

Mess 11

HMS Hornet  
20 Sept.

Tuesday.

Darling, A very short letter because  
that's the way I feel - very short!

First I'm mad at forgetting  
your photo in my rucksack on  
Monday - cos Harvey, a sea man  
wanted his beer-loving wife's photo  
but desperation sorta thing. It's all  
right now.

Second I'm mad at  
staying in this dump for more than  
two days - what a life! I get  
alone & sleep every night now at

21.11.44

Mrs. Mrs. W. Hartman

Wimborgh N. Hampshire

Box 24 - R.F.

W. Hartman in the

Horsedown Rd.

S.W. 11.



the local Sailors Hostel - I couldn't  
stand a night in this den.

I went round to the Sick  
bay but my history sheet  
hasn't arrived yet from Hlyhead  
& they can't do anything with  
me until it does arrive. There's  
one patch of sunshine - if I'm  
here over next week-end I'll  
most probably have week-end  
leave.

I'll write at length tomorrow  
right sweetheart & tell you all  
about it. Rough-hew me as  
they will & still love you  
dearly.

for