



Letter of December 1, 1942, from Captain Kenneth Shawcross on active service in Egypt and India to his wife Ivy at that time living with her sister in Romford, Essex.

Letter envelope cover above notes it arrived on March 6, 1943.

Letter transcribed in August 2013 by Kenneth's' great granddaughter Sarah Nosal and reviewed by Kenneth's son John Shawcross.

Capt K. C. Shawcross

1/12/42

No 154421

RAMC

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Bankers Bombay

My Dear Love,

I wrote to you on Sunday, but as I was orderly officer & I was consequently frequently interrupted, the letter was, to say the least of it disjointed, so I tore it up. In case you thought that the tropics was giving me softening of the brain.

When I write, I like (1) peace (2) time (3) to be alone & in the mood. That night I got one hours sleep, the rest of the time I spend with a man who fell off a motor cycle & got a haemorrhage into his brain. I had to watch him most of the night & as the haemorrhage gradually caused signs through pressure on one side of the brain, we know where the haemorrhage was, & the Surgeon went in & tied the bleeding vessel & thus saved the man's life - we hope.

Well December is on & I see that at least one man thinks the war will be over this next year - Capt Littleton, god bless him. Lets hope he is a prophet. I shall have to be home next xmas, or who is going to play Father Xmas to our young genius. Two of my junior officers, have expressed their appreciation of my pretty wife, which pleased me somewhat.

So you & I needn't be depressed if we don't always come out like film stars in snaps. When we are old & wrinkled, we can both point at our pictures & say, that was what I was like when I was at me best, & nobody can say a word, except, "Mr & Mrs S were a damned handsome [sic] couple in their hey day" & we shall look modest & say, well er! "we never did photograph well, colouring & vitality were our main features which of course are lost in photos aren't they? Ah well, what do photos matter" I think the sun shines out of your eyes to use my mother's phrase, although in a certain cafe in a certain town, on a certain date, I would have said it was the moon. To me, that night you were more wonderful than all the beautiful women that have ever been known to mankind. & that ain't no exaggeration, its plain fact, although any man who has just married a girl he is head over heels in love with, & looking into her face at a time when she was going

through a similar stage in life's journey, would say I was wrong, & he would be right too, for as Greta Garbo, sorry Mae West would say "I have my moments by big boy!" o boy oh boy! We shall have our moments, sometime soon after next June, which will make anything in the past as pale as chinese, hydrogen peroxide soaked, white washed, snow driven, anaemic rice paper.

No mail for a couple of weeks, oh well I was expecting my xmas mail within a week, you see to reach troops in distant parts of India, it has to reach Bombay during the first week, & as I am at the fountain head, I should get it at least a couple of weeks early; unless of course this held it back, although they will probably be for too snowed under to keep it hanging about any longer than it takes to sort it.

Tonight I think I shall visit the pictures with a Captain Macdonald. He is a new officer who is staying here, whom I have taken to going about with. We get on well together. The dour Scotsman & the garrulous Englishman. Churchill made a pretty speech the other day. Of course, he was obviously frightened of painting too rosy a picture, as people would immediately slacken their efforts, sit back on their haunches, & say poo! this is easy. No need to put ourselves out.

I know Churchill; he is like a steam engine in that he just plods straight on to his objective, not a hope of being deflected from his purpose; as single minded & ruthless as it is possible to be. He keeps chugging away, panting smash Hitler, smash Hitler, smash Hitler chh ch! chh chh! Just like a train.

Thank God for Churchill! He won't let Hitler, or mediators, or pacifists, or anyone deflect him one atom from his sworn purpose. If only a few hundred of the human race, had the [] [sense?] of purpose of one ant, instead of haphazard wandering of a butterfly the world would be a much better place to live in. Well there are three ants anyway Churchill Roosevelt & Stalin, they new [sic] what they were doing & the millions of {XXXX} just followed.
No more [spa]ce! Kisses & All my love, Kenneth

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