

THA
MILITARY MANOOVERS

IN THA
Nayberhood a Zalzburgy

ZEPTEMBER 1907

BY
Measter Benjamin Sloper

Being an account of the
VARIOUS OPERATIONS.

also the
RECEPTION of the WILTSHIRE REGIMENT

by the
CITY OF SALISBURY



How time da vlee to ba zure, tis now jist nine year agoo when I rote and twould ee about tha Millentary Manoovers as took pleace in thease yer nayberhood a Zalzbury. I never thought then as I shood ever zee em agean ar be livin any wur handy to em. Howzemever, a lot of things av happened zunce then, an I bin thinkin, as ow praps medden bore, ar wurry ee, if I da try an tell ee a leetle bit about theasem as av jist took pleace in ower nayberhood agean, an nearly on tha seam groun.

Ta begin we, praps I'd better tell ee as ow Nancy an I stuck to ower woold Measter an Missus at Leetle Yeamsbury, till thay got too woold ta carry on tha varm an went away ta live at Weymith, an I'm plazed ta zaay as how thay kep their promise, an gied Nancy an I a nice leetle money present apiece avore we pearted, besides a harty invitation ta visit em whenever we wur clined ta spen a day be tha sae zide, an which Nancy av a done wunce ar twice, an thame aelways downright plazed ta zee an welcome her.

We tha money thay gied ess, ower own hard seavins, an Nancy's legacy, we've a took a leetle gineral shop auver in tha Wiley Valley cloas ta Steaplevird, an I'm plazed ta zaay, we'm a doin tarblish well. We've got a strappen bwoy an maid bouath neamed atter ther fiather an mother; zoo now ya zee ther's Woold Ben an Young Ben, Woold Nance an Young Nance. Young Ben is getting on var nine years woold, an is as shearp as a needle an knowin as a Jack Daa. He's mother an I av mead up ower mines ta gie

un a good eddication, an ower school-measter, Measter Sloggem, does ael he can ta get un on, an da zaay now, as leetle Ben knaws as much as zome bwoys vive year woolder. Leetle Nancy is jist turned zeven an she be nar a bit behine her brother in tha matter a larin. She's terryable vond a music an can aelready play a vew tunes on tha pianny I bought on purpose var her; she's jist tha spit of her mother in looks, ways, an everything else inamwoast. Thay be bouath very good chidern, an beant spwiled, we brings em up ta be useful an tho we'm agwain ta gie em a good plaain eddication we beant agwain ta auver do it be thease yer new vaingled an expensive County Council Higher Eddication Schemes, tryen ta cram down childern's droats ael manner a things as wunt be nar mossel a use ta haaf on em in atter life. What I daa zaay is this: "Gie ael childern tha chaance of a good plaain eddication, an if a bwoy ar maid av got a bent ar janius var anything beyond that thay'll zoon voller ther inclination an stick to it, too, in spite a any difficulties.

A coose, I bein in business, tha voke now ael caals I Measter Sloper, an ya'd ardly believe it, bit I offen gets letters dressed ta I as "Benjamin Sloper, Esquire." I cooden zeem ta unnerstan var a longvul time how twur I did get zich a lot a letters, cards, cirklers an newspeapers come ta I droo tha pwoast, bit Measter Sloggem we who I be main vrenly, zays tis because I be in business, an me neam amangst tha tradesvoke in tha County Directery. Begar! I da offen wish a wirden there, var zometimes tis anuff ta do ta look auver ael tha letters an things as da come be pwoast mwoast every marnen, bout everything in the world inamwoast; baigen letters be tha dozen, an I da aelways know em, var thay da aelways put Squire on

thay; then ther's heaps a cirklers vrim Drapers, Tailers,
Drasemeakers, Peatent Medicine Voke, Lotteries an
Racin Touts, Dentists who offers ta meak, an vit to yer
jaas a bran new zet a teeth var a guinea ar less; Book
publishers who be bringen out a wirk as ya be boun ta
av, declarin as ow ya caant get on in life ar ardly live
athout a copy; Money-lenders who offer to lend ee any
amount at a days notice, an ax no questions; Company
Promoters an Stockjobbin Fellers who'll double yer
income in no time, you've ony got ta zen em along a
vive poun note an in quick sticks back ull come Ten.
Bit teant no use, I tears em up an lights tha vire we em;
I've rade anuff, an knaas anuff, bout voke who av bin
vools anuff ta be fleeced an even ruined be zich people,
zoo teant nar bit a use var em ta trouble Ben Sloper we
zich tempten baits. Aelthough Nancy zometimes is
terryable gone on zome a tha vine vaishon books she
gets, an ull offen zaay; Lar, Benny ow nice I shood
look in a gown, mantle, toke, bonnet ar hat like thic un,
shudden I? An a coose I offen gets a kiss ar two extry
be agreein that she hood. Bit as a rule we dwoant av
nuthen to do we zich voke, bit da dale we thay as da
dale we we, as vur as we can an I da think tis tha
proper thing ta do, too.

