



No. 13

SEPTEMBER, 1975

CHARITY APPEAL

An appeal for the Redevelopment and Modernisation Fund has been launched by the Provincial Grand Master of Essex, R.W.Bro. Leistikow, with the aim of raising £100,000 from the Province over the next two years.

The Provincial Grand Master is suggesting a donation of only £3.00 a year, or 6p a week, from every member for two years. A small enough sum for such a worthy cause, and if we can get 100% response to this, the target would be exceeded. Donations under covenant is suggested £3.50 per annum, which is only a penny a day.

If this target can be reached by July, 1976, it would be a fine way to celebrate the 200th Anniversary of the Province.

Please give this appeal your fullest support. I will be pleased to receive members enquiries, donations, or assurance of the sum they propose to donate per year.

Charity Representative

THE MAY MEETING

The 330th Regular Meeting of the Lodge was held on Saturday, 10th May, 1975, and it was notable for numerous reasons. Firstly, for the very fine Ceremony of Raising of Bro. Steve Archer, by the Worshipful Master. Without doubt, W. Bro. Frank Ellis has performed all his Lodge work magnificently throughout his term of Office, but he really excelled himself with this rendering of the 3rd Degree.

The 'second half' was taken up with various items, including some rarely heard addresses given by W. Bro. Stanley Holland, P.P.G. Stwd., (Kent), which were very well received and capably given.

This meeting was also the third occasion of the Canute 'Viking Night', and was, it is thought by many, the best yet. Everyone seemed to enjoy this magnificent Festive Board, and warm congratulations are extended to all those who organised and worked so hard to make it the success it was.

A highly successful raffle was held which boosted the funds of the Almoner by some £90.00.

In all another Canute Lodge spectacular, and an evening all will remember with pleasure.

R.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

It is my sad duty to announce the death of two of our Brethren, both of which occurred during the summer recess.

Bro. W. Cook died on 26th June, and Bro. P.A. Lewis died on 12th June.

Floral tributes were sent on behalf of the Lodge, expressing our sympathy to all and this is repeated here.

Better news regarding W. Bro. Angus Grant, who is continuing to make excellent progress, and I am assured he hopes to be resuming restricted Lodge activities in the not too distant future.

ALMONER

MASONIC VETERANS

I often find myself gazing through our list of Brethren, and wondering why the names are just simply NAMES to members of my vintage - 1968? We do not see them, and though occasionally W. Bro. Hall may read out a communication from one of them, the question still remains "Who are they and what are they like?" I have raised the point on several occasions, but have not yet received a satisfactory answer.

I visited a Lodge recently where a Brother was attending after two years absence, due to illness. He was greeted with fervour. Again I attended another Lodge where a Brother attended after being away for about 10 years, but to my knowledge he was not acclaimed at all. I wonder what the appropriate level of greeting is in my own Lodge.

Whilst visiting another Lodge I have encountered a Brother in a wheelchair, on one occasion assisting in carrying him downstairs. Have we similarly handicapped Brethren? Do they realise they are welcome to attend and would be received with open arms? Recently I have been visiting Bro. Chum Mimpress. I made adequate arrangements for him to attend our Installation Meeting should he so desire. Unfortunately he was not well enough to attend and it struck me then that I have not seen any member of our Lodge attending for a little Masonic Therapy. Dare I suggest this article be read as a challenge to any Brother in similar straits who would like to attend.

A Veterans Night, one of the biggest nights Masonically, in certain parts of the world, would satisfy our requirements. We, the younger Brethren, would then be able to meet some of the "names". Rituals performed by members of the Lodge of Instruction, followed by a meal. Informal to the extent that if you were in need of certain little personal attentions, these could be given without offending.

With reference to the main theme of this article, that is a Veterans Night, someone said to me, "That's only once a year, what about other days?" Can I add an old naval adage. "Christmas comes but once a year, and when you recall it, do so with pleasure". Certainly, due to other peoples efforts, I can recall most of my Christmas Day's. Could we not bring an additional DAY into the life of some of our older and perhaps infirm Brethren?

J.B.

