



By Brenda McKinney

Talk

PERHAPS ONE OF the greatest man-given gifts ever to be presented in the unique manner that it is, is that of the present opportunity to receive a decent education. Too many of us young people lack proper appreciation for this precious gift of a free education and, by failing to take full advantage of the opportunity it affords, hinder accomplishment of its intent.

Too many of us tend to forget that we are tomorrow's leaders and that preparation for the on-coming task is essential. To be a better American is to understand, appreciate, and respect the country's purpose. It is to let learning be nourishment to the mind just as food is nourishment to the body. It is to love nature and, therefore, seek her understanding through past and present materials provided us.

WE, AS young people, represent over 8,000 minds in number just attending High School in Las Vegas alone, but how many of that impressive figure will complete his education and become a doctor, lawyer, nurse, scientist, engineer, or be prepared to accept offers in so many fields that is ours for the small price of a reasonable degree of interest and study.

Our activities in school are many, our libraries are adequate, and facilities are greater than they've ever been before. So what do you say young people, let's leave the playing for elementary pupils, and begin acting as young men and women seeking a goal in life. Let's make our parents proud of us rather than ashamed or embarrassed at our ignorance or indifference to training opportunities open to us in so many different fields.

LET'S GO Rancho; Come on Vegas; Hop in Western; Hurry, Basic; Let's go Clark; Get going, Valley. Let's get started boosting our activities, stimulating our interest, and let each of us search for education at its highest.

Hop aboard, everyone, for the plane won't wait. Once the barrier is broken, we'll be on our way to happiness, to a better life, to understanding, and to knowledge of the wonderful country in which we so gratefully live.

Rancho High School Senior Brenda McKinney will be a regular contributing columnist to the Las Vegas VOICE. She welcomes all news items from all the High Schools in the District--social, scholastic, etc. You may send them to her in care of The Las Vegas VOICE 958 W. Owens Ave., or call her at her home--642-7308.

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LVFD Captain Seeks
Whipple's Council Seat



Charles J. Perri, age 55, has requested a 90-day leave of absence from his position as Captain on the Las Vegas Fire Department, so that he may seek election to a seat on the Las Vegas City Commission in the forthcoming city election.

PERRI WAS born in Larchmont, New York and was educated at St. Joseph's Home in Peekskill, New York and Mamaroneck High School in New York. He served in the United States Army during World War II (1941-1945). After his discharge, he came to Burbank, California and worked at General Control Corporation. He moved with his wife and son to Las Vegas in 1949 and worked for the McNeil Construction Company on the survey crew--for the Race Track. He has been a city employee since 1951.

Perri is a member of the American Legion, Veteran's Foreign Wars and the Italian American Club. He has been very active in community affairs, serving as a member on the Board of Directors of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, who voted him the "Man of the Year" 1965-1966.

PERRI HAS been on the Catholic Youth Organization (CYO) board of Our Lady of Las Vegas. Also, he helped coach football for the Donna Kutzen Foundation at both Hyde Park and Garside Junior High Schools.

He is president of the International Fire Fighter's Association, Local #1285, a position he has held for the last four years.

He resides with his wife, Marie Louise at 1917 Embrey Avenue. They have three children, Charles 17, Anita 15, both students attend Clark High School and Dennis 8, a student at West Charleston School.

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(ALICE KEY, from page 1)

and the residents, so far, have managed to live with it, his concern for the welfare of the State on a mismatched competitors basis was somewhat unpalatable which may be the biggest understatement of eons to come.

FOR ME, I just simply hold fast and hard to the belief that it never in a million years would have happened to a white Heavyweight Champion of the World... Like Joe Louis once remarked, which may surprise many, "there are a whole lot of movie stars, a whole lot of bankers, a whole lot of socialites, millionaires, etc., but there is only ONE Heavyweight Champion of the World at one time".

