Kudos to...

Every now and then someone will rise up and shout, "You only print the bad news. Where's the good news?" Or another reader will say, "Why are you so darn critical? How about saying nice things (usually they say this to our critic, Bob Craft)?"

In reply, we must say that we print what we feel is the most important news, be it good or bad. Sometimes we wonder if the reason so many people think there is only bad news is because they only read the bad news.

Well, anyway, there have been quite a few things of late which deserve credit. They deserve credit because they are examples of how women and men can help woman-kind. Our hats off to:

Alston Wilkes Society and Volunteer Services

The Office of Volunteer Services, one of the more active offices on campus, is now collecting old clothes for new paroles from correctional institutions.

The office is working with Alston Wilkes Society on the project.

The Wilkes Society is a non-profit organization which helps rehabilitate men and women who have served a part of their lives within prisons.

Donations are still needed. The clothes can be taken to room 210 in the Pendleton Building. Or you can call 777-3171 for information. Do it.

The watermark

I got them dedication blues

By BOB CRAFT

Features Editor

They dedicated the Richland County General Hospital yesterday and I was there.

I knew that perhaps there was going to be a bit of rough going involved with the whole thing when I went out to try to start my car. It took me fifteen minutes to get the little German germ to kick over.

I had an invitation to the thing that had been sent to me in the mail and as I was tooing along, I suddenly remembered I had no idea where the bloody hospital was.

So doing any what red-blooded American boy has unflagging confidence in the media would do, I stopped in Five Points at Eckerd's to buy a newspaper. I deposited my 25 cents, pulled out a Sunday State. There was a twenty-second section on the new hospital. Unfortunately. The State did not mention in the entire section what the address of the hospital was. The closest they came was saying "High on a hill dominating the city's northeast skyline..."

Well, that narrowed it down pretty good, but... So I went into Eckerd's and asked the girl at the checkout if there was a new hospital and she said "Well, it's, uh, you know, I really don't know where. Jim, do you know where the new hospital is?" she asked the guy who was trying to look at the box of somebody's Caroline's.

Jim looked up from the notebook, "It's out that way somewhere," he said pointing in the general direction of north. The checker, whom I can only identify by his collar whose photographs Jim was looking for said "Go straight out Harden Street out to Zayre's you can't miss it."

I went out Harden Street and there as promised, dominating the northeastern skyline of the city, was Richland County Memorial Hospital.

There were about 200 people sitting down under the new hospital with a group of people giving a long introduction to Gov. John West who, in turn, gave a long introduction to Dr. Perkins the Duke Endowment who ramblled on about the hospital.

I sat down in one of the many empty folding chairs and started to take notes. My Parker pen which had never given me a moment's trouble since I received it three years ago was now being cleaned through three wash cycles and a rinse, decided that it wouldn't write anymore.

Not letting that deter me, I picked up my hands-off Ponsett for all seasons and thought I'd shoot some pictures. Wrong again. I found that meter had taken off on vacation with the pen.

About this time, the sky, which had remained grey and dreary, decided that it would drop its load. It developed into a nice spring downpour.

The T.V. people covered their cameras, the people who were listening to the speaker broke and ran, leaving the Governor and the other Notable Personages to suffer along.

Finally, someone led this little old man named Bagnal up to the microphone who whispered some ridicule at the dedication that decorated the hospital. There was a nice touch of paganism about the whole thing.

After the voodoo of the day, there was something called the Tour Of The New Facility. Tours of new hospitals have, in our society, taken the place of hangings as a sure crowd getter.

People will come through rain, hail and high water to see a new hospital. I suppose it has to do with the rather morbid curiosity that we all carry with us. A new hospital is much more socially acceptable than, say, spending an afternoon at a mental institution because there's always the chance, however slight, that one may emerge from a hospital living and breathing.

With clenched teeth and a prayer at my lips, I took The Tour. I suppose you can find my reasons for the tour among the various passages amazed at all of the many pieces of equipment that the New Facility has to keep the human body alive. And this was just the kitchen.

I trudged along with the predominantly elderly crowd who obligingly went through the new developments in oxygen tents. I had various encounters with the Volunteers who had been stationed to keep the rubes in line. I dodged a lot of rambunctious urbanites who ran through the doors to room playing with the flush toilets and getting fingerprints all over their hands on the massive stainless steel equipment.

The New Facility is big. One little Scarlet O'Freak in blue jeans and a southern accent that would make a sugarcaddy weep "Lawdy Mercy I'm glad I don't work here. I just die!" And it's true.

If your doctor takes a wrong turn you could easily succumb before he gets to you.

All in all, the dedication of the Richland County Memorial Hospital was THE place to be after church yesterday. And a good time was had by all.