

K.C.W. Shawcross Capt. R.A.M.C
 No. 154421 18 BQH
 India Command
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My Dear Ivy

Here goes for a sea mail letter. Now the Med is properly open. It should only take about one month. So don't forget to let me know how long it takes. What shall we talk about love? I have four air letters here 28th to 4th August. The quickest only took 12 days. The direct letters to the above address seem to be coming much quicker than through the Bank at Grindlay Bombay, but you seem to be still using the above address so that is OK. I have been reading your air letter of 27 July. I don't know why it is but I find it impossible (?) to answer letters by direct means. That is by reading a bit and then writing a reply. The letter won't flow: I write a short answer and then I am stuck again. If on the other hand I read them all through again. I can more or less write a letter with yours in mind the next day or even several days later.

We have had some heavy rain here this last few days. There is a leaking spot in the roof and I could feel occ' splashes falling on me in bed, when it got very heavy. I am glad you have got a book on India. It could be very exciting to me to read about a country if I knew somebody there I should think of many questions to ask too.

You were writing about your first meetings and you were wondering when I first kissed you. I think it was the second or third time we went out, probably the third, and I can remember when it was and where it was. It was about 9.0P.M. on Hampstead Heath on a seat on the top of a hill overlooking London. All the serchlights (sic) were on, with an Air raid practice. I was talking about the beautiful view, all the lights and things and all the time I was in a very shy & timid way, edging myself into a position to kiss you. The seat was against a big tree, remember? I finally got to the point of kissing you & was very upset, because my sex appeal didn't seem to be having the expected result, namely, that although you didn't resist me, I could have understood that, you seemed to be as completely unmoved, and unexcited as if I had been your Grandmother. However, I soon put that right, ha! ha! although I remember an equally unsuccessful session in the maze at Hampstead Heath. When we kept

playing musical chairs, moving from seat to seat, up and down those paths with high walls, and you saying (I am never quite sure whether you altogether meant it) that you could see nothing in this kissing and cuddling & I was getting more and more peeved. Still it's consistent with nature for the female to have to be wooed and won. I had an uphill fight with you for a time, and often nobody was more surprised than I when you used to turn up for your appointment in those first three weeks. Don't think I was oblivious to what was going on in your mind. You used to be very difficult to pin down to the next date at all. There were times, I think chiefly in about the first four or five dates, when I almost gave up as no go, & there were times when I nearly didn't turn up myself, I was so sure you wouldn't but there is an occasion when every male asserts himself, o boy oh boy, I; who was usually easily discouraged if a girl didn't fall into my lap being a characteristic of youth suddenly made up my mind that I liked you and would win you, and was prepared to fight to the last ditch to get my own way. I was stone cold sober, that first night at Hornsey & usually, in that depressed and unfortified position, wild horses couldn't drag me across the floor to ask a girl to a dance but the moment I spotted you I became like one possessed. Ah my, I remember so much of those days. We were both about five years younger than our years, and both very undeveloped and experienced in life. We have travelled a long way on the road to emancipation together. When you think of it darling, we have grown up together completely from the point of view of sexual & mental (?) development, and thereby we must be very closely bound together. That is why I feel you are so much a part of me, why you are always in my mind and heart, why, although we have only been married and together as man and wife a very short time, we seem to be so very much in sympathy and closely allied, because in the most impressionable and happiest, and most important years of our lives we have experimented together and experienced together like siamese twins. Darling, you do see what I am getting at don't you, why it is that after two years we are as vivid and real and important to each other as the day we parted. They say that a man's first girl becomes his primary fixation. I think you were my primary fixation. You were not my first girl, but I was like you were when I met you, with the earlier girl I was too young to fall in love, and although I got a bit of enthusiasm (?) and passion in a superficial kind of way. It never bit very deep. Yes darling I have thought a lot about walks on Hampstead heath, and K something house, and Finsbury park, meeting you sometimes at the Rink, or the Lyons or the Astoria or the

