



By MARK QUEEN

A DAPPER GENTLEMAN of 44, resplendent in a checkered sport coat that shouted defiance at the vagaries of a checkered life, blew into town the other evening and immediately announced he had high hopes of becoming the next middleweight boxing champion of the world.

Coming from anyone but Sugar Ray Robinson, possibly the most accomplished practitioner of the pugilistic art in all the annals of sport, such an expression would have evoked snide snickers from the cynics of the press to whom it was addressed. Instead, it merely produced a respectful, if somewhat embarrassed, silence; followed by equally respectful, but suspicious, requests for elaboration.

This was an easy assignment for the Sugar Man. A cinch. He had gone through the same routine many times. And if there was heavy doubt in the air, just as there had been that first time back in 1951 when he confidently explained how he was going to take the 160-pound title away from ferocious Jake LaMotta, Robinson ignored it.

(Let's see, mused the Old Scribbler, as he listened to Sugar Ray glibly recite the ritual both knew so well. After LaMotta, it was meant for Randy Turpin at the appropriate time. Then Bobo Olson, and Gene Fullmer, and Carmen Basilio. And now the fetish was being woven for Joey Giardello. . . It just didn't seem possible that old, black magic could work again.)

Wine and Roses

BACK IN THE DAYS of wine and roses, when the Sugar Man sailed off for France in the Liberte's most luxurious stateroom, he took along an entourage of 17 people. Accompanying the great gladiator on his triumphant two-month tour of The Continent were his manager, his trainer and several cornermen; his wife, some relatives and some friends; his barber, his cook, his chauffeur (and the big fuchsia convertible); his golf pro, his masseur and his valet. All were on the gravy train. And this was just the beginning!

It's different, now, of course. When Sugar Ray arrived in Las Vegas this week, he brought along only five in his party. And it's doubtful whether there would have been that many if arrangements hadn't been made for someone else to pick up the entire tab for the six of them.

We don't pretend to know how much Bill Miller has guaranteed the Sugar Man for his Monday night date with Ferd Hernandez. But we do know just about how much "business" Miller can do in the Hacienda show room, so it's safe to say that Robinson will collect con-

NAACP Eyes School Segregation in West

THE 56th ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People drew to a close last Saturday in Denver as delegates elected officers, and considered policy resolutions.

More than 2,000 delegates from 50 states and Washington, D.C., were in Denver since the previous Monday, conducting workshops on internal organization matters and areas of civil rights projects for the next 12 months.

Convention activities indicated the NAACP considerably less than he received for his last appearance in Las Vegas four short--and yet, so long--years ago.

Money to Burn

ON THAT OCCASION, Sugar Ray picked up a sizeable chunk of a gross gate of \$157,000 along with a licking from the same Gene Fullmer he had once knocked kicking in the third of his four successful bids to regain the middleweight crown. And his share of Monday night's receipts will amount to but a minute fraction of his purses from only five of his 190 bouts--with Basilio (twice), Turpin, Olson and Joey Maxim. The combined gross from that handful of engagements totaled about 3 million bucks!

Come to think of it, didn't the Sugar Man turn down a cool 500 grand for another fight with Basilio? Why we even seem to recall that Stan Irwin paid him \$12,000 weekly for a month of tap dancing right here in Vegas way back in 1953 when he really didn't need the money.

(That was then. This is now. I can use every buck I can get. Sure I've got \$370,000 coming from the tax people. But I truthfully can't say it will be all mine when I get it--which may be four, six months from now. In the meantime, I've got several mouths to feed, including mine.)

Oh, well. Things are tough all over. Getting paid a grand or two for a few light-drills and a good workout isn't too hard to take. Especially when a guy can live it up for a week amid pleasant surroundings with people he loves--just like the old days.

will step up programs on voting registration in the South, school desegregation in the North and the South and employment conditions throughout the country.

National office staff members speaking at various sessions indicated that the summer months would see:

--Considerable NAACP activity on voting registration in Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina. It is hoped that some 100,000 Negroes will be registered in the three states.

--The filing of a series of cases with the federal government alleging racial discrimination in labor unions and in several major multi-plant corporations.

--Efforts this fall focused on "de facto segregation" in public schools in the North and West, including Las Vegas.

At a banquet meeting Friday night, the delegates were told "you can't relax now--the battle for freedom has just started."

Malvin R. Goode, United Nations correspondent of the American Broadcasting Co., warned that "we must not be satisfied that the Civil Rights Act has passed . . . It is only a guideline--just the start."

He listed several "impediments in our way," including "tokenism from whites . . . a few Negroes who have accomplished something as the first Negro and done nothing else . . . a rock of lethargy as some Negroes won't bother to register or vote."

In an unprecedented action, the delegates also scheduled the September meeting of the NAACP board of directors in Birmingham, Ala.

Board Chairman Stephen G. Spottswood said the board has never, in its 56-year history, met outside New York City, where the NAACP is headquartered.

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