

No. 4 S. F. T. S.,
Saskatoon,

10-1-42.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Another batch of New Zealand mail arrived on Thursday and Friday, with your Christmas air-mail letter one day and the surface mail the next. The delay occurs, of course, because of the sorting here, otherwise, your letter would have been here for Christmas. The latest surface mail letter was postmarked Dec. 8, and I was pleased to see by it that some of the stuff I posted has turned up all right. I hope Dad's razor turned up shortly afterwards - maybe Customs inspection or something held it up. And before I go any further, I have been quite O.K. for cash all the way along, thank 'ee folks, and am doing all right here.

It seems very funny that Hazel in Tirau got a pair of stockings when you don't mention having got yours, Mum, but I expect they'll turn up with the razor. We have all been wondering what has been happening to all the stuff we have sent home, and it's quite a relief to hear of some of it turning up. Actually it got there sooner than I expected.

Along with your air-mail letter came one from him, in which he described his matric tribulations.

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are supposed to graduate from here in about three weeks; there has been talk of extending the course by a month, but so far nothing has come of that.

I had a bad time on Thursday when I went up with the Flight Commander for my wings test. He was in a far from good humour to begin with, and by the time he had jumped down my neck once or twice I reached a stage when I couldn't do a thing right. That will make a mess of my flying marks, even if I don't hear any more about it. Too bad that had to happen, but I didn't get much of a chance. The ground subjects exam is next Thursday, and in the meantime I guess I've got a lot of work to do. After that, if I manage to get through everything, there'll be a pair of wings and sergeant's stripes waiting for me. Otherwise I'll have to start learning to be an observer or something.

There were two letters from Hazel in my mail the other day; she probably got one from me round about Christmas, but I won't get around to writing again for a week or two so tell her they turned up when you write. Hazel is very welcome here, as you might guess, so here's looking forward to the next lot.

So you were puzzled over the place where we

Apparently he didn't enjoy himself very much, but I hope he gets through. ~~He~~ tells me he called in at 8:13 one day when there was no one home. If you see him, please tell him that I haven't time to write and catch a mail which I think might be leaving shortly, so his letter will be late in turning up. Actually there should be a letter on its way to him now, as well as one to Vic in New Plymouth.

So Wattie McKay is dead - no. 3 from the "Daily Mail" staff - Don Weaver is a prisoner of war, and big surprise, Miss Compton is dead. I remember how keen she used to be on Rudyard Kipling books. Father, you can tell Mr Heath that anything his son said about the food here was probably not exaggerated, because it certainly is no good on this station. The people here, though, are very good, though I have heard it said that the West is more hospitable than the East.

You know, Dad, you never mentioned before that you knew anyone in America. Actually I don't suppose that things would have worked out right anyway, but if we wish we can quite easily get across the border providing there is someone the other side as a guarantee of good faith. We may get anything from 5 to 10 days' final leave when we finish up here. We

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didn't get shoe bare. I guess it doesn't matter if I say now that it was Pago Pago in Samoa - probably in line for a visit from the Japs any day now. By the way, Dad, you mention a Salt Lake sunset; we didn't see one of those, but we did see one or two beauties in the tropics. There you could actually see the sun disappearing below the horizon, and it used to leave some wonderful after-effects in the sky.

I'm sorry to ~~you~~ hear that Dad has been crook again. Listen to me, young man: you go get yourself fixed up - take time off work, or I'll shake the tar out of you when I get back. That's a promise.

You ask me if there's anything I need; well, I really can't think of a thing, except mail, so now you know. Hazel said she nearly sent me some foodstuffs, which certainly would have been welcome in view of the slush we get here, but since I don't know anything about my future movements it's too late for that to be any good as an idea.

That's about all, I think, so
love from

Arnold L.

P.S. - Tell George West, if you see him, that I, too, am sorry I missed him before I left.