



**No. 5**

**SEPTEMBER, 1973**

### THANKS

Prethren,

At the sunset of my happy year as Worshipful Master, I take this opportunity of using the last tidal wave to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to all those brethren who have given me their loyal support.

Through their efforts I feel that a lot of Masonic good has resulted and I wish our new Worshipful Master hearty good wishes for as happy a year as I have had, in the full certainty that he will receive wholehearted support from his brethren.

Angus.

### R.M.B.I.

We are endeavouring to obtain a coach for the brethren who wish to attend the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution 1974 Festival, which is to be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, on 26th February, 1974.

Will all those wishing to be included in the party and who will be staying to dine, please contact Bro. M. Hide, our charity representative, as soon as possible.

Secretary.

### ALMONERS REPORT

At the time of going to press W. Bro. Tom King, our Director of Ceremonia and Preceptor of the Lodge of Instruction, had been admitted to Southend General Hospital for observation with a view to possible surgery.

We all wish him well and a speedy return to his flock.

Incidentally we sympathise with the brother who went to visit W. Bro. Tom a few days ago, and who left with a flea in his ear. Our worthy brother had been informed that W. Bro. Tom was in 'C' Ward. On presenting himself at the door of the Ward our brother was informed that Tom was not there. Our brother insisted he must be, but was again assured it was not so. The debate continued until finally the sister informed our brother that unless W. Bro. Tom had assumed an infallible disguise, he could not possibly be in 'C' Ward as this was exclusively for women.

A raffle has been arranged for the Festive Board at the Installation Meeting. The proceeds are to help furnish suitable Christmas parcels

for our widows, and we hope everyone will generously support the project.

May I take the opportunity of thanking those members who have given the prizes for this raffle.

Almoner.

### MASONIC GOODNIGHT SONG

A copy of the words - three verses and chorus - of the Masonic Goodnight Song, has come into the possession of Bro. Jim Bolton. Much to his surprise he found the last verse in fact the Tyler's Toast, (as used in Canute Lodge).

There is however one small problem, no-one seems to know the music. If any brother can provide the music, or even if he only knows the tune, would he please contact Bro. Jim, who is keen on introducing the song into Canute Lodge.

P.J.H.

### CANUTE CHARITY SHIELD

As all in Canute Lodge are aware, W.B. Angus Grant and W.B. Tom King made and presented to the Lodge a shield, which has now been adopted as the Canute Charity Shield.

It was hoped by W.B. Angus that during his year of office as Master of Canute, the shield would raise £100 for charity, and we are very pleased to announce that his target was realised.

This shield will in future be handed to each newly installed Master, who will donate your contributions to any charity the majority of the brethren should choose.

R.J.H.

### IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret we record the death of Bro. George F. Capon on 3 September, 1973. Bro. Capon was initiated in Canute Lodge on 14 January, 1956, and, although he never took office in the Lodge, he was a regular attender up to the time of his illness and will be well remembered by the older brethren.

### RIVERBOAT TRIP

The Extra Mural Committee arranged a well attended trip to Windsor on Sunday, 2nd September, last.

We left Southend promptly, and after two emergency stops when we discovered the absence of ladies loos in



the South West Essex area, we arrived at Staines in time to board the riverboat on the Thames. The weather up to then had not been too promising, but suddenly the sun broke through and we were treated to a glorious hot day.

After a three hour cruise up the river we arrived at Windsor and departed from the boat, leaving a few empty mementoes behind.

During the three hours we had in Windsor, we found that we were about the only British people in the town, but this did not detract from our enjoyment.

Everybody found the coach again and we arrived safely in Southend about 9 p.m., after spending a very pleasant day out.

All who went on this trip were very impressed with the organisation, which was in the capable hands of Bro. Edgar Easlea. It is rapidly becoming obvious that his organizing ability is equal to his size.

D.T

## SEPTEMBER MEETING

The September meeting will be long remembered for the heat. Not only was it a very warm day but we met in the Chapter Room to allow Thames Estuary Lodge to hold their Installation meeting in the Temple.

And for the first time that I can remember the W.M. allowed the brethren to remove their jackets - an example already set by Thames Estuary and by the Lodges who met on the previous day. IT REALLY WAS HOT !!!

Bro. Dennis Tapsfield was raised by W.Bro. George and after a short break Mr. Stephen Archer presented himself and was initiated by our Worshipful Master.

