

# The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



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

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

## Tragedy In France

*Thanks to Brother Jim Starks S.W. of Morton Masonic Lodge #72 AF & AM for submitting the following news.*

Two of the journalists assassinated in the cowardly and barbarous attack on Charlie Hebdo were Freemasons.

Bro Bernard Maris, economic columnist at CH, and Bro Michel Renaud, formerly of Europe 1 and Le Figaro, were both active Freemasons in the Grand Orient, Bernard in Roger Leray Lodge in Paris and Michel in Lux Perpetue Lodge in Clermont Ferrand

They died representing the values we stand for:

- Freedom of expression,
- Freedom of conscience
- FREEDOM in general

There is no real equivalent in English language Freemasonry but in French they say "Gémissons, gémissons, gémissons, mais espérons".

Which translated roughly means "Cry with anguish, cry with anguish, cry with anguish, but let us hope."

A prayer, brethren, for our brothers departed.



## A Masonic Did You Know "Little Jimmy" Dickens

James Cecil Dickens, better known as Little Jimmy Dickens, was an American country music singer famous for his humorous novelty songs, his small size, 4'11", and his rhinestone-studded outfits. He started as a member of the Grand Ole Opry in 1948 and became a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1983.

He was born December 19, 1920 in Bolt, West Virginia, Dickens began his musical career in the late 1930's, performing on a local radio station while attending West Virginia University. He soon quit school to pursue a full-time music career, and traveled the country performing on various local

radio stations under the name "Jimmy the Kid." In 1948, Dickens was heard performing on WKNX, a radio station in Saginaw, Michigan by Roy Acuff (also a Freemason), who introduced him to Art Satherly at Columbia Records and officials from the Grand Ole Opry. Dickens signed with Columbia in September and joined the Opry in August. Around this time he began using the nickname, Little Jimmy Dickens, inspired by his short stature. Dickens recorded many novelty songs for Columbia, including "Country Boy," "A-Sleeping at the Foot of the Bed" and "I'm Little But I'm Loud." His song "Take an Old Cold Tater (And Wait)" inspired Hank Williams to nickname him "Tater". Later, telling Jimmy he needed a hit, Williams penned "Hey Good Lookin'" specifically for Dickens in only 20 minutes while on a Grand Ole Opry tour bus. A week later Williams cut the song himself, jokingly telling him, "That song's too good for you!" In 1950 Dickens formed the Country Boys with musicians Jabbo Arrington, Grady Martin, Bob Moore and Thumbs Carllile and. It was during this time that he discovered future Hall of Famer Marty Robbins at a Phoenix, Arizona television station while on tour with Grand Ole Opry road show. In 1957 Dickens left the Grand Ole Opry to tour with the Philip Morris Country Music Show.

In 1964 Dickens became the first country artist to circle the globe while on tour, and also made numerous TV appearances including The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson. In 1965 he released his biggest hit, "May the Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose," reaching No. 1 on the country chart and No. 15 on the pop chart. In 1962 Dickens scored his first top-10 country hit since 1954 with "The Violet and the Rose". In the late 1960s Dickens left Columbia for Decca Records, before moving again to United Artists in 1971. That same year he married his wife, Mona, and in 1975 he returned to the Grand Ole Opry. In 1983 Dickens was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame. Dickens joined producers Randall Franks and Alan Autry for the In the Heat of the Night cast CD "Christmas Time's A Comin'" performing "Jingle Bells" with the cast on the CD released on Sonlite and MGM/UA for one of the most popular Christmas releases of 1991 and 1992 with Southern retailers. Recently Dickens made appearances in a number of music videos by fellow country musician and West Virginia native Brad Paisley (also a Freemason). He has also been featured on several of Paisley's albums in bonus comedy tracks along with other Opry mainstays such as George Jones and Bill Anderson. They are collectively referred to as the Kung-Pao Buckaroos.

With the death of Hank Locklin in March 2009, Dickens became the oldest living member of the Grand Ole Opry at the age of 90. He made regular appearances as a host at the Opry, often with the self-deprecating joke that he is also known as "Willie Nelson after taxes." At the 2011 CMA Awards, Jimmy was dressed up as Justin Bieber, and made fun of Bieber's recent paternity scandal.

Dickens was hospitalized after a stroke on December 25, 2014. He died of cardiac arrest on Friday, January 2, 2015, at the age of 94.

