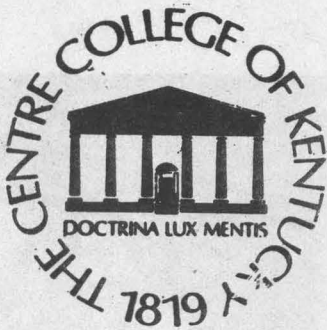


Centre Cento

CENTRE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY
DANVILLE, KENTUCKY



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Centre and Danville should integrate fully

With the hint of litigation in the air, the ugly question of racial segregation is once more up for exposure. After lying fallow for more than six months, Danville, an all (?) American city, is going to be subjected to a great deal of soul searching, when Ollie Taylor renews his suit against the barbers.

Actually Danville is like many small Southern towns adjusting to changing times and changing attitudes. Certainly the Danville of today is more tolerant than the Danville of twenty years ago or even ten years ago. Yet even in 1971, we find latent and not so latent segregation still strongly entrenched.

The barbershops themselves, while certainly not the most important source of segregation, are among the most flagrant. They can, however, hide behind a legal loophole which exempts them from the definition of a "public place."

Just what constitutes a "public place" is somewhat unclear under the Kentucky Civil Rights Act, but in our humble opinion, if a barbershop is not a public place then neither is a supermarket or a used car lot or a bakery.

Last year over 120 Centre students picketed six barbershops to protest racial segregation. Perhaps some of this activity can be attributed to the general restlessness and discontent of students across the country in the wake of the Cambodian invasion and the Kent State tragedy.

Their efforts were not in vain, however, as three barbershops succumbed to the pressure of picketing and boycotts. The Cento was among the first to act by refusing to accept advertisements from the barbershops, a policy it still holds today.

Yet only the surface of the whole ugly question has been scratched. What lies underneath is the more insidious because of its inaccessibility to change. Underneath the outward signs of segregation are the hardened racial prejudices held by so many people, both white and black.

Ollie Taylor's campaign against the barbershops is a beginning - but only a beginning. Racial prejudice will not collapse because the barbershops begrudgingly integrate. Still we commend Ollie for taking action - in a firm, positive sense - rather than simply complaining about the situation.

Obviously, we on this campus cannot self-righteously point accusing fingers at Danville, when we refuse to fully integrate. Admittedly, we have taken some initial, hesitant steps in rectifying the situation. But the blacks on campus are more than justified in calling for bolder, faster action on the part of the administration and student body.

Perhaps Centre should set an example for Danville and show the citizens of the community that the bonds of segregation can be broken, that integration is possible. Certainly charges of racism are charges that a progressive school such as Centre should never be accused of.

Letters should express opinions as well as state gripes

In the past, most of the letters submitted "to the editor" have been in the form of gripes concerning previous publications. We feel that more correspondence should be coming in and that this correspondence should be varied.

Gripes are beneficial to those against whom they are presented. However, letters of accommodation could also be helpful in letting the writers know just how they are being read, and more importantly, if they are being read.

Equally important, observations could be brought into focus. Let other students know how you view events, needs for changes, certain courses, the social program available, etc. In this way, students would be getting more feedback. They would be getting new ideas to build on, explore, elaborate, and finally become a means by which action can be initiated if it is needed.

Bill Claxon's letter, which appeared in the Cento last week, was a step in the right direction. He noticed the lack of school spirit during our basketball games, and hypothesized a correlation between support from the stands and the end results on the court. His observation was one that many fans share, but few express for the printed page. He was putting in a plea for the players, and, at the same time,

he was telling the observers to get involved and to stay with the team in both its good, and its not-so-good, moments.

A letter can also be one of praise for an action which has occurred either locally or nationally. We, as fellow students, want to know how you are relating to the world around you. Tell us what pleases you, and what displeases you.

Then, too, a letter can be a demand for help in getting an idea off the ground. It takes the statement and clarification of an idea before the idea can be built on and realized.

Your letter does not have to be flowing with high-sounding phrases and witty remarks. Its main function is to represent your view - as clearly and as simply as you can express it. This is your opportunity to speak your mind. We only ask that the letter be signed.

As a campus newspaper trying to represent the student body as much as possible, we welcome and need student opinions. It is only through student support that we can compose a school newspaper that reflects the campus. The paper becomes a sounding board only when you, the students, write to us, allowing us to share your thoughts with others.



Our man Hoppe

Private Drab's private war

"Saigon - the U.S. Command has ordered American forces to search out marijuana fields in South Vietnam and turn them over to South Vietnamese troops for burning. The idea is to cut down the growing use of pot by GIs."

- News Item

Baker Company squatted on a hillside staring morosely at the smoke wafting gently from the fields below toward the far end of the valley.

"Congratulations, men," said Captain Buck Ace, holstering his pearl-handled .45. "This has been one of the most successful search-and-destroy missions in regimental annals. Another five acres wiped out to the last plant."

None of the men stirred. They simply

squatted there, silent, motionless, shoulders slumped, staring.

"What's the matter with you men?" said the Captain irritably. "You ought to be waving your helmets and cheering. You there, Drab, speak up."

"It just don't seem fair, sir," said Private Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, gloomily. "I wish it was rice."

"Rice? What are you talking about, Drab?"

"Well, sir, I can see how come we destroy their rice fields. Some of it, they grow for the enemy. But that stuff down there, they grow it for us."

Captain Ace smiled and put his hand on Private Drab's shoulder. "Look, son," he said, "that's marijuana down there. It's bad for you. It makes you euphoric. That means it blurs your mind so you don't recognize the seriousness of the problems

you face."

Drab nodded solemnly. "Yes, sir, it sure is a comfort and a blessing."

The Captain frowned. "Look, soldier, anything that impairs the efficiency of the American fighting man has got to be destroyed." He relented a bit. "Come on, men, let's move out. Maybe when we get back to base, we can find ourselves a couple of beers apiece."

"And destroy them, sir?" asked Private Drab worriedly.

Captain Ace laughed. "Nobody's got anything against a soldier having a couple of beers after a hard day's work. Maybe even getting a little drunk. That's a soldier's life, eh, men?"

"Yes, sir," agreed Private Drab. "But I still don't see the difference between beer and pot."

The Captain's patience snapped. "Damn

it, I'll tell you in four words, Drab. Three days hard labor. Now move out."

Private Drab sighed. "Yes, sir. But could we maybe circle around the far end of the valley?"

"Now where in hell will that get us?"

"Downwind, sir," said Private Drab brightly.

Later, as they slogged along, Private Drab said to his friend Corporal Bart, "Big deal, destroying that pot. It's just going to drive the price up."

"Every time I look around this lousy country," said Corporal Bart, "I'm destroying all I can."

"You are? Honest?"

"Yep," said Corporal Bart, spitting thoughtfully. "One joint at a time."