The Festive Board which followed was lively and successful and most of the brethren went home happy, a little tired perhaps, but certainly looking forward to cooler weather at the November meeting.

S.W.

## RAINBOWS

From early Biblical writings, through the ages colours have been given ritualistic qualities that have not dimmed with the passing of the years.

From the first mention of the promise of a rainbow, Genesis 10 verses 14 - 15, until the present time, we talk of scarlet passion, true blue, etc.

All societies of men who follow the theme of immortal existence constantly refer to colours as a way of conveying a set meaning to a particular subject. This perhaps, takes its origin from the 'common man' or 'peasant', who until quite recently was unable to read, but who could assimilate knowledge when conveyed to him by this method. Different societies had different meanings for the various colours, but universally these were the usual meanings:-

White	Innocence and virginity.
Blue	Truth and beyond contradiction.
Gold	Purity and wealth.
Scarlet	Passionate or suspect of irreliability
Green	Safety, free from danger.
Yellow	Jealousy or cowardice.
Purple	Kingly, regal, religious.
Red	Danger.
Black	Mystery, death.

Unconsciously we use many of these colours without thought. What bride does not want to wear white and orange blossom? Something old and something new, something borrowed something blue. What hearse is there that is other than black.

A.D.C.

## THE HYMNS OR ODES WE SING

The two Hymns we use were written by W. Bro. Walter Clegg, M.R.C.S., who was Master of the Lodge of Harmony, No. 272, in Boston, Lincs in 1859. The first was written for the Provincial Grand Lodge of Lincoln Meeting, in 1863: the second for the laying of the Foundation Stone of the existing Masonic Lodge of Boston, also in 1863. The Lodge of Harmony has used these Hymns ever since and still does. Their merit and thought being essentially Masonic, their messages spread throughout the Provinces of the United Grand Lodge of England, until now and

for many years past, they have become almost universally established as part of each Lodge Meeting. In our own Province the minute book of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Essex for 1909, records that these Opening and Closing Hymns were sung.

The author, Walter Clegg, M.R.C.S., was born in Keighly, Yorkshire in 1822, being the son of a Wesleyan Minister, who was stationed at Haworth, Yorks., when the Rev. Patrick Bronte was there as Vicar. The latter was the father of the Bronte Sisters of literary fame, and was for some years Secretary of the Lodge of Three Graces, No. 408, which met at Haworth, and is still very much alive. In 1845, Walter Clegg migrated to Boston, Lincs., where he practised as a doctor. As such he served in the War. Soon after his return to England he was initiated in the Hundred of Elloe Lodge, No. 469, Spalding, Lincs., in 1857, and joined the Lodge of Harmony in Boston the same year, and became Master of that Lodge in 1859, in which year he was appointed Provincial Grand Shemasa (Lincolnshire).

In the years 1863-1864, he was promoted to Provincial Grand Warden. He was not only active as a doctor and a freemason, but became Canon of Boston, and a Justice of the Peace there. In 1870 he became Mayor of Boston. He died on the 16th of April, 1900, at the ripe old age of 77 plus, and was as greatly mourned as missed.

The tunes to which we sing these two Hymns - 'St. Bee's' for 'Hail Eternal', and 'St. Oswald' for 'Now the evening shadows', were composed by the Rev. John Barchus Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc. (1823-1876), who was Vicar of St. Oswalds Church, Durham for many years.

The first tune 'St. Bee's', first appeared in the Congregational Hymn Book, 1862 Edition. The tune to the second 'St. Oswald', first appeared in 'Psalms and Hymn Tunes', used in St. Michaels Church, Houghton-le-Spring, published in 1857, and was then known as 'St. Bernard'. When the 1875 Edition of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' was issued, the same tune was included, but renamed 'St. Oswald', after the Church where the Composer was the Vicar. These two tunes, like all of Dr. Dykes' music, are very melodic and singable.

G.B.L.

## OUR NEW MASTER

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing our new Worshipful Master a most happy and successful year as Master of Canute Lodge.

The son of a dental surgeon, William James Butterfield, was born 52 years ago at Nelson, Lancashire, where he spent his childhood and obtained his education at Nelson Grammar School.

On leaving school he secured a post in the Intelligence Section of the Air Ministry and from there went to R.A.F. Cranwell where he obtained his commission.

During World War II he was attached to Air Transport Command as a pilot flying various types of aircraft, serving mainly in the Middle East.

On cessation of hostilities he remained in the R.A.F and it was about this time that he married his lovely and charming wife, Blanche, who was then in her teens.

