

**GUNNER C. H. LE QUESNE.**

The subjoined letter has been received by Mr. and Mrs. LeQuesne from Private Ray Ramage, dated from France showing how their son, Gunner Claude Hamilton Le Quesne met his death. A number of other letters have been handed to the editor indicating the high estimation in which the dead soldier was held by those by whom he was employed before he enlisted, and by the officers of the Army Service Corps, to which he was attached and was discharged from to enable him to gratify his wish to engage in more active work for the Empire at the front:—

France, 10/10/17.

My Dear Mr. Le Quesne,—I can hardly find words to express my deep sympathy with you in your great loss. Through Claude's death in action yesterday morning the world has been robbed of one more manly spirit and I have lost one of the best chums that it was my privilege to have. Claude had been through two very stiff actions during the previous fortnight, and had shown himself to be one of the gamest boys in the company. He was spoken of by both officers and men as one of the best and had he lived promotion and distinction could not but have come his way. For his share of the first stunt he was promoted Lance Corporal in charge of his gun. While we were back in our last billet I was put into the orderly room. When we came up here for our first stunt I asked to be transferred back to the section, but the O.C. refused to send me back as we were over strength. Before the section went in on Sunday night I asked again if I could be sent back, but I was again refused. From what I can gather from the boys who came back our brigade had managed to obtain their objectives, but the troops on our left

failed to make good. Seeing that our boys were likely to be cut off the officer in charge gave orders to retire. Just as he gave the order a German sniper, who was in a shellhole about fifty yards away, fired a couple of times and killed Claude and a chap alongside him by the name of Lenton. In one way God was merciful as death

alongside him by the name of Lenton. In one way God was merciful as death was instantaneous. If any further news comes through as to his place of burial I will write and let you know at once. I have gone through his pack and taken out his pocketbooks, also some souvenirs he collected during his first time in the line, and will send them per registered post to you. His thick steel-lined pocket book was on him when killed, and has not come to hand yet. If it should be recovered I will send it on to you immediately. I have written across to both Miss Luscher and Mr. Tatten, and informed them. On behalf of the section and myself I must offer you, Mrs. LeQuesne and the family, their and my deepest sympathy. Poor Claude died as he lived, a true Christian gentleman. We can only hope that this awful strife will soon be ended, and the ones who remain permitted to join their loved ones. I always had an idea that we three boys would be permitted to go home alright, but God knows best, and willed otherwise. The old Bible saying "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Claude's loss will make me only the more determined to live a good Christian life. This note is couched in very crude manner, but at a time like this one cannot find words to express his feelings. Once more allow me to tender my deepest sympathy to you all in your time of sorrow.—Yours very sincerely, RAY.

France,

10/10/17.

My dear Phil,—I have just written a few lines to your dear mother informing her of poor old Claude's death, so I thought I would just pen you a line or two. Poor Claude was killed instantly by a bullet fired by a German sniper. God was merciful to him. The poor old kid was always speaking of his loved ones at home, and truly he did think the world of you all. The company suffered very severely during the stunt, and many of our brave boys made the supreme sacrifice. One thing you can make your mind easy on: he died as he lived, a real Christian gentleman. He was spoken of by the boys as one of the gamest in the section, and had he lived he would have gained some distinction I'm sure. Take my advice, Phil, and don't make any attempt to enlist. Stop at home and look after your mother. You will do

attempt to cause. Stop at home and  
look after your mother. You will do  
more than your duty by stopping at  
home. I can hardly express my feelings  
now that he has gone. Really he was  
one of the best of pals. You must ex-  
cuse this short note, but I want to get  
it away by the afternoon's mail. Cheer  
up, old boy. Give my love to the ma-  
ter, Nell, Sybil and the dad. Cheer up,  
old boy, it was God's will he should  
go so we can't complain.—Yours very  
sincerely,

**RAY.**