Brother Little Jimmy Dickens belongs to Hiram Lodge #4, Franklin, Tennessee and in fact he signed Brother Brad Paisley's petition and sponsored him into his Lodge!

## **A Favorite Quote**

By "Unknown"

He who dies with the most toys is the winner.

## **Another Favorite Quote**

Also By "Unknown"

He who dies with the most toys is still dead.



# **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>
Wayne Shultz	87
James B. Riley	59
Mark L. Seeman	54

### Masonic Anniversaries

<u>Name</u>	<u>Years</u>
John W. Reese, Jr.	58
Michael W. Risley	36
Ted "Trey" Wren, III	18
Curtis Gilgan	6
John Adam Harvey	4



**One Sadness Of Freemasonry**

To me, one of the saddest things you could hear a Lodge Brother say is, "I **am not** going to attend the Lodge meetings as long as Brother X.Y. is the Master or a Warden or the Secretary or whatever of our Lodge." usually with the addition of "because, he did something I didn't like." or "He didn't do what I wanted him to do."

I have only been a member of Waller Lodge about 15 years and personally only heard that statement a few times. But, that's still too often.

I realize it is every individual's right to decide when or whether or not to attend a Lodge meeting. However it is hard for me to believe that any Brother who has experienced the teachings of the three degrees and has sworn an oath to follow them, would even indirectly harm his Lodge just to get even with a Brother for some minor slight when in first place the Brother being shunned probably wouldn't know that he was, or why he was and probably not care one way or the other anyway. So, the only loser is the one who is missing the Brotherhood of the Lodge meetings.

At the same time, without guidance or opposition, a weak or misguided officer could leave a Lodge in trouble. And, that officer would be laughing at those sitting at home, thinking they are settling a score, when they could have opposed bad decisions, questioned his actions or pointed out his mistakes when attending meetings.

**"PLEASE SUPPORT YOUR LODGE BY TAKING PART IN IT'S OPERATION!"**

We must remember that no organization can be any better than the members who are supporting it.

*This is a personal point of view and not necessarily that of the other members of this Lodge or The Grand Lodge of Texas.* **Corky** (HN0202)



A guy with a Doberman Pinscher and one with a Chihuahua. The guy with the Doberman Pinscher says to the guy with a Chihuahua, "Let's go over to that restaurant and get something to eat."

The guy with the Chihuahua says, "We can't go in there. We've got our dogs with us."

The guy with the Doberman Pinscher says, "Just follow my lead."

They walk over to the restaurant, the guy with the Doberman Pinscher puts on a pair of dark glasses, and he starts to walk in. A guy at the door says, "Sorry, Mac, no pets allowed."

The guy with the Doberman Pinscher says, "You don't understand. This is my seeing-eye dog."

The guy at the door says, "A Doberman Pinscher?"

He says, "Yes, they're using them now, they're very good."

The guy at the door says, "Come on in."

The guy with the Chihuahua figures, "Well, what the heck," so he puts on a pair of dark glasses and starts in.

The guy at the door says, "Sorry, pal, no pets allowed."

The guy with the Chihuahua says, "You don't understand. This is my seeing-eye dog."

The guy at the door says, "A Chihuahua?"

The guy says, "You mean they gave me a Chihuahua?"

Brother Clovis Mitchell "Mitch" Wade laid down his working tools at the age of 71 on January 16, 2015 after a long fight with his illness.

The Funeral Services and the Masonic Service was held at Canon Funeral Home in Waller on Wednesday January 21, 2015 at 7:00 pm with Pastor Wayne Wilson doing the religious service and Waller Lodge's W. Brother Robert Podvin doing the Masonic Service  
Brother Mitch was raised as a Master Mason on May 16, 1986.

He is survived by his wife Beverly Wade, sons Jason and Dennis Wade, daughter Tina, Dluhy brother Albert, sisters Marie Quinters and Bobbie Clark and eight grandchildren.

## The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter Subscriber's Extra Features

### One Sadness Of Freemasonry

By Corky

The story "One Sadness Of Freemasonry" in the printed version of the newsletter above was a story I originally wrote for the February 2002 Hempstead Masonic Lodge Newsletter.

Now, there is another sadness of Freemasonry I would like to speak about. It is, members who do not take an active part in Freemasonry after being raised.

Most Lodges now days estimate that only ten percent (10%) of the membership actually attend the stated meetings.

Waller Masonic Lodge does somewhat better where 25 or 30 percent of the members attend stated meetings. But, that still means that 70 % of the members are missing one of the major benefit of being a Freemason, "BROTHERHOOD".

When ask by a new member of Freemasonry, "What do I get out of being a Mason?" the answer is usually, "You can only get out of Freemasonry what you put into it." This means to experience having many Masonic brothers that you could call at 3:00am for help you must first become a Brother to them. And what better way can you become a worthy brother then to meet with, visit and work with your brothers?

I have been a member of Waller Lodge for about 15 years and the secretary or another officer for 12 of those years and I am at the Lodge 4 or 5 times a month and still have never seen at least 20 percent of the members nor seen another 20 percent more than one or two times in all those years

That's close to 40 Brothers, most within a few miles from me, who I could not call on nor could I help them if needed because they take no interest in the Lodge even though they pay their dues religiously every year and wouldn't consider dropping out.

That is a real sadness of Freemasonry.



# A Summer Visit to the Old Tyler

By Thomas C Jackson, PGM

"Old fellow, tell me about Masonry in the Great Depression," I said, eliciting a narrowing gaze from my friend, the Old Tyler.

"Hrumph. Old? Age is a state of mind, young feller, and I can still whoop ya good in checkers. Chess, too, or pinochle, if'n I wanted ter make a point." He was right, punctuating his words by taking another black checker AND gaining a king. Sigh. I should have been watching the board more closely, but it was a fine summer day at the Masonic Home, +and I was relishing just setting a spell with my friend, off on the side veranda. I smiled. "Wouldn't a figured you to bruise so easily!

You sure you aren't getting more cantankerous, these days?"

Looking back under his furrowed brows, "Tommy, I was born cantankerous. It's made my life more interesting." He paused, then continued, "You know, we built this place well before the Crash. Old man Johnson moved in in 1920 - he was the first, and older than me," he said with the briefest of winks, "But in good times and bad, Masons have supported it, continued building even when times were tough, and caring for folks that has need. It's Masonry in action, it is."

"That's for sure," I said, even more mindful of that sublime fact, now that a dear friend's wife has entered hospice care. "Tender hearts and hands sure help to lighten the burden, for the patients and families alike."

Masons are never far from gentle reminders of mortality. I think it is this grounding, this acute awareness of potential and eventual loss that makes us reach out all the more diligently to care for one another. We visit the convalescing, the suffering, those on the mend, and those in the twilight. And we attend more than our share of funerals. I think this gives Masons a better sense of mindfulness of life, and helps us know better what to say, and when to hug our friends tightly. When to look them in the eye and say we care.

He drew on his cheroot, wafting a single O-ring of smoke into the breeze, long having forgotten about the game he had won. "You know, during the Depression, we knew that if our little town and folks as lived there were to make it, we simply had to help each other along. Sure, the government wanted to step in here and there, and they helped a few. But it was always a day late and a dollar short. See, a hungry child needs food that night, not content to wait 'til after the paperwork had cleared and three officials had signed off on the program."

"I recall one night, getting a call from the Master about an emergency meeting. I asked him if he wanted me to tyle the door. 'No,' he told me. 'But I want your advice. Can you join us at the Lodge tomorrow night?' Well, like you've done, he showed me he knew the way to my heart. He'd asked the Grand Master for permission to hold a special stated meeting, to discuss Billings' young wife, who had an awful time with a breech birth, and some were asking for the Lodge's help while Billings took care of her and the little one."

"Everyone cared. But no one agreed what to do. +++Seems some were clamoring to write a check. Others wanted to hold fast, with the Almanac telling us it +was going to be a dry summer, and it looked bad for crops. The Master knew what he wanted to do, but he was smart enough to realize he had to get the consent of the lodge and pull on the reins a bit to guide her. We had a good meeting that night, Tommy, and didn't even burn through a full set of candles. See, the lodge got organized.



We set up a list of folks who would take turns bringing over meals, not all at once, tripping over each other. We wrote a check, but didn't let passion overrun us. Billings was told that if he needed more, to come and ask, but that a couple of volunteers were going to help him get his planting in and a few of the ladies would take a turn watching his wife at the house. Heh. I don't think he was alone for a month, until she was up and around."

"So, to answer your question, I think Masonry was more personal in those days. We were closer to the earth, if you get my meaning, which is a good perspective for a feller to have. Most Masons knew when to lend a hand, and a lodge would flourish in the same degree they rallied together to help their fellows."

"Mind if I tell others that story?," I asked, thinking about how uncharacteristically clear he was this time. Had he been planning to pass this advice along to the Craft? "It's a good reminder for us, in an age when our reliance on insurance, or bureaucrats, or distant programs seem to insulate us from reaching out to the folks right in front of us."

"Why do you think I tell my tales, lad?" he said, glancing at the board. "A good Old Tyler always considers a few moves ahead."

A slow smile grew on his face.



## The Funnies Your Grandparents Read

**JUNGLE JIM** BY ALEX RAYMOND

Approved by the Comics Code Authority

1. WHILE KOLU IS LEFT BEHIND TO GUARD THE REMAINDER OF BRANT'S MEN, JIM AND LIL FLY TO SINGAPORE, WITH BRANT AS A CAPTIVE IN HIS OWN PLANE -----

2. --- IN RESPONSE TO JIM'S RADIOED REQUEST, A GROUP OF HIGH POLICE OFFICIALS AWAIT HIM AT THE AIRPORT -----

3. CONGRATULATIONS, BRADLEY--THE FINEST PIECE OF DETECTIVE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN! WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU!

MISS DE VRILLE DESERVES MOST OF THE CREDIT--SHE COLLECTED THE EVIDENCE. SHE'LL PRESENT IT TO YOU, IN TYPEWRITTEN FORM, IN THE MORNING.

4. THAT NIGHT A BRITISH MAN-O-WAR HEADS TOWARD BORNEO TO PICK UP KOLU AND BRANT'S MURDEROUS PIRATE CREW----- TO BE CONTINUED.

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



## The Old Past Master

### When Laughter is Sad - By Carl Claudy

"Oh, it's going to be rich. The poor fish is scared to death. And you know when Abbot does the work in the third degree how, er... well, let's call it impressive, he is."

The Young Mason chuckled at the thought.

"That's not going to be the only funny thing happen Wednesday night," answered another newly-raised brother. "I happen to know my friend Ted is going to do the Senior Deacon's part. And Ted gets stage fright. He doesn't lose his memory or anything, but his voice goes up about an octave and a half; Oh, it's funny. I laughed, last time I heard him..."

"I had a good laugh at one of the members of my class when I went in," chimed a third voice. "He couldn't understand what was going on and objected to every move and generally reminded me of a bucking billy goat. I laughed until I cried. I shall look forward to Wednesday night..."

"I wonder," broke in a quiet voice, "if you young gentlemen realize what it is you are saying?"

"Why... why... why of course, we do. We haven't said anything wrong, have we?" inquired the first speaker of the Old Past Master sitting quietly in the corner of the ante-room, listening.

"I am an old, old man," countered the Old Past Master, gently. "I have lived a long, long time, and the longer I live the less able I am to classify anything as wholly right or wholly wrong. I wouldn't say that what you said is wrong in the sense that it is intentional evil. It is wholly wrong from my point of view, to bite the hand that feeds you, to abuse hospitality, to belittle the agency that helps you, to deride and make sport of holy things, to injure that which is valuable to others even though valueless to yourself."

"But, good heavens, man. We haven't done any of those things. Why, I only said that Abbot is so impressive he'd make a good laugh come out on Wednesday's degree..."

"That was enough, my brother. Is there a church into which you would go with the idea of laughing at a penitent at the Altar? Is there a church in which you would think it right to laugh at a communicant partaking of the bread and wine? Is there a church where the spectacle of a man on his knees would make you laugh, no matter how odd or peculiar he was or how he was dressed?"

"Of course not. I don't laugh in church..."

"Then why laugh in the lodge? In all the third degree, is there humor? Do you not know that it is a tragedy which the third degree portrays, a tragedy no less that it teaches an inspiring lesson, and has the inspiration of all that is good and noblest in a good man's character?"

"What do you think a candidate thinks when the most solemn, the most sacred, the most secret of a Master Mason's lessons is being given to him, if from you, and you, and you on the benches, comes smothered laughter? Will it add anything to the impressiveness of the degree in his eyes? Will he feel that what he is being given is sacred, valuable, precious to his heart? Or will he say to himself, 'Evidently there is a catch in this somewhere... I guess it's a joke, and I am it!'"