THE CELESTIAL AND TERRESTIAL GLOBES

If one stops to consider, it becomes obvious that these globes could not have surmounted the Pillars B. & J., because when they were erected the earth was thought to be flat. But what was on top of them is not clear, for if we refer to Kings I v 41, it states "the two bowls on top of the chapters that were on top of the two pillars". In Hebrew the word used is Goolot (plural) or Goolah (singular) and it could mean globes, bowls or vessels. Various forms of the words are used to describe anything round or spherical.

The Geneva Bible of 1560 was one of the early illustrated bibles that showed a picture of the pillar surmounted by an ornamental sphere, but not a map. There are several illustrations produced about the same time, or later, showing the pillars surmounted by bowls or hemispheres, but to what the biblical quotation refers, bowls, spheres hemispheres or vessels, cannot now be determined, but it is quite certain they were not maps, either celestial or terrestrial.

In the first half of the 18th century, "the sun to rule the day, the moon the night, etc." had become prominent in the ritual, and in 1740 when the floor cloths, or tracing boards as we now know them, began to appear, they usually contained a drawing of an "Armillary" sphere. These became a distinctive item of Lodge furniture, particularly in the second half of the 18th century, and also during the 19th century, and it is thought by many that these led to the evolution and idea of the celestial and terrestrial globes and the phrase "Masonry Universal". It is to be found as early as 1760 in the exposure "Three Distinct Knocks", but although the Wardens had their columns by this date, they were not surmounted by globes. It may well be that the globes with maps were added to the Wardens' columns as an economy measure in place of the globes on their ornamental stands, which were quite expensive.

Eventually "Masonry universal" became included in the explanation of the 2nd Tracing Board, in which the Masonic explanation of Solomon's Pillars states they were adorned with two spherical balls on which were delineated maps of the Celestial and Terrestrial globes pointing out Masonry Universal.

This is nonsense, due most likely to an over enthusiastic mason who was determined to make the Ritual comply with his ill-founded theories.

From Coronati Lodge Book of Transactions

D.C.

HOW APTLY ARE WE NAMED

Angus	Unique strength - one choice.
Albert	Noble - brilliant or illustrious.
Bert	Shining - glorious one.
Bertram	Brilliant raven (raven symbol of wisdom).
Bill	resolute protector - Helmet of resolution.
Charles	Strong and manly.
Clarry	Famous one.
Dave	Beloved one.
Dennis	God of wine; handsome one.
Dick	Powerful ruler.
Don	World mighty - world ruler.
Doug	From the dark or black water.
Edgar	Prosperous spearman.
Frank	Free man - very generous.
Geoff	Land worker or farmer.
George	Divinely peaceful
Herbert	Army brilliant; glorious warrior.
Hubert	Brilliant mind or spirit.
Jim	The supplanter - a heel.
John	God is gracious.
Ken	Handsome man.
Len	Dweller at the grey fortress.
Morrie	Dark complexioned man.

Mike
may
meg
kon
Sam
Stan
Syd
Ted
Tom

Who is Godlike.
Mighty or wise protector.
Mighty and powerful.
Mighty power.
To hear.
Dweller at the rocky meadow.
From the city of Sidon.
Prosperous guardian.
A twin - usually the name of a priest.

A.D.C.

FUN FOR THE MASONS

Advice offered to G.B. in November.

Questions to be asked after appointing Stewards.

- Q. How were you first prepared to be made a steward?
- A. My coat sleeves, shirt sleeves and vest sleeves were rolled up, and a cork screw was thrust in my hands.
- Q. What is a corkscrew?
- A. An instrument fashioned like a winding staircase, which our ancient brethren ascended to receive their beer.
- Q. Where did they receive it?
- A. In a convenient room above the chamber.
- Q. How did they receive it?
- A. In half tankards or tankards.
- Q. Why in this particular manner?
- A. In half tankards well knowing the same could be replenished, or in tankards from the great reliance they placed on the mildness of the brew in those days.
- Q. Name the two advertisements that hung at the door or entrance to the room?
- A. That on the left was "Bass" and that on the right "Guinness".
- Q. What are their separate and conjoined significations?
- A. The former denotes "No. 1", the latter "XXX" and when conjoined instability.
- Q. What is beer?
- A. A peculiar product of chemistry, veiled in mystery and illustrated by labels.
- Q. How is it depicted?
- A. By a couple of hops near to a barrel of water.

