

OWEN MORAN WINS

*English Champion Beats Ad Wolgast
at National A. C. In Fast Bout.*

Owen Moran champion featherweight of England demonstrated his superiority over Ad Wolgast of Milwaukee in a fast six-round bout at the first professional fistic entertainment of the newly organized National A. C. of America, East Twenty-Fourth Street, last night. Wolgast came here well recommended and with a long record. While he is far from being in the front ranks, he showed that he is an ambitious youngster who will bear watching in the future. He lacks the skill of Moran and Abe Attell, but he possesses a stiff punch, and had the champion guessing during several stages of the scrap.

Wolgast, confident and smiling, assumed a crouching attitude and covered himself so peculiarly as to make him appear awkward. He rushes head for most and abruptly came up with either the left or right and landed on the face and jaw. In the second he mixed it viciously, and Moran was bewildered, and in the third round after the Briton had beat a tattoo of heavy left jabs to the face, Wolgast turned Moran completely around with a wicked left swung to the jaw. Moran had his opponent in distress in the fourth round from body blows. The fifth was a lively session, both playing for the body. In the final round Wolgast was very tired and scarcely landed an effective blow. The Englishman brought him to his knees with a jolt to the chin, and Wolgast was groggy at the finish.

Tuesday, April 7, 1908
New York Times
New York, NY

YOUNG WOLGAST MAKES GOOD AGAINST BRITISHER MORAN

**Milwaukee Fighters Gives Englishman
the Surprise of His Life—
Outweighed by Ten Pounds**

By Brownie

Young Wolgast has made good.

Outweighed by almost ten pounds in weight and leave of experience, Mulkern's youngster last night in New York gave Owen Moran the surprise of his life and while most of the reports from the east say that Moran would have been entitled in the decision had there been one given,

yet taking all things into consideration it is safe to say that the little fellow made good.

According to Mulkern the decision should have been a draw, Mulkern claiming the first three rounds for Wolgast while the fourth was even and the fifth and sixth he gave to Moran.

Outweighed as he was and over such a short route Wolgast did well to hold his own against a man of Moran's reputation and according to reports the only things which the Englishman was able to inflict was a few kidney blows. Never once did he have the little German in distress and if anything, Wolgast was the stronger at the finish.

Moran Fights Foul

To the discredit of the winner, he waged a foul warfare. He hit low a half dozen times, ripped his elbows into Wolgast's face when ever the opportunity presented itself and twice wrestled his man to the floor. For all of which he was just hissed.

Wolgast had what appeared to be ten pounds the worst of the weights. He was in no way awed by greatness as impersonated by Moran, but pumped to the center of the ring at the opening gong and let loose a vicious left for the head.

Then he relied within himself, head down and body well guarded by gloves and elbows Moran waited for him to emerge. He didn't come forth and Owen ventured an uppercut. Then the storm broke and the surprised Englishman found himself the center of more flying fists than came an ordinary man's way in a lifetime.

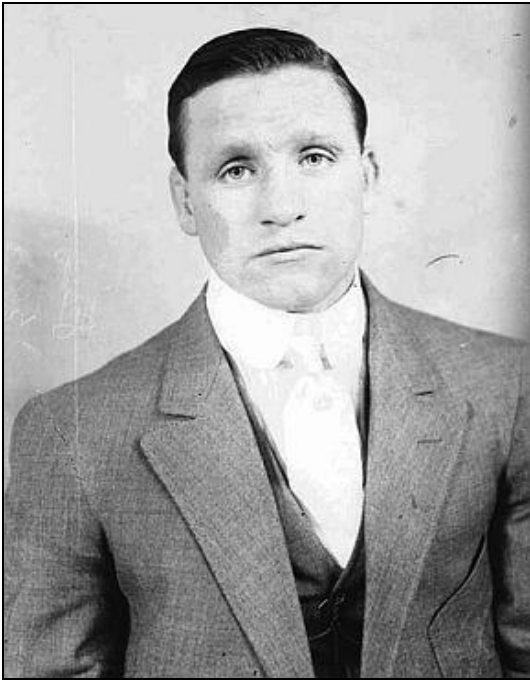
Punches Worry Britisher

For two rounds Wolgast more than held his own. His punches especially the body variety worried Moran more than a little and he whipped a couple of overhand blows from his funny crouch that shock Owen to the foundation.

Then the Englishman began to get angry. At the same time he found his bearings and began a series of drives for the exposed parts of Wolgast's body giving the youngster a reverse drubbing about the kidneys. But try as he would Moran never lifted the little fellow from his pins nor did he draw a trace of claret.

And right on to the last moment Wolgast had a chance because he had the punch. All he needed was to have landed flush with one of his haymakers to turn the tide very much in his favor.

Wednesday, April 8, 1908
The Milwaukee Journal
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Owen Moran
Chicago Daily News

WELSH TO MEET AD WOLGAST

*Checks of \$1,000 Posted to Bind Match
Providing Neither is Beaten in Coming Bouts*

San Francisco, Cal., June 21—Freddie Welsh, the English Lightweight, is so confident of victory over Matty Baldwin when they meet here Friday night that he has agreed to fight Champion Wolgast for \$10,000 a side before the club offering the best inducements. Welsh's defy was accepted yesterday by Tom Jones, Wolgast's manager, and certified checks of \$1,000 were posted today to bind the match. Should Welsh or Wolgast meet defeat in their coming battles with Baldwin and Moran respectively the proposed match will be canceled. Wolgast has been conditioning himself in Southern California for his fight with Owen Moran on July 4.

Thursday, June 22, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois



Owen Moran
Chicago Daily News

WOLGAST AWAITS ATTACK ON TITLE

*Champion and Owen Moran Reported in
Condition for Tuesday's Bout*

AMERICAN THE FAVORITE

San Francisco, Cal., July 1—[Special]—Practically all the training of Wolgast and Moran has been completed for their fight for the lightweight championship on the Fourth of July.

Both men are in the pink of condition and each is confident of winning. The Public estimate of the champion's chances is shown by the betting, which is 10 to 6, that Wolgast will win. The lack of Moran money indicates that the odds probably will be 2 to 1 on the day of the fight. The sports estimate that Wolgast is too strong for Moran and on his physical superiority they are willing to stake their money. Moran may be a fancier boxer than Wolgast, but all admit he will trouble in avoiding Wolgast's punishing blows.

Burns Fight Shows Class

The champion showed so much class in his last fight here with Frankie Burns that he gained many friends. He has improved in his boxing and he revealed a fine ring generalship and confidence that nothing could shake. His friends predict he will stand up to Moran and swap

blows if the little Englishman desires to mix things at short range. Moran is sore over Wolgast's remarks that he will prove easy game. Moran said today:

"I'm going to win the best way I can. That talk the other guy is giving is plain bluff, and he knows it. He isn't on the square with his stuff. When I get him in the ring I'll make him dance around, and he'll go some. He's altogether too fresh, and I am going to take some of it out of him."

Wolgast has been careful of his hands in training, but he says they are now in fine condition, as well as the injured arm which bothered him at Easter.

The crowd at this open fight promises to be the largest seen here in years.

Both Men Below Weight

Moran and Wolgast are well below the weight requirement of 133 pounds. Tom Jones, Wolgast's manager, having already bet \$2,000 against \$1,400 with Charles Harvey, Moran's manager announces that he has \$10,000 additional which he will place on Wolgast when the price suits.

A little silken British flag made especially for the coming contest by the challenger's wife in Sheffield, England will be worn by Moran.

It was reported today that the house would be sold out before morning.

Wolgast's manager today sold his moving pictures rights to the promoters and manager Charles Harvey.

Saturday, July 1, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois

'AD KNOWS I CAN LICK HIM'—OWEN MORAN

Britisher Thinks Champion is Talking Simply to Keep Up His Courage

W. W. Naughton

Owen Moran exploded yesterday—that is, verbally. The little Englishman had become irritated over the way Ad Wolgast had sized him up and tossed him aside, as it were, and he made up his mind to give Wolgast a Roland for an Oliver.

"Wolgast, I suppose, thinks that because he is champion he is privileged to say a whole lot of things and he has enjoyed the privilege to the fullest extent," said Moran. "Down in his heart Ad knows that I can lick him and I think that half of the time he is simply talking to keep up his

courage. The only thing is he talks too much and makes himself ridiculous."

"Wolgast doesn't forget our last meeting in New York, I'm sure. He would not stand up and fight for even a fraction of a round and Charlie White, who refereed the go, kept twitting him for being lacking in sand. Ask anyone who was at the ringside how many times White urged him to quit running away and stop covering up."

Moran Won't Cover Up

"Yes," chimed in Manager Charley Harvey, "and I firmly believe he will take to covering up again Tuesday. He stands up bravely enough when he is fighting dubs, but mark my words he will wrap his arms around his head when he faces Moran. I hope to goodness I am wrong in my surmise. If I am I will be the first to admit that I misjudged the champion."

Then Moran took up the argument again.

"So as to place myself squarely on record I want to say right now that I won't cover up," said Owen. "I'll fight him any way he wants and I sincerely hope that he will decide to stand toe-to-toe and give smash for smash. I feel that I'm going to beat Wolgast and I'm going to do it by outgeneraling him. Wolgast says that I've only one punch—the one I deliver with my right—but he will find as the fight goes on that I have two right hands."

"Wolgast has been comparing his record and mine and of course he has given himself the best of it. Why, I have fought men that this so-called champion has run away from. I went against big Packey McFarland and it is common talk in New York that Wolgast could not be dragged into a ring with McFarland on any pretense whatever. Then take this 'Knockout' Brown. I offered him a thousand dollars to meet me in any kind of a boxing match and he refused."

Good Luck in Training

"Everyone knows that 'Knockout' Brown has chased Wolgast all over the country with the expectation of arranging another match in New York and that Wolgast has kept out of his way. Now, I think I have paid Wolgast back for the way he has tried to belittle me and the little more I have to say is that I'm stronger and cleverer than Wolgast and can hit harder. That is what makes me think that I'm going to take his championship away from him."

Speaking of his training, Moran said that he never worked so faithfully of any previous period of his career. In former times when doing roadwork his breathing bothered him owing to a defect in the nasal passage caused by hard blows received in fights. He finds now that he is no longer bothered in the manner described and as a result he puts more vim into his roadwork and derives more benefit from it. He has had the best of luck during his training spell and according to

the way Owen puts it, he could not possibly be in better condition than he is right now.

It was noticed at the recent Freddie Welsh-Matty Baldwin contest that Owen Moran on being introduced to the spectators turned and shook hands with Baldwin and left the ring without extending a similar courtesy to Welsh. This gave rise to the rumor that there is bad blood between the two Britishers. But this Moran denied.

