

No. 7

March, 1974

COMMENT FROM THE A.P.G.M.

It has been my pleasure over the last couple of years to receive from time to time the very interesting news letter issued through the Canute Lodge, under the heading of "Canute Tide", and have wondered, if with the necessary help and enthusiasm of members of some of our local Lodges, this rather obscure and restricted paper could be extended to include several of our Lodges, which I am sure would serve as a most useful medium of communication on a much wider scale.

At the moment with very few exceptions, this news letter is restricted to the members of Canute Lodge and I certainly wish to take the opportunity of congratulating all those who have put such effort in getting into production such a useful form of communication.

You must at times be at a loss for news, both local and at the wider angle of Provincial and National. It is in this respect that I feel your next issue could be wider in its distribution, together with an article asking for news from other Lodges to be included in forthcoming editions.

Thank you for allowing me to have all the copies so far printed, and please always include my name on your postal list.

Morris Woolf A.P.G.M.

LADIES' NIGHT

The Ladies' Festival will be held on Friday, 19th April, 1974. Brethren requiring tickets are requested to contact the Festival Secretary, W.Bro. George, or myself. A most enjoyable evening is planned and I hope that a goodly number of the brethren and their ladies will be able to attend.

W.M.

COMMENT

Brethren,

We must apologise that our January issue of the 'Canute Tide' was late. There were numerous reasons for this, one of the main one's being, the three day working week imposed by the government during the miners dispute. However that was only one reason.

Another, and I consider it to be far more contributory, is the fact that some articles printed in that issue arrived, as usual, far too late to be edited to allow the printer a fair margin of time. You will have noticed, I'm sure, that the issue of each Tide coincides with our meetings, in between which, there is, surely, plenty of time to write your article, if you have one. Which brings me to another bone of contention.

You will see in this issue, as in the previous one, that a number of our articles are being filched from that worthy publication, the Masonic Record. This is a positive indication that we are short of material and that the Tide is on the ebb. I ask you Brethren, "Is this good enough?" Some of you may say, "Yes", but I'm sure the majority will be like me and say, "No. The Canute Tide is our news letter, written, edited, printed and paid for by Canute Lodge, for the good of Masonry in general, but for this, our Lodge in particular".

Many of you have responded magnificently to my repeated appeals for articles with which to fill our pages, but the majority have, I'm sad to say, just not bothered.

Please help me in the rather difficult task of filling our pages, by sending some literary contribution. I can assure you even the smallest item on any subject of your own choice will be most welcome, the sooner the better, but even late is better than never.

Lets have a flood for the Tide.

Thanking you in anticipation.

R.J.H.

THE JANUARY MEETING

The date of this meeting I remember well. This was the twelfth day of my "No smoking year". As I drove in from Benfleet I was reflecting on whether or not I would be able to hold out for the whole evening, or would I be in such a dreadful state that I would make a monumental clanger. Some of you may have noticed that that nearly happened right at the very beginning.

However the meeting went well. W. Bro. Angus Grant raised Bro. Mayne and our Worshipful Master initiated John Macintosh, both degrees being performed in an exemplary manner. Tribute should be paid to our A.D.C. and Acting Preceptor W. Bro. H.S. Lennard, who played such a vital part in ensuring the success of the ceremonies, as once again W. Bro. Tom King was unable to be with us.

At the Festive Board the 'Canute Choir' gave a fine rendering of the Entered Apprentice Song. This and other songs are becoming a regular feature. I am advised that the way the Entered Apprentice Song is presented is to be altered slightly to give it more impact.

After the meeting several of us, together with our wives, sampled the genuine hospitality of Bro. Bob Dillon and his charming wife Avril, in the company of our Brother Initiate.

I think all will agree this was another meeting to remember.

S.W.

ALMONERS REPORT

I have to inform you that Bro. George Massey has been in hospital, but is now out again and is making good progress. He does have to return to the hospital for a check up, and we hope that all goes well for him.

In January, our Assisatant Secretary W. Bro. Bert George was in volved in a road accident, and received injuries, from which he has made a complete recovery.

May I take this opportunity to remind the Brethren that our next meeting is the 'Viking Night', and we shall be running a raffle at that meeting to boost our funds for our widows. We would naturally like to have as many prizes as possible so if you would care to donate a small prize it would be very much appreciated.

F.K. Almoner.

ON A SHOE STRING

Many Lodges these days are unhappy about rising costs and are seeking ways of effecting economies, rather than the obvious step of raising dues to a realistic level.

