



No. 16

SEPTEMBER, 1976

THE MAY MEETING

The Meeting held at Freemasons Hall, Woodgrange Drive, on Saturday, May 8th, 1976, was Viking Night, when our Master, W. Bro. Geoff Bond, was proclaimed King Canute IV or V, depending on whether one counts the original.

In the Temple we were again treated to a sincere ceremony, ably carried out, when the Master passed Bro. Ian Browne. We then had the pleasure of another excellent address by W. Bro. Stanley Holland, this time the subject being Grand Lodge Certificates, and he also presented Bro. Eric Hardy with his certificate.

The Festive Board was preceded by the triumphal entrance of King Canute and his Wardens, attired as Vikings to the martial strains of the Canute Lodge Song. An excellent meal was then served, (the liquid refreshment by the Stewards in Viking garb) and enjoyed, frequently punctuated by vocal refrains from the Canute choir, members and guests. Once again Bro. Jim Bolton is to be thanked for the hard work he puts in to help make Viking Night the success it undoubtedly is, as indeed are all the other brethren whose efforts are contributory to this success.

During the evening King Canute was presented with a suitably inscribed pewter tankard, as have been his three modern predecessors.

S.W.

THE MARCH MEETING

The Meeting held at Freemason's Hall, Woodgrange Drive, on March 13th, was another enjoyable occasion, distinguished by some very good work in the Temple, both from the chair and the floor.

Bro. Ken Starks was raised by our Master, W. Bro. Geoff Bond in a most sincere and efficient manner.

Immediately after the refreshment interval, Bro. John Heseltine was welcomed as a joining member. Then our Master vacated the chair in favour of W. Bro. Bill Price who initiated Mr. Mark Cockburn in a manner that I am sure will leave a lasting impression on Bro. Mark.

During the meeting W. Bro. Sam Pollard and W. Bro. Bill Butterfield were invested as Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively.

The Festive Board provided another very good meal, sincere and indeed witty speeches and further vocal offerings from our choir. Altogether a very fine evening well spent.

S.W.

THE LADIES FESTIVAL

The Ladies Festival, held at Lindisfarne Catholic Centre, Westcliff-on-Sea, on Friday, 23rd April, was a huge success.

W. Bro. Geoff Bond and his lovely Lady, Connie, welcomed everyone and their felicitous greeting set the scene for the rest of the evening. Everyone seemed to possess the same feeling of joy and happiness, and from beginning to end the evening went with a swing; so much so that at the end many were asking what had happened to the last 6 hours, a sure sign that one had enjoyed oneself.

An excellent meal was followed by some excellent speeches, notably those by Bro. Don Watkins, who proposed the toast to the Ladies, and the reply given by Mrs D. Clarke.

W. Bro. Angus Grant had 'much pleasure' in performing the pleasant commission on behalf of Canute Lodge, and he presented Mrs. Bond with a set of suit cases, for which she ably thanked the brethren.

The floor was then cleared, the dancing began, the wine flowed and the time flew. A truly marvellous evening, in which everyone present played their part in making it so.

R.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

I have to inform you all that W. Bro. Clarrie Garnett has recently been in hospital for an operation, from which I am pleased to say he is making a good recovery.

I am also pleased to say that Mrs. Franks, Bro. Gilbert's wife is making good progress after being unwell.

Tonight is the Viking Night and I will be holding the usual raffle in aid of our widows fund, and I do hope you will all support it to the utmost.

Almoner.

N.B. We are all very pleased to see our Almoner, W. Bro. Frank Kerry back in harness after his operation, "Hasn't he done well?"

R.J.H.

DO IT YOURSELF HOLIDAYS

"A simple job", I thought, "Just knock down the 'tumble down' greenhouse and put up the new one". The new aluminium house had just arrived in a neat long cardboard box. But it would be a shame to start this week as the old greenhouse was still acting as a support for the fruiting raspberry canes, - about all it could do as what with the great tree overhanging it and the grime on the bent up plastic roof, it was more like a coalmine inside.

Two weeks later my holiday began. "This is it", I thought, "Should only take about 4 to 5 days". So I emptied the old greenhouse. This was the first problem. Where does one stack ninety-five flower pots, 4 dozen canes, one rusty mower, half a bale of peat, eight feet of fencing, an old chest of drawers support, a bushel of sand, 10 cloches, shelving, fertilizers, straw bale and eighty bricks from the interior path in a garden full of vegetation in mid July? What a mess it looked, so I hastened to finish the job.

