

No. 3

MAY, 1973

CANUTE CHARITY SHIELD

Following the film on the Royal Masonic Hospital, which was shown at our last meeting, the Canute Charity Shield was passed round among the brethren at the Festive Board.

On it being returned to the W.M. it had raised a further £25.00, which was handed to W. Bro. Harrison, House Governor of the Hospital. He thanked the brethren and assured all that it would be put to good use.

This makes to total so far raised by the shield £59.34.

It will again be passed round at this meeting and we hope everyone will find something to contribute. Naturally the more the merrier, but even the 'widows mite' will be gratefully received and make itself felt.

Contributions today will be placed at the disposal of the Canute Lodge Benevolent Fund which is in desperate need of our support.

R.J. H.

VISIT TO RMH

Arrangements have been made for a visit to the Royal Masonic Hospital on Saturday, 16th June, 1973. A few seats are still available on the coach. Anyone interested should contact Bro. Bill Caton, as soon as possible.

THE MARCH MEETING

More than 80 brethren attended our March Meeting, and our extensive visitors list included W. Bro. Harrison, House Governor of the Royal Masonic Hospital.

The ceremonies of passing and raising were most ably carried out by our Worshipful Master, and W. Bro. W.T. Price, and I am pleased to report that even the similarity of the candidates names - Bro. May and Bro. Mayne - failed to cause confusion.

The festive board was enlightened by a film depicting a typical 24 hour day in the Royal Masonic Hospital, followed by a talk by W. Bro. Harrison in which he brought the hospital very much to life. Afterwards he answered questions, and a point that he emphasised was that both he and his staff were only too pleased to hear from, and to offer help and advice to, any brother who may need the hospital services for himself or family. And for me at least, after hearing W. Bro. Harrison, it will always be OUR hospital.

S.W.

WELL DONE JIM

Over the last few meetings many changes have taken place at the Festive Boards of Canute Lodge, in an attempt to make them more interesting, entertaining and enjoyable.

We would like to think that in the main these changes have been successful, and if the reactions of a good number of our visitors can be taken as a criterion, it would seem that they have been so.

Quite a number of the brethren have combined together to introduce these changes, and none have contributed more than Bro. Jim Bolton, who apart from being concerned in most of the new innovations, must have laboured many hours over the verses of the numerous "ditties" that have been so much a part of the new image of Canute Lodge.

Well done Bro. Jim, keep up the good work, and may your pen never run dry.

W.M.&P.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

After the Ladies Festival on 13th April, at which each of the ladies received a delightful gift, a present was sent to each of the 17 widows of our Lodge. We are assured they all appreciated the gesture, and we hope that the gift will bring back many happy memories of Festivals they attended in the past.

We regret to announce the passing of Mrs. Marjorie Smith, wife of Bro. A. Smith, on 11th April, 1973, at Pochford Hospital. All our fraternal sympathies go out to him in the hours of his sadness.

At the time of going to press, both W. Bro. Clary Garnett and W. Bro. Dave Howell were due to be admitted to the Royal Masonic Hospital. Also Bro. Joe Williams' wife Rose is also to receive treatment. We wish them all a speedy recovery, and feel assured that they could not be in better hands.

Bro. R. Halliwell's wife wrote to W. Bro. Chas. Hall, thanking us for the last issue of the Canute Tide. She informs us he is recovering from a serious illness, and hoped a mention of him would be included in this issue. We therefore extend to him our fraternal greetings and wish him a speedy recovery.

Included here we send our best wishes to W. Bro. Frank Streater. We hope he is continuing to make good progress, and that it will not be too long before we again enjoy his company.

In conclusion if any brother has any knowledge of a case of sickness or adversity among the members of their close families, please inform me and the Secretary in order that the appropriate action can be taken.

This is most important in order to preserve the lines of communication, so that no neglect of our Masonic Duties can result.

Almoner

THE THINK TANK

Our Worshipful Matser in one of his weaker moments (most rare) has been calling on some of us lesser endowed brethren, to make a literary contribution to our so far, very excellent, "Canute Tide".

Having resisted all of his attempts to enlist my efforts, knowing only too well my own shortcomings and limitations in this particular field, he did at last extract from me a promise that I would at least make some effort.

I, of course, made this promise under extreme pressure, not really having any ideas or inspired thoughts about the subject. Accordingly I commenced to rack that part of the central nervous system contained within the skull, considered the seat of inspiration and sensation. Result! NOTHING.

As my dismay and consternation increased I naturally reached for my supply of CAVED - (S), and had munched an overdose before realising the fact. In no time at all I received an urgent and inevitable call, which allowed me no time to grab for light reading matter.

For some few moments I felt quite lost, until I realised that my thought processes appeared to be quite active, and suddenly out of the blue, (I realise that my choice of colour may be unfortunate) it came to me. This was the place where, without doubt, man spent some of his most contemplative moments. (It had come too late in life for me).

I then began to meditate on the possibility of how many of our great men had first received inspiration in this sanctum, and feel sure that some of the greatest decisions had perhaps emanated from this source.. What greater privacy, leading to profound thought could be obtained anywhere else.

On further reflection, can anyone imagine how much time is given at this seat of learning, to the study of our ritual.

It will be obvious that my brief sojourn has done nothing from a literary or inspirational point of view, but if what I imagine is the possible embryo of the wheel, the jet engine and V.H.F. radio, what other undiscovered wonders still await us if only we would use this part of our day more constructively.

For those brethren who give consideration to the seriousness of this article and wish to pursue their researches, they can obtain the above mentioned tablets from you know who.

G.B.

LOW TIDE

I have watched the tide going out, and when the mud beneath the water is exposed, have seen men and boys digging for worms, searching for softbacked crabs, or gathering cockles. People unable to afford rakes, forks, etc., can be seen picking up empty bottles. Each tide produces something new.

Our "TIDE" goes out five times a year, and, as yet, I have received a total of £16.71. It seems I'll need to glean the empty bottles and collect the deposits.

J.B. (Tide Treasurer
and beachcomber)

COMMENT

Whilst the Canute Tide has been very well received by everyone, it seems there is not a great deal of enthusiasm in submitting articles by the majority of the brethren, and it is a fact that so far only a few have been forthcoming with material for us to use. So once again I appeal to you, please let us have something from YOU. Let your voice be heard, even if what you have to say only amounts to a few lines. We can never have enough, but if we have too little, this very important line of communication could so easily be broken.

This issue contains some very interesting items, and we hope they make pleasant reading for you. If they don't, then let us know why.

In the first two issues I accepted responsibility for all the mistakes, and maybe I am to blame for some in this issue, but I have an excuse this time brethren, but all I will say is please submit your article in time for us to prepare. We too have to work for a living, have families and like to have a little leisure, so give us a chance, please.

If your article is not in this issue, don't lose heart, it will be in the next.

DAUGHTER OF WOMENS LIB.

A two act play for today.

Time. The present.

Place. A driving test waiting room.

Act.1, scene 1.

The scene is a driving test centre of the Department of the Environment..A number of people are seated, waiting, when steps are heard, followed by a voice:-

Examiner. Miss or Mrs. Karen Waller?

Miss K.W. Yes.

Examiner. Good morning, I am your examiner. Can you tell me if you are Miss or Mrs. Karen Waller, please, as you forgot to mark it on your form.

Miss K.W. I did not forget, I chose to ignore it. I am not Mrs. and I object to being called Miss. We of the Womens Liberation feel that it is not any of your business whether we are married or not. Do you ask your men candidates if they are married or not?

Examiner. Er, no. Well it does not matter for them; it is a question of identification that's all. Never mind, perhaps you will sign my journal and we can proceed with the test.

Miss Karen signs with a flourish, and they walk towards the door.

Examiner. Come this way please Miss er, er Madam. Do you suffer from any disabilities not declared on this form which you filled in?

Miss K.W. Only I am not wearing a Bra., I burnt it.

Examiner. Well I hope that doesn't mean were in for a big flop.... perhaps you will lead the way to your car, please.

Act 1 Scene 2.

The scene changes into the inside of a motor car. Both examiner and Miss Waller have made themselves comfortable.

Examiner. Thank you. My instructions for the test will be to drivestraight on at all times. When you are ready perhaps you will move off and drive straight on, turning left at the end of the road, please.

A few jerky mis-starts and the car proceeds down the road. At the end the car turns left, narrowly missing a car coming from the right.

After a few more hair-raising manoeuvres, the examiner is forced to brake the car to an emergency stop, as Miss Waller narrowly misses a pedestrian on a pedestrian crossing. Miss Waller glares at him, drives beyond the crossing and then stops at the roadside.

Miss Waller. Leave my blasted car alone.

Examiner. I am sorry madam, but I was forced to do that to avoid that man on the crossing.

Miss Waller. Ridiculous, he could have run if he had wanted to.

Examiner. But surely you know what the highway Code says about pedestrians on crossings.

Miss Waller. Nonsense, in the Womens Lib Highway Code, rule No. 1 is ladies first.

Examiner. Nevertheless, I am afraid I have now concluded the driving test, and if you give me a few moments I will fill in this form and you can show it to your instructor if you wish. I'm afraid I must fail you on what we call E.T.A., - examiner takes action.

Miss Waller. And I'll mark you M.C.P., male Chauvinist Pig.

Act 2, Scene 1.

The scene is the same driving test centre, but six weeks later. Footsteps are heard coming up the stairs, and a voice calls out:-

Examiner. Miss or Mrs. Karen Waller.

Miss Waller. Yes, who are you.

Examiner. Good morning, I am your driving test examiner.

Miss Waller. Oh my Gawd. This is the end. A WOMAN examiner.

I.A.B.

LADIES FESTIVAL

Our Worshipful Master received many messages of thanks and congratulations from guests attending his Ladies Festival - and rightly so.

We enjoyed several innovations starting with the piping in of the President and his Lady, and seldom can the ladies have received a more original toast than that sang to them by some of the members of the L. of I. The singing of the "Ladies Song" to the Presidents Lady did cause a little confusion, arising from its similarity to the "Master's Song", and more than one brother was happily singing, "And here's to his Health".

Perhaps even more novel was the presentation to the W.M. and his Lady of a pair of Haggis, (or should it be Haggises), although Angus later confided that he had had to call on Jeannie the dog for assistance in disposal. But it is a pleasure to report that both dog and man survived.

The dancing was thoroughly enjoyed - as it always is - and the interval was the signal for the McPhillamey Pipes to go into action. One brother was seen to head for the door and a white flag was displayed from the bar, but by and large most people enjoyed the Skirling of the pipes. And for those who didn't, there is always next year.

S.W.

FAMILY ON THE MOVE

You will have seen recently, if you have studied the back of your summons, that my address has changed. How, what and why did this happen? These to me are fascinating questions to hear of my own recent experiences in this matter.

It all started about two years ago. Our children were growing up, and my mother who has lived with us for several years, was faced in her declining years when her movements would be restricted, with a depressing outlook from her rooms. At first I was against moving, but after much family discussion, I gave in. Little did I know what the future had in store for us.

We are a family who have moved quite often during our few short years in earth, and although I do not like my routine being disturbed, I felt that with careful planning the prospect of another move could hold few terrors or little that would be new. So the great house-hunt got under way. I will not go into all the joys and frustrations we experienced during this period, but will merely tell you of the one we eventually bought.

One day, about August, 1971, we were out for the afternoon in the area of Boyce Hill Golf Course, feeling very despondent, having just lost a house we had been negotiating for, when we saw this 'For Sale' notice and decided to call and have a look. The front and back gardens were completely overgrown and I would imagine on a dark night could have been very eerie. In addition, stored in the front garden was a derelict ambulance, two cars, one ambulance converted into a caravanette and a bubble car. A veritable scrap merchants delight. Inside there was not a room that was not stacked from floor to ceiling. It was impossible for us to really view any room properly. It was obvious that he was an inveterate hoarder. We came out and once in the car we all burst out laughing, the blues we had earlier had suddenly gone. Later on reflection we decided it would not be such a bad speck, so then started many long months of negotiations. There were frustrations on the way, but they finally bore fruit with a completion date of the 21st July, 1972. We were now the proud owners of a house totally unsuitable to meet our family needs. We had realised early on that considerable alterations would have to be done to have the house the way we wanted it. Now the problem arose when to make the completion date for the sale of the house in which we were then living, taking into account the work to be done on our new place, we settled for a date, 1st February, 1973.

Around this time our daughter informed us she was going to get married in September, 1972. Hasty preparations were immediately put in hand, and all went well on her day. Some of you may remember that you joined with us in the festivities after the ceremony. Shortly after this our son informed us he was getting engaged. Suddenly our circumstances were changing outside our control and moving day was fast approaching. As we were moving to a smaller place, we had to condense down and many items had to be disposed of. Frantic panic was now the order of the day.

On moving day itself the van turned up and was obviously too small to accommodate all the furniture we had, also there was only one man and a boy to load it. Three days were taken to complete the move, and during this time we wondered if we would make completion date on time, also if we would ever get our furniture off at the other end. At the end of the three days my mother and I were all in, as we had to assist the removal men.

As the builders had only begun work at the end of December, you can imagine the state of turmoil that the house was in; large holes in the walls, some walls down completely and brick and plaster dust everywhere. All our furniture had to be stacked in one room plus the garage, and things like the deep freeze, fridge, washing machine outside where the front porch would eventually be. The builders had rigged us up a kitchen of sorts in the garage, consisting of cooker and sink with cold water only. Then began two months of virtual imprisonment in one room. Gone were the luxuries of television and carpets, from now on we were living out of a box only bare essentials could be unpacked, such as one plate, one cup and saucer and one knife and fork each. Bathing was also a problem, as we had no hot water. After two weeks we persuaded the electrician to rig us up an immersion heater. Oh, the luxury of that first bath. I was the last one in the house to experience it. Unknown to me the immersion was wired through a plug downstairs which we used for an electric kettle and someone had turned this off. I got about two inches of warm water, when to my horror it began to run cold. At least I was able to warm the air about me with verbosity. Then there was the day Olive decided to have a bath and the builders decided otherwise and took all the windows out. Many are the stories I could tell like this, of incidents which have occurred over the last two months.

Are we any better off now? Well, we still have not unpacked a box, laid a carpet or put up curtains, although there are hopeful signs. The first of the rooms in the new extension has been papered and we have a carpet fitter booked for today. We have also renamed ourselves the Gypsies who live on the hill.

Was it worth it? Well, on a clear day when I look out from our back windows, the whole of the Thames Estuary as far as the Kent Coast, and up to-

wards Stanford-le-Hope opens up in a panoramic view. The beauty takes your breath away. At night the view make Blackpool illuminations seem like a toy. Need I say more.

Would I do it again? As I feel at the moment of course, I say never no more, but time heals and I don't doubt that in a few years time, when the need arises, I will again be on the move, probably still thinking it can hold no surprises for me.

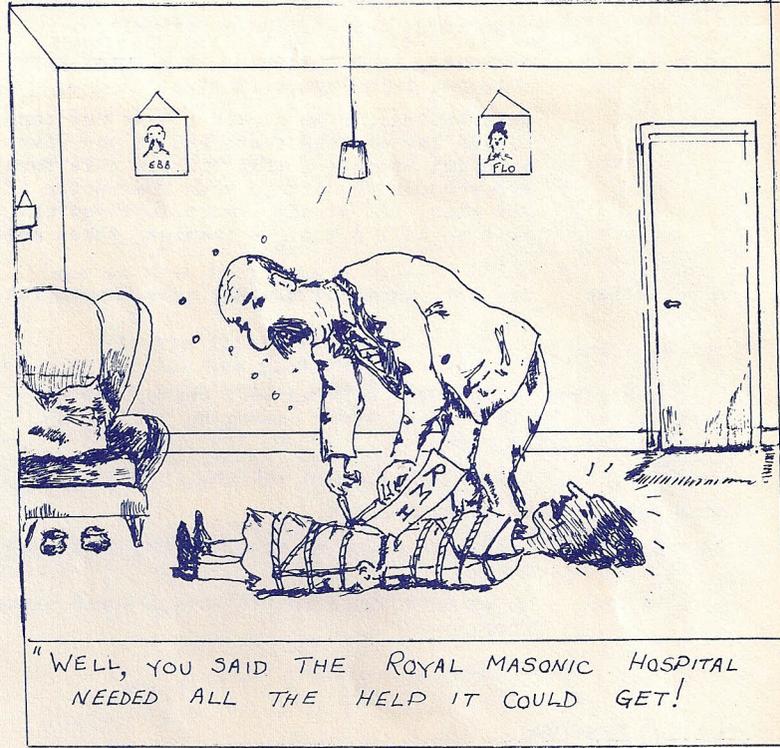
Hopefully, when we are straight and back to normality, we shall be able to hold a house warming and invite along our friends, who will be able to judge for themselves whether or not we made a wise move. In the meantime as we have been out of circulation for so long, I hope they will realise we have not forgotten them.

Finally let me pay a tribute to a really excellent Builder and the men who worked with him. Had it not been for him we would have been in a far worse mess, but that is another story. We think he has done a wonderful job. The problems he has had to solve have been enormous. Thank goodness for our little miracle worker.

P.S. The housewarming will be held on a Friday evening. This will enable the ladies to report for the weekend, armed with aprons, scissors and tea cloth, and can become The L-adies O-f I-ndustry. The men can attend after their L.O.I., armed with paintbrush, spade and fork, ready for their weekend efforts. Stewards need not wait for the housewarming, but can start right away.

J.W.

EBB AND FLO - WITHOUT DETRIMENT.



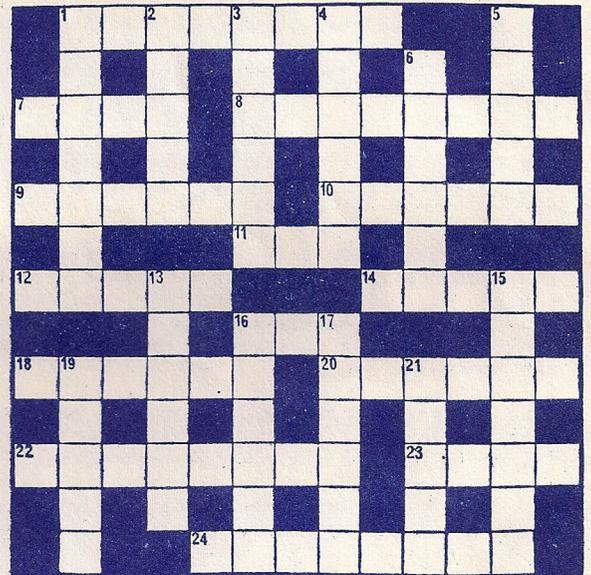
W.M.

WORDS TO A BROTHER

Brother, when you get up in the morning
To begin the work for the day,
Never neglect all the chances,
Which may come along your way.
For in lifting another's burden,
And speaking a word of cheer,
You but make your own cares lighter,
And far easier for you to bear.

In extending the hand of friendship,
To those who have done you an ill,
You display a true Masonic Spirit,
And obey the Great Architects will.
In aiding the widow and orphan,
And relieving the poor and distressed,
You're surely practising that virtue,
Which early on in your mind was impressed.

D.S.F.



SOLUTIONS

Across. 1. Solomon. 5. Tedious. 9. Amber. 10. vindicate. 11 Tail light. 12. bread. 13. Neath. 15. Burnisher. 18. Freewheel. 19. Depth. 23. Input. 25. Batteries. 27. Nursemaid. 28. Ore. 29. Stepson. 30. One. 31. Sin.
Down. 1. Spartan. 2. Lubricate. 3. Moral. 4. Navigable. 5. Tenet. 6. Drip dried. 7. Orate. 8. Slender. 14. Howitzers. 16. Related to. 17. Happiness. 18, Friends. 20. Tie. 21. Hessian. 24. Purse. 25. Brain. 26. Elope.

Who Owns the Zebra. Solution.

The Moose drinks water.
The Buffalo owns the Zebra.

Yellow door	Blue door	Red door	Ivory door	Green door
moose	Oddfellow	Freemason	Forester	Buffalo
Fox	Horse	Snails	dog	Zebra
water	Tea	Milk	Orange	Coffee
Spun cut	Mixture	Medium cut	Flake	Rough cut.

ACROSS

- 1) The Lodge is disharmonised when Reg returns to produce bad verse.
- 7) The motoring organisation and the sapper go together in this space.
- 8) A safe conduct.
- 9) Sounds as if it suffers from sleeping sickness, but it's not incurable.
- 10) Puts up right.
- 11) The rodent returns for the sailor.
- 12) Enter the Turkish Commander for an encore.
- 14) Take it in the park or off the tee.
- 16) Draw off the jungle juice.
- 18) Given time, you couldn't make it home.
- 20) Bring down to the ranks.
- 22) Put the bee on trial, then set it free.
- 23) Being alright to run wild.
- 24) "The means to an end", says Hart.

DOWN

- 1) Rid Kong for the town.
- 2) Mostly rough, but not beyond your ken.
- 3) Overseas trade.
- 4) Occasion for chocolate embryos.
- 5) Foremost.
- 6) Turn up with a paper.
- 13) Pedal hollow
- 15) Vic pursued by debts - nasty!
- 16) Tellers? Mean fellers!
- 17) Ripest turns to prayer.
- 19) Forays.
- 21) Mix up a dram for a curtain raiser.

Solution will be printed in our next issue.

W.M. & R.J.H.