

Capt K C. Shawcross

No 154421 RAMC

% Grindlay & Co

Bonhem. B.

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My Dear Ivy

I ought to be feeling very guilty, writing to you, because I have been, meaning to write for at least a week, but I have some good excuses to salve my reputation. I can say, I have done this & this & therefore you can't be annoyed with me. The trouble with me is I am afraid of the female of the species, particularly you!

Well even if I haven't written a long letter to you. I have (1) sent an aegraph. (2) an airmail letter card. (3) bought a couple of toys & had them sent to you.

I told you about them in the airmail letter card. To repeat they are cloth stuffed animals, one a lion. So



size about 9" long.

& the other a tiger so



the same length. They cost me 30/- (Shillings) altogether, as they are last seasons stock. & they are the finest stuffed animals, of a London firm. So you can't say that I am not a good father to my son. Although he will be lucky, if he ever gets as expensive present as that, after the war!

I also, have personally packed, wrapped, and posted a parcel, containing one.



K. W. S. E. L. that is description of article, now guess but it is a very expensive present, & I was very loth to send it on case it falls by the way side, but I hope it reaches you for your birthday & also that it fits. Now there is a clue. You will find it warm, & it is hand done Indian work, representing hundreds of hours of work.

Now am I a good husband & do I deserve a kiss? From your recent letter talking of kisses, I should imagine you are beginning to feel the pinch, as regards your physical needs. Well so am I, & I have for about 17 months, now!! But we shall have to just stick it, with the thought that, even when one finds it most trying, there suddenly comes a lull, when one is relatively more at peace.

It's funny, but at times I almost feel as if I am a virgin, it seems so long since I kissed you or new (sic) physical satisfaction, that I am almost unable to imagine what it is like. I think if you suddenly appeared here & bent over & kissed me, I should have a fit and become completely paralyzed from the neck down. Still you are still as vivid as ever in my mind, & I love you so much, that if in the dark I imagine myself kissing you. I am stunned, as much as if it were actual fact. Oh! when are we going to be together again. This war is making more rapid strides now, but it still seems to be an endless business. Still it should be over in a year or so & we are are still both very young. We may both have to go through hell at times, seeing other people meeting their wives & husbands, & leading a normal life, with their children, but, we can strengthen ourselves in the thought that if the war lasts another 2 years, we should have 15 or twenty years of vigorous married life. How many couples are as assured of their physical and mental compatibility as we are. There are times when I think back, that I was a damned fool. I remember certain occasions when I accused you of being lacking in energetic response to me. Darling, I could kick myself was there ever such a self centered fool. It was you saying in a letter that you were at last beginning to feel the joy of life again. And I remembered the stress of pregnancy, loosing (sic) your mother, worry over your future & me going abroad, shock of being bombed, How selfish and lacking in understanding, we are, us males in our early twenties. I realize, how much you must love me, to have been so patient with me & responsive as you were. I feel sure that nothing can ever come between us, or break our marriage and love, which has not only withstood such strain & ignored, such opportunities, possibilities of misunderstanding & rift but as grown and matured throughout a very difficult phase. How much happiness & love, & understanding and tenderness, & companionship comfort can we give to each other, when we are together again. I only hope darling, that I can be worthy of your love, when I am so humbled before its greatness, unselfish magnanimity.

Well I expect you would like to know what I have been doing. Actually I have been having a hectic week. five days out in succession. Thursday I & the 2 officers of the 18th General Hospital were marched out to a drink & Dinner by our Colonel, who was visiting Bombay. We had some alcohol in the Taj Mahal hotel, & then dinner & some more drink in the Grand Hotel, all a very pleasant change, & free. If I had to pay my share for that evening would have cost me $3R + 6R + 3 + 3 = 15R(\text{upees}) = 21/-$. (Shillings) ummmmm!

Friday I met a young officer of the 18th Hughes on leave, from a hospital about 50 miles away. Coff Lear?? & I took him & showed him the sites of Bombay, mainly Malarbar Hill where are the famous hanging gardens, from where you can see right down over Bombay. & the sea and bays are on both sides of the island & then on to the Beach Candir(?) open air swimming pool, where we had tea & then in the evening we took them to the picture & saw Married Bachelor which was quite an amusing bachelor. That was Friday afternoon and evening off from my work. Saturday afternoon I slept and was just about to settle down to this letter, when a civilian Scot lad, actually a chap about 40 who lives in the hotel, who we go out with about once a week came into my room & persuaded me & another Med Officer Macdonald, (a very decent chap) to go out to the Bristol Grill Bombay for dinner & after that we went to the pictures & saw "flight from destiny" a fairly good film.

