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**Bognor Lance Corporal Wounded.**

Writing to his mother at Bognor, Lance-Corporal H. Proctor, of the 4th Battalion, Royal Sussex Regiment, who is in hospital at Malta, says:—

"You will see I am in hospital, wounded, but you have no need to worry. I am splendidly looked after, in fact we are being treated like lords. I daresay by the time you get this you will have read in the papers of the magnificent

new landing the British troops made in Gallipoli. Our chaps were in that lot.

After we left England we stopped at certain places out here that I must not mention, and then we went straight in and made the new landing. I can tell you it was awful; yet it was wonderful. The Turks were ready to receive us, and no sooner than we got within range of their artillery they opened fire, and our warships opened fire on them. You never heard such a terrible noise in all your life.

There were shells bursting and killing our chaps by the dozen. Eventually we managed to get on land, and we had to face fire from their machine guns and rifles. I can tell you it is marvellous that everybody was not killed, for the bullets were flying past our heads like rain, and anybody else but British soldiers could never have managed it.

Well, we got the order to fix bayonets and charge, and we made a rush. Everyone of us went mad. They never waited for us, for they are rank cowards when it comes to the bayonets. They simply ran like hares, screaming as they went. We managed to catch up to most of them and you can bet they got it in the neck.

The next two or three days our chaps made wonderful progress, and of course it had its cost—and I am part of the cost. I was hit at night time, the bullet going through my upper left thigh and lodging itself somewhere, not certain, I think it is in my knee cap. The big bone of the leg is for the time dead, but they are going to put me under the X-rays and find it. Then they will operate, and have it out. It will only take a week or two for the leg to straighten, and then I can go back again. I can tell you I suffered a bit, and I am feeling it now, but I have managed to keep a stiff upper lip and smile. I am getting used to it now.

The worst part was after I was hit I had to lie there for several hours before I was picked up, and it took me all my time to keep myself in hand. Our junior Captain came to me later, and bandaged my wound and gave me some brandy and sent some of our chaps back to find some stretcher bearers. He stayed with me and waited until he had seen me placed on the stretcher safely before he left. They had to carry me about two miles before they got to the shore and all the time under shrapnel fire. We got to the shore alright, and I had my wound properly dressed by a doctor, and packed off to a hospital ship, which brought us here.

We have splendid nurses and doctors here, and the gentry keep us supplied with writing paper, tobacco, soap, fruit, etc., in fact we have everything we ask for.

On the beds to the left and right of me I have two Australians—two of the best chaps you could meet—and we get on fine together. . . ."