

Front and back of letter follows:



Letter content follows. It was three pages long with the joke at the end written along the margins.

7/7/47 (*This must be 44*) Capt. K.C.W. Shawcross RAMC.

No 154471

20th Ind CCS

% Grindlay & Co. Banks Bombay.

Darling.

I got your two letters today about Jim having been lost and no word having come through. It was only a day or two before that I got the telegram, saying that he was injured in a plane forced landing. It must have been a terrible shock for B. I should think she will look years older by the time she has heard something definite, one way or another.

I have been playing base ball this evening. It has really started to rain now every day for an hour or so. This time last year you and I were living our last days ago in a little room with green plush. Remember? Darling I am feeling very love sick at present, and long for you to hold me in your arms. I am in a passive mood at present. I don't think in terms of an active attacking role? But I just want to be with my head on your breasts & feel you stroking my hair etc. Its a funny thing, when I opened your letter today and saw a quarter of a page on the last page with no writing on, it struck me as a physical shock. I sort of tingled all over I was almost panicking. I said to myself. This is the first time I can remember in three years, when my wife has not filled all the pages up, are we beginning to drift apart. & until I had finished the letter or I should say until I got to the part about Jim, I was quite upset. Then my first reaction to the bit about Jim, was, saying to myself, that is why the last page is not filled, because she is upset over B & J. Later when I thought, to myself, supposing I heard that you were missing, & I didn't know whether you were dead or alive. Dearest if that should happen I don't know how I could go on living. I should either go mad, or protect my sanity by an absurd over optimism, being convinced that it hadn't really happened, or that

you were still alive & well. I feel terribly upset, when I think what Barbara must have gone through during those first days. If she has heard that he is still arrived (?) & injured, the relief at that must have for a while obscured the subsequent anxiety as to how badly he is injured.

Its a funny thing, that for a brother and sister like B & I, who always quarreled like cats and dogs, how much & how closely ones interest are connected. I have never forgotten how upset I was when B was seriously ill. At the time I was rather surprised at my reactions. I think that was the first time I had ever really had my feelings deeply touched by anything outside my own interests. And now although I can hardly remember Jim at all (I have only met him for a few minutes, about 3 or 4 times) hearing that he is lost, shook me up through my sympathies for Barbara, understanding of what it means to her future happiness. If he were killed, it wouldn't be so bad if it were a tragedy of a year or two, but I have such a fear that history would repeat itself and she of a type, who would make out of it a lifelong tragedy. For most girls it would mean in a year or two they would remarry & the event would gradually fade into a painless calling up of happy memories but in Barbara's case I should have grave doubts of her ability to recover and readapt herself.

I hardly dare to think about the war at present, things just seem to be going so well that I just have to hold my hopes in check. Because 2 days have gone by since the fall of Minsk the Russians are not in Orivsk(?) & Velno(?) yet. I am attacked by a wave of gloom. Actually things are going very well, but every little delay or set back, sends me into grim despair & I promptly put another six months on my seperation(sic) from my darling. Do you still feel the same about me dear after all these years? Do you love me? I am still very much in love with you and leading a blameless

life. I have got so used to being a good boy, that I can see you having to encourage & show me how to be a naughty one again. From what you keep inferring about the couples you seem to, from what you say see a lot more of their goings on than you ought, you appear to be insinuating that my technique was not all it should have been. So you aren't satisfied eh! Well if I can't keep you contented when I get home, it won't be my fault, it will be that you are one; nature has intended to have half a dozen husband, instead of one.

Just had Dinner & I listened to the news. Am not feeling very bright tonight. I am afraid dear this is a very dull letter. I must think up some jokes to put in my next one. Have you heard about the Russian, who got in a train transiberian, with a very timid school mistress, going to China, who viewed the intrusion on her privacy with horror. However the bearded R read the Pravda, (buried his head in it) for 48 hrs & never said a word. But when the S.M was feeling reassured, he suddenly dropped the paper & said: "How you ever been to Miusk." "No she said timidly, he grunted & buried his head in "Pravda" again & the S.M. heaved a sigh of relief. The train, chugged on & on across the wastes of Siberia & after 4 days then he suddenly lowered his paper & said "Have you ever been to Stalingrad". No she answered. & once more the Russian put his head in Pravda & the train went on & on. & the Schoolmistress relaxed again. Paper down on 7th day. "Have you ever been to Leningrad." No she mumbled. "Enough of the talk" said the R. "off with your clothes"!

Love from Kenneth Shawcross.