On leaving the R.A.F., W.B. Bill went into Civil Aviation as a pilot, flying cargo-passenger aircraft for Freddie Laker at Southend Airport. His prowess and dedication as a pilot did not go unnoticed, and it was not long before he was promoted to Training Captain with the tough responsibility of training young pilots for their captaincy, a post he held until about 9 years ago, when owing to ill health he retired and began his now established business as a printer.

A quiet, unassuming, kind and very intelligent man, W.B. Bill has no doubt had moments of gratification, but he has also known deep and personal tragedy, when a few years ago the eldest of his two lovely daughters died at the age of twentyone.

He is a great lover of animals and his main interests lie in the field of mechanics and science.

W.B. Bill was initiated into Canute Lodge in 1965, and has served in most of the junior offices of the Lodge. He is a very active member of the Canute Lodge of Instruction, the Canute Chapter and the Essex Jubilee Mark. An excellent ritualist, there is no doubt he will prove to be a worthy Master of Canute Lodge.

R.J.H.



## WE'RE ONLY HUMAN

I must be frank and say I enjoy the "Cops and Robbers" programmes on television as much as anyone, but I often smile secretly to myself at the total lack of fear or apprehension portrayed by the "Cops". Don't misunderstand me either, as I'm not saying that policemen are rabbits who run to shelter at the sound of a car backfiring, but it is a fact that most of us have, at one time or another, even if only very briefly, felt the cold fingers of fear run up our spines. I vividly recall such an incident that happened to me on my first tour of night duty which even now makes me shudder.

Picture the scene. It was about 1 a.m., completely dark, except for a street lamp illuminating a major road junction about a mile away and which cast an eerie light on the rain-soaked road in its near vicinity. The clouds were scurrying across a moonless sky, being boufed on a rather fresh breeze. The only sounds, apart from my own rubber heeled footsteps plodding along at a regulation 2 m.p.h., was the rattle of a large paper bag being blown along the street, and the distant hum of traffic travelling on the by-pass some 2-3 miles away. The location was a major road almost in the heart of the town centre. Large lock-up stores and shops line the footpath and the rear entrances of some of them back onto the bank of the river which flows through the town.

I had just recently completed my training and a few days previously had been released on my own onto an unsuspecting public to do my first tour of nights. The first few nights had passed peacefully enough and having checked all the property, I was settling myself down to another night of routine, stifling a yawn as I thought of the prospect of another 5 hours with little to do and no one to talk to.

I was crossing the iron railed bridge over the river when I heard it. Tap - tap - tap - s-q-u-e-a-k. The sound was coming from the rear of the shops lining the river bank. I stopped, listening intently. I had been mistaken, all was quiet, but no, there it was again, tap - tap - tap - s-q-u-e-a-k. It caused my heart to miss a beat, as I at once began to imagine what was causing it. A mental picture of a black masked burglar forcing a door with a jemmy floated into my mind. All was quiet again now and I began to relax, but there it was again, this time sounding more uncanny than before.

Resisting the urge to shine my torch along the back of the shops, I decided I would investigate. I quickly crossed the bridge, and climbed down a short iron runged ladder leading to the riverbank.

Cautiously and silently I picked my way along the rear of the shops, the small yards of which were littered with boxes, paper, bottles and all manner of flotsam. As I did so the tap, tap, tap etc., was being intermittently repeated, and as I drew nearer to its source the louder it became. By now I was convinced I was about to make my first arrest, but I was also convincing myself that I was about to become involved in a fearful skirmish with whoever it might be who was so bent on scullduggery. In fact my imagination had begun to run riot. What if there was more than one of them. Could it possibly be the 'Smith Gang' (fictitious name), who were a notorious band of semi-cut-throats who were suspected of committing a current outbreak of shop-breaking offences. What if they should set about me, knock me out and throw me in the river, and me practically a non swimmer.

"Steady boy," I thought, "Get a grip of yourself." I remember perspiration came to my brow and my legs were beginning to feel very weak. Every shadow seemed to me to be someone standing or crouched and every doorway or recess in the walls appeared to be hiding someone, waiting to pounce on me.

At last I was within a few feet of the sound, which was just round the corner of the wall I was standing against, and only now it was a thump - thump - thump - C-R-E-A-K, as the sound had increased in volume, due I suppose to my complete concentration on it.