Manor House. I was always about fifteen minutes early, always excited when the time was close, as you were so punctual & always so happy when I spotted you, so cast down, in despair & wondering if you had walked out on me, if you were a few moments late. I remember the frantic efforts I had to make to get to your place from Whipps X, every Sunday. Changing at Hackney wick (?). The enthusiasm with which I maneuvered to get other M.O's to swop duties with me when I couldn't get off. Lutte (?) homes, behind Manor House, Railway Station at Crouch Hill, Tea parties at Mrs. what's her name with the parrot. I still have that crockery, you gave me, in a trunk at home. I did enjoy those tea parties, buying in tomatoes and, cake and things.

Won't we have fun dear recalling it all after the war?

Remember the box of dates bought at Charring X and main line station, at the little kiosk up on the right at the drive out. What occasion was that?

Remember the navy blue, panama hat, which I thought made you look, almost grownup. When was that?

Remember the shy way we darted into your room at Bideford. There was no reason, why we shouldn't have, been quite open and brazen about it really. Remember the old ladies? The chicken (?), and that frightfull Hole in Tavistock. Tavistock, Bideford, Okehampton, always it was the most difficult thing in the world for us to get a little peace and quiet together. Since the very beginning, life seemed to try and keep us apart, and yet we kept together & we shall go on keeping together, won't we darling as long as they keep us on the same globe, and I don't think it will be so long now, until we find the life together we have both dreamed of and wished for so long.

Sicily is finally in our hands, so that's over. There seems to be a further move possible, which will not anticipate (?) the final blow in Europe. As for us I can see, it must come in the very near future now. Another two months and it will be almost too late. Perhaps, I have chosen a bad time to use Sea mail, by the time you get this it will have happened. I feel sure they will blast a way through the defences of Western Europe like a torrent from hell. It will make the Sicilian affair look like child's play, when they begin to break up Hitler's, defences, with thousand bomber raids daily. No chain of defences, of big guns, will be able to stand up to it. It is just Hitler's big bluff to say, his Western defences are impregnable. Hitler has only an inkling yet of the forces that have been, prepared to trounce him. The Japs are taking some terrific beatings from the Americans too. Today they lost 125 out of 130 planes in raids on one

of their last remaining strongholds in New Guinea. It is 11.00pm. I must close for tonight and continue some time tomorrow. Good night darling, many kisses.

Here I am full of good beer, sorry cheer- Next night, can't get hold of any beer. Had lime juice and water tonight and a cigar. I have had a very busy day. I have admitted 39 Cases in my ward in three days. Its writing up all the notes that takes the time, but I have just opened my ward, and the other Medical wards are full. When I get full, about 3 more days at this rate- Then I shall have a breather. I don't look like getting any peace on Sunday as I shall be Orderly Medical Officer, and am likely to get disturbed from m Sunday afternoon sleep.

I have more or less decided to take a holiday in about five or six weeks. I think I shall go to one of the Hill holiday camps. I believe there are special hostels for Officers, and by that time I shall be glad of a chance to break out of this camp. Seeing the same people day and night, week in & out with no chance to get away from them, except to my room. I get on much better with people with different jobs and interests outside of medicine. I like talking about cases but I find Medical people very dull company. They take life too seriously and are often inclined to be a little pompous, and - Paddy says the white ants are inside one of the hut (?) posts. They have made plenty of attempts to work their way up the outside by the mud (?) coat (?) method, now they are doing an inside job. One of these days, the place will collapse, but we shall probably be away before that happens. I must go and listen to the news tonight to see if we have invaded Italy yet. I don't think it will be very long before we follow them across.-I hope. It's about time they finished this blasted war. 4 years. I mean to say. It ain't fair I thought last night. By the time I meet you again, living with the Shawcrosses, you will be more Shawcross than I am. I shall be Poonah, or ex India Army- you know, what! So John wants to know about God. He could do a lot worse than have the same conception of God I had. I always had a conception of him, being like my Grandfather on my Mother's side. (you never met him) but he could be very stern if I did anything wrong. Yet I know it was only an act and really when he was very stern and angry he really didn't mean it, I think I was the only one of his Grandsons who wasn't overawed by him or frightened of him when he was angry, I know Eddy and Hugh and the others, he could scare, but I could always worm my way into his good books. Well I imagined God, as a grand

