



No. 1

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One of the major problems facing all Masonic Lodges is the passing of the years. The members for various reasons find it increasingly difficult to partake of the life of the Lodge. Even those who manage to attend the five regular meetings may see little of the other brethren during the intervening months. Once the close ties of the weekly visit to the Lodge of Instruction are broken, so too, it seems are our lines of communication.

This news letter, the Canute Tide, is we hope, at least a partial answer to this problem. Formed as the brain child of our Worshipful Master, W. Bro. Angus Grant, its success will depend entirely on you the readers.

What we need is information and contributions. What can I contribute you might think to yourself, but what about the letter you had from Bro. Jones or Smith who is now in America, that contained that snippet of news that will be of interest to the other brethren who knew him. The fact that Bro. Down the Road is confined to bed with a broken leg, or that Bro. Friend has just been promoted, or that holiday you had in Majorca, are all of interest to others. Perhaps you have always wanted to write a short story, or a poem, well now is your chance.

When you have written your article, please send it to W. Bro. Angus Grant at 21, Crowstone Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, or to his Pharmacy at Sutton Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Remember brethren this is your news letter. We are counting on your support, so let's have your contribution, no matter how small or unimportant you may feel it to be, we assure you it will be most welcome.

### CANUTE CHARITY SHIELD

At our November meeting our Worship Master introduced the Canute Charity Shield.

The shield itself was carved and polished by W. Bro. Tom King, and the artwork, which is a copy of our Banner, was done by our Worshipful Master. Discreetly hidden and attached to the rear of the shield is a beautifully hand made velvet purse, which our Worship Master's good wife spent many hours making.

In all it is quite a work of art, and much praise must go to those who put so much time and effort into making it.

During his reply to the Worship Master's toast, so ably proposed by our I.P.M., W. Bro. Grant introduced the shield, with an invitation to those attending, to test the strength of the purse and evaluate its texture, to see what weight it would bear in cash.

The shield was duly passed round the festive board, and on its return to our Worshipful Master, he was most gratified to find £30.00 in the purse, which he immediately donated to our I.P.Ms. list for the previous year.

Inscribed on the scroll of the shield is the Latin equivalent of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, and we hope these sentiments will always apply when the shield is passed round at our future festive boards.

### VISITS

Brethren,

A few weeks ago, our Worshipful Master and I paid a visit to Worshipful Brother P. Kemp.

We were very sorry to learn he has been bedridden for the last 5 years.

He was very pleased to see us, and most anxious to talk of our Lodge and the Brethren he remembers.

His eyesight is not too good, this being the result of a period of shingles.

His very devoted wife gives him care and attention 24 hours a day, while extremely good neighbours do all their shopping.

On Leaving we brought with us his best wishes to all Canute Members.

I also had the pleasure of visiting many of our widows, a giving to them our Christmas Parcels. These were very gratefully received.

I.P.M.

*Include all?*



## SOME TIME



Some time at eve, when the tide is low,  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away  
With no response to a friendly hail,  
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,  
When the night stoops down to embrace the day  
And the voices call in the water's flow ~  
Sometime at eve when the water is low,  
I shall slip my moorings and sail away  
Through the purple shadows that darkly trail  
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,  
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale  
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away  
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay  
The craft of those who have sailed before,  
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.  
A few who have watched me sail away  
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;  
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,  
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear;  
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail  
In mooring sheltered from storm and gale  
And greeting the friends who have sailed before  
O'er the unknown sea to the unknown shore.

### A PIECE .... by a Slothful Steward

You know the feeling when the Worshipful Master tells you that you have to propose a toast? Well when the Worshipful Master dons an editors garb and states that he want a piece for his new publication, and that there are only two days left until he presses steam, or whatever it is that presses do, you will appreciate the sinking feeling that assailed my tummy. It was late in the evening, after L. of I., the first warning bell had sounded, and it was no use protesting that there was insufficient time for thought.

Saturday morning dawned and when it had nearly nooned, I was with the family on a shopping expedition in a small town some fifteen miles away, when I was reminded that a carpet design we had just seen was "Similar to the one in the Temple, except that the colours were different and the pattern not quite the same". "Yes", I said, and a quiet voice spoke - "Your piece", was all it said.

By lunch time I had managed to find a parking spot at an exorbitant fee nearby Earls Court, and the rest of the after lunch period until 6.30pm., was spent pleasantly and slightly enviously looking round the boat show, quite without care in fact, until we approached the Coastguard Stand, and in uniform on that stand, complete with Auxiliary flash and steely eyed look, as befits a guardian of our coast at Prittlewell's South End, was one C. Wedley. Having exchanged greetings, he stated "Pleasant meeting yesterday". Again a quiet voice spoke "Your piece".

