

Letter of April 5, 1943 from Kenneth Shawcross stationed in India to Ivy Shawcross living in Timperley with Kenneth's parents and sister.



Original envelope is above and text of letter transcribed by Sarah Nosal in July 2013 and reviewed by John Shawcross, follows on next page.

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Capt K. C. Shawcross RAMC
No 154421. % Grindly & Co
Bankers Bombay
5/4/43

My Dear Sweet

I am writing again. I shall be at the end of my limited supply of these things if I am not careful but I am feeling so close to you & in love with you that I simply had to write. Today I got an Airletter of 22 days ago. Almost like a phone call by comparison with those blasted Airmail letters. I felt I was getting out of touch with you, when we were exchanging Airmail & our exchanges took about 7 months. But with these Airletters coming in 2 to 4 weeks & Airgraphs in the same time. It is as if the breath of life & reality had been breathed into our communications. As you are sending more of these & Airgraphs & dropping sea & airmail, it feels as if you were moving into the same town or country anyway again. In the air letter you just said you were happy at Timp & my people were making you feel very much at home. That John was well, & Barbara had been talking about certain things in her love life. There was no dramatic news in the letter, but because it was so recent it thrilled me to get it because it brought me so much nearer on time to you. Darling I am much happier now. 4 months ago, I felt that we were slipping into different worlds, but now I feel we are drawing nearer together again than at any time since I left home.

Of course there is another reason for that. That is you having gone to live with my people. You have no idea how much nearer dear it has brought you to me. It is as if I was listening to a radio description of a play I knew very well, & the actress I knew well after

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acting off stage, has now come on stage. No that's not it, but I know you so well, & I have always kept a clear mental picture of you in my mind, but usually floating about in space. I also carry about a clear mental picture of the one place where I have lived since childhood. I see not so much a place, for we have left Corner House, but an atmosphere. I see the hour by hour activities of Mother & Dad & Barbara, the usual visitors, the old jokes over meals, the visits to the pictures. Tea at Timp on Sunday & so on. & now I have a frame for you. I have a vivid you in a vivid background. I can imagine, the teasing & the conversation, & the trips to Altrincham & the Garric(k) & the pictures & the conversations & so on between you & every member of the family. You see what I mean, don't you darling.

I am happy knowing that there will be more variety & companionship & outings to the pictures instead of the monotonous questions & loneliness of 9. Woodstock Av. Of course you can't imagine me in my background very well, but perhaps it will make you feel closer to me, to be near the home & background that I was brought up in.

Everybody seems to have suddenly got optimistic again. Last wk Churchill was talking about 1945 & this week Halifax says it may end sooner than anybody thinks. I think it all depends on factors which are still uncontrollable. (1) How soon we clear Africa. (2) How successful we shall be on the Continent. Who can say what the outcome of an attempted invasion of Europe will be. I am sure that huge American & British production, increasing air power and increasing bombings of Europe are all increasing the odds on our side, but when the race

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begins fate takes full control so we shall have to wait & see; but its nice to think that perhaps by this Autumn, we shall have a better idea of our future prospects. I never thought I should spend a whole year in a place where Aeroplanes overhead are as uncommon as Elephants in Altrincham.

I always used to hate Aeroplanes buzzing overhead all the time, & I looked gloomily to the future. My depression softened, perhaps, by the thoughts that after the war, there will be (1) a law to make them flie[sic] above a certain height (2) Some kind of silencer on them.. if they don't insist on these things, we shall all be nervous wrecks by 30 in another 10 yrs.

Well it is 7.0 P.M & the light is beginning to fade. In half an hour I need a light on to read & in twenty minutes after that it is dark. I must have my bath now. I weigh 9 Stone 13 now 10 Stone 10 when I left England, but my wt has been constant, for the last 6 months. I have lost it all in the middle. My waist used to be 33. It is now 29. All other places I am unchanged.

-All my love dear.

Yours. Kenneth.

(Original back envelope cover follows)

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