The dirty plastic roof had come off first - screwed on it was. I tried a screw driver, but the screws were rusted in, - tried a brace and bit with a screw driver - sweated but couldn't budge any of the first six. Tried prying off with screw driver, - bent screw driver; tried a small crowbar - the plastic shattered with an earsplitting bang. An hour later the roof was off - so were the neighbours who had been enjoying a quiet morning in the sun fifteen feet away. The noise was enough, but the pleastic shrapnel was just too much. Shellshocked and bleeding I withdrew for lunch and spent the afternoon recovering and clearing the mess before dismantling the frames and glass. These were so old that the glass almost fell out before I'd started. By lunch the next day I had 47 panes of plain and frosted glass, two bags of assorted glass pieces and a mountain of broken frame which I'd heaped up in the garage - smashing time I had. Then for the assault on the remaining 4 foot breeze block walls, - 'Soon have that down', I thought as I swung the 14 lb hammer at it, that was until I discovered the foundations, which looked better suited to Hadleigh Castle. I had to dig a moat to get them out.

The side wall looked easier to demolish, until I found the neighbours fence was securely attached to it. So the next day was hurriedly spent erecting a new fence and contemplating shifting two tons of earth. Whoever had constructed the original greenhouse had for some unknown reason added another foot height of topsoil to it!

Then there was the tree - a fifty foot poplar - never popular with me however. I consulted the owners who weren't very pleased about my plans to lop off the overhanging branches. Another whole day was spent as a lumberjack. The amount of timber I cut off it was tremendous - beyond belief. The whole area became woodlogged. There was nothing to do, but stick it out, so I saw it through with hardly a pause forrest.

Site preparations was next. The raspberry canes and strawberries had to be dug out before leveling the ground - but where could they be planted - obviously the debris must be cleared first.

A whole week had somehow disappeared leaving me a cut, torn, haggard physical wreck, hardly able to face erecting the new greenhouse.

But fortunately the worst was over. The new one was up and glazed in just over 2 days, which was fine apart from the disposal of just over 2 tons of rubble, one third of a tree and a load of rubbish gleaned from the shed and garage as I cleared up, not to mention the time spent rearranging and tidying up the battle scarred garden.

Two week of bliss, then back to work for a rest.

R.L-B.

MARCH MEETING

As the I.P.M. I feel that I should comment on the March meeting as it so impressed me.

On this occasion our W/Master ably assisted by his team really surpassed himself. I do not think we have had such a good meeting for a very long time.

Both ceremonies were worked with such sincerity and near perfection, one complementing the other. The humour of our new secretary, W/Bro. Sam Pollard - here was a new era of secretaries at the beginning of his term of office - remember the sincerity of W/Bro. Geoff when he appointed W/Bro. Sam Pollard and W/Bro. Bill Butterfield. The way W/Bro. Sam made the reading of the Bye Laws interesting, the sadness when our W/Master gave us the obituary to W/Bro. Charles Hall and the concern for Bro. John Macintosh and W/Bro. Angus Grant, together with the tremendous and perfect support from all his Officers - to me this was a truly great meeting.

The only thing to spoil it was that it should have been seen by hundreds and not the mere 50 odd we were able to muster. Terrific!! Well done Worshipful Master.

I would briefly refer to our Ladies Circle. I did not personally have anything to do with the starting of this activity but I think it is a wonderful idea. If, as I believe, it will assist in welding us together as one family, then it deserves to be a success. I hope all the men will encourage and assist their wives in ensuring that this is a successful venture. Well done ladies!

I.P.M.

CANUTE LODGE,

No. 3104.

Consecration Banquet,

JUNE 24th, 1903,

AT THE

MASONIC HALL, SOUTHEEND-ON-SEA,

At 6.30 o'clock.

"It is first my duty to call your attention to"

The Menu.

Hors d'Oeuvres.

"The first foundation."

Ox Tail.

"I need not dilate upon its excellence."

Boiled Turbot.

"From the sands of the sea where the tide regularly ebbs and flows."

Mutton Cutlets.

"Are you willing to take it."

Roast Lamb with Green Peas.

"Cheerfully embrace the opportunity."

Roast Fowl.

Ham.

"Steadily persevere."

Cabinet Pudding.

"Let prudence direct you."

Ice Souffles.

"I was taught to be cautious."

Cheese.

Salad.

"The labours of this degree being ended."

Dessert.

Coffee.

Many thanks to W.Bro. Sam Pollard for his discovery of the original Consecration Banquet menu amongst the Lodge records.

The Brethren will notice that each course had its own 'inspired' comment.

We might ask the Secretary of the Temple to price this menu for our next meeting but I feel sure that our Treasurer might have something to say on this subject.

W.J.B.

