

This Guy Needs Help

SEEMS LIKE it would be mighty nice if some of the folks hereabouts who have been able to talk the federal government out of 50 grand for this here anti-poverty program or a million bucks for that there youth job project could dig up a dirty, old 5-spot or sawbuck, maybe, to help Chuck Harris pay the rent on his School for Combating Juvenile Delinquency and Improving the Breed of Red-Blooded Urchins with Shining Black Mugs.

Shining Black Mugs.

No, that's not the official name for the big, back room of Chuck's penny arcade and light lunch counter in the Golden West Shopping Center. Chuck, a former better-than-fair pug who has never been very far away from the fight racket during the past couple of decades or so, fondly refers to that big, back room as "my gym." But if you happened to drop in at Chuck's place, say this afternoon, you'd have to go for that "School for etc., etc., etc." tag.

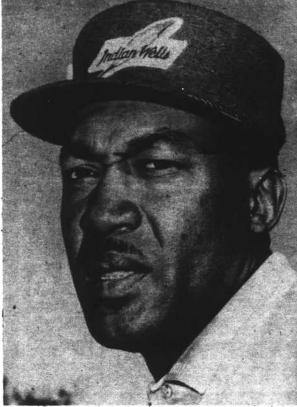
that "School for etc., etc., etc." tag.

At least, that's how it struck us the other day when we paid Chuck a social call, and that's about all he's getting paid to keep a horde of kids from about 6 to 16, from getting into some sort of mischief around town these hot afternoons.

"Come on over here and take a look," said Chuck, leading us to a door that opened into the big, back room.

Real, Stupid Question

MAN, YOU'VE got to believe it! That place was swarming with kids of all sizes and descriptions. Six or seven were in the training ring in the middle of the room, with two of them bravely flailing away at each other with boxing gloves the size of pillows. The rest must have been seconds and cornermen, and a battle royal seemed ready to break out at any moment as they urged their respective favorites to greater effort from a distance of about two feet.



ANOTHER BIG POT--Charley Sifford, well-known in local golfing circles, picked up another big pay check last weekend when Los Angeles pro collected \$3,350 for ninth-place tie in Carling 'World' Open at Sutton, Mass. "The Cigar" had rounds of 73-70-70-73 for two-over-par 286, seven shots behind winner Tony Lema, but strokes, better than most of world's greatest golfers. Charley's previous high payoff this year was \$3,050 in Canadian Open at Toronto last month.

"Hey, outta the ring," Chuck hollered at the non-combatants, who reluctantly retreated through the ropes. "Can't turn my back on em for a second but what they're bustin every rule in the Marcus o' Queensbury," Chuck confided with a sly smile.

Other kids were punching bags, jumping rope, shadow boxing, doing push-ups or just standing around, fidgeting, as they waited their turn to use some of the equipment. Just off to the side, facing each other astride a padded carpenter's horse, two of the bigger boys were straining away at weight bars.

"How come these kids aren't over at Doolittle in the pool on a day like this," we demanded in all innocence. We took Chuck's puzzled expression for misunderstanding until he changed to a look of mingled pity and shock at our absymal ignorance.

They're All Joe Louis

"THESE KIDS ain't swimmers," he informed us softly, "and they ain't checker players, either." He hesitated a brief moment, then proudly continued. "These are all Joe Louis getting ready for a rematch with the Dutchman. . . . These are the tough ones." His voice dropped still lower, until it was almost a whisper. "Besides," he said, "it costs money to get in the pool, don't it? And you got to have a suit, huh?"

His eyes swept the room swiftly.

"There's not two-bits in the whole bunch," he said with finality, yet still softly, as if wary of the poverty that hemmed him in on all sides and threatened to engulf him and his struggling enterprise. "If they had a dime or two when they got here, they've spent it already on candy or pop out front, But I've never taken a penny from any of 'em for using the gym."

This kindly man-a truly kind and gentle

man--seemed suddenly weary.

"I let 'em in here whenever they want," he said. "Like I said, these are the tough ones. They're fighters at heart, all of 'em, and I figure this is the place they belong. Joe out there," he nodded toward the front, "and Bobby, they help me give them pointers and keep things from getting out of hand. These kids get their biggest kicks out of watching oe and Bobby and the other pros work out. And Ethel Finley—she's only 15—she helps a lot, too, and sort of chaperones the little girls who come in to watch."

Well, How About It?

JOE CLARK is a former Golden Gloves champion who has had a sputtering career in the pros as a welterweight. Bobby Allen, like Joe, a good hitter but still lacking the defensive skills that could make either a top-notcher, recently dropped a 12-round decision to state lightweight champ Davey Patterson in a title bout here. Other local boys who fight on Bill Miller's weekly cards at the Hacienda also do their training at Chuck's place--Jimmy Feaster and Willie McGee among them.

Chuck Harris, a capable trainer, works their corners on occasion. They're all his "boys" even if he doesn't have a piece of them, just (See SPORTS, page 10)

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