

By RICHARDS VIDMER. Special to The New York Times.

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## DEMPSEY'S GUARDS FORM SOLID WALL

Challenger Watched Over Like  
U. S. Treasury—More Inac-  
cessible Than Tunney.

NOT THE DEMPSEY OF OLD

Hail Fellow Well Met Has Given  
Way to Skeptic—Takes Only  
Light Workout.

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CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—Statistical experts and others with mathematical minds have estimated that Jack Dempsey will receive \$450,000, roughly speaking, for his coming encounter with Gene Tunney on the night of Sept. 22. But Dempsey's intrinsic value is much more than that. It must be.

After a hard-earned visit to the challenger's camp at Lincoln Fields near here this afternoon this correspondent is convinced that Dempsey, who doesn't even wear the crown any more, is more closely guarded than the crown jewels, the National Bank of England and the Treasury Building in Washington combined.

It has been said that Gene Tunney is inaccessible. The champion even has been called "high-hat" because he doesn't parade before the public. Tunney has no more privacy than the proverbial goldfish when compared to Dempsey.

Dempsey once declared he had gone into retirement. That was two or three years ago, and it didn't take

at the time. Now, apparently, he has had a relapse of his intentions.

If Tex Rickard, who has nothing more than a \$3,000,000 interest in the battle on the banks of Lake Michigan, were to call on one of his two investments unannounced, it is not beyond the realms of the imagination that he would find as much difficulty in seeing Dempsey as any one else.

Guardians Hard to Pass.

Mr. Rickard, for instance, might encounter an imposing person at the outer gate who would inquire:

"Well, what d'ya want around here?"

"I'm Tex Rickard, the promoter," Tex might reply, with justifiable confidence that his name would be enough to admit him to any fighter's camp. But he might be surprised.

"Oh, yeah? Well, you just stay right there until some one comes along to tell me who you really are." Such an answer is easily imaginable.

Then, if Rickard were treated as other mortals, in due time some one whom he recognized might stroll casually by.

"Hey, Joe!" Rickard would have to shout. "Tell this guard I'm all right."

If Joe or Bill or Mike or whoever it might be didn't happen to be going any place in particular he would then stop and assure the still skeptical guardian of the outer portals that Mr. Rickard was a bona fide fight promoter, a resident of New York City and a personal friend of Mr. Dempsey.

After that all Rickard would have to do to get to the challenger in person would be to convince six other guards, three maids, a regiment or two of Chicago policemen and a sparring partner of his identity.

Dempsey Different Person.

After all this he would find himself face to face with Jack Dempsey himself. And maybe he wouldn't recognize the former champion. That is, not if he hadn't seen him in the past year, for Dempsey, the challenger, is

as different a person from Dempsey, the champion, as dawn from dusk.

The Dempsey of old, the Dempsey that is still idolized by the American fight fan, was a hail fellow well met, who let the world go by on its natural course and left an atmosphere of the unconquerable in his wake.

The Dempsey of old didn't care what any one thought of him as a boxer, so sure was he of his own prowess and supremacy. The Dempsey of old sometimes read what was written about him and if it was pessimistic he laughed.

But the Dempsey of today is not so confident. He wonders what the world thinks of him. He reads everything that is written about him and is obviously anxious to please the powers of publicity. He is interested and eager with the sports writers and poses patiently for photographers.

In the years when he was champion he took his popularity as a matter of course. In his present position as challenger he wonders just how great is his popularity. He has become sensitive to public opinion and there are times when it seems he has developed a strain of skepticism and suspicion.

Maybe there was something in that fatal glass of milk which Captain Mabbutt offered as an excuse for Dempsey's defeat in the battle beneath the clouds last year.

This afternoon Dempsey confined his exercises to a short session with the bag and a few setting-up exercises. Whether he planned another night session in secret could not be learned. If so, it must have been scheduled for a late hour, as he departed for Chicago late this afternoon. He was scheduled to referee a bout or two at the Broadway Armory.

Manager Billy Gibson, Trainer Lou Fink, Jimmy Bronson and Bill McCabe of the champion's camp are expected to be licensed tomorrow as seconds of Tunney, while Leo P. Flynn, Trainer Jerry Invadis and Gus Wilson are expected to receive licenses as seconds for Dempsey.

Bill Duffy, New York manager of fighters and a close friend of Dempsey's, is expected to act for the former champion here as he did in Dempsey's fight last July against Jack Sharkey in New York.