RHUBARB GROWING - OR THE STORY OF FERTILE LIZA.

Well, there is a lot of it about, or rather there was at Newmarket, on Thursday 29th. April, when Canute Lodge held their Annual race-meeting coach trip.

About forty - both sexes - made the journey, all met the 0845 schedule, except for one brother, who neither anticipated, nor received the tear of sympathy. He was late!!

The weather was marvellous, so we all knew we were on a winner at the off-set. We arrived at Sudbury Temple at 10.30, where Frank and Kay welcomed us at the Bar. Some were shewn around the Temple, whilst others played the "one-armed Bandit", or Bar Billiards. I noted that "Flukey Bob" having won a game, declared himself "undefeated champion", and remained seated until the noon departure time.

Once again we travelled through Long Melford, slowing down when passing The Hall, en route to Newmarket, where we arrived at about one o'clock. Packed lunches came out, and we ate aboard the coach, whilst the driver obtained our Member's Enclosure tickets. I attempted to closely examine the varying bag meals, but what with threatened violence, and the abuse, I gave up. For my part, I enjoyed my Rolls, Chicken Leg, and a taste of the Vino.

One memory must be of the "Sweep", which Brother Edgar held on the journey back. I never did find out who exactly won the first of the Cash Prizes. I did however hear a whisper. (Dare Mrs. Hazel Easlea appear in a new hat, when next the ladies meet? Watch this column for the next instalment!)

The other incident? Well, the folks seated behind me, knowing how curious I was, on my readers behalf, I hasten to add, to ascertain the contents of their packed lunches, prevented me from observing their own. However, I did make notes of overheard comments. "Another Caviarre Roll, Cynthia?" "More Smoked Salmon, Cedric?" "Not too much Champers, Algernon." As the time came for us to depart the coach at Southend, I remained behind to examine the bus for clues of this group's repast. I can now report, that from items sighted, I conclude that their meals consisted of Vesta cold chicken, Smith's Potato Crisps - Smokey Bacon flavour, and R. White's Lemonade - economy size bottle - NO DEPOSIT!!!

PERMANENT GUEST'S REPORT

On All Fool's Day, I and 54 other brethren attended the annual combined meeting of St. Clements - St. Margaret's Lodges of Instruction. A Third Degree was worked and with the exception of the Junior Warden, none of the "officers" are yet on the Steward's Bench. Bro. Harry Trimlett occupied the Chair, and his time in the Craft is less than 3 years. Regalia was worn, processions both in and out of the Lodge, and Grand and Provincial Officers were saluted.

At the Festive Board the "Master" had in front of him a black wooden box on top of which was a brass plaque inscribed with the names of the joint lodges, whilst a similar, but larger, plaque on the front, bore the names of the "Masters" since 1950. The box was secured by a "working-tool" type clasp, and contained a blue-crystal tinted firing glass, presented by Br. Rowland Redding in 1969. Engraved on this glass is "the lot"; you name it and it is there delineated. The box contains a card on which is written:-

"The first toast given with this, "The Master's Glass", was to the health of the brethren present, and to the renewed strength of those who, through illness, have been unable to attend".

A most enjoyable meeting, made memorable by the sight of that glass, which would add flavour to any Masonic Toast.

On 7th April, together with Bro. Chum Mimpress and 60 other brethren, I attended St. Margaret's Lodge. A First and a Third Degree were performed and both ceremonies were of a very high standard, so much so that a visitor remarked that the D.C. must wield a whip, to which the Master replied that it was in fact an iron bar.

Prior to the Charge to the Initiate, given by the Junior Warden - a good idea methinks - W. Bro. Les Bolt delivered a "Pre-amble to the Charge", which I had not previously heard. I have been promised a copy.

The Festive Board was well up to the usual standard, but no whitebait. I dared not ask the reason, because someone would have related a lengthy history of the Leigh Fishing Industry.

A theatre critic would have reported that the following incident "brought the house down". W. Bro. Morrie Woolf was a little late entering the Lodge, and we were already in the Third. He therefor had a lot to do on his entry, and naturally all eyes were upon him, a fact of which he was obviously aware. On completion he paused, looked up and said, "No need to look so surprised, brethren".

PERMANENT GUEST'S REPORT

On 3rd March, I and 55 other brethren attended St. Margaret's Lodge. The sea going tradition continued with Brother Initiate, Brian Meddle, who is an inshore fisherman. Also performed was the Passing of Bro. C. Johnson, my host, W. Bro. Eddie Lawrence giving a near perfect rendition of the Tracing Board.

