

ST. MARTIN BOXING

NEWS

stmartinboxing.com

585-752-3621

April 5, 2024

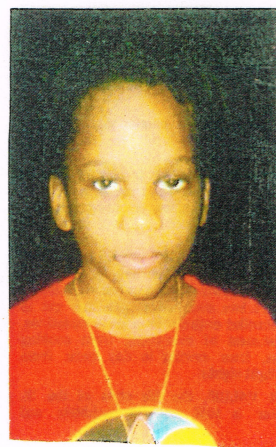
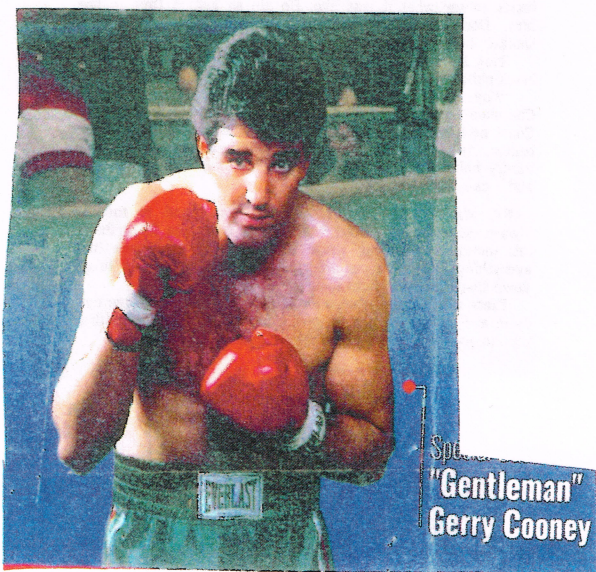
54th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE TO ROCHESTER YOUTH

We continue to have problems getting enough competition for our boxers. We've been having from about ten to seventeen kids at practice each day. Upcoming are quite a number of shows - two more Golden Glove dates, 4/13 Future Boxing here in Rochester, 5/11 Niagara Falls, 6/8 Ithaca, and 6/22 Baden Street in Rochester.

GOLDEN GLOVES: SENECA ONE: BUFFALO: St. Martin had a terrible start. 156Chris Williams injured his neck while lifting weights and had to withdraw. 165Paris Davis missed the ride and was eliminated. He was at a cousin's house and didn't tell us. With two of the club's best and experienced eliminated, SuperheavyweightCharles Hayes battled Buffalo's Chris Thompson and dropped a decision. He seemed to win the first round and the second was no better than even, but the huge Thompson had worn down Charles much. The third was all Thompson. 156Dieon Badger had no opponent and advanced. This venue is new and beautiful. The usual huge Golden Glove crowd.

BATTLE OF THE BADGES 4: JEFFERSON COMMUNITY COLLEGE: WATERTOWN. Fifteen bouts with the biggest crowd ever in Watertown. The show benefitted the police and fire dog program and included bouts of police against firemen. Only one of three St. Martin boxers got on the card. 60Brendon Davis excelled in his first bout ever. He outboxed tough onrushing Pagnette. He made Pagnette often miss and countered with jabs and right hands. A very impressive initial effort. Disappointed were Paris Davis and Java Reeves who had premade bouts fall through. Rain and wind both going and coming home..

Guest boxing celebrity was former heavyweight contender Gerry Cooney. He was very friendly with kids and gave them autographed pictures.



Brandon Davis

St. Martin has a long history. We will include an occasional bit of history in newsletters. Here's an article on our first ever show 4/30/70.

Cliff Carpenter

St. Martin's Sluggers

THE CEILING LIGHTS WENT OUT, leaving only spotlights. A small American flag flew overhead. The audience, about 98 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican, sang the Star Spangled Banner with gusto.

Then the bell rang, and beneath a sign reading "Love One Another," two demi-tasse size battlers wearing boxing gloves almost half their size, came to the center of the ring and set out earnestly to flatten each other. The audience of nearly 200 mothers and fathers, cousins and aunts, playmates and passersby, roared encouragement or doubled up laughing at the ferocious roundhouse swings that missed opponents by a foot or more.

