



No. 8

MAY, 1974

RETURN OF THE VIKINGS

We would like to take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to all our visiting brethren, to this our second Viking Night.

We feel sure it is going to be a success, and we trust you are all in good voice. From King to serf the Vikings are ready to serve you and make this a most memorable occasion.

For those members who are unable to attend we extend our heartfelt greetings and wish you well.

R.J.H.

ALMONERS REPORT

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs J.M. Durham, who has been admitted to Southend Hospital and take this opportunity of wishing her a speedy recovery.

Her husband, W. Bro. J.M. Durham, is a Past Master of Canute Lodge, and had the privilege of serving us as Master during our Golden Jubilee Year. Our thoughts go out to him during this anxious time.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those brethren who have so generously given the prizes for tonights raffle.

Almoner.

THE MARCH MEETING

This was the second Meeting of my "No Smoking" year. Gone were the jaded nerves, on this occasion I was really feeling relaxed.

This time because of our small numbers we were upstairs, personally, although I much prefer the main Temple, I find the atmosphere always seems to be much more informal in the smaller Temple upstairs.

We were pleased on this occasion, after so long an absence, to welcome back W. Bro. Tom King, and to see him installed as D.C.

We were also pleased to see among us W. Bro. W. Price, over on a visit from Spain.

The ceremony of Initiation was performed by W. Bro. Dave Howell, with the sincerity and perfection we have come to expect from him. It was interesting to note that for all his advancing years, how alert is our own W. Bro. Ted Beal, as it was he who first noticed that our candidate was not properly dressed.

The ceremony of Passing was performed by our Worshipful Master, and here he clearly demonstrated his mastery of the ritual. Seldom have I heard this ceremony performed better, and I would like to say it was as near word perfect as it is possible to get.

One other person worthy of mention was Bro. Jim Bolton who we normally see sitting on the Stewards Bench. On this occasion he deputised for our Inner Guard who was out of the country on business, and a very fine job Bro. Jim made of his duties, clearly demonstrating the progress he is making.

Again our Festive Board was enlivened by the choir, with an excellent rendering of the "Entered Apprentices Song", and the "Visitors Song". It certainly seemed to me that Brother Initiate was very impressed.

Once again I feel a very successful and rewarding meeting.

S.W.

LADIES FESTIVAL

The evening of Friday, 19th April, saw the annual Canute Lodge Ladies Festival, which was held at Garons No. 2, Southend-on-Sea.

As usual this proved to be a most enjoyable evening for all those who attended, the total number being some 180.

The function began by our Worshipful Master and his Lady welcoming everyone, and there followed a very sumptuous meal, during which each lady received a present. One or two ladies on each table had the good fortune to draw the lucky tickets for the table prize, and they each received a lovely orchid.

Bro. Bob Dillon performed the pleasant task on behalf of the Lodge, and Mrs. Butterfield was presented with a beautiful gold bracelet. She was overwhelmed, and graciously thanked the brethren.

Mindful of the House of Lancaster, a silver bowl of red roses was presented to our Worshipful Master by W. Bro. Angus Grant on behalf of the members of the Extra Mural Committee.

The most important toast of the evening proved to be one of the highlights, and by his well chosen words our Senior Warden not only pleased the ladies, but gave every indication he would prove a very worthy Master during the forthcoming year. Mrs. Warry in responding was very eloquent, and certainly gave the ladies full measure.

After further excellent speeches, all adjourned to the ballroom and danced the evening away in the full enjoyment of each others company.

R.J.H.

N.B. We are happy to report that our Worshipful Master and his lady have survived the riotous evening, and like us all are looking forward to next year.

R.J.H.

AN OLD GUILD OF LONDON

A most interesting Guild was the Cnighthen Guild of London. This was an association of thirteen knights in the time of King Canute, who acceded to the kingdom in the year 1017 and died in the year 1035.

The Guild applied to the king for the grant of a piece of land in the east part of London, which had been forsaken by the inhabitants. The king granted the knights their suit upon condition that each knight should perform three combats, one above ground, one beneath it and one in water, and that also on a day appointed, they should run and tilt against allcomers in the field which is known as East Smithfield.

The king named the Guild the Cnighthen Guild and appointed these boundaries, namely that it should reach from Eastgate to a certain point, in another direction it was extended towards Bishopsgate as far as the house of William the Priest. To the south the boundary reached as far into the waters of the Thames as a horseman riding into the river could dart his spear.

