



No.2

March, 1973

COMMENT

We are pleased to report that the Canute Tide has been very well received amongst, not only the members of Canute Lodge, but also by brethren from other Lodges.

We realise of course, this is not a perfectly produced news paper, it was not intended to be, but with luck and your support it will achieve its aim of keeping the brethren informed of the activities of Canute Lodge and in touch with the welfare of those members who, through no fault of their own, cannot attend our regular meetings.

We are very pleased to include in this issue articles from brethren of other Lodges within our Province, and we extend our sincere thanks to them for their excellent contributions.

Once again our W.M. has asked me to express his thanks to all the contributors, and now that you have made a start we look forward to receiving the next one from you. How about nudging the brother next to you now and asking him to submit the funny story, or unusual experience that he has just told you.

To conclude, I personally apologise and accept full responsibility for any errors or omissions, believe me it is not the fault of the printer who, as you can see, does a truly magnificent job.

Thank you brethren.

R.J.H.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to W. Bro. Charles Hall, our venerable secretary, who this month celebrates 30 years as a member of Canute Lodge.

Well done W. Bro. Charles, and may you have many more happy years with us.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to W. Bro. Sam Pollard on his recent appointment to Acting Provincial Grand Standard Bearer.

We are certain he will maintain and uphold our standards.

THE MAY MEETING

Preparations are already underway to enhance the Festive Board of our next meeting in May, when it is hoped to stage a "Viking Night", which, if successful will, we hope, become part of the annual scene of Canute Lodge.

Some excellent suggestions have been put forward to help the success of this particular evening, but we are still short of a few ideas to complete the programme, so if any brother has a bright notion along the lines of the theme, our W.M. will be very pleased to hear from you.

Please don't dismiss this appeal. No matter what your suggestion is, it will, we can assure you be fully considered. Remember that from little acorns great oaks grow.

If anyone has any misgivings about the arrangements being made, may we assure them that is intended to stay strictly within Masonic protocol, and that it should be a night to remember in the true traditional Masonic style.

R.J.H.

LADIES NIGHT

Just a reminder that the Canute Ladies Festival for 1973, will be held at Garons Banqueting Hall, Southend-on-Sea, on Friday, 13th April.

Unfortunately at the time of going to press, exact details of the price of tickets, programme ect., had not been fully decided upon. However plans have been laid, which we are sure will meet with everyone's approval, for giving this event a 'facelift', and a fabulous evening is assured for those who attend.

Once again we are not too proud to consider any idea to help make the evening go with a swing. Perhaps you have a suggestion, or better still your lady may have some proposal she may like to make. If so let our W.M. know, and we will do our best to include it in the programme.

WHY HE GOT HIS FEET WET

As a small boy I was told all about King Canute and how his courtiers carried his throne to the waters edge, and then bade the king to order the tide to go out. To their utter chagrin, the king got his feet wet! I visualise now the illustration of the scene in the reading primer: King Canute's robes were brown and suitably adorned with circular ornaments. His long flaxen hair was surmounted with a glittering crown. The throne was massive with curious carving, no doubt of Danish design. Surrounding the king were his courtiers, all besporting helmets from which were the familiar cow horns, sticking out in the true Viking style.

Years after, at Grammar School this time, I heard the same story, but suitably embellished with the meaning behind the act, namely to prove that King Canute was not suffering stupid adulation from his close associates, but that he carried out their request to make them see he was only a man and did not possess supernatural powers. Remember, King Canute was a Christian.

It was not until the latter end of the war, when I was stationed at R.A.F. Thorney Island, that I heard an explanation which certainly had a ring of truth. To those who know, this part of the South Coast has many inlets and indentations to the coastline and doubtless there were many more in those days. Also this is a very flat low-lying area, and in consequence flooding was a frequent occurrence, especially with extra high Spring Tides co-inciding with a strong south-westerly wind piling up the waters of the English Channel. Naturally to combat the ravages of these conditions, it was decided to build a dyke and reclaim the land. Possibly through lack of know-how, or inadequate tools, the scheme was not a success, for the dykes were washed away, and all ideas of reclamation abandoned. Apparently the old Danish word for dam was similar in sound to the word for throne. The passing of the years and the recounting of what had happened, led to the confusion of the words, hence the legend of King Canute and his seaside activities caught the imagination of the peasantry and persisted.

But what a delightful fairy story to tell the youngsters, even today!

W. Bro. R. Strong
(P.P.G.Swd.B.)
(P.M. 5225).

A CONTRIBUTION FROM CANADA

W. Bro. Bert George passed on to us a letter he received from Bro. Derrick Freeman, who is now living in British Columbia, Canada.

W. Bro. Bert will be pleased to let anyone who wishes read the letter, but for the benefit of those who may not have the opportunity, Bro. Derrick conveyed the sad news of the sudden death of his brother Arthur, who was a member of Belfairs Lodge before emigrating to Canada in 1958. Arthur was given a full Masonic Funeral, which Bro. Derrick describes in detail in his letter.

I am sure you all wish me to convey to Bro. Derrick our deepest sympathy in his sad loss.

I am reminded by certain brethren that at a meeting in 1971, at which both Bros. Derrick and Arthur were present, after the W.M. had taken wine with them and they had responded to his expression of pleasure at seeing them again, a spontaneous rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" came from the brethren present. A touching moment, which we hope helped make their long journey worth while.