Will Return to England

"I suppose there is the same jealousy that there is among all rival ring men, but I certainly do not feel unfriendly towards Welsh," explained Owen. "The reason I did not shake hands with him is that I did not know that he had entered the ring at the time. Later I stood up on a chair and waved my hand to him and he acknowledged the salute.

Asked if he would box Welsh in the event of winning the championship. Moran said that he would not say off hand. He supposed that there would be more demand for a match between him and an American and he would be guided by what the public wanted in this connection.

"You can say for me, though, that I'm going right back to England after I defeat Wolgast," said Moran. "I'm going to stay there six weeks and I will not fight while I'm there. I'm coming right back and I'll be ready to box whoever is regarded as the most suitable opponent for me.

Saturday, July 1, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

AD WOLGAST GREATEST LIGHTWEIGHT SINCE DAYS OF GEORGE LAVIGNE

Less than five months ago Ad Wolgast, lightweight champion of the world, came out of his "hole" on his Cadillac (Mich.) farm determined to show the fistic world whether or not he was rightfully named the "cheese champion," as a number of fight critics attempted to make their readers believe. Tom Jones, who manages the "little iron man," sent him against one of the toughest boys in the country in the person of "Knockout" Brown, and there were few of the opinion giving Wolgast a shade at the end of their six round session. At that time it was figured Wolgast the winner because of his wonderful aggressiveness and ability to outslug any lightweight in the world. On the other hand, many New York critics were unanimous in declaring Wolgast to be the real thing in the papier mache line. They could not see him even as a good preliminary boxer and

panned him unmercifully because he did not stop the boy who knocked out Tommy Murphy in forty seconds.

There was a repetition of the roast when Wolgast met Brown in a return bout for ten rounds in New York City. Critics fairly slaughtered Wolgast with their pencils in declaring Brown the winner of the fight, although the majority of them did say that Wolgast finished like a house afire. Yet a few of them never made mention of the fact that Brown did nothing but clinch and hug from the fifth round to the end, with the Cadillac plowboy doing terrible execution inside all the time.

This bout showed conclusively that Wolgast was fast rounding to the form that entitles him to be called the real bear cat of the prize ring. He was beginning to hit his stride, the stride he lost when he was compelled to lay off six months with a broken forearm. Naturally he was out of form and needed a few fights to restore him to his normal fighting condition, and the two he had with Brown brought him back. After the Brown fight the little champion jumped West, nursing en route a torn ligament in his right forearm, but it did not deter him from jumping into the ring with George Memsic a few weeks later and beating him into submission in eight rounds.

After this Wolgast took on Anton LaGrave, touted as a second Eddie Hanlon. Wolgast finished him in a jiffy and then jumped back to New York and battered "One-Round" Hogan so badly in two rounds that the referee had to stop it. Back again to San Francisco came Wolgast, and after a vicious fight, probably the best fight staged in California since Wolgast won the title from Nelson, the plowboy put the quietus on the championship aspirations of Frankie Burns, one of the best boys they have on the coast.

Of course this champion shows Wolgast to be a "cheese" champion—something awful in the pugilistic line. Not much. Six fights in four months in which he was compelled to travel twice from coast to coast, with hardly a chance or time to train, prove him to be what? The best lightweight since the days of kid Lavigne. He is not a pretty fighter, not a Packey McFarland or Owen Moran in action, but, my, what a bear cat he is. The present crop of lightweights had better take to the woods when the kid from Cadillac heaves in sight, because this ferocious pugilist is going to establish a record as a champion that will stand for years to come. Yes, he is an awful "cheese" champion. He is only an ordinary card—yes, very ordinary, so much so that he has made a fortune for himself since he came out of the woods of Michigan to fight "Knockout" Brown less than five months ago.

In the opinion of good judges Wolgast will have the hardest battle of his career July 4.

Moran is not only a first class boxer, but he is a rugged fighter with unlimited grit, a hard punch in either hand and much experience. He knocked Nelson out in eleven rounds last fall and promptly challenged Wolgast, but the latter avoided the making of a match for several months until public opinion forced him to acknowledge the sturdy Briton.

Moran boxed six rounds with Wolgast in New York several years ago and outpointed him easily. Now Moran believes that he will be able to stow away the Cadillac boy. But he will probably learn that Wolgast is a far different proposition this time, though it is readily conceded that Moran on past performance has a royal chance to win.

Sunday, July 2, 1911
Los Angeles Sunday Times
Los Angeles, California

GREAT SCRAP ON FOR NEXT TUESDAY

**Moran and Wolgast to furnish
*Battle of Century***

**Champion Ad is Very Slight Favorite
in Betting**

**English Boy in Best Shape of His
Long Career**

San Francisco, Cal. July 1—With the Wolgast-Moran twenty-round boxing contest for the lightweight championship of the world only a few days off, the fans are beginning to smoke up to this affair with such interest that it looks as though every seat in the Eighth-Street Arena will be occupied when the great little boxers toe the mark for their bout next Tuesday afternoon.

The tickets were placed on sale Friday morning and the demand was so great that ticket sellers looked like they were training themselves before they had been handling the pasteboards an hour.

Promoter Griffin and Advisory Promoter James W. Coffroth both express satisfaction with the advance sales, and they predict that the biggest house that has attended a lightweight contest in recent years will be on hand on July 4.

Not only will there be a big bunch of local and trans-bay sports, but orders have been coming in from out of town as far as Los Angeles, which means that there will be a large number of visiting sportsmen on hand when the boxers meet for the title.

Match Important One

This match is attracting national attention and all over the United States, England, and, in fact, the whole Anglo-Saxon world the outcome will be watched with keenest interest.

Naturally so, for it will be the first time in a score of years that a Briton has made a bid for the lightweight crown. The last time an Englishman tried for the lightweight title was when Jem Carney of Birmingham, England, met Jack McAuliffe at Revere Beach, Mass. This match ended in a row and the title was clouded for years. Carney and McAuliffe battled for nearly 50 rounds, when the spectators broke into the ring and the referee had to call the affair off.

Attempts were made at the time to get the pair together again, but nothing ever came of it. Since the days of Carney, England has not produced a lightweight formidable enough to bid for the crown until Moran came on the scene.

Moran a Star

Moran's surprising victory over Battling Nelson made a meeting between himself and Wolgast inevitable and since the pair were matched the followers of the glove game have talked of little else than the relative merits of the pair.

There is no questioning Moran's ability. At the present he must be held at the topmost of all the British lightweights—for that matter, the best lightweight the British Isles have developed in years.

Followers of the boxing game are in a quandary to select a winner. Against any other lightweight now before the public, barring probably Freddie Welsh, Wolgast would be a prohibitive favorite, but the bugs are chary in selecting him as a probable winner over Moran.

Wolgast is, of course, a 10 to 7 favorite, but if he was booked to meet any other lightweight outside of the Birmingham boy, the chances are he would be a 10 to 4 favorite, and this does not exclude the great Freddie Welsh.

Each lad has practically concluded his training. Wolgast went through a brisk workout Friday afternoon. He boxed Hogan, Dougherty, and another boy three rounds each. He laid off today and will do nothing Sunday.

The "Wildcat" will wind up his training at the seal Rock House Monday with another busy affair with the gloves.

Moran has about completed his training work. Sunday he will wind up his boxing work and he promises to give the fans a good last look at him before he toes the mark with the great Wolgast.

Little to Choose From

So far as the condition of the men is concerned, there is little to choose between them. This time Moran will be in the best condition since he entered the ring. As a general rule he is

not a strict trainer, but he realizes that he must be at his very best if he expects to do anything with Wolgast.

Wolgast is in splendid fettle himself. The little "Wildcat" has worked like a demon since coming here and he looks ready to put up the best battle of his career.

Physically there is very little difference between the rivals. Moran is reputed a hard hitter, but on the other hand the experts believe that Wolgast has more stamina at his command. So far as speed is concerned there is speedier of feet. Owen is a truer hitter than the American, but the latter is hitting so often that he discounts an accurate boxer and sets him off his stride.

Local fans have seen each man in action several times, and the merits of each man has been so great that every one is "leery" of trying to become a prophet in the instance of Moran or Wolgast next Tuesday.

When Moran is right he is conceded to be one of the greatest ringman in the world. He is right this time and he should give Wolgast the time of his career.

Battle of the Century

Anyway one looks at the coming contest, he must consider it the real battle of the century. Neither man has had any trouble about weight making and each should carry every ounce of his energy into the ring with him next Tuesday afternoon.

Wolgast's great merit is his astounding snap and vim. He's is untiring as a rubber ball. Moran's wonderful knowledge of boxing, his hitting power and his great defense are his strong points.

Many fans think that Moran will tire in twenty rounds. Twenty rounds is so very great distance for an experienced ringman like the Britisher. He's been over that route many times and except in his bout with Tommy Murphy he did not slacken his pace toward the end. And Moran was not in shape for the Murphy bout. While he decision in that contest went to Murphy, four-fifths of the spectators agreed that Moran was the actual winner.

On general points Moran looks to have just as good a chance to win as Wolgast, and no one need be the least bit surprised if Moran becomes the world's lightweight champion July 4.

Moran has a chance to win the decision and also a chance to score a knockout. It does not look as though Wolgast can score a knockout over Moran and, to be frank, he does not look to have anything better than an even money chance to get the decision.

Moran is Hot

Owen Moran uncorked the vials of his wrath against Champion Wolgast this afternoon.

The little Englishman, while he has displayed plenty of confidence all along has been decidedly reserved in his comment on his opponent for pugilistic honors. But of late Wolgast has been more talkative than usual. He hasn't been contented to point out that he would win, but the other day the Michigan lightweight intimated that he held Moran very cheaply and that he had changed his opinion as to the worth of the Briton.

And that is what has aroused Moran to a high pitch of indignation. A simple question of what sort of a battle he had mapped out started the flood tide and when he had finished there was no question as to Moran's personal opinion of one Adolph Wolgast.

"I'm going to win the best way I can. That talk the other guy is giving is plain bluff, and he knows it. He isn't on the square with his stuff. When I get him in the ring I'll make him dance around and he'll go some. I haven't said much about Wolgast in the past, but this much is coming to him. He's altogether too fresh, and I am going to take some of it out of him."

All of which is decidedly refreshing and shows the way the wind blows.

Sunday, July 2, 1911
Los Angeles Sunday Times
Los Angeles, California

WELCH TALKS OVER RULES WITH HARVEY

*Referee and Manager Have a Thorough
Understanding on Rules for Fight*

San Francisco, Cal., July 2—Jack Welch, who is to referee the twenty-round contest on Tuesday between Ad Wolgast and Owen Moran, was a visitor at the camp of the Britisher at San Rafael yesterday. Welch's visit was for the purpose of talking over the rules to be enforced on the Fourth of July and the local referee found his talk with Charlie Harvey, manager of Moran, a much more protracted affair than is usual when the referee goes through the formality of discussing the rules with a boxer.

Harvey has seen Wolgast box on several occasions and he is of the opinion that the champion has been getting away with what Moran's manager calls "rough stuff."

He explained to Welch that Wolgast had a way of holding his opponent's left hand under his right arm and hammering the other fellow with his left, which Harvey construes to be "holding and hitting" and contrary to the rules. He also said that Wolgast used his forearm and

elbows in such a way as to damage his opponent, and also that he had a trick of rushing the other boxer across the ring with his head down and doubling him over the ropes. This particular point Harvey said was raised by him because he had seen Wolgast do it in his fights with Knockout Brown in New York.

Welch listened to all the things Harvey brought up and appeared to understand thoroughly what Harvey wished to have cut out of the action on Tuesday. He said that it was difficult to distinguish between hard fair fighting and fighting that introduced questionable tactics, but said that he always looked out that the men did not commit fouls, and he promised Harvey that he would watch closely and take care that nothing illegitimate was done by either boxer.

Harvey said he only wanted to have fouls called when the men maliciously and intentionally did something contrary to the Queensberry code and the breach of the rules resulted in patent injury to the one who was the victim.

Twenty minutes were consumed by the conversation, and at the end the referee and the manager appeared to be well satisfied that they understood each other.

It was decided last evening that moving pictures of the fight will be taken. The camera men will visit the training camps today or tomorrow and get pictures of the lads in training. Although nothing definite was arranged yesterday, it is probable that Wolgast will sell his rights in the pictures to Coffroth and Moran.

Sunday, July 2, 1911
The San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

FIRST BRITISH-AMERICAN LIGHTWEIGHT BATTLE FOR TITLE IN THIRTY YEARS

*Last Occasion was in Early Eighties When
Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carney Met at
Revere Beach, Boston*

By W.W. Naughton

San Francisco, Cal., July 2—The international aspect of the Ad Wolgast-Owen Moran contest on July 4th seems to have been overlooked, yet it is a fact that if Moran wins Uncle Sam will be compelled to yield to John Bull an emblem of fistic supremacy that this country has defended successfully against all challengers during very many years.

It isn't the first time this fellow Moran has been caught poaching on our pugilistic preserves either. He fought Abe Attell to a dead heat for the featherweight title, a circumstance which inspired Bud Fisher, creator of Mutt and Jeff, to rattle off a cartoon of old J. Bull, chuckling in a self-satisfied way and murmuring to himself, "Bli' me, Oi've got 'arf a champion, any'ow."

Although the American and British nations have clashed at various times and in various weight classes for the highest honors of the ring game, this is the first time in nearly thirty years that an American and an Englishman have stripped to box for the blue ribbons of the lightweight division. The last occasion was in the early eighties at Revere Beach, Boston, the principals being Jack McAuliffe and Jimmy Carney.

The affair "broke up in a row." McAuliffe, it claimed, was unfit physically to show the best that was in him, and his friends at the ringside became unduly demonstrative in his behalf. The ropes and posts were demolished in the excitement that prevailed, and as the lightweights never met again the question of superiority between them remained undecided.



Owen Moran
Chicago Daily News

Carney, who is still in the land, is a native of Birmingham, sometimes called "Brummagem." Moran hails from the same city, and he and Carney are intimate friends. The fact that each had Irish forbears is probably another bond between them.

Charlie Mitchell is another "Brum," and he too feels very friendly towards Moran, a fact which Owens is to be congratulated upon. Mitchell besides being levelheaded and highly intelligent has had such a world of experience in ring matters that the advice he is capable of giving should be invaluable to a rising young pugilist.

It is not surprising that Moran numbers Mitchell and Carney among his pals, for the "Brums" were always notable for their clannishness. By the same token, Birmingham seldom turns out a poor fighter. England has produced many glove artists, but none of tougher fiber or more natural fighting attributes than those developed in Birmingham.

If Moran relieves Wolgast of the championship there will be great rejoicing, of course, across the pond. There will be British as well as American challengers, but they will have to await Moran's pleasure.

He will be entitled to all the adulation and all the easy money that pertains to theatrical tours, and wherever he goes it will be conceded that there is not a flaw on his title.

If Wolgast get safely past Moran and falls a victim to Freddie Welsh it will be different. Freddie lost his Lonsdale belt, emblematic of the British lightweight championship, to Matt Wells recently, and the best Freddie can claim in the event of defeating Wolgast is that he is the lightweight champion of America. He will have to remove Wells from his path before being able to boast that he is the best man of his weight in the world.

But these things are merely possibilities. America hasn't lost the championship yet.

Sunday, July 2, 1911
The San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California



Some Impressions of Owen Moran, fighter.

February 10, 1911
The Detroit Free Press

RIVAL LIGHTWEIGHTS ARE READY FOR RING BATTLE

*Finish Training and Will Rest Until Gong
Sounds Tomorrow Afternoon*

W. W. Naughton

Perspiration glistened on Ad Wolgast's brown shoulders and dripped from his forehead at the conclusion of his afternoon's work yesterday. He put in his licks in the Seal Rock Pavilion in the presence of nearly a thousand spectators, and the crowd watched him with that peculiar interest for which such gatherings are notable.

Never an admonition to silence is required when a champion boxer is training. There may be the buzz of voices and the shuffling of feet when stars of the stage are acting or when prima donnas are singing, but in the gymnasium of a Queensberry celebrity you can hear the traditional pin drop.

Wolgast wound up his performance with a turn at the pulleys. Then "Hobo" Dougherty threw a bathrobe across the champion's shoulders and shouted "That is all." In this particular instance it meant not only the end of the day's work, but the end of Ad Wolgast's training for his Fourth of July championship with the Britisher, Owen Moran.

Wolgast was in rare fettle, and Manager Jones had to exert his authority to keep the little king-pin from overdoing things. Wolgast wanted to cut loose in a tearing glove bout with "One Round" Hogan so as to content himself with a mild set-to with "Hobo" Dougherty. Any other way Jones was afraid that his champion might injure his hands.

Ad Looks Perfectly Trained

The affair with Dougherty was simply a romp. While it was in progress Wolgast stuck out his face and invited punches. He was also careful to give ample warning before letting go his own gloves. He is not likely to do either of

these when he faces Moran. But while the go did not enlighten the watchers as to the kind of blows the champion is likely to aim at the Englishman, it afforded an opportunity of judging Wolgast's condition. He appeared to be trained to the minute and from the manager in which he hopped around it is probable that his joints and muscles are in the best of working order.

Today Wolgast will stroll a mile or two, but he will not enter the gymnasium at all. He gave out this much in the dressing room.

"How if there should be an unexpected increase of weight," the champion was asked.

"I'll tell you something which you will think strange," said Ad. "My weight increase when I work. That is because work makes me thirsty and I drink so much water. I'm 132 pounds now, and if I found myself a little over that tomorrow I would simply shorten my allowance of water. I will not have to do any further work for this particular contest."

Wolgast was asked if he had expressed an opinion to anyone as to how long the fight would last.

"I haven't, for the simple reason that I have not the slightest idea how long the contest will go. If we both tear in I don't see how it can last very long," said Ad.

Wolgast was reminded that Moran had promised to tear in if the champion would follow suit.

Backers of Moran Scarce

"Moran is talking through his hat," said Ad. "No man can tell beforehand how he is going to fight. To begin with he has to make a study of the other fellow and try and find out what he is bent on doing. However, if Moran is as willing to mix it as he makes out, the fight should not go the full distance."

It developed yesterday that there is very little Moran Money in sight and that the betting prospect is an exceedingly dull one. This is rather strange in view of the fact that many of the best judges of ring sport believe that the lightweights are very evenly matched. It would have been different no doubt if the contest had been scheduled to take place in Moran's own country, but over here there appear to be very few who are willing to wager their shekels on his chances. It was stated last night of good authority that less than five hundred dollars of Moran money had been placed up to date and that was a prospect of Wolgast being a top heavy favorite by the time the rivals enter the ring. The odds yesterday were 10 to 6.

Moran too worked in the presence of a large crowd at Shannon's yesterday. Owen intended to take things easy, but the moving picture people suspended upon him, and he was induced

to don his working togs and box in the open with Jeff Perry. After that he went into the gymnasium and continued working for the benefit of his visitors. He sparred three rounds with Willie Ritchie and three with Jeff Perry, all of the boxing ring of an earnest character.

Moran, like Wolgast, concluded his training yesterday. Today the English lightweight will simply go for a short stroll.

Monday, July 3, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

WOLGAST RESPECTS OWEN MORAN CHALLENGER FOR HIS HIGH TITLE

San Francisco, Cal., July 3—Ad Wolgast, lightweight champion of America, and Owen Moran, one of the best if not the title holder of England, will clash tomorrow afternoon in a twenty-round bout that should settle for some time to come the champion of the world.

With far less of the spectacular than was apparent at Reno on the eve of the Fourth of July when Jefferies and Johnson had finished their work, today's boxing contest is attracting attention because of its importance as a pugilistic headliner and also because the general public is assured of a hard fought bout.

Wolgast takes the Britisher more seriously, than would appear. Side remarks he has dropped lead to the belief that Wolgast realizes he faces a tough customer in Owen, and that for this reason he will be wary of giving the latter any openings that might result in a disastrous crack with the dreaded right.

There is every reason to believe both lightweights are in good condition and that the defeated man can have no legitimate excuses to make. While the betting odds may not represent the chance that Moran has of winning over the champion, Wolgast is a legitimate favorite, not because he is the champion, but on the form that he has displayed. His strength and general ability to assimilate punishment will probably be too much for Moran.

On the other hand, there is always the possibility of a punch to the jaw, which few boxers can withstand and which Wolgast admits is not to be accepted with impunity. Therein, it would appear, lies the best chance of the Britisher to win for himself fame and fortune.

Wolgast, strange to say, is growing heavier and the added two pounds is quite apparent to be an asset in punching power that is worth consideration. The champion commented upon

this at the beach today after he had gone through the motions of boxing for the benefit of the moving picture operator.

"I'm growing heavier," he declared. "This morning I weighed 132 pounds and it looks as if I will go in the ring just under 133. And that's good news to me. I have never weighed more than 130 pounds in my bouts, and it has been a decided handicap. That added weight comes because I have been drinking a lot of milk and is also due to my work in the mountains."

The champion, before he closed, let loose a piece of news about a prospective match of news about a prospective match with Packey McFarland.

"I've been offered more money for a bout with McFarland than a lightweight ever drew. I can't name the promoter, but that will come out later. McFarland has agreed to make 133 pounds four hours before the match. That only leaves an hour's difference, and if I can get the concessions that I want so far as the pictures are concerned, I may agree to that."

If he wins, Wolgast may take four or five weeks on the road with a theatrical show, but he is not keen for that sort of thing and would much prefer to keep on boxing as long as there are opponents for him.

Moran put in a quiet day at Billy Shannon's quarters in San Rafael. Down to 130 pounds the day before he didn't require any work and merely loafed around in the sun, taking things easily and joking with his sparring partners.

Tiv Kreling, who has been his chief trainer these last few days, says that what impresses him about Moran is the absolute indifference that the little Englishman shows to the bout.

Betting was brisk this afternoon at 10 to 6 that Wolgast would win, and Corbet says he does not look for any further cut in the odds. For a time there was a flood of Moran support to take up the six end, but for the most part you could get either end covered. A delegation of Los Angeles admirers of Wolgast arrived in the afternoon and added their coin to that of Jones and Wolgast to back their champion.

There was also some betting at 10 to 9 that Moran would last the limit, but on this point the wagering is anything but brisk.

Monday, July 3, 1911
Los Angeles Daily Times
Los Angeles, California

GREAT INTEREST IN TUESDAY'S FIGHT

***ODDS FAVOR WOLGAST 10 TO 7 – MORAN
TO WEAR ENGLISH FLAG IN RING***

San Francisco, Cal., July 2—The 20 round battle for the lightweight championship between Ad Wolgast of Cadillac, Mich., the title holder, and Owen Moran of Birmingham, England, which will take place at Coffroth's open-air arena in this city on the Fourth of July afternoon, is exciting more interest generally than any other pugilistic contest since Jefferies and Johnson met last year in Reno.

Moran and Wolgast are well below the weight requirement of 133 pounds.

Tom Jones, Wolgast's manager, having already bet \$2000 against \$1000 with Charlie Harvey, Moran's manager, announces that he has \$10,000 additional, which he will place on Wolgast when the price suits. At present the champion is 10 to 7 favorite, with Moran's supporter much in evidence. A little silken British flag made especially for the coming contest by the challenger's wife, in Sheffield, England, will be worn by Moran.

It was reported today that the house would be sold out before morning.

Monday, July 3, 1911
The Grand Rapids Herald
Grand Rapids, Michigan

FIGHTERS AWAIT CALL OF "TIME"

***Wolgast and Moran Equally Confident on the
Eve of Battle***

CHAMPION 10 YO 6 FAVORITE

***Neither Figure on Anything but Victory – Mill
Starts at 2:30, Pacific Time***

San Francisco, Cal., July 3—For the first time in nearly 30 years an international fight for the lightweight boxing championship of the world will be staged tomorrow when Champion Ad Wolgast of Cadillac, Mich., and Owen Moran of Birmingham, England meet in this city in a twenty-round bout.



Owen Moran (left)
Chicago Daily News

On the eve of the fight, both men are in as nearly perfect condition as it is possible for them to be according to their trainers. Both are well under the 133-pound limit and neither has suffered any loss of strength or speed in reducing to this figure.

Champion Wolgast has been made a 10 to 6 favorite over the Britton and ring experts predict that he will enter the ring at 2 to 1. Big betters are taking the Wolgast end, while Moran has a large following among the habitual short end payers,

Tom Jones, manager of the champion, has wagered heavily on his protégé.

Odds of 10 to 9 are offered that Wolgast will not score a knockout.

Both fighters are bubbling over with enthusiasm and confidence. And ringside fans are expecting a slashing battle.

What They Have to Say

Admirers of Wolgast believes that he will succeed in wearing down his clever antagonist before the 20 round route has been traveled. Moran's backers, on the other hand, argue that the Englishman's great skill at boxing will enable him to shock the wishes of the rugged champion and predict that through out the combat he will land three blows to Wolgast's one.

Each camp enjoyed a rest today, the principals engaging only in light exercise.

Wolgast posed today for the moving picture preliminaries. Afterwards, he spoke confidently of his chances on tomorrow.

"I have never felt better or stronger during my entire career as a battler," he said, "If Moran stays the twenty rounds, I will be surprised. I feel that I am not in the slightest danger of losing."

"After tomorrow," said Moran, "the lightweight belt goes back to England. Unless I am woefully unmistaken the sporting world will see a new champion. I have trained long and

faithfully for this contest, and will have no excuses to offer if I lose."

Jack Welch will referee the bout. The men will enter the ring about 2:30 pacific time.

Monday, July 3, 1911
Grand Rapids Herald
Grand Rapids, Michigan

FIGHTERS READY FOR 20 ROUND GO

*Wolgast and Moran Conclude Training for title
Bout Tomorrow*

BOYS IN FINE CONDITION

*Champion Rules 10 to 7 Favorite Over
Challenger; Both Boxers Confident*

San Francisco, Cal., July 2—Champion Ad Wolgast and Owen Moran, challenger for the lightweight title, who will meet in a twenty round fight in San Francisco July 4, each put in a long day's work today in short boxing workouts and road runs. It was the last session before the fight, as the two little fellows will rest tomorrow.

Both men are in fine condition, so both managers declare and so declare the hundreds of fans who made the pilgrimage to the beach to see Wolgast and to San Rafael to see Moran.

Wolgast pranced out on the hard beach road at 6 o'clock this morning like a young colt and galloped eight miles without the slightest sign of distress. After a short go at shadow boxing he lounged until lunchtime, renewing his work early in the afternoon.

Dougherty Given Pummeling

"Hobo" Dougherty furnished amusement for four rounds of fast pummeling. Dougherty, who is possessed of considerable "pepper" and hitting ability, was whacked about like a strawman, Wolgast keeping up a sharp tattoo on his ribs and jabbing his face.

"I didn't want to hurt him," said the champion, apologetically afterward, "but I felt so good I just had to do a little walloping."

Moran put in a slower but none the less strenuous day.

The preliminary moving pictures of the fight, the concession for which were sold after a wrangle to "Jimmy" Coffroth and Charles Harvey, Moran's manager, were taken, and for nearly two hours the little Britisher danced about posed, and punched his sparring partner in front of the camera.

F. Perry, a young San Francisco aspirant for pugilistic honors, submitted to the pummeling and like Dougherty, he was thoroughly and vigorously thumped. Moran prefaced the moving picture workout by a session of shadow boxing and a short run.

Both Managers Confident

Both managers used superlatives liberally in speaking of the conditions of their men.

“The boy is in better condition than he was when he fought Nelson,” said Tom Jones, Wolgast’s manager. “Moran has never been in such fine fighting trim in his life,” said Charles Harvey, who is looking after the Britisher fighter’s interest.

Betting on the contest is still light, with Wolgast’s backers holding out for 10 to 7 odds, with better than 2 to 1 offered.

Monday, July 3, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois



Owen Moran (left) Ad Wolgast crouching

**FIGHT FOR TITLE ON
COAST TODAY**

*Wolgast choice Over Moran on his Past
Performances*

*Champion Say Critics Should Be Returned
Victor in Twenty Round Bout at San Francisco*

By Knockout

In an arena at San Francisco this afternoon two of the greatest fighters of their weight and inches in modern pugilism will meet in battle with the title of world’s champion lightweight at stake. When Announcer Tim Jordan, large of person as well as voice steps through the ropes and announces: “Ad Wolgast, world’s champion lightweight in this corner; Owen Moran, pride of England in that corner,” an international conflict of fists will start that means everything to each boy.

For twenty rounds these two boys, rugged of physique and smart of fist, will mix it to victory,

defeat, or draw. They will weigh in this morning at 133 pounds. Both will make it easily and it would be no trouble for either to scale a couple of pounds lower were it necessary.

Sizing up the situation as it is presented today, without prejudice or personal preference for either pugilist, the only logical deduction gained is that Wolgast is the favored one; that on form he should be returned winner at the end of the twenty rounds. The betting shows this opinion is shared by those on the ground making the Michigan “Bearcat” the favorite.

Many things must be considered to justify the wisdom of this sort of wagering. This fight is the hardest in which the champion has engaged since he defeated Battling Nelson for the title. Since that time Wolgast has broken his right arm. he claims it is as good as new now. He has tried it out against worthy opponents and found it did not hinder his work, but today he meets a fighter of his own class, a recognized topnotcher. The “dope” is he should win if his right arm is a “good and new” member. If isn’t then there is bound to be a new champion at nightfall.

On the other hand, looking at it from the Moran side of the picture it can be seen that the little Englishman has the best kind of a chance to win. Right here let it be said those who are in close touch with the game won’t be terribly surprised if Moran is returned the winner.

In Moran, Wolgast will meet a boy cleverer than himself and a better boxer. The champion may be a better puncher, but Owen is no slouch at the punching game himself. Both have shown they possess the knockout clout and either fist is capable of handing out the sleeping potion.

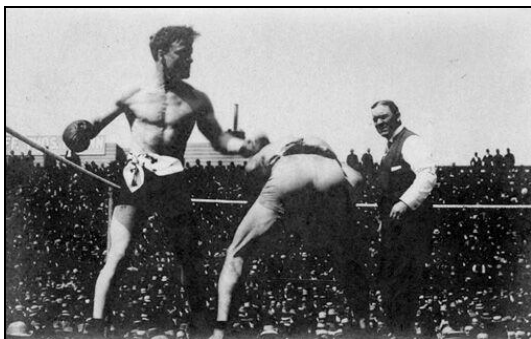
That much of the comparative stuff would give Moran the shade, but there are other points to be considered, and it is in these the champion has the edge. Strength is likely to be the paramount issue and those who have seen both boys in action give Wolgast credit for being the stronger of the two. The battle is certain to be rough road for both with plenty of punishment dealt out, and the stronger and more rugged boy is the one that has the best chance of winning.

When it comes to assimilating punishment Wolgast also must be accorded the margin. He has shown he can take an unlimited amount of beating and come back quickly on recuperative power. Moran’s ability to stand punishment isn’t well known, but that he can take a lot of it no one questions. There it’s the known against the unknown so the champion must be given the edge.

Of Course, the line of battle will be mapped out as the fight progresses, but the “dope” makes it appear that it will be the toughest and most grueling fight either ever has mixed in. Wolgast

should win, but an upset wouldn't be the most surprising thing in the world.

Tuesday, July 4, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois



Owen Moran (Left) Ad Wolgast ducking

CHAMPIONSHIP GO PROMISES LOTS OF SPIRITED MILLING

*Records Show Wolgast and Moran to be
Well-Matched Pair of Boxers*

By W. W. Naughton

Unless all signs fail the championship bout today between the swart German-American, Ad Wolgast, and the Blonde Irish—"Brum," Owen Moran will be one that will appeal to the lovers of ring sport. No matter which angle it is viewed from there is promise of spirited, purposeful, milling.

To begin with it is a tussle between a brace of ringmen who measure inch for inch and weigh pound for pound. Certain published tables make it appear that Wolgast has three-quarters of an inch on the English boy in height, but there are many who think that a more careful survey would make these figures unsubstantial.

Anyway what does three-quarters of an inch amount to? I'll be bound when Owen and Ad are in the thick of things—when their shoulders are heaving, their arms weaving and their heads bobbing—no one will notice any difference in stature. They will appear as perfectly matched as a pair of trick ponies.

As to their weight, if camp information is reliable, there won't be a difference of very much ounces. There has been no weight making in the ordinary sense for this contest. Each lad can scale 132, trained, without an effort. Each has been at this notch for many days, and each would like to round out 133 pounds by ringtime if he could do so without thickening his wind. But whether at today's official test either boy

weighs full or short, the fact remains that they are a perfectly matched pair.

Wolgast is the Younger Man

In years Wolgast has an advantage—that is if being four years the junior of his opponent is much of an advantage. Moran was born in 1884, Wolgast in 1888. Moran, who began boxing when he was sixteen, has been in the ring nearly eleven years. Wolgast, who did not begin his pugilistic career until he was eighteen, has seen about five years' service.

As ringmen both these fellows have led busy lives. Moran has answered the gong nearly one hundred times, while Wolgast, who has only been half as long at the game, has had over eighty engagements. A glance at the records will show that Ad and Owen have operated extensively in the "no decision" belt. Very many of their contests have occurred in places where only short bouts are tolerated. In other words, while each of the lightweights has boxed many times, neither of them has led as hard a ring life as Fitzsimmons by any means.

As far as can be learned there is nothing to choose in the matter of condition. The work has gone along with notable earnestness at both camps, a fact which furnishes striking proof that these little fellows have a great deal of respect for each other's fighting talents.

Other things being fairly even, it is expected that Wolgast will wear better in a grueling contest. Being so much younger than Moran, he has not trod the primrose path to the extent his rival has done, and of two athletes the one who has led the simpler life is supposed to be a safer proposition to pin one's faith to than the one who rollicked between fights.

But even if Moran has displayed a fondness for joviality at times, it must certainly be admitted that he has been extremely strict in his preparation for today's contest. Crowds of visitors have found their way across to Shannon's place from the first day Owen began training, and all the reports brought back have been of the same character, namely, that in everything Moran did there was evident a set determination to fit himself for Wolgast as he had never fitted himself before.

Moran is More Methodical

Neither of the lightweights can be called a waiting fighter. Each is all his best when tearing in at close quarters. Of the two Moran is the cleverer, or, I might say, the more methodical. Wolgast, who is undoubtedly a natural fighter, goes in extensively for uppercutting, an ungainly style of boxing, but a very effective style when connections are made. He has a trick of covering up on occasions, a scheme of defense which the public deprecates when carried to excess. In Ad's case, however, each spell of covering is

generally followed by a spasm of “Unwonted activity” so that, unlike other stonewallers, Wolgast has not come to be classed as an uninteresting boxer.

Moran, who learned the rudiments of boxing in that famous old fighting burg, Birmingham, has better ideas of the values of timing and countering than forthright young Wolgast. On to this basic knowledge of fisticuffs Owen has grafted everything that he could pick up by watching the American boxers who fought at various times in England while he was developing. He will tell you as much himself. Moran therefore combines all that is good in the fighting methods of the two nations and he uses his knowledge like the workman that he is.

Goodness help the opponent who leaves an opening when Moran is properly set and waiting for a chance to whip the right across.

With due respect to the opinions of others, the writer holds that Moran is far and away a harder puncher than Wolgast. Moran is a one-punch artist, while Wolgast, as a rule has to peck a man to pieces before putting him safely away. While the affair with Nelson might not be accepted as an instance of this—for the reason that Nelson was always a glutton for punishment—it is a fact nevertheless that the Nelson bout was a fair sample of the way Wolgast wins his battles.

Picking a Winner Not Easy

While Moran is always busy during a bout and will content himself with administering little bits of hooks and jolts where there isn't an opportunity of sending in anything more serious, he has always an eye for an advantageous opening. When it occurs he will down his man as he downed Nelson and others.

It seems to me, too, that Owen has his hitting force with him any time it is called for. I have seen him at the far end of a long drawn out fight send in a settling punch with as much power as though the contest had just begun.

From what the writer knows of both lightweights he feels like saying that here is one match in which it will not be safe to call the turn until a decision has been actually rendered. Even though Wolgast, with his puzzling ways of covering and cutting loose, may have things his own way round after round, it may not mean that Wolgast will win. If at any time, even after sending in a dozen punches on end, Wolgast leaves an opening for just one blow, seeming victory is likely to be turned into defeat.

Here is something that seems to be strongly in Wolgast's favor. In less than three months he has in signal manner disposed of George Memsic, Anton La Grave, Frankie Burns, and “One Round” Hogan. Each of the three last named was supposed to be in line for the championship, but in each case these

lightweights were above the ordinary. To topple them in such a workmanlike way is an intimation that Wolgast is improving rather than going back.

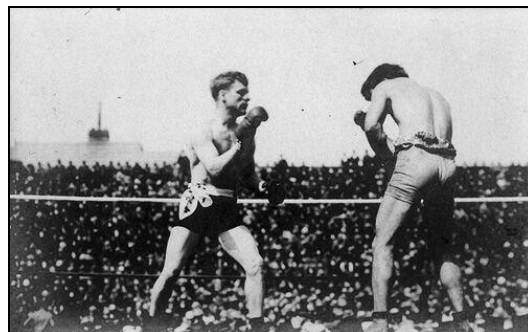
Tuesday, July 4, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

CONFIDENCE REIGNS IN WOLGAST CAMP

San Francisco, Cal., July 3—[To the sporting Editor of The Tribune]—Wolgast batter now than I have ever seen him. Weighs 130 pounds and is hard and tough as nails. Hope to beat Moran sure and decisively. Don't expect him to stay the limit. House will be not less than \$45,000. Betting 10 to 6 Wolgast; no Moran money; sure to go lower. Leave July 5 for Los Angeles, then to Chicago about 10th unless Welsh comes through. Look for him to run out. Should he not make good will rest until November unless something unusual happens. Regards from entire Wolgast camp.

Tom E. Jones, Manager Wolgast

Tuesday, July 4, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois



Owen Moran (Left) Ad Wolgast

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Tom E. Jones, Manager Wolgast

Tuesday, July 4, 1911
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois



Ad Wolgast (left) Owen Moran rushing

WOLGAST SETTLES MORAN IN THIRTEENTH ROUND

*Lightweight Champion Fighting at Terrific
Pace from Start Knocks Out Game Little
Britisher with Three Ferocious Right Hand
Uppercuts Into the Stomach*

San Francisco, Cal., Tuesday—The measured swing of “Jack” Welch’s arm tolling off the ten seconds over the writhing body of Owen Moran of England, brought victory to “Ad” Wolgast in the thirteenth round of today’s international battle for the lightweight championship. It was a clean knockout, and the decisive victory was earned by the rugged strength and punishing power of the champion.

Right uppercuts to the stomach, followed by a left hook to the jaw, forced the game little English fighter to take the count for the first time in his eleven years in the ring. Moran came up undistressed for the unlucky thirteenth round, although it was plain he was tiring. Wolgast met him with a well-timed rush and forced his way to close quarters. Moran checked him with a left jab, but was backed against the ropes in his own corner. Suddenly Wolgast whipped his right arm free from the clinch and swinging from his hip, sent his glove crashing three times to the pit of Moran’s stomach.

Moran’s face whitened and twisted with agony under the smear of crimson from his cut lips. He groped blindly to smother the smashing blows, then his knees gave under him and he slipped from Wolgast’s grasp to the brown canvas that covered the ring.

The champion whipped over a left hook to the jaw as Moran fell, but it was not needed. Moran

rolled on his side and his legs scrambled for a footing, but his mouth was open and his eyes rolled back and the shouting seconds brought no meaning to his deadened senses. It was several minutes before he regained consciousness.

As Wolgast turned to his corner, more firmly planted than ever on the lightweight throne, a grin flashed across his bleeding lips and he plucked with his gloved hands at the American flag he wore about his waist. In a second he was smothered in the throng of admirers, who surged into the ring untied the battle scarred flag and waved it over Wolgast’s head.

“Some battle for the Fourth of July,” he panted as the photographers fought through the crowd to get his picture.

Moran’s seconds entered a claim of foul, but the blows in question were plainly seen from the ringside and the protest was disallowed.

Fierce Fighting All the Way

Never for a moment during the battle did the terrific pace slacken. The American carried the fight to his opponent from the first tap of the gong, as Moran was never able to keep him at long range. It was in the clinches that the champion showed to best advantage. Moran was unable to perfect a defense against the short, ripping right uppercuts. Wolgast worked to his ribs and the ‘loop the loop’ punch, a right uppercut to the face outside his own left arm, that snapped the Britisher’s head back repeatedly and kept his mouth bleeding from the first round.

At long range Moran clearly outpointed the Michigan boy, and his clever ducking and footwork extricated him from many a tight corner. It was a battle of a clever and experience boxer against a tearing, ripping fighter, and the fighter weathered the storm with never a sign of distress. It was a rough fight from the start.

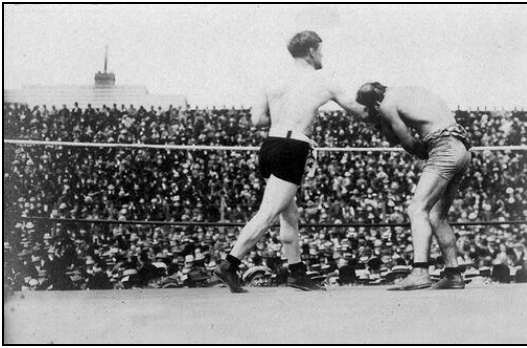
Only thirty-three seconds of the thirteenth round passed before the rally came that dimmed Moran’s hopes of becoming lightweight champion.

In his dressing room Wolgast said:

“It was easy all the way. I would have had the decision if the fight had gone to the end. Moran’s claim that I fouled him is foolish. He went down because he could not hold on any longer. I pitted him in the stomach three times, all fair, square blows, and then clipped his jaw. That’s all there was to it.”

As early as half-past one P.M. prospective bleacherites swooped down upon the ticket sellers in such numbers that police aid was invoked to maintain order and alignment. The receipts were between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

Tuesday, July 4, 1911
New York Herald
New York, NY



Owen Moran rushing Ad Wolgast

BOXERS ARE EVENLY MATCHED; FIGURES MAKE THEM EQUAL

Moran	-----	Wolgast
25	Age	22
133	Weight	133
5'3"	Height	5'4 1/2"
67"	Reach	66 1/2"
16"	Neck	15 1/2"
12 1/4"	Biceps	11 3/4"
11 1/4"	Forearm	11 1/4"
7"	Wrist	7"
38"	Chest (Norm)	36"
39 1/2"	Chest (Expand)	37 1/2"
31"	Waist	30"
20"	Thigh	19 3/4"
14"	Calf	13 1/2"
8 3/4"	Ankle	8 1/2"

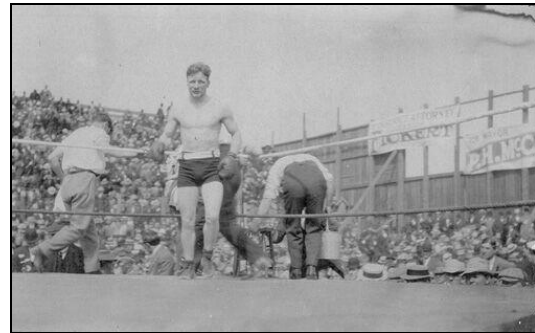
MORAN PROVES EASY SAYS AD WOLGAST

By Ad Wolgast

Moran was easy for me and I could have whipped him several rounds before I finished him up. I thought that he would be easier than Frankie Burns because he covers up less, and he was. He hit me on the point of the chin just as hard as he could and yet it didn't bother me in the least. Against Burns, I hurt my hands punching him. In this match I didn't hurt my hands at all, and I wasn't even sweating when I finished. I fought a clean fight all the way, but Moran was rough and used his elbow. That was the only way that he bothered me in the least. I advise Moran never to box more than ten rounds, unless he knows the chap he is going up against. He can't stand it. If Welsh comes through with his \$10,000 side bet, he can have a match in September; otherwise, there will be nothing doing until November as I have earned a rest.

We've got to leave at once for Los Angeles on account of business matters, but I am open to Welsh, although I think, after what he saw, he will be mighty glad to dodge the match if he can. I wasn't extended this afternoon and in spite of what some may say. Moran didn't daze or hurt me with the punches that he did land. I found that he couldn't hurt me, and so I just went along easily and took my time with him. But I guess they will not be calling me the "cheese champion" any longer.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California



Owen Moran coming out of his corner

CHAMPION UNMARKED; FELT MORAN WEAKEN

By Ad Wolgast

I haven't a mark on me. My lips bled a little when Moran opened an old cut by giving me the elbow in the face, but outside of that I have no marks of the fight.

I knew that Moran was going in the eleventh and twelfth rounds. I could tell by the nervous way he kept moving his hands around that he was just trying to defend himself, and as he didn't hurt me when he was fresh I figured I could take a chance and go in and finish it in the thirteenth.

As soon as I connected with that first punch in the stomach I could see plainly that he was badly hurt. The blows that I landed on his body afterward were hardly necessary and the left on the head was unnecessary, as I am sure that he would have gone down anyway from the body blows.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

MORAN CLAIMS FOUL; CRITICISES OPPONENT

By Owen Moran

Wolgast hit me low with his left hand and momentarily paralyzed my right leg, causing me to fall half way to the floor. There is no question but that Ad fouled me. Referee Welch paid too much attention to the fight that I was putting up and cautioned me continually, while Wolgast was really responsible for the rough fighting.

Wolgast held my arm and butted me without being warned and the only thing that I did was to bring my right arm up while we were clinched. Wolgast would not fight openly and that is one reason why I could not land effectively. He kept his arms wound about his head much of the time.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

WOLGAST KEEPS CHAMPIONSHIP

*Vanquished the British Contender in Their
Fight Yesterday at Frisco*

KNOCKED MORAN OUT IN 13TH

*Wolgast Began His Hammer Tactics from the
First and Had Best of Ten Rounds*

*Moran put up a Sturdy Defense
Until Fierce Body Punches Put
Him Down and Out*

Wolgast is still the lightweight champion of the world, that title not wrested from him by the English fighter, Owen Moran, in their 20-round bout in San Francisco Tuesday afternoon. He got a clean knockout against the Englishman in the thirteenth round, Moran being unable to arise within the count after Wolgast had given him three swift and strong body blows. The rugged strength and punishing power of the champion won him the battle. Right upper cuts to the stomach followed by a final blow on the jaw as the over-seas man began to fall decided the contest for the Cadillac boy.

Moran had stood the fight well up through the twelfth round and had been given the last two rounds. Wolgast saw that Moran was picking up in strength and tactics and determined to play his best card at once. He did it in the manner here given and the game was over.

As Wolgast turned to his corner, more firmly planted than ever on the lightweight throne, a

grin flashed across his bleeding lips and he plucked with his gloved hands at the American flag he wore about his waist. In a second he was smothered in the throng of admirers who jumped into the ring, untied the battle scarred flag and waved it over Wolgast's head.

"Some battle for the Fourth of July," he panted as the photographers fought through the crowd to get their picture.

Moran's seconds offered a claim of foul, but the blows in question were plainly seen from ringside and the protest was disallowed.

Ad After Him All the Way

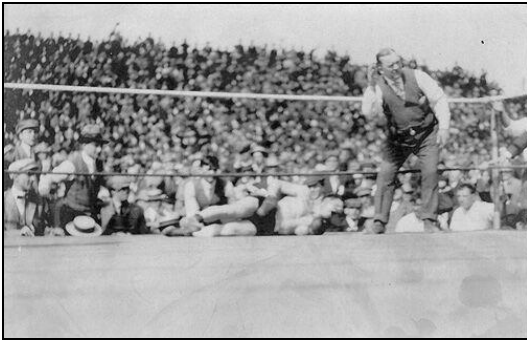
Never for a moment during the battle did the terrific pace slacken. The American carried the fight to his opponent from the first tap of the gong as Moran was never able to keep him at long range. It was in the clinching that the champion showed to best advantage. Moran was unable to perfect a defense against the short, ripping right uppercuts.

At long range Moran clearly outpointed the Michigan boy, and his clever ducking and footwork extricated him from many a tight corner. It was a battle of a clever and experienced boxer against a tearing, ripping fighter, and the fighter weathered the storm with never a sign of distress.

In the dressing room after the fight Wolgast said:

"It was easy all the way. I would have had the decision if the fight had gone to the end. Moran's claim that I fouled him is foolish. He went down because he could not hold on any longer. I pitted him in the stomach five times, all fair, square blows, and then clipped his jaw. That's all there was to it."

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
The Cadillac Evening News
Cadillac, Michigan



Owen Moran on the canvas

BODY BLOWS ARE FATAL TO BRITON

*Champion Began to Win at the Start, and
Increased His Lead to End*

By W. W. Naughton

The clang of the gong for the start of the thirteen round had not entirely died away when Ad Wolgast was on top of British Owen Moran with both fists flying.

Moran tried to stop Wolgast's rush with a swift right uppercut and failed. Back went Moran to the confines of the ring the ropes bending beneath his weight as Wolgast drove his gloves against body and face.

The body blows did the trick. Moran gaped like a chicken athirst for winner and seemed to stop fighting. There were red welts across stomach and ribs where the champion's fist had sunk into the flesh, and Moran's wide-open mouth was the best testimony that the punishment was severe.

Then suddenly Wolgast let go a volley of overhand lefts. Each blow crashed against temple or chin, and still gaping, the battered Britisher sank to the floor and was counted out.

He claimed afterwards that some of the body punches were foul, but it was a silly claim. He was beaten squarely.

Inch by inch and pound for pound the boys measured and weighed all right, but beyond that they had nothing in common. Wolgast had the air of a conqueror before a blow was struck. He was brown as a berry and as lively as a tree squirrel. Moran had a washed-out appearance.

And as they looked they fought. The champion was a bundle of live wires. The other acted as though rigid training had taken the starch out of him.

Moran Tried After Fifth

Wolgast really began to win in the first round and kept on increasing his lead until the fatal thirteenth. It was palpable from the moment they hitched up in the first mauling match at close quarters that the champion was the more rugged

of the pair. He may have been tired once or twice during the contest, owing to the grueling pace, but there was room for doubt; whereas there couldn't possibly be two opinions as to the way things were going with Moran. He looked distress in each and every resting spell after the fifth round, while across the ring. Wolgast seemed to rebel at the attentions showered upon him by the towel and bottle men. He sat up in his chair, snappy-eyed and nimble, and chatted to such friends as were within sound of his voice.

It was the close fighting that did for the Englishman, and of all the blows that Ad cut loose with while they were struggling breast to breast, the most damaging was that peculiar assault known to the men of the ring as the loop the loop. It is a fanciful delivery. It curls around entangled arms and protruding elbows and lands on the face. While putting it in execution Wolgast, still clinging to Moran, turned with his face half-upward and whenever he landed he landed solidly as Moran's puffed lips attested.

Best at Infighting

When not working the loop to loop Wolgast was sending disturbing chugs into Moran's midregion with both hands, and in this direction, too, the champion achieved better results when battling close against his opponent. The nearer Wolgast got to his quarry the more damage he did. When standing away Wolgast seldom managed to put in a stinging smash. It is at infighting that he shines.

Moran dealt Wolgast quite a number of snapping right-handers in between clinches, dividing his time between straight blows and uppercuts. He also prodded Wolgast with straight lefts, but never in a way to hurt. When forced to mix it at close quarters Moran tried to even the score with left uppercuts, and there were times when he got in quite a few while Ad was working the dreaded loop the loop. But whether infighting or outfighting, Moran's blows did not carry a tith of the force Wolgast's did. There was never a real chance for the fellows that backed Moran to chortle.

Wolgast certainly did not delay the issue by resorting to covering up tactics. He covered, of course, but only, as a rule, at the beginning of each round. It almost seemed as if Ad considers it an important feature of his system of milling to come forth from his corner peering at his opponent through his forearms. But once he gets within striking distance he unwinds his fighting machinery from his toppiece and sails in. There is one trick, however, that Wolgast is an adept at. He keeps a high left shoulder—or, at any rate, he did yesterday—and it was the hardest thing in the world for Moran to send that educated right of his against the champion's chin.

Wolgast the Stronger

At that Moran managed to make connections with the right a few times. He had to propel his gloved fists with bullet-like speed to reach the spot while Ad's left shoulder was sagging and he failed to daze Wolgast at any time. It was a case of catching the champion while the bars were down, and the Britisher, who has fine punching force when he is able to measure his man, had to sacrifice power to speed.

Although they seemed to be as well paired as a couple of cuff buttons, Wolgast showed himself to be the stronger of the pair. Possibly it was that he wore better and had vim in reserve when the other man began to wane. Anyhow, in many of the later rounds, when they desisted from punching and swung around with their arms locked as though mutually willing to take a respite, Wolgast seemed able to turn and force Moran in any direction that he desired.



Champion Ad Wolgast, at work and play, in Camp at Fernwood, Pa.

February 5, 1911
Chicago Tribune

The rules of fair play were not always observed by the contestants, and it cannot be said that one offended more than the other. Wolgast, who likes clinch fighting and who no doubt has studied every angle of close-in work as thoroughly as the stand away boxers used to study straight hitting, can always be relied upon to place his head beneath the other fellow's chin the instant their bodies clash. He was always the first into this position yesterday and Moran resented it. Owen on occasions rolled his head until his forehead grazed Wolgast's throat, and when doing so had all the appearances of a fighter who was bent on butting. He was warned for his tactics repeatedly by the referee, and there

were times when Ringmaster Welch had to chide both boys for back heeling and rough work generally.

Moran Uses Left Hook

The fight had not been long under way before Wolgast appeared to have the better chance of winning. After a little preliminary covering in the first round he went after Owen like a terrier after a rat and surprised the Englishman with his resourcefulness at short range. Bringing his loop to loop into play before the initial round was a half minute old, Ad sent his curved punches against Owen's face with notable success, and Moran was both flushed and worried-looking when corners sounded.

Wolgast made a determined onslaught on Owen's ribs between clinches in the second round and also used his right loop to advantage. Moran did well in this particular spell, however, causing the red to show in Ad's nostrils with a stiff left hook.

While Moran scored cleanly in the third round, and, for that matter, sent Wolgast back to his corner with a black eye, there was little about the three-minute spell of fighting to bring encouragement to the Britisher's friends. Even though Owen seemed to be putting in his best licks, Wolgast was as full of fight as a wildcat. He left himself more open than he did in either of the preceding rounds, and Moran embraced every opportunity of scoring. It was then that someone behind the press benches remarked that the rumor anent Wolgast being the possessor of a weak chin was unfounded.

Moran is Warned

There was dirty work on both sides in the fourth round, which was fought mainly on the pull and haul principle. Referee Welch shook his finger at Moran as the latter went to his corner, and Owen said in defense of his tactics, "I did everything that Wolgast did, and nothing more."

They went at it earnestly again in the fifth round, and while Wolgast landed by far the more frequently, Moran scored in more telling fashion than he had previously done. While Ad was going in crouched and intent upon working close enough to start his loop, Moran met him with a clean snapping right on the jaw. The blow was an uppercut, and it tilted Wolgast's head and caused his top thatch to toss. There was a murmur of exultation of Moran backers, but there was little to build a hope on. Wolgast just grinned and pressed in. When close enough he played a rataplan on the Englishman's lower ribs with both gloves, and their actions when the gong called them apart favored the impression that Wolgast was standing a heart-breaking pace better than his rival. Ad fairly skipped to his corner and began chatting with men outside the ropes who had their money on him. Moran

strode in weary fashion to his angle and dropped heavily into his chair. That he was distressed was palpable to all.

Fierce Rally in Seventh

Following corner instructions, possibly, Wolgast steadied himself in the sixth round and allowed the other man to make the pace. Moran did not cause things to hum at that. After a few tentative passes and a little sidestepping Moran stood away until the champion took it into his head to enliven matters. When they went at each other the scoring was fairly even.

The seventh round saw the fiercest rally of the fight up to that point. They clashed in pretty near every corner of the ring in turn, their shoulders jerking as they tugged their arms free and lashed out at each other. Again Wolgast steadied himself but only for a brief season. He wedged Moran into a corner and hammered at the ribs with the right. Moran went on the defensive and sent in a close punch occasionally when Wolgast crowded him

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

MORAN CLAIMS FOUL CRITICISES REFEREE

By Owen Moran

Wolgast is one of the foulest fighters I have ever met in the ring, and he did not beat me fairly. He does not fight, but butts with his head and lands blows with his elbows. He started that style of milling in the first round and kept it up the entire fight. It was one continual round of butts and elbows on his part and I bear marks of his blows. The punch that put me down in the thirteenth was away low to the left and I fell from the pain. I was not tired at all. When Wolgast started his foul fighting I tried the same, but Welch stopped me. "Don't do that, Moran; don't use your elbow at all; you are fighting foul." he was hollered at me all the time and he never said a word to Wolgast, who was doing the same thing all the time. I don't wonder now that he wanted Welch to referee. I want to get another crack at Wolgast, and I will lick him, too. I'm not through with the fighting game yet awhile. I am going to continue to fight under the boxing rules and not use my elbows and head as Wolgast does. The people did not see a boxing match today, but a butting contest, at which game Wolgast shines.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California

WOLGAST OUTCLASSED MORAN, SAYS REFEREE

By Jack Welch, The Referee

Wolgast simply outclassed Moran in every round. There was never a time that there was any doubt of the out-come. Moran's blows lacked force and he was worried at all times in landing. Wolgast was simply too great a fighter. He is a wonderful fighting machine and is without doubt the greatest little ring man I have ever watched. The blows which put Moran out were clean to the stomach and there was nothing close to a foul committed. Wolgast had Moran up against the ropes and hammered away with five body blows, which took the steam and wind out of Moran. I was right on top of the men and saw clearly every punch delivered and know that they were above the belt. I found it necessary several times during the bout to warn Moran for his foul tactics. He used his elbow and butted Wolgast with his head. Wolgast's body blows wore Moran down and weakened him. His style of coming in covered up also had Moran puzzled. Wolgast put up an entirely different attack against Moran than he did against Frankie Burns. He opened up but little and gave Moran practically no chance to do any boxing.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California

MORAN KNOCKED OUT CLEANLY—REFEREE DISCUSSES BIG BOUT

By Jack Welch

There is no doubt that Wolgast knocked Moran out cleanly. He was wearing the Britisher down at the time and he landed five hard punches that reached their mark on the body. The champion was winning at the time, and his hard hitting at the beginning of the thirteenth finished up his work. Moran was falling when Wolgast hit him with his left on the head, finishing the job.

Moran was game, however, and took a hard beating. Wolgast never fought better and showed up cleverer than in any battle in which I've seen him. Both men were in the pink of condition, and the best man won. I warned Moran about butting in the early rounds, but I think it was unintentional.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

BRITISHER FELS BEOFRE SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF AMERICAN

LARGE CROWD CHEERS THE FIGHTERS

*Eighth-Street Arena is Well Filled, but
Supporters of Moran are Cheerless*

MANY NOTABLES THERE

By Douglas Erskine

It wasn't a fight that would have gladdened the heart of the Marquis of Queenberry had that lamented author of boxing rules been on earth and sitting by the ringside at the Eighth-Street arena. Wolgast won from Owen Moran in the thirteenth round, officially, but at the sort of fighting that prevailed, the champion had his man measured from the time they first rubbed their hair in each other's faces and grabbed each other with a grip that was meant to hold.

Whoever named Wolgast the Wildcat did about as well as the closest student of animal life could have done had he brought the entire list of fighting animals up one after the other and compared their qualities with Wolgast's abilities.

The champion lightweight is worth watching when he leaps into action. "Leaps" is the only word that describes the sudden swelling of inactive muscles and the spring towards his opponent that is the main feature of Wolgast's style of fighting. Owen Moran, crafty boxer that he is, could not gauge the rapidity of the Wildcat's spring, and it was plainly to be seen from the start of the bout that the English boxer was puzzled and worried by his opponent's methods.

Moran was Puzzled

Try as he would Moran could not get the fighting to go the way he wanted it. Wolgast said after the fight that he knew all the time that Moran wanted to stand off and make an open fight of it. So the champion adopted the system which brought him the victory and gave him the upper hand all the way through.

When Owen Moran showed a disinclination to lead Wolgast covered his face with his gloves and dashed into close quarters, perfectly willing to take whatever Owen swung at him on the way in. When Moran led Wolgast took the blow as nonchalantly as if a baby was patting his face and slammed counters into the head and body of the Britisher with a force that caused Moran's face to twitch and his eyes to open wide.

The only people in the arena who figured Moran had a chance after the men went to their

corners at the conclusion of the first three minutes were the ones from the "old country" who patriotically continued to hope for a victory for their countryman.

"Go on, Owen, you'll get him yet" was the shouted encouragement that floated over the arena, with an accent that proclaimed its owner a recent subject of His Britannic Majesty.

But Owen couldn't "get him."

Distress Flag in Eleventh

Moran had the distress signal on the halyards before the tenth round was reached. It fluttered at the foot of the mast through a couple of tame rounds when the wise ones shrewdly calculated that Wolgast was resting up, but at the end of the eleventh the flag went up. It was apparent then that Moran was in distress and that the lacing which he had received in the body was about to accomplish its purpose.

The nose and mouth of the Briton were bleeding. A swelling on the cheek and another on the jaw showed that the blows of the champion had carried a sting and the appearance of the Birmingham boy did not augur well for a long continuance of hostilities.

Wolgast used the twelfth round to find out if Moran was really as badly on as he looked. His investigation seemed to satisfy him and in the thirteenth he lost no time in fiddling. The round had hardly started when he crowded his man into a corner and slammed with both hands for the body. Moran backed along the side of the ring towards his corner, but he had only reached the middle of the ringside rope when Wolgast swung his left and right into his stomach. Owen's mouth opened like a trap.

Both Men Fouled

There was no question but that these two blows deprived him of the power of defense. Wolgast drove three more digs into his unprotected body and as the Britisher sagged Ad Clipped him on the jaw with an overhand left and Moran sank to the canvas.

Owen was distinctly "down and out." He rolled on his side, claimed that he had been hit low and writhed on the ring floor, but Jack Welch, the referee, had been close to the men and had every opportunity to see where the blows landed, refused to listen to the claim of foul and pointed to Wolgast as the winner, after the official timekeeper had toiled off the fatal ten seconds.

An unfortunate feature of the bout was the foul work indulged in by both boxers. There was altogether too much holding and too much wrestling around, but these blemishes were slight compared to the butting and "elbow" work. Both boxers complained frequently to the referee, but Welch wisely refused to discriminate in a case where both were to blame. Neither

boxer was hurt by these little excursions outside of the Queensberry code, but it was not to the liking of the spectators and several times the men were hooted for indulging in rough work.

Many Notables There

There was a big gathering at the Eighth-street arena. The reserved portion of the open-air enclosure was filled and the bleachers were almost at capacity. The general admission of \$3—which was a dollar more than the “gallery” folks expected to pay—cut down the number in the stretches of seats along the ends of the arena, but there was unquestionably more money in the bleachers than could possibly have been crowded in with a \$2 charge.

Many past and present notables of the ring were “among those present.”

From a seat in the press section Freddie Welsh watched his rivals in the lightweight division battle. Freddie got a fine reception when he was introduced and he shook hands heartily with both Wolgast and Moran before he stepped outside the ropes.

Jack Root, who once engaged in a Nevada battle for the world’s championship with Marvin Hart, was a spectator. Jimmy Britt, attired in natty British clothes and sporting a tiny swagger cane of the pattern carried by the Grenadier Guards in “dear old Lunnun,” critically surveyed the work of the men who are now occupying the position in the spotlight that once he held himself.

Big Al Kaufman strolled in unexpectedly and sat by the side of his mentor, “Billy” Delaney. Lew Powell gazed at the battle over a red tie that was dazzling in its brilliancy, and Frankie Neil was also on hand to see the battle between the champion who won a decision from him in 1908 and the Britisher who practically wound up Frankie’s pugilistic career by defeating him in Dreamland in sixteen rounds.

Billy Jordan, the veteran announcer made his first appearance in a ring as a politician.

When Billy held up his hand in that “Never again” pose that always causes a hush at a ringside, the spectators expected to hear that some aspiring lightweight wanted to challenge the winner. But Billy was announcing himself.

“I have been a voter in San Francisco for forty-eight years,” rolled from his lips. “I am a veteran of the Civil War and I am now engaged in a fight Tom become a Supervisor of San Francisco. I ask for your support at the election, and I assure you that if I am elected it will always be my motto to give a square deal to all and use my best efforts to advance the interests of dear old San Francisco.”

It was a surprise, but the crowd showed its good opinion of Billy by applauding heartily.

Then he went over to the other side of the ring and repeated the speech, word for word, which gave the impression that a careful study of the wording had been made by the candidate. Billy had it down fine and didn’t vary a syllable in his duplicate speeches.

Encouraged by the kindly reception given Jordan, several others who are willing to serve the public in official capacities climbed into the ring; but the crowd was unwilling to listen to political talk and after one introducee had got past without trouble the next claimant for attention was roundly hissed and had to beat an ignominious retreat.

The preliminary bout was scheduled to go ten rounds, and the contestants were Roscoe Taylor and Joe Reilly, a pair of lightweights. Taylor used to be a star performer in the four-round ranks here and was feared in those days for the deadly wallop he carried in his right hand.

The sting of the punch appears to have left him. He hit Reilly often enough with his right to have knocked out a dozen men, but Joe didn’t even wince. Taylor had all the better of the going and had a long lead on points when the affair came to an end in the seventh round.

While sitting in his corner Reilly told his seconds that he had broken a bone in his right forearm, and the referee, Tommy McCarthy, was notified that he could not continue.

Ad Wolgast will leave for Los Angeles this evening. He will stay there until the 10th of the month and then start for his home in Cadillac, Mich. The champion has been a busy boy for the past six months and he will take a rest for a while.

Wolgast and his manager, Tom Jones, are willing to carry out the provisional agreement entered into at Millet’s roadhouse on June 20th, when Jones and Baron Long, representing Freddie Welsh, posted checks for \$1,000 to bind a match in which each side would put up a stake of \$10,000.

Welsh advised his friends in Cardiff, Wales, of the proposition to fight for the world’s championship and the \$20,000 stake and yesterday received a cable from his backer, a Welsh sporting man named Harry Marks, stating that he would “find” the two thousand pounds necessary to make Welsh’s end good.

Wolgast and Jones are not oversanguine of Welsh completing the negotiations. Wolgast declares that Welsh wants \$10,000 for his end of the purse and broadly hints that this demand is simply made to make the match impossibility. Welsh, however, says that he will go through with the match and put up his share of the side bet.

It remains to be seen whether the rival boxers can agree on the division of the purse, and also

whether any promoter has the courage to guarantee the amounts which the boys are likely to ask for.

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco, California

WOLVERINE WONDER KNOCKS OUT GREAT BRITAN'S PRIDE

*Ad Wolgast, American Lightweight Champion,
Puts Owen Moran to Sleep*

RIGHT SWING ENDS FIGHT IN THIRTEENTH ROUND

*Large Sums Wagered at Ringside
Just Before Hostilities Begin;
Receipts \$40,000*

San Francisco, Cal., July 4—The Measured swing of Referee Welch's arm, tolling off the fatal ten seconds over the writhing and unconscious body of Owen Moran of England, brought victory to Ad Wolgast in the thirteenth round of today's international battle for the lightweight championship.

It was a clean knockout, and the decisive victory was cleanly earned by the rugged strength and terrific punishing power of the champion.



Ad Wolgast-Owen Moran

Right uppercuts to the stomach, followed by a left hook to the jaw, forced the game little English fighter to take the count for the first time in his eleven years in the ring.

Moran came up undistressed for the unlucky thirteenth round although it was plain he was tiring. Wolgast met him with a well-timed rush and forced his way to close quarters. Moran checked him with a left jab, but was backed against the ropes in his own corner.

Suddenly Wolgast whipped his right arm free from the clinch and swinging from his hip, sent his glove crashing three times to the pit of Moran's stomach. Moran's face whitened and twisted with agony under the smear of blood from his cut lips. He groped blindly to smother the smashing blows; then his knees gave way under him and slipped from Wolgast's grasp to the brown canvas that covered the ring.

Last Blow Unnecessary

The champion whipped over a left hook to the jaw as Owen fell, but it was not needed. Moran rolled on his side and his legs scrambled for a footing, but his mouth was open and his eyes rolled back, and the shouts of his seconds brought no meaning to his deadened senses. It was several minutes before he regained consciousness.

As Wolgast turned to his corner, more solidly planted than ever on the lightweight throne, a grin flashed across his bleeding lips and he plucked with his gloved hands at the American flag he wore about his waist.

In a second he was smothered in the throng of admirers who surged into the ring, untied the battle-scarred flag and waved it over Wolgast's tousled head.

"Some battle for the Fourth of July," he panted as the photographers fought through the crowd to get his picture.

Moran's seconds entered a claim of foul, but the blows in question were plainly seen from the ringside and the protest was disallowed.

Never for a moment during the battle did the terrific pace slacken. The American carried the fight to his opponent from the first tap of the gong and Moran never was able to keep him at long range. It was in the clinches that the champion showed to the best advantage. Moran was unable to establish a defense against the short ripping right uppercuts Wolgast worked to his ribs and the "loop the loop" punch (A right uppercut to the face outside his own left arm) that sent the Britisher's head back again and again and kept his mouth bleeding from the first round.

Moran Very Clever

At long range Moran clearly outpointed the Michigan boy and his clever ducking and footwork extricated him from many a tight

corner. It was a battle of a clever and experienced boxer against a tearing, ripping fighter and the fighter weathered the storm with never a sign of distress.

It was a rough fight from the start. As the first round opened, Moran came willingly to close quarters, but was met with a volley of short lefts to the face and a right uppercut that brought the blood in a stream from his lips.

It was the champion's round by a wide margin and Moran came back for the second with instructions to stay away. With wonderful judgement of distance, he slipped away from Wolgast's vicious swings, flashing in with clean-cut lefts and rights as the champion opened up.

It was the Moran's round and he continued to pursue the same tactics throughout the fight. When forced to close quarters in the third, Moran fought back viciously. They roughed it head to head, Wolgast working his right to the kidneys and body, and Moran sending his left hand and forearm in Ad's chin and face and holding the champion even. Both were bleeding when the round closed.

Moran seemed to gain confidence as the fight progressed. Shifting in and out as lithe as a panther, he landed cleanly again and again throughout the fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds, rocking Ad's head with hard, clean punches and making Wolgast look almost like an amateur by the way he avoided his swings.

Briton Gains Applause

His cleverness brought round after round of applause, but he never stopped Wolgast's steady advance and Wolgast plainly was the stronger, laughing and nodding to friends among the spectators between the rounds.

In the seventh Wolgast forced the Englishman to the ropes, where they fought toe to toe until parted by the referee, Moran having all the better of the exchange, but Wolgast evened matters before the round was over by his wicked uppercuts. Wolgast continued to bore in and although Owen crossed his right again and again to Ad's head in the eighth and ninth rounds, he was unable to stop him or slow the furious pace and seemed to be weakening fast.

His seconds worked desperately over him and he came up in the tenth and eleventh rounds with a burst of speed that fairly smothered Wolgast. Timing every blow to perfection, he whipped in rights and lefts, landing straight lefts, right hooks, and swings with a speed and force that slowed down the champion for the first time. He fought himself out of close quarters as Wolgast attempted to clinch. Moran beat the champion to punch after punch in the exchange.

His efforts were but a flash in the pan, however. Wolgast strong as an ox, came in eagerly for more in the twelfth, and while Owen

continued to land the more often, Ad loosened Moran's teeth and started a fresh stream of blood from his mouth. The challenger went to his corner in distress.

But thirty-three seconds of the thirteenth round had passed before the rally came that changed Moran's hopes of becoming lightweight champion into merciful unconsciousness. In the dressing room Wolgast said:

"It was easy all the way. I would have had the decision if the fight had gone to the end. Moran's claim that I fouled him is foolish. He went down because he could not hold on any longer. I pitted him in the stomach five times—all fair, square blows—and then clipped his jaw. That's all there was to it,"

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
Salt Lake Tribune
Salt Lake City, Utah

LIGHTWEIGHT STAR DAILY SHOWS SUPERIORITY OVER CHALLENGER

Britisher Draws First Blood, But American Delivers Punishment that Counts—Wonderful Battle Between two Great Little Men in the World—Title Rests Undisputed as Result of International Match.

San Francisco, Cal., July 4—In his dressing room Wolgast said:

"It was easy all the way. I would have had the decision if the fight had gone to the end. Moran's claim that I fouled him is foolish. He went down because he couldn't hold on any longer. I pitted him in the stomach five times—all fair, square blows—and then clipped his jaw. That's all there was to it. My victory today shows beyond a doubt that I have a clear title to the world's lightweight championship. I expect to defend my title whenever a legitimate challenger comes forward."

Wednesday, July 5, 1911
Los Angeles Daily Times
Los Angeles, California

Compiled by Rob Snell