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The NEW BERN

MIRROR

WEEKLY
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VOLUME 5

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1962

NUMBER 21

No list of colorful North Carolinians would be complete if it failed to include Captain Tom Daniels — the South's first football star, and later a maimed hero of World War I who refused to die from his wounds.

Tom was a rip snorter in his day, so much so that a fearful member of the State legislature sought to have him outlawed from every college gridiron within the bounds of civilization. Opposing teams understood why.

Father Time alone was able to tone him down slightly, in the sunset years. A man surrounded in his seventies by mellowed memories of sports and military mayhem, he was content in the afterglow of his glory to let others scramble for the limelight he knew so well.

As a pigskin pioneer, he not only brought national fame to Dixie, but revealed the stamina and spunk that was to stand him in good stead when his body was all but ripped apart by German shells that finally felled him on a blood-drenched French battlefield.

That was on August 19, 1918, but the Daniels saga really began in 1888. Playing halfback for Trinity (now Duke University) the cocky New Bernian led his team to a 20-0 victory over the University of North Carolian. Southern football was born that day, and Tom, almost singlehandedly, made the delivery in the presence of a few hundred excited but slightly bewildered spectators.

He ran roughshod over every foe he faced for the next six years, and was picked as the greatest halfback in the country by the nation's top sports authority, Casper Whitney — whose writings in *Outing Magazine* were never disputed by lesser scribes.

Whitney was the forerunner of Walter Camp and Grantland Rice, and his evaluation of the Trinity thunderbolt was equivalent to later All-American selections. Southern football in its infancy was scoffed at by Yankee critics, but Daniels quickly squelched the doubters with his greatness.

Auburn, understandably impressed, latched onto him to coach that school's first football team against the University of Alabama, in 1893. Somebody, and we rather think it was Tom, suggested permitting the coaches to play. It was a bad day for Alabama when the Crimson Tide agreed.

Daniels had a field day, scoring most of the points as Auburn went on to win by a margin of 32 to 22. Spurning offers to play professional baseball, he came back home and coached a number of high school football teams before he eventually went off to war.

Actually, Captain Tom was an old hand at military service before World War I. He joined the Naval Militia of the North Carolina State Guard in 1892, and for 16 years was commander of the North Carolina Naval Brigade. He retired in 1915 with the rank of commodore.

He saw active duty in the Spanish American War. When World War I broke out, Daniel's rank was too high for him to get a chance at active sea duty. He enlisted in the army, and following three months in the Second Training Camp at Chicamauga Park, Tenn., was commissioned a first lieutenant.

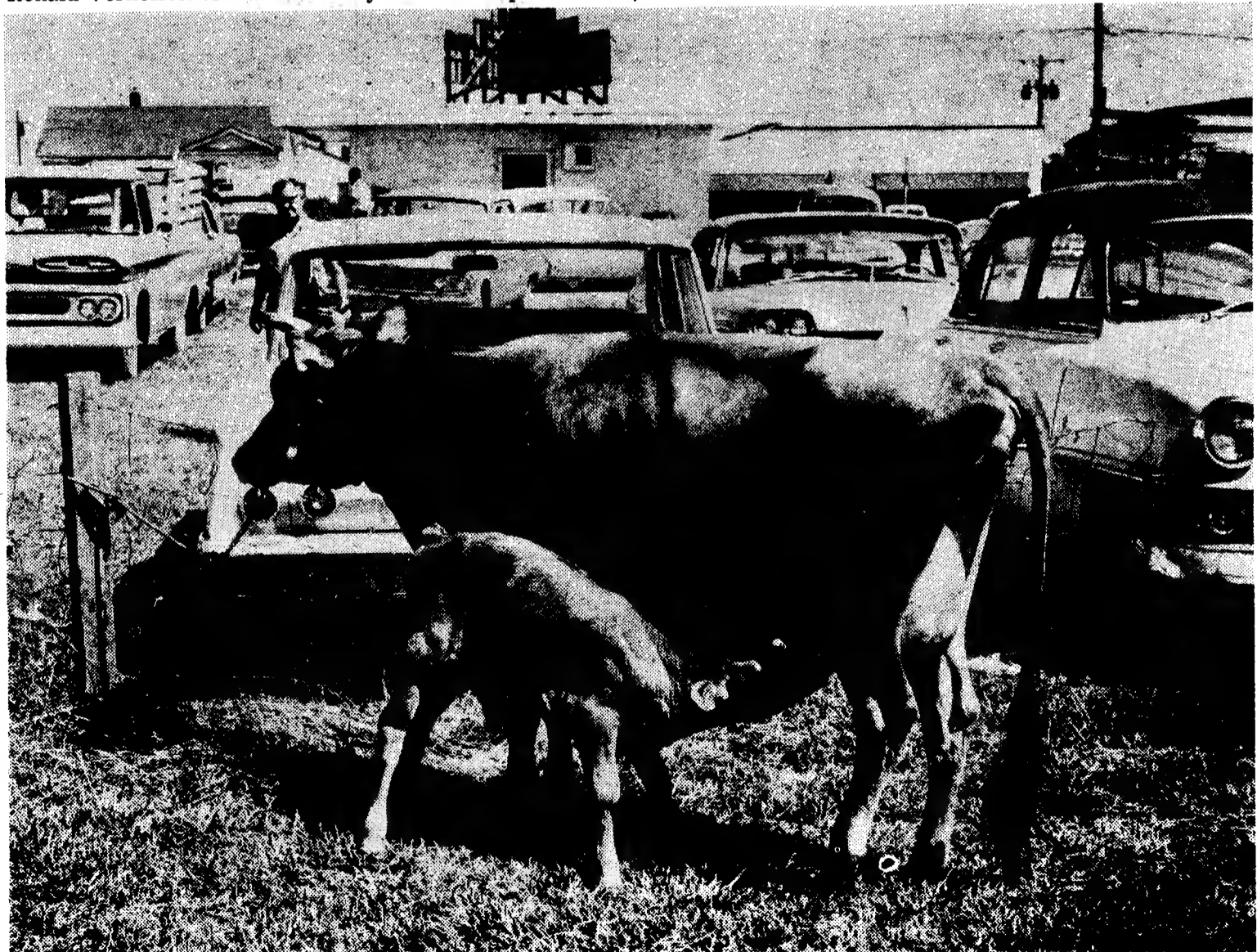
His valor in France earned him the Croix de Guerre, and never let it be said that he didn't receive this high French decoration the hard way. On a sultry summer morning, he lost an eye and sustained severe head wound, but continued to fight. A shattered shoulder, more head wounds and the loss of an ear put him out of action that afternoon.

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THEY WERE CHAMPS—Paul Cox, secretary of the Craven County Livestock Development Association, presents a trophy to Tony Wilson of Rose Hill, while Ed Yarbrough of the Bank of New Bern makes his institution's award to Ronald Vernelson of Harrells. They were the top winners

at the eleventh annual Coastal Carolina Junior Dairy Show here, impressing State College judges with their proficiency in all categories of the stiff competition.—Photo by Billy Benners.



TIME FOR LUNCH—Lyle Garner of Stella didn't have the heart to leave his little bull home, when he brought its mother as an entry to the Coastal Carolina Dairy Show. The two-month-old bull didn't care a hoot (or a moo) about

the prizes, but he did get hungry. What's more, he knew what to do about it, while judging continued a few feet away.—Photo by Billy Benners.