

Kroonstadt.

May 23. 1900.

My dear Maggie.

We are here at last - but no nearer the front than when we were when we left Bloemfontein, Roberts moves very quickly, when once he starts, I only left here the day before yesterday, yesterday he was at a place called Rhinoster Pines about 40 miles up the line. We are unfortunately stuck here to day owing to there being no forage, the details are unfortunately under a Captain senior to me, or I should push on and just to Providence, there are no times to wait for any thing or any body.

I find now that I am senior to most  
of my contemporaries being a full 10 years older.

We started from Randall-bord to the  
rail head at Land river, leaving on  
Tuesday morning & arriving here last  
evening, two 20 mile marches, one ought  
to do 20 miles in 4 hours easily, but  
the horses are such brutes & in such bad  
condition that it takes us from early  
morn to dewy eve, it is maddening crawling  
along, with decent horses we should  
have caught Roberts up here.

It was rather interesting in walking from  
Land River in the track of an army  
any amount of dead animals on the  
road everything we came up from  
Rail head by waggen, their number  
must have been immense.

Though it is only 48 hours since we

left the train, 40 miles away, &  
although the bridges had been blown up  
and the permanent way destroyed in  
many places, the first train passed  
through here this morning to Rhinoster  
River, pretty quick work. All railway  
work is under Lt Col Gironard a French-  
Canadian. He must be a very able man.

I should not wonder if the Sather midwinters  
was out here he was under Gironard  
in Egypt.

I am very glad of the Pladave  
cap & other warm things you made  
for me, the nights at are bitterly  
cold, sometimes frosty. The days are

Not so hot as they were, the contrast  
between the hot day & cold nights  
is horrid, no tents of course, nothing  
but the starry mantle of Heaven;  
it is really a very pleasant way of  
living provided it does not rain.

I hope you are all flourishing, I  
dare say I shall get some of my  
letters when we are settled down  
in Pretoria. I want some of those  
boxes of cigarettes you so kindly send  
me, badly.

Yours aff brother,

John Spiterwood

H.B. address.

East Yorkshire Co

5<sup>th</sup> Mounted Infantry Corps.