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No one else in the history of baseball, living or dead, ever did as much to elevate the ideals and ethics of the national pastime as New Bern's Joe Flanner.

A tiny wisp of a man, he fought with the ferocity of a tiger to clean up the game, when it was in its darkest and rowdiest era more than half a century ago.

Single-handedly he did what major league presidents had found it impossible to do, and as long as baseball lives he will be remembered with reverence as the man who saved it. Perhaps not in his home town, but certainly in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New York and elsewhere in the American and National Leagues.

New Bern and North Carolina failed to give the sport a Willie Keeler, a Babe Ruth, a Christy Matthewson, a Ty Cobb, a Ted Williams, or a Stan Musial, but Joe Flanner holds a spot more hallowed and more unique than any of these stellar diamond performers.

He was born here back in 1855, and in his teens he caught for the local Elm City nine that whipped everything coming and going in winning the State Championship.

Joe's brother, Will, pitched for this wonder team, and they were ably aided and abetted by hard-hitting, fancy-fielding fellows like Ed Havens, George Oliver, John Dunn, Jim Long, John Clark, Reed Whitford, Horace Baxter, Harry Stevenson and Frank Patterson.

When Joe reached the age that he was free, white and 21, he took to the open road. His wanderlust didn't wear off until he reached the black hills of the Dakotas. After serving a law apprenticeship in that wild and woolly country, he ended up as editor of the Sporting News in St. Louis.

For many years he served in that capacity. So fair and decent was Joe that other newspapermen viewed him with virtual awe. The conviction of his pen fought for baseball, as an editor. The logic and judicial insight of his mind fought for it as an adjuster of disputes. The whole soul of the man fought for it as his game.

Flanner died in 1924, and just about every important figure known to the national pastime showed up for his funeral. When they laid him to rest in Cincinnati's snow-clad Spring Grove cemetery, he was buried next to his old-time friend and associate, John E. Bruce.

That's the way Joe wanted it, and no one would have thought of having it otherwise. Christy Matthewson, Clark Griffith, and Gary Herman were among those who expressed their grief with beautiful floral designs. They, too, have long since joined him in the great beyond.

There was no lack of flowers. As one writer, deeply touched, put it, "if every ball player who has been shown a kindness by Joe Flanner could drop one small blossom on his grave, the total would tower high above his newly-made mound".

So perfect was his work, that even today his code and rules are still in use. When the sport was rocked to its very foundation by the sordid revelations of the Black Sox scandal, it was Joe who led the uphill battle to restore confidence in major league baseball in general, and the World Series in particular.

Yes, New Bern can be proud of Joe Flanner, the man they call the Savior of baseball. The things he fought for, the decency he believed in, have done more than anything else to keep this great summer sport on a plane of respectability.



HE WAS RIGHT—"It's gonna be a tough winter," this enterprising squirrel told us several months ago, when we kidded him about working overtime to gather every pecan in sight. As a weather prophet he was New Bern's best, and now, thanks to his vast storehouse, he is assured of

square meals for that round tummy—come hail, sleet or snow. Don't ask him where this particular pecan came from—he visited everybody's yard in town.—Photo by Billy Benners.

Texas Learned Thing Or Two From Spud County Farm Boy

Texans are notorious when it comes to bragging about native sons of the Lone Star State, but it took a country boy from Hobucken in Pamlico county to show them how to run Texas Christian University.

Dr. M. E. Sadler has done just that. Even in Texas he is recognized as mighty big and tall in the saddle, but he has never gotten too big to admit with pride that he hails from a tiny jumping-off place in coastal Carolina.

This, more than anything else, points up the real character of the man. As president of Texas Christian since 1941, he has earned the rank of an internationally known educator, yet his fondest hopes right now are for a hurried trip home next summer so "we can see our people."

When Dr. Sadler speaks of "our people" he is talking for Mrs. Sadler too. She is the former Frances Swain of Belhaven, so their roots in the Tar Heel soil around New Bern are mutual.

"My father and mother were Mr. and Mrs. John Daniel Sadler," the Texas Christian prexy reminded us when The Mirror contacted him this week for the latest lowdown on his achievements.

"My older brother, Joe Sadler is living at the old home place, and my sister, Mrs. W. D. Ireland, is also living at Hobucken. One of my brothers, Lee Sadler, died at 43. He was an exceedingly brilliant preacher."

Dr. Sadler didn't have much to say about his own brilliance, so

we'll let some pertinent facts that we rounded up speak for themselves. They prove what The Mirror constantly contends, that folks in these parts have just as much ability as anybody else, and in some instances a lot more.

When the Hobucken native be-

came president of Texas Christian in 1941, the school had 1,146 students. Last year it had 8,375, and this year will have over 9,000.

In 1941 there were nine old buildings. Today there are 26 large, modern buildings. At the present time between \$8 and \$9 million per year is being spent in carrying on the work there. From a small and rather poor school it has grown to a large school, with the largest resources of any voluntarily supported college or university in Texas, with the exception of Rice Institute.

So much for Texas Christian. Let's take a look at the Tar Heel whose leadership inspired this phenomenal growth. Dr. Sadler got his BA degree from Atlantic Christian at Wilson in 1919, and his MA degree from Vanderbilt 1921.

After graduate work at the University of Chicago, he received his BD degree from Yale in 1925 and his PhD degree at Yale in 1929. He received honorary degrees from Texas Christian in 1941, Atlantic Christian in 1952, and the University of Detroit in 1952.

He was dean of Lynchburg college from 1931 to 1936, became minister of the Central Christian church in Austin, Texas, in 1936, and served there until he became president of Texas Christian

In 1952 he was selected as the president of the Association of American colleges. Earlier in 1950 he was chosen vice president of the National Council of Churches (Continued on back page)