The following item was included with Bro. Derrick's letter, and we are very grateful to him for finding the time to give us such an interesting contribution for the Tide.

Fraternal Greetings to the Worshipful Master, Officer and Brethren of Canute Lodge.

From the Worshipful Master, Officers and Brethren of Sidney Lodge No. 143, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada.

It is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be asked to contribute to the Canute Lodge Newsletter.

I have been a member of Sidney Lodge four years, three of which as organist, and am now the Junior Deacon. It is eleven years or so since I held the same office in Canute Lodge. Although my Lodge here does emulation working, there are quite a number of things which are different. One thing that bears mention, and which affects me as Junior Deacon, is having to give the first tracing board lecture at every initiation ceremony. Since last November I have given it twice. I think it must be the longest lecture in our book of ritual. Incidentally I am still using the book which the late W. Bro. Mark Probert gave me when I was raised in 1958.

Another innovation which was new to me, is that every candidate has to commit to memory the Obligation of one degree before going on to the next, this has to be given in open lodge.

I do as much visiting as I can, and it is very interesting to see the different workings. There is Emulation (which is slightly different in every Lodge) Canadian Working and the American Work. There is one Lodge here in town that does American Work, and they do not have a book of ritual, it is passed on just by word of mouth.

Our Lodges are governed by the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, and as the Province is so vast, (the whole of England can be put into it at least six times), it is split up into districts and a District Deputy Grand Master is appointed to various areas. This is similar to the Provincial Grand Lodges in England. Each year, usually the second week in June, "Grand Lodge" is held in a different district and lasts for four or five days. In 1970 it was held here in Victoria at the University. This was very fortunate as far as I was concerned, as my garden adjoins the University Campus, so I was within walking distance, and was able to attend most meetings.

Bro. Derrick W. Freeman.

3975, Maria Road,
Victoria,
British Columbia,
Canada.

January, 8th. 1973.

DESIDERATA

You will have noticed that with this issue there is a supplement entitled 'Desiderata', a beautiful work of prose by Max Ehrman.

This was donated as an extra for the 'Tide' by Bro. Bill Caten, who I know has a special place for it in his heart, and has been so struck by its import, that he felt it should be in the form of a supplement to facilitate framing if so desired.

Thank you Bro. Bill. I'm sure that many of the brethren will give to it the treatment you intended, and that which it so richly deserves.

I must add here that this work was also sent to us by W. Bro. Reg Tuff from his home at Kings Lynn, and who, if only to judge by the neatness, must have spent a considerable amount of time committing it to paper.

Thank you too W. Bro. Reg, I hope the supplement gives you as much pleasure as your presentation of it gave to me.

P.J.H.

WON'T YOU COME HOME BROTHER BAILEY?

Brethren, a few months ago, whilst negotiating the hazards of a busy Southend thoroughfare, I rebounded rather violently from a burly figure whose genial features could only be possessed by one 'Les Bailey', erstwhile S.D. of Canute Lodge, (until moving away from this fair metropolis).

His usual air of geniality however was somewhat disturbed by a twitch of exasperation on his lips and a terrible aspect of the eye - which I felt could not have been engendered entirely by my 150 lbs meeting his 200 in collision course.

I soon elicited the fact that our philanthropic brother, either from the deep generosity of his kindly soul, or from his ill acquaintance with the amenities of the Southend Borough, had contrived to park his car on a meter in the car park, and at the same time make a small contribution to the unknown neighbouring motorist's welfare, by putting his money in the wrong slot.

This charitable act however, seemed to have offended the dignity and patience of the yellow hatted guardian of the establishment, (which shows you can't please everybody), who had promptly demonstrated his displeasure by attaching some sort of disagreeable intelligence in a plastic bag to our hero's windscreen, before retiring for his usual eleveners.

This dastardly act of injustice, had, understandably, caused a complete loss of any further charitable intentions on our brother's immediate agenda, and like one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, he was on vengeance course.

I agreed with him that there was no justice on this earth for the unwary, and to attenuate his wrath and at the same time pour a salver and a balsam over my own indignation, I related how I had once been innocently duped by my ageing and venerable and very Scottish pater, who had induced me at a very tender age to deposit my weekly allowance of one shilling into a very large metal money-box which he kept under the stairs. I was turned sixteen before I discovered that the money-box belonged to the local gas authority, and was only rented to us for the purpose of purveying our gas supplies. Yes I knew how he felt alright! Les I mean.

At this his countenance lightened and he told me that since leaving the district, some five years ago, he had taken on the management of a tobacconists shop in Beckenham, Kent, by a strange coincidence opposite my late father's pharmacy in Bromley Road. Since then he had a spell in Forest Gate and later in Haverhill, Suffolk, and had at last returned to Southend where he now has his own tobacconists and newsagents at 179, Elmsleigh Drive, Leigh-on-Sea.

We all, I am sure, wish him luck in his new venture, and look forward to his returning to our Lodge activities very soon.

Only one thing brethren - how can I tell him it was my car next to his in the parking lot?

W.M.

CANUTE CHAPTER

At the recent conclave on Monady, 12th February, the companions were pleased to enjoy the exaltation of a new companion - Bro. Sam MacKay of the Beacon Light Lodge No. 6399, and we wish him many happy years of membership.

