



No. 4

August, 1973

CANUTE CHARITY SHIELD

Now a regular feature of our Festive Board is the passing round of the Canute Charity Shield, and we are pleased to report that on the occasion of our last meeting, a somewhat fierce and disreputable looking Viking Warrior took the shield round and met with little resistance. Result "plunder" to the value of £15.53 was donated, which will be placed at the disposal of the Canute Benevolent Fund.

The total so far raised by the shield is now £74.87, and it looks as if our Worshipful Master is going to achieve his target of £100 by the end of his year. But do not be complacent, he will not be offended if the total is in excess of that aim.

R.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

I regret to announce the sudden and tragic death of our Tyler, W. Bro. Bert Turner, who was fatally injured in a road accident on Tuesday, 10th July, 1973, whilst crossing a busy London thoroughfare.

W. Bro. Bert was a happy man and spread much of this happiness wherever he went. We, and all Masonry will sadly miss his cheery countenance, and we wish him peace in the Grand Lodge Above.

The raffle held on the occasion of the Viking Night, raised a very encouraging £46.50. Needless to say this will be put to very good use, and will provide comforts and pleasure to our widows during the coming months.

Since having received both excellent and successful treatment at the Royal Masonic Hospital, I am pleased to inform you that W. Bro. Clarry Garnet and W. Bro. Dave Howell are both back in circulation, and that Mrs Joe Williams is back in her kitchen. We wish them continued good health.

Whilst on the subject of hospitals, we hear that Bro. Morrie Hide, our Charity Representative, was admitted to Boscombe Hospital whilst on holiday in that area. We understand that he underwent emergency surgery and has now made an excellent recovery. Now that he has his health, he will be after your wealth.

Almoner.

THE BROKEN COLUMN

Five times a year we see the broken column in the Lodge. At the Installation Meeting the Proceeds are subscribed to the Province, so four times a year, an average of once each quarter, we see the broken column. Does it sometimes pass us by?

I wonder what our thoughts are when the broken column reaches us. Is it a sign that we shall soon be closing now that the work is almost done and we shall soon have a drink, a smoke, a meal?

Or, do we think of those broken in spirit by bereavement, broken in health by either misfortune, or advancing years when the income is so depleted?

How often, when those brethren who 'can no longer afford it' offer their resignation, we easily accept it?

When we adjourn to the bar does our conscience comfort that contribution with what went into the broken column?

It is somewhat surprising that when the Shield goes round the Festive Board it brings in £25, £30!

The bar would appear to loosen more than the tongue!

On the March summons there were 93 brethren listed, including 35 country members, giving us 58 actively subscribing members.

Why not work out the average when the Treasurer makes a supreme effort to announce the total before the meeting closes?

M. S. HIDE

IN MEMORIAM

It is with regret we report the death of W. Bro. Cyril Weeden, who was tragically killed in a road accident on the M.1. Motoway, on Sunday, 15th July.

Many brethren will have felt the benefit of his kindly advice and service as a Masonic Outfitter and Jeweller, and his departure to the Grand Lodge Above, will leave a void not easily filled.

We convey to his family our sincere sympathy, and wish his son, Bro. Nigel Weeden, success in carrying on this well established family business.

W.M.

May we take this opportunity to express our very sincere sympathy to Bro. Chris Buckland, on the sad loss of his mother, who died in Rochford Hospital, during August.

ONE WAY OF MAKING THE TIDE GO OUT

I had the pleasure of accompanying you know who? (I.P.M.) and had some extremely interesting experiences delivering The Tide to some of your members living locally. It was also surprising how many miles we travelled.

Having started our journey in Hadleigh, we travelled to Shoeburyness, stopping at some of your homes in Leigh, Chalkwell, Westcliff, Southend and Thorpe Bay. Our return journey took us to Rochford, Eastwood and more homes in Leigh.

I now know that some of you own dogs, which must be of all sizes by their yaps and barks. One of these was most polite, he even took the Tide from my hand through the letterbox.

Letterboxes I found were of all sizes. One driving instructor, surely, drives his car through his letterbox.

A pleasant chat with some of your wives made a very enjoyable outing.

Jean Humphreys.

MINI FESTIVAL

The well established function of the Mini Festival has been arranged for Friday, 9th November, 1973.

Certain innovations have been planned by the Extra Mural Committee, to make this an even better evening than those in the past.

Fuller details will be circulated in the near future.