* * * * *

Well, I da vind I'm runnin away vrim what I be
gwain ta tell ee about, neamly, tha Autumn Manoovers
as av just took plice in ower midst, an which I never
yeard a wurd about till tha early peart a August when
my bwoy Ben come runnin wom vrim school ael out a
breath, into tha shop an zays Fiather, tha zowljiers be a
comin yer agean, var tha Autumn Manoovers. Get
along, I zays. Thay be a zaays, school measter av jist

twould us ael about it an zaays as ow Steaplevird an Barrick ull be jist in tha thick a tha vighten. Zoo, bein mainly interested in tha bwoy's news, atter shop wur shut I gooes auver ta Measter Sloggem ta hear ael about it. O eece tis zartin true, Measter Sloper, a zaays, one a tha Officers as wur here ta-day to zelect the campin ground an zee about tha water zupply, twould me ael about it. Tis a gwain ta be mwore like rale warvare thease time, noo grand Parades ar Reviews, as you zays there wur las time, bit zart a taktical operations, bringin up troops inta zartin positions on tha quiet like, vighten an holden positions in tha veace a zuperier numbers an zich like, ya zee, an a pwinted out on tha school map what a zed wur ta be tha Manooverin Harea, rachin vrim Zalzbury ta Malberer in tha north, vrim Zalzbury ta Tisbury in tha wace, and vrim there ta Warmister, an across ta Malberer agean. Zoo ya zee we here, I expec, ull be jist about in tha thic on't. Tha river Avon as da rin thease zide a Malberer ta Zalzbury is zappoused ta be tha sae, an noon on em wunt be allowed ta goo tother zide a that. Malberer, Zalzbury, Wilton an Fieldean is marked out as saeports. Tha plan as vur as I can zee is this. Tha Invadin Army (Blue), ten thousand strong, under Zir Ian Hamilton, is zappoused to have landed at Malberer, an is gwain ta march right across Zalzbury Plaain ta try an konker tha Defendin Army (Rid), we about tha seam number a troops, under Zir Frederick Stopvird, who is hurrien from down Bournemouth way to stop tha Invaders an drave em back inta tha sae agean. An aelthough, Measter Sloper, thay beant agwain ta av nar a gran review, tha operations ull be of a mwost interestin character an jist like actual warvare. Na dout about that, Measter Sloggem, I zays, an as tha school childern ull be avin ther hallerdys

whilst tha Manoovers be on I shall be plazed ta drave ee about a bit ta zee zome a tha battles, if za be you'd like ta goo; a zed he'd be delighted ta goo, as he'd never zeed any Millentary Manoovers avore.

In a week ar two atter, tha Invaden Army begun ta pitch ther camps on Steaplevird an Barrick downs, an tha Defenders wur ael in readiness tha Nawthern peart a tha New Vorest, wur thay wur camped.

Twelve a clock Zundy night, Zeptember tha vust, wur tha time vixed var war netween tha two armies to be declared, ache on em wur then vree to march ageanst one anodder.

Lard Methuen, a general, of who ael Wiltsheer voke be main proud, an who wur appointed be tha War Office to direct tha Manoovers, had gied orders that tha Invaden Army (Blue) wurden ta cross tha river Nadder (as da rin vrim Wilton ta Tisbury) avore 11 o'clock on Monday marnen, Zeptember tha zecond; thay med draa up as handy as possible, bit not ta cross avore tha hower struck. And tha Defenden Army (Rid) wur also under orders not ta cross tha Ebble (a leetle river as rins droo tha Chaak Valley) avore tha seam hower.