After this early grant, the Guild received a series of charters which prove its continuous existence until its dissolution in 1125.

The fact that the Knights Guild thus held in fee the land commanding the East Gate of London, together with the fact that the Guild, when it dissolved itself, had many aldermen within its ranks, has led to the supposition that the Guild had some large share in the control or government of the city.

In 1125 the members of the Cnighthen Guild determined to surrender their land to the newly founded Priory of Holy Trinity, with a view to securing spiritual benefits by becoming affiliated to a religious house. An assembly of the Guild was held in the Chapter House, the charters were offered upon the altars, and after the ceremony of consecration, the Guild went through the legally symbolic formality of handing over to the Prior, the church of St. Botolph. The king confirmed the gift and the prior was admitted as one of the Aldermen of London, to govern the land and soke (the right of taxing land). The prior sat in court and rode with the mayor and aldermen as one of them, clad in scarlet or other livery until the Reformation.

The church of St. Botolph remains today close by Liverpool St. Station.

A. D.C.

VISIT TO BORDER STONE LODGE

Three members of Canute were most fortunate when they were the guests of Bro. Stan Davidson at the Border Stone Lodge Meeting held at Colonial House, Mincing Lane, on Saturday, 23rd March.

We were greeted in a most cordial fashion by all the members of Bro Stan's Lodge, and it wasn't too long before it became obvious that Canute Members are always welcome at Border Stone.

As most of you are well aware, Bro. Stan is the Senior Deacon in his Lodge, and as he is also a member of our Lodge of Instruction, we were looking forward to seeing him perform in the ceremony of passing, which he did in a most creditable manner, particularly as it was a double.

Talking to the members of Border Stone, it appears that they too experience a slight language difficulty, but we all agreed in the end that Stan's a great chap and that his Lodge and ours is always enriched by his personality and ability.

The Festive Board was indeed a very happy occasion and left nothing to be desired in the way of good food and conviviality.

One final point worth noting is that there is always, it appears, a member of Canute Lodge in attendance at the Meetings of Border Stone, and it has become the accepted custom that the response to the visitors toast always falls to a member of Canute, I know, I found this out just after we sat down to dine, but let me add, this is not a warning, I was delighted to respond and express our appreciation of such an enjoyable afternoon and evening, and I know that anyone visiting Bro. Stan's Lodge, from Canute will feel exactly the same.

J.W.

LETTER FROM OVERSEAS

Jan 22 1974

Dear Clarrie,

Please find enclosed my subscription for 1974, the extra 50p you can put in the charity box.

Sorry for the delay in sending this to you, but I didn't receive my November summons until just a day or so before Xmas, and then on Dec. 27 my wife and I went on vacation to Hawaii and have just returned.

It seemed very strange seeing the "New Year" in an 80 degree temperature. It was a nice change to go on holiday on our own, the first in 25 years. Our children are grown up now and out at work, so they are able to look after themselves.

I am now senior deacon in my Lodge over here, the same office I held in Canute eleven years ago when I left Southend.

My brother-in-law is our Worshipful Master this year and if my brother had still been alive, he would have been our junior warden.

Please convey greetings to the Worshipful Master and all the Officers and Brethren of Canute Lodge, and I hope it won't be too long before I visit Southend again.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

Derrick W. Freeman.

KING CANUTE (AND PAGE) VISIT HOCKLEY LODGE

I was privileged to attend the Hockley Installation in the company of our Worshipful Master, on Saturday 23rd February.

Held in the local village hall, the attendance was restricted to around 120. The Installing Master was seated in his chair as I took stock of the surroundings. From that moment on, and until the now reigning master was installed, my eyes never left the chair.

Immediately above the chair was a sign which said, "Exit", and I waited attentively for someone to pull a lever, and for the "no longer required" Master to catapult through the swing doors behind him. Alas, it was not to be, although the idea may well suit Canute Lodge in future years.

The Ceremony of Installation was most impressive, and everyone present booked their seat for 1975. About 75% then adjourned to various pubs, whilst the remainder went to work shifting the Masonic scene to one of the dining tables and chairs. I, with others, adjourned to a pub, where we met a Brother who travelled to Hockley from Guernsey to attend their meetings. (Please note - some Brethren who find it difficult to travel the odd mile or two).

Our next move was back to the hall, and on being shown our seats, we presumed Hockley Lodge must be made up of very small people, until we realised that we were up on the stage, and were parallel to, and facing the top table. The Secretary and D.C. threatened us that Canute were expected to do their stuff on the "boards". W. Bro. Harry Hutchings in fact suggested that our Worshipful Master was the refugee Dhubey Wallah from "It ain't arf 'ot Mum!"

The meal was a great success, being provided by outside caterers. I particularly enjoyed the selection of cheeses and celery, which concluded the meal. Our W.M. was the only one at our table who was drinking red wine, and consequently had a whole bottle to himself, but being

the man he is, he later handed it over to be shared among others, saying, "Someone might be watching", which indeed was the case, as I will explain. At each toast, the glasses were raised to the hierarchy, and the Brethren, and then finally REALLY raised to us six on stage. We reacted in true Canute manner, and dipped our heads in tribute - never a Harvey Smith.

J.B.

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES

(With apologies to L.F. Sinclair)

One doesn't have to be mad to choose a sea going career. After 40 years I feel I must have been. Who but a screaming nit would choose to spend the greater part of his life uncomfortably perched in a heaving mass of wood and steel which remains on the surface of the sea solely by virtue of various dubious scientific rules of density and stability; separated from his Maker by a mere $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch of steel. Who but a sentimental halfwit would find romance in the bloodcurdling sound of a ship's siren, the sleep defying throb of a huge diesel engine, the endless maddening unsynchronised hammers, chipping rust from steel decks, the eternal creaking of wood and steel against each other and the sick inducing swing of masts against the sky.

Only a roaring lunatic would accept that the aforementioned three quarter inch of steel is sufficient protection against jagged rocks, pounding seas, pack ice, sharks and the murderous bows of all the other madmen careering around the oceans of the world in equally fragile shells. Lastly, who but a mindless moron would voluntarily remove himself, sometimes for weeks or months on end, from football, books, good food and female company. Yet, strangely enough we find there are Mason's numbered among this company, who appear now and then when other Mason's either visit, or take passage on the ship with them.

I well remember the 32nd Post War, Masonic Informal Gathering, held on board "Strathaird", on a voyage from Australia to London. As some of the Brethren no doubt know, cards are available at the Bureau to fill in, and the Senior Member is nominated to occupy the Chair, while the Secretary is of the ships company, as are several of the Brethren present. Minutes of the last gathering are read, dues collected, charity box passed round, drinks and eats indulged in and if their is time, each brother introduces himself and his Lodge and gives an account of the workings or other subject of interest.

"Strathaird" was not the only ship that had these gatherings, it being a regular practice and encouraged in P & O. One heard a fund of stories from the different Brethren met on these occasions, and it proved how interesting it is to have Mason's from the four quarters of the globe meeting in the $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of steel.

My last ship had only 12 passengers and I was in charge. The passengers decided to have a party and asked me to arrange it, which I did. They nominated Mr. Baxendale of "Baxifires" to be President. I thought to myself, "Funny, what are they about?" I made sure the men had a drink in their hands, then said or did something that made them all look up. Soon it was apparent that the five male passengers we had were Mason's. After the party we met and proved each other, and invited the other Masons to join us. These included the 2nd engineer and the Master, but as he was but an E.A., he thought he would keep away from the gatherings, which were quite successful.

It made quite a difference to a voyage, more so when one could introduce the Brethren to places they had not visited before. The Masonic Club at Singapore is a very handy place where Lodges of all Constitutions meet, and which show an interesting variety of workings. I was lucky enough to be invited to Lodge Ailsa No. 1172, Scottish Constitution.

So you see, some moan about our lot and still think ourselves mad, but find time to meet upon the level, enjoy ourselves, and part on the square. Then we go back to looking at it - SEA!! - millions of miles of it. In all its windy, grey, salty-wetness, and (give or take an odd peculiarly shaped wave) - if you've seen one sea you have seen them all. The occasional blob of smoke on the horizon only serves to indicate that one is not the only one, unique in the mindless obsession with vast lumps of water.

T.W.K.

THE CANUTE (S)TRIPPERS

The abuse hurled at Canute on 2nd May, 1974, around 5 p.m. at Newmarket was considerable, and twenty of our own members were observed to be the loudest dissenters. As one brother so aptly put it, "I ain't got a Norse".

At 9 a.m. on that day, brethren and wives boarded the coach at various point around Southend, bound for Suffolk. Arrangements had been made for us to visit the Sudbury Temple, and just outside Sudbury, the coach stopped so that we could view the Elizabethan House. On arrival at Sudbury, we were met at the door by Frank Macon, and after being shown round the ground floor, we went up to the magnificent bar. The Gamblers found the "one armed bandit" fruitful, while others played on the T.V. Tennis machine. After half-an-hour, we were taken into the Temple itself, and - I think intentionally - the author of "Sudbury Masonic Chairs", a Past Master, arrived and gave us an excellent narration regarding the surroundings. Having written of the Temple previously, I will only repeat, GO there.

We left the building at noon, bound for Newmarket, via Long Melford Hall. In case there are members to whom hospitality is ill-defined, let me conclude this part thus: we were met by Frank, treated cordially, shown over the Temple by the most informed person available, and on our departure Frank came out and shook hands with all as we boarded the coach. We are sending a copy of the "Tide" as usual to Sudbury, and with it go our gratitude and sincere best wishes. We were certainly greeted exceedingly well.

At 1 p.m. we arrived at Newmarket, and having eaten our "tasty snacks", we entered the Silver Ring. Our luck varied from brother to brother. One lady who was doing well, remarked whilst gazing at her husband, "My luck must change". A brother said he could see the queen through his glasses (binoculars). I apologise Jimmy, because according to this morning's paper, she was there. I was working on the theory at that time, that through the bottom of glasses you can see just about anything you desire.

At 5.45 p.m. we departed and the route home was extremely pleasant, through Constable type countryside. The weather was very good, and I feel over all, we had a superlative day. Edgar, you've done it again! To those who missed it what can I say? You missed a hit.

The abuse? Well!! In the 5.5 p.m. race, a horse named Red Canute was running, or should I say, was due to run. For details ask any brother who attended. For a more lurid and devastating description, ask me. Enquiries in general should be conducted thus. Wait until a likely brother has a glass to his lips, then murmur "Red Canute". If he chokes - he came with us. If not then pass on, because he didn't attend. To continue: as I boarded the coach to come home, minus shirt, one brother, devoid of the sympathetic tear, remarked, "a likely candidate".

J.B.

OUR DUTIES AS MASONS

You may ask, "What is Masonry doing as its part in our world today, a world which presents so many problems, a world that so badly needs the gentle and wise teachings of the Masonic Institution". But the informed Mason will understand that Masonry's plan was established centuries ago.

It has always been a teaching institution which sets forth designs for fruitful living through obedience to Divine Laws.

Its purpose is to make Master Masons of its members, motivated by the loftiest ideals, who will project the Principals of Masonry through their lives into world society.

Thus the purposes of Masonry are accomplished in only one way, through the Mason.

At this period of history, the Mason has a two-fold obligation; the first is to protect the institution against any and all efforts that may be made from within or without to retreat from the ideals, or to make changes in order to satisfy the demands of those who seek an easy way out.

There is a further obligation to take an active part in the work of Masonry, to study and to improve, so that the good effects of Masonic training and discipline may be reflected through our own lives.

The question is not what will Masonry do. It is always, what will we do as Master Masons.

C.F.W.

THE MOTHER LODGE

There was Rundle, Station Master,
An' Beazely of the Rail,
An' Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Doukin o' the Jail,
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe Shop,
Old Eramjee Eduljee.

Outside - "Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"
Inside - "Brother", an' it doesn't do no 'arm,
We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
And I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, Draughtsman,
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chucherbutty,
An' Amir from the fittin' sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

We 'adn't good Regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
An' we kep'em to a hair;
An' looking on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep' per'aps its us.

For monthly after labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquets,
Lest a Brother's caste were broke)
An' man on man got talkin'
Religion and the rest,
An' everyman comparin'
Of the God he knew the best.

So man on man got talkin'
An' not a Brother stirred,
Till morning waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain fever bird;
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment Service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetings,
To the Lodges east an' west,
Accordin' as commanded,
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them,
In my Mother Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the hog-darn passin' down
An' the old khansamah snorin'
On the bottle-khana floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother Lodge once more.