Home by 8 o'clock and on to a friend and brother's house at 9 p.m., more than a few hours of pleasant social intercourse, intermixed with samples of reminiscence, supper and Southern Comfort - home again and in bed by 2 a.m., only to hear a quiet voice saying, "Your piece".

So it came to pass that in the early evening, I went to the abode of the Worshipful Master - the '21 Club', and explained that I had not had time to write anything for him. He took it well and I thought very understandingly, then said, "Just write a piece about why you could not write a piece".

You know the feeling when the Worshipful Master says.....

### THE INSTALLATION MEETING

Our November meeting certainly broke all recent attendance records, and over one hundred and sixty brethren saw W. Bro. Dave Howell install and proclaim his successor, W. Bro. Angus Grant, in a most sincere and able manner.

The meeting as a whole went very smoothly, and apart from some minor difficulties arising from the seating of the large number attending, there were few of those incidents which form the basis of those endearing stories which begin, "Do you remember?"

This last remark does not apply to the Festive Board which followed. We have all heard the joke about piping in the haggis, but we actually did have our Worshipful Master piped in. Bro. J.C. Barr of St. John's Lodge No. 683 of Scotland, in full Highland dress, piped in the Master in the traditional Scottish manner, and later played a medley of Scottish airs, which had the feet of the brethren tapping.

Bro. Jim Bolton organised his steward "chior", and was joined by other members of the Lodge of Instruction in presenting a song about Angus which, we gathered, had no reference to the Steak Houses of that name, but was in fact, a tribute to our Worshipful Master.

Bro. John George entertained us with a selection of songs, which were very well received, and no mention of music would be complete without a tribute to Bro. Gilbert Franks for his rendering of the Masters song.

Lest it be thought we had nothing but music, a most enjoyable meal was accompanied by some excellent toasts, and the highlight of the evening was the presentation to W. Bro. Frank Streeter of a Masonic Bible, duly illuminated and presented by our Worshipful Master. No one present will forget the sight of this grand old man of Masonry leaving the festive board to the hand claps of 160 brethren, giving him a standing ovation.

Final comment, brethren, - a most memorable meeting, and if you did miss this one, don't miss the next.

### GIVE

Give to the world the best you have  
and the best will come back to you.  
Give of the friendship that all men crave,  
and your friends will be many and true.  
Give love, and love to your life will flow  
a strength in your utmost need.  
Give faith and a score of friends will show  
their faith in your word and deed.

### SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing  
It wrinkles up your face,  
And when its gone you'll never find  
Its secret hiding place.  
Though far more wonderful it is  
To see what smiles can do,  
You smile at one, They smile at you  
And so one smile makes two.



## CONGRATULATIONS

Our congratulations to W. Bro. Frank Kerry on the success of his raffle which raised over one hundred pounds for the Almoners Charity Fund. W. Bro. Frank takes his job very seriously and devotes a great deal of time to it. He is now able to give a little practical help where and when it is very much needed.

W. Bro. Kerry wishes us to thank the Brethren who so generously donated the prizes, the Brethren who bought tickets, and in particular Bros. Bolton and Barber and the other Brethren who assisted in organising and running the raffle.

## "LOST AND FOUND"

The constable gently pulled back the Omo bright napkin from the face of the deceased, "Could you tell me if this is your father?" he asked in a reverent voice to the two brothers, who were now gazing intently at the face of the body.

Several seconds elapsed, during which the officer noticed a rather quizzical expression spread over the faces of the two men.

It was the younger of them who spoke first, "That's Dad alright", he said, "But doesn't he look different".

The elder brother spoke next, "I can't make it out", he answered, shaking his head, "I haven't seen him look so young for years".

The policeman felt a little uncomfortable, wondering if a mistake had been made and the wrong body laid out for the identification.

"You seem a little doubtful", he said.

"Oh no, there's no doubt that is my father", replied the elder of the two, "It's just that he does look so different".

"Then you are quite sure this is Mr. John Jones".

They both nodded in agreement.

"Thank you", said the officer as he replaced the napkin.

Earlier that day a doctor from a well known local hospital had telephoned the police to report the sudden death of Mr. Jones to H.M. Coroner. The Coroners Officer had duly interviewed the two sons, and had requested they identify the deceased to him. This they had just done, and they now filed out of the Chapel of Rest.