I.A.B.

IF ONLY.....

I was sitting watching the European Games and Great Britain were about to take part in the 4 by 400 metres final (a very absorbing race you may or may not agree), when in the distance I heard a plaintive cry, "The iron's gone cold".

The distant call of distress had come from my wife in the kitchen, and after getting a non-committal "Ugh" from me, the bleat was repeated.

"I'll look at it in a minute", I said, but this was greeted with such a sigh, that I thought I had better look at it straight away.

"What happened to it?", I asked, turning the instrument over and gingerly touching its flat surface, in an effort to diagnose the trouble.

"It was working alright, but then it just went cold".

"Probably the fuse gone", I thought, but said, "Where's my screw driver?"

"I don't know", answered my wife, and leaving me alone, went and sat down to watch the 4 by 400 metres final.

Knowing my household, but more truthfully knowing myself, I realised at once my screw driver would not be in my toolbox, so I went to the cutlery drawer, which is always a good bet to find anything but cutlery. After rummaging through the drawer for a few moments, during which time I came across various objects that I had searched for unsuccessfully when engaged on other projects, I came to the conclusion my screw driver must be elsewhere. However, I did find a dinner knife.

"This'll do", I thought, but of course it didn't do at all. The screw was too tight and I only succeeded in ruining the end of the dinner knife. (Why they don't make the slots in screws to fit dinner knives I shall never know. I think I'll patent the idea; perhaps I shall win a design award for it).

Now where was I. Oh, yes, plug in one hand and ruined dinner knife in the other. Dropping both in exasperation, I peeped round the door at the tele. The race had not started, in fact the athletes were still in tracksuits and David Coleman was calmly airing his views on the possible outcome. Still plenty of time to get the job done, so out to the garage to my toolbox.

Experience had taught me to lock my toolbox to keep out the sticky fingers of my son and heir. "Confound it, I've left the key indoors."

Back indoors, "Have you seen the key to my toolbox?" This to my wife and children generally, after a brief and unsuccessful search in the oddment drawer.

"No", was the to the point answer from my wife. (A woman of few words is my wife). Naturally there was no comment from the children at all.

"I know I put it somewhere safe", I thought, "Trouble is I can't remember where".

The participants of the race were by this time limbering up in the glorious Rome sunshine, and David Coleman was still airing his whatsits.

A quick search upstairs in the dressing table drawer revealed not only the key, but believe it or not, a screw driver, albeit a small one, but with luck man enough to do the job. In the kitchen again, and having another go at the plug. Just my luck, the screw driver was too small, so armed with the key, into the garage again to my toolbox. At last I had the right tool for the job, and in no time at all I had the plug apart.

Another quick look at the tele. The sprinters were now practising starts, and David Coleman was traitorously telling everyone in the country just how good the Russians and East Germans were.

Taking out the fuse I pointlessly examined it for signs of it having blown. 13 amp plug fuses are extremely well made, but how does one tell if they are U.S. or not. Never mind I knew I had bought some spares for emergencies such as this. "Ah! but where are they?" I distinctly remembered buying some, because I was sure I was being robbed at the time. "Now where did I put them. Must be in that old 'baccy' tin in the garage."

Another brief glance at the tele. The athletes were still limbering up. David Coleman's gone quiet. Perhaps some patriot has shot him. No, there he goes again; never mind, perhaps some time in the future.

A quick sprint into the garage to look for the fuses. Now I have been smoking for a number of years and I buy on average a 2 ounce tin of Golden Virginia every week. Being conservative, or if you prefer it, just plain mean, I keep most of the tins and use them to store such things as nuts, bolts, screws, nails, drills, rawplugs, washers, springs, split pins, paper clips, pencil stubs, bits of chalk and myriads of other bits and pieces, not forgetting, you've guessed it, fuses. The bugbear is, all the tins look alike. W.D. & H.O. Wills have not changed the design for eons.