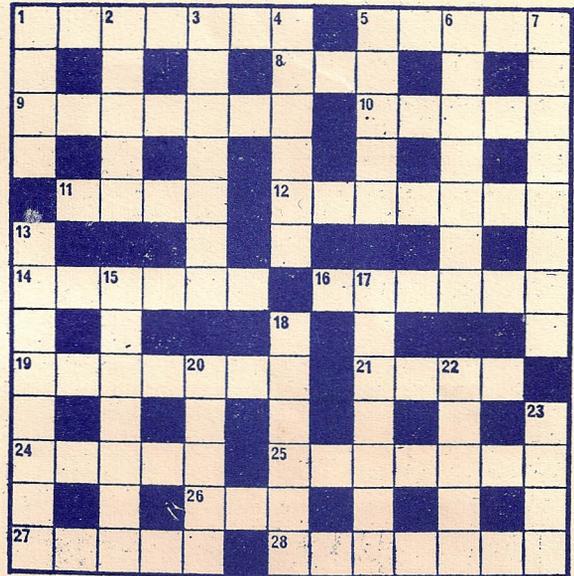
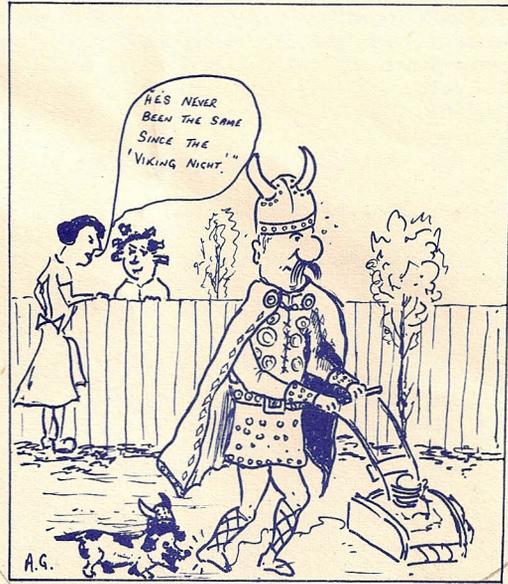
Outside - "Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salam!"
Inside - "Brother" an' it doesn't do no 'arm.
We met upon the Level, an' we parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there.

Rudyard Kipling.

SOLUTION

Across. 1. Section. 5. Asset. 8. Orb. 9. Glazier. 10. Inane. 11. Yeti. 12. Avenger. 14. Castle. 16. Guards. 19. Numeral. 21. Iron. 24. Motor. 25. Isolate. 26. Awl. 27. Camel. 28. Sundial.
Down. 1. Sign. 2. Crane. 3. Initial. 4. Norman. 5. Abide. 6. Stagger. 7. Theorist. 13. Economic. 15. Syntom. 17. Unicorn. 18. Flails. 20. Rural. 22. Okapi. 23. Weal.

EBB AND FLO' - "DANISH DEMENTIA"



ACROSS

1. The tar pail is about to be half filled. (7)
5. Does this officer need a stick? (5)
8. The mixed up car turned into a half circle. (3)
9. The visitor found the ring in port missing, so he tied up with the pier. (7)
10. Vi went to a do, but did not sing this sought of refrain. (5)
11. Solo capital. (4)
13. Change the fuel slightly, and the lantern becomes everlasting. (7)
14. Good health, Twist or bust. (6)
16. Fruit cargo of the S.S. True? (6)
19. If you used a cat as a footrest, you would upset its purr. (7)
21. Very hot rock. (4)
24. To be strictly correct, extract the T.R. (5)
25. The attendant rode to the small railway. (7)
26. Low bird of prey. (3)
27. Sounds like the male vocalists fee. (5)
28. None dug the subterranean cell. (7)

DOWN

1. P.M. in a hole? (4)
 2. I got runs, but the innings was in a shambles. (5)
 3. Wicked fairies debts. (7)
 4. Lead Rob Roy or Robin Redbreast or even Rolls Royce into a store for food. (6)
 5. The Grand Prix Races may cause terror. (5)
 6. Plenty of sound competent sailors. (7)
 7. Altering a tidy life may make you even more loyal. (8)
 13. One hundred centres all in a curve. (8)
 15. More than a bit of rain in this country. (7)
 17. Alun and Ned got together and travelled light. (7)
 18. Gain support by reversing the hold up. (6)
 20. This blade is not for cutting. (5)
 22. On the border, but grieve not yourself. (5)
 23. Not her anthem. (4)
- Solution next issue.

R.J.H.