Zoo on Monday marnen Zeptember tha zecond, bout haaf atter haight, Measter Sloggem, I an leetle Ben, drove off droo Wilton ta Burcombe wur I putt tha pony up in a vrens steable, an purty zoon ael dree on ess wur scalin tha heights up auver tha renown'd Punch Bawl, an across inta tha woold Zalsbury an Shaasbury road. An what a gran view tis vrim here ta be zure; you can zee right away ta tha Malberer Downs in tha north, to Shaasbury in tha wace, an on a clare day,

Bradley Knoll an Sturton Tower, be plainly visible.

Measter Sloggem wur quite struck we tha view an vast expanse of tha beautiful an well hooded country.

Zoon atter we got ta Compton Hut, Ginerall Lard Methuen, he's staff, an ael tha voreign officers come along, there wur Jarmins, Vrenchmin, Rooshians, Merricans, an Japanese, ael looken main smeat in their gran military uniforms; ael on em wur on tha alert, an eagerly scannin ael that wur gwain on. Bout quarter pas leven my bwoy Ben, who we he's eyes an mouth wide aupen, an peepen here, there, an everywhere, bawls out "Fiather, fiather, do ee look down there," an zure anuff, at tha Kingsbury end a tha down, hunderds an hunderds a hoss zawljiers wur gallopin up tha slopes a tha hill like mad; rachin tha top, thay ael scatterd about in bunches of about a dozen ar zoo, got off their hosses, rushed up to tha bainks, as lined bouath zides a tha road, led down vlat, an waited var tha henemy ta come on; an tha henemy wur doin tha seam tother zide a tha road, an in a vew minets thay wur letten vlee at one anodder at a vine rate. Zoon atter, a battery a Artillery as had come up ta Chiselbury Rings, wur blazin away right across tha Nadder valley at anodder battery as had took up a position on Grovely Downs. Zom a tha Rid Caviltry, as had come vrim tha direction a Whitesheet Hill, wur za crafty that thay actly manidged ta draa zom a tha Blue Caviltry into a nice leetle trap on tha Rings, an ad it a bin rale warvare, a terryable disaster mist a bin tha result; bit purty zoon atter, zom mwore a tha Blues come to tha rescue, an tha Rids zoon galloped out a zite.

Between two an dree a clock tha battle raged vuriously, an when tha Blue hinfentry come crapen up

tha narrer roads between tha high bainks an lined every
copse, vuzz bush, an hedge row, tha crack a their
Rifles, an tha naise of tha Howlers, Gatlins an Maxims
wur diffenen ta yer.

Twur a gran an excitin zite ta be zure, an as
Measter Sloggem zed, had it bin rale warvare, tha
slaater mist a bin terryable.

In spite of a cwoold drizzlin rain, as
unvortunately come on bout mid day, bouath zides kep
hard at it till zix a clock. Twur a gie an teak zart a
battle zome zed, nar a zide adden a gained much
advantage, bit tha tactics a zome a tha Generals wur
vust rate I yeard zomebidy zay. As twur now getting
a bit voggy, bout zeven tha Invaders marched back to
Wilton, wur thay camped var tha night on Grovely
Down, an I leave ee ta gace tha excitement thic leetle
townd wur in; tha streets bein nearly ael vull a
zawljiers an their baggige waggins; at one time thay
wur za thic it zeemed as tho thay hood nevir get droo.
Howzemever, thay ael manidged ta get seafly on tha
downs at last, wur girt vires wur purty zoon lighteed an
rayshins cooked, bit twur atter ten a clock avore tha
last a tha hinfentry rached their destination, an tho
tired, ungray an weary, thay zeemed ta swing along as
vresh as larks, an lustily zingen their different
Regimental Ditties.

Avore twur light nex marnen, thay wur ael up
bustlin about getting a bit a brekvist; an zoon atter zix
had ael clared off, tha caviltry be tha long sheady
Avenue, the Hinfentry down tha Ox Drove, whilst tha
batteries of Artillery went be tha hard road right droo
Grovely Hood. I offen yeard officers an men, too,

express their girt delight we tha lovely views aroun, an tha charmin rides droo tha hoods, an zed how kind it wur a Lard Pembroke an other gennelmen ta let em goo droo.

