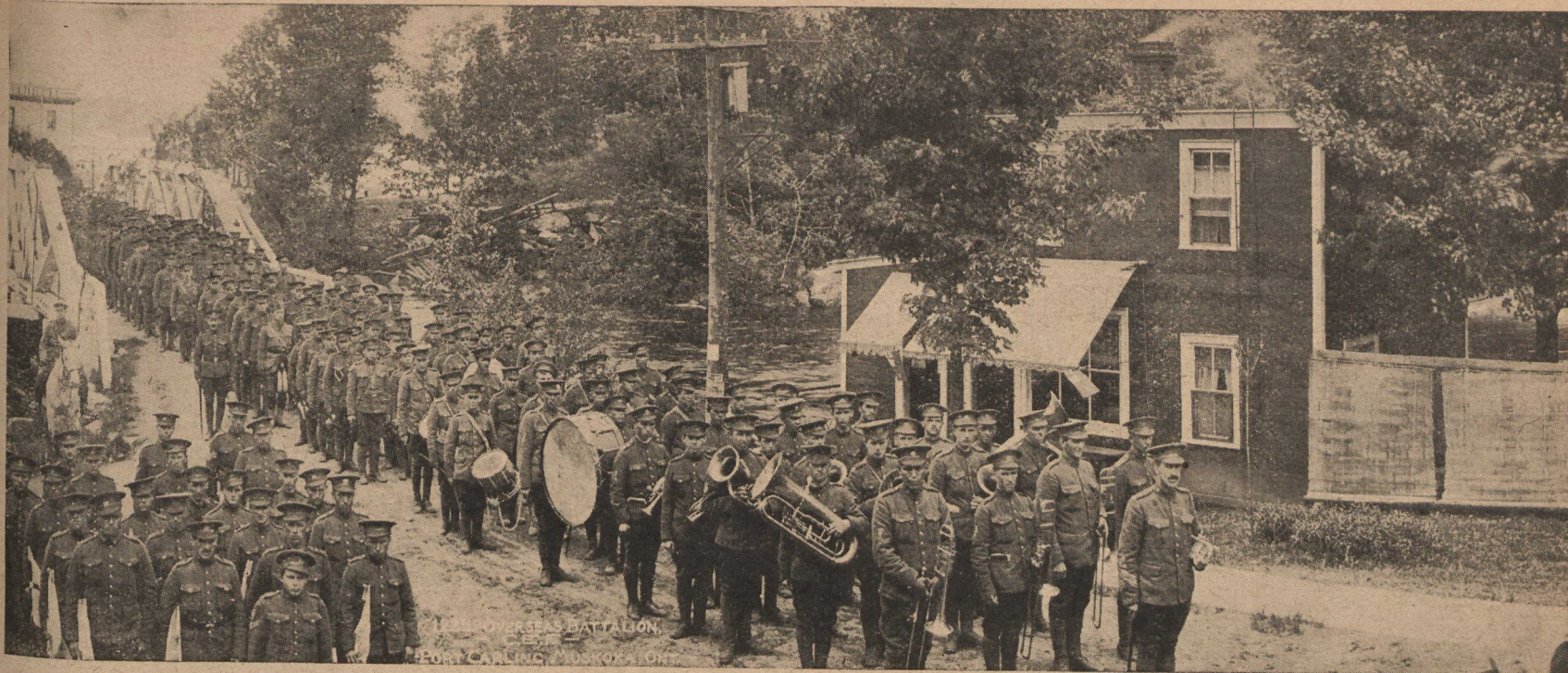




WHEN BUSHWHACKING LUNGS BLEW A TRAIL OF MUSIC THROUGH PORT CARLING, SUMMER TOURISTS THEMSELVES FELT LIKE FALLING IN.

Highlanders, and the writer of this article, were signed on as Machine Gun and Signalling Officers respectively.

From East and West, and in Muskoka itself, the officers were gathered and then, to give us the experience that we needed.

Major Wilson, twice on the Bisley team and twice wounded in the trenches, arrived to take command of D. Company.

Lt. F. G. Day, of the "Pats," was summoned from France to be the Adjutant.

Sergeant Norman Hooley, of Huntsville, who went as number one sergeant in number one Platoon of number one Battalion C. E. F. came back after sixteen months in the firing line, to take a well-earned commission.