edition of him, living somewhere up in the clouds. He knew everything anybody did, and when I did anything wrong, I imagined him looking very stern and yet I was not afraid of him. I felt he approved of people doing good things, and that I personally, felt that I was bound to think and do good things, out of a desire for his approval; because I wished for his approval, rather than out of a fear of his anger if I did wrong. I am afraid I have expressed myself badly, but do you see what I mean? When I did wrong things, it meant, not that I was tortured and frightened of his anger & that I would be punished, but I felt that I had rather let him down, and would feel sorry and would try and make a better effort to be what he would wish next time. The inspiring (?) influence, being a desire, born out of my love and respect for him, to please him, and behave in a way of which he would approve. As regards, direct discipline, of parents and, people, who were in a position to censor my behaviour. Well there I felt that the most important thing was to avoid being found out, but I feel sure that the direct personal influences, on my behaviour, were a lesser force, except in so far as they helped teach me the differences between right and wrong. There again I feel that the influence, was chiefly a subconscious one. Such influences are impressed, not by religious doctrines and theological training at an age at which one is able to intelligently understand, but rather by a process of driving them in, in the first four or even 3 years of life & perhaps to a lesser extent, for more advanced differentiations in the next five years, but by 10 I think the dye is cast. The foundation for ones character is formed. The rest is a matter, firstly and fore mostly of inherited character, and secondly of good environmental influences in adolescence and later.

Just been listening to the news, nothing of note. They had taken a group of Islands north of Sicily, but they admit that they are of no military importance. They seem to be attacking Southern Italy by Air & sea in a manner that seems to imply that the invasion of Italy is imminent. Also the Germans giving the French 5 days to hand in all arms, seems to be a significant move. Tomorrow I may go into town, do some shopping and see a flick and try and get back fairly early. Although it is an awful journey in & out, I think it will be better than vegetating here indefinitely. I seem to have run dry on subjects for tonight darling. I think I will go off to bed and dream of thee, until tomorrow. I am going to make this a long letter so I will continue

it tomorrow or Sunday. That will give me my Air Letter in reserve for Tuesday or Wednesday. So good night darling and sweet dreams.

Sunday Yesterday I had no time to write. After lunch I went into the city with Hector. I had practically no money but I did some prospecting with a view to my Xmas shopping. We then had tea and went to the pictures. Saw Springtime in the Rockies, I think, with Better Grable, Carmen Mirander, and Edward Everet Horton. I quite enjoyed it. It was a light musical dancing, in technicolour. We had supper and got back at about 11.45 - made a pleasant break.

Today I am Orderly Medical Officer, I have been frantically busy all day up to this minute 8.45 PM. I shall soon have to go and do my night round. When that is finished it will be bed time again, & so the days fly by. I am sorry to hear that your B in law is so ill. One always coughs up bloody sputum in the first day of lobar Pneumonia, and in bronchial pneumonia, if one is subject to severe attacks of bronchitis. But the temp does not settle by crises on the 3.5.7 (?) day, all that has been changed by M&B 693. The temp usually settles in 24 to 48 hours with that drug. Unless it is a T.B. thing when M&B 693, would make a bad outlook a damn sight worse. If there is any question of T.B, I think you ought to keep away, on John's account, as there would always be the chance of him getting T.B, meningitis, which is always fatal. (Note from John to his deceased father "So you sent this advice sea mail !!!)

I must finish this letter now dear. I have been on it for nearly a week. The trouble is there is so little news to tell, every day is the same as the previous one.

Good night dear & all my love.

Your devoted husband

Kenneth