THIS WAS LAUNCHED, the other evening, the newest adventure of the free-wheeling, do-it-yourself St. Martin de Porres neighborhood center.

And what a launching. It had style. Like Madison Square Garden. Fighters wore white or yellow robes, on the backs of which were sewn the names of such contributors as Tobin's, Solomon's Hardware, Mike's Market, Kroll's and the Colbert Kitchens. There were real fighters' stools, sneakers (some in flaming red), mouthpieces, buckets of water, and a genuine, adult, practicing light-heavy-weight prize-fighter, Jim Brown, to help with arrangements. Brown, full-time maintenance man at the center at 575 Clinton Ave. N., came up from the streets and talks the language of the streets. He is loved and respected by the 200-300 kids who pour into the center daily.

Each bout began with Brown bellowing "... in this corner wearing blue trunks, etc." and ended with tiny Mrs. Margaret Muchard, the center's director, who doesn't weight 90 pounds soaking wet, climbing into the ring and draping medals around the sweating necks of winners and losers.

I HAD NO INTENTION of naming any one fighter at the expense of the others, but the morning-after tale of 9-year-old Mark O'Neil must be told. He phoned his school principal and said, "I've got things to do and I want to be excused this morning." When the principal demanded to know why, Mark replied, "Well, I won my fight last night!" A very intuitive principal gave him the morning off, meanwhile praying it wouldn't be a precedent.

While the fighters were fighting, the mothers were making and selling refreshments in the tidy big kitchen of the one-story brick and concrete center, and the fathers were judging the bouts. This is part of the technique of total family involvement at the non-sectarian center, which celebrates its seventh birthday this month.

WHY A FIGHT NIGHT? ... it's a fair question to put to Mrs. Muchard, whose unflagging drive to "do" for her fellow mortals led to the creation of the center.

"Because here they can be taught to win graciously, and to lose courageously and fairly ... and in losing they can be taught that their lives are a succession of struggles, and another one will come along next month ... so if they don't win this time, another time is coming."

Mrs. Muchard is one of but three paid executives of this center, an astonishing adventure in mutual help in a section which is indeed tragically rundown. Operating on the simple philosophy that people can't love each other until they get to know each other, and bankrolled entirely by private donations, she has inspired establishment of everything from cooking classes to a drum corps, from sewing to day care, from counseling to ... well, to fight nights.

THE FEELING, THE VALUE, the life style of the St. Martin de Porres Center is told best in incidents and anecdotes.



TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM: We've transported youth to practices and out of town shows for many years. Underprivileged kids need this transportation to participate. We are again facing the reality that our old faithful van is aging badly and needs replacing. Far over a hundred thousand hard city miles. It's had to be towed several times recently and repair costs are mounting. Due to the van's condition we have to seek private car transportation to out of town shows. This limits the number of kids traveling. Any suggestions are appreciated.

The cab driver who took me there decided to follow me inside to see what it was like. He did so just in time to see Mrs. Donald (Nance) Simkin, a volunteer worker and a Quaker, bend over to kiss two children.

"Now I like that," said the cab driver to her. "You kissed a black child and a white child."

"Why not?" said the slender, trim Mrs. Simkin. "I'm a Cherokee Indian." She is, this warm-hearted wife of a Family Court probation officer who also spends his spare time at the center. And she added: "When the children hear it they can hardly believe it and then they love it. They call me redfoot and I call them blackfoot."

ST. MARTIN DE PORES, living from hand to mouth, always desperately in need of volunteers, is having its birthday this month and moving ahead with supreme confidence that everything will come out all right. We urge everybody to go down there the next fight night, or anytime.

There it is to see, what a lot of effort and a lot of love can do in a very bad section of town. You might come out with a lump in your throat and joy in your heart.