Tuesdys battle wur mwoastly a vite betwix tha Artillery an tha Caviltry Outpwoasts. Tha Hinfentry diden zeem ta av much da do we't, at laste as vur as we cood zee. Tha vact on't wur, tha long convoy a baggidge waggins belongin to tha Rid Army, which wur bringin up their zupplies, either got lost ar blocked up, an insteads a rachin tha campin groun a tha poor tired an hungry zawljiers as zoon as thay got back vrim eeceterdys battle, thay diden turn up till zeven a clock nex marnen, an hunderds on em had ta pass tha night, wet, cwoold and hungry. Howzemever, tha good naaterd villagers handy, helped em ael thay cood in tha sheap a vittels an drink, an zom a tha varmers let em av as many turmets an apples as thay wur a min't ta ate, bezides gien on em vaggits an woold hurdles var vires ta warm therzelves, as thic night wur terryble chilly atter tha drizzlin rain.

Zoo when it come ta General Lard Methuens ears, that tha Rid's transports had broke down, he gied orders as how tha viten wur ta be stopped var dree ar vower howers, zoo's tha poor fellers shood av time ta cook an ate their rayshins. Twur a girt pity zartinly, things shood goo atwist, bit as I yeard one a tha officers zay "*Tis a peart a tha Geam,*" an we mist put up we't, tood a bin much wuss in rale warvare.

Ya zee, a long string a heavy louaded waggins joggin up droo tha long, narrer, steep an slippery chaak roads; shood a waggin brake down, ar a hoss gie out,

tha road is at once blocked an everything drow'd out a gear.

Howzemever, tha zawljers av vargot ael about it now, an ony keers ta remember tha varmers an villagers kindness to em in their trials an difficulties an which ael declares thay wunt never varget.

Wednesday marnin tha Rid Army rallied an begun their march down tha steep hills, 'bove Compton an Fovant, to tha River Nadder, under cover a their guns, which wur baingen away on Chiselbury, Compton an Zutton Downs. The Blue Army who wur swarmin in Grovely Hoods, purty zoon cotch zite on em comin tawards em, an another vierce battle took ppeace on tha Beak, tween Grovely an Girt Ridge Hoods. Thay kep at it till nearly dark, an tha ginal opinion wur as how tood a bin purty nigh impossible var tha Rids to av drove tha Blues out vrim their strongholds an intrenchments, had it a bin rale warvare, bit ya zee, as Zur Ian Hamilton had ta vite retraten battles every time zoo's ta be near he's pwort a imbarcayshen at tha appointed time, he an he's army had to retire across tha Wiley river. An then tha Rid army took possession a tha Beak.

Thursday's battle, I appened ta larn vrim a Officer, wur expected ta be one a tha baste an mwoast exciten of ael o'm. Zoo atter a good brekvist, Measter Sloggem, I an leetle Ben, crossed tha Wiley tween Steaplevird an Leetle Laingvird, an mead var Grovely Entrenchments, one a tha highest an mwoast spicious land marks on tha zow waastern zide a tha river Wiley. We rached tha top bout haaf atter nine, an zat down on tha highest bank of thay ther noted earthworks,

zappoused ta nearly two thousand years woold. Vrim here be one a tha vinest, if not tha vinest view in Zouth Wilsheer. You can zee right vrim Zalsbury ta Clay Hill, twix Warmister an Vroome, vive an twenty mile, an every village an hamlet between. Right away in vront oance you cood zee Malberer Vorest, tha girt White Hoss at Alton Barns, Stounehenge, Beakin an Quarley Hills, tis jist like a girt panneramer led out avore ee, an tha marnin bein vine, we a good light, we cood plaainly zee every ravine, road, track, hedge an plantation, an we a vield glass Measter Sloggem had a brought, every house, hut, bush ar rick in thic ar vine stretch a country. Measter Sloggem, who had come vrim a peart a Englin as wur ael vlat, wur quite charmed an struck we tha view, havin nevir zeed nuthen like it avore, twur woth commin miles an miles ta zee, even if ther hadden a bin nothing ticklar gwain on, a zed.

Jist as we wur agwain ta av ower bit a nammet, a woold man hailen vrim Wishvird, who I know'd, come hobblin up an zat down handy to ess. Hello, Daddy! I zaays, what, you yer?