My patience fast coming to an end, I began looking through the tins. I never counted how many I opened before finding the wretched fuses, but 25 would be a very conservative estimate. However, within seconds I had the right size fuse and was on my way back to fix the iron at last.

I opened the kitchen door and was rather startled to hear all the family hollering and shouting. My first thoughts were someone was being murdered, then the house was on fire, then the tele had blown up. Tele !! Blimey the race. Quick as a flash I rushed to the lounge door, but as I did so my shirt sleeve caught on the kitchen door handle, ripping it from wrist to shoulder; this caused me to momentarily lose my balance and I stubbed my toe on the boiler.

Vaguely I felt the pain, but my only thought was the race.

I was just in time to see some figures in various coloured vests and shorts crossing the finishing line. David Coleman sounded like a raving lunatic. My family were still raving, their faces flushed with excitement.

"What a race", they were saying.

"Who won?" I asked.

"Never seen a race like it", they said.

"Who won?" I said again.

"The way he came through".

"Who won?" I shouted.

"Never thought he had a chance".

"Who won?" I almost screamed with frustration.

They all looked at me with vague recognition registered on their faces and my wife said, "No need to shout".

"For heavens sake, who won?"

"We did".

"What do you mean, we did?"

"Great Britain of course. You should have seen it dad, it must go down as the race of the century. Pascoe must have been at least 30 yards behind when he started his run".

"You might have told me it was starting".

"Didn't think you were interested. "Still its bound to be repeated, you can see it then".

Too full for further comment, I sadly limped back to the plug, and within a few seconds the iron was heating up.

Not long after I was reseated in my armchair, with my sock off gently massaging my toe and examining it for signs of fracture. My wife was saying my shirt was beyond repair, but would come in handy for a duster. David Coleman's recorded voice was commentating on the video-tape recording of the race of the century.

"*/@_&'?! iron. If only....."

R.J.H.

KING CANUTE

Once again who could but not agree that our now well established 'Viking Night' was an unqualified success; it seems to be getting better each year.

After a very successful afternoon in the Lodge the festivities commenced with King Canute making an impressive entrance accompanied by his Viking Wardens to the strains of the "Vikings". Words to this very stirring music, which were written by Bro. Jim Bolton are without question Masonically suitable, and he must be congratulated on his fine effort.

The Festive Board groaned under the fare, which included roast suckling pig and Danish pastries.

Once again we are indebted to many of our Brethren for the enormous effort they brought to bear to ensure a really happy evening.

The toasts were, as usual on the Viking Night, sung, the words and music being provided by Bro. Jim Bolton (again, how does he do it?).

In all a very noisy, but satisfying evening for all concerned, and which all our visitors appeared to enjoy as much as ever.

Needless to add that throughout the evening our thoughts were with W. Bro. Angus Grant, who started it all, and no doubt this inspired us to even greater efforts.

S.W.

NEWMARKET OUTING 1975.

Around fifty members and wives attended the Outing to newmarket, 1st May, where they saw the One Thousand Guineas.

We called at the Sudbury Temple again, and were extremely well-received. Frank Maton, the Steward, who last year gave us four or five winners, this year succeeded only with Be Tuneful at about / - 1.

It was at this particular meeting that the Staule lads staged their strike, and picketted the meeting, sitting down on the track, one hundred yards from the starting stalls. Our party had a Grandstand view - literally - of all these proceedings. For me at least, it made a life-long memory.

Brother "Mac" must have been psychic, since he did not wear his kilt. In view of the chilly strong winds prevailing at the racetrack, he was a wise man indeed.

Inner Guard.

ARE MACONNES GUDDER MEN THEN ODHERS?

This thought provoking question is found in an old English manuscript which claims to have been written by the hand of King Henry VI, and seems to be a transcript of an oral examination taken by a member of the Brytherhood of Masons, possibly in the presence of the King.

To what extent Henry was influenced by this examination we shall never know. However, in 1450, he was initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, and immediately put a stop to the persecution of the Craft, whose assemblies had been prohibited by Parliament since 1425.

"Are maconnes gudder men then odhers?"

