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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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6a Pasadena Court
Sept 5th 10 p.m.

My darling Sam,

Yours of Sept 1st came this p.m. & I have been thinking over my laddie & I cannot tell you how terribly I feel over your letting him go with any Corps. He is too young & cannot imagine the awful fate that awaits him. If he goes with S.H. he would never stay at the base

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no matter whether he was ill or not, & no-one in God's world could look after him once they were in action with the brutes they have to meet. I know if he goes it's good bye to him & I simply think it murder. Were he older I should be more reasonable I suppose, but such a youth! Were he a trained soldier, of some years experience, it would not be so bad, but a school boy who should be at his books! The glory is not worth it & no one can look after him, I say once he reaches England

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or the continent. Were it to winter in Bermuda, I would not mind so much, but to go to the front, why it is appalling. I am worried to death & you cannot wonder - it only seems a few short years since I carried him in my arms & to think or try to realize that he is going to fall a victim to those cruel brutes. Were they as [human] as the Borrs [*sic*] I would become more reconciled, but when one reads of the terrible atrocities they are guilty of & I stop & reflect on his youth & inexperience, why it unnerves me completely. I let him go to Valcartier after you gave him leave with the firm hope that they would find him too young & not let him go. That hope has kept me buoyed up since he left, but yours of today has almost crushed me & now I begin to realize that it is final & that I shall see him no more. Of course, you may not consider me patriotic, but mother love will get the better of a warm heart

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that has always been filled with love of country & empire. It is, as I said, his youth & inexperience that I worry over. With you both away, I feel there is little to live for!

You may never see him yourself once he sails from Canada, even if you go with this Contingent. It was bad enough in 1900, but this is far worse.

Harwood is far too young to be an officer – no man would heed him! –
My pluck is all gone & I shall

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go to pieces for a time, but perhaps I may soon be all right – [Lipselt]
must be getting a swelled head & will I fancy put on a good deal. You
must have been furious! surely [sic] Col. H would not take his opinion re
officers before yours; if so, well the sooner he is ousted the better for the
Dominion. People here are hoping you will come back & not have to go
to the front, as they say they need you here too. You can never imagine
how I feel, my darling, about all this

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& you must forgive me for letting my pen get the better of me. I try to
keep all my anxiety shut up in my heart & to hide it from everyone, but
sometimes I must relieve my feelings. There is not much news. See by
the papers that Lady L. has acted on your letter & given [\$50.000] to the
regiment, which will be full strength I suppose & go as a unit. Hope the
weather there is better than here – it has poured all day. The papers say
you have a parade on for the Duke tomorrow, so I trust it will be a great
success & the day lovely. God bless you both. Tell Harwood I got his
letter to everybody & will reply tomorrow. Do not be surprised at this
letter. I must tell you how I feel. My heart is almost broken at the thought
of your going & doubly so when I think of our boy going too. I did hope
he would be here to comfort & look after me. All join me in sweet kisses
& fondest love to you both.

Ever your lonely, devoted little wife.

Maye

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