Stepping quickly round the corner, I stabbed my torch beam toward the sound fully expecting it

to reveal at least one furtive crook in the act of forcing open a door or window. The words "Got yer," never came from my mouth as, surprise, surprise, there was nobody there. Quickly I shone my torch round the whole yard and relief flooded through me as I realized what I had been hearing was an old broom hanging by a nail to the wall and which was being blown about by the wind, causing it to tap - tap - tap against the wall. The creaking came from the lid of a packing case which was hanging to its main frame by a couple of rusty nails, it too, being blown by the wind.

With the relief my confidence began to return, but I still felt weak at the knees and my heart was still beating 20 to the dozen, so I decided I would sit down and have a quick fag to restore myself to a complete equilibrium.

I sat down on a dustbin, put my torch on a cardboard box next to it, got out my "bacca" tin, and rolled a nice fat fag. I put it in my mouth and was about to strike a Swan Vesta when without warning it hit me on the shoulder, then the thigh, then it went onto the ground. The sudden shock on top of my recent fears was almost too much and I almost had an apoplexy on the spot. That was not all I almost had on the spot either, and I'm sure that if I had not been sitting I would have collapsed.

My fag dropped from my mouth and the Swan Vestas went everywhere. Whatever it was that had hit me was still a few feet away from my feet. Pure reflexes enabled me to grab my torch and flick on the light and shine it onto the thing. Praise the Lord, it was only a cat which had apparently decided to jump from the roof of a small shed behind my back, onto the ground, using my shoulder to lessen the drop.

For an instant the cat looked at the torch light and then slowly turned away from me with an air of disgust, but presenting me with an opportunity that, what with all the fear, apprehension, shock, relief and other feelings I had experienced over the preceding few moments, I could not resist and the next moment the moggy disappeared with a howl of pain as with a large-sized boot I caught it squarely in the rear.

Cruel you say; so it may be, but I can honestly say I have never regretted booting that bundle of mangy fur, as I am convinced of the satisfaction it gave me, saved me from a spell in the loony-bin.

Cats always seem to avoid me now and when one does get close I can never quite make out if it is scowling at me or if it is having a quiet chuckle to itself, remembering the story of the "Bobby" who had been almost frightened to death by one of its mates.

R.J.H.

## WHY WE ARE NOT HEARD

Brethren, as you are aware the members of the I of I have been thinking up new ideas to enhance our Festive Boards, and in the main, I think you will agree our meetings have been that much better for their efforts.

It has been mentioned that the Temple could and should do something to help, but they do not seem to hear our call. I have wondered why.

Recently I looked through the list of donations to the Temple Extension Fund, and this gave me the answer.

Money paid in and promised by other Lodges using our Temple ran, almost without exception, into hundreds of pounds per Lodge. One of those exceptions was Canute Lodge No. 3104, and when you look at the appalling effort of less than \$100 from this Lodge, you can at once realise why we are not heard and almost ignored. Add to our effort the fact that our donation was given by just 4 of our members, you can at once see that there is something drastically wrong which needs to be put right without delay.

It is obvious other Lodges believe our Temple is worthwhile improving, and from their donations intend to see the money is available to get things done.

Do we agree with them? Of course we do. So let us do something about it. There seems to be too much of leaving things to the next man in Canute, and this has



been an image noticed by other lodges. Let us destroy that image now once and for all time, but to do so it is up to every individual member to do his part.

So think hard Brethren, its never too late. Get in touch now with our Worshipful Master or Bro. M. Hide our Charity Rep., and let us contribute our fair share to the improvements, and then perhaps we shall have earned the right to have our voice heard.

B.R.J.

## MINI FESTIVAL

The Annual I of I Mini Ladies Festival was held at the Temple on Friday, 9th November, and it proved that this event is going from strength to strength in popularity and enjoyment.

The evening began with an excellent meal which concluded with an amusing toast to the ladies by Pros. Jim Bolton and Bob Hyde, the reply to which was given by the Presidents lovely lady and who was then presented with a bouquet and a handbag from the I of I members by W.Pro. Grant and for which she expressed sincere thanks.

A change from the usual was the music that was provided by Direct Sounds (a moderate disco) and which provided a nicely balanced programme that enabled everyone to partake of the type of dancing they most enjoy.

During the evening a presentation of a suitably inscribed tankard was made to W.P. Angus Grant, as a token of thanks from the members of the I of I for the innovations he fought for during his year as Master. He received this saying it would always be full, a promise he immediately proceeded to break, by filling it with some concoction which he then poured straight down his throat. We forgive him this as we well know what he really meant.

