

CANADIAN HOSPITAL

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Prospect and Retrospect

A NEW YEAR; a new volume; a new cover stock; a new cover design; a new and better paper for an interior enlarged to twelve pages; a lot of new type; oh yes, indeed, we have a host of new things to present to you in this first issue of Nineteen-Seventeen. But we still keep the same old price. It couldn't be much less, consistent with our dignity, and we clearly do not wish the price to be a bar to men sending away a goodly number each week. Some folks whispered that we might as well charge a penny, but we felt that if the One Cent fee, together with the liberal patronage of our advertisers will keep us financially afloat, we ought not to depart from the dear old Canadian coinage, and so the old price remains, if you please. The *Canadian Hospital News* actually took form on March 18th, 1916, and its first word was to this effect: "An idea was born a few weeks ago that a newspaper could be published by the Canadian patients and staff at the Ramsgate Hospitals. This modest little issue is that idea realised. The object of the enterprise is to afford recreative interest to an ever increasing number of patients, personnel, officers and sisters of this Canadian Hospital Centre. We are confident that this object will be attained." That prophecy has been amply fulfilled. Through all the changes in officers, personnel and patients incident to the government and growth of such a large military hospital as the Granville, this little paper has performed its mission week by week. It has afforded a means of expression to numerous patients; it has carried its load of innocent humour to men who have been perhaps a trifle "fed-up," and they have felt better because of it; it has travelled across the sea to many a Canadian home where it has been welcomed because some dear boy was being cared for at the Granville; for verily, the home folk love to get anything which will let them into the secret of the daily round of camp or hospital life. So much for the past; it's dead; let's bury it if we can. Our paper has grown bigger. Naturally it's ephemeral. When the bugle sounds the "cease fire," our presses will be stilled and our type pied. Till then we hope we shall all take a deep and helpful interest in our paper. Shall us? Let's.

O. C. J. W.