R.J.H.

MAN

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will.

On earth he is misjudged and misunderstood. In infancy he is an angel. In boyhood he is a devil. In manhood a fool. If he has a wife and a family he is a chump. If he is a bachelor he is unhuman. If he enters a public-house he is a drunkard. If he stops outside he is a miser. If he is poor he has no brains. If he is rich he has had all the luck in the world. If he has brains he is considered smart but dishonest. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite. If he stays away he is a sinful man. If he gives to charity it is for advertisement. If he does not he is a mean so-and-so. When he comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to a ripe old age everybody hopes to be named in his will. From the cradle he roughs it until the day he snuffs it.

A.D.C.

BICYCLE FOR SALE - NEARLY NEW - ONE OWNER - WHAT OFFER?

What engendered the idea in the first place, I don't know. Perhaps it was the ravages of the previous day's lodge meeting, or the reluctant glance at my reflected paunch as I undressed that night. But next morning, at breakfast, I proudly announced to the family that I was going to buy a pushbike.

As I left the house I could still hear the hoots of derision from the kids, and the enigmatic expression on Maggie's face did little to sustain my resolve. The car purred smoothly, obviously on its best behaviour, and I had almost talked myself out of the idea, when I had to stop for more petrol. That did it! A mild mental calculation presented the facts. For an initial outlay of £20 or so I could effect an immediate saving of £5 per week, lay up the car (more financial benefit) and commute healthily and wealthily to and from work. I couldn't bring the bike to L.O.I. of course, unless I hid it well out of the way - my cheeks burned at the thought of the reactions that would provoke, and I decided I would sought that problem out later.

"I'm thinking of buying a bike", I replied to the salesmans brusque enquiry, and I allowed my gaze to wander around helplessly at the vast array of machinery. I thought I detected a derisive note in his "Ladies, gents or childrens?", but before I could retort suitably, he went on, "For the lad is it?" Lets see he must be all of 14 now mustn't he". "Yes" I said meekly, "But he's quite tall really - about

my size". I sought refuge from the lie by straddling the ridiculously small racer he presented to me. "Er - perhaps something a bit bigger?" Hardly both-ering to conceal his amusement he said, "I see, dad wants to have a go as well eh? I can't see that last- ing". He went on, "What about this one? - dropped handlebars, self changing gears, lightweight frame - a little beauty".

Ten minutes later and £40 poorer, I was wheeling the little beauty, plus lamps, bell, bicycle pump, saddle bag, puncture outfit and orange bicycle clips self consciously down Sutton Poed.

"Well now I've seen everything", laughed the postmaster. "Mind my bike", shouted the butcher, "Are you sick?", from the doctor. The greengrocer was unprintably rude, and the undertaker on the corner just looked speculatively. I fled into the refuge of my dispensary, and propped up the little beauty against the bench, ignoring the nonplussed silence and subsequent titters of the shop girls.

I tried on the cycle clips when they weren't looking, but they only invoked in me a flood of regret.

One O'clock lunch break, and I had decided to cycle home imperially and wipe off that enigmatic, and now I think of it, indulgent looking smile from Maggie's face. When she saw the glittering little beauty with its masterful owner, she would know I meant business.

I lacked the confidence to put on the clips till I was around the corner, then all systems a'popping, a short run, a jump and, miraculously I was astride and 'en-route'. At first I was overwhelmed by the novelty and exhilaration. My boyhood memories came flooding back and once again I was a rosy cheeked youngster. The reveries would probably have lasted me all the way home had it not been for Pearsons dog, a hound of low degree and doubtful antecedents. More ill disposed than ever and yapping incessantly, he contrived to relieve me of the nearside orange cycle clip and a generous portion of trouser leg at the same time. A spurt of pedal power, and a well aimed kick relieved me of my passenger, but set me into such a wobble that it was only by a miracle that I negotiated the roundabout which alarmingly appeared. A 'bus snarled up my rear honking an objection as my handlebars raked a Cortina on my right and a huge lorry thundered through like an express train on my left.

At the next flank a seething pack of accelerating monsters came at me, all hooting indignantly and deposited me and little beauty, plonk in the flower bed in the centre of the island.

Twenty minutes later, enraged but undaunted, I gained the main London Road, still competing for my share of the road, and donating as much as I could from the bell which had, by this time, worked loose. I realised I had a tendency to stay over too far into the centre of the road. Once I got into the kerb more, a lot of the monsters stopped honking. I resumed my masterful attitude and began to enjoy the ride again, and even to look at one or two mini-skirted girls.

The next set of traffic lights destroyed me utterly. An aggressive lady driver took me left in an attempt on her part to beat the amber, and on mine to avoid her rear fender. As I had wanted to keep straight on, this manoeuvre was accompanied by much breaking, swearing and ringing of the bell before it finally dropped off.

I walked the rest of the way home and entered silently.

"I didn't hear the car, dear", she said.

"No", I replied, "I put it in for service".

W.M.

WELL DONE AGAIN JIM

In our last issue we paid a small tribute to Pro. Jim Bolton for his contribution to the new image of Canute.

We must again acclaim his talents for the witty ditties he produced for our 'Viking Night'. Without doubt they were the main feature of the evening.

Well done Jim.

R.J.H.

P.S. I am informed he trains exclusively on shellfish.

Recent amazing developments in the space programme, show by computer, that the sun did actually stand still as the Bible says.

Mr. Harold Hill, President of the Curtis Engine Co., in Baltimore, a consultant in the space programme relates the following.

"I think that one of the most amazing things that God has for us today, happened recently to our Space and Astronaut Scientists at Green Belt, Md. They were checking the position of the sun, moon and planets out in space, as to where they should be in 100 to 1000 years from now. We have to know this so that we do not send a satellite up and have it collide with something later on in its orbits. We have to lay out the orbits in terms of the life of the satellite, and where the planets will be, so that the whole thing will not bog down.

They therefore ran the computer measurements back and forth over the centuries, when it stopped and shew a red signal, which meant that something was wrong, either with the information fed into it, or with the results as compared with the standards.

The Service Department was called in and, after checking the computer, reported that it was in perfect working order. The Head of Operations said, "What's wrong?" and received the reply, "Well, they have found there is a day missing in space in elapsed time".

Much headscratching and tearing of hair took place, but there was no answer, until one of the team who was of religious bent remarked that when he used to attend Sunday School, he remembered being told of the sun standing still. Naturally he was not believed, but as they had to have an answer, they asked him to shew them. He got a Bible, turned to the Book of Joshua, and was able to find the appropriate passage, which states:-

'And the Lord said unto Joshua, "Fear not, for I have delivered them into thine hands; there shall not a man of them stand before thee". But Joshua was concerned, for he knew that if his men could not defeat the enemy before darkness fell, they would be overpowered. So Joshua asked the Lord to make the sun stand still, and 'The sun stood still and the moon stayed... and hastened not to go down about a whole day'.

The space men therefore thought that this could account for their missing day. They therefore checked the computers going back into the time this Biblical passage alluded to, and found it was close, but not close enough, for the elapsed time accounted for in Joshua's day only amounted to 23 hours 20 minutes, leaving 40 minutes short, so that they were still in trouble.

This 40 minutes had to be found, because it can be multiplied many times over in orbit, but fortunately the religious member also remembered that somewhere he had read that the sun went backwards. He therefore got out the Book, and in the II Kings, read the Ezekiah, who thought he was on his deathbed, was visited by the Prophet Isaiah, who told him he was not going to die. Ezekiah asked for a sign of proof. Isaiah then said, "Do you want the sun to go ahead ten degrees, but let the shadow return ten degrees?" (II Kings v 9 - II) Isaiah spoke to the Lord, and the Lord brought the shadow backwards ten degrees. Ten degrees is exactly 40 minutes, thus 23 hours 20 minutes in Joshua plus 40 minutes in II Kings, make the missing 24 hours which the space travellers had to log in their log-books, as being the missing day in the universe.

D.C.

SOCIAL

A committee, known as the Extra Mural Committee, has been formed from members of the L. of I., with a view to arranging and promoting various social activities.

Already on the list is a trip to Windsor via coach and riverboat, which actually will have taken place by the time we go to press. We hope it proved successful, and that a good time was had by all.

A Social Evening to include ladies, brethren and friends, to be held at the Hope Hotel, Southend-on-Sea, is scheduled for Saturday, 13th October. Further details will be announced shortly.

The Secretary of the Committee is Bro. Edgar Easlea, who will be pleased to receive any suggestions for enhancing the enjoyment of the Canute Family.

VIKING NIGHT

No apologies are needed for heading this report of our May meeting with the words Viking Night. For the festive board was one to remember.