W. Bro. Reverend Parry spoke concerning Provincial matters, and I hope he went away with pleasant memories of this Lodge. One thing I'm sure he will remember was the Investiture of the Charity Steward, complete with collar and jewel, which you may remember is a heart shaped trowel. W.M. Eric Collins said this tool was ideal for stirring up charitable thoughts and on investing Jimmy Thornton finished with these words, "I therefore appoint you Charity..." He got no further, since from all points of the Lodge came the one word, "Stirrer".

Prittlewell Lodge met on Saturday, 6th March. The meeting was well attended, about 50 of the one hundred present being guests. This was their first meeting since their Installation, and I noted that W. Bro. Ron Hillman seemed well pleased with the working of his Lodge.

The First and Third Degrees were performed, W. Bro. John Savage, I.P.M., wishing to complete all three degrees of Bro. Alex Dalman, worked the latter.

W. Bro. David Painter spoke Grace: "For what we are about to receive, thank God". The subsequent meal was very much up to our Temple Standard, as were the ensuing speeches. The Broken Column was passed round during the meal, and subsequently raised twice the usual amount. The biggest laugh of the evening was when the W.M. asked to take wine with the brother who had put the wrong number in the book, as it transpired the guilty party was the W.M. of his own Lodge.

My memory of this meeting must be a conundrum. When the J.W. met the Initiate for the first time as a Brother, he had difficulty in the delivery of a letter. It led one to believe that Charles Dickens published some of his works a "Sketches by 'BOG'".

Canute Ladies Circle

J.B.

Our third meeting on March 25th went with a swing and a good time was had by all during the Bingo Session. As a result we were able to contribute £6.50 towards the Guide Dog for the Blind. Further monies were raised for the Club by a generous donation of delightful calendars, which were soon sold.

All members were very sorry that Mrs. Rita Kent was again unable to be with us due to illness and we do wish her a speedy recovery.

It was unfortunate that our next Meeting on 29th April clashed with the trip to Newmarket by Canute Lodge members but we hoped to have a reasonable gathering and therefore, did not cancel this particular evening. Tuition in flower arrangement had been organised with Frankie Tapsfield giving us the know how.

Our Bargain evening has been postponed until 25th June at which we will be able to bring a guest.

The question of new members was discussed and it was agreed that whilst we were looking forward to more new members from amongst the wives of Canute Lodge members, we would also admit a limited number of interested ladies who are wives of members of other Lodges. It was felt that this would broaden our horizons and widen our circle.

It was also decided to write to wives of new entrants to the Lodge so that they knew of our existence and would be welcome at any of our Meetings.

We are now looking forward to the summer months and more friendly meetings.

Olive Ellis.

For the year ending 31st March, 1976, the total amount collected by the Canute Masonic Charities Association reached the sum of £675.00. During this period a total of £1,143.00 has been allocated to the various Charities, the extra £468 being paid from the monies held in the deposit account.

On our Master taking office he announced his list would be in support of the appeal of the Provincial Grand Master for the Hospital Redevelopment and Modernisation Fund. This list at the moment has reached the amount of £827.00, well in advance of the target. The list will be closed soon after our May meeting, therefore brethren wishing to support the Master should see the Charity Steward by this date. Their donations will be gratefully received and faithfully applied.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the brethren for the support they have given me this year and hope they will continue to do so.

L.A.B. Acting Charity Steward.

DO YOU JUST BELONG

Have you fulfilled the promise,
when you signed the dotted line?
Of course I will come on Friday,
of course I have the time.
Are you an active member?
the kind that will be missed,
Or are you just contented,
that your name is on the list.
Do you attend the meetings?
and mingle with the flock,
Or do you stay at home,
to criticise and knock.
Do you take an active part?
to help the work along,
Or are you satisfied to be
the kind that just belong?
Do you ever go to visit,
a brother who is sick?
Or leave the work to just a few,
and talk about the clique.
We've quite a programme scheduled,
that I'm sure you've heard about,
And we will sure appreciate,
if you come and help us out.
So come often to the meetings,
and help with hand and heart,
Don't be just a member,
but take an active part.
Think about it brother,
you must know right from wrong,
Are YOU an active member,
or do YOU "JUST BELONG?"

A. D.C.

THE 24-inch GAUGE

Arnold Bennett, a prolific author, was often asked how he 'found the time' for painting, music, the theatre - time to read and to cultivate friends. His answer was 'How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day'.

Time is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it, all is possible; without it, nothing. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing when one examines it.