The Canute Chapter will be celebrating its Golden Jubilee on Friday, 4th May, 1973, when a record attendance is expected.

We also hope that the membership, and thereby the Chapter, will grow from strength to strength by the support it so richly deserves from members of Canute Lodge.

C.W.H.
Secretary.

A VISITORS VIEWPOINT

As a constant visitor to Canute Lodge, thanks to my host, I feel that I would like to contribute something to the TIDE.

When I first visited your Lodge, some 5 years ago, like all visitors, I looked for comparisons and the possible mistakes.

First, may I comment on the latter. At each and every meeting, I must say that all aspects of the Canute workings have been of the highest order. A precedent must have been set many years ago and I now consider every Master and Officer, has his work cut out to stay with it.

However, I have noticed a change over the years, and I sincerely hope I am not out of order, when I say that it related to the Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth of the Lodge. In this sense, and these are my own personal feelings, it has a much happier atmosphere, has had some relief from some old traditions and one seems to say what he feels and no umbrella is taken.

I am not basing these comments on the last two meetings, which, however, were fabulous, but would use these to say that they are the culminating effect of the change. It is the sign of good Masonry. Working hard and deriving the true satisfaction of the work put into it.

Canute Lodge is on the crest of a wave and I wish it Fraternal Success.

F.A. Stearns
Little Heath 5935.

ODD GOSSIP

Bro. Spencer May who was raised today, recently returned from a business trip to India.

We learn from him that the Managing Director of the firm which engaged Spencer, is none other than M.W. Bro. Arjan Das Dhingra, who is the Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of India. Unfortunately Spencer was unable to attend any meetings there, but had some interesting conversations with regard to Masonry as practised in India, and it appears that in the main, it is the Scottish Working that is adopted for the rituals.

It is interesting to learn that Spencer's father, who was a priest in India from 1931 - 1945, was himself initiated in Simla Lodge, in the Punjab, in 1943. This Lodge has the proud boast that among its former members was the celebrated author and poet, Rudyard Kipling, some of whose works we hope to publish in the 'Tide' in the future.

At the time of Spencer's father's initiation, the Lodge had among its members several high ranking army officers, amongst whom were a Brigadier and a Major, and among its frequent visitors was Field Marshall Sir Claude Auchinleck. The Master of the Lodge at the time was an Army Sergeant, which helps to prove that Masonry is a grand leveller.

R.J.H.

LODGE No. 4876

Incidental to the article by W. Bro. Strong on 'How he got his feet wet', our W.M. has learned that there is another Canute Lodge No. 4876, which meets at The Masonic Hall, Albion Place, Southampton.

As Southampton was the vicinity in which King Canute is reputed to have tried to send back the waves, it is not surprising that a Lodge there has adopted his name.

Our W.M. is in the process of contacting the Master with a view to inviting him to one of our meetings.

R.J.H.

TO THE BUILDERS OF A MASONIC LODGE

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and grey,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twi-light dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man", said a fellow pilgrim near,
You are wasting your strength when building here".
Your journey will end with the ending days,
You will never again pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?
The builder lifted his old grey head,
"Good friend in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day,
A youth whose feet must pass this way,
This chasm which has been nought to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be:
He too must cross in the twi-light dim -
Good friend I have built this bridge for him".

A "Back to the Lodge" movement is reported from South Australia. The idea is by a personal canvass to seek out the members who have ceased attendance, ascertain the reasons for their apparent indifference, and induce them to again attend the Lodge. A laudable undertaking beyond question.

But until the meetings of a Lodge can offer to an average man alternative attractions to compete with other sources of entertainment or instruction, pleadings or reproofs will be in vain.

When a Lodge will really seek to interest and inform the brethren, making attendance a matter of value for the time spent, then there will be no cause for complaint. That so many now fail to attend is an indictment to the programmes that are considered sufficient.

The argument made by M.W. Bro. Sherman, Grand Master of California, that Masters of Lodges should be chosen for their outstanding qualities as executives and men of knowledge, and that the ritual should be committed to brothers who delight in such form of work, but who would not be responsible for the conduct and well-being of the Lodge, has much to commend it to thinking brethren.

In such case, both the talkers and the doers would find their appropriate levels and their places of greatest good.

The following I feel sure will be of particular interest to our Worshipful Master:-

On the banks of the River Ayr, near where Robert Burns, the Masonic poet and his lassie parted for the last time, the foundation for a monument to Highland Mary was laid with full Masonic Hounours.

No more appropriate spot could be chosen for this monument of the woman who inspired some of Burns' most famous lyrics, and the Masonic Fraternity honoured itself by lending its prestige to the event.

Was there a Lady Freemason?

Some 60 years or so ago, a topic much discussed by brethren, was whether it was true that the story of there having been a Lady Freemason was indeed a fact.

The lady in question was the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, wife of Mr. Richard Aldworth, who prior to her marriage was the Hon. Elizabeth St. Ledger, daughter of Lord Doneraile. She was born in 1693 and married in 1713.

The well known legend is, that a private Lodge was being held at her father's house, Doneraile Court, and that Miss Ledger, then a young girl,

overheard part of the ceremony, and being discovered, was initiated into the Order. Her portrait in Masonic Clothing and Apron is still preserved.