There can be no denial of the fact that at first thought the question seems to be a fair one, especially if asked, whether five hundred years ago or in our own day, by one who is trying to make an honest appraisal of the Craft.

Are Masons better men than others?

Upon mature deliberation it becomes patent that it is a question which no thoughtful Mason would dare to answer by a mere "Yes" or "No". There have always been, and, no doubt, will always be many good men, and alas, some evil men, both in and out of the Fraternity. Our unknown Brother who stood before the King and answered the questions put to him was well aware of this fact. He dared not say that Masons were better than others. What then was his reply?

"Some maconnes are not so virtuous as some odher menne; but, in the moste parte, they be more gude then they would be if they were not maconnes".

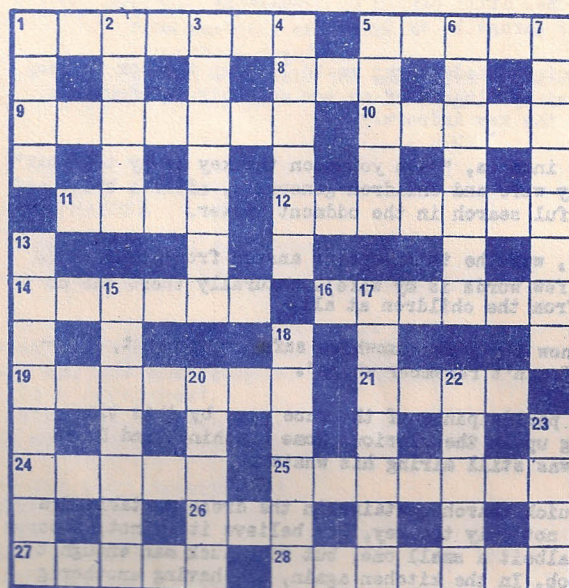
In other words, while he would not claim that Masons are better men than others, and admitted that some Masons are not as virtuous as some other men, of one fact he could be, indeed, was sure; that in the most part Masons are better men than they would have been if they were not Masons.

In this truth we find much of the glory of Freemasonry. Its influence through the centuries has been such that, in the most part, those who have followed its teachings have become better men than they otherwise would have been. If this were all that could be said in its favour, surely this, and this alone, would be sufficient excuse for its being.

The Pennsylvania Freemason.

The above is reprinted by courtesy of Grand Lodge Bulletin, Grand Lodge of Iowa, U.S.A., (March, 1974).

R.J.H.



ACROSS

1. Tours with the M.S. to find a platform to conduct a hearing.
5. Ranking high in Turkey.
8. Garden girl.
9. Modelled for former fiancé.
10. Worker in charge of caper.
11. Partly getting rid of the baking tin.
12. See mine adversaries.
14. Only grade 'B' fur on this animal?
16. Hal argues over the price of an egg.
19. An ill wind that blows against the law.
21. It's clever to cut the end of the cake.
24. Not an Easter flower.
25. Not uniform.
26. Something to cackle about, especially when it's 28.
27. Over.
28. See 26.

DOWN

1. Dance in a whirl.
2. Extrafine.
3. Left over at the side of Yorkshire River.
4. Mixture of tunes.
5. Tranquil part of the E. Cape.
6. Not standing for it.
7. Small account is ousted, but you are omitted when approached.
13. I instead of you about, and a member are under agreement.
15. Let the deed be struck out.
17. Worker in charge of two points a long time ago.
18. Astronomically speaking the Great Bear.
20. The engineers dog was injured by the bull.
22. Common sense.
23. A meal about fifty before taking off in a hurry

SOLUTIONS TO MAY ISSUE CROSSWORD.

Across. 4. Protest. 8. Income. 9. Acclaim. 10. Rioter. 11. Sunset. 12. Big match. 18. Towering. 20. Depart. 21. Castro. 22. Repairs. 23. Petral. 24. Regards.
Down. 1. Microbe. 2. Scrooge. 3. Amoeba. 5. Rickshaw. 6. Talent. 7. Smiled. 13. Tattered. 14. Sisters. 15. Ignoble. 16. Recede. Banana. 19. Enamel.