With the basic wage five times higher than what it was in pre-war days, we have yet to find a Lodge whose dues are five times those then prevailing. We are cheapening Masonry by being parsimonious. And it is not only a West Australian phenomenon.

This is what the Grand Master of Saskatchewan said last year, "Skimming along on a shoe string is neither necessary nor advisable in this day and age. A Lodge that is burdened financially soon becomes a limited function. A limited Lodge is no credit to the community or to the Craft, and does not in any way add to the dignity and stature of its members. It is inevitable that annual dues be increased to meet increased costs of Lodge and Grand Lodge operation".

Quote from West Australian Craftsman as per the Masonic Record, February, 1970.

D.C.

TOUR OF POLICE H.Q.

GETTING TO KNOW

On Monday, 4th February, some of the Brethren and their wives spent a very interesting evening as the guests of the local police at their Headquarters in Victoria Avenue, South-end-on-Sea. No, they had not been breaking the law; this was a social visit arranged by Bro. Edgar Easlea.

We arrived about 7.15p.m. to be met by Bro. Easlea and two of his colleagues who were to be our guides, and while waiting for the party to assemble we had a drink in the Club Room, which although on the cool side due to the fuel crisis, looked very comfortable.

The whole party was split into two groups, each starting from a different point. Ours began in the rear yard, where we were shown the patrol cars which were on 'Stand-by'. Our guide thoroughly explained their role and how they were employed throughout the 24 hours of the day.

The horses had been tucked up for the night, and although we were offered a look at them we declined, owing to the fact that it was a very cold evening and some of the ladies wished to get back into the warmth of the building.

Back inside we were taken to the Control Room, the hub of all police operations, and there we were able to watch and hear the wireless controllers at work, who incidently, carried on as though we weren't there. The equipment and the way in which it was handled by the operators gave us an indication as to why the police are not long in arriving at the scene of any trouble.

Eventually we arrived at the constantly locked door. Yes I mean the cells. On this particular evening they were not occupied and we were able to survey them at length. The Officer i/c Cells, was exceptionally interesting in his description of their function, and I can now understand why some of the down and outs don't mind spending a night there now and again. The surprise of the evening is that none of our party were kept in.

The whole tour took about 2 hours to complete and I'm sure everyone found it most interesting. Our guides were obviously on top of their job as every question was answered clearly and without hesitation.

After the tour we adjourned to the Club Room where we found Bro. Edgar had laid on a spread of savoury sandwiches etc. These went down very well with a pint of beverage.

Like all good things the evening came to an end and we all went our separate ways, all pleased with what we had learned.

So Brethren, don't forget if you are ever asked to support a police fund, it will be money worth spending.

B.R.J.

THE PACKAGE

It was a wet and windy morning when the Postman knocked at our door and handed my wife a suspicious looking package. Holding the cause for concern at arms length, my wife carefully and warily crept into the farthest corner of the sunlounge, calling me as she went. She set the package down gently, and retired to what might be considered a safe distance. The urgency in her voice aroused the curiosity of our two sons, and when I arrived on the scene all were looking with apprehension at a long white envelope, come package, lying on the corner of the breakfast table. Speaking in a whisper my wife told me of her fears.

The package had a London postmark and was addressed to me. There was a suspicious bulge halfway down the envelope, and only a week previous a similar package had been opened by a security guard at the Bank of England with disastrous results.

Who would do such a thing to me, for that matter, who would do it to anyone?

Being a member of His Majesty's Royal Engineers during the war, I had dealt with booby traps and other explosive devices, but that was a long time ago, and under different circumstances. We had known the enemy, and there had been rules to say the least.

I stroked the package gently. Something solid was within. It had superfluous knobs and excrescences suspiciously arranged at the centre of the package. Well! what would you do? - proceed, or leave it to the hands of the more expert workmen.

I thought his hands were as important to him as mine were to me, so I proceeded, carefully, unsticking the loose end of the envelope, waiting a second or two, and peering carefully under the now raised flap. The content was black and had a press stud at one end and was wallet shaped.

Gently sliding the wallet from the package I released the stud and waited. I was still in one piece. Lifting the now exposed flap I could see a metal object and a dark and light blue riband. My heart was now doing a steady 100 plus, and three pairs of eyes were peering over my shoulder, and then it suddenly dawned.

A beautiful piece of work and really worth owning, and to me priceless. It now resides amongst my other Masonic treasures. That is how I received my very own Hospital Jewel.

D.H.B.

PETROL COUPONS

By command of Her Majesty's Government, I, together with millions of others, had to take a trip to a Post Office recently, in order to collect some petrol coupons.

"Very simple", said the government, "Just take your log book and road fund licence. No forms to fill in". That's unusual thought I, but did as instructed.

The girl at the Post Office gave me such a sweet smile, then proceeded to point out that the actual c.c. rating of my car engine had not been indicated in my log book. Now my car is known as a 2200, but is in fact 2227 c.c., and as 2201 c.c. was the upper limit of a coupon group, this was most important to get right.

The clerk at the licencing office took my log book, and frowned. He consulted his superior, who also frowned,

but after waiting thirtyfive minutes I was handed back the log book in which the offending figures had been inserted, together with the inevitable rubber stamp.

Now to collect the coupons. But wait! In the 48 hours since I had last presented myself at the Post Office, my road fund licence had expired. Oh, well, collect a form and fill it in. What's this? No insurance certificate! That had been passed to my employers some weeks previous for reasons known only to themselves. Three days later I called again at the licence office, and after only twenty minutes wait, was handed my new road fund licence.

Right, now back to the Post Office. Nothing can go wrong now. The girl gave me such a sweet smile, and then proceeded to inform me that they had run out of the "big" book of coupons. Try again in two days time.

Two days later I crept back into the Post Office, expecting the worst. The clerk glanced at the road fund licence and log book, and after another thump with the inevitable rubber stamp, handed them back to me - with a big book of petrol coupons.

When the government says a thing is simple, they are always right, aren't they?

D.T.

CANUTE CANARIES VISIT ALBERT LUCKING LODGE

At our November Installation Meeting, immediately prior to the Festive Board, I was standing alongside two visitors who were discussing the Canute Viking Night.

In the course of the conversation, one of them mentioned that his son was being initiated into Albert Lucking Lodge "towards the end of January". I enquired if this Lodge sang the "Entered Apprentices Song", mentioning, naturally, that Canute did so, and that this song was usually accompanied with a parodied version of a further song, which was relative to his occupation in life. The visiting brothersaid he had never heard the song, but thought what a sensational idea it was, and that he would very much like something similar for his son's initiation.

At our January meeting, Bro. Edgar Easlea informed me that he had received a letter from a brother, requesting the services of the Canute Chior to sing at his son's initiation. Somehow the wires got crossed and it was not until the day before the chiors outside debut was due, that it was brought up at the Lodge of Instruction. It was then discussed, and after much arm-twisting by W. Bro. Angus Grant and Bro. Bob Hyde, it was decided that we must put on a show, and a number of "volunteers were press-ganged into giving their support. That night I sat up until 4 a.m. composing the ditty, and thus the great day dawned.

Afterwards we were all congratulated, and one of our brethren, who was answering natures call in that convenient room, overheard a member of Albert Lucking Lodge saying that in many years it was the best meeting he had attended. For my own part, I thought the lads did us proud, and we were in far better voice than ever before. I think possibly we all felt we were "singing for our supper". As ambassadors of Canute Lodge we were, I consider extremely successful, and should any of our members be in the company of a brother from Albert Lucking Lodge, I feel sure that this will be confirmed.

Brethren reading this should note that we are not generally available for Masonics, but Recording Agents should note that we are willing to discuss cutting a disc for "Top of the Pops".

J.B.

A total of nine brethren from Canute attended the Albert Lucking Lodge, and as the initiate is a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, we came out in view of the Festive Board in the appropriate uniform jackets and helmets and sang a policeman's song, which was greeted with suitable raucous applause. This was followed immediately with the "Entered Apprentices Song", which was also very well received. The evening proceeded and at the given time we again stood up and rendered the "Masonic Visitors Song". (Let me quickly add that 'rendered' in this instance does not mean 'to tear apart'). This particular song was very warmly appreciated.

COTTAGE TO LET

Such a sweet little cottage, rather on the square side, with a sloping thatched roof, situated in a well matured garden, surrounded by flowers and trees, and in what the estate agents call "A very popular residential area of Leigh"; yet after almost a year it is still empty, much to the amazement of the near neighbours, and they wondered why?

On this particular morning it was being inspected by a young couple who were obviously in love, and it gladdened the heart and brought smiles of pleasure to all that saw them.

He liked the place and was doing all he could to coax her to enter and look at the inside, but NO, she was more interested in the surroundings, after all, food has to be carried and the distance from supply is very important. Satisfaction there at any rate, as at last, with little pushes and kisses she goes in --- comes out --- goes in --- comes out, and, NO, they have both gone; surely you would think; but there you are, they have gone. Whatever can be wrong with that house?

The following day they are back again, they cannot know their own mind. Gone again; ah well, what a pity. Next day back again, and this time they must have come to a decision, as they are both carrying articles of bedding (that most important of matrimonial equipment) and the future looks bright and sunny again.

All the neighbours are eagerly looking forward to a few weeks time, when again the garden will be a scene of further comings and goings, and little blue specks start fluttering about as the result of this tenancy of the little square cottage by a pair of very charming and beautiful Blue Tits.

A.D.C.

THE KNIFE AND FORK MASON

Since many Freemasons have found neither the time nor the inclination to study the Ritual, or even if they have done so, they prefer not to take Office, is it not to be wondered at that the convivial aspect of the Craft is to some of them almost sacrosanct.

There are Brethren who claim to be Knife and Fork Masons - merely that and nothing more. When occasionally they attend Lodge they derive satisfaction from hearing the Ancient charges, well delivered, and like the laity in the church, listen with reverence.

It may be many years since the Knife and Fork Mason received Masonic Light. Let us not be too hard on him.

Time has bedimmed his recollection of having promised before the three great symbolical lights, to answer and obey all lawful summonses, pleading no excuse save sickness or some pressing emergency or avocation. Yet the recidivous Brother considers his obligation fulfilled if he has paid his dues, and should any trivial matter clash with his Masonic duty, the summons is disregarded.

The plea in extenuation of his inability to assist the Worshipful Master to open the Lodge, which ought to be sent to the Secretary, is not sent, and the Brother thinks he is fulfilling his contract if, like the turtle, he appears in time for the soup.

Imagine the surprise of such a man, were he reminded by an inflexible Master of the axiom: "If any work not, neither shall they eat".

C.F.W.

I SHOULD WORRY

Stoke spy on Leeds

STOKE CITY'S FIRST TEAM SQUAD TRAVEL TO Leeds today to watch United's FA Cup replay against Bristol City.

Stoke tackle Leeds in a First Division match on Saturday and their manager Tony Wadlington said: "I hope that what we seen in their Cup replas will help us find shme weakness we can play on."

Cutting from Evening Echo Tuesday, 19th February, 1974.

R.J.H.

Things were going well on our first caravan holiday to the Continent. The weather was fine and the traffic was light on the motorway from Utrecht to Arnhem. We passed a brilliantly painted Dutch police car, the occupants of which were noting down details from a worried looking French motorist. I noticed my speed was 55 m.p.h., rather above the 80 k.p.h. speed limit mentioned in the dog-eared Continental Handbook I had brought with me.

We were just crossing a particularly smelly canal bridge, when I noticed the same colourful patrol car creeping up behind me. All was well however, we were only doing 50 m.p.h. Nevertheless that coloured cadillac closed in on me, obviously checking my speed, so I slowed to 45 m.p.h. to be on the safe side. "Fines for speeding are high on the Continent", I had been told.

To my horror the luminous automobile drew level with me on the inside hard shoulder, the occupants staring sullenly at me. Had my number plate fallen off? Should I only be doing 40 m.p.h.?

My fears were justified when the car suddenly accelerated in front of me and I was signalled to stop. The officers jumped out and purposefully marched towards me.

"What's the matter?" I enquired, fearing the worst.

"We have a minimum speed of 80 k.p.h. on the motorway", said the stern faced policeman, "Would you please go faster?"

R.W.L.-B.

EXTRACTS FROM
"KENNINGS CYCLOPAEDIA OF FREEMASONRY"
Published 1878.

ANTIQUITY LODGE, No. 2, of the English Grand Lodge Roll, meeting without a Warrant from prescriptive right. It is the oldest Lodge in England, as it professes to have been in existence since the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the latter end on the 17th Century, although its documents do not go beyond the eighteenth century. It possesses a mallet which belonged to Sir Christopher Wren, and 3 wooden candlesticks given by him, it is averred, to the old Lodge in St. Paul's Churchyard. It possesses a curious MS. dating from the end of the 17th Century.

BURNS, Robert, - the famous Scottish poet, and very active Freemason. He was initiated at the village of Tarbolton, Ayrshire, in the St. David Lodge, in 1781. He was afterwards Depute Master of Tarbolton. The foundation stone of the monument to his memory in Alloway, Nr. Ayr, was laid by Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck and the Freemason's of Ayrshire, in 1820.

