

The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



The Waller Masonic Lodge Buildings From December 30, 1897 To The Present

Study Nights Mondays 6:30pm - January 2015 Issue - Meetings 2nd Tuesday 7:30pm
Worshipful Master Jason Tones – Secretary – Bart Harvey – Editor John “Corky” Daut

Cardinal Virtues

By William "Ray" Fischer

If you had three wishes what would you wish for? Most people would wish to;

1. Live forever.
2. Win the lottery.
3. Have peace on earth.

Living forever, although it seems immortal, is one of the most mortal parts of mankind abilities. We all live forever, for as long as you live that is forever. When your body expires your spirit lives on and people who know you will remember you, and that remembrance will keep you living forever.

Winning the lottery is much more difficult. First you have to play to win and then be one out of twenty million. But, all of this does not matter because we have enough for ourselves and our families. We have enough to live on, and to survive, we may not have it as easy as others but we have enough.

Peace on earth is a matter of cooperation and understanding. The more we understand each other the less difficult it will be to cooperate and achieve peace.

We can be sure that some have other wants or needs, noble and selfish, but what about an alternative. How about Ability, Strength, and Wisdom.

With ability Temperance would be easy. If you have the ability to accomplish what you wish, temperance would be the first accomplishment. To be able to control ones desires is the goal of every good man.

This would make it easy for you to help others through your example and your knowledge.

With strength Fortitude is a part. To be strong of character you must have fortitude. Fortitude is the driving force in strength of character. This would give you the skill to deal with those who would subvert the good you are trying to do. Prudence would be found and Justice could be served. Prudence is a part of wisdom. To be wise is to be prudent. Justice is known to a wise person. Thus, to be wise is to have the know-how to administer justice. Having the knowledge

With wisdom to use prudence and dispense justice can only come from wisdom. Thus, we would be able to tell who is in need and who is causing the pain of need.

So if given three wishes, maybe we should wish for:

The ability to help those in need.

The strength to forgive those who cause pain.

The wisdom to know the difference.

If we all did this we would still live forever, we would all be richer and peace on earth would last for an eternity.



Early Masonry In North America & Elsewhere

Despite the pre-eminence of the Grand Lodge of England in the development of Speculative Freemasonry, it is interesting that few "overseas" lodges were chartered by it. The breakaway York Lodge of "Ancients" which the eminent historian Mackey called the Atholl Grand Lodge, was extremely active in granting charters in the 60 years before it rejoined the Grand Lodge of England in 1813.

Grand Lodges of Ancient York Masons were formed in Canada, Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, New York, Massachusetts, Nova Scotia, Gibraltar and most of the West Indies. These lodges were recognized by the Grand Lodges of Ireland and Scotland, but not, of course, by England until after 1813.

This sort of allegiance strikes many non-Masons (and even some Brethren) as strange. They know Freemasonry is a centuries old institution and that members of the craft are found in lodges throughout the world. But contrary to the general belief, the fact is that Freemasonry is not a world-wide organization in the same sense that it is all directed by some central body. Lodges fall under the Masonic jurisdiction of various Grand Lodges, not all of which recognize each other.

The first deputation granted from England for the North American Colonies appointed Daniel Cox the Provincial Grand

Master of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania in 1730. The same year Benjamin Franklin, editor and printer of the Pennsylvania Gazette, wrote that there were several lodges in existence, presumably formed without warrants in the "time immemorial" tradition which prevailed prior to 1717.

In a number of countries, including Canada, the first lodges were formed by soldiers who were already Masons and wished to continue the work. I must confess that I have not made much of an effort to research early Masonic history in Canada. The few books I have read were uniformly dull and uninspiring.

In France, the early days of Freemasonry were plagued by dissention, rivalries and a great deal of stiff persecution. A number of Blue Lodges were formed as early as 1721.

However in 1799, the warring factions managed to sign a truce and the old Grand Lodge of France which had been established around 1735 gave way to the new body titled Grand Orient of France.

Another oddity of the early days as recorded by Mackey in his "History of Freemasonry":

"In the Grand Lodge list of lodges in 1730, there is one numbered 102 of Madrid, which met at the "French Arms" and thus suggests that most of the members were Frenchmen."

"Apparently the Madrid lodge met on a Sunday, a common custom of French lodges. Le Candeur, an old lodge of French members in Charleston, South Carolina, which had its warrant originally from the Grand Orient of France, always met on a Sunday. It continued this practise even after uniting with the Grand Lodge of South Carolina."

As the years passed, lodges were established (and became extinct) in just about every corner of the globe. One unusual view of the craft was taken by a Royal Commission in South Africa just a few years ago. In a most thorough enquiry into Freemasonry, it was concluded that there is nothing militant or subversive in modern ritual. This finding was carried by The Bulletin at that time, and the essence is worth repeating: "As far as I could ascertain" [said the South African commissioner]

"It is only certain signs and passwords which serve mainly to test a person's assertion that he is a Freemasonry of a recognized lodge, which are preserved as the secrets of the order.

"In so far as its ritual, allegory and symbols are concerned, these are not, strictly speaking, regarded as secrets of the order, but the order holds the view that they are of interest only to a Freemasonry and nobody else, and they are consequently not freely revealed.

"Meetings of the lodges also take place behind closed doors and only members are admitted to these meetings. This procedure is in accordance with that followed by any association or club. The basic principles and aims of Freemasonry are not kept secret and are freely discussed in articles in monthly periodicals which anyone may obtain. Membership of the order is not regarded or preserved as a secret."

The scope of world-wide Freemasonry was clearly revealed in 1967 item in the Bulletin. The occasion was the 250th anniversary of the United Grand Lodge of England, which a number of British Columbia Brethren attended. Said the Bulletin:

"Some 6,500 Freemasons from every part of the world were in attendance - all clothed in formal dress, black tie and white gloves and full regalia. There were Grand Masters and Grand Secretaries, Grand Representatives from the Grand Lodges in Canada, from almost all of those in the United States, from Australia, Europe, Africa, South America, together with the Provincial Grand Masters, District Grand Masters and their Secretaries from those many far away places over which the United Grand Lodge holds sovereignty."

By: Brother Harry M. Furniss; Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 100; Vancouver, BC;



A married couple in their early 60s was celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary in a quiet, romantic little restaurant.

Suddenly, a tiny yet beautiful fairy appeared on their table.

She said, 'For being such an exemplary married couple and for being loving to each other for all this time, I will grant you each a wish.'

The wife answered, "Oh, I want to travel around the world with my darling husband."

The fairy waved her magic wand and – poof... two tickets for the Queen Mary II appeared in her hands.

The husband thought for a moment: "Well, this is all very romantic, but an opportunity like this will never come again. I'm sorry my love, but my wish is to have a wife 30 years younger than me."

The wife and the fairy were deeply disappointed, but a wish is a wish. So the fairy waved her magic wand and poof... the husband became 92 years old.

The moral of this story: Men are ungrateful skunks and should remember that Fairies are females!



Waller Masonic Lodge Annual Scholarship & Charity Raffle

Drawing to be held February 10, 2015

**First Prize; Smith & Wesson M&P 15 Rifle 5.56 Caliber
(Same as AR 15)**

*(Rifle winner must be at least 18 years old and
pass the background check to claim rifle.)*

Second Prize; Kindle Fire 7 HDE

Third Prize; Maxim Reel and Ugly Stik Fishing Rod

Fourth Prize; Two (2) Buck Folding Knives

Tickets only \$5.00 each or 5 for \$20.00

Happy Birthday Brothers

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>
John W. Reese, Jr.	84
Doyle Sitton	80
Edward Locklear	79
Chester H. Beaty	73
John W. Loofs	68
John Leatherman	66
John N. Daut, Sr.	62

Masonic Anniversaries

<u>Name</u>	<u>Years</u>
Bob Scarborough	54
Chester H. Beaty	44
Robert F. Willie	36
Wes Mersiovsky	25
Eric Flanagan	18
Danny Williamson	14
Matt Stokes	06
Richard J. Franks	02
Matt Gass	02



From The Worshipful Master

I would like to offer my wishes for a happy and productive New Year to the Brothers of Waller Lodge and all Masonic Brothers everywhere.

I would also like to extend my thanks to the Brothers of Waller Lodge for your work and dedication to your Lodge in the past years.

At the same time, I need to say that attendance at the Monday study nights has dropped pretty low lately. We will be having both an EA and Fellowcraft degree coming up fairly soon.

It would be a terrible embarrassment and very bad impression of freemasonry on a new candidate or Brother if Waller Lodge doesn't have enough Brothers present to confer those degrees.



Fifty Year Service Awards

On Saturday January 24 at Waller Lodge District Deputy Grand Master Right Worshipful Charlie

Cupples will present the Certificates and Lapel Pens to Brother Derwood Owen Ralston and to Brother Harold A. Thomas for 50 years of service to Freemasonry.

The award ceremony will be presented in an open meeting in the Lodge Room following the meal which will begin at 6:30pm. Wives, family and friends are welcome.

The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter Subscriber's Extra

Benedict Arnold and Solomon's Lodge No. 1

By Catherine Walter, Curator

Benedict Arnold: Freemason and Traitor Benedict Arnold's history shows that he was an ardent Patriot in the beginning of the War, his eagerness probably fueled by the trouble that the British were causing for colonial business men. In 1761 Benedict Arnold had opened a general store in New Haven, CT. With the sale of family property in 1764 Arnold became a merchant trader and began to travel to Canada and to the West Indies, where it is believed he became a Freemason.

On April 10, 1765 Benedict Arnold affiliated with Hiram Lodge No. 1 in New Haven, where the minutes read: Brother Benedict Arnold is by Right Worshipful [Nathan Whiting] proposed to be made a member of the Right Worshipful Lodge and is accordingly made a member in this Lodge .

In 1767 Benedict Arnold married Margaret Manseld, the daughter of a fellow Freemason, Samuel Manseld. Arnold had begun building a large house near his store in 1770, which was completed in 1771.

His involvement in this project, and with a lawsuit he was engaged in, may explain why he was able to attend a meeting at Solomon's No. 1 on June 12, 1771, instead of beginning the seasons shipping travel.

Freemasonry in Poughkeepsie

In April 18, 1771 Provincial Grand Master George Harison issued a warrant to Solomon's Lodge No. 1, Poughkeepsie's first Masonic Lodge. The Lodge was re-numbered three times: once in 1797 when it surrendered its Provincial charter and was issued a new one as No. 56; once in 1800 when it was changed to No. 5, and finally in 1819 when it was changed to No. 6. In 1828, after the Morgan affair, the Lodge disappeared; in 1832 the Grand Lodge forfeited their warrant.

In 1852 the second Lodge in the area was warranted as Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 266. This Lodge is still in existence and is celebrating its 155 th Anniversary in June of 2007. In 1879 a third Masonic Lodge was warranted and named Triune Lodge No. 782; and in 1922 a fourth, named Obed Lodge No. 984, was warranted. In 1986 these two Lodges merged to become Triune - Obed Lodge No. 782, which celebrates its 128 th Anniversary in September of 2007.

Revolution, Treason and Aftermath

When the Revolution began on April 19, 1775 Benedict Arnold aggressively joined the fight against the British. His wife Margaret died on June 19th, two months after the Revolution began. Arnold then spent the next four years fighting valiantly for the Revolution. In June of 1778 he was given command of Philadelphia.

It was here in Philadelphia that he met his second wife, Peggy Shippen, who was a Loyalist and who was formerly loved and courted by Major André. Peggy's ambition is credited as one of the main reasons for Arnold's treason, another being Arnold's huge dissatisfaction with the treatment he was receiving from the new government, where he felt he had been passed over for promotions. He also felt unjustly charged with mismanaging his post in Philadelphia, where he had begun to live extravagantly. He was later court-martialed in Morristown, N J in June of 1779 for misuse of both funds and army personnel. His sentence was a reprimand by the commander-in-chief, George Washington, a sentence confirmed by Congress on February 12th, 1780. For Arnold, who felt wrongly accused, to be reprimanded by his friend Washington was not only embarrassing, but he thought it extremely insulting to all of the sacrifices he had made for the war effort.

At this point, Benedict Arnold had already made his first overture to the British. After his humiliating censure, he turned down an active command position and convinced Washington to give him command of the strategically located West Point. On September 23, 1780, Arnold's traitorous plot to turn West Point over to the British as discovered by the capture of a British soldier, Major John André, by three Patriots: John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams. Paulding and Williams would later become Freemasons, with Paulding joining Cortlandt Lodge No. 34 in Cortlandt, N Y in the 1790s and Williams joining Lotus Lodge No. 31 in 1827, serving as its first Junior Warden.

Benedict Arnold escaped to a British ship and later fought for the British against the Revolution. He died in poverty in London in 1801. André was killed by hanging, as regulations relating to a spy required, but he presented so sympathetic a figure that General Hamilton was moved to comment, "He died universally esteemed and universally regretted."

On May 16, 1781 Solomon's Lodge No. 1 passed a resolution which states: "Ordered that the Name of Benedict Arnold be considered as obliterated from the Minutes of this Lodge, a Traitor. His signature in the list of visitors to the Lodge on June 12, 1771 is crossed out in a way that allows identification of the name beneath. Next to the statement of the 1781 resolution is a small drawing of a hand, with a finger pointing at the word Traitor.

Two years after the death of Major André. George Washington visited Solomon's Lodge No. 1 on December 27, 1782. At the meeting, part of an address read to the Commander-in-Chief was recorded in the minutes as follows: "We the Master, Wardens and Brethren of Solomon's Lodge No. 1 are highly sensible of the Honor done to Masonry in general by the countenance shown to it by the most Dignified Character..."

At the time of Washington's visit to the Lodge, the Revolutionary War was almost over. Britain declared an end to the hostilities on February 4, 1783 and the United States Congress declared an end to the war on April 11, 1783. The British did not evacuate completely from New York City, however, until almost a year after Washington's visit to Solomon's Lodge No. 1, leaving on November 25th, 1783 as Washington entered the city in triumph.



Dirt Roads

What's mainly wrong with society today is that too many Dirt Roads have been paved.

There's not a problem in America today, crime, drugs, education, divorce, delinquency that wouldn't be remedied, if we just had more Dirt Roads, because Dirt Roads give character.

People that live at the end of Dirt Roads learn early on that life is a bumpy ride.

That it can jar you right down to your teeth sometimes, but it's worth it, if at the end is home...a loving spouse, happy kids and a dog.

We wouldn't have near the trouble with our educational system if our kids got their exercise walking a Dirt Road with other kids, from whom they learn how to get along.

There was less crime in our streets before they were paved.

Criminals didn't walk two dusty miles to rob or rape, if they knew they'd be welcomed by 5 barking dogs and a double barrel shotgun.

And there were no drive by shootings.

Our values were better when our roads were worse!

People did not worship their cars more than their kids, and motorists were more courteous, they didn't tailgate by riding the bumper or the guy in front would choke you with dust & bust your windshield with rocks.

Dirt Roads taught patience.

Dirt Roads were environmentally friendly, you didn't hop in your car for a quart of milk you walked to the barn for your milk.

For your mail, you walked to the mail box.

What if it rained and the Dirt Road got washed out? That was the best part, then you stayed home and had some family time, roasted marshmallows and popped popcorn and pony rode on Daddy's shoulders and learned how to make prettier quilts than anybody.

At the end of Dirt Roads, you soon learned that bad words tasted like soap.

Most paved roads lead to trouble, Dirt Roads more likely lead to a fishing creek or a swimming hole.

At the end of a Dirt Road, the only time we even locked our car was in August, because if we didn't some neighbor would fill it with too much zucchini.

At the end of a Dirt Road, there was always extra springtime income, from when city dudes would get stuck, you'd have to hitch up a team and pull them out.

Usually you got a dollar...always you got a new friend...at the end of a Dirt Road!

~by Paul Harvey~



The Funnies Your Grandparents Read



Actually, I remember reading them myself. But, come to think of it, I'm a great grandpa. *Corky*

Old Tiler Talks

Joke - By Carl Claudy

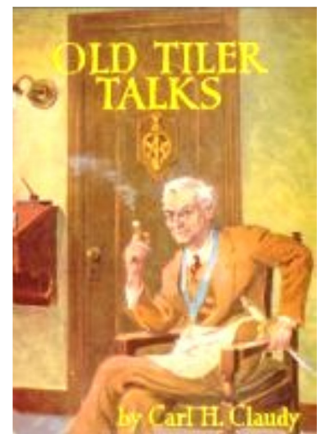
I never saw much point in this joke about 'sitting up with the sick,'" began the New Brother to the Old Tiler, "but since I joined the lodge I do. I used to think it was a pretty idea; that a lodge member should sit up with a sick brother seemed real brotherhood. Now I find we don't so I see the joke."

"Do you, now! How keen is your sense of humor?" answered the Old Tiler. "Wh o told you we didn't sit with our sick friends?"

"Why, no one. But if we did, I'd have heard of it, wouldn't I?"

"Depends on the length of your ears. Yesterday I tried to buy a hat. The salesman showed me one and said it was twenty-five dollars. I asked him where the holes were. 'What holes?' he asked. I told him I meant the holes for the ears of the jackass who would pay twenty-five dollars for that hat. If your ears are long enough, maybe you can hear about our sitting up with our sick friends. But I presume you are hard of hearing?"

"In small towns a few decades ago, nurses were few. When a brother was sick we often sat with him, hand him water or medicine, doing what we could. In modern days there is less need for such help. But don't think we never do. Last month the Master called for volunteers to stay all night in a



house where an old lady was dying. Our brother from that house was out of town. The old lady had a daughter and a nurse, but daughter was afraid to be alone. We had sixteen volunteers, and every night for a week two did their part. All they did was sit there and read, but who knows what comfort they were to that distracted daughter? The old lady finally died and in the day time. It looks as if what we did was wasted effort but the old lady might have died in the night. Our brethren were there to help if she did. The daughter knew her husband's brethren were within call so she slept secure in the protection Masonry threw about her.

"You say 'we don't sit up.' Don't confuse 'sitting up' with actually resting erect in a chair. No brother of Ellis or any other good lodge is reported sick but he receives a call from Master, Warden, chairman of the committee on the sick, or some brother. It makes no difference whether the brother is wealthy or poor, we see what we can do. Most members of the lodge are fairly prosperous citizens, able to look after themselves, but even so a sick member is human enough to value the interest the lodge takes. Knowing that his mighty brotherhood is anxious about him acts as a tonic. The sick man may be too ill to admit us to his bedside, but they tell him about it, and it heartens him.

"I was one visitor and a streetcar motorman was the other on duty last week. We visited an ill banker, president or director in half the companies in town. You never saw a man more pleased than Mr. Rich Man. He had us shown to his room and talked lodge and asked questions and wanted information about the fellows just as if he was a poor man like the rest of us. He happens to be a real Mason as well as a wealthy man. He wrote a letter to the Master and said our visit had done him more good than his doctor, and wouldn't he please send us or some other brethren again.

"I called on a sick brother too ill to see me. I saw his wife and his home and it was easy to see the brother needed help. He was too proud or his wife didn't know enough to ask for it. So I reported and we sent our own doctor and nurse and paid some bills and generally managed until the brother got well. He has paid back every cent, little by little, but he says he can never repay the kindness.

"Sitting up with a sick lodge member' may be a good alibi for the poker player; I don't know. I have read it in joke papers. But I never thought it funny, because I know how well Masonry does care for her sick, and how much it means to an ill man to have his brother take an interest in him. If you know any sick, tell us. If you hear of any, tell us. And if . . . say, did you ever visit a sick brother?"

"I never had the chance," defended the New Brother.

"You mean you never made the chance!" countered the Old Tiler. "Will you go to the sick committee and ask for duty, or will I report your name for that duty to the Master? Or do you want to go on thinking it's a joke?"

"I got an earful, didn't I" responded the New Brother. "You tell me to whom to go!"



Surviving the Big Ones

By John "Corky" Daut

The big ones for me were that 16 year period between the Great Depression and World War II. Being born in 1928, I grew up during the hard times between the stock market crash of 1929 and the end of World War II in 1945.

A house wife put out a pretty good meal for 25 or 30 cents during the depression, if she could scrape together the 25 or 30 cents. Biscuits and cornbread were pretty much the rule rather than the exceptions for most families. Either dried butter beans, pinto beans or black eyed peas, along with fried, boiled, or mashed potatoes were usually on the table for most families. These were often varied with whatever fresh vegetables were available and cheap. We often had some kind of meat or salmon patties or macaroni and cheese, but not every night.

Of course there were fresh vegetables like greens, fresh beans and peas, carrots and cabbage, along with whatever fresh fruit was available, even in the city. Mother bought her's from our neighborhood vegetable man. His wagon's approach was announced to the housewives along the route with it's loud bell. He had a big bell mounted under the wagon bed with a foot pedal. He would step on it every so often to make it ring and announce to the housewives that he would be coming by very soon. He only sold quality merchandise and his overhead was low enough for reasonable prices.. His wagon was pulled by a placid old horse who knew the route as well as his owner. The vegetable man had immigrated from Syria was very proud to be an American who owned his own business, but he especially beamed with the inner pride that he was able to send every one of his children to college.

Luckily for many families, most of the butchers of that era would give their regular customers a few soup bones for their dog or a pork or calf liver for their cat. In reality there were a lot of dogs and cats that lived on left over biscuits and cornbread. Their masters however, went to bed with full stomachs after eating a big bowl of vegetable soup with a soup bone in it or plate of fried liver and onions.

Cakes and pies were not unusual for Sunday desert. Even my dad could make a mean lemon pie once in a while, when he had a sweet tooth. A lot of time though, desert was a left over biscuit with a hole punched in the side that had been filled with some ribbon cane syrup.

The best time for us to have a good meal was a Sunday dinner at Grandma Daut's house in Montgomery, Texas. Dad was an only child and grandma would probably blow most of a week's earnings on groceries on the weekends when we visited. Baked ham, potato salad, big butter beans, macaroni and cheese, candied yams, hot yeast rolls, homemade pickles, real cow butter and a few assorted pies and cakes. All of this was cooked slow on an old kerosene burning cook stove. Then in the afternoon when we started to return to Houston, she would pack the biggest part of the leftovers for us to take home with us for our supper.

Lunch time at old Sam Houston High School was different for us than for students of other schools.. It was the only Houston school that allowed any of it's students to leave school property and eat lunch anywhere in Houston as long as they were back in time for their next class. We did have a lunch room in the school, but it was so small that at least half of the students ended up eating somewhere else.

Many of the boys ate lunch at Wimpy's Hamburger Stand. It was a little building about 8 foot square that stood on the corner of a pay parking lot directly across Capitol Avenue from the school's main entrance. It was a mom and pop operation



W.M. Corky 2006



ran by and old Italian couple we called Mr and Miss Pete. You stood on the sidewalk to give your order through a window above the narrow counter that extending across the front of the building. You ate anywhere you could squat down or sat on the fender of someone's car in the parking lot. Two hamburgers, a bag of chips and a soda pop cost thirty five cents. Hamburgers were fifteen cents each or two for twenty five cents. Those lucky kids with a little extra money to spend could eat at Steve's Bar-B-Que up in the next block on Capitol street or even Tip Top Coney Island in the second block up. But that was getting near Main street and enough office workers could beat us to the serving line to cut our time pretty close. Alas, James Coney Island was to far away. Times were still pretty hard in the early nineteen forties. We were only a couple of years out of the great depression and I can remember two or three kids who never had lunch money, even a dime for one of Pete's hamburgers. The only preparations they made for lunch was to bring a screw driver. They would walk down the street a little ways and use it to pop the door on a parking meter and get a few of nickels for a hamburger.

None of us condoned the stealing, even a few nickels, but didn't say anything because we could understand their hunger and feel their shame.

I thought about those boys many times, a decade or so later when I was emptying nickels from the parking meters on that same block . . . legally, as an employee of the City of Houston's Parking Meter Division.

PS, Mr. Pete or his wife could be seen behind the counter every morning, mixing something with their hands in a big dish pan. Most of us knew it was equal parts of toasted stale bread and hamburger meat. How else do you think he could sell hamburgers for fifteen cents each or two for a quarter in the 1940's?

However . . . after thinking about it, it kind of makes you wonder about the little sidewalk hamburger stand next door to the Ritz theater, between Main and Travis on Preston avenue. They sold their hamburgers for a nickel apiece.

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Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. . . Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.



The Ancient Working Tools Of A Master Mason

The Ancient Workings Ritual States The Working Tools of a Master Mason Are All The Tools In Masonry Indiscriminately But More Especially the Trowel

To begin, I will first provide you with the definition of the TROWEL as provided in The Lexicon of Freemasonry by Albert G. Mackey. It is, in part,as follows: An implement of operative Masonry, which has been adapted by speculative Masons, as the peculiar working tool of the Masters Degree

By this implement, and its use in operative Masonry to spread the cement which binds all the parts of the building into one common mass, we are taught to spread the cement of affection and kindness, which unites all the members of the Masonic family, wheresoever dispersed over the globe into one companionship of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

THE TROWEL

The Trowel is an important symbol and working tool in Craft Masonry in many parts of the world, although it has become obsolete in England and in those rituals based on English workings.

However, the Trowel was still being used in England in the 18th Century, when Masonry was being spread abroad, and, perhaps, as a result, American Lodges still use it as the only Working Tool in their Master Masons Degree.

An early English book, Preston's Illustrations of Masonry dated 1792, says: The Trowel is mentioned as one of the things presented to the W.M. on his installation.

But when the ritual was revived in 1813 the trowel appears to have been dropped from the English craft Masonry altogether and is now completely obsolete in the system.

However, in Scotland today (1966) the Trowel is used as the collar jewel of the Junior Deacon, and the Grand Junior Deacon also wears this jewel as part of his regalia. They explain the use of the Trowel this way: The Trowel teaches that nothing can be united without proper cement, and the perfection of the building depends on the suitable disposition of the cement. So Charity, the bond of perfection and social union, must unite separate minds and interests that, like the radii of a circle which extend from the centre to every part of the circumference, the principle of universal benevolence may be diffused to every member of the community.

As it is used by the operative Brother to spread cement which unites the building into one common mass, so the Freemason uses the Trowel emblematically for the noble and glorious purpose of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection, that cement which unites the members of the fraternity into one sacred band or society of Brothers among whom no contention should ever exist.

However, in the Scandinavian countries, all Masons in Craft Lodges wear the Trowel as a jewel. Entered Apprentices and Fellowcrafts wear a silver Trowel and Master Masons wear a gold Trowel.

These countries use two sets of Working Tools, both sets being explained in the First Degree. The first set consists of the square, level, and plumb rule. The second set consists of the Trowel, hammer and compasses. The Trowel is also well known in European Masonry.

In one French working, (if not more) the candidate in the Fellowcraft Degree is made to take five voyages around the Lodge and on each voyage carries a different Working Tool, namely the mallet and chisel, the square and compasses, the rule and crowbar, the level, and on the fifth and last voyage, the Trowel.

In U.S. Lodges, and, in those Canadian Lodges which have taken their ritual and form from the various American states, the Trowel is the only Working Tool used in the Third Degree.

To quote Mackey's Encyclopedia: This implement is considered the appropriate Working Tool of a Master Mason, because, in operative Masonry, while the Apprentice is engaged in preparing the rude materials, which require only the gauge and gavel to give them their proper shape, the Fellow Craft places them in their proper position by means of the plumb, level, and square; but the Master Mason alone, having examined their correctness and proved them true and trusty, secures them permanently in their place by spreading, with the Trowel, the cement that irrevocably binds them together.

Robert Macoy, in his book, The Masonic Ritual, informs us that the Trowel is an implement made use of by operative Masons to spread the cement which unites the building into one common mass; but we, as Free and Accepted Masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection; that cement which unites

us into one sacred band, or society of friends and brothers, among whom no contention should ever exist, but that noble contention, or rather emulation, of who best can work, and best agree.

This charge, as Macoy gives it, has remained relatively unchanged to this day, and is still used by most American and some Canadian Lodges.

The Trowel has been, and still is, a respected Working Tool in the Craft throughout much of the world and, even though we may not use it ourselves, it may still provide us with much symbolism on which to moralize.

Wayne Anderson, FCF, MPS - Alle Menschen werden Brueder - 2B1 ASK1



The Big Pancake Supper

Editor's Note; I like to rerun an old story occasionally to remind us how it was. This one was from the January 2010 Waller Lodge newsletter,

Waller Masonic Lodge held its third Annual Pancake Supper and Silent Auction fundraiser a couple of weeks ago.

I well remember the first one because I thought it was the worst idea for a fundraiser I had ever heard of. Who eats pancakes for supper? When we made a pot full of money that evening, I was positive that it was some kind of fluke. Then we had the second one last year and the money raised was very good again.

Then a few weeks ago, with funds pretty low, we quickly decided to have our third "Annual Pancake Supper and Silent Auction". I knew this one wasn't going to do worth a darn. It was a spur of the moment thing, every one doing their own thing, with hardly any planning.

Once again I was proven wrong and we did great. It did so good in fact, that I would like to compare it with our principal historic fund raiser, the Liendo Plantation Civil War Reenactment, from last year.

It took months of planning with our partners from Hempstead Lodge for last year's reenactment. We spent a thousand or more dollars for supplies, and hours of work setting up the tent and the equipment early in the week, then 10 or 15 volunteers cooked and sold food and drinks on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, then we had to take down the tent and return all of the equipment to the Lodges

Last year was a bad year with rainy days and the bad economy and we cleared just under a thousand dollars each for Hempstead and Waller Lodges

For the third Annual Pancake Supper and Silent Auction fundraiser, we had a few weeks to get ready. We spent just over \$200 for supplies and had about 6 Brothers and 4 or 5 wives working about 4 hours plus the time and money spent mailing a letter to each Brother with 10 tickets to sell. Some of the Brothers sold tickets and some just bought them there selves and mailed in the money and a couple of brothers sent hundred dollar checks. We took in \$1,360 on ticket sales and donations and a little over \$700 on the silent auction selling donated items for an income of \$1860 after expenses, or double last year's earnings for 3 full days of work at Liendo. We have to thank Brother Jimmy Hooper who was the top ticket seller and all the others who sold or bought their tickets and Stewards A.J. Ward and John Stalsby and their wife's and P.M. Fred Loofs for doing the cooking.

I was very happy to see visiting Brothers and old friends, Wayne Kluna and Junior Bridges from Hempstead Lodge, Tom Marshall from Katy Lodge and George Tones from Conroe Lodge.



The day finally arrived. Forrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself. However, the gates are closed, and Forrest approaches the gatekeeper.

St. Peter said, 'Well, Forrest, it is certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must tell you, though, that the place is filling up fast, and we have been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The test is short, but you have to pass it before you can enter.'

Forrest responds, 'It sure is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever told me about any entrance exam. I sure hope that the test ain't too hard. Life was a big enough test as it was.'

St. Peter continued, 'Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions. First: What two days of the week begin with the letter T? Second: How many seconds are there in a year? Third; What is God's first name?'

Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter, who waves him up, and says, 'Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers.'

Forrest replied, 'Well, the first one, which two days in the week begins with the letter "T"? Shucks, that one is easy. That would be Today and Tomorrow.'

The Saint's eyes opened wide and he exclaimed, 'Forrest, that is not what I was thinking, but you do have a point, and I guess I did not specify, so I will give you credit for that answer. How about the next one?' asked St. Peter.

'How many seconds in a year? Now that one is harder,' replied Forrest, 'but I think and think about that, and I guess the only answer can be twelve.'

Astounded, St. Peter said, 'Twelve? Twelve? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?'

Forrest replied, 'Shucks, there's got to be twelve: January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd. . . '

'Hold it,' interrupts St. Peter. 'I see where you are going with this, and I see your point, though that was not quite what I had in mind... but I will have to give you credit for that one, too. Let us go on with the third and final question. Can you tell me God's first name?' 'Sure,' Forrest replied, 'it's Andy.'

'Andy?' exclaimed an exasperated and frustrated St Peter. Ok, I can understand how you came up with your answers to my first two questions, but just how in the world did you come up with the name Andy as the first name of God?'

'Shucks, that was the easiest one of all,' Forrest replied. 'I learnt it from the song, ANDY WALKS WITH ME, ANDY TALKS WITH ME, ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN.'

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates, and said: 'Run, Forrest, run.'

Lord, give me a sense of humor. Give me the ability to understand a clean joke. Give me the capability to get some humor out of life. And, the skill to pass it on to other folks! (Thanks to P.M., Brother Calvin Trapp) [WN 0909]



Two Very Good Questions

To Test Your Judgment

Question 1: If you knew a woman who was pregnant, who had 8 kids already, three who were deaf, two who were blind, one mentally retarded, and she had syphilis; would you recommend that she have an abortion?

Read the next question before going on down to the answer for this one.

Question 2: It is time to elect a new world leader, and your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three leading candidates:

Candidate A: Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologists. He's had two mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 martinis a day.

Candidate B: He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college and drinks a quart of whisky every evening.

Candidate C: He is a decorated war hero. He's a vegetarian, doesn't smoke, drinks an occasional beer and hasn't had any extramarital affairs.

Which of these candidates would be your choice?

(Decide first, no peeking, then go to the bottom of this next page for the answer).



Thank You Brothers

Editor's Note; This story that first appeared in the May 2008 Waller Lodge Newsletter. But the same message could have just as well have been written today for those other Brothers who were always first to volunteer to work for the Lodge during 2014, with the addition of names like John Reese Jr., Gary Mosmeyer, Jason Tones, Bart and John Harvey, Robert Wiggins, Richie Frank and Jesus Guerra. SO, THANK YOU BROTHERS, YOU ARE APPRECIATED. Please forgive me if I missed anyone. At 86, my rememberer doesn't work too well sometime.

By Corky – From the May 2008 Waller Lodge Newsletter

There are always a few Brothers who are ready to jump in when something at the Lodge has to be done.

I was thinking the other day of some of Waller Lodge's current workers, like Brother Maurice Tucker who drives to Waller from Carmine to do a Masonic funeral service when needed.

And Brother Bob Scarborough who spent the last 17 years keeping the Lodge records, working with Grand Lodge, correspondence, going to the post office and printer, writing a newsletter and countless little things.

And, Brother Calvin Trapp who jumps in when we have a plumbing problem, cuts grass, buys most of the food for Liendo cooks part of it at home and works the phone committee

And, Brother Wes Mersiovsky who is there when we need something built or remodeled and to teach new members the work.

And, Brother Bob Podvin who teaches floor work and the degrees and Brother Bart Harvey when someone needs teaching their degree work or both of them when the Lodge needs any kind of help.

And, Brother Ed Locklear who keeps us up with sick and distressed, prods people to come to study night and works the phone committee with Calvin and I.

And, the Brothers who always show up to work the fundraisers and those who come in for the called meetings to make the degrees possible.

And, of course, a big thank you to every one of us who has volunteered to supply a meal for the meetings this Masonic year. **(Editor's note; No Stewards that year)**

And, to all the Brothers who dig deeper in their pockets when we need additional funds and have to put on a fundraiser.

Usually these are also the kind of members who have already received a Golden Trowel award (except those who have to wait 3 years after being a Worshipful Master or a Warden to be eligible for the Golden Trowel award.). But, too often after they get the award we kind of take them for granted.

I Figure That We All Need To Say, Thank You to those Brothers, More Often.

And please forgive me for names I may have left out and the jobs I may have forgotten.



Grandparents' Answering Machine

Good morning... At present we are not at home but, please leave your message after you hear the beep.

Beeeeeeppp...

If you are one of our children, press 1 and then select the option from 1 to 5 in order of "arrival" so we know who it is.

If you need us to stay with the children, press 2

If you want to borrow the car, press 3

If you want us to wash and iron your clothes, press 4

If you want the grandchildren to sleep here tonight, press 5

If you want us to pick up the kids at school, press 6

If you want us to prepare a meal for Sunday or to have it delivered to your home, press 7

If you want to come to eat here, press 8

If you need money, press 9

If you are going to invite us to dinner or, are taking us to the theatre start talking. We are listening!"

Submitted by Brother Calvin Trapp

Answers To, Two Good Questions

Candidate A is Franklin Roosevelt,

Candidate B is Winston Churchill.

Candidate C is Adolph Hitler.

And by the way: The answer to the abortion question. If you said yes to the abortion, you just killed Beethoven.

Makes you wonder doesn't it? Makes a person think before judging someone...

And remember, amateurs built the ark but professionals built the Titanic.