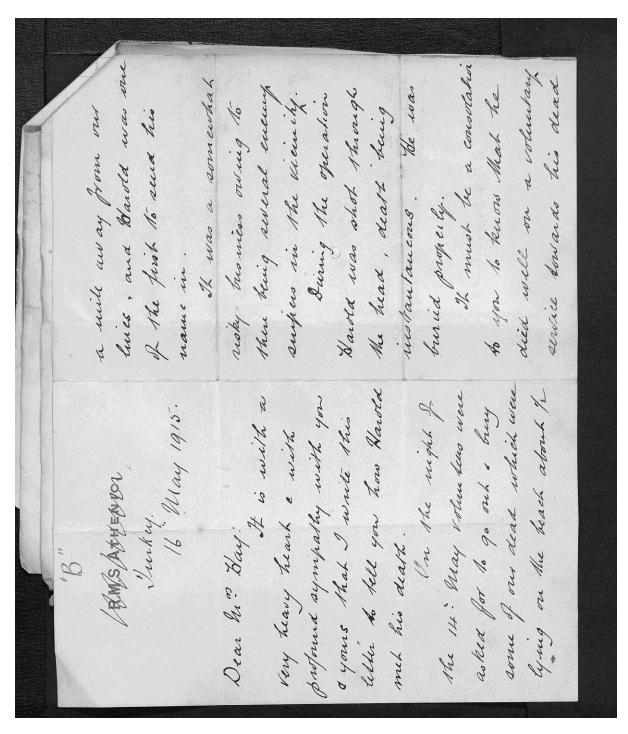
Letter from Roy BRUCE, Lieutenant in the Canterbury Mounted Rifles Division to the mother of William Harold HAY, annexed to the probate of W. H. HAY.



Courades. Ne was a prie fellow @ a Juie soldier, and his loss is very deeply deplored by everyone who knew him. I can only give you all my heartfelt sympathy. Goy. Pomer. This is the letter worked "B" or front to in the affidavit of John and own Paterson and William Henry Walton sworn this 31et day of July 1915 before me 9 AP Which a Solicitor of the Supreme bours of new Zealand

Letter from Neil GUTHRIE, Medical Practitioner attached to the Canterbury Mounted Rifles Division, to the mother of William Harold HAY, annexed to the probate of W. H. HAY.

16ª tray 1915	
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"New Zealand, Archives New Zealand, Probate Records, 1843-1998," index and images, *FamilySearch* (https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:KDT9-F4X: accessed 12 May 2015), William Harold Hay, 1915; citing Timaru, Timaru probate files, 1871-1997, record number TU716/1915, Archives New Zealand, Auckland Regional Office. [first accessed 16 June 2014]

16 May 1915

My Dear Aunt,

By the time you get this letter you will have long received the short news of Harold's death and I feel that painful though it is to me and you I will at least help a little to soften your grief by giving you the few short details attached to his end. First of all let me tell you [emphatically?] that Harold had wanted so and shown himself to have such metal that he was a man marked to take responsibility and step forward. He was put in charge of a volunteer party to carry out risky work and in doing it he met his death instantaneously. I saw him just before he started and gave him some improved (for the work was not pleasant). That was the last I saw of him. He did what he was detailed to do but he was shot dead almost immediately afterwards. Next morning another volunteer party went out to look for his body (at a great risk) and they found him still grasping his rifle. He was buried and his effects that he had with him were brought in and handed to head quarters. I can see the spot where he was buried with my glasses and when opportunity offers I shall strive to do something to his grave that will mark the spot permanently where a man died doing the greatest duty that he can do – serving his country. Need I tell you of my sorrow and [indeed] the sorrow of all his comrades. It is little but it is much that all know of his grit and pluck. There are many mourners in N Z now. It is cruel work this but it has to be done. I have nothing more to say. To you Auntie & my Cousins I express my sorrow. But with you we have cause to be proud of Harold for he has done well and paid the price. He went out to Bury a comrade and found his own grave alongside him. All Love from

Neil Guthrie