"You have spoken of Filby, who has stage fright and whose voice raises an octave because of it. Filby wasn't blessed by nature with a beautiful voice, but God gave him something precious to Masonry, and that is earnest, sincere, genuine enthusiasm. I have been in this lodge for more years than you have been on earth, and I have never known a Senior Deacon to put more into his work than Filby does, though he has a poor voice. The words Filby uses are inspired words; the degree he puts on is a noble degree. And Filby does it as if inspired by its nobility. Would you laugh at a hero saving a life because he was dressed in caps and bells? Can't you hear, beyond poor Filby's cracked vocal chords, the chimes pealing in his heart as he tries to make his words impressive and beautiful?"

"Another of you has found it funny when a candidate for the third degree has not understood his part and made it difficult for the team to put him through the ceremony. At Receiving Hospital last week they brought in a young man suffering from a broken arm. He was very ignorant; one of those foreigners who understands little or nothing of American ideas and ideals. And to him a hospital was a torture place, a house where doctors cut people to pieces for their pleasure. He was frightened almost to death and struggled and fought, while the surgeons tried to control him that they might set his arm. Was it funny? Or was it sad, that ignorant people had so destroyed his faith in his kind that he couldn't recognize kindness and help when he saw it?"

"The man who was too frightened to understand and so made his third degree difficult was a victim of those who had tormented an imaginative mind with the idea of goats and pain and indignity in a Masonic lodge. I find nothing funny in it; only sadness."

"Don't think of me as an old kill-joy. A good laugh at some wit in a business meeting, a good laugh at a good story after lodge; these are all well and good; wholesome and natural. Whether they are located in a lodge, a church or a home, they are good."

"But not in a church during service, not in a lodge during a degree. There is no laugh in the lodge during any degree which is not an insult to the officers, and a badge of ignorance and ill-manners for him who laughs. Charity we can preach; charity we should practice towards those who do not do so well in the degrees as we think we might; the fraternity is not to be laughed at because there are some who make one part of the third degree less real than strenuous."

"Look, my brother, for what lies beneath; regard not so much the outward form as the inward meaning and you will not again be tempted to consider a degree as a substitute for a vaudeville performance, a lodge as a temple of laughter."

The Old Past Master ceased and sat quiet, waiting.

"But I say!" cried the Young Mason, "Don't you think you are a little rough with us?"

"You are all much too good material to allow to spoil for the sake of your feelings," answered the Old Past Master with a smile.

"But you sure take a chance we'll dislike you for plain speaking."

"What do I matter? You may dislike me... but I don't believe you will laugh in lodge again!"

"I'll say I won't either!" answered the Young Mason. It's a promise...and I'd like to shake hands!"



# Surviving the Big Ones

By John "Corky" Daut

The "Big Ones" for me started with growing up during that period between the Great Depression and World War II. The "Big Ones" then continued with marriage, 4 children, going to the army, a career, moving to the country and just plain old living for 86 years.

Do you remember the year 1928? It was truly a momentous year. Most notable is the fact that Corky, the handsome debonair writer of "Surviving The Big Ones" was born on March 31 of that year.

A Pitcairn biplane landed at the Houston airport on February 26, 1928, with Houston's first air mail. Actually the airport didn't officially open until March 2, 1928, but the Houston Chamber of Commerce could visualize the coming air age and had organized early civic support for aviation facilities and services.

Other biggies in aviation were, Amelia Earhart was the first woman to cross the Atlantic Ocean, although the significance is somewhat reduced in my mind by the fact that she was a passenger in the plane. Richard E. Byrd flew to the South Pole to create a scientific base and begin a 3 year expedition.



Worshipful Master John  
"Corky" Daut in 2006

Most people, at least in the Houston area, think that television began in the very early 1950's. And, those who think about those kind of things may remember that a television broadcast was demonstrated at the 1939 New York Worlds Fair. Was it first? Un uh, the first television signal was broadcast from England to the United States in 1928. The General Electric company introduced the first commercial television receiver and also demonstrated a television broadcast in 1928.

A significant event in Houston's history happened in 1928 when the Houston Chamber of Commerce assumed the task of organizing facilities and making arrangements to host the National Convention of the Democratic Party. The convention, met July 26 through the 29, Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York was nominated for the presidency on June 28 and Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas was nominated for the vice presidency on June 29, each on the first ballot. Candidate Alfred E. Smith a Roman Catholic who wanted to repeal Prohibition, however Herbert Hoover, a Quaker, who thought Prohibition was a noble experiment was elected President of the United States by a landslide.

