



The Officer Commanding, N.C.O.'s and men of the 3rd Canadian Casualty Clearing Station, taken on Active Service, September, 1917.

Reminiscences of a Memorable Night in Tunnel Ave. No. 3.

TUNNEL AVE. No. 3, situated just opposite Paddy's window in the Dental Laboratory, was, at the time referred to, occupied by several of the most august personages of the far-famed Unit, No. 3 C.C.C.S. I said some of the most august personages of No. 3 C.C.C.S. because they do not all live in the afore-mentioned dwelling. Tunnel Ave. No. 4 very closely rivals Tunnel Ave No. 3 in that three of the famous leaders who took part in the attack on Remy Ridge lodge within its walls. However, the rivalry between Tunnel Ave. Nos. 3 and 4 has nothing to do with the happenings which took place one fine evening in August last.

A certain esteemed member of the company was to proceed on leave after a long sojourn in Sunny France within the precincts of the camp of No. 3 already mentioned. After many false alarms as to the arrival of the leave-warrant, our friend became disinterested, and would not have gone on leave at all had not another member—rather a pugnacious sort of being—impressed upon him that it would be safer in London or some other city where there are tube railways for protection.

The company had all assembled for a night's rest when a stranger put his face in the doorway and started things going. By "things" might be meant any article that a soldier has about him. The strange face at the door soon beat a retreat with heavy losses, though not before he had done considerable damage of military value.

A revolution had been started, but the odds were against the revolutionary party, the originator deserting at a critical moment, leaving only our pugnacious friend to carry on. Even though odds were against him, he carried on the struggle till the wee small hours of a.m. During the desperate struggle the enemy carried out many methods of attack and defence. Being more or less of a sand and cement mixture, our worthy revolutionist was able to withstand the heavy projectiles hurled against him from a great distance. At first he used a portion of the P.M. staff as a parapet, but the shelling became so intense that the parapet gave way and vanished, as did the fading light. Under the cover of darkness the revolutionist shifted his position to the rear of an appendix, which had been giving its proud possessor trouble for some time. This appendix formed quite a formidable redoubt, being some six foot odd in height. The missiles continued to fall on the evacuated position for some little time, but with no result. The position taken up behind the appendix was given up, the revolutionist returning to his old position, from whence he was able to bombard with disastrous results to his enemy. Thus the struggle was again renewed till both sides had exhausted their supplies of ammunition and brutal strength as well.

Neither side could claim a decisive victory, so the conflict was to be renewed some two weeks later. On that fine moonlight night, however, the common enemy came overhead in force and promptly dispersed the local parties, who had "wind up."

Sayings of the Mulligan Kings.

You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how often you soak it.

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When is a goal not a goal?—Ask Kirkpatrick.

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Just Out (referring to observation balloon): "And what is that big thing in the sky?"

Out-since-Mons: "A canteen for airmen."

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What is all this talk about 5/- a week?

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Meeting at 2 a.m. to discuss the following:—

- 1.—Does a sock improve the flavour of the mulligan?
- 2.—Can you cut mutton chops off a fore-quarter?
- 3.—Which is the deepest dug-out around here? Who shall be the first to enter when Fritz comes over? No early doors. Is it possible to beat an aeroplane by running? Some people say "Yes."

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The two biggest mysteries of the Army: Quartermaster's salary and a cook's dinner.

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Great Fat-reducing advert.:—Stir 7 dixies of Mush over a big fire when it's 90 in the shade.

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Who was it said that the cooks should wear crossed dixies on their arm as a Divisional mark?

* * *

OH! LA! LA!!!

Where is Dixie Land?—Ask the cook who tried to fill a dixie with water when it had two holes in the bottom. No names—no pack drill.

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Some one said "Good beer is a luxury." We have an idea that he didn't get it "on tick" either.