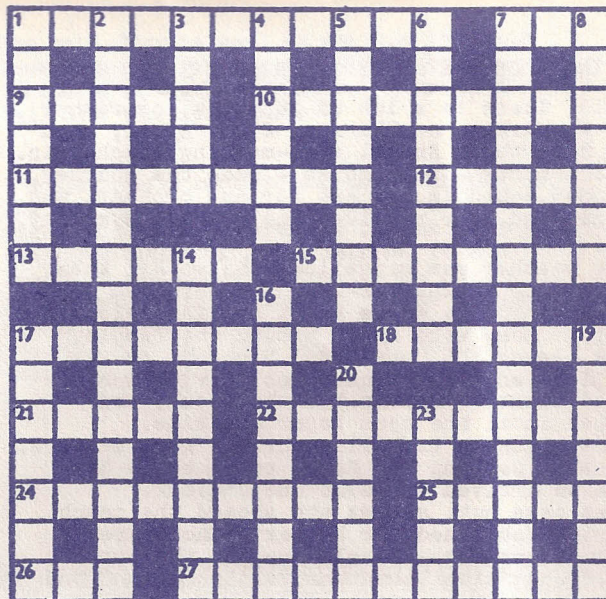
You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with 24 hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life! It is yours... No one can take it from you... And no one receives either more or less than you receive....

You have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. Out of it you have to spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect and the evolution of your immortal soul. Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency and the most thrilling actuality. All depends on that. Your happiness - the elusive prize you are all clutching for, my friends! - depends on that.

If you cannot arrange for an income of 24 hours a day shall exactly cover all proper items of expenditure, one does muddle one's whole life indefinitely....

We never shall have any more time. We have, and we have always had, all the time there is.

Again our thanks to Masonic Record, October, 1972.



ACROSS

- 1 Soapstone - or crayon, as they say (6,5).
- 7 Fitting as a physical training abbreviation (3).
- 9 Abnormally the opposite of a decapitated 3 (5).
- 10 Not in the usual way (9).
- 11 Under canvas I get on; that's the idea (9).
- 12 Capital place reached by air in limited company (5).
- 13 It calls for a drink, naturally (6).
- 15 Barely productive for Mrs. Hubbard (8).
- 17 Forbidden to enter the local? (8).
- 18 Morning in a big scattered African land (6).
- 21 Eat like a top flight boxer (5).
- 22 Deft clue I alter is misleading (9).
- 24 A mark more, in a way, can affect one's chances (4,2,3).
- 25 Web footed sea dog? (5).
- 26 Biblical character often under the hammer (3).
- 27 A more benevolent rover perhaps, in Derbyshire (11).

DOWN

- 1 Job for a cultivated saleswoman? (7).
- 2 Currently used, in the main, by retiring folk (8,7).
- 3 Many are inclined to remove dirt (5).
- 4 Case in which lack of space provides a milk constituent (6).
- 5 High time to make a tour, Ena, with him (8).
- 6 Venomous monarch of the East (4,5).
- 7 Beast identified with Wild Bill Hickock (8,7).
- 8 Your old French dress designer turned up, bringing a lump to the throat (7).
- 14 Wherein the 21 keeps his cuttings? (5,4).
- 16 Do they separate the wheat from the chaff in the gents' events at Wimbledon? (8).
- 17 Upset by medical-that's a point (7).
- 19 Complaint which could be mental I find (7).
- 20 Build up a ship's compliment, by the sound of it (6).
- 23 River to try for work (5).

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE

ACROSS. 1. Jesse James. 8. Luke. 9. King Lear. 10. Simmer. 11. Ormolu. 12. Sew. 13. Beano. 15. Sneak. 17. Men. 19. Bertha. 21 Opener. 23. Debating. 24. Dope. 25. Dick Turpin. DOWN. 2. Exuviae. 3. Steam. 4. Jokers. 5. Minnow. 6. Solomon. 7. Drawl. 14. Not paid. 16. Adelphi. 17. Maniac. 18. Nougat. 20. Enemy. 22. Eider.

THOUGHT

This truth has come to me - that all our thoughts
Stay not within the compass of our mind
Nor rest within the limits of our brain.
Unchained by us, who have no power to hold,
They go their way, and soon or late they find
A mind which sympathy has tuned to ours,
And there received, they work for good or ill
Before, restrengthened, on they go again.

And so, each thought, a living, acting force,
Builds, in degree, the life of all the world,
Lifts up for good, and cheers and blesses all,
Or tends to deepen pain and woe and sin.

So must I school my thoughts, since they have power
No less than spoken word, to make or mar
Some soul unknown to me, and yet a kin.
God give me then, a mind so sweet and pure
That it shall catch the thoughts of Christ Himself,
Translate them into terms of human life,
And think my fellow mortals nearer Him.