

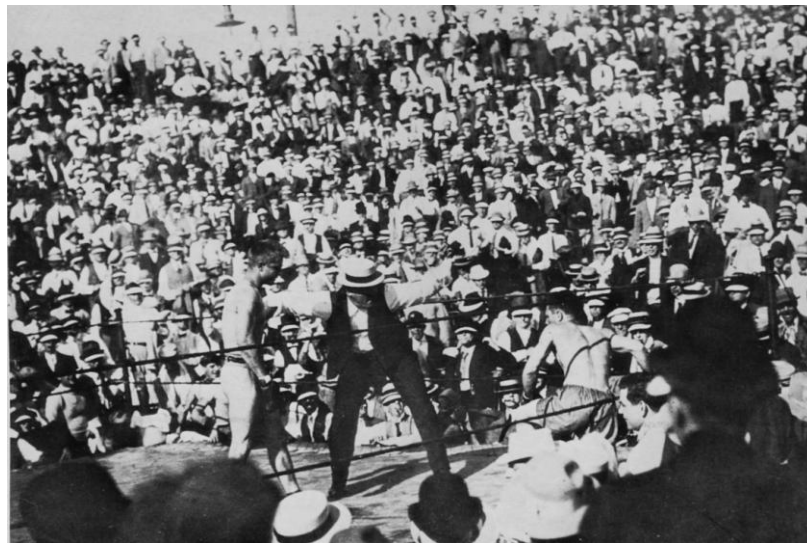
# PAPKE DEFEATS RIVAL

KNOCKS OUT KETCHELL IN  
THE TWELFTH ROUND.

HE HAS EVERYTHING HIS OWN  
WAY FROM THE START.

FIGHT BETWEEN ATTEL AND MO-  
RAN A DRAW IN 23D ROUND.

Result Gives Papke Middleweight  
Championship but Feather-  
weight Undecided.



Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 7.—Stanley Ketchell of Michigan, former middle-weight champion of the world, was knocked out in the twelfth round this afternoon by Billy Papke of Illinois, who is now middleweight champion of the world.

Both men entered the ring in apparently perfect condition and neither had ever been knocked out. Ketchell had the decision over Papke in a previous ten round bout. When Papke entered he walked to Ketchell's corner and greeted him with a handshake, but when time was called and Ketchell walked to the center extending his hand for the shake, Papke ignored his hand and sailed into the Michigan man with a fiery impetuosity. The fight was practically over a minute and twenty seconds after the gong sounded.

## A Question of Endurance.

From that time on it was merely a question as to how long Ketchell would last. Papke tore into Ketchell with such fury, the undefeated champion was lifted off his feet four times within the next minute. Papke knocked Ketchell to the mat for the count and from the first knockdown Ketchell never really recovered his form. He was a defeated man, dazed, bleeding, struggling from twenty blows in the face, and yet he came back and stayed with terrible determination, and for at least three rounds held his own with the victorious challenger.

## Right Eye Is Closed.

When Ketchell stepped to his corner for the second round it was seen his right eye was closed. At the next intermission his seconds lanced the eye and sucked the blood, but Ketchell never regained the sight with his right eye. Before the finish the other eye was all but closed and for the last three rounds he staggered about the ring dizzily like a drunken man, practically blinded.

In the third Ketchell showed his best form, when he forced Papke through the ropes. The gong saved Ketchell just as he was knocked through the ropes. Another minute finished him with Papke almost as strong as when he entered the ring. Ketchell was carried to the dressing room. Both eyes were swollen into great black puffs and completely closed. His lips were cut and swollen to several times their normal size.

## The Fight in Detail.

Round 1—Papke led with his left and rushed Ketchell into the corner, landing four blows on the head. Ketchell caught him on the chin with left. Papke knocked Ketchell down with his right and left to face and he got up groggy, but went down again and as the gong sounded his seconds took him to his corner.

Round 2—Ketchell came up groggy and Papke went to him like a tiger, sending him staggering around the ring. Papka landed repeatedly on Ketchell's head, but was unable to put him out. Ketchell's face was one mass of blood and bruises. His eyes were blinded with blood and he could do little but cling to Papke. Papke exhausted himself by his efforts and was unable to put him out.

