

The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



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

Worshipful Master Bart Harvey - Editor John "Corky" Daut
The February 2014 Issue

A Blast From The Past

From the April 2009 Newsletter

Why Is Masonic Ritual Regarded As So Important?

Truth may be taught without ritual, but truth taught by ritual is always taught as the original teachers desired, and makes a lasting impression upon the mind of the learner.

Man has always devised ceremonies of initiation for his organizations; the Men's House of the Indians had them; savage tribes bring their young men officially to manhood by rites which are sometimes rather terrible; ancient religions admitted to the temple only those who could qualify by successfully completing a course of initiation; many modern churches—especially those denominated "high"—have set forms for religious worship; crafts and guilds of all kinds in all ages have had certain preparatory rites.

A ritual which becomes sacrosanct in human belief tends to stabilize truth and to keep it uncontaminated by "modern" ideas. Many a man has thought he could "improve" the ritual of Freemasonry. None has succeeded in making better that which was already "best," since its consent was and is living, breathing, sentient truth, conveyed in words, actions and symbols which by their very antiquity prove that they are "best" for the purpose.

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, beloved teacher of the spiritual aspects of Freemasonry, said: "Ritual is the dramatization of belief, hope and spiritual dream. It assists imagination by giving form to what otherwise would remain formless, presenting vivid mental images which lend a reality-feeling to what is often abstract and unreal. It is picture philosophy, truth visualized, at once expressing and confirming the faiths and visions of the mind."



Service Award For Bros. Bob Scarborough (50 year) & Fred Loofs (40 year)

By Corky

Waller Lodge was able to honor two of our outstanding Brothers Saturday January 18, 2014 with a dinner and their service awards. We were treated to a fried chicken dinner with all the fixings thanks to our Senior Steward Richard Frank and a few volunteers.

Brother Robert "Bob" Scarborough received his belated certificate and pen for 50 years of service to Freemasonry from D,D,G,M. Charles Cupples. Bob had a whole hand full of kinfolks to cheer for him and join in with the "Roast" by his Brothers. Due to bad health Bob was unable to receive it in 2012.

Brother Bob January 16, 1962 in S. P. Waltrip Masonic Lodge #1328 A.F. & A.M., He transferred his membership to Waller Lodge August 14, 1990.

Bob served as the Secretary for Waller Lodge for 16 years until he retired in 2006 and passed the job to Corky.

The Lodge made Bob a Life Member in appreciation for his service to the Lodge and to Freemasonry.

After Brother Bob's award, Worshipful Master Bart Harvey was joined by D.D.G.M. Cupples to present a 40 year Certificate and Pen to, Past Master and current Treasurer, James Fred Loofs Jr.



Bob Scarborough and DDGM Charles Cupples



PM Fred Loofs, DDGM Charles Cupples and WM Bart Harvey

Brother Fred was raised in Waller Lodge and was Worshipful Master for Waller Lodge from June 24, 1981 to June 23, 1982 and the District Deputy Grand Master for District #108 from December 8, 1984 to December 7, 1985.

Not satisfied with just the Blue Lodge work, Fred soon joined the Arabia Shrine and served in many positions and offices including the office of Grand Potentate. He is still working with and supporting the Waller County Shrine club.

Brother Fred still serves Waller Lodge and has been the Treasurer since June 24, 2009. He is also a major worker in the fundraisers and is a Brother when needed.

Brother Fred was awarded the Golden Trowel on January 14, 2013 for his love of and service for Waller Lodge.

Brother T. Marshall Peterson who would have received his 40 year service award was unable to attend and will have to receive his award at a later date.

Brother Clovis Mitchell Wade who would have received his 25 year service award was also unable to attend and will have to receive his award at a later date.



It's Happening At Waller Lodge

Sick and Distress - Brother Ed Locklear was in the hospital. Brother Jimmy Hooper lost a Grandson. Brother Fred Loofs has illness in his family.

We are still selling tickets for the raffle and the drawing will be held at the February Stated Meeting.

We plan to have a Spaghetti Supper and Silent Auction fundraiser at the end of March.

