

and tie-ups of promoters with gangsters and a tangle of other charges and countercharges.

"I like it better," Ingo says wryly, "if it be like back home in Sweden. You shake hands after the fight and you get your money the next day."

Actually, all the revelations about the skullduggery surrounding the Patterson fight have helped Ingo. To the public, he has emerged as the stalwart young Viking who was entrapped by a gang of unprincipled ruffians and yet managed to stay as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth.

**D**URING the complicated negotiations for the return fight, he has retained this image, every inch the honest businessman, the gentleman, and the sportsman. And while the lawyers and the commissioners argue, Ingo goes right on enjoying life and enjoying being the champion. He looks like a millionaire playboy in his dinner jacket, pleated dress shirt, and fashionably narrow black tie. When he sings with Dinah Shore, he has all the assurance of Pat Boone. When he acts in the movies, as he does in Columbia's forthcoming "All The Young Men" with Alan Ladd, James Darren, and Sidney Poitier, he is so good that the producers expanded his token role into a full-fledged part.

About the only criticism he has ever drawn for one of his acting jobs came after he did Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers" on television. His emoting was so believable it earned the approval of the toughest critics. But his boxing scenes were curiously wooden and uninspired, leading one sportswriter to complain, "Ingo was a real actor on television last night. He even fought like an actor."

When he goes to bed, Ingemar Johansson does his best to make sure it isn't earlier than 3 o'clock in the morning. What with one thing and another, the champ is getting what he wants out of life.

And he'll fight to keep it, too.

## I was just thinking...



**L**ONG AFTER most children were riding bicycles, I was still crawling desperately around the floor. Later, when I finally got the hang of walking, I went on to become an outstanding failure at roller skating, ice skating, horsemanship, and archery.

Even ordinary household activities throw me. Literally. The other night, for example, I rose from my bed to open a window. This is not listed among participation sports. Window opening is not included in physical education or even praised when accomplished.

But I walked into the side of the door and almost tore one ear off. I never made it to the window.

Even the art of sleeping is difficult for me. I suffer more from posture than from insomnia. Lying in bed might seem a simple enough condition to most. Not to me. There is still a scar on my ankle as a memento of the night I turned over and cut myself with the nail from a toe on the other foot.

Most days I rise up screaming because I have slept with my head tucked under my arm and wrenched my neck.

It takes courage, not skill, to visit the dentist. With me, it takes both. When the time came, my dentist strapped me down, called the vigilantes, and drilled for an hour. He is a young man with a firm grip, else I might have fallen out of the chair. I did fall, of course, on the way home. That was the day I also attempted to re-cover a chair and pounded a nail in a nail I had already—on my finger.

It's gratifying that I survive so well. Nothing really drastic has yet befallen me, although the toe which I stubbed twice in 30 minutes on the same corner of the davenport six months ago is still sore. I am a patchwork of fading bruises and healing scars, but I am whole and hearty.

But my first employer's forecast continues to haunt me. After he'd hired me, he commented, "I have a feeling she's the sort of girl things happen to." Right away I began proving it. Two weeks later, I was in a train wreck.

*Patty Johnson*

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