## Ketchell Stronger.

Round 3—Ketchell was stronger and forced the fight and had advantage this round, appearing stronger at the end.

Round 4—Ketchell came up strong, but Papke quickly landed right on mouth. Both fought viciously and at the end of the round Ketchell's left eye was closed.

Round 5—Ketchell forced the fighting, but both men were very weak and repeatedly clinched. The round was uninteresting.

Round 6—Papke landed a terrific right on Ketchell's face, but Ketchell continued to advance. Just before the gong Papke had Ketchell badly dazed as the solar plexus and Ketchell almost immediately dropped in his corner, but the gong saved him.

Round 7—Ketchell had a slight advantage for the first time, and had Papke worried to the end.

## Goes After Ketchell's Face.

Round 8—Papke bored in on Ketchell's face with three lefts and immediately landed five or six uppercuts on the face and had Ketchell badly dazed as the gong sounded.

Round 9—Papke beat Ketchell terribly but was unable to knock him out. Ketchell's eyes were closed and he staggered about the ring while Papke landed at will.

Round 10—Ketchell was so terribly punished his face looked hardly human, but he fought back gamely as well as he could.

## Ketchell in Bad Shape.

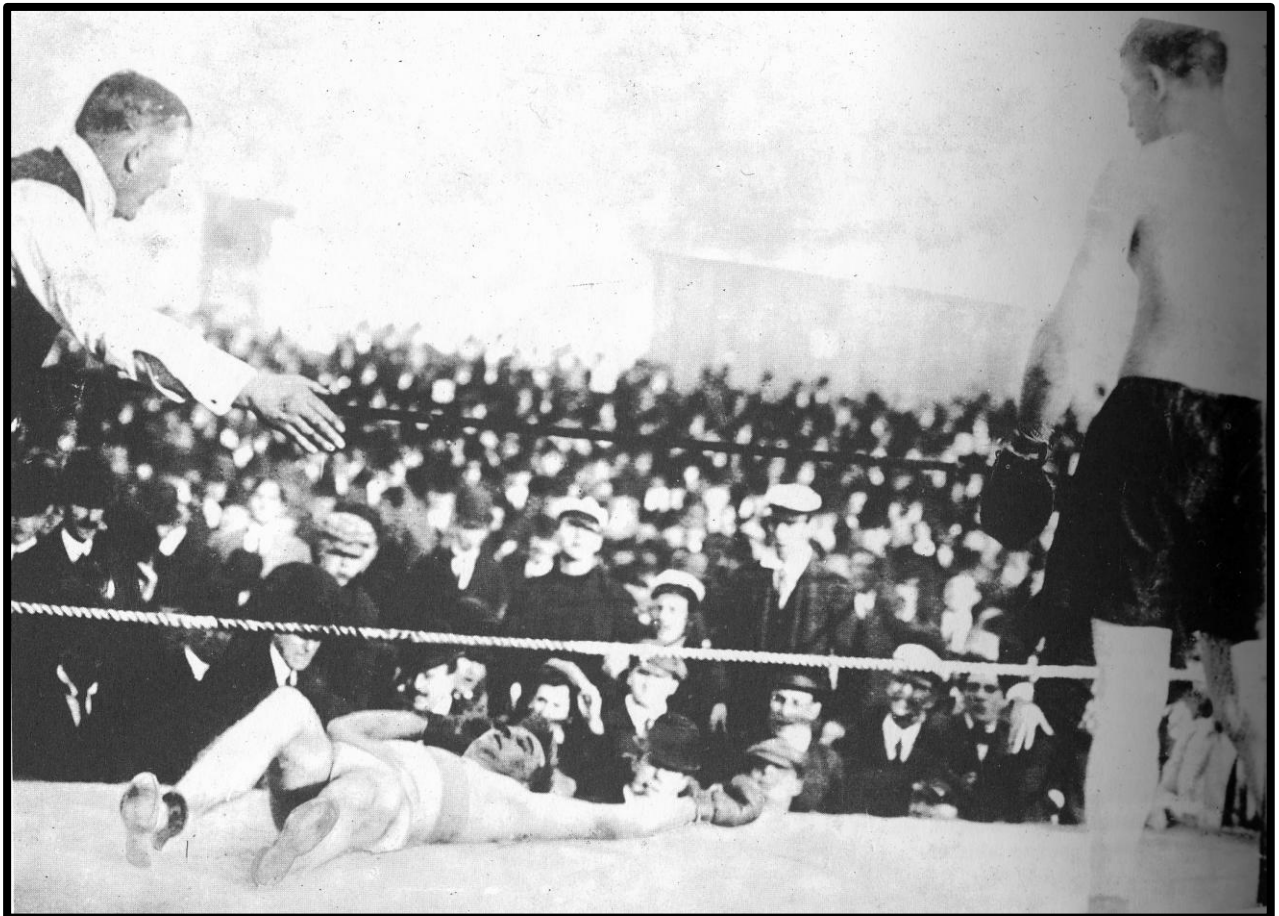
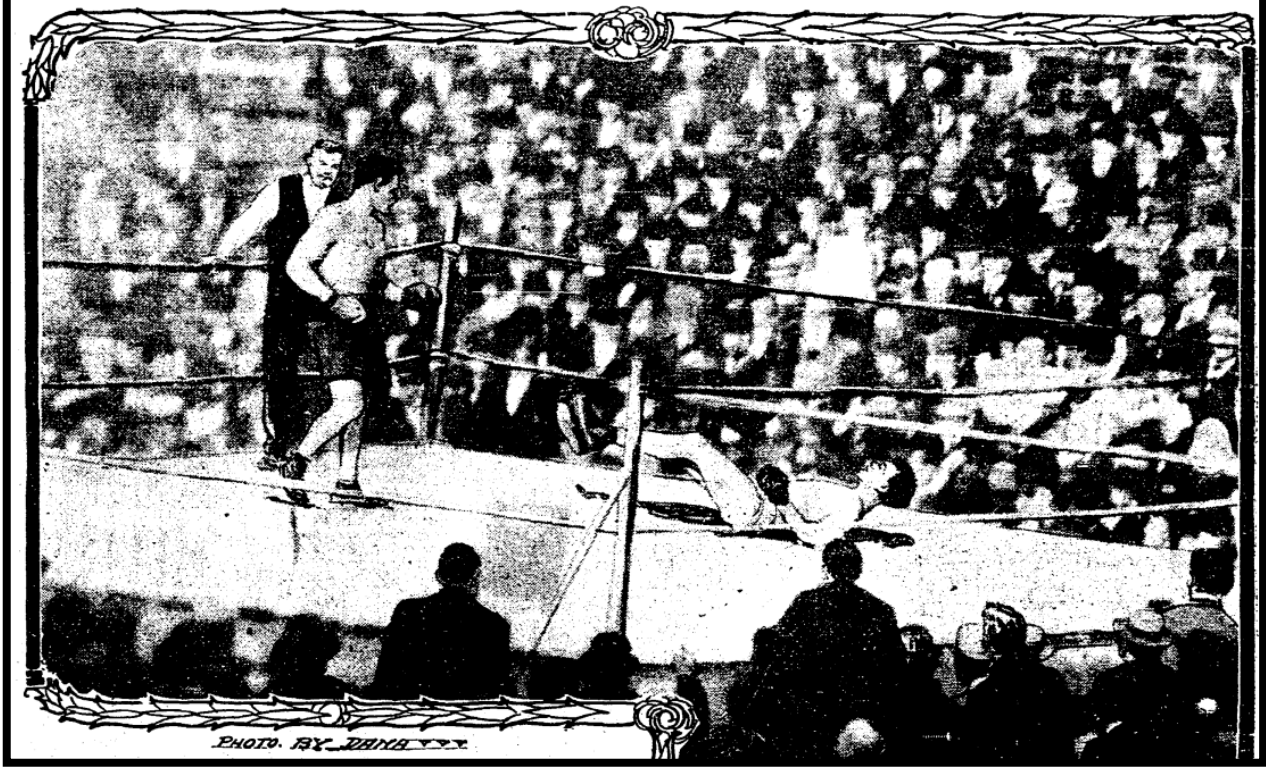
Round 11—Papke continued to punish his opponent, who spouted blood from his mouth down Papke's back and they clinched. Cries came from all sides for Jeffries to stop the fight, but the referee paid no attention. Papke finally landed a straight left to the face and staggered Ketchell and a moment later knocked him through the ropes. Ketchell fell in the laps of the reporters and they thrust him back through the ropes as the gong rang.

