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No one who knows Alfred A. Kafer calls the stocky, unassuming New Bernian anything but Shorty.

It was typical of him that he didn't try to play down the nickname, when he was elevated to the high office of Grand Master of North Carolina's Masons. From the mountains to the sea, as the honored guest of lodge after lodge, he has demonstrated that a fellow dubbed Shorty can command the respect, and earn the affection of his fellow man.

Kafer performs his duties with dignity, but even if he tried he couldn't be aloof and pompous. He is no speech maker, admits as much, but packs more punch in a few, off-the-cuff remarks than individuals more eloquent deliver with prolonged oratory.

Shorty, down to earth in more ways than his abbreviated physique, may be recorded in the archives of the fraternity as one of the State's better Grand Masters. It is safe to say, at this early date, that few will be remembered with greater warmth of heart.

On one occasion, in the hills of Carolina, Kafer arrived early at a Masonic function, and struck up acquaintance right off with a man he ran into. Holding out his stubby paw, he said, "I'm Shorty Kafer, and I'm pleased to meet you."

The man didn't know Shorty from Adam, but revealed that this was a big night for him. "I've come all the way from Ohio," he disclosed, "to have the Grand Master pin my 50-year membership pin on me."

"I'm sure the Grand Master will be proud to do it," said Shorty without revealing his identity further. The 50-year member was flabbergasted when he learned in lodge who the Grand Master was, but relaxed when Kafer spotted him and flashed that broad smile of his.

There isn't a man in Craven County who can run fast enough to give us a wild goose. Have you ever tried to pick the feathers off one of the things? For us it was an all-night ordeal just getting the stern section denuded, so if you have an extra gander, thanks a lot but let somebody else have it.

This despite the fact that Hiram Mayo, County School Superintendent, has devised a method of cleaning one of these big quack-birds in nothing flat. He will, we feel sure, be glad to furnish detailed directions if requested. However, he needn't worry about getting a call from us.

What was the very first thing you did, when you took a tumble on the ice during recent days? Don't tell us, we'll tell you. You looked in every direction to see if anyone observed you falling on your posterior. Every mortal, proud or humble by nature, hates to be caught in such a position.

Belatedly, in print, we want to thank Paul Cox for remembering us with a delicious sweet potato pie during the Christmas season. It was just as good as his sweet potato pudding, and that's a tremendous compliment.

Cox is quite a cook, and created consternation at least once in years past by winning



ON TARGET—Six year old David Bonin, whose father, S/Sgt. Wilfred Bonin, is serving in Vietnam, can mail this picture overseas to prove that life on the home front is pretty hectic too. David didn't get punched by a juvenile Goliath twice his size, or refuse to switch cigarette brands. The shiner, and it's strictly for real, resulted when he fell downstairs. The youngster, who lives at 601 Broad Street, naturally took the mishap in stride. Black eyes, usually stemming

from a well aimed fist or a bat or ball that goes astray, are part and parcel of boyhood's hazards, along with stubbed toes, skinned elbows and teeth dislodged from their moorings. David, if our prognosis is correct, won't miss out on much of the excitement, good and bad, that a kid his age can look forward to. And if you had your life to live over, wouldn't you like to pair up with him?—Photo by Wray Studio.