

# GIBSON ADMONISHES TUNNEY TO GO EASY

**Challenger at Peak of Condition  
and Manager Warns Against  
His Becoming Stale.**

## WORKOUT PROVES LISTLESS

**Transient Visitors Dismayed at  
Tunney's Showing, but Regular  
Camp Followers Discern Purpose.**

By RICHARDS VIDMER.

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STROUDSBURG, Pa., Sept. 9.—A dreary day brought out a dreary exhibition of boxing by Gene Tunney, challenger for the world's heavyweight championship, here this afternoon and the transient experts shook their heads in unanimous dismay.

Those restless souls who are frantically commuting between Atlantic City, where the training grounds of Jack Dempsey have been trod daily by cash customers, and Stroudsburg, where the fires of Tunney's camp burn freely, get only fleeting flashes of the gladiators, and they must of necessity judge each on his day's performance. And Gene's performance today was anything but impressing.

The touring experts saw a slow and sometimes ponderous challenger box six rounds with lighter, less famous sparring partners, hitting with little force as a rule, missing many punches and being hit more than is good for any man who has hopes of winning the crown that shines on Jack Dempsey's head. They mourned his chances and departed on their eternal round.

### Restrains Himself Purposely.

But those who have camped on the trail Gene Tunney has blazed from the Adirondacks to the Poconos, gained a different impression. He did look slow and ponderous. He was hit frequently by Bryan Downey, Billy Vidabeck and Harold Mays, and also he failed to punish his partners to any great extent. But Gene was content to take his workout with as little effort as possible.

The cause of it all is the fact that Tunney is so near the peak of perfection right now, with the battle still two weeks over the distant horizon, that he is guarding against the possibilities of becoming stale. From now until the days immediately preceding his golden opportunity he will box little and try to maintain his present condition.

That was the advice of Billy Gibson, his manager, after seeing the challenger in the ring for the first time in three weeks. Gibson arrived last night for a glimpse of his proudest financial investment and one glance at the physical appearance of Tunney brought forth the warning to "go easy."

Gibson will depart for Philadelphia tomorrow to meet with Gene Normile, the champion's business adviser, and the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. The question of a referee may be discussed.

### McCracken Favored for Referee.

There are several under consideration. Frank McCracken, a former Philadelphia fighter, who has been handling contests for the past eight years, is the most likely choice. McCracken is said to be satisfactory to both the champion and the challenger, and he is unanimously endorsed by the newspaper men in Tunney's camp.

The one thing that may prevent his selection is his size. He is small, and there are some who are inclined to believe he will be unable to handle such big men as Dempsey and Tunney. Others under consideration are Leo Houck, now coach of the Penn State boxing team; Tommy Reilly, Frank Floyd and Pop O'Brien. All are Philadelphians.

There was a powerful array of men who can hit in the challenger's camp this afternoon, when Johnny Farrell and Leo Diegel, golfers, and Moose McCormick, the former pinch-hitter of the Giants, called on Tunney. In the quartet could be found some of the hardest hitters ever collected together, and their weapons ranged from closed fists to baseball bats and brassies.

### Plays Nine Holes of Golf.

Before Tunney entered the ring today he played nine holes of golf, but found no privacy even in the bunkers. The crowd trailed him over the course and then waited patiently outside the Glen Brook Club during his rest hour. When he reappeared for his ring work the throng had increased to about 1,000, despite the slight drizzling rain that fell throughout the forenoon.

Many of the crowd were American Legionnaires from Delaware Water Gap, where the State convention is being held. They were members of the J. Wesley Garland Post 123 of Langsford, Pa., composed mostly of coal miners, and they brought with them a gift emblematic of their organization.

It was a bust of a prize-fighter, fashioned from a huge lump of coal.