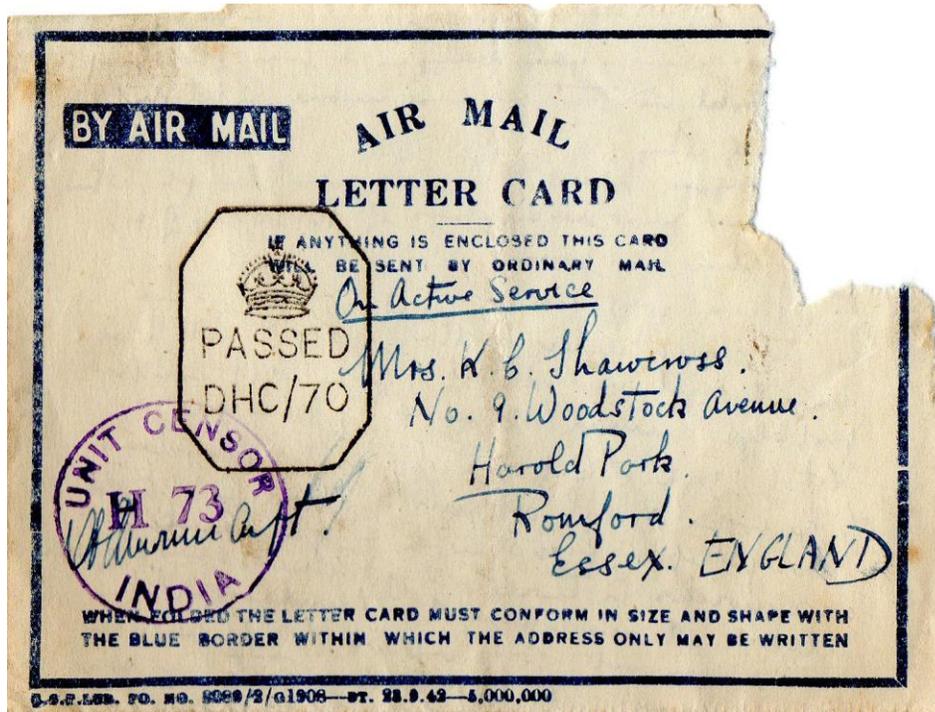


Letter of February 16, 1943 from Kenneth Shawcross stationed in India to his wife Ivy Shawcross staying with her sister Edith in Harold Park, Romford, Essex.



Original envelope cover is above; note the torn off stamp which resulted in loss of text on page two. Letter transcribed by Sarah Nosal in August 2013 and reviewed by John Shawcross. Letter follows on the next page:

Capt K.C. Shawcross
No 154421 RAMC
% Grindlay & Co
Bankers Bombay
16/2/43

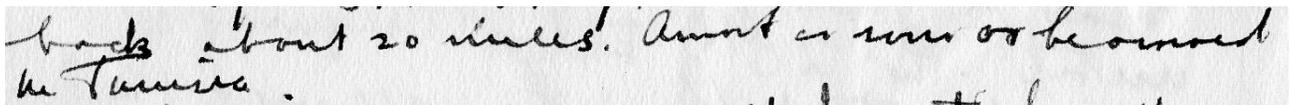
My Dear I. Edith

Have you stopped sending Airgraphs? The last I received was about the 20th of Dec. Most people have got them up to Jan 20. I have got Airletters up to Jan 7th.

Yesterday I got an Air Mail letter which had come in 8 wks. Very slow, but streaked lighting beside most of my Air Mails.

Today my humble ward had a visit from one of the big nobs of the Medical ward, as he had already been to most of the wards I think he was feeling too tired & in need of his tea to ask any awkward questions. He shot round with a minimum of criticism & buzzed off leaving me also very much in need of some tea. The war news is still very good isn't it! When the Russians get Kharkov, Tagurock & Regev. I shall begin to think about what I am going to do to you when I get home. Still I don't have to tell you things like that, you know! You sound despairing about your presents. I suppose five months getting on is getting near the outside limit. I am sure you would have liked that Chinese Coat too.

I suppose Eddie is in the N. Africa affair. It must have been a blow to American prestige, when Rommel, after having about 60% of his army destroyed & about 3000 aircraft destroyed having been chased 1300 miles by the British Army, was still able to drive them



back about 20 miles! Amount is now or be owned
in Tunisia.

(SENTENCE ABOVE NOT CLEAR TO TRANSCRIBERS SO INSERT FROM LETTER SHOWN)

It looks as if Montgomery will have to chase the Jerries right through the American lines.

THERE IS A SECTION OF THE LEFT CORNER OF THE NEXT SIX LINES WHICH WAS TORN FROM THE LETTER SO THERE ARE SOME BLANKS AS INDICATED BELOW)

[Torn off] [w]hat were you doing in a press (?) photograph?

[Torn off] told me that you were in one, but didn't

[Torn off]why.

[Torn off] you know I have a good laugh, when

[Torn off] (I read) your description of the finding of the

[Torn off] Shawcross grub.

I can just imagine you, later, when he got some illness or other, saying "well I am sure I can't understand it. I brought him up properly. Bxxxx, Cod liver oil, lime juice. Vit. C. D. E. F. G. H. I J. all according to the books & look at him! Mrs. G's child brought up on fish & chips & jam sandwiches is twice as big, & never has a days illness. I am sure I can't understand it."

Then you will say, Oh well! one can't have it both ways. All my food extracts have gone into his brains. Then when he comes bottom in his class, you will say "he takes after me in looks but, he has his pops intelligence & physique!

Of course, any later kids, will get about 1/3 of the attention & never give you a days trouble or minutes worry.

You did not have cyder at Buxton. If my memory serves me correct, you had a Shandy of light ale and lemonade.

The other evening, one of the officers, invited me up to his place for Dinner, & boy oh Boy what a Dinner. Asparagus soup,

Roast Mutton, tasted of mutton too, tender runner beans & Roast potatoes. Savory & Coffee. Afterward we went to the pictures, saw Laurel & Hardy in Great Guns. Those fools appeal to my peculiar sense of humour.

That's your Dec. 14th letter read through again darling. A very nice friendly letter, but not much scope for replying to.

Well it looks as if the parallel course of Shawcross C.F & S. KC. are diverging more & more. I left Egypt & went to India, instead of to Palestine, by rights I should be home on Aug the 3rd. 1943.

What a hope. xxxxxxxx(?) of all the Russian successes I cannot foresee this war ending this year at all. Possibly next if things go very well. When one looks at a full scale map of Russia the distance they have advanced, seems, so small compared with the vast ones, still to occupy, before, the Russians have even freed their own soil.

Still there is one thing certain, & that is Germans will be defeated on foreign soil, or rather, they will not fight on while their own soil is being invaded. They will throw in their hand(?) and grovel, shouting Kamrade! before they will see their own home, burned & plundered, as the Russians have done.

Well my dear, here we is in different worlds together does you miss me honey child! I have a chap in my ward, who rolls his eyes & says "Ah sure is feelin O.K. today boss. Ah. recon I wants to git awer home to Allabama! Yes Sir!!! You's bet ma boots ah does!" I am afraid this is a bitty letter, but I just isn't no good at writing more than about thrice(?) a week, & then I have plenty to say. I bet you Kharkov doesn't fall until the 20th Feb. Signing off

Your devoted Kenneth. All my L&K18

Original back cover of the letter is appended below:

