



No. 6

JANUARY, 1974

CHARITY SHIELD

At the Festive Board of our Installation Meeting, W. Bro. Angus Grant, spoke briefly of the Canute Charity Shield, mentioning that during his year as Worshipful Master the shield had raised £100.00 for various Masonic Charities. He suitably thanked all the Brethren who had contributed towards this sum, and he pointed out that he had had small brass plates affixed to it which would be inscribed with the name of each successive Worshipful Master and stating the amount it raises during their respective year.

He then presented the Shield to our new Worshipful Master, Bill Butterfield, who stated it was his intention to continue using the Shield for its purpose of raising charity and would therefor be passing it round at each Festive Board.

The Shield was duly passed round the tables and those present contributed £21.12, which our Worshipful Master immediately placed on the I.P.Ms. list.

R.J.H.

EXTRA MURAL COMMITTEE MEETING

A meeting of the Extra Mural Committee has been arranged for 10 a.m. Sunday, 13th January, 1973, at W. Bro. Angus Grant's Pharmacy Premises, South Street, Rochford.

Items proposed to be discussed at this meeting are:-

1. Possible visit to the local police station for a guided tour, and ending with a social get-together.
2. A boat trip to Marlow.
3. A visit to Newmarket Races or other racecourse.
4. A trip to London for a show and dinner.
5. The March Meeting.
6. The possibility of running a large raffle in aid of the Temple Extension Fund.

Any brother wishing to attend may do so with pleasure.

R.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

I have very little to report for this issue of the Canute Tide, but as usual we delivered our Christmas Hampers to our widows, and I have had some very pleasing letters of thanks.

Almoner.

INSTALLATION

How quickly it appears to come round. It seems only yesterday that we installed W. Bro. Angus Grant as Master of Canute and here we were once again performing the Ceremony of Installation. This time it was the turn of the "Red Rose of Lancashire" our own W. Bro. Bill Butterfield.

Even the sky was clear, the sun shining and not a cloud in sight, it augured well. The only blackspot was the absence of W. Bro. Tom King, Director of Ceremonies, through illness, and to whom we send our best wishes for a quick return to full health. Any fears we may have had were groundless as all went well. The Ceremony was performed with the utmost dignity and sincerity, and all Officers participating are to be congratulated on a fine performance.

The Festive Board really set the seal on the tone of the evening. The "Canute Choir" was in fine voice and added enthusiastic colour to the proceedings. Bro. Gilbert Franks' rendering of the "Master's Song" was terrific and I have never heard him sing it better. A highlight of it all was the presentation of a beautiful spray of red roses to our new Worshipful Master, and one had only to look at his face to see how touched he was.

To round it off several of us adjourned afterwards to the Hope Hotel on the seafront with our wives. This is becoming a regular practice and must be good for the Lodge as it affords an opportunity socially to forge the bonds of brotherhood and friendship.

This was to me a wonderful evening and I am sure that to all those who were there, one that will live long in their memories as one to remember.

S.W.

ANY OLD IRON

It has been suggested that the Canute Tide be used as advertising media for any brother who may have some unwanted, but perhaps some useful article for sale, and that if when sold the seller may like to donate the proceeds to the Charity of his choice.

A good idea, and we will be very pleased to use our columns for this purpose. So if you have something to sell, that is useless to yourself but may bring a pound or two, let us know.

R.J.H.

I often surprise myself when attending our Ceremonies by suddenly becoming aware of possible new shades of meaning in the words we use. These experiences prompt the thought that each of us tends to put our own interpretation on every piece of information we receive. Each word we listen to has its own meaning for each of us depending on our past experience of that word, and indeed as our experience grows so the word may change its meaning for us.

Naturally our language is in a constant state of change. Words have their definitions narrowed, extended or altered, according to the subject being discussed, the locality one lives in or the type of society one happens to be part of. Small wonder that we suffer so many misunderstandings, frustrations and calamities on the one hand, and yet a rich heritage of amusing anecdotes or funny stories on the other; for when you think about it even the fun of the pun is based on the misinterpretation of words.

Written accounts of, say, a new play at a West End theatre, by eminent critics, will often differ widely, particularly when these writers discuss what the play meant to them as individuals. Some will have been "bored to tears", others "electrified". The difficulty with communication is that people involved must be in the right frame of mind to obtain much from it. Perhaps some of our readers would like to tell us how they overcome these difficulties of getting their messages across to each other, or some of those funny stories.

R. L-B.

FROM A VISITOR TO CANUTE LODGE

Having travelled throughout the country and visited various Lodges, I find they are all working the same, although in some, the phrasing is slightly different.

Then I was invited to Canute Lodge one evening, and much to my surprise, that although the working in the Lodge was done in the usual traditional style, the festive board was completely different. I refer to the Viking Night, and I'm sure every visitor enjoyed the evening as much as I did, and many thanks to W. Bro. A. Grant and the others who worked so hard to make it a success.

Let's be honest with ourselves, we like the old traditions, but we should also welcome these new ideas. It would be very pleasant to see other Lodges adopt something similar. However I think we must realise that most of it depends on the members of the Lodges of Instruction, for it is here that most of the hard work is done. It is hard work, but believe me it is worth it.

I only wish I could see it done in my London Lodge, but alas our membership is not strong enough.

Carry on with your "Canute Tide". I am sure it will be read and discussed throughout the universe.

I thank you all for inviting me to your Lodge on that particular meeting, and I'm sure every visitor feels the same. I hope that your future Masters will keep up the good work, thereby making some of these new ideas old traditions in the future.

S.S.D.

UNITY

All have a share in the beauty,
All have a share in the plan,
What does it matter what duty,
Falls to the lot of a man.

Someone has blended the plaster,
Someone has carried the stone,
Neither the man nor the master,
Has ever buildeth alone.

Building a room from the weather,
Or building a room for a king,
Only by working together,
Have we achieved anything.

L.O.I. SOCIAL

On the Friday preceding Christmas the Canute Lodge of Instruction was well attended. For the second year in succession, instead of the Secretary's Minute Book and familiar brief case, there appeared in its place a tableful of sandwiches, mince pies and other festive food, to say nothing of the benchful of Christmas Spirit (all in bottles) in the place which the Master usually occupies.

Once again free speech, under the chairmanship of Bro. Jimmy Bolton, allowed everyone to break any silence unopposed for two minutes if they felt like it. Trouble was they all felt like it at the same time.

Further trouble emerged when discussing the activities of the Extra Mural Committee, and whilst it is gratifying to note the enthusiasm their activities generate, something seemed to be seriously wrong with the chemistry of the evening from then on. Far from behaving as an assemblage of Freemasons met to expatiate on the mysteries of the Craft, at times it was difficult to detect any goodwill among men, which should have abounded during the Festive Season.

However some good did result, and a collections was held with a view to raising some money towards the cost of a guide dog for the blind. Those present gave very generously and a goodly sum was raised. This incidentally arose from a discussion on the fact that Masonry is thought to be too much concerned with itself and the members of the Fraternity. Suggestions were made as to what we could do for outside Charities and some very worthy suggestions were made, but it was pointed out that whilst we would all like to support these outside organisations, Masonry itself was desperately short of funds. In the end it was generally felt that we should continue to support the Craft, but some ideas will be discussed by the Extra Mural Committee with a view to do something for the local needy.

A.G. & R.J.H.

COMMENT

You may have noticed that in the last couple of editions of the "Canute Tide", there has not been an appeal for articles to help fill our columns. This was because our last appeal resulted in a gratifying response, and enough was sent in to produce a couple of issues of this, your news letter.

Unfortunately the flow has gradually diminished and we are once again desperately short of material.

Please help us to continue what has so far been very well received by sending your contribution as soon as possible, if not sooner, to W. Bro. Angus Grant or Bro. Bob Hyde.

Whilst on the subject of appeals, we asked in our last issue, for your support by giving us any suitable old clothing etc. to make the costumes for our next Viking Night.

The result of that appeal is appalling, and consists of donations from two of our own members and one from a brother from another Lodge.

So once again help us to help you; what we are endeavouring to do, is we hope, for your benefit. Let us have any suitable old clothing or materials to make these costumes, e.g. jackets, army type blankets, leather belts, brass buckles, chains etc.

Once again W. Bro. Angus Grant or Bro. Bob Hyde are the brothers to contact.

R.J.H.

THE MOTORISTS PRAYER

Our father which art in Shellhaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy tanker come,
Thy oil become, in Britain, as it is in Aden,
Give us each our daily brand,
And forgive us our hoardings,
As we forgive those who sanction against us.
Lead us not into rationing,
But deliver us our full level,
For thine are the oilwells,
The Power and refinery,
For work and for pleasure.
Oilmen.

THE INDESPENSIBLE MAN

Some time when you're feeling important,
Some time when your ego's in bloom,
Some time when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified man in the room;
Some time when you feel that your going,
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction,
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hands in it up to the wrists,
Pull them out - and the hole that remains,
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.
You may splash all you please when you enter,
You may stir up the water galore,
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks just the same as before.

The moral of this is quite simple,
Do just the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself - but remember,
There is no indispensable man.

G.D.H.

GREAT COMPOSERS AND FREEMASONRY

We have learned of the activities of Jean Sibelius (1865 - 1957) and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791). Now the only other great musicians who were interested in Masonry are Joseph Haydn (1732 - 1809) and Ludwig van Beethoven, (1770 - 1827).

Joseph Haydn was initiated in the "Crowned Hope Lodge" in Vienna on February 11th 1785, and it is related that Mozart was present on that great occasion. Haydn does not seem to have composed an music especially for Lodge use. His oratorio "The Creation" was composed some years after he entered the Order, and the words of this work are drawn from the Old Testament, and some of them play a conspicuous part in our ritual.

Ludwig van Beethoven it is recorded, was present at the performance of a Mozart cantata which was given under Masonic conditions, so presumably he too was a Freemason. Beyond this nothing is known of his Masonic activities.

C.B.L.

HERTFORDSHIRE

On Wednesday, 12th December, our Worshipful Master, plus two Brothers attended St. Michael Lodge at Bishops Stortford.

The building was of the bungalow - village hall variety, roughly a century old, and some of the seating was church pews. I regard this Temple in the same way as I do that of H.M.S. Victory - ethereal.

The meeting was the Annual L.O.I. Christmas Gathering. We arrived three minutes late, and when we entered, found that all the Offices were being held by Past-Masters, the Worshipful Master being aged about 80 years, and the Preceptor of the L.O.I., acting as I.P.M. The "Initiate" turned out to be our host, and his performance was excellent - as was the wine he bought at the ensuing Festive Board.

The Lodge being closed, we worked our local routine; off apron, pack case, dash to car and a quick nip a mile down the road to Simmons (?) Tearooms, where the Christmas fare-type meal awaited us. Midway through the Toast List a Brother brought his own orchestra - Saffron Walden Youth Orchestra - a dozen kiddies aged between 9 - 15 years. Carol sheets were distributed, and off we went - through the lot. Half an hour's good entertainment. In retrospect, a superb evening, and very fitting for the time of the year.

The "Canute Invaders" are completing their Diary for 1974. Apart from repeats of Sudbury and Bishops Stortford, we are available for engagements - particularly Masonics.

J.B.

CONFESSIONS OF A T.C.P. EATER

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the demon struck. I had retired nice and early with the ritual and a tin of old fashioned humbugs in an attempt to master the onerous task of installing my successor. Having crunched my way through the obligation my thoughts began to stray. Perhaps a cigarette, although a breach of my cutting down policy, would restore the concentration? No ashtray, and the fact that there was a high temperature gradient between the bed and the cold floor, settled it. So I had another humbug, put out the light, and opened the Lodge.

We were somewhere between opening in the third, and Morpheus's beckoning hand, when the humbug, still undissolved, endeavoured to negotiate its way down the wrong hole. With one mighty explosion the Lodge fragmented, Morpheus sailed through the window, Maggie shot out of bed, the kids started crying and the dog yapped incessantly. Finally, after much back slapping, I drew breath again.

As a conciliatory gesture I made everyone a cup of tea, gave the rest of the humbugs to the dog, put out the lights and simulated sleep.

The hot tea must have been the last straw and, as I said, the demon struck!

At first it was just a little niggle, something between a tickle and a tingle in the top tertiary molar - left side I thought - or was it the bottom right? It is as difficult to define pain as it is to describe a colour, or to translate an emotion into suitable words, and I was just dwelling on these abstract philosophies when the demon took another turn on the screw and the throbbing started, then the raging, then the racking, then the throbbing, raging and racking. I thought of Thomas De Quincey and his Confessions of an English Opium Eater - that started with a simple footache - what's simple about toothache?

I went to the medicine cupboard in the bathroom. An array of ointments designed for all anatomical areas, except the buccal cavity, tumbled out; an eye bath, an enema (last used on the dog), some travel sickness tablets and a vestigial amount of diarrhoea mixture. I swallowed the latter to save putting the bottle back and renewed the search downstairs in the kitchen. Not a pain killer to be had! "My goodness", I thought, "Cobblers are the worst shed", then consoled myself with the fact that the diarrhoea mixture contained a small quantity of opium. "That De Quincey fellow's got nothing on me. Wait till I get to the pharmacy in the morning". But who wants to wait with a throbbing raging racking molar tooth, somewhere top left or bottom right (or probably both) in his buccal cavity.

The defence rested until I found a bottle of T.C.P. fluid, "That ought to help". I discovered that a good mouthful, held against the suspect areas for as long as possible, brought blessed relief. I even patted the dog, who had been surveying my antics with a suspicious eye from her kitchen lair, before going upstairs with the T.C.P. and a basin.

A couple of bouts later, punctuated by my therapeutic efforts, I recalled someone telling me that neat whisky has an anodyne effect when applied to the offending tooth. A trip downstairs again, this time to the lounge, furnished me with two thirds of a bottle of Johnny Walker. Back to bed and there followed a considerable degree of experimentation and research into the comparative analgesic properties of T.C.P. and Johnny Walker, interspersed with wild ravings about De Quincey and equally wild inducements to attract Morpheus back through the window.

I was just indulging in a combined treatment when the alarm went off. I switched on the bedside lamp and to my horror discovered that I had been swallowing the T.C.P. and spitting out the whisky.

"It smells like a hospital ward in here", said Maggie. My eldest daughter brought in the tea. "Gosh it smells like a brewery in here".

I went downstairs and rang my dentist.

A.G.

SUFFOLK

On Wednesday, 28th November, our Worshipful Master, plus three Brothers, attended Babergh Lodge at the Masonic Temple, Sudbury.

Red bricked, three-storyed, the Temple is over 100 years old, and is on the Newmarket Road out of Sudbury. There is no older Master's Chair than that in this Temple, and the Wardens Chairs are of similar antiquity. The organ balcony has three stained-glass insertions, bearing the insignia of C.J. Martyn, who founded Freemasonry in Suffolk. Tracing Boards are inlaid, and are over a century old.

At the meeting itself W. Bro. John Paton gave an explanation of the First Degree, and another Brother, at 24 hours notice, recited the Grand Lodge approved Lecture on the Babergh Lodge Banner. This lasted for over twenty minutes, and there were only two small prompts. A most noteworthy performance.

Ninety-one Brethren sat down for the Festive Board. Speeches lasted bare seconds in duration, our own Worshipful Master replying for the visitors. Then - and then - it happened. The Director of Ceremonies leapt to his feet with Firing Glass aloft. We all grabbed our own Firing Glasses, and with the necessary piano accompaniment, carried out three distinct "Firings". One I recall was, "Worthy Masons All". It really was a most memorable occasion. Brother Cyril Osbourne donated cockles which we took with us, and they went down very easily.

Arrangements are to be made for a Newmarket Outing, (see forthcoming events) and Brethren who attend will have the opportunity of viewing this Temple, and subsequently the spacious bar facilities, as arrangements have been made to stop there en-route.

J.B.

I HAD TWELVE BOTTLES

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink ... or else.

So I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

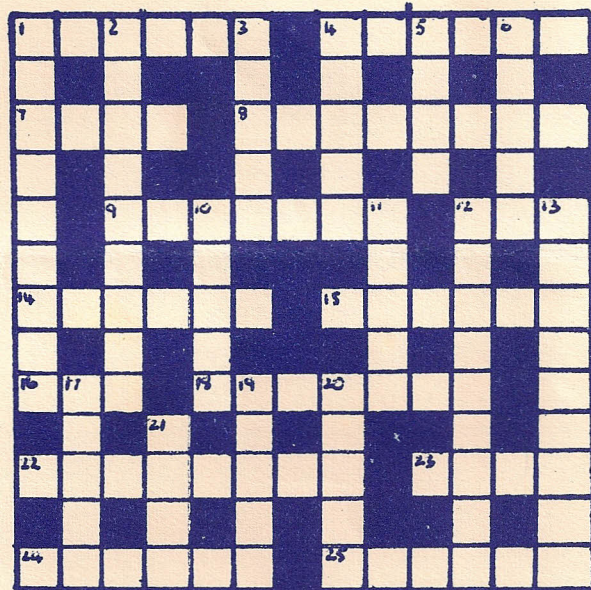
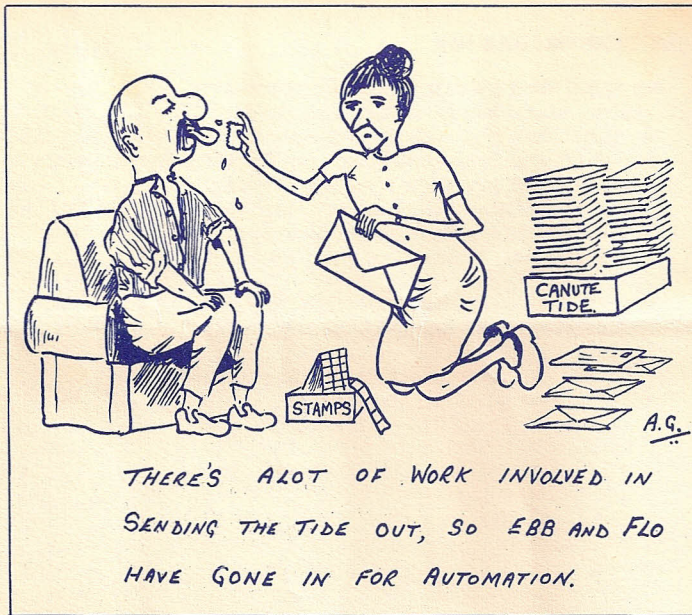
I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

Then I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whisky down the sink, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had emptied everything, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, and sinks with the other, which came to 29, and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank.

I'm not under the influence of alcohol, but some think I am. I'm not half so drunk as you might think. I feel foolish. I don't know who is me and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.

A.D.C.



ACROSS.

1. Average, far from well, but a tower of strength.
4. Sounds as if she is being prohibited or waved.
7. This apparel can be a bore.
8. Some are this in coming forward.
9. Battleship made from real tin.
12. Former tax.
14. In my soup.
15. A rash with a point can torment.
16. The many, French.
18. Put me in top ten, I'm famous.
22. Resist the D.A. and your'e in real trouble.
23. -wheel, -mason, -booter: no charge.
24. Recently disturbed, but stays in the middle.
25. Watch the birdie.

DOWN.

1. A body of persons.
2. Workers debts.
3. A Jewish master.
4. Cured on the side.
5. Eft, went awry.
6. Wierd.
10. French industrial town.
11. Just a touch from the board.
12. - by the four cardinal winds.
13. Will, old or new.
17. Drive away.
19. Measure for measure.
20. Pole.
21. Dramatis personae.

SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE.

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Master of Canute. 7. Asia. 8. Definite. 9. Annexe. 11. Sue. 12. Tyler. 16. Sub. 18. Affect. 20. Unwind. 22. Derelict. 23. Sabu. 24. Reprieve. DOWN: 1. Masonry. 2. Share. 3. Endues. 4. Office. 5. Get it. 6. Ananas. 12. Exeter. 15. Enoble. 16. Stride. 17, 19. Butterfield. 21. Waste.