

# LISTERINE IS FOR BREATH

*tooth paste is for teeth!*



*Listerine stops bad breath  
4 times better  
than tooth paste!*

## LISTERINE KILLS BAD BREATH GERMS TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T EVEN REACH!



Tooth paste reaches only this area around teeth and gums. And no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine kills germs as no tooth paste can—on contact, by millions.



Listerine is amazingly "wet"—more fluid than any tooth paste. Listerine way\* kills germs on 4 times more germ-laden surfaces, stops bad breath hours on end!

\*See directions on label.

*Germs all over  
your mouth  
and throat cause  
most bad breath.  
Tooth paste can't  
even reach most of  
these germs, let  
alone kill them.  
You need a  
free-flowing  
liquid antiseptic  
—Listerine  
Antiseptic—  
to do that!*



Every time you brush your teeth,  
**REACH FOR LISTERINE**

Tune in "The Loretta Young Show" and "Overland Trail"—NBC-TV Network

## MY BOY'S BATTLE *(Continued)*

*Floyd's boxing career was phenomenally  
successful until he met Ingemar Johansson;  
here's how he conquered his despair  
and came back from that stunning defeat*

farm all my own, and woods to walk in."

He seemed to set that as his goal right then and there.

Floyd spent about a year and a half at Wiltwyck, and when he came home I had no more trouble with him. He went to P.S. 614, a school that had a special vocational training program, and in his spare time he followed his brothers, Frank and Billy, who were amateur boxers, to the gym to watch them train. Before long his interest in boxing was all-out, and I tried to encourage it.

Floyd didn't need much of a push. Around the house, while the other kids would be playing music or dancing, Floyd would be shadowboxing in front of a mirror, pounding a pillow, or simply flicking his left hand at the light cord. Yet he didn't seem cut out for fighting. He was so gentle and didn't seem to be the kind that could hurt a man once he'd gotten the upper hand. But when Floyd started fighting, he rocketed to the top.

### Wins Olympic Championship

When he was only 16, he won the New York and Eastern Golden Gloves titles. The next year, 1952, he won these titles again and went on to Helsinki, Finland, where he won the Olympic middleweight championship for the U.S.A. Can you imagine how I felt? There was my little problem boy standing on the Olympic victory pedestal for all the world to see!

Things didn't end there, of course. When he came back home and turned professional, sportswriters began predicting all sorts of wonderful things for him. Floyd didn't do anything to disappoint them. In 1956, when he was not yet 21, he became the youngest man ever to win the heavyweight championship. He knocked out Archie Moore.

I never expected any more problems with Floyd after that. As champion he began to take home big purses, \$250,000 and \$300,000 at times. He was so generous, too. He bought a big house in Mount Vernon, N. Y., for Thomas and me and the children. He bought another home for his wife Sandra and their children in Rockville Centre, N. Y. And he bought a restaurant for his brother Billy and set Frank up in a floor-polishing business. He told his other younger brothers and sisters that he'd help them go to college. Only if your family has been real poor can you know why all this seemed like a dream.

Then we all woke up. It was June 26, 1959, and Floyd was defending his title against Ingemar Johansson at Yankee Stadium. Everyone said Floyd was going to win easily. I think Floyd must have believed it, too. In the third round, though, Johansson took the championship away from Floyd. I was there at the ringside when it happened, and

it was the most horrible moment of my life as I saw my boy knocked down seven times before the referee stopped the fight.

The boxing world was surprised by Floyd's defeat—but not as much as Floyd himself. When I talked to him after the fight, I saw that we had the same old problem on our hands. His quiet confidence, which had grown so well since his days at Wiltwyck, was gone.

I stayed with Floyd and Sandra for a week after the fight, hoping to cheer him up. But it was no use. Floyd hardly spoke to anybody. He pulled down the shades of the house and refused to go outdoors. He had his telephone number changed so he would not have to speak with friends.

Floyd hid in his shell until he went off to set up his training camp in the fall. He picked out a former country inn, tucked away in the hills of Newtown, Conn., about 65 miles from New York City. The place was like the beautiful countryside at Wiltwyck.

When I went to see Floyd at Newtown several weeks later, I noticed a big change. There in the country that he loved best his confidence seemed to return. He laughed and talked a lot, and he took me for a stroll down the wooded paths just like in the old days.

### Press Picks Johansson

Floyd stayed in the Newtown hills for nine months, figuring out his next fight against Johansson. Few people gave him a chance to win, but that seemed to make the challenge so much more important to Floyd. Sportswriters wrote that his rise to the world championship had been some sort of a freak. They called him a "cheese" champion and wrote that Johansson's right hand would send him away once and for all. They even criticized his quiet retreat, which was quite different from the luxurious resort where Johansson trained.

Floyd's camp was just the setting he needed, however. The villagers of Newtown, like the folks at Wiltwyck, helped him build up his confidence. They invited him to talk to their youth groups—the Little League and such. They waved to him like old friends as he chugged along the back lanes, doing his roadwork. Many prayed with him every Sunday at St. Rose Roman Catholic Church.

On June 20, Floyd drove down from Newtown to the Polo Grounds in New York City. I saw him before the fight, and when he gave me that little half smile of his I knew what was going to happen. And it did—in the fifth round. Floyd was champion again.

That was a comeback the whole world knows about. But I don't think it could have been possible without that first comeback a long time ago.