No profit was made from the cost of the function, the money being exhausted by the meal and entertainments, but a raffle run by Pro. Edgar Paslea raised the princely sum of £80, give or take a few pence, which will in due time be donated to charity.

The evening concluded with Auld Lang Syne which every one sang at the top of their voices, which together with the smiles on their faces as they departed, left no doubt that a wonderful evening had been had by all.

R.J.H.

## BROTHER STEPTOE'S APPEAL

'Arold and I have decided to appeal to brethren of Canute Lodge, for certain items of old clothing. The items required are fur coats, fur capes, leather or similar type waistcoats or jackets, and wide leather belts. We understand that we can dispose of them easily to W/Bro. Angus Grant, who would adapt them to regalia suitable for use at the Lodge Viking Night. He needs these items very urgently, and 'Arold and I, are hoping to have a good night out at the "Skinner's Arms" on the proceeds. We should also be able to fill 'Ercules's nose-bag.

The alternative to having 'Arold and I knocking at your door, is to contact any member of the L. of I., who will be pleased to collect the items available.

J.B. Totter.

## HARD WORK

Real knowledge, like everything else is not easily obtained. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for and above all, it must be prayed for.

Prayer is by no means a substitute for hard work; it is a desperate effort to work further and to be efficient beyond the range of ones powers. It is not the lazy who are most inclined to prayer: those who pray most who care most, and who having worked hard, find it intolerable to be defeated.

G.D.H.

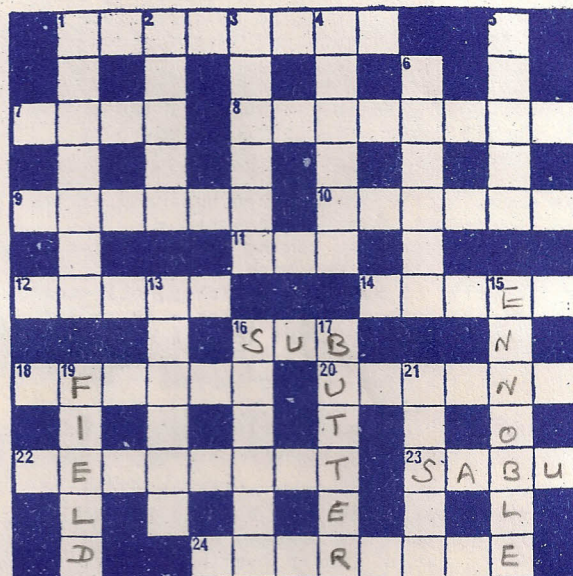
## STOP PRESS

We are still asking for items of news and any other contributions which might interest the other brethren.....Why not put pen to paper?????

## EBB AND FLO - MUFFLED KNOCKS



NOT ALWAYS WITHOUT DETRIMENT  
TO OUR CONNECTIONS!



### ACROSS

- 1,10) Although not a king, he controls the tide.
- 7) Minor continent?
- 8) Mixed fine tide with a positive result.
- 9) Anne and her past love get together again in the new wing
- 11) Short girl.
- 12) Swordsman who has the last word.
- 16) This bus goes under water.
- 18) A small foot in the face, but you don't feel it.
- 20) Release the spring.
- 22) Tel cried and was forsaken.
- 23) Elephant boy.
- 24) Eve Perri escapes the noose.

### DOWN

- 1) Built on solid foundations.
- 2) Allotment from the plough.
- 3) Need us to endow.
- 4) By appointment.
- 5) Has the penny dropped?
- 6) Fruity, as a nan.
- 12) Sounds like he's on a diet in the west country.
- 15) Dignify Len Bone.
- 16) The good man goes on horseback at a pace.
- 17,19) Churn up the milk, take it to the meadow for the master.
- 21) At your disposal.

### SOLUTIONS

ACROSS. 1. Honorary. 5. Salt. 8. Step. 9. Religion. 10. Elegant. 12. Iobar. 13. Square. 15. Advent. 17. Guard. 18. Acetous. 22. Initiate. 23. I.T.M.A. 24. Tame. 25. Ceremony.

DOWN. 1. Hastens. 2. Niece. 3. Apron. 4. Yule. 6. Amiable. 7. Tenor. 11. Acrid. 12. Ladle. 14. Uranium. 16. Tuscany. 17. Guilt. 19. Cheer. 20. Out do. 21. P.A.O.C.