S.W. Jason Tones offered to donate material to help build a badly needed storage building. It is to be built at the rear of the Lodge Building and money earned at the recent building fundraiser should be enough to finish the building.

A motion was passed to donate \$150.00 to the Blue Jeans and Boots Banquet for the Grand Master Jerry L. Martin to be held in February.

Sickness And Distress Update 03 February 2014

Word from Mrs. Mickie is that Brother Jimmy Hooper is in the hospital doing well after having a knee replacement. - From experience Brother, take a pain pill before you have the therapy. *Corky*

Mrs. Doris Bozarth, Brother Bo's widow passed away (03 February 2014 ?)

Masonic Anniversaries

| | <u>Years</u> |
|----------------------|--------------|
| John W. Reese, Jr. | 57 |
| Michael W. Risley | 35 |
| Ted "Trey" Wren, III | 17 |
| Curtis Gilgan | 5 |
| John Adam Harvey | 3 |

Happy Birthday Brothers

| | <u>Age</u> |
|----------------|------------|
| Wayne Shultz | 86 |
| Clovis M. Wade | 71 |
| James B. Riley | 58 |
| Mark L. Seeman | 53 |

The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter

Subscriber's Extra Features

Be A Mason

From The National Heritage Museum

"Mister Mason was a Mason and a good one too"

It's fair to say that Freemasonry has been having a bit of a pop culture moment during the past few years. The most recent example, of course, is Dan Brown's latest novel, *The Lost Symbol*.

But Freemasonry's appearance in popular culture is nothing new. Pictured here is sheet music for the song *Be a Mason (And Take It By Degrees)* which was published in 1916 (and whose first line is the title of this post). The music is by Albert von Tilzer, who was a well-known Tin Pan Alley composer. You might know him as the man who wrote *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*.

The song *Be A Mason* with Freemasonry and puts a funny, even slightly risqué, twist on it. Despite the title, the song isn't actually about trying to convince someone to become a Mason or even reminding someone that should act more brotherly or fraternal.

Instead, the song plays on the listener's familiarity with the existence of the three "degrees" of Freemasonry: the Entered Apprentice, Fellowcraft, and Master Mason rituals that everyone participates in when joining his local lodge. But, in fact, the song has nothing to do with joining a local lodge. Instead, it's a song about seduction, offering humorous advice on how a young man ought to move slow steps, as he woos a woman:

Be a Mason, take it by degrees.
Be a Mason, and you'll be sure to please
A little bit now, a little bit then
When you want some more, come back again.



Be a Mason, take it by degrees.
Be a Mason, and you'll be sure to please
A little bit now, a little bit then
When you want some more, come back again.



The Lone Ranger, Freemasonry and Texas Ranger Ethics

By James A. Marples, VII^o,
Life Member, Nebraska College, M.S.R.I.C.F.

In this technological age of the 21st Century, it is difficult for young people to relate to the fewer communication and entertainment avenues of the early 20th Century. Back then, it was Radio which provided news, programming and entertainment. Before television made it possible to convey images, radio-listeners had to create their own mental picture to blend-in and enhance the messages that they heard. Successful radio programs had to use correct language, as well as clear and vivid depictions to keep listeners spellbound. In 1933, a Detroit, Michigan man named George W. Trendle, created a radio program broadcast over radio station WXYZ. He wanted it to appeal to youth, yet be interesting and exciting for adults, too. The setting of the Old West in America provided an interesting theme in which to portray the hardships of the pioneers. Those hardships were deepened by burdens imposed by bad luck, bad choices, and bad men. With any big problem, people look for 'something' or 'someone' to help lift that burden



and help make things right. As you might suppose, the hero would rescue the situation and happiness would prevail.

The program, which began on radio, was eventually brought to television. That is where my first recollections of it began.

The character would exhibit genuine virtue, honor, valor, wisdom, compassion and respect for Law. The person in this leading role would be a true gentleman, who sets a good example of clean living and clean speech. He would walk uprightly and promote Justice without regard for personal gain. He would come to the rescue when needed, and he wouldn't be afraid to enlist the help of his faithful companion or a group of citizens to work in concert with him to bring order out of chaos. Restoring the community's peace and harmony was his overriding concern.

