



DOMINION LINE

S.S."CANADA"

Between Madeira & Cape Verde  
Feb 10 - 1900.

My dear Maggie.

We are now nearly at St. Vincent, which will finish the first stage of our journeys. You can imagine how anxious we are for news, I wonder what it will be, we passed Transport No 74 home ward bound this morning, she had no news to give us.

The doctors have been experimenting on the Officers with the anti-enteric stuff. It seems to be quite a toss up what the result is, some had raging fevers and violent pains, others myself included

escaped with very little inconvenience except for a violent pain in the side where the stub is infected. The results according to the Medicos are wonderful, a typhoid microbe has scarcely more time to look at one, to die an instant death. I hope it may be so.

The men are very closely packed, 2000 take up a good deal of room. As it is quite impossible for them to take any exercise on their own decks, they come on to the officer's deck in turns for an hour, as each man's turn only comes round every 3 days, each man will only have 6 hrs exercise between South Africa & <sup>Cape York</sup> Australia.

This seems a more likely explanation of the inability of the troops to march on arrival in S Africa, than the Daily Mail's which was that the men were so weak from want of food that they could hardly stand.

We have had very good weather, and runs averaging over 14 knots up to date, though some managed to be sea sick in spite of the smoothness. It is hard to believe that only a week ago we were nearly frozen. To day it is just about as warm as is comfortable next week it will be too warm to be pleasant. Transport No 72 has just passed quite close.

There are not many notabilities on board.  
One of the Cadogans is going out on  
Special service. Major Feltis of the  
Irish Rifles is going out with us, he is  
some distant relation of the Bishop of  
St Albans, and has been on the  
West Coast for some time. There are  
several garrison gunners on board  
I do not know what they are going to  
do when they get here.

Your aff brother

John Spittlewood

Tell Theo this is written with her pen, I think  
she must have put some water with the ink