

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

22-2-42.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Writing that address at the top of a letter has become almost the same as writing "813 Dufferin Street," but it's just about over now - the wings parade really is next Friday and we will be away from here. At least, it had better be next Friday, because we had the dinner and dance in celebration last Friday.

There were another couple of letters from you during the week; the first was written at the end of December, and the next was dated Jan. 11. Our mail certainly seems to take ages to get home, but you must have had another consignment by now since one or two of the chaps have had cables in the last few days to say that letters have arrived. Perhaps by now Dad has his electric shaver - I hope so, anyway.

I see myself in "Free Lance" to the tune of half-a-column about Los Angeles; one of the fellows got a copy last week and noticed that "Sergeant-Pilot" Christensen had been spilling the works. That "Sergeant-Pilot" racket was well and truly previous, so still we are waiting for our wings and promotion. I imagine Russell Orr had something to do with the

"Free lance" article, as it looked like his work.

We had our 48 cut out this week-end, otherwise I should probably have been spending the time at Mrs Steves' home, as she asked me to stay there if we got our leave. They kept us back to fly to-day, and we are sitting in the flight-room with snow falling outside as if it doesn't intend to let us up to-day. That's what usually happens whenever they cancel our leave.

Maybe I am a nut, but in anticipation of a visit to New York I have acquired a new camera - a fairly good one. As you may remember, I went halves with Henry Cotton in the other one at Honolulu, and so I'm going to leave my half with him. He has been transferred to the camp hospital, by the way, and is doing fine although he has still to spend a week or two with his leg in plaster. He won't graduate with our course, naturally.

Well, Dad, I guess you are pretty mad over having Charlotte more or less permanently laid up, but I guess there is no help for it. Now you won't be able to have any more fun playing round to find out what makes her tick. By the way, you have been a little previous listening to the radio for

a broadcast from here, as we haven't yet been given a chance to put ourselves on the air. I don't suppose we will, now, from Canada at any rate. We were just out of luck, I guess.

We haven't been officially told our postings yet for after we leave here, but from unofficial gleanings it seems probable that most of us are going to Halifax depot before leaving for overseas and operational training. One or two are being sent to Charlottetown for a navigation course; Charlottetown, in case it doesn't occur to you at first, is on Prince Edward Island where the "Anne" books were located. I wonder if there is really an Ansonia there! The station on P.E.I. has the name of being one of the last holes on earth to train at, and it's a three-month course there, too.

I'll be posting a batch of half-a-dozen photos at the end of this week; you can do whatever you like with them. Maybe you and Hazel and Joan would like one, though I'm pretty well plastered all over the place already. After that, suit yourself. I think I will also post you a snap album I started out to fill. There are only about six pages finished, but it will be better at home (if it ever gets there) rather than being

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knocked about on my travels. It has the
shots I've taken around Saskatoon in place,
so you can see what a Canadian city is
like with snow and ice around.

If you are writing to Hunt Emma & co., let
her know that I'm doing O.K., as I said I'd
write to her but haven't got around to it yet.
I'm not very sure of the address.

This dance after the wings dinner was the
first I have been to in Canada, and I
imagine it will be the last. If you think
modern dancing in New Zealand is senseless
you should take a look at a Canadian "hop".
("Hop" is a pretty good word for it, incidentally).
I wasn't dancing, so took a good look from
the sidelines and left early. It was held at
a dance-hall called the "Cavern," but a more
appropriate name would be the "Tavern."

It's still snowing, so I guess will do a harmless
amount of flying this day. There's nothing else
I've forgotten — I hope — so I'll call it a
letter with love to you both
from

Arnoldy.