Round 12—Ketchell came up almost helpless and Papke landed a straight right to the jaw. Ketchell went down for the count. He came up and Papke sent his right to the jaw as he came in and knocked him down again. At the count of nine Ketchell struggled to his feet, but Jeffries had already called to his seconds to care for their man. Papke was surrounded by his friends and seconds, who hugged him with delight over his victory.

September 8, 1908 Daily Nonpareil

Council Bluffs

# When Ketchel Knocked Papke Out at Colma



# CHAMPIONSHIP REVERTS TO THE "FIGHTING DEMON" IN MIDDLE-WEIGHT CLASS

## Papke Shows Little Form and Finally Grows Careless From Continued Beating.

By HARRY B. SMITH.

STANLEY KETCHEL is again middle-weight champion of the world. Shattering all ring tradition—for never before has a defeated champion come back—the Michigan fighter rushed Billy Papke through as fierce a pace as has ever been witnessed at the Mission-street arena, and closed by knocking the Illinois thunderbolt out in the eleventh round with a left-hand swing to the jaw that had all the strength of Ketchel's body behind it. Dropped cold, but not completely dazed, Papke waited the count, and as he stood on his feet, helpless to do more than shield his head in a feeble sort of way, he was again put down by a succession of lefts and rights that were showered down on him. Once more the timekeeper started his count, and this time Papke was not on his feet even when eleven seconds had been counted, and Referee Jack Welsh waved toward Ketchel in token of his victory.

Papke contends that he did not hear the referee toll off the seconds and that he was counted out when he could have continued the fight. While that may be true, his chances of winning were gone. He was beaten thoroughly and there could be no hope for him. That eleven seconds were counted by the timekeeper is unquestioned, and the spectacular triumph of Ketchel is not to be clouded in any way. Manifestly the better man of the two, he was a fighting demon, and there was no round of the eleven in which it could be said that Papke had more than an even break.

The winner fought the best fight of his career, boxing well, blocking in a way that at times made Papke appear a beginner at the game, landing stiff punches to the body that hurt Papke from the jump and in no way suffering himself. Papke, as he says himself, never got started. He was slow to begin, landed with less force to his punches than the San Francisco fans have been led to expect, and from the fourth round on was going to clinches and holding on repeatedly in order to save himself. But the clinches did the Illinois boy little good, for Ketchel did more than fight in the open, and landed innumerable left uppercuts to the body and punished his man severely around the kidneys.

Those were the blows that took the steam out of Papke and that made him an easy victim. As he tired from the beating that he was receiving, Papke grew more and more careless in guarding himself from the breaks. Toward the close, after he was rushed to the ropes by his heavier opponent, Papke time and again would step away with his guard down.

## ***Papke Leaves Himself Open.***

It was thus that he received the knockout punch. Ketchel had forced his man against the ropes and as they finally separated at the command of Welsh Papke stepped back with both hands to his sides. Quick as a flash Ketchel swung a hard left and landed flush to the jaw. Papke dropped on his back and his head hit the floor hard. It was a nasty fall, but he was on his knees as the count progressed. He was up at eight, with Ketchel on top of him. The Illinois man made no effort to fight. Staggering about the ring with his gloved hands covering his face as best he could, Papke received a dozen punches on the jaw and in the body before he finally dropped for the second time.

It was evident that he was out, but he listened to the counting and stood up after eleven had been counted by Harting. There was a look of surprise on his face as Welsh motioned that Ketchel had won, and Billy went to his corner willingless and made no comment, leaving the protests to his manager, who argued that Papke had not been sufficiently warned. The knockout came probably a minute and a half after the round had started and was no more expected by the crowd than by Papke. Ketchel had been playing largely to the body, but he had been watching his chances for a swing and used the opportunity at the right moment.

