



Old Kruger caught in the act of making observations of the British camp by a party of lancets:—"Ow! Ow! Oh! Lord! there! my shoe's off, what shall I do? Oh for a 'Hatton's Wyeboot Adapted fit.' instead of this old boero boot Oh Oh. O-O-Ow."

A suggestion for Dad for one of his posters.

AD3/3/4

Folder III: no 2. all of these + →

this morning to see if there were any telegrams but there were 0. Things have been going badly lately Spions Kop recaptured by the boets!!!!!!!
If I'd got Old Kruger in my clutches I'd:-



first do this →

and then do this →



and then send his skull as a present

to his generals. And then I
should most likely end up
by fainting. Rather rummy
that Louisa should thank
me through old Ablet
isn't it. Goodbye 'capo an'
kaps of love to all
your loving
son

Brian

P. S. Those concerts are splendid
nobody can breach them



Kruger:—"Oow! Oow! How I
wish I'd got one of
'Halton's adapted fit' instead
of this boer boot. Oow!
Zoubert! help me.

How I'd like to see Kruger