If this incident did happen, it would appear that it must have been in a Speculative Lodge working without a warrant or number, which would be prior to the Grand Lodge era. Like all legends there are several variants of it, one being that she hid herself in a clockcase with the deliberate intention of discovering the secrets of Masonry. Another is that she happened to be in an adjoining room and removed a brick the better to hear.

Now whether this legend is to be believed or not, it is a fact that the Paulinus Lodge, founded in 1919 and which meets at Lincoln, has in its possession a large lithographed picture of this lady, it having been presented to the Lodge by W. Bro. The Rev. Canon John Kaye, who was Master in 1929.

An earlier, but smaller picture is in the hands of the much older Witham Lodge of Lincoln No. 297, the warrant of which is dated 1793. Written on the back are these words:-

"Miss St. Ledger 1711, afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, the lady found in the clockcase in the Lodge at Doneraile Court".

Her father, Viscount Doneraile, was Master and initiated her into Freemasonry, and her brother-in-law was the Senior Warden. She attained the Chair and initiated her husband into Freemasonry.

In 1774, Fifield Dassigny wrote a book, which was published in Dublin, entitled, "A Serious and Impartial Enquiry into the Cause of the Present Decay of Freemasonry in the Kingdom of Ireland".

Two copies of this book exist today, one in the Masonic Library of Iowa, U.S.A., and the other in the Provincial Grand Lodge Library of West Yorks.

The original list of subscribers is worthy of notice, remembering that this book was a Masonic publication. The first name is Viscount Allen, Grand Master of Ireland. The second name is Elizabeth Aldworth. The list of subscribers numbered 400.

With acknowledgements to:-

Masonic Record, Aug., 1971, and Royal Arch Masonry by Ex Comp Stokes M.D., P.A.G.Soj., (R.A.Eng.) P.P.G.Soj. Paged 16 & 17.

W. Bro. D/C.

IN MEMORIAM

We regret to announce the recent passing of one of Canute's Widows, Mrs. Ivy Suckling, on 27th January, 1973.

Her husband, the late W. Bro. George Suckling, P.M. of Pitsea Lodge No. 4837, became a joining member of Canute in 1962, and was with us until passing to the Grand Lodge above just 4 years ago.

Almoner.

CANUTE CHARITY SHIELD

At our last meeting our W.M. again brought to the attention of the brethren the Canute Charity Shield, and was very gratified to find an unsolicited £4.34 in its purse when the meeting closed.

To date the shield has raised £34.34, and we are hoping that much more will follow. The amount so far is a goodly start towards the £100 our W.M. hopes it will realise during his year.

The shield will be on hand again today, and our W.M. will not, we can assure you, be offended if something in the way of hard cash should again be found in the velvet bag after the meeting.

Need we say that if this is so, it will be gratefully received and faithfully applied.

"SODALITAS * SOLACIUM * VERITAS"

R.J.H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LODGE ORGANIST

In the course of some 43 years of playing for Lodge Meetings, certain amusing happenings come to the memory, and here are some of them.

When Canute Lodge met at the Palace Hotel, we had just concluded the first hymn when there was a knock at the door. As soon as the Opening was concluded and we were seated, the W.M. requested to know who sought admission. In due course he was told that W. Bro. A.B., P.P.G., seeks admission. "Admit him", came the reply, and the D.C. marched up to the door to escort the visitor up the Lodge. Whilst he was going to collect the visitor, 2 or 3 brethren said, "He's the Chief Constable of Southend". So this important personage was escorted to a seat near to the W.M., to the strains of a then very popular piece - 'The Policemans Holiday' - to his obvious delight and the amusement of the brethren.

The organist still remained a free man - yes, free and unscolded.

On another occasion playing for a new Lodge which met at the Overcliff Hotel, Westcliff, the newly appointed J.D. had challenged the candidate for charity, and receiving the correct replies, turned to the W.M. and said, "W.M. our newly married - er - er made brother etc...". This caused a general titter. But when the W.M. told the candidate he could retire etc., the candidate did so, escorted by the J.D. to the opening bars of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March'. This produced outright laughter, which continued when the organist followed up with the first verse of 'O Friend of Mine'. For some meetings afterwards that Lodge was referred to as "the one where marriages were solemnised". I continued to play for that Lodge until 1968. (Some 14 years).

In another Lodge there was an Irishman, a most lovable fellow, who was always very anxious to do well. When he was S.W. he asked me to play the song 'On the Hills of Donegal' - which I did whilst the return from the Installation Tea was in progress. He was so excited at his election and installation as W.M., that he said to me afterwards, "Brother Organist you didn't play my song". "I did", I replied. "When you were reassembling after the tea break". "Did you now, and I didn't recognise it, and to be sure I've only had tea. But you'll play it again to be sure some other time". Which I did.

It is my custom to play for say 15 minutes or so before a meeting begins. On one occasion I fired off with an organ arrangement of 'Finlandia', by Brother Sibelius. After the meeting a W.M. came to me and said, "Thanks very much Brother Organist for playing 'Poet and Peasant' before we started". I looked at him with astonishment. He realised he had made a mistake, and with a very red face said, "Blimey, what was it then?" He was told in a kindly way.

On another occasion I did an emergency duty at an all Jewish Lodge. Thinking I was playing something appropriate, I let the exit procession of the W.M. etc. go out to 'The March of the Israelites', from Sir Michael Costa's Oratorio 'Eli'. For my pains not one of our Hebrew Brothers seemed to recognise it. I was not asked to play there again - perhaps that is the reason why. I think not.

G.B.L.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Bro. George Lynch, who became a joining member of Canute in January, 1943, just over 30 years ago. He was appointed Organist of Canute 2 years later, in which capacity he has enriched our ceremonies with his skill and ability.

A 'noteable' achievement.

OUR JANUARY MEETING

Our January Meeting had several novel points. Firstly, both the candidates were members of the Essex and Southend-on-Sea Joint Constabulary - certainly unique in Canute history - and we had the pleasure of seeing our new W.M. in action for the first time when he raised Bro. Bob Hyde in a most sincere and excellent manner.

Afterwards at the Festival Board, W. Bro. Bill Price, concluding a fluent and well worded toast to the initiate, called on Canute L. of I. Choir to sing the Entered Apprentices Song, and so with the final chorus we raised our glasses to Bro. Edgar Fasley - something no doubt he will long remember.

As our guests included not only a Grand Lodge Officer, but also several brother officers of the candidates, the toast to the visitors was a musical one. Now it must be admitted that Bro. Jim Bolton did 'lift' the tune from the Pirates of Penzance, the words which the choir sang to the "We'll run them in, we'll run them in" theme were Jim's own, and the uniforms which the choir wore looked like the real thing. We are pleased to report the visitors seemed to enjoy it.

Final comment - as one of the officers confided, never before did he remember so many visitors going out of their way to say thanks for an enjoyable evening.

Bro. Bill

BATTLE STATIONS

In my early years of teaching I used to take parties of junior children to Rochford Station, whence we would walk along what was little more than a country lane to Ashingdon Church. Houses were few and far between, and the children picked blackberries from the hedges en route.

Arriving at the church, we would go to the east end and gaze at the seemingly endless area of low-lying land, broken only by a hill in the distance, on top of which stood Canewdon Church. Meandering across the land could be seen waterways, shimmering in the sunlight, and no doubt there were many more of these waterways a thousand years ago.

I used to tell the children how the foraging Danes came up these inlets in their longboats and how they camped on the top of Canewdon Hill. Meanwhile the flower of Saxon yeomanry gathered on the top of Ashingdon Hill, called Assandune in those days. Saxons and Danes faced each other for a week and then, perhaps in desperation for activity, or food, the Danes attacked. It was a bloody battle with the Danes coming out victorious. Most of the Saxons were killed, those who could, fled.

At this point I used to divide the youngsters into two parties: one being sent to the bottom of the hill, while the others arrayed themselves beyond the churchyard wall. The order to charge was given. What a wonderful time those children had. There were chilling shrieks and fierce hand to hand encounters with imaginary shields, swords and battle-axes. Had they been real weapons many a head would have been struck off and many a body run through. When all had expended their energy, I would continue the story.

King Canute, said to be the first Christian King, was so upset at the great loss of life, that he ordered a church to be built on the spot. It was a wooden building and, as excavations have proved, bigger than the existing stone edifice. Stigand, later to become Archbishop, was the first priest.

During our escapades I met the grave digger, and he told me he had frequently come across relics of that battle in the course of his labours. These relics are now in a museum.

W. Bro. R. Strong
(P.P.G.Swd.B)
(P.M. 5225).

SOMEBODY SAID

Somebody said that somebody said,
Trouble was caused and suspicion fed,
Somebody passed on an idle word,
Someone repeated what someone had heard.

There has been many a broken heart,
Many a marriage has come apart,
Many relationships have been changed,
Many a neighbour has become estranged.

In many a home where peace once reigned,
Affection and loyalty have been strained,
And many a life is incomplete,
All because someone was indiscreet.

Many a friendship has been wrecked,
Through gossip unfounded and unchecked.
Mischievous was made and a rumour spread,
Somebody said that somebody said....

Patience Strong.

W. Bro. Reg Tuff. I, Stud Farm Bungalow,
Sporle,
Kings Lynn,
Norfolk.

WHO SLIPPED ME THE MICKEY FINN

I was led into Masonry but a short time ago. So short in fact, that it would need an electronic chronometer to measure such a period, as my preceptor regularly informs me. To continue - towards the end of my first mutiny, as is customary, I was seated alongside a V.I.P., we really must find a candidate named Lamb, anyway, this V.I.P. offered his congratulations, and then inquired if I was dry, but before I could reply, he had passed me a packet of Polo's, now recognised by me as Masonic Mints.

Promotion is rapid in our Lodge, as you know, and in due course I was in office as Junior Steward. I was told my duties at the Installation, and took my seat. The brother who had but recently occupied the chair in which I sat, informed me that I was responsible for the Polo's, insisting that this, above all else, was my duty as the Junior Steward.

As a couple of years passed, I moved along the Stewards Bench, and I make it my business to inform each succeeding Junior Steward of his task. I warned them of introducing non-emulation sweetmeats. I regarded my instructions as adequate until our last meeting, when as tears ran down my cheeks, I endeavoured to extricate myself from my predicament.

To be candid I should have looked, or at the least familiarised myself with the shape of the item passed to me for consumption, but I did not do so. Presumably I must now propose the Tyler searches the Stewards..For the present however, I have but one question to ask. Who passed me the triple-strength mint.

"A Wonderful Steward."

JIM'S JAPERS

Having embarked with the Entered Apprentices Song, the Canute Lodge of Instruction Choir are keen to rehearse the Wardens Song, the Master Masons Song and the Welcome to the Guests Song.

If any brother knows of a source of the music and words of these revered old Masonic Songs, would he please get in touch with Bro. Jim Bolton.

R.J.H.

CHARACTERS I HAVE KNOWN

In the early thirties, work was so scarce, unemployment queues so long, Social Security as we know it non-existent, that if you were fortunate enough to have a job you hung on to it, even if it meant humbling oneself to a degree that would seem repulsive today. Employers were able to ensure that if they paid for eight hours work, it wasn't sufficient to be on the job for eight hours, but to actually do eight hours work. Employees were expendable in that a dozen were waiting for the opportunity to have your job, and their wives and children would be able to eat.

Certain employers took advantage of this, and the writer remembers that as a lad of fourteen, shouting a warning that the 'Guvnor' was coming so loud that the governor heard him, and came and said, "Here's a penny for being a good boy and letting them all know that I am about". This was meant as a sarcastic insult, but as I drew the princely sum of 7/6d per week, and was expected to contribute to the household expenses with 7/-, I thought he was Santa Claus.

This article however, concerns Old Niggley, a well known Rochford builder, (now gone to the land of his fathers, and the firm no longer in existence) who stooped to any and all types of tricks to catch his workers not pulling their weight - and they included his own son - not for the purpose of sacking them, but to indulge in his favourite pastime of moaning the odds, and bewailing the laziness of all workers. Such were his continuing moans, that he was called by all and sundry (but not in his hearing), as Old Niggley.

The job was at the Kent Elms end of Snakes Lane, Eastwood, and Old Niggley took to biking from Rochford, leave the bike in the ditch, and quietly approach the job from behind the hedges, and was thus able to catch several of the chaps either miking, or sky-larking about. After this had happened a few times, one of the lads had a talk with the local Postman, the outcome of which was, that while he was on his rounds, seeing the bike in the ditch, he picked it up and took it to Rayleigh Police Station, saying that he had found it abandoned in a ditch at Eastwood.

Great was the woe and grief of Old Niggley when he returned for his bike. First a two mile walk to Rochford, and after many more enquiries, a 'bus ride to Rayleigh to identify and claim the missing cycle.

I don't remember even this experience causing him to alter his ways, and characters such as he was, appear to have disappeared with all the other loveable hates of the "Good old days".

W.Bro. Sid. A/D.C.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

The scene a busy road junction controlled by traffic lights in the main thoroughfare of a large moderately industrial county town. The time approximately 12.25pm on a weekday. Workers from nearby factories are hurrying home to their midday meals and a quiet smoke, before returning to labour in the afternoon. Many of these workers are on pedal cycles, and a fair number are in motor cars.

The traffic lights are at red, and the leading vehicles are three bicycles in line abreast across their side of the road. The riders are three male workers, all clad similarly in greasy overalls and cloth caps. They are sitting astride their fairly delapidated machines, ready for a quick getaway, as soon as the green light appears.

Directly behind them is a motor car - a normal family saloon about 5 years old, but obviously the pride and joy of its jealous owner, who is sitting behind the steering wheel, also waiting for the

lights to change to his favour. He would appear to be a trifle impatient as he is nervously tapping the steering wheel with his fingers, and about every second or so revs up his engine. One imagines he is already in first gear, his foot depressing the clutch, ready too for a racing start.

Behind the car traffic already building up, stretches as far as the eye can see, and there are many pedestrians going about their everyday business.

There comes a slight lull in the traffic noise as the lights begin to change, but this is not noticed by one of the three leading cyclists, who is earnestly telling his two companions what he would do if he were Prime Minister. Still unnoticed by him, the light changes to red and amber, which is immediately seen by the car driver behind him, and who at once eases his car slightly forward and gently nudges the rear mudguard of the future Prime Ministers bike, an action that speaks louder than any words, telling him to stop worrying about his income tax as he is holding up a ravenous man whose mouth is watering at the thought of the steak and kidney pud he knows his wife has waiting for him on the table at home.

The cyclist at once stops expounding his theories, and a look of amazement comes to his dusty features. Slowly and deliberately he looks round at the car driver, who is furiously pointing to the lights, which have just turned to green.

Amazement changes to pain as the cyclist moves his machine forward an inch or two, only to find the rear mudguard now scrapes on his tyre, making silent progress impossible without a minor repair.

Resignedly he dismounts from his velocipede, and without more ado, aims a swift kick at the bumper bar of the car with his hobnailed boot.

Now it is the car drivers turn to experience pain, and as though the agony is almost too much to bear, he sets his handbrake, opens his door and slowly climbing from his seat, makes his way to the front of his car, where, although he is a large man, he tenderly examines the bumper bar at the point of contact with the boot. To his great sorrow his fingers discover a tiny indentation in the gleaming chrome.

He looks at the expression of smug complacency on the cyclists face. No word is spoken as he lifts his foot and with the sole of his shoe, pushes vehemently against the already dented mudguard of the push bike. The smugness disappears from the cyclists face and is replaced by horror as he watches the metal bend under the exerted pressure of the 15 stone car drivers foot.

Horror turns to bewilderment and then to sudden inspiration, and he gently, almost lovingly, places his bike into the hands of the leader of the opposition, and with another mighty kick, caves in a portion of the motors radiator grille.

The motorist, seeing how determined the other man is, seems unperturbed as he gently lays down the cycle, and not once, or twice, but three times jumps on the spokes of its rear wheel, causing them to buckle into a most grotesque shape.

Now both men really get into their stride as each in turn set about each others vehicle. There is much smashing of glass as car headlamps and cycle dynamoes splinter into a thousand fragments, much clanging of metal as boots and shoes flay about at will, to the great amusement of the large crowd that has now gathered to watch the spectacle, and who are now shouting encouragement to their particular favourite.

Finally, both men exhausted with their efforts, stop and survey the damage. The cycle looks as though it has been hit by a train, and the car gives the impression of having been backed into by a steam roller.

Being too drained of energy to do anything else, the two men glower at each other, their red faces sweating profusely. Both now feel it is time the personal violence started, and are just having a breather before commencing what looks like being an evenly matched and possibly long contest.

The crowd sense what is about to happen and become subdued with expectancy. One or two of the more enterprising among them begin to place bets on the eventual outcome. However much to their disappointment, one of our defenders of the peace and good order, in the guise of big helmet and navy blue uniform, can be seen elbowing his way through the spectators. At last he makes it to the scene, and placing himself between the two would-be antagonists, calmly says, in true traditional form, "What's going on 'ere?"

All through the preceeding chaos neither of the two protagonists had spoken a word, but now finding a new source of vigour, both begin at the same time to explain, each protesting their innocence vociferously, accompanied by the shaking of fists and pointing of accusing fingers.

The constable at last makes himself heard above their protestations and accusations, and restores the situation to comparative calm. Keeping the two separated, he obtains an outline of what has occurred from a nosey member of the crowd who seems more than willing to get in on the act. The officer has great difficulty in restraining himself from smiling as the story unfolds, but no-one can mistake the amused twinkle in his eyes.

Quietly and efficiently order is restored, the mangled push-bike and battered car are placed at the roadside, and the crowd and traffic begin to disperse. A voice somewhere says, "It was just like a Whitehall farce", and another can be heard saying, "It must be a film set. It was just too funny to be true".

But it is true, yes it really did happen.

R.J.H.

SSSSHHHH.....

In recent years various laws have been introduced in an effort to make the air free of pollution, without dust or soot, and to prevent noxious substances being emitted by power and heating plants, factories, etc. It appears however, that nothing is being done to prevent the noise of present day living being projected into our homes. Heating installations with their noisy burners, circulating pumps, extractor fans, cooker hoods, washing machines, cleaners and the like, all add their noise to the sounds of traffic and little Willie yelling for a glass of water.

The old traditional methods of building with solid walls, lath and plaster etc., were in themselves fairly soundproof, but modern building methods with cavity walls and sandwich type construction, increase sounds as though by a drum, and some thought will have to be given to this in the future.

Double glazing has made a small contribution to noise abatement, and the trend seems to be for more and more soundproof windows, which are quite easy to fit and indeed to construct. BUT what of ventilation and the need to breathe? A good solution in terms of acoustics, are windows with built-in ventilators. Once more the cry is, "But what about the money?" Yes we will have to pay for same. Better planning would help in many ways; soundproofing between walls, siting sewage and water piping away from living quarters - in fact water piping is a source of noise that can easily raise the volume above the required limit of 30 decibels.

Without all the extraneous help of the teenager turning up the volume on the transistor, enormous lorries thundering past, jet aircraft overhead, one's hearing deteriorates, hearing aid manufacturers become millionaires, - silence will be a thing of the past.

W. Bro. Sid. A/D.C.

CHEWING GUM MENDS CHURCH ORGAN

After reading a report in the national press which told of choirboys repairing the keyboard stops of a church organ with well masticated chewing gum, Bro. Frank Flavelle, the organist of Prittlewell Lodge, sent the following item for inclusion in the Tide.

The organ at our Temple was in a bad state of repair for a long time owing to its neglect when the Church stood empty. A considerable sum has been spent over the years in repairs.

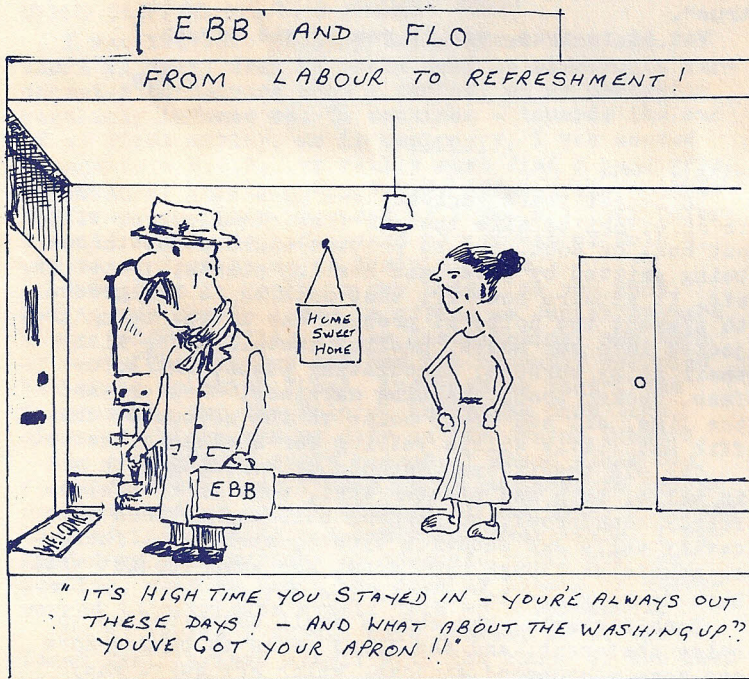
Reading of the success of the choirboys and organist with bubble gum at St. Mary's Parish Church, West Derby, Liverpool, inspired me to write the following verses.

St. Mary's have found a solution,
Though bubble gum may make them feel sick,
Why spend so much on the organ,
When the Brethren can do the trick.

Can you see them eagerly chewing,
All rushing to get in the queue,
The organ all bursting with bubbles,
Absolutely obscuring the view.

Long may the Canute gum continue to bubble.

Frank Flavelle,
(P.P.G.Org) Lodge I60.



WHO OWNS THE ZEBRA?

This brain-teaser can be solved by combining deduction, analysis and sheer persistence. The essential facts are as follows:

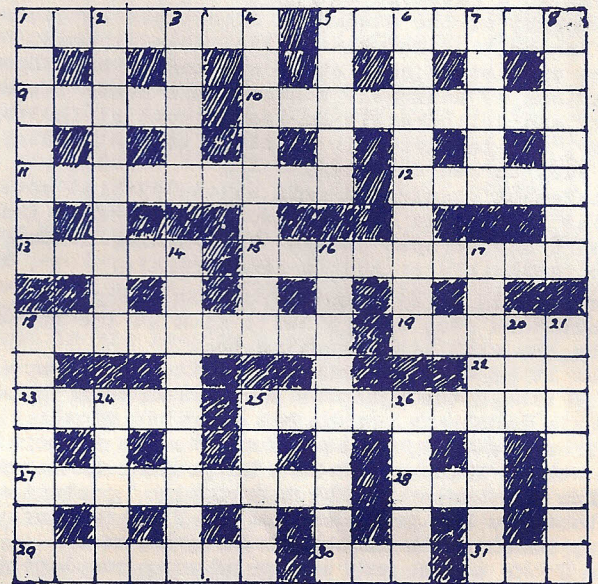
1. There are five houses, each with a front door of a different colour, and inhabited by men of different callings, with different pets and drinks. Each man smokes a different kind of tobacco.
2. The Freemason lives in the house with the red door.
3. The Forester owns the dog.
4. Coffee is drunk in the house with the green door.
5. The Oddfellow drinks tea.
6. The house with the green door is immediately to the right (your right) of the house with the ivory door.

7. The mediumcut smoker owns snails.
8. Spun cut is smoked in the house with the yellow door.
9. The Moose lives in the first house on the left.
10. The man who smokes mixture lives in the house next to the man with the fox.
11. Milk is drunk in the middle house.
12. Spun cut is smoked in the house next to where the horse is kept.
13. The flake smoker drinks orange juice.
14. The Buffalo smokes rough cut.
15. The Moose lives next to the house with the blue door.

Now, who drinks water? And who owns the zebra?

No prize is offered, but immense satisfaction is guaranteed if you manage to solve this little teaser. (Answer will appear in the May edition).

W.M.



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1) Wise of the Scotsman to follow the only singer. (7) | 1) Simple endurance. (7) |
| 5) Edward, pursued by debts? - Tiresome. (7) | 2) Womens Lib? The curate's taken it over to smooth the way. (9) |
| 9) Forever? (5) | 3) Rigid code. (5) |
| 10) Clear one of imputations. (9) | 4) Affording passage. (9) |
| 11) Deficiency in the blind mouse shows up in the end. (4,5) | 5) Doctrine. (5) |
| 12) Father joins the army for fear (5) | 6) Not ironed but worn regardless. (4,5) |
| 13) Beneath? (5) | 7) Hold forth. (5) |
| 15) Hot! is she? Get the old buffer! (9) | 8) Being of narrow girth, Len joins the communists. (7) |
| 18) Cheap version of rotary? (4,5) | 14) Short guns, firing high. (9) |
| 19) Explosive when charged, but can be fathomed. (5) | 16) Akin and told to. (7,2) |
| 23) Get it in to get it out. (5) | 17) Ideal state. (9) |
| 25) Charge up to the Hens. (9) | 18) "----- Romans and countrymen." (7) |
| 27) The run is made for her. (9) | 20) Even and worn - rarely worn even. (3) |
| 28) Mix up fish eggs to put you on your metal. (3) | 21) Course cloth - high to boot! (7) |
| 29) He's of the former spouse. (7) | 24) Super place for money - if arranged. (5) |
| 30) Neither none, plural, nor fractional. (3) | 25) Cogitational apparatus - sometimes at the crest of a wave. (5) |
| 31) One of the seven - and deadly. (3) | 26) Not all people make it to Gretna Green. (5) |

Solution will be printed in our next issue.