Did you know that the Buff Stadium opened in 1928. What is Buff Stadium you ask?

Well, the Houston Buffs (their real name was the Houston Buffalos.) was the city's first professional sports team. It was actually founded as an independent Texas League baseball team in 1888. Then in 1921 the team became a St. Louis Cardinals farm club.

In 1960 a group of investors headed by Roy Hofheinz, George Kirksey and Craig Cullinan Jr. formed the Houston Sports Association and they were awarded an expansion franchise by the National League and they bought the team and it was renamed the Colt 45's. The old Buff Stadium was torn down in 1963 as the Colts were playing in the 32,000 seat temporary Colt Stadium that was built for the team to use while the Domed Stadium was being built. The Colt .45s later became the Astros. The Finger Furniture Center on the Gulf Freeway was built on the old Buff Stadium property and at the exact spot where the old home plate was located, inside the store, the Houston Baseball

Museum. Beside baseball, the stadium was used for many other purposes. I remember the “Hell Drivers” auto show, The Ringling Bros. Circus setting up in the parking lot every year, Fireworks Shows and high school commencements.

A British scientist noticed that the green mold named Penicillin notatum killed any bacteria around it in a culture dish. This simple observation was the discovery of Penicillin, the medication that has probable saved hundreds of thousands lives since 1928.

I guess almost everyone has seen at least one “Tarzan” movie. To me Johnny Weissmuller was the only real Tarzan. I saw all of his movies during the 1940’s when I was growing up and you can still see one every once in a while on the old movie channels on cable or satellite. What most people don’t know however is that he was a world class swimmer. During the Summer Olympics of 1928 he not only won two gold medals, but by the time he retired from swimming he had set 67 world records.

I looked and researched for a long time to find some major item for Humble in 1928. Finally, I found a couple of items in the book “A History Of The Humble Texas Area”. The courthouse and jail were ready for occupancy in 1928 and the fact that the drilling crews discussed things like snuff-dipping Annie who lived down by the mule barn and the new girl down at the Saloon. By the way if you are interested in the history of the Humble area, you really should read the “A History Of The Humble Texas Area” produced by the James Tull Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I’m not sure if it is still in print. Check with the Humble Museum to buy or try the library to read there..



## Grandpa’s Wooden Chest



I hated to hear the lawyer say  
The things my grandpa gave away.  
Like his old truck to Dad and Mom  
And world war medals to Uncle John.

My name was called  
And something was said  
About an old wooden box  
Underneath his bed.

Just a worn out chest  
With a rusty hinge  
But I knew Grandpa left  
Something special within.

When I opened the lid  
All I could see  
Was some unused tools  
And a letter to me.

A large fancy cloth  
With two long strings  
A small wooden hammer  
Among other things

He wrote, ‘A man’s job  
Is to be a good husband father and a friend.  
I built my life as best I could  
By the tools laid here within.’

The author gives permission for anyone to republish this poem in a not for profit publication. Out of courtesy and respect for a Brother, please add the name of the author, Wor Bro Jack Sutton. Wor Bro Jack is a very active Mason in Massachusetts, and a Past Master of Corner Stone Lodge in Duxbury. He hails, however, from Waco TX, where he is a member of Waco Lodge.



4<sup>th</sup> Annual

# Pleasant Hill Masonic Lodge

#380 AF & AM

## CHILI COOKOFF & CAR SHOW



BENEFITTING THE TRI-CO. VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

FEBRUARY 21<sup>ST</sup> 2015

FIELDSTORE RODEO ARENA ON 1488 IN FIELDSTORE, TX

CAR SHOW ENTRIES \$25 (FREE T-SHIRT W/ENTRY)

PRE-1976 CARS ONLY PLEASE

 CHILI COOKOFF ENTRIES \$25 PER SPACE

Fun For The Whole Family!!!

Vendor Booths, Live Music, Food, Live and Silent Auction!

\$10 per person (includes all you can eat chili)

Vendor gates open at 6am Spectator gates open at 9am

T Shirt Sponsorships still available starting at \$100

For information contact: [Events@PleasantHill380.org](mailto:Events@PleasantHill380.org)



Bolt Action Pens

Corky Will Have A Vendor Booth At This Event With His  
‘Pine Island Pen Works’ - Over 100 Handmade Wood Pens.  
Stop By And Say Hello Between Bowls Of Chili.



# In search of "The Freemason"

**Editor's Note; This story was taken from the 13 June 2008 edition of the Rural Lodge Newsletter**



Much of Massachusetts' history lies at the bottom of the sea. Over the centuries, more than 3,000 vessels have sunk off the state's coast. But time and the ocean have made finding shipwrecks a daunting task. Still, Massachusetts archaeologists are trying to catalog all of them. In 1779, during the Revolutionary War, a privateer "the Freemason" exploded at anchor in Marblehead Harbor, the famous port to the north of Boston.

This week a small team went out in search of the vessel.

Alan Gontz looks at

images provided by the proton magnetometer, the sub-bottom profiler, and the sidescan sonar.



Brigantine In sailing, a brigantine is a vessel with two masts, at least one of which is square rigged. In modern parlance, a brigantine is a principally fore-and-aft rig with a square rigged foremast, as opposed to a brig



which is square rigged on both masts. In the late 17th century, the Royal Navy used the term brigantine (often contracted to brig) to refer to small two-masted vessels designed to be rowed as well as to sail, rigged with square sails on both masts.

Privateers: Legal seafarers or pirates? A privateer is a private warship authorized by a country's government by letters of marque to attack foreign shipping. Privateering is often described as a form of "legal" piracy. Strictly, a privateer was only entitled to attack and rob enemy vessels during wartime. However, states often encouraged attacks on opposing powers while at peace, or on neutral vessels during time of war, blurring the line between privateering and piracy.

Privateers were an accepted part of naval warfare from the 16th to the 19th centuries, authorized by all significant naval powers. The costs of commissioning privateers was borne by investors hoping to gain a significant return from prize money earned from enemy merchants. The privateer was distinguished by the legal framework it operated in—authorized to attack enemy shipping and be treated as prisoners of war if captured. If war was not declared, or if the privateer preyed on neutral shipping, the privateer might well be treated as a pirate by the enemy.

A privateer was an early sort of commerce raider, interrupting enemy trade. Privateers were of great benefit to a smaller naval power, or one facing an enemy dependent on trade: they disrupted commerce and hence enemy tax revenue, and forced the enemy to deploy warships to protect merchant trade. Privateering was a way of mobilizing armed ships and sailors without spending public money or commissioning naval officers.

Being privately owned and run, privateers did not take orders from the naval command. Often privateers were required to limit their activity to an agreed area or the ships of an agreed nation by their letter of marque. Often the owners or captain would be required to post a bond against breaching these conditions, or they might be liable to pay damages to an injured party. The French, in the Napoleonic Wars, destroyed letters of marque belonging to returning captains. In the United Kingdom, letters of marque were revoked for offenses like piracy, or firing on a warship's boat.

Any type of vessel could become a privateering vessel. The largest were of the same size and power as small frigates, while the smallest might be a 4-gun schooner. Some were built as warships: an old or unwanted warship might be sold off to privateer, and a privateer might, if captured by a warship, be commissioned into regular service. Others were essentially merchantmen; some vessels were long-range merchants making their regular trade routes but armed and ready to take advantage of any prize that might come their way.

George Washington owned part of at least one privateer ship. The American government issued privateering licenses to merchant captains during the Revolutionary War due to the relatively small number of commissioned American naval vessels. The American privateers are thought to have seized up to 300 British ships.

An interesting legal point is that during the Revolutionary War, the fledgling American government was a rebel government that was not recognized by most other world governments, certainly not by the British government. How would the US government react today if, say, the State of Rhode Island declared independence and issued letters of marque for RI boat owners to prey on commercial shipping? The United States constitution does give the US Congress power to grant letters of marque and reprisal, and the Confederate constitution likewise authorized use of privateers - so both parties in the Civil War authorized privateering aimed at stifling each other's mercantile power.

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## The Greatest Generation

We went to breakfast at a restaurant where the Seniors' Special was two eggs, bacon, hash browns, beans and toast for \$2.99.

'Sounds good,' my wife said. 'But I don't want the eggs.'

Then I'll have to charge you \$3.49 because you're ordering a la carte,' the waitress warned her.

'You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?' my wife asked incredulously.

“Yes.' stated the waitress.

'I'll take the special then,' my wife said.

“How do you want your eggs?' the waitress asked.

'Raw and in the shell,' my wife replied.

She took the two eggs home and baked a cake.

The Moral

Don't mess with seniors!

We've been around the block more than once!