They were making their way back to the interview room, and the policeman was explaining the procedure in the case of a death referred to the Coroner. The younger son was a few feet behind them, and suddenly he stopped as though struck by lightning. "I've got it", he almost shouted in triumph, "It's his teeth".

A look of incredulity came into the eyes of the other man, "Blimey you're right Harry. No wonder we hardly recognised him. That's the first time I've seen him with his false teeth in for years".

All three were now much relieved that the cause of the uncertainty had been solved, the constable more so than the brothers, as up till then he still had a niggling doubt that a true identification had been made.

No further reference to the matter was made, until the officer returned to the Hospital's General Office, where he related the incident to the clerk.

"Ooer", said the clerk, a huge smile spreading over his face, "Is that where they got to", and picking up the telephone, dialled an internal number.

"Hello Sister", he said into the mouthpiece, "I think we have found Mr. Browns teeth, but I bet you can't guess where".

He was silent as he listened to the voice on the other end of the line, and then he replied, "They are in the mouth of Mr. Jones who died on your ward

during the night. The porters must have mistaken his locker and thought they were his. Mr. Brown must be getting hungry by now not being able to eat his breakfast, but perhaps we can console him with a good lunch".

The set of false teeth were duly returned to Mr. Brown, having received an extra polish and complete sterilization. I am sure he was never told where they had been found, and I often smile to myself as I imagine the ghost of Mr. Jones looking over his shoulder with a huge toothless grin, spreading from ear to ear.

This is a true story, but the names have been changed for obvious reasons.

## HIRAM KING OF TYRE

King Hiram's kingdom was a small island just off the North West coast of Palestine. It was a mile long and barely a mile wide, yet the place was so constructed and fortified, that it is said to have existed for 1000 years. It was already very old when Hiram ascended to the throne about 986 B.C.

The kings of Tyre had obtained control over the nearby coast, particularly the port of Sidon. From Tyre and Sidon merchant adventurers, who were known under the name of Phoenicians, traded to the ports of the Mediterranean. It was the Phoenicians who founded the great African cities of Utica and Carthage, and it is practically certain that they voyaged as far as England, and took back with them tin, which was then plentifully produced in Cornwall. With this tin, together with copper, which they obtained from Cyprus, they manufactured bronze, with which metal the two great pillars of King Solomon's Temple were cast, and not as stated in our Ceremonies, brass.

All this overseas trading was reflected in their home industries, and over the years the Tyrians became skilled artists, not only in metal, in which they excelled, but also in building and textile weaving.

The kingdom of Tyre has completely disappeared. It flourished long after the death of Hiram, perhaps for as long as 600 years, but about 332 B.C., it was conquered by Alexander the Great, who accomplished the feat by dumping and consolidating huge quantities between the mainland and the island, thus making a solid track from one to the other. It was a remarkable piece of engineering, because the causeway was a mile long and some 200 yards wide, and was firm enough not only to carry an invading army, but also to resist the erosion of wind and tide. The causeway has remained, and has been added to by a silting up process, so that there is now no island of Tyre, but a solid peninsular. The town of Tyre at the end of the peninsular, once a mighty stronghold, is now the happy hunting ground of archaeologists.

Historians writing of the rise and fall of the kingdom of Tyre, usually mention Jezebel, the famous or perhaps infamous biblical character. She was the daughter of one of the kings of Tyre. Another historian records how Cleopatra once appeared at a banquet arrayed in thin spun and clinging garments, which had been made by the skilled Tyrians, and which may possibly have been the forerunner of our present ladies "see throughs".

## ELEMENTARY MY DEAR ....

It often surprises me how little most of us know about the makeup of everything that surrounds us, especially as we are constantly being told that we live in a "Scientific Age".

Very few people for example understood why the



astronauts on the last moon walk became so excited about a strip of orange material on the moon's surface. With some knowledge of chemistry however they would have realised that there are very few common substances which have an orange colour. The most abundant one on Earth is rust, otherwise known as hydrated iron (III) oxide, which contains the elements iron, oxygen and hydrogen. This substance is responsible for the brown, orange and red tones in the clay and sand which make up our soil and rocks. It brings colourful enjoyment to a winters journey through our countryside. Iron III oxide itself has been used as a red pigment for centuries and is used by jewellers to produce highly polished metal surfaces as jewellers rouge. The interest in hydrated iron (III) oxide as far as its being present on the Moon is concerned, if this is what it is, is that it contains chemically combined water. Thus water (H<sub>2</sub>O) may be present in a combined form on the Moon and if so was probably there in greater abundance at an earlier time.

