

The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



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

Worshipful Master Gary Mosmeyer - Editor John "Corky" Daut
The August 2012 Issue

Cars Were Everywhere

By Corky

Just a little before 6:00 pm on the 14 of July I finished tying my tie and slipped on my funeralizing jacket and thought, 'I better leave by 6 for sure, so I can get a good parking spot.' It was installation night at Waller Lodge and I figured there would be more than usual Brothers at the Lodge.

Well sir, when I turned off of Saunders Street onto Main Street about 6:10 pm all I saw was a sea of cars, cars were everywhere. Every parking spot on Main Street was filled and I had to make my own parking space in the edge of the old post office building's driveway. Just as I started to get out another car pulled up beside me blocking the drive and the side streets were gaining more cars parking.

The Lodge Room was full for a change. There were 3 Grand Lodge of Texas Officers inside, Grand Senior Warden Jerry L. Martin, DDGM Joe Shepherd of District 808, DDGM James Wyling Of District 28 and District Education Officer Past Master "Bob" Podvin. And, a whole bunch of Past Masters including 6 of the 11 officers being installed.

I am being recycled as Secretary again and Past Master Bart Harvey is being recycled in the Senior Warden chair and the future W.M.. And I almost forgot our new W.M. Gary Mosmeyer is being recycled also. He was the Worshipful Master of Cypress #1423 for the Masonic year 1992/1993.

I was very happy to see that there were 4 of Waller Lodge's newer Masons in the lineup this year, Jason Tones as Junior Warden, "A J" Ward as Senior Deacon, Jerry Schiel as Junior Deacon and Matt Gass as the Senior Steward. It always makes me feel that the future of Freemasonry is assured.

Grand Senior Warden Jerry L. Martin served as the Installing Officer and D.E.O. "Bob" Podvin served as the Installing Marshall to performed a very outstanding installation ceremony.

There were 33 Masons that signed the register. I was somewhat disappointed however, that only 3 of those present were members of Waller Lodge that weren't there to be installed as the new officers.

I was very pleasantly surprised when after the ceremony ended, GSW Martin walked up to my desk and shook my hand and said, "I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy reading your Masonic magazine and I look forward to receiving it every month."

May it be a grand year for Waller Masonic Lodge, the new officers and our Brothers.



The Order of Knights of the Temple

From The Phoenixmasonry Masonic Museum and Library

The Order of Knights of the Temple was founded in the Holy Land in 1118 AD by a Burgundian Knight, Hugues de Payens. Its organisation was based on that of the Saracen fraternity of hashishim whom Christians called Assassins. The Templars first headquarters was a wing of the royal palace of Jerusalem next to the al-

aqsa mosque, revered by the Shi'ites as the central shrine of the Goddess Fatima. Western romances, inspired by Moorish Shi'ite poets, transformed this Mother-shrine into the Temple of the Holy Grail, where certain legendary Knights called Templars gathered to offer their service to the Goddess, to uphold the female principle of divinity and to defend women. These Knights became more widely known as Galahad, Perceval, Lohengrin etc. The real Knights Templar, however, professed Christianity and assumed the duty of protecting Christian pilgrims and merchants travelling through the Holy Land. They also undertook to protect the travellers' lands, castles, and other properties back home, where Templars from Jerusalem arrived to take charge. When pilgrims failed to return from their journeys, the property could pass into the Templars' permanent possession. As a result, like other holy orders founded on a vow of poverty, the Templars soon became very rich. At first the Knights Templar had difficulty getting papal sanction for their military order. The papacy refused to recognise them until a vindication of their aims was written by Saint Bernard, whose uncle joined the order and became a Grand Master. The Templars' original charter, signed by Pope Innocent II, granted them freedom from papal claims on their property, even from church taxation.



This financial independence was to prove their downfall. Having acquired estate, the Templars were accused of organised heresy, devil worship, ritual sodomy, and blasphemy. It was claimed they adored an androgynous idol named Baphomet, "having sometimes three faces, sometimes two, or only one, and sometimes a bare skull which they called their saviour, and believed its influence to be exerted in making them rich, and in making flowers grow and the earth germinate".