From the moment the W.M., robed as King Canute, made his entrance attended by his wardens in Viking dress, it was obvious that this was not going to be one of the usual evenings. And so it proved - lager beer pulled in by serfs and served by stewards in exotic dress - horns, drums and gongs replacing gavels - toasts put to music - toasts to the staff-Scandinavian smorrebrod - the top table rigged as a Viking ship - serf's songs, steward's songs and even a song for the visitor's reply.

A very large thank you to our stewards for the work they put in (a special word for Bros. Rundlett and Dillon who coped so well with the lager) - to Bro. Jim Bolton for his words and music and to all the many members of the Lodge who did so much to make the evening a success. And we shouldn't forget the W.M. who'll probably be in hock for the next couple of years to meet all the extra expenses.

S.W.

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

A Short Story

The moon appeared to be flying through the heavens as wispy clouds were sent skudding across its face by the wintry wind.

Cautiously he slid to the ground from the top of the garden wall and crouched in its shadows. He was breathing deeply, beads of perspiration glistening over his grimly set mouth, as he listened intently for any sound that might indicate his discovery, but all remained deathly silent.

With his practised eye he surveyed the large house ahead. He quickly located a likely window on the ground floor, and made toward it in a crouching run. Halfway across the well-kept lawn he jerked to a halt and caught his breath, as a dog barked briefly.

"Must have been at least three houses away", he thought with relief, and without another thought, completed his journey and stood beside the window in the deep shadow of the house.

Placing the large holdall he carried onto the ground, he tried with gentle but firm pressure to open the window.

"Locked", he cursed silently to himself, quickly he drew the flat torch from his pocket, and beamed the light onto the latch.

"Simple enough", he thought as he slid his pen-knife between the frames and slipped the catch. The window slid open to his gentle pressure, "Nice of them to keep the sashes well oiled", and picking up his holdall, he climbed silently into the room.

Drawing the heavy curtains behind him, he expertly flashed his torch round the room.

"Nice pickings here", he thought as he began systematically going round the room, filling the holdall with various oddments.

As he picked up the heavy candelabra he froze, as the room was suddenly bathed in light. Feverishly he turned towards the door. She stood there, framed in the doorway, her young fingers still on the switch.

"I thought I heard", she said, her voice faltering nervously.

He could see at once that she was young and pretty, her long blond hair slightly dishevelled. Her bosom rose and fell as she breathed deeply in fearful excitement. But it was her eyes that frightened him, they were so large and blue as she stared at him unwaveringly.

She didn't even raise her hands to protect herself, only half-cringed in fearful expectation, as he brought the candelabra crashing down on her skull. She crumpled to the floor without a sound, and lay there still and lifeless.

There was anguish in his voice as he almost screamed, "She's only a kid". He stood as if in a dream, surveying the terrible thing he had done, remorse flooding through him. The sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs brought him back to reality.

and dropping the candlestick, his torch and holdall, he turned and fled from the gruesome scene.

All the long night he aimlessly wandered the town, alone with his grievous thoughts. "I had to do it", he said to himself over and over again, trying to justify his ghastly crime, "She would have been able to identify me so easily, and with my record that would mean a long stretch inside for me".

At last in the cold half-light of dawn he found himself at the door of his dingy flat. Automatically he took the newspaper from the letterplate, opened it and screamed in anguish and fear as he read the headline,

"BLIND GIRL BATTERED TO DEATH BY BURGLAR"

R. J. H.

GREAT MUSICIANS & FREEMASONRY

Jean Sibelius (December 1865 - September 1957), was born in the small garrison town of Hämeenlinna in Finland, where his father was a military doctor. Both parents were Swedish speaking which simply means that they were typical of the Finnish professional classes at that time. Our composer was the second of three children as was named Johann Julius Christian, but was always called Jamie. The French form of his letter name - Jean - was later adopted by Sibelius as a young man. When he was three years of age, his father died of typhus and then the widowed Maria Christina Sibelius returned to her family home with her three children. In this home there was music, for each child learned to play an instrument. Jamie (Jean) started with the pianoforte, but later showed a preference for the violin. Also, at the age of fifteen years he began to compose chamber music for the family to perform. In 1885, when nearly twenty, Sibelius entered the Helsinki Conservatoire of Music, where composition was his main study. During the next ten years he gradually established himself as a Finnish composer. In 1889, Tsar Nicholas II issued the "February Manifesto" depriving the Finns of their constitutional rights and imposing a form of direct rule. In this almost revolutionary atmosphere Sibelius composed a large amount of Patriotic music, including "Finlandia". In its original form it was his tribute to the "Historical Tableau" called "Finland Awakes" (November 1899).