CHAPEL, MARY'S (the Lodge of Edinburgh) - The Minutes of this Lodge go back to 1599, and are probably the oldest Lodge records in the world. Of the three existing head Scottish Lodges, viz. Mary's Chapel, Kilwinning, and Stirling, the precedence of the former was established in 1599 by the Chief Warden of the Masons, who was also Master of Work to James VI of Scotland and First of England. It was placed at the top of the original roll of the Grand Lodge, and remained so until 1808, when the precedence was given Mother Kilwinning, designated No. 0, with Mary's Chapel as No. 1, and ranking second.

PERISH THE THOUGHT

"My boy", said the successful father lecturing to his son on the importance of thrift, "when I was your age I carried water for a gang of bricklayers".

"I'm proud of you father", answered the boy. "If it hadn't been for your pluck and perseverance, I might have had to do something of that sort myself".

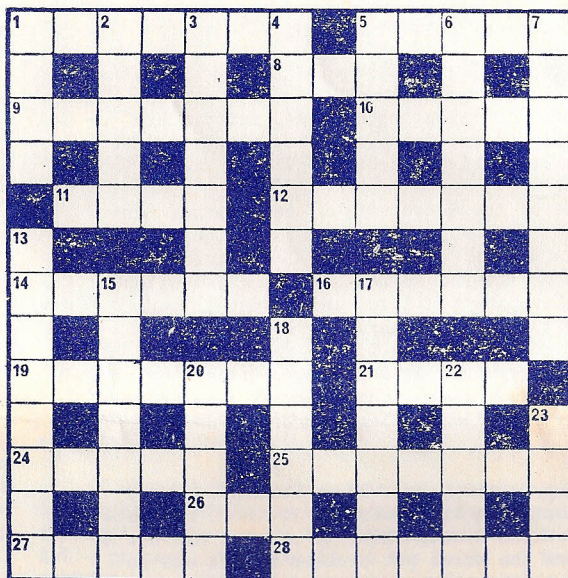
Our thanks to the Masonic Record, November, 1969.

D.C.

SOLUTION.

Across. 1. Pillar. 4. Banner. 7. Robe. 8. Backward. 9. Reliant. 12. Set. 14. Noodle. 15. Harass. 16. Les. 18. Eminent. 22. Disaster. 23. Free. 24. Centre. 25. Hold it. Down. 1. Personnel. 2. Laborious. 3. Rabbi. 4. Bacon. 5. Newt. 6. Erie. 10. Lille. 11. Trace. 12. Scattered. 13. Testament. 17. Exile. 19. Metre. 20. North. 21. Cast.

EBB CERTAINLY WENT OUT WITH
THE TIDE AT OUR LAST MEETING!



ACROSS

- 1) Initially the Officer in Charge is given a sten to create a department. (7)
- 5) Sets a problem for something of value. (5)
- 8) Search the centre of Tor Bay to find the globe. (3)
- 9) Don't throw stones at his work. (7)
- 10) Annie is all mixed up, silly girl! (5)
- 11) Some are certain he does exist, yet I am not convinced. (4)
- 12) Reg Vane, extorter of dues. (7)
- 14) Fortified Roy? (6)
- 16) Drag us away by the Yeomen. (6)
- 19) Meal run for a number of cardinals. (7)
- 21) This duke never met his Waterloo. (4)
- 24) The army doctor went up the hill for an engine. (5)
- 25) Soli ate alone. (7)
- 26) Loophole maker of the law? (3)
- 27) Arabian ship! (5)
- 28) Give the 'Daily Riser' a ring to get that antiquated time-piece. (7)

DOWN

- 1) Make your mark. (4)
- 2) Weight lifting bird? (5)
- 3) Make your mark again. (7)
- 4) William was not the only one at this conquest. (6)
- 5) Bad example to live with, that is. (5)
- 6) Did the gagster trip up and nearly fall? (7)
- 7) His ideas are often the basis of fact. (8)
- 13) Come, coin a phrase to be careful. (8)
- 15) Tom Pym's aches and pains. (7)
- 17) Fabulous horse to lead the spearhead. (7)
- 18) Is Alf initially late for the floggings? (6)
- 20) Belonging to the country. (5)
- 22) Ruminant quadruped with resemblances to giraffe, deer and zebra. (5)
- 23) Ridge caused by eighteen. (4)

SOLUTION NEXT ISSUE.

R.J.H. & A.G.