The rumor-mongers claimed the Templars secret rites involved denial of Christ, treading on the cross, and similar charges that were to become monotonously familiar in witch persecutions. Grand Master Jacques de Molay and other dignitaries of the order were arrested and confessed under torture, that they had indeed done such things, with the aim of teaching newly initiated Knights unquestioning obedience to their superiors' commands. Later, de Molay and his associates publicly renounced their confessions, saying they had been forced by torture. In 1314 they proclaimed their innocence before a large crowd of people and were burned at the stake as relapsed heretics the same afternoon.

The order was suppressed with great cruelty. With the church's blessing, local barons in France, Cyprus, Castile, and other areas simply murdered the Knights and took their properties. Captured Templars were forced to confess to every sort of crime, most apparently invited by their judges. It was found that each Templar confessed to one set of sins when tortured by one judge and a completely different set when tortured by a different judge. Trials were transparently rigged. During the trial of Templars at Paris, the court repeatedly refused to hear depositions from no fewer than 573 witnesses for the defense.

A few Templars managed to flee to England, where torture was not legal. This made it impossible to obtain what Pope Clement called "true evidence", meaning evidence extorted by torture. The pope wrote to King Edward II demanding that the Templars be arrested and tortured. Otherwise, Edward and his court would be excommunicated as impeters of the Inquisition. As a bribe, Edward was offered a Plenary Indulgence for all his past sins. Finally he permitted papal judges to torture the Templars, changing the English Law "out of reverence for the Holy See". The indispensable utility of torture was thus established, and "the success of the extermination of the Templars set the patterns for the subsequent persecution of witches".

Scholars have tried to determine the truth, if any, of the charges against the Templars. Most agree that the Templars "had adopted some of the mysterious tenets of the eastern Gnostics". Their alleged idol Baphomet may have been the Triple Head of Wisdom pictured on the arms of the orders' founder, in the form of three black Saracen heads. On the other hand, no idol of Baphomet was ever found in the Templars houses or shrines, though these were seized and sealed immediately.

Templars were accused of "making a fig" at the crucifix with their hands; but this derisive sexual symbol was not a mockery by eastern standards. Orientals called it a knowledge sign, the feminine counterpart of the

phallic cross; in India it was a lingam-yoni. If the Templars trampled a crucifix, they may have copied the custom of Arab dervishes who ceremonially rejected a cross with the words "You may have the Cross, but we have the meaning of the Cross".

As for the charge of sodomy, no monastic order was free of that. Men cut off from women were no less prone to homosexual behavior in the 13th century than in the prisons, barracks, lumber and mining camps, and boys' schools of the 20th.

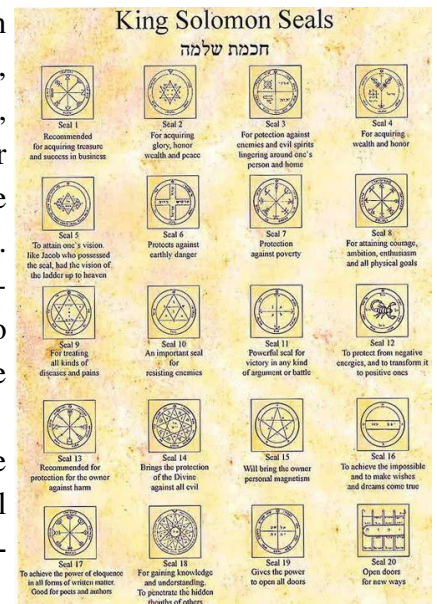


King Solomon's Seals

In Medieval Jewish, Christian and Islamic legends, the Seal of Solomon was a magical signet ring said to have been possessed by King Solomon, which variously gave him the power to command demons, genies (or jinni), or to speak with animals. In alchemy, the combination of the fire and water symbols (up and down triangles) is known as the Seal of Solomon. The symbol is representative of the combination of opposites and transmutation.

By combining the alchemical symbols for fire (upwards triangle) and