Eece, Measter Sloper, a zaays, aelthough I'm nearly haughty, I thought I'd like ta come up wonce mwore an zee tha zawljers, this ull be tha third time I've a zeed em in theasem yer pearts. Las time, bout nine year agoo, an tha vust time vive an thirty year agoo, a nayshen vine zite that wur ta be zure, twix varty an vifty thousand zawljers took peart in it, I da mine it as if twur ony eeceterdy, an I wur zat down zackly in tha seam spot as I be now, watchen tha Battle a Wishvird voughteed; out on thic ar mound yonder, wur tha Prince a Wailes, our present King, tha duke a

Cambridge, an ael ther Staff an tha Voreign Officers watchen tha vight; an atter tha battle thay ael went down to tha Royal Woak Inn, wur thay had theer nammet, that wur a zite, Measter Sloper, as I nar nabiddy livin in Wishvird is ever likely to varget. We gied tha poor woold man zim zamwitches, a zip vrim ower vlask, an a pipe a baccy; an as a keenly watched tha viten, he's bleared eyes wur ael vull a tears a excitement.

Tha Artillery had bin baingen at one anodder ael tha marnin right across tha valley, jist to ower liff an cloas ta Grovely Cassel, a strong battery wur blazin away at anodder on Yaanbury Cassel Rings, an bout haaf a mile vurder on another wur lettin vlee at one on Bathampton Downs, amangst tha copse, vuzz bushes, and hedges, thousands a Hinfentry wur pwoasted; whilst tha Caviltry wur scoutin about in tha narrer roads an leans skirtin tha river. Tha Blue Hinfentry had entrenched therzelves ael roun tha Cassel Rings; an inzide thic girt earthwork thousans wur awaiten tha henemy. On tha skyline ya cood zee ther Caviltry racin helter skelter backhurds an varreds like mad, an ther batteries a Artillery thunderin vrim every plantation amwoast.

Bout haaf atter ten tha Rid Hinfentry under cover a ther guns begun ta lave Grovely hills, an zoon atter, we zeed em crossen tha river Wiley in thousands. Then in girt long rinks we zoo many pleaces between ache man, thay begun ta march up tha slope towards Yaanbury, ael o'm being in karky, ya cooden tell one regiment vrim tother an when crossen zim whate vields we tha isles still up, ya cooden tell one vrim tother hardly, when thay stood still, tha color bein jist alike.

Gradally tha zawljers crope on, an when about haaf a mile ar zoo vrim tha Rings, thay let drave an a tremendous vight took place var tha possession a tha Cassel, which laasted nearly two howers; the wind bein in tha right quarter, we cood yer tha zouns a tha battle quite plaain; tha tack, tack, a the Howlers an other Macheen Guns meaken a vine row.

At las tha Hinfintry a bouath armies got za cloas ta one anodder as ta zee ache others feacin; an then tha Regiment o Royal Scots vired a volley, sprung to their veet, an led be ther officers charged the Cassel Rings; an we loud cheers drove tha Invaders out.

Ael tha troops engaged, “tha Umpires zed” done their wirk in a splendid manner, their hearts zeemed ta be in it, an thay went at it, as zoo twur rale warvare, an tha veat a their Country dependen on em. A volunteer regiment hailen vrim Badevirshire vought like mad, an went droo tha campain as well as any on em we yeard.

Thease Battle a Yaanbury Cassel turned out as twur expected; one a tha vinest zites a tha Manoovers, not a movement a tha troops escaped ower notice zit wur we wur and which we diden lave till tha Invaders ad ael bin drove oubt a zite. Leetle Ben, wur bwilin auver we excitement while twur on, an ony wished he wur woold anuff ta list a zawljer an which 'to tha girt consarn a he's mother' he vows he'll do when he's big anuff.

When we got back whoam; ower village wur ael alive we zawljiers an their baggige waggins; tha roads an leans wur purty nigh impassable, ower two public houssen wur doin a roarin trade, an choked vull a

customers, zawljiers, and zilvillians alike, ael wantin ta be zarved at wonce.

Lots a ower villagers wur handin out tay an braden butter, ta any a tha zawljiers as like ta av it. My Nancy I voun addin a bin behinehan; var she'd a zowld ar gied away, every ateable and drinkable article in the shop; she jist managed ta seave a leetle snack a zummet var I an leetle Ben. Zoo I had ta put tha pony in tha trap an drave off down ta Wilton ta get in mwore zapplies var ower reglar customers nex marnin.