Much more of great interest could be written about this composer but the foregoing gives an idea of his background. And now to his Masonic activities.

Sibelius became a mason in 1922, under the first American Lodge in Finland. (SUOMI Lodge No. 1) with the visiting Grand Master of New York - M. W. Bro. Arthur Thompkins presiding as Worshipful Master. Later, as Grand Organist of the Grand Lodge of Finland, Sibelius composed nine Vocal and Instrumental pieces which were presented to the Grand Lodge of New York by the Grand Lodge of Finland in 1935. The manuscripts are bound in crown leather with two interlaced triangles and the title "Grand Lodge of the State of New York" stamped in gold on the front cover. The presentation page bears the seal of the Grand Lodge of Finland and two title pages each bear the Sibelius signature. Brother Sibelius was elected a fellow of the American Lodge of Research in 1935, and in 1938 was awarded the Grand Lodge Medal for Distinguished Achievement. What greater tribute to this creative giant could be more fitting than the Ceremony of the Constitution of the Sibelius Lodge No. 1167 under the Grand Lodge of New York on June 25th, 1965.

SOLUTIONS

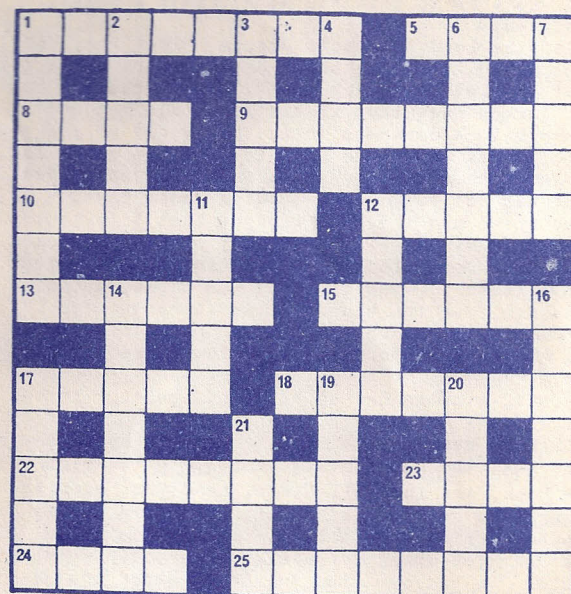
ACROSS

1. Doggerel 7. Area 8. Passport 9. Kipper
10. Erects 11. War 12. Again 14. Drive
16. Sap 18. Prison 20. Reduce 22. Liberate
23. Amok 24. Ashtrays

DOWN

1. Working 2. Grasp 3. Export 4. Easter
5. First 6. Appear 13. Instep 15. Vicious
16. Sneaks 17. Priest 19. Raids 21. Drama

EBB AND FLO



ACROSS

1. This member has no vote. (8)
5. His wife had a lot of this to contend with. (4)
8. Not a good yardstick for accurate measurement. (4)
9. Change of key for the original 'belief. (8)
10. Not only a neat leg, but pleasing all round. (7)
12. Sounds like a rough dive, but not anatomically speaking. (5)
13. Before your very eyes. (6)
15. The coming of Christmas. (6)
17. Argued without a note, but still had to keep a lookout. (5)
18. Playing the highest card to Uncle Sam made him turn sour. (7)
22. I ate tin for most of the first course. (8)
23. It's that man again. (4)
24. "Cook the meat, wife!"
25. All the money and half the credit for this solemn occasion. (8)

DOWN

1. Has sten will travel, faster. (7)
2. Girl from the N.E. Ice-flow. (5)
3. Housewife's badge. (5)
4. December tide. (4)
6. The sailor runs a mile to be sociable. (7)
7. Ah! note the singer. (5)
11. MacBride loses his order and becomes pungeant. (5)
12. Caught spooning in a dell. (5)
14. I run half the Mau Mau to ground and find the precious metal. (7)
16. Aunt Cys made her home in Italy. (7)
17. Did this prove it was no frame. (5)
19. Fear of approval. (5)
20. Out door beano. (3,2)
21. Initially Cora supplies the army with goodies. (1,1,1,1)