This character had a past history as a lawman - as a Texas Ranger. He was shot down in an ambush, along with five other Texas Rangers. As he lay near death, an American Indian named "Tonto" came across the scene and observed that one Ranger was still breathing, brought him water, and nursed him back to health. Around the Ranger's neck was a necklace bearing a symbol that Tonto had given a young white-boy years earlier. Tonto said, "You are kemo-sabe." (A Pottawatomie Indian word meaning "trustworthy scout" or "faithful friend.")

The Ranger, vaguely remembers his childhood nickname. He remembers Tonto and their memories of youth. The Ranger, John Reid, sees his brother (a fellow Texas Ranger) Dan Reid among the five dead Rangers. Together, Tonto and the Ranger dig six graves to make it appear to the outlaws that there were no survivors. As the sole survivor, Tonto makes the astute pronouncement to his friend: "You the Lone Ranger, now." Before burying his fellow Texas Rangers, the surviving Ranger cut a strip of black fabric from his brother Dan's vest and fashioned it into a mask to put across his face and conceal his identity. As "The Lone Ranger," he vowed: First, to bring to Justice the members of the Cavendish Gang who did the dastardly deed. And, Second, to help bring Law and Order to the rugged American Frontier as well as a level of stability to its citizenry. The Lone Ranger had his trusty horse, Silver, and Tonto had his beautiful paint horse, Scout.

I can almost hear the sounds of the 'Cavalry Charge' finale of Gioacchino Rossini's William Tell Overture, and the booming baritone voice of the announcer, who said, "A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust, and a hearty 'Heigh-Yo, Silver!!' The Lone Ranger. 'Heigh-Yo, Silver, away!!' With his faithful Indian companion Tonto, the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains led the fight for law and order in the early West. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear. The Lone Ranger rides again. "

Like many people, I would classify "The Lone Ranger" as a true American hero.... a larger-than-life personality, worthy of emulation. Growing up, I knew several men who, if wrapped-up-together, would embody most of The Lone Ranger's admirable traits. Upon reaching adulthood and soon thereafter joining Masonry, I can see many of those desirable virtues inculcated in the various Masonic degrees. It is no co-incidence that Freemasonry helped influence the law enforcement agency, the Texas Rangers.

It was Bro.: Stephen F. Austin, a Mason, who had the fervent wish to organize a group of hardy men to protect his new colony (which later became Texas). In 1823, Bro.: Austin referred to that group as Rangers, because of their duties compelling them to 'range' over the entire vast area. This select group gave rise to what is called now "Texas Rangers." Furthermore, many notable early Texas Rangers were Masons, including Jack Hays, John B. Jones, (who later became the presiding officer of Royal Arch Masonry in Texas) L.H. McNelly, James Gillett, and George W. Baylor (among many others). One of the most dynamic Texas Rangers of the 20th Century was Manuel Trazazas Gonzauillas. His career as a Texas Ranger was notable for his patrolling of the East Texas Oil Fields, near Kilgore, Texas. He was known by the nickname "Lone Wolf Gonzauillas," and he was the only Texas Ranger then of Spanish descent. He was also a Mason. Bro. Gonzauillas was involved in the control of gambling, boot-legging, bank robbery, riots, prostitution, narcotic trafficking, and general lawlessness from the Red River to the Rio Grande and from El Paso to the Sabine River during the 1920s and 1930s.

In September 2006, I was pleased to have Barry K. Caver, Captain of Texas Rangers - Company "E" tell me, "There was a time that most, if not all Texas Rangers, were Masons; however, I do not know their level of involvement." The battle of "Good" winning over "Evil," and the struggle from 'adversity and despair' to 'triumph and joy' is a hallmark of real-life adventures that have been memorialized by both works of fiction and non-fiction. In pioneer days, horses were the principal means of transportation.

Blue Jeans And Boots Banquet To Honor Texas Grand Master Jerry Martin

The tickets are out for the Masonic District 108, Blue Jeans and Boots Banquet to honor our Grand Master Jerry Martin. The tickets are \$20.00 each or two for \$30.00 and the proceeds will go to the scholarship fund. This event will be held at the Pattison Area Volunteer Fire Dept. in Pattison Texas. Pattison Area Volunteer Fire Department is Located at 2950 FM 359 N in Pattison, TX. Social Hour will begin at 6:00 to 7:00 PM and the meal after. We will have chicken fried steak, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, bread and of course deserts (deserts will be provided by the Eastern Star what would we do without them?). After the Grand Master speaks the dancing will begin. Adult beverages will be allowed after the Grand Master speaks and the Rainbow girls are dismissed. Please do not indulge in an adult beverage until then. We have done this several years without an incident and we do not expect one this year. Tickets will be available at the door if you don't get one in advance.

This event will take place February 22nd after the Grand Masters Conference Arabia Shrine Center 10510 Harwin Dr. Houston, TX 77036. Registration- 9:00AM. Conference- 10:00AM. Coordinators: Kenneth Shockley 281/798-0472, David Ashley 281/650-7455. This is a non-Tiled Conference. EA's, Fellowcrafts and Ladies are welcome. The Grand Masters has put together a great conference. So after the Conference you can make a short trip to Pattison and enjoy the fun and fellowship. Hope to see you there.



Waller Lodge's Annual Spaghetti Dinner And Silent Auction Fundraiser

Saturday March 22, 2014

6:00 pm to 7:30 pm

WOW, Only \$6.00 per Plate and Kids Under 12 Eat Free

Please start looking around for items you can donate for the auction at least a few days before the event date March 22, 2014 so we will have time to have everything ready in time for the sale.



A Case of "Part Timers"

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen.

The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, 'Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great.. I would recommend it very highly..'

The other man said, 'What is the name of the restaurant?'

The first man thought and thought and finally said, 'What is the name of that flower you give to someone you love?'

You know.... The one that's red and has thorns.'

'Do you mean a rose?'

'Yes, that's the one,' replied the man. He then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, 'Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?'

Brother Frederick The Great - A Masonic Did You Know

The Wayfarer

By John J. Robinson



The painting reproduced above is *The Wayfarer*, by the Flemish artist Hieronymus Bosch. Those familiar with Bosch's work have come to expect graphic portrayals of a wide range of hideous, distorted demons. *The Wayfarer* is different in that it depicts no demons or monsters, although it is packed with symbolism, much of it Masonic in nature.

Take a good look at the painting. The wayfarer has his left trouser leg pushed up to the knee. It might be pointed out that the trouser leg is up to accommodate a bandage, but no minor calf wound requires a slipper on one foot, with a shoe on the other.

The straps of the wayfarer's backpack are not over his shoulders, where they belong. Instead, Bosch has put a strap around his upper arms, binding him like a Masonic cable-tow. The feather we might expect to find in his hat is not there. Bosch has replaced it with a plumb bob, another Masonic symbol.

Why is the man carrying his hat in his hand, rather than conveniently wearing it on his head? Bosch may have wanted his hood ready to pull down over his face to "hoodwink" him, a word that suggests that this is the way a man was blindfolded in ancient Masonic initiation. It was a common practice at that time and was incorporated into the language for future ages in the expression "to pull the wool over his eyes."

Ahead of the traveler is a gate with a strange brace. Everyone who knows anything about wooden farm gates knows that the brace goes from one corner to the diagonally opposite corner, creating immovable triangles. The brace on Bosch's gate rises above the top rail, then comes back down to the corner. This produces a craftsman's square on top of the gate.

Now consider the painting as a whole. The traveling man is moving from left to right, or from west to east, leaving behind him a rude, crude world. A serving maid lounges in the doorway of a decrepit tavern, holding a pitcher, while a customer kisses her, holding his hand on her breast. Around the corner, a man is urinating against the wall. In the courtyard, pigs feed at a trough, while an angry dog with a spiked collar crouches, deciding whether or not to attack. With a few more steps the wayfarer will pass through the gate of the square and enter a land of peace and plenty, as symbolized by the placid milk cow. In the tree above his head is perched an owl, the medieval symbol for wisdom.

