sundry hair oils, shaving creams, brushes and what-nots. A genuine Canadian always seems to find some difficulty in comprehending certain little peculiarities of our N. Z. Wang, and it was this which had our shop assistant trying to count the change backwards and forwards at the same time.

All the picture theatres in town seem to be continuous, so when we go we stroll in maybe half-way through the main feature, see it finish, see the supports, and wait till it reaches the point where we came in. I suppose it's really not a very satisfactory way of seeing a show, but it's convenient and works out all right when you get used to it. We've tried it twice that way since coming here.

If I can remember, I'll enclose with this a clipping which made the grade in a San Francisco newspaper on the day of our arrival there. It's just about self-explanatory, I think, and shows what small fry we New Zealanders are, anyway. We were much photographed by the



American Press wherever we went, so some day maybe you'll see me looming large out of an American newspaper, or maybe a film magazine, because we were photographed around Hollywood, too.

An airmail letter which Joan wrote on the 20th arrived here on the 17th of November, so you can see that the mail service is far from fast. Actually that's little more than half the time I expect our ordinary mail to take, which is one more reason why I have not bothered to include my station address because all being well we should be out of this place by the time a reply reached here. That is, of course, presuming that we get our wings on schedule, to do which we have to pass some pretty stiff exams both on the ground and in the air.

To-day we finished up the last roll of film we bought at Honolulu, so I hope in a week or so to have the results to send home. These are all taken in Canada, and I'm hoping that some of the choice bits of scenery I photographed will come out recognisably.

Then, when I was in Christchurch I met Emma

and co. asked me to write to them. Well, I think it might be a good idea if you told them some time that I'm a pretty busy coon over here with not much time for putting pen to paper except in the line of business. Certainly I'll write if I can scratch up some odd moments, but in the meantime they may be expecting to hear from me sooner than I can manage, and I don't want to disappoint anybody that way.

Kew is running short, and bed-time is approaching, so, folks, I'll close with the sad but true remark that the principal difference between a Sunday and a week-day here is that on a Sunday the food is rather worse.

Love from your far-from-
starving son,

Arndt J.