Vridy, tha las days battle took place bout vive miles above Stounehenge. Tha Invaders tackticks wur ta draa back as near as thay cood to tha River Avon; which, as I twould ee, wur zapposed ta be tha cwoast line of tha sae, zoo's ta be handy their ships which wur zed to be waiten var em at Fieldean pwort.

Tha Defenders wur on Netheravon an Knighton Downs, wur zom mwore heavy, an excitin vightin took ppeace in tha nayberhood a tha woold Bustard Public house as used ta be. Tha scene about midday on Knighton Down, Long Barren an ael aroun Stouanhenge was a truly gran one. Hunderds upon hunderds a spectaters wur scattered ael auver tha Plaain, Carriages, Motor Cars, Bicycles, an vehicles a every description mingled we people on hoss back an on voot. Amangst em wur tha Duke a Cannot an he's purty daater Princess Patrica, Lard Roberts, Lard an Leady Pembroke, Lard Radnor, an ael tha Gennelvoke as lived roun var vive an twenty mile nearly besides Ginerall Lard Methuen, tha members of he's Staff an all tha voreign officers. Tha day bein vine twur a zite as ael who zeed, beant never likely to varget.

Sase vire zounded twix two an dree o'clock; an tha Invaders mead var their ships, and wur zoon out a zite; whilst tha Defenders weary an well nigh wor'd out, wur glad ta get back ta their camps atter ther vive days rale downright hard wirk; an which every biddy zed wur gone droo we idomitable pluck, couridge, an endurance, specilly when ya da konzider tha privations an hardships lots om had ta goo droo; ta zay nuthen a two ar dree bitter cwoold nights on tha bleak open downs.

Well ! tha Manoovers is auver, an tha brave fellers have vargot ael about ther hardships an as I zed only keers to remember tha kindness tha Wilsheer voke showed em during tha operations; an who be loud in ther praise of tha troops behaviour whilst amangst em. Tha Pleecemins had ardlly anything ta do mwor'n help regelate tha traffic; an not a zingle kease a misconduct ar crime, come avore tha Magistrates, I'm twould which is a girt credit to ower brave Zawljiers, an ael consarned.

OWER MOONIE REGIMENT

An ther Reception be Zalzburgy Zity

Tha Ninety Ninth Wiltshire Regiment, ar Willsheer Springers as thay used ta be caaled, at the request a General Lard Methuen wur allowed be tha War Office to teak peart in tha Manoovers, an a zum a money voted to bring em vrim Pembroke Dock in

Wailes an teak em back agean when tha operations wur auver.

Thay formed peart a tha Defenden army (Rid) an went droo ael tha engeagements an hardships vrim start ta vinish an when tha final battle a Knighton Downs wur auver thay camped var one night in tha nayberood a Tilshead. Droo tha instigation a Lard Radnor, tha colonel a tha Regiment received a invitation vrim tha Mayor a Zalsbury axen on un, if he hood bring his Zawljiers inta tha Zity wur they hood be heartily welcomed, an entertained as well. Zoo when he rote back to zay as how he shood be plazed ta visit tha County Town we he's Regiment, tha people a Zalsbury headed be ther Mayor zet ta wirk ta gie em a downright hearty reception worthy a tha County Capital an aelthough there wurden bit very leetle time var zich a job, thay ael zet ta wirk we zich good will, zuccess wur zartin specilly when Measter Zalter “tha keaterer” guaranteed ta av a good hot dinner ready var em when thay come. Zsubscriptions zoon come tumblen in, everybiddy as wur axed gied an thay as wurden axed as well, an purty zoon mwore than anuff wur collected ta meak a downright good job on't.

Zoon atter twur light Zadderdy marnin Zeptember tha Zeventh, tha camp at Wace Down wur struck an be zeven a clock ael wur in readiness var tha vourteen mile march droo Shrewton, Maddinton, Winterbourne Stoke, Barrick, Steaplevird, Wishvird, Zouth Newton, an Wilton ta Zalsbury Zity an twur raaly wonnervul how cheerily tha poor fellers swung along tha dowsty roads specilly atter what thay'd a jist bin droo, ael tha villages droo which thay marched wur terribly plazed an excited, an many a fiather an mother

wur zeed to rush out, welcome, an embrace a Zawljier zoon as thay passed along. Eece, an many a rozy feaced Willsheer Lassie dressed in her baste zoon mead heast to ketch tha various Carriers vans as gooes to tha Zity, zoo's ta av a vew howers we ther Zawljier Laddies, an a vew I yeard even vollerd em ael tha way on voot.

As you mid gace, men an officers too wur terryable plased we tha reception tha whoamely villagers of Willsheer gied em, an who zeemed ta be never tired of admirin an praisen tha Zawljiers. Zalsbury wur rached about midday, an tha streets right away to their Campin ground in tha Victorier Park, wur decorated we vlaigs, banners, an words a welcome an lined bouath zides we crowds a voke clappen, cheerin, shoutin, an zingin we ael ther might an main. Rachen Camp, atter a leetle raste, waish, an brush up an led be tha vine Band a tha vust Wilsheer Volunteers, tha Regiment lookin quite spic an span marched ael down Cassel Street to tha Market House wur a nice hot dinner of good woold English vare wur awaiten em.

As tha men took ther sates at tha teables which zeemed ta be groanin we tha weight a tha good things on em, tha beamin feaces an longen eyes of tha zawljiers wur a zite ta zee, as thay kotch zite of tha steamin an savoury jints ready var em.

Ther wur rowast beef, bwiled beef, laigs an showders a mutton, laigs a pork, veal an hams, mate pies a every zart, cabbidge, teaties, beeans, carrits an turmets, zides figgetty poodens, an vruit poodens of ael zarts, and a plentivul zupply a beer an ginger pop ta waish it down, an atterwards pipes, baccy, an zegars.

Tha Mayor zat at tha yead a tha teable an mwoast a tha Town Councillors an Gennelvoke a tha Zity handy to un. Ther wur dozens a Carvers an Waiters as gied ther zarvices var nuthen, an var auver a hower wur hard at it tenden to tha men's wants, an ya cood yer nuthen bit tha clatter a pleats, knives an varks an tha rollickin good humour a tha men's taak. Tha vine Band a tha Volunteers played to em zim lively music while tha dinner wur on, an when tha poplar an well know'd tunes a tha Willsheer Regiment wur played their enthusiasm know'd no bounds, an thay jined in tha choruses we high glee at tha top a ther voices which zom o'm voun wur no zoft job atter zich a tightener.

Atter dinner wur auver, grace zed, an tha King's health drunk, the Mayor, mangst loud an prolonged cheers got up to perpose tha health a tha Wiltshire Regiment who thay had that day tha girt honner to entertain. Everybidy a zed as lived in Zalsbury wur ony too plazed an proud to welcome an help entertain tha County Regiment, an he ony hoped thay hood one an ael enjoy therzelves to ther hearts content as long as thay remained in tha Zity. Alderman Hammick in zecondin tha Mayor zed as ow he wur main plazed, as he wur zure ael hood be, ta hear vrim tha Colonel a tha Regiment as how ninety haight out a every hunderd of he's men wur downright, rale, bred an barn Willsheermin, an which a zed wur a girt credit to tha County. At this everybidy zet up a diffenen cheer mingled we shouts a Bravo, an well done Moonies.

Tha Colonel in reply, zed aelthough a coodin caal he's zelf a Wiltshiremin bred an barn a claimed to be one in spirit an zentiment as he'd bin we em zix an

twenty years, an he wur zure that wur long anuff to become a good woold Moonreaker.

He baiged ta thank tha Zalsbury voke mwoast heartily var tha kind way in which thay had welcomed an entertained tha Regiment, an he hood ax he's Bwoys ta gie em dree good hearty cheers, at which every man Jack on em sprung to his veet an we ael their might and main zung:

Var thay be jolly good fellers,
Var thay be jolly good fellers,
Var thay be jolly good fel-el-ers,
An zoo zay ael a we.

Vollered be dree thunderen Hip! Hip! Hoorays which wur yeard ael auver tha Market Pleace.

Avore peartin tha Mayor zed as how he hood like ta tell em there hood be a vree Entertainment, an a vootball match var em up in tha Park, also that tha Managers a tha Swimmin Baths, an tha different Clubs hood open their various pleaces vree to tha Zawljiers during tha raste peart a tha atternoon an evenin.

Zoo Zalsbury wur purty lively ael tha raste peart a tha day, mwoast a tha men availen therzelves of these kine offers atter thay'd zeed tha Cathedral an tha other attractions of tha Zity.

In tha evenin tha Volunteer Band agean played in tha Market Pleace an their splendid music wur listened to be thousands a voke besides tha Zawljiers, who wur loud in ther praises a tha Band's pervormance.

Twur truly a wonnervul zite ta zee tha happy feaces a tha people as thay stood aroun lissenen, an what mused I mwoast, wur ta zee how nicely tha Zawljiers zeemed ta av took to tha Zalsbury Lasses, raaly, you'd think thay'd know em ael ther life time.

I mussen varget ta tell ee as ow Lard an Leady Radner we ther usual girt thought an kindness entertained ael tha Officers a tha Regiment to dinner at Longvird Cassel in tha evenin.

And at Wilton, in Lard Pembroke's girt Ridin School, General Lard Methuen invited to luncheon ael he's staff an ael tha principal officers a tha two Armies, bezides every Landowner, Squire, an Varmer, big ar leetle, auver who's land tha troops had Manooverd. Nearly dree hunderd zat down to a splendid veed, an when twur auver Lard Methuen thanked em ael mwoast heartily var their girt kindness in lettin tha Zawljiers goo auver their land.

Twur a bit too zoon a zed ta zay anything about tha operations an tha tackticks displayed an lessins larned, bit he wur plazed ta add his testimony to tha stamminer, pluck, an endurance, a tha Troops in ther tryen an ardours task, spite a tha leetle difficulties a good many of them had ta encounter. As a proof on't he wur zure thay hood be plazed to know that ony haight men out a twenty thousand had gone to hospital, an vower a thay wur kicks vrim hosses, this he considered highly zatisfactory as it plainly showed what zart a stuff ower leetle Army wur mead o, at this everybiddy cheered an cheered agean.

Tha Duke a Cannot, who ya know is tha King's

ony livin brother, an who met we a mwoast hearty an right royal reception, zed ow plazed he wur to be in Wiltsheer agean witnessen tha Manoovers an ta zee tha kindly veelin there wur between tha Troops an ael classes a tha people, an a zed a hoodin varget ta tell tha King on't when a got whoam, at which ther wur loud cheerin.

In tha atternoon a gran gearden Pearty wur gied be Lard an Leady Pembroke on tha beautiful laan a Wilton House, to which ael thay as had bin ta lunch we ther wives, zons, and daaters wur invited as well as hundreds a mwore as live in Wilton an tha villiages aroun nearly a thousan aeltogether. Twur a brillent an mwoast beautiful zight I yeard what we tha Duke an he's daater Princess Patrica, tha Lards an Leadies, Squires, Varmers an Tradesvoke, ael waakin about an chatten together on tha lovely laan under tha girt big zedar trees, teakin tay amangst tha shrubbery an lissenen to tha splendid music of tha Wiltshire Regimental Band in ther handsome Scarlit Uniforms, wur a zite I reckon, as Wilton Park hant never praps zeed avore, an wunt be likely ta zee agean var many a longvul day.

Early on Zunday marnen tha camp up in Victorier Park wur ael astir, the tents wur zoon struck an packed, tha baggige zent off, an atter a good brekvust gied to every man, an a packet a baccy. Headed be tha Volunteer Band an tha Regimental Band, tha men left tha Park an marched droo tha Zity ta teak tha train at tha Girt Waastern Railway Stayshen back to Pembroke Docks agean.

Down Cassel Street, Vishitin Street an in tha

nayberhood a tha Stayshen there wur zich masses a people, it zeemed as tho purty nigh everybidy in Zalsbury mist a turned out ta gie tha Zawljiers a hearty zend off. Atter ael o'm wur comfertably zettled in tha girt long train, tha Colonel once agean thanked tha Mayor an Zityzens a Zalsbury var tha splendid reception tha Regiment had received, an which he wur zartin zure noon o'm hood ever varget. Tha Volunteer Ban then struck up “Woold Lang Syne” an amid tha rousing cheers a tha Zawljiers an goodbyes a tha people tha train steamed out a tha stayshen, an I reckon till be a longish day avore tha Ninety Ninth Wiltshire Regiment vargets tha good voke a Wilsheers' County Town an which every bidy zaays wur a proper good wind up a tha Military Manoovers a ninteen hunderd an zeven.

Editors note. An errata note in the original says, -for “Zixty Zecond,” line 1 page 20, read “Ninety Ninth.”