Coming back to this earth of ours, it has been known for about fifty years that the crust of our planet is made up of 92 naturally occurring substances called elements, (so named after the three middle letters of our alphabet L, M, N, ts, copying the Greeks). These substances cannot be changed by any means apart from very high energy nuclear reactions such as take place in nuclear piles or atom bombs.

The most abundant element on Earth is oxygen (O) comprising, surprisingly, half the total weight of the crust. This is not so surprising though when one realises that eight ninths of the weight of water, and almost half the weight of igneous rocks, clays, sand and limestone is due to oxygen. The next most abundant element is silicon (Si) which accounts for just over a quarter of the weight of the crust, being present in igneous rocks, sands and clays. The remaining 24% of weight is accounted for by Aluminium (Al) 7%, Iron (Fe) 4%, Calcium (Ca) 3%, Sodium (Na) 2½%, Potassium (K) 2½%, Magnesium (Mg) 2%, Hydrogen (H) 1%; the remaining 83 elements making up about 2% of the weight, these percentages being approximate estimates.

It often surprises people to realise that they too are composed of a number of these elements. Again the most abundant element is oxygen, constituting almost two thirds of our body weight (65%). Next comes carbon (C), comprising just under one fifth (or 18%). Carbon is an extremely important element since its atoms almost uniquely can combine with each other to form long chains of atoms. The chemistry of carbon compounds is known as organic chemistry, in the study of which about one million compounds have so far been made. This compares with only about one hundred thousand compounds of the other 91 elements with each other. The other constituents of the body are Hydrogen (H) 10%, Nitrogen (N) 3%, Calcium (Ca) 2%, others 2%. In this 2% appears Phosphorus (P) 1%, Potassium (K) 0.35%, Sulphur (S) 0.25%, Sodium (Na) 0.15%, Chlorine (Cl) 0.15%, and trace quantities of Magnesium (Mg), Iron (Fe), Silicon (Si), Zinc (Zn), Arsenic (As), Cobalt (Co) -0.000,001%.

The chemicals of the human body, and indeed all living things are often found to be extremely complex, delicate and wonderful substances, as compared with the non-living substances around us. It is, however, these same non-living substances which are taken in, by plants mainly, but also by animals and ourselves, which enable living things to exist and grow.

Over the last century many of us have become consumers in yet another way of these non-living chemicals. We buy, use and then dispose of many articles which are specially manufactured for our "needs".

These "needs" are growing ever more rapidly, as more people the world over become aware of them and their advantages.

The need to conserve and recycle many of these chemicals is becoming increasingly apparent if future generations are to enjoy the "fruits" of our earth, as we do at the moment in this country.

In many ways, we in the advanced nations of the world, resemble children in the nursery in the way we use things and then discard them, scattering the materials here there and everywhere, to become a vast messy mixture. But unlike the children in the nursery, we have no willing parent or servant to sort out the mess. It is left for future generations to clean up if they are to survive on an ever growing rubbish heap.

Isn't it about time we all started to do just a little about it, by being more "materials" conscious? It doesn't take much extra effort to separate paper, plastic and metals from each other when disposing of our refuse. Keen gardeners can always compost unused food and waste vegetable matter to use on the garden, and hence save fertilizer costs. It would use up a little of our precious time, I know, but if most of us were to put it into practice, this country would become a better place to live in, and indeed the rising cost of materials would be slowed down as more of them were recycled.

The next few years will in fact teach us to keep our "nursery" tidy, as the cost of our "throw away" society soars. Perhaps at the same time we may all learn something more about the elements of chemistry.

## RETIREMENT

Some of the Brethren will have noticed from the January Summons, that W. Bro. Bill Price is no longer D.C. of the Lodge. He has recently retired from business and is planning to spend much of his time in Spain, and in consequence he asked the Worshipful Master to appoint a successor. We are sure that the Brethren will join us in thanking W. Bro. Bill for his past services to Canute, and whilst we will undoubtedly miss him, we would like to wish him every happiness in his retirement.

## THE NEWSLETTER

We hope this, the first issue of the Canute Tide, has proved to be of some interest to you. We have tried to make it so, and if only one item has amused you, or aroused your curiosity, or increased your knowledge, or stimulated you in any way, then it has gone a long way to achieving what our Worshipful Master has set out to do.

But remember, it cannot survive without your support, so once again we appeal for your contributions for our future issues.

Thank you brethren.

*I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those hard working contributors to the "Canute Tide" who have given their time and interest and thus made it possible to produce this new letter which, we hope, is the first of many.*

*Angus Grant W.M.*