The Illinois man was a keen disappointment to his friends and to the crowd, which had been led to expect more from his science and more from his punch. In both particulars he was lacking. Not from the first round, when Ketchel caught him a stiff left to the body that set Papke staggering about the ring, did the Illinois man look to have a chance of winning. It is true that Ketchel tired perceptibly in the eighth and ninth rounds, slowing up the fight, and that Papke showed to slightly better advantage; but his punches when they did land were wholly lacking in effectiveness.

## ***Ketchel Resumes Former Style.***

The Michigan champion resumed the style that made him famous when he beat Joe Thomas in a grueling thirty-two round fight in the same arena. With the same awkward crouch, the left extended, he would jab his opponent with the left and then swing the right. There were times when he missed, but he landed sufficiently to have a telling effect on the smaller man. His uppercutting was also a phase of his fighting that has certainly been developed. It has been told of Papke that his forte was infighting. He didn't show as an infighter to any extent yesterday when compared to Ketchel.

The Michigan middleweight never missed a chance to land in the clinches. He brought the angry red marks to Papke's back from the outset, thumped him in the stomach as they wrestled around the ring, and jabbed him in the face. Both men bled considerably about the face and mouth, but it affected neither of them. The body blows had Papke tired and he wilted away when the knockout punch was placed to the right spot.

Papke has declared his desire for another fight with Ketchel—a chance to redeem his lost laurels. He will doubtless have the opportunity, but on their fight of yesterday afternoon, Ketchel would look all over the winner. Naturally a heavier man than Papke, Ketchel has the vitality, the vigor, and most of all, the fighting spirit. There was hardly a moment of the eleven rounds that he was not working. It is true that the men were clinched repeatedly, but it was less the fault of Ketchel than Papke, and even in those clinches the returned champion was working and winning.

It was Papke, and not Ketchel, who displayed the nervousness. The Michigan boy, in spite of the fact that he was face to face with the man who had mangled him so in Los Angeles, never flinched; never showed that he felt that he would be anything but a winner. Before the fight and while in his corner, he called to Barney Oldfield, who had been introduced to the crowd, and talked with him about auto racing. In the fight itself, Ketchel may have been more cautious than is his wont, but after the first round, when he had so good a lead, he never stopped forcing the pace. It was Papke, who was backing up and having his back scraped against the ropes and Ketchel, who was always in front of him.

The Thunderbolt was nervous when he entered the ring, but less so as the fight progressed. It was toward the close of the encounter that he displayed his best form, but it was the carelessness in protecting himself that gave Ketchel the opening he desired.

## ***Fight Is Won in First Round.***

Ketchel virtually won his fight in the first round, as he has won so many of his fights in the past. Papke was the first to land, a light left jab, but Ketchel replied with a left that just grazed the chin and was a close shave. As they came out of a clinch, Ketchel landed a stiff left to the stomach and followed that up with a succession of rights and lefts to the body. The body blow had done the business and Papke was staggering around the ring when the bell rang, all but defeated.

That round took the life out of Papke. He responded when the second gong for the second round was sounded, but though he landed on the Michigan-lander, there was nothing behind the punch; nothing that would stop the rushes and the wicked uppercuts.

"Ketchel will win," said the crowd, as it settled back into its seats when the second round was ended and the crowd had the right information. Both men slowed up slightly in the third, but Ketchel came with a rush in the fourth and sent Papke to his corner a tired and discouraged fighter. All the time Stanley had been doing some wonderful blocking, holding off Papke's efforts to land.

From the fourth until the eleventh Papke held on when he could. Occasionally landing to the face, Papke's blows were of far less impact than those of Ketchel. Stanley slowed up in the eighth from the pace that he had been making, but he more than held his own, and roughed Papke about the ring and once through the ropes. It was in the fifth that Papke shot out through the ropes, and it came more from a punch than a shove. Ketchel fell on top of him, and the fall did Papke no good, for he was crushed against a box railing.

Papke was apparently fresher as the eleventh opened than after the first round, but Ketchel forced him around the ring, and, as they came out of one of their clinches, landed the left swing, and followed that up with cruel rights and lefts on the defenseless man.

It was the end of the story. Papke was beaten and by a better man.