Lt. Ditchburn, of Gravenhurst, brought back a bullet hole in his leg and was posted to C Company.

Gradually the winter began to relax its grip and the 122nd blossomed out like a real battalion. But what a price Muskoka paid. The regiment had gone over it with a fine-tooth comb. No wonder the illustrated papers published pictures of "manless Muskoka." Her own men had gone to Camp Borden and "the white-flannelled fools at the paddle" stayed away from a district where women are working farms and where father and sons had donned khaki together.

There's a summer hotel not far from Bala. There's a sign on it, CLOSED, OWNER GONE TO THE WAR.

Through the whole thing, one figure stands out as second only to Lt.-Col. Grant. I refer to former Major Charles R. McCullough, R.O., of the 91st Hamilton Highlanders, now Lieut.-Col. McCullough, Honorary Colonel of the 122nd. It is only natural that the founder of the Canadian Club movement

and the honorary secretary of the Canadian Clubs as a unit, should bend his energies towards raising the most thoroughly Canadian battalion of them all. His patience in recruiting men was inexhaustible, his tact in organizing committees, which he accomplished in conjunction with Lt.-Col. Grant, resulted in \$12,000 being raised in a district where there is no county organization and where one community is financially oblivious to the existence of its neighbour.

If the history of the 122nd is ever compiled, its existence on this side of the Atlantic will have to be classified under three headings:

The formation,
The Trek,
Camp Borden.

and by far the best of them all was the great Trek.
(Concluded on page 12.)

WHAT ARE THOSE TANKS?

SPECULATION is pretty lively just now as to the real character of the so-called "tanks" used by the British against the Germans. A Canadian lawyer who saw one of these monsters tested in an English forest some weeks ago testifies that each "tank" weighs 470 tons, and to his personal knowledge smashed down trees with infinite ease.

A writer in the Sunday New York Times, Sept. 24, recites some conjectures as to what these monsters are. A few days ago, he says, a Times man in the course of conversation with several officers of the American Army changed the topic from preparedness in America to the "Willies" in France. Immediately the "Willie" became the subject of animated speculation. One officer suggested that the monstrosity was simply a huge caterpillar tractor with long extensions, fore and aft, each with wheels at the end, which made it possible for the machine to crawl over trenches, but when somebody mentioned "bowling down trees and crashing through stone and brick walls of houses" this officer admitted he was wrong. The next man then stated that from what he had read he was convinced that the "Willie" was exactly what a cable dispatch to The Times last Monday hinted "it might be"—a travelling fortress.

"I have an idea," he said, "that the 'Willie' is old Castle Williams on caterpillars. I do not have in mind a circular fort like the Castle, but a structure with the general dimensions of that ancient structure, a thing shaped like a box, between 200 and 250 feet in length, and from 25 to 40 feet wide. It is made of armour-plate steel, is about 20, maybe 25 or 30 feet high, and it travels on giant caterpillars, larger than any ever used before. The motive power is probably a new type of gasoline engine of about 500 horse power, and there are two engines in each machine. The caterpillar apparatus operates on cylinders, of which there may be any number, and once those cylinders begin to revolve nothing short of a mountain can stop it, and even the mountain

would probably fall down on the job, for, like a snail, the thing would probably crawl right up its side and continue on its way as long as the engines worked, the caterpillars revolved, and the gasoline lasted."

This officer drew a rough picture of the machine he had in mind. It showed an engine of war such as Jules Verne might have imagined, half ship and half fort, a thing that would reach from one side of Fifth Avenue to the other, with a length of about one city block. Instead of windows, the officer's sketch showed portholes here and there, while the roof was

a steel canopy. Between this and the top of the armoured walls was a narrow slit, or opening, extending around the machine. Through the portholes and the opening beneath the canopy appeared the barrels of machine guns and rifles. Amidships, on both sides, and at the forward end the officer said it was feasible to mount three-inch, or seven four-inch, field pieces, although, he added, he doubted very much whether the "Willies" carried guns of those calibres.

"I believe," he said, "that the machine gun is the only weapon carried, in addition to the rifles and other small arms of the officers and men who make up the crew."



The New York Herald artist's idea of what a "tank" looks like in action.