One revealing bit of information came over my "former" favorite radio personality, Red McIlvaine' show, in the wake of all the opinions expressed by the popular disc jockey's listeners over the sudden cancellation of the Clay-Patterson bout (which, not so incidentally, easily could have meant a million dollars of revenue for the State) was the statement that "The Good Governor is particularly qualified to make the judgment, because he, himself, was a fairly well-trained boxer" ... So, at long last, I found out what the elected Chief of the State is qualified for--and that's something.

(HISTORY, from page 2)

heavyweight honors. He was at this time only twenty.

"FOR THE next five years, he fought fifty-six registered fights in which he lost only two, one to Choynski, and the other to Marvin Hart, later heavyweight champion. He had also won the world's light heavyweight championship from George Gardner at San Francisco, May 31, 1902.

"By 1906 he had become the leading contender for the heavyweight title but his color was making it increasingly difficult to get matches with worthwhile opponents. Among those who took refuge behind the color-line was James J. Jeffries, then the world champion. Johnson says, 'It was not the fights but the fight to get those fights that proved the hardest part of the struggle. It was my color. They told me to get a 'rep,' but how was I to get a 'rep without meeting fighters in my class? But I made them fight me. I just kept plugging along, camping on their trails, and then taking what chances I could grab, until by and by the top-notchers saw that, sooner or later, they would have to take me on. As soon as I had shown what I could do, the fight public, most of the fans anyway, took sides with me and that helped a lot.'

"FINALLY Jeffries retired and gave the title to Marvin Hart, who in 1905, had a decision over Johnson in a twenty-round bout at San Francisco. Hart, too, ducked Johnson until he lost his title to Tommy Burns, who, also avoided Johnson as if he were the plague to the great disgust of true sportsmen the world over, including Edward VII of England, who called Burns a 'Yankee Bluffer,' and did all he could to bring the two together.

"Johnson, eager for the match, made every possible concession to Burns in vain. For the next two years he pursued Burns around the world. 'I virtually had to mow my way to Burns,' he said. Finally, he caught up with him in Australia, where although Burns was taunted by the natives, he refused to fight.

"Johnson, his money gone, was worrying how to get back to America, when Lady Luck came his way in an extraordinary manner. He was at the races and while greeting some friends his bookie, taking a wave of his hand as a signal to place a bet on a horse on which Johnson had won the day before, did so. Result Johnson, after the race, received \$15,000.

"BACK IN America, he defeated Bob Fitzsimmons, former heavyweight champion, following it up with victories over the next three most prominent of his class, Kid Cutler, Sailor Burke and Jim Flynn.

"Johnson again began his pursuit of Burns, who under the great pressure of the fight fans the world over, finally agreed to meet him. But Burns' terms were the most extraordinary ever known in the history of boxing. He insisted, for instance, that his manager, McIntosh, should be referee. Of the \$35,000 purse, he demanded, also \$30,000.

"The two met at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, Australia, December 26, 1906, in a twenty-round bout. When they met in the ring, it immediately was seen that it was not to be a battle of fists, alone. Considerable ill-will had developed between the two over the years and it now exploded into a verbal battle. And this amused the spectators vastly. Burns was 'the king of sharp-tongued pugilists' while Johnson was a master at good-natured joshing. In this wordy warfare, Johnson had far the better of it and soon had most of those who favored Burns because he was white, laughing.

"FROM THE first round of the fight with fists it became clear, too, that Burns hadn't the ghost of a show. Johnson simply played with him, hitting him at will, while entertaining the crowd with jokes. Pointing to a spot on Burns' anatomy, he would say, 'Look, Tommy, I'm going to hit you right there.' And he would.

"Wishing to punish Burns and also to enjoy the laughter of the crowd, he allowed the fight to drag on. At last in the fourteenth round the police stopped the fight.

"The plucky stowaway, routabout and long-shoreman was champion at last!

"What's more, he was really and truly a world champion. Since humanity is composed of many colors and since the earlier champions as Sullivan, Corbett, and Jeffries, had refused to fight other than white men, they had, in all logic, been champion of the whites only."

(To be continued)