The final question is one of motivation. To have known the Masonic symbols before 1717 (if indeed they existed in his time). Bosch would have to have been a Masonic initiate. Is it likely that the artist would have been attracted to, and invited into, a secret society dedicated to protecting religious dissidents from the wrath of the Church? It is very probable. Bosch is known to have been a member of a religious fraternity frowned upon by the Church. His cynical portrayals of drunken, carousing monks and nuns indicate a man angry at the Church, especially in view of several condemnations of his work as heretical.

It is possible, of course, that the Masonic symbols in this painting are all merely coincidences. If so, this is the most incredible collection of Masonic coincidences that we may ever expect to see assembled in a single work. If, however, the symbols are not there coincidentally, then this painting provides the very first graphic

evidence of the existence of Masonic symbolism about five hundred years ago, in the late fifteenth century.

Hieronymus Bosch was born in 1450 and died in 1516. Within twelve months of his death, the great protestant religious movement in Europe was launched when the Augustinian monk, Martin Luther, nailed his Theses to the great door of the Schlosskirche in Wittenberg.



The Comics Our Parents (Or Grandparents) Used To Read



One dark night outside a small town, a spark jumped inside the local chemical plant and in a blink it exploded into flames. The alarm went out to the fire departments from miles around. When the volunteer firefighters appeared on the scene, the chemical company president rushed to the fire chief and said, "All of our secret formulas are in the vault in the center of the plant. They must be saved. I will give \$5,000 to the fire department that brings them out intact."

But the roaring flames held the firefighters off. Soon more fire departments had to be called in as the situation became desperate. As the firemen arrived, the president shouted out that the offer was now \$10,000 to the fire department who could bring out the company's secret files.

From the distance, a lone siren was heard as another fire truck came into sight. It was the nearby rural township volunteer fire company composed entirely of men over the age of 65. To everyone's amazement, the little run-down fire engine passed all the newer sleek engines parked outside the plant... and drove straight up to the main building, all the way to the middle of the burning inferno.

Outside, the other firemen watched as the old timers jumped off and began to fight the fire with a performance and effort never seen before. Within a short time, the old timers had extinguished the fire and saved the secret formulas.

The grateful chemical company president joyfully announced that for such a superhuman feat he was upping the reward to \$20,000 and walked over to personally thank each of the brave, though elderly, fire fighters.

The local TV news reporters rushed in after capturing the event on film asking, "What are you going to do with all that money?" "Well Sir," said the 70-year-old fire chief, "the first thing we are going to do is to get the brakes to working on that darn old truck!"

Surviving The Big Ones

By Corky

The big ones were the Great Depression and World War II, that period between the stock market crash of 1929 and 1945 when WW II ended.

"Hey Johnny, how would you like to go to the Rice football game this afternoon?" Mr. Henry called from his front porch next door.

"Sure," I answered, "let me go ask mom."

Mom easily gave her permission. Mr and Mrs. Henry, with their daughters, lived in the other half of the duplex and were close friends of the family. Besides, Mr. Henry was a Houston fireman and dad was a Houston policeman.

After we arrived at the Rice stadium and he had parked the car, I eagerly started toward the ticket windows. Mr. Henry quickly called me back as he walked toward a little side gate. This was the old stadium, back in the forties when it was basically just some bleachers surrounded by a chain link fence. When we arrived at the little gate Mr. Henry pulled out his fireman's badge and showed it to the gatekeeper.

In the nineteen forties, policemen and firemen could get into almost any public event by showing their badges. It was a small way that movies, stadiums and city buses had of helping the low paid public employees that protected their property and lives. The man at the gate let Mr. Henry through, but stopped me.

"Hey, wait a minute what about my kid?" Mr. Henry asked indignantly.

"He'll have to buy a ticket or get in another way. I can't let him in here." The gate keeper said as he turned and looked pointedly back down the fence line toward the end zone.

"Aw come on, firemen don't make that kinda money. Why don't you be a good guy and let the kid through?" Mr. Henry protested.

"Sorry bub, I don't make the rules, he'll just have get in some other way." The gate keeper answered before he turned to point his nose and nod down the fence line again.

"Oh OK, I understand the problem." Mr. Henry said with a smile. My heart almost stopped when he started walking away, but he stopped about 3 or 4 yards down the fence and called me over. He told me to follow him and started walking down the fence line.