As early as the fifth round came the chant of the short-enders and Ketchel's friends, calling on the Michigan boy to finish his man. Cheered on by the showing that Ketchel had made in the first round, they were flushed with the victory that was in sight. Nobody cheered Papke as he went to his corner in defeat; Ketchel's end of the ring was a mass of hands and excited faces, with men trying to tell each other that they knew all the time that Stanley would win.

And the short-enders certainly had their chance. The big money, or most of it, had gone on Papke, and the small bettors were in their glory.

## ***Some Ringside Scenes.***

The preliminary scenes that surrounded the fight were much the same as come to all fights. The weighing in during the forenoon was accomplished easily enough. Ketchel had just made the weight, and after he stepped off the scales was given a cup of beef tea.

"Gee! it must be tough to be thirsty," said Papke with a leer.

"Yes, Billy," retorted Ketchel. "I haven't had anything to drink for two weeks."

There was a slight delay in getting the men into the ring, due to the stopping of the street cars, but the pair started fighting promptly at 3 o'clock. Ketchel was first through the ropes, closely followed by Papke. The latter went across the ring to examine Ketchel's bandages, and for a time both men talked with friends who crowded about them.

Hugo Kelly was introduced and challenged the winner, and challenges also came from Jack (Twin) Sullivan and Sam Langford.

The ringside betting went to 10 to 6, at which price Jim May of Nevada bet heavily on Ketchel, cleaning up, as he afterward stated, in the neighborhood of \$4500.

With the preliminary details out of the way and the men properly introduced by Jordan, the fight was on.

In the preliminary Antone La-Grave stopped Joe Larkin in two rounds. Referee Krelling calling a halt

# HATRED INSPIRES EVERY BLOW IN FIGHT

Papke's Stubborn Courage Is  
of No Avail Before Power  
of the "Assassin."

KILLED BY EXCITEMENT.

By W. O. MCGEEHAN.

NEVER since the days when the gladiators fought for their lives with the caestus was there such a fight as yesterday's when Stanley Ketchel sent Papke, the Thunderbolt, to the mat with a swinging punch that shook his entire frame and sent his head crashing against the floor with a thud that shook the wooden platform. Pain-racked and with the heart beaten out of him by savage body punches in the first few rounds, Papke stood to his guns with the stubborn courage of his race. But it was all over in that punch. Ketchel, the "Assassin," had come to his own.

With his head buzzing and the strength sapped from him Papke sprawled on the mat. His battered face turned gray but the stolid expression of it did not change. He strained his ears to listen to the voice of the referee, almost drowned in the cheering for the victor, and just before the fatal "ten" was shouted, he staggered to his feet.

Clenching his teeth he threw up his arms to protect his head from another of these terrific blows, while Ketchel sprang at him like a wolf at the throat of a wounded stag. Viciously the "Assassin" whipped in punch after punch, until Papke tried to shoot out just one more blow. Then Ketchel's left fist caught him full in the face and he fell again.

This was the final test of the German boy's endurance. Even then, though he was barely conscious, the Thunderbolt's will power kept him together. He did not admit defeat for his face was as stolid as ever and he refused to let it show the pain that tortured his battered frame.

## STOLID TEUTON COURAGE.

Game is hardly the word. It was something a little higher than that. It was force of will, the sort that made his ancestors centuries back the conquerors of Europe. Ketchel's courage is of another kind, the kind that dashes in reckless of results and carries the battle of storm. An army of Ketchels might carry a last hope in a charge, but an army of Papke's could stand a siege with privations and continual fighting without wincing.

From the fight yesterday there may be something in the claim that Ketchel was caught by a chance blow while shaking hands with Papke in the other fight at Los Angeles. There was no handshaking to this affair, not the least pretense of ceremony. It was a battle to the death between two fine young specimens of the man animal who fought because they hated each other bitterly.

Ketchel went after his man in the first round with a grim determination and with little of that confidence he used to show before he was so terribly beaten at Los Angeles. But once he landed a jarring punch over Papke's heart, a punch that staggered the German boy he seemed to realize that he would win. He had Papke on the ropes and in a bad way in the very first round.

He was after him all the time swinging at him viciously with blows that would have felled an ox. Some of them reached the target, Papke's body, and red welts showed on the white flesh of the German. But Papke choked down the pain and grinned. It was not the sickly grin of a man who was trying to work a losing bluff. Papke was still confident that he would win when Ketchel had worn himself out in the desperate effort to land a deciding punch.

In the eighth and ninth rounds, Papke, despite the terrible beating that had been administered to him, seemed fresher and more active than Ketchel, and even at that stage of the battle those who were backing him still believed their man would win. They thought that the whirlwind pace would tell upon Ketchel and that the German boy, slower to anger and slower to get into the white heat of the fighting, would be stronger in the end.

But Ketchel was like a wild animal that had tasted blood and would not be satisfied until he was at the throat of his victim and tearing the body. In the fifth round the Assassin rushed the wearied Thunderbolt against the ropes and with a left swing to the jaw sent him through the ropes. The blow was a terrific one, and the force of it carried both men out of the ring. In the ninth Ketchel caught Papke a vicious blow in the kidneys as the Illinois man darted away from him and Papke fell.

## MEN CRIMSON WITH BLOOD.

Papke's face was cut and battered early in the fighting and the blood oozed from his flattened nose and his crushed lips. In the fourth round the crimson showed on Ketchel's white and vicious face, the blood bubbling from his nose as he gasped for breath. Papke's grin was good natured at the start, but when Ketchel tried to grin back it was more like a snarl. He hated the man in front of him, for Papke had spoiled for him all the things he cared for, and he swung his powerful arms with murder in his heart. He was certainly entitled to the name of the "Assassin" as the fight drew near to the close.

It was the sort of fight that had the crowd gripping their seats and howling like wild beasts that hover around a battle between other animals in the jungle. They pawed at the air and shouted till their voices became husky whispers. So great was the strain of the duel that one of the spectators, suffering from a heart attack because of the excitement, keeled over and died while the thousands of people, with their eyes glued on the struggling pair in the ring, snarled and gasped, strained forward with the lust of fighting in their eyes and their faces distorted. Those who were near to the dead man were loth to leave the ring-side even long enough to carry the still form, lying huddled across their feet, from the ringside.

When Papke rose after he had been declared defeated he stood for a while bewildered and staring at the sky with glassy eyes. Then, gradually, his lost powers of reasoning came back and he raised a weak protest.

"I didn't get the full count," he gasped. Even then his stolid courage was not quelled. He believed that he could still defeat Ketchel. But he was beaten and beaten decisively. The force of the Thunderbolt had been smothered. The Assassin had regained his own.

## Fight Receipts Are Below \$20,000 Mark

THE receipts of the Ketchel-Papke fight were announced last night by Promoter Coffroth at \$18,321. This was far below what was expected, as it was figured several days before the match that there would be \$30,000 in the house. The rainy weather, the legal complications and the counter attractions all pulled against the fight, and Promoter Coffroth, while disappointed, feels that under the circumstances he did well. According to Tom Jones, Papke received \$12,000 for his end, win, lose or a draw, while \$8,000 went to Ketchel. Coffroth never gave out a statement of the financial agreement with the fighters, but if this statement is correct the promoter lost money on the bout, as it would cost him in the neighborhood of \$2000 to promote it.

# PAPKE SAYS HE NEVER HEARD THE FATAL COUNT OF TEN

By BILLY PAPKE



I DON'T know what was the matter with me to-day. I couldn't get started, that was all. I never fought as poor a fight in all my life and I would like another chance at Ketchel. I thought that I was counted out unfairly. I heard Welsh say six and then I heard him count eight. I was waiting for nine, and the next I knew they told me I had lost. I was ready to get up and fight some more, and think I had a good chance to win. I couldn't see that Ketchel was any better than the first time we met. I feel all right, except that my back is sore and stiff.

# "Best Fight I Ever Saw," Declares Welsh

By REFEREE WELSH.

IT WAS Ketchel all the way. Papke has no right to complain. He got all the count that was coming to him. In fact, the second time he was down the timekeeper counted eleven over him. He couldn't have done anything if the fight had gone on, for he was dazed and staggering. It was the best fight I ever saw. Both men were game and anxious, but Papke had no chance after the first four rounds. He was out all right by all the rules of Queensberry.

## Will the Next Champion Evade the Hoodoo?