Well Sunday afternoon I determined to have a quiet evening and write this letter, but at lunch time, the Scots civilian? Houston & Mac and another officer (non medical) persuaded me to join them in a bathing party, & we all took the bus to Church gate station & the electric train, across to Tukee(?) beach (about 30 minutes train ride) & another bus to the beach, where we bathed, sunbathed, did some jumping & other sports on the beach (sandy) & then had tea at the Country Hotel, with 2 boiled eggs, tomato sandwiches, egg sandwiches, jam & bread, cake & 3 pots of tea. Got indigestion; walked back about 2 miles across the sand, to Palm Grove Hotel from where we took a taxi back to the train & the train back to Bombay & had dinner, home at about 8:45 P.M. where the proprietor Mrs Bird was holding a private christening party for her daughter's child at the other end of the room, but they had, a trio of pianist, drummer, & Zilophonist, which was jolly good, so we lingered over dinner until 9-45 PM when I went to bed, oh no I went into another M.O's room Davies, and talked with him about war etc for around $\frac{3}{4}$ hour & then went to bed very tired.

Monday I was very lazy catching up with my work. Macdonald was posted to Poona, which was a shame, as he is the best friend I have made since coming to Bombay, & so in the evening we had a last evening out & went to the Garrison cinema to see Aloma of the South Seas with Dorothy Lamour. boy oh boy! sarongs to you. Tuesday night, tonight at last. I come home to my wife like a good boy and write my letter.

Tomorrow I shall be on the go again. I shall be Orderly Officer, which means I shall not be able to call a minute my own until 5-0 PM Thursday the 17th.

On the 21st another friend from the 18th General is coming to Bombay. Conway Hughes. So I expect fees & I shall be taking him out & then there is Xmas.

I was wrong about Xmas mail. I reckoned I should get it at the beginning of December. Well it is the 15th & I have had none of it yet.

There is nothing else to write about, Oh yes I got a slight sore throat with slight pain on swallowing in the middle of the week & thought I was in for another attack of tonsillitis, exactly one year & 2 wks after my last attack in Cairo, but it gradually passed off. Now I have just slight pain on swallowing hard. Pause to swat a mosquito. It was a Culicine (Aedes Aegypti or Stegmeyer Faecialis) & not a carrier of Malaria. I have had Dengue, Malaria & Typhoid on my ward & now I have a case of Typhus, which is very interesting. It is the first case I have seen, I expect that there will be more people dying & feeling ill with Typhus in Russia, this winter, than will be, killed or wounded by the Russians. I reckon with the (1) Russian offensive (2) Diseases like Typhus, & pneumonia etc. (3) Frostbite, there will be very little of the German armies left by the spring. The point is have they another 4 or 5 million reserves to send up to Russia in the spring, to bring their armies up to full strength again, as they must have done last spring. I am sure the answer will be no which means that the Russians will finish next spring, what they have started, then winter & there will be no new German offensive in Russia, next year.

Well I think I have told you most of the things I have been meaning to tell you in the letter for some days.

You know I look forward to writing you letters as is it were actually a date with you.

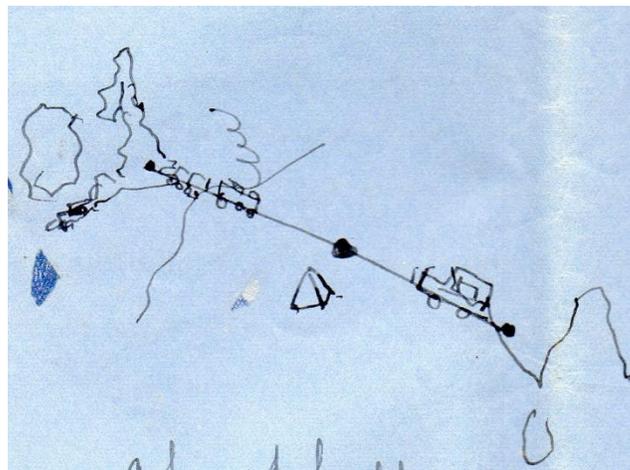
Cheerio darling, I love you, very much.

All my love sweetheart

Yours ever.

Kenneth.

P.S. Lots of C's & K's!



Take a train & come out & meet me somewhere, say about half way. How about, at the foot of the pyramid Cairo!