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Northern Ireland. To this land of the Kellys - came a Cohen, a Frenchman, after the European Bantamweight Crown. John Kelly, the pride of Ireland, was the holder - so they made a night of it in Belfast.

After a quiet first round - Cohen got down to business. He showed his hand and Kelly went down.

But he didn't stay down long enough. He got up at four - dazed and groggy.

Cohen went in to finish the job. The Irish-boy proved a fighting Kelly, and courage ~~alone~~ - kept him on his feet.

Cohen decided he wasn't going home empty-handed - so down went Kelly.

Again, the Irishman got up, until a crashing right put him down - senseless. Then the bell saved him - saved him for more punishment - if his seconds could revive him.

Round Three. Out comes the great-hearted champion. Fighting by sheer instinct now. A barrage of blows sends him reeling against the ropes. Cohen scents his prize - raining blows from every angle. Down goes a gallant fighter. All too late the towel comes fluttering in - the Italian Referee counts John Kelly out.

Cohen helps the fallen champion to his corner. ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the Frenchman (who's so happy he could cry) <sup>now</sup> wants a crack at the World Title. ~~and~~