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Editorial.

Berlin fashion notes:—The Marne pocket is no longer popular in the best circles.

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Popular tune for the Foch's Trot:—"Down the Vesle."

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This number of THE SAPPER commences the second volume. We are very happy to say that we have reached a very gratifying position as a Regimental Journal. Kicks and criticisms have been so few as to be really negligible, and compliments are continually reaching us in spite of the paper shortage.

We have not, however, got a swelled head; it's too hard to swell.

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We are especially pleased that the boys in France appreciate our work, as is evidenced by the fact that more copies of THE SAPPER go "over there" than are disposed of in the Depot; and still more are demanded. Here is a sample of the letters we receive:—

"——— and please note that in future this Battalion will require 150 copies instead of the 50 you sent us this time."

This kind of thing is encouraging—even if we are unable to give them all they want.

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The increasing acuteness of the paper shortage makes it more than ever necessary for you to make sure of your SAPPER by ordering it in advance. A six month's subscription of 3/9 will bring it, post free, to you wherever you are. The recent enactments make it illegal for papers to be sent out to newsagents on sale or return.

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Two of our illustrations this month are from pictures by Mina Whiting, the photographic artist, of Seaford.

Miss Whiting is more than a photographer—she is a true artist; she combines feeling and the right instinct about pictures with a technical knowledge that is the result of great experience, and is thus enabled to put your mind and character in the picture as well as the beautiful cut of your new tunic.

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It is important in a journal of this description that there should be a perpetual supply of good class material pouring into the office. We want new contributors all the time, and we want good stuff. We want these things in order to maintain the high place that we have already taken among Army magazines, and it's up to the boys to help us.

In another column we offer a few tips and pointers on the kind of thing we mean. Fly right at it.

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Particulars of a new competition will be announced in an early issue. We have to find something of a more exciting nature than our last one, because we had to keep that open for six months, and in the whole course of that time we only received four replies.

We also remind our readers that our weekly prizes of 5/- and 2/6 for the best two stories for the "Lights Out" column are still open every month, and we should like to see more good stories come in.

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We understand that our friend "Sinbad" has been located in a V.A.D. Home for War-worn Soldiers, somewhere in London. We have received a belated communication from France which bears all the earmarks of having been written by him before he left for these hospitable shores, and we print it with all due reserve.