"OK," he said after we had walked down a little way, "climb over the fence."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that, I'll just wait in the car." I answered. Instead of being discouraged he beckoned to a couple of men walking toward the gates.

"Hey fellows, come here a minute," he said. "I'm a fireman and that so and so gate keeper wouldn't let the kid come in with me and he's scared to climb the fence." He added with a wink when they walked up. The two men looked at each other and grinned. Then they grabbed me and pushed me up and half way over the fence and Mr. Henry pulled me the rest of the way over. We sat on the ground along the sidelines near the end zone so we didn't see all of the action, but I enjoyed what we saw. I saw less then Mr. Henry did though because I kept looking over my shoulder for the huge policeman that I knew for sure would soon show up and to take me to jail.

Mr. Henry and dad both had a problem. Mr. Henry only had 3 daughters at the time and wanted a son. Dad had a son, but he had to work 3 to 11 PM and it was very seldom that he and I could ever got together. So, Mr. Henry would occasionally "borrow" me for father son type things. I guess now days it would be called male bonding?

There was a lot of concern not long ago about Houston loosing one or more of professional sports teams and how much it would hurt the economy of city. Hey, why worry, we survived loosing the "Buffs" They were Houston's professional baseball team before the Colt 45's. The Colt 45's? Yes, they were later renamed the Houston Astros. Of course we didn't actually do with out a team because the new ones took the place of the old ones before they were missed. The old Houston Buff (Buffalo) Stadium was located at 4000 Harby at Milby.

Don't try to find Harby Street on the map, it lies peacefully under



Corky Back Then



Buff Later Renamed Busch Stadium

the Gulf Freeway. And, the Fingers Furniture store on the Gulf Freeway at Milby squats over the bones of "Buff Stadium". Buff Stadium opened April 11, 1928 (11 days after Corky was born, wow).

Buff Stadium was more than just a ball park. One of my favorite memories is when our neighbor, Mr. Henry, took me with him to watch the "Hell Driver's" performance at the old Buff Stadium. We watched the daredevil drivers take their car's through all kinds of stunts. They drove around the field on two wheels and raced between and around each other all over the field, almost but never quite hitting each other. They jumped over each other's cars using a ramp to become airborne and another ramp to land on after soaring over a line of cars.

We didn't even have to worry about searching the stadium for good seats. It was another low cost event. We watched through holes in the big wooden wall at the outfield fence. Actually the front of the wall was the scoreboard for the Buffs baseball games. After we climbed the fence, we stood on the score keeper's catwalk and looked through the holes, where the numbers go to show the scores.

The Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus always set up their tents on the Buff Stadium parking lot. They would unload the train over on Navigation Blvd. and have a parade to the stadium. What I remember the most was the huge Mack trucks with what looked like giant bicycle chains driving the back wheels.

Every Fourth of July and New Years Eve there would be a gigantic fire works show in the stadium just after dark. We couldn't go because dad worked at night, but Mother and I would stand in the old claw foot bath tub looking out the bathroom window and above the Henry's garage to see the beautiful sky rockets, roman candles and bombs of color bursting in the air



Gambols on the Green

By Carl Claudy

"It's disgusting!" began the New Brother. "Morton must think more of his stomach than he does of his Masonry. Insisting on expensive refreshments for ladies' night. What's the use of a ladies' night, anyhow? Jenkins is trying to start a ball game and Elliot wants a picnic! All this isn't Masonry!"

"Why isn't it?" asked the Old Tiler.

"What a foolish question. You know that Masonry isn't just enjoyment and foolishness."

"I've been a Mason half a century," said the Old Tiler, "but maybe I. don't know what Masonry is. Certainly I don't know all that it is. Who told you these chaps who want refreshments and ladies' nights and ball games and picnics thought these were all of Masonry?"

"But they are not dignified! Masonry is grave, impressive, grand, solemn. Picnics and ball games and entertainments are frivolous. They can't mix."

"Go on, you interest me strangely," commented the Old Tiler. "Tell me, is it irreligious for a church to have a picnic or a social?"

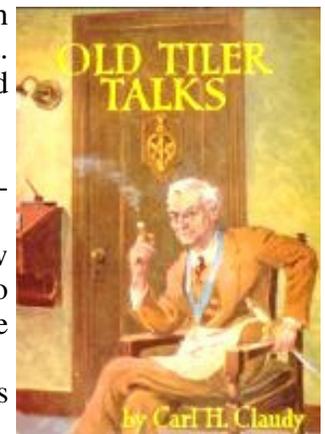
"Why-er-I suppose not. But it isn't the church that has 'em, it's the Sunday School."

"Where they train children to be good, love God and come to church. The minister should know better than to try to impress children with the Fatherhood of God by holding a picnic! Any church entertainment which makes people come and laugh and know each other better and make money to decorate the church is wicked. I would speak to the district attorney about it, if I were you."

"Now you are laughing at me!" protested the New Brother.

"That's more than anyone else will, if you keep on chattering," went on the Old Tiler. "Masonry is all you have said it is, and a great deal you haven't said. Religion is more than going to church. If God call stand seeing His ministers, and those who love and follow Him, having innocent enjoyment in an entertainment or a ball game or a picnic, it should not hurt Masonry to do the same thing.

"Masonry is strong only as its bonds are strong. Its greatest bond is not charity, relief, knowledge, learning,



ritual, secrecy-but brotherhood. The feeling you have for one who has sat in lodge with you is brotherhood. You have sworn the same obligations, seen the same work, experienced the same emotions-there is a bond between you. Whatever makes that bond stronger is a help to Masonry.

"A picnic brings Masons together informally. It brings children together to play. You learn that Smith is different from what he appears in the lodge-there he is shy, retiring, almost insignificant. On a picnic he is in his element; playing with the children, having a good time with the men, helping the women-and you like Smith better. There are a thousand Smiths and a thousand of you, and it is a picnic or a ball game or an outing of some sort which brings you together.

"Ladies' nights show women that Masonry is innocent, happy, good. They learn what sort of men their husbands and brothers and sweethearts and sons see every week. They learn to associate a name and a personality with a position; they discover that the Master is human, the Secretary is nice, the junior Warden decent, the Senior Warden delightful. Such contacts spread the good repute of the order. Some men don't get as much out of the lodge as they might; it's their fault, perhaps, but we are not supposed to look for our brothers' faults. If the ladies' night makes the come-but-seldom brother feel that his lodge is doing something for him, it is worth while.

"There are other uses for money than hoarding it. There are better ways of spending it than upon new costumes and furniture. One good spending is to make someone happy. If this lodge has spare funds to provide some pleasure for its ladies, we should so spend it. If we have cash to finance a picnic or a ball game, it's wise to use it so. The gravity and solemnity of the third degree will not be hurt by the fun you have, any more than our reverence for the Creator is damaged by a Sunday School picnic or a church entertainment.

"Son, Masons are human. We are not better or different or larger, finer or more learned than our fellows. We strive toward perfection by means of a fraternal vehicle which the years have proved to be strong, well made, able to carry us to happiness and honor. If it could be damaged by picnics and ladies' nights, it would have fallen to pieces long ago. If its dignity was so slight that it was injured by a Masonic ball game, it would have been a laughing stock the day after baseball was invented.

"Get outside of Masonry and look in on it; see it for what it is, not for what it merely appears to be during a degree. When you see Masonry as love for one's fellow, brotherhood between men, charity to all, and reverence for God, you won't think that gambols on the green of life can hurt it."

"I have to go in lodge now," the New Brother announced.

"What's your hurry?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Got to support the motion to spend enough to give the girls a real feast!" grinned the New Brother, as he retied his apron strings.



A senior citizen said to his eighty-year old buddy:

'So I hear you're getting married?'

'Yep!'

'Do I know her?'

'Nope!'

'This woman, is she good looking?'

'Not really.'

'Is she a good cook?'

'Naw, she can't cook too well.'

'Does she have lots of money?'

'Nope! Poor as a church mouse.'

'Well, then, is she good in bed?'

'I don't know.'

'Why in the world do you want to marry her then?'

'Because she can still drive!'