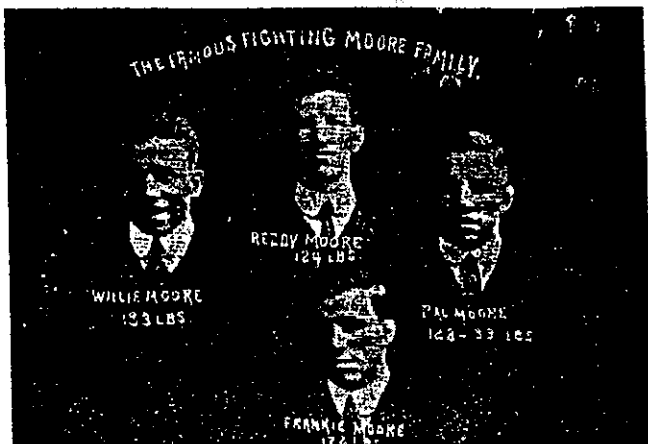


# "THE FIGHTING MOORES"

By MICKEY WELSH



There's a little spot in Philadelphia, not far from the teeming waterfront, where all day long, from early morning, till late at night, the noise of the locomotive, the tooting of the tug-boat shunting some big ocean freighter into her berth, where trucks, wagons, push-carts, box-cars, the pedestrian, and even the bicycle mangle in a bewildering maze, where the stevedore struts his stuff, where the sailor just in from a two-year cruise, his pockets bulging with hard-earned dough, the waterfront saloon, where everyone meets, where everyone is a law unto himself, where the fist, the hook, the knife, or the belaying pin, is the badge of honor.

But just one and a half blocks west of this turmoil, you will find a little street that does not seem to fit into the surrounding landscape. There are maple trees shading the sidewalks, the houses are of brick, stone, and frame; every house is different from the one next to it; and every one is of a different shape and size. Some look as if they had been imported from the old world, in one solid piece; it is an artistic conception of the four freedoms.

Into this little street in the year of 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Moore moved, with their five children, Charies, Frankie, Augusta, Reddy, and Pal. Later the stork was to bring some more Moores, Lena, Jukefe, Harry, Willie, and Al. The house was number 44, and the street was Kenilworth, one block south of Bainbridge Street.

As the boys grew older they would walk down to watch the big ships come into port, or they would go for a swim in the Delaware River, or listen to some sailor tell tales of the sea. But there were other times when they would see all the older boys running towards South Street, and they would follow, and then they would see a fight, maybe with fists, or hooks or it may have been knives, and the winner would walk off leaving the defeated one on the ground bleeding, while the other would be taken to the saloon to be treated like a hero.

The style never varied, the winner was a hero, the loser was forgotten, or ignored, entirely, so the boys learned that on the waterfront there was no place for the one who lost, and it was not long before the name of the Moores was legend, not that the boys went looking for trouble, but they did not run away from it—and woe to the one who fought and lost, the other brothers would ignore him for days at a time, until he had redeemed himself in the eyes of the family. It might be that he would outswim, outrun or fight the boy who had defeated him before he was again taken back into the fold, so it is no wonder that sooner or later they would come in contact with a set of boxing gloves. Frankie was the one who learned to use them first, and at one time was a contender for the world's featherweight crown, meeting such famous boxers as Leo Houck, Tommy Feltz, Kid Beebe, Young Pierce, Knock-

out Brown, Teddy Maloney, Young Costa, Terry Fitzgerald, Kid Stinger, Battling Stinger, Willie Gibbs, and Jimmy Walsh, and a host of the outstanding featherweights and lightweights of his day. He traveled from coast to coast, never had his purse held up for not trying, never holding the promoters up for more money and never losing a bout on a foul. He was a credit to his calling, and at present is a bartender. You never hear him talk loud, does not drink, nor smoke, and is not marked up from all the long, tough fights that he has had. We could stand for a few more Frankie Moores in the fight game today, where they are hand picked, for some promoter's pet, who has to have a guarantee that he will not be hurt, and if he should hurt the promoter meal ticket, then the Commissioner will see to it that he fights very seldom, if he fights at all. And as Frankie says "The fight game has come a long way since the invention of the first boxing glove, but at present it will be washed up inside of the next five years. There is no new talent, the promoters see to that and the Commissioners back them up, it seems a shame that the grandest sport in all the world has fallen so low."

Frankie is right, but I think he is wrong when he said that the game will be washed up inside of the next five years. I will say that three years will see the end of boxing—and to what is the fault? Well, to my way of seeing it, we need some more Willie Ritchies, former lightweight champion of the world, who at present is Chief Inspector of the State of California—Southern District. He loves the game, he has always loved it, and always will. He is on the level, and has had the support of a sport loving Governor in back of him (salutations, Gov. Warren). But here in the East the boxing game has lost its sport value, and is strictly commercial. It's just a political football, kicked around from pillar to post by those in power—the inspectors, the judges, the time-keepers, and the referees. The next time you attend a boxing show look them over, then judge for yourself how they can judge or referee a boxing contest, when ninety per cent of them never had a glove on. The only qualification they have to officiate is that they went out to the polls and dug up some votes that made them fit to qualify for a job as referee. It's a good thing for major league baseball and all other sports that they are not governed as is the boxing game. Just think of watching a big league game, a half-drunk bartender calling the balls and strikes, a shoemaker at first base, at second base is a thug who made good in the big league by stuffing the ballot box at the last election, was caught and pardoned, instead of a jail term he went in the American League. So that is one of the reasons that I say the grand old game of boxing is on its last legs. What should be done with the game today is throw all of these so-called judges out of the racket, put them in the city hall, then we will know where to find them. Put good, honest referees in their places. Put referees that have known the taste of blood on their lips, the crunch of resin under their feet., the impact of leather on bar flesh, referees that are not afraid to call them as they see them, develop men who have devoted their lives to the sport, referees that cannot be bought by the gamblers, or their bosses, referees like the late Jack McGuigan, who I have seen get out a ring and let two boxers do what they felt like, or else throw them both out of the ring, and then don't pay them.

Another way to stop this degrading of boxing is to put up a purse for every bout, and then give the winner sixty per cent, and the loser forty per cent, and when a boxer fighting in a wind-up loses three straight times, put him back in the semi-wind-up and if he loses twice straight then put him back in the third and if he don't win then throw him out of the game. That way you won't have to look at some stumble bum that the powers to be are interested in.

Times have changed since the Moore brothers of Philadelphia were in their glory, every one of them, and there were six brothers that boxed, every one a pleaser. Pal Moore was the outstanding one of the family, meeting such outstanding boxers as Jem Driscoll, Freddy Welsh, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Jack Britton, Jimmy Welsh, Abe Attell, Johnnie Dundee, Frankie Jerome, and all the best boys that ever pulled a glove on, and that includes light-weight champion Benny Leonard. I think Pal Moore was one of the greatest fighters that ever lived. I believe that Pal fought more champions than any other fighter that ever lived, and that is in every weight, from bantamweight to welterweight, and why he never was a champion is one of those quirks of the game. Pal was a very good boxer, fast and a good puncher, very smart, what they call today a "cutie," and today would make some of these so-called champions jump right over the top rope, but then there was only one PAL MOORE.

Then there was Reddy Moore. Reddy was a real fancy dan—a beautiful boxer, a good puncher, and very smart. He knew all the tricks of the trade, and three different times he boxed Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, to a stand-still. And as you all remember Jack Britton was one of the best boxers that the game ever knew. Another of the greatest boxers that ever pulled on a glove was that master craftsman Leo Houck, and Reddy boxed him to a draw, so you can judge what kind of a fighter this Reddy Moore really was.

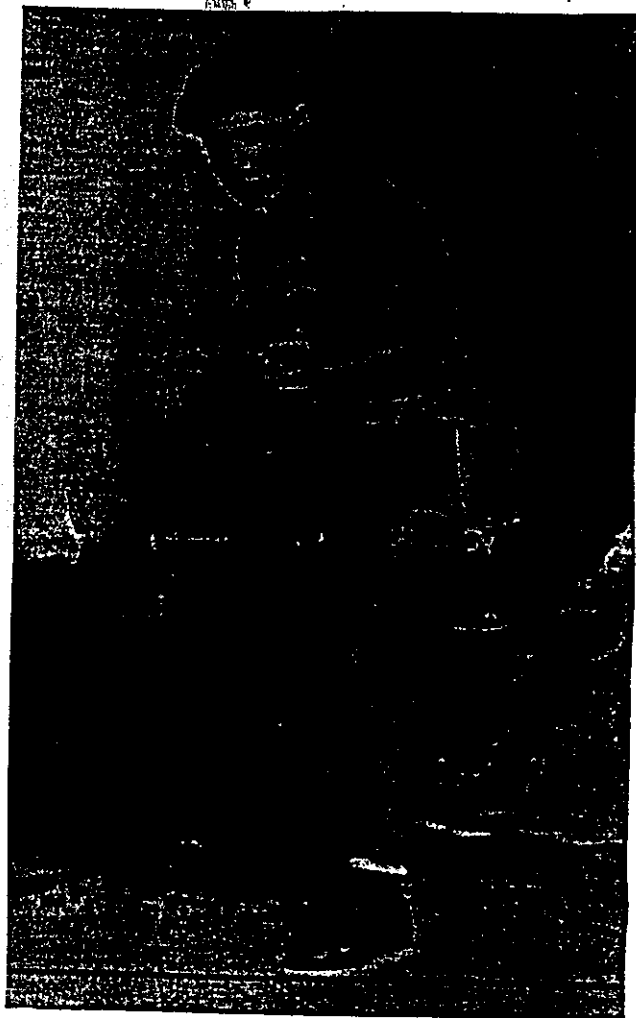
Now we come to Willie Moore, Willie looked anything but a fighter. He was a middleweight, blond, rosy-cheeked, mild-spoken, always smiling, and everyone's friend. Willie had no marks of the trade, in fact he was always kidded. The boys always called him Sissy, but that's as far as it went, and woe to the boxer who boxed Willie for the first time, who, looking across the ring would see his opponent for the first time would think, what a soft time he was going to have. That same boxer would later learn the old proverb, "You can't tell a book by its cover," was one of the wisest sayings ever coined, because when the bell rang the sissy turned from a collar ad, to a blond tiger, a snarling cyclone, throwing punches from all angles, willing to take a punch, to land one himself. Willie Moore was the assassin of the Moore family, and there were nine brothers and two sisters. Remember his sensational win over Young Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?

Willie fought such boys as Tommy Howell, Pat Bradley, Joe Hefferman, Otto Coulter, and when the late Jack McGuigan ran a boxing show at the old National Sporting Club at 11th and Catharine Streets, the year of 1917, the first bout, Al Moore vs. Jimmy McCarty; second bout, Reddy Moore vs. Eddie Wagner; the third bout, Pal Moore vs. Jimmy Murphy; the semi-windup, Frankie Moore vs. K.O. Joe O'Donnell of Gloucester, and in the windup, Willie Moore vs. ?. Who did he fight? Do you remember the show? It was the only time that I remember that five brothers fought on one card, and the Editor will give the one who remembers who fought Willie Moore on that memorable card three years' subscription to the Veteran Boxer Magazine. Send your answer to Harry Pegg, 1429 West Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Harry Moore and Al Moore were two of the brothers who made Philadelphia the most feared city in the United States, for out-of-towners. Even champions have said that they would sooner fight in any other city than in the City of Brotherly Love, and others have said that, "here in Philly you had to fight twenty rounds in six."

So let's develop more boys like the Moore boys, fighters that would fight, did not care who they were to fight, or where they were to fight, how much they were fighting for, or who they were fighting for. The Moore's loved boxing, they loved the game as it was, not as it is today where a hand picked few, fight or dive as they are told to do. It is not a contest, or sport today, it is strictly a money game that has laid golden eggs to many a poor boy from across the railroad tracks, but those in power, are slowly killing that goose who is laying the golden eggs, and when that goose is gone, it will stay dead forever.

MICKEY WELSH.



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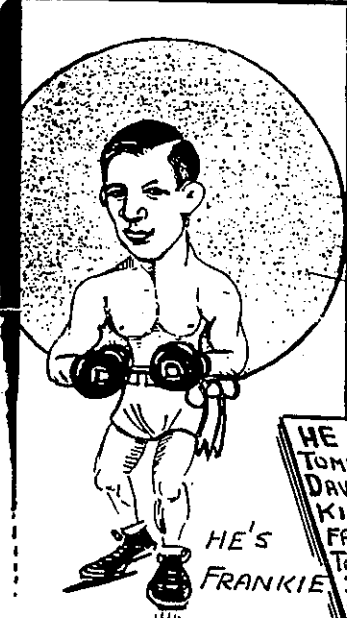
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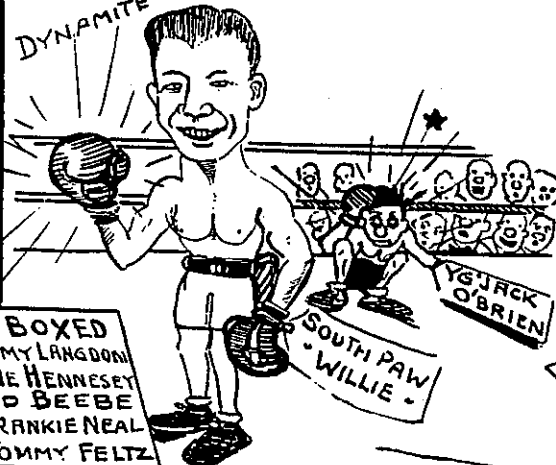


HE'S FRANKIE

FIRST OF THE FIGHTING MOORES

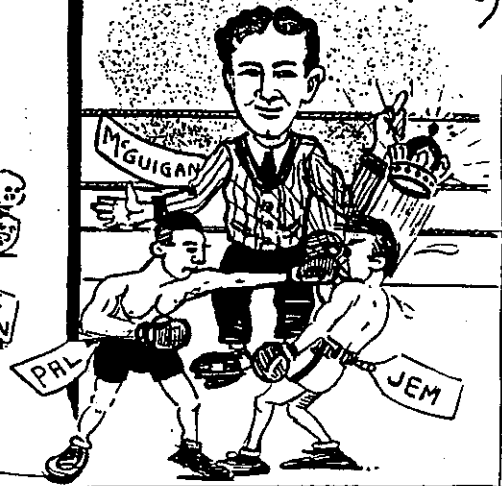
HE BOXED  
 TOMMY LANGDON  
 DAVE HENNESSEY  
 KID BEEBE  
 FRANKIE NEAL  
 TOMMY FELTZ  
 JOE THEEL  
 TED MALONEY  
 YOUNG PIERCE  
 YG JACK HANLON  
 Willie Gibbs

DYNAMITE



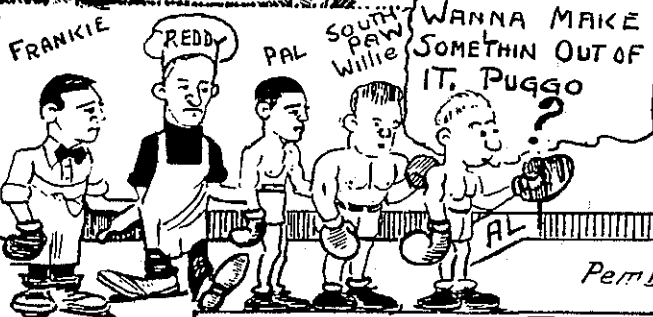
SOUTH PAW WILLIE

MOORE VS. DRISCOLL  
THERE GOES THE BLOOMIN' CROWN  
THE NATIONAL A.C. (1910)



"Jimmie" DeForrest Sends The 17 Yr. Old "PAL" MOORE IN To Beat The English Champ.

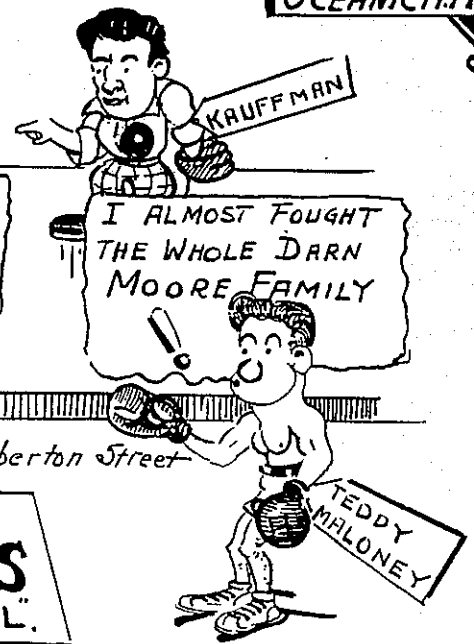
BOOSTERS FROM 2nd South Sts.  
 "MOM" YOUNG - "IKE" WEIR - BARNEY TRACEY  
 BEEBE THE HATER - MAX SNOCKEY -  
 JERRY SULLIVAN - "KNUCKLES" LOCKERY  
 FRANKIE BARTZ - "ABE" STEERMAN  
 CHARLIE MEDWAY - "TOM" McDONALD



THE FIGHTING 5  
**MOORE BOYS**  
 FRANK, RED, PAL, WILLIE & AL.

Lyceum Theatre  
 "Connie" Sullivan (1906)  
 DISCOVERED A FIGHTIN'  
 MACHINE, CALLED THE  
 "REDDY" MOORE

OCEANICA.F.A.



By PAUL HENDERSON '46

# THE FIGHTING MOORES OF PHILLY

Boxing has had many pairs of brothers. But boxing sextets are most definitely rare. The seven Finazzos, the Marchants, and the Ortegas come to mind some. But perhaps the Moores of Philadelphia—Frankie, Reddy, Pal, Willie, Ernie, and Al—were the most remarkable, many claim, the greatest. Don't confuse this Pal Moore with Thomas Wilson (Memphis Pal) Moore, the world bantamweight title claimant of the 1890s. The Philadelphia Pal Moore came later. But the Moores of Philadelphia were

"legit" professional. A promising featherweight for a few years, Frank's career was thrown off course by malaria and two broken legs interrupted his career and finished his titular aspirations.

Reddy followed, a smart red-headed boxer with a tendency to cut up his opponents. And then Pal.

The Moore family probably reached its peak in boxing history when 130-pound Pal took on British featherweight champion Jim Driscoll of Wales in a Philadelphia six-rounder on May 25, 1910. Many thought that Driscoll, who had outscored

youngest, was a flyweight/bantam.

Philadelphia, from 1902 to 1910, was the hottest fight town in the eastern U.S.A. Ten fight shows a week, and sometimes more, were held in Philly, and clubs like the National, the Olympia, and the Douglas played host to cards of six-rounders featuring the likes of Kid Beebe, Joe Grim, Harry Lewis, George (Young) Erne and many, many other well known fighters. There was no TV in those days, no professional hockey, and no basketball. If a man wanted to go out for sports and entertainment, he went to the fights.



Reddy Moore



Pal Moore



Willie Moore

er "Moores" nor Irish. The family was German—real name von Zuke. The boys' father was a wrestler who came to the U.S. in the late 1800s, took the name of Moore from a stage actor, and died down at 44 Kenilworth in Philadelphia with his wife and five children—Charles, Frank, Augusta, Reddy, Pal. Five more children—Lena, Julie, Ernie, Willie, and Al—would be born in Quaker City. There were really seven Fighting Moore brothers; oldest brother Charley fought, by the way, in the back rooms of saloons. He was the first to campaign as a

Abe Attell 15 months earlier, was practically unbeatable by anyone below 133. But the best that most observers could give Driscoll against Pal that evening was a draw.

Blond Brother Willie was a southpaw who fought in the lightweight and welterweight divisions. Willie was a "cutie" who could punch. He knocked out Jack Farrell with his first punch—a terrific left to the body—in 0:35 of the first round at the Douglas Club on February 22, 1916, and claimed the world's welterweight title (disputed at the time) by knocking out Young Jack O'Brien in one round a year earlier. Harry had only a few contests. Al, the

Promoter Jack McGuigan managed all the Moores at one time or another. One night in 1917, he put all five Moores in the ring at the National Sporting Club at Eleventh and Catharine Streets in Philly. All the brothers were victorious but Pal, who suffered a rare loss via a newspaper decision.

The brothers have been gone for many years. Succeeding generations now look back upon their exploits with great interest and pride. Our great thanks to Willie's grandson, Joe Cassidy of Cleveland, for this look back at the Fighting Moores.