

## MR. NEVINSON'S WOUND.

The following extract from a private letter received yesterday from Mr. H. W. Nevinson, our special correspondent at the Dardanelles, gives some idea of the way he was wounded on August 21:—

"I was up in front, in the midst of a tremendous bombardment with which the fighting began. Suddenly a shell burst close above my head with a frightful crash, and I felt a blow just like an iron mallet. The officer next to me said, 'Are you hit?' and I said, 'Yes, I suppose so.' I saw my brown shirt (no coat on, happily) suddenly run soaking with blood. They called for a stretcher, but I said I wanted to stay and see the fighting. I ran my bandage over my head and drew it tight. However, they rushed me back, walking through the trenches to a dressing station. The orderly left the bandage as it was, and we waited to see if the blood stopped. In an hour it slackened, and I went back to the same position and stayed out up and down the front till dark, and then walked four miles back over rough country to a real ambulance.

"They shaved the top of my head and showed me a 'beautiful clean cut'—a sort of semicircle exposing the white skull, from which the shell must have rebounded, finding it impervious to all but reason. It was very painful—still is—but not serious. A queer ache at the back of the head is the worst part really. I have gone about just as usual—two days again at the same front, for fear of losing nerve. Queer how much noble blood one can lose without suffering any difference."

In another letter, also received yesterday but written a day or two later, he adds:—

"In dressing the wound this morning the doctor said it was a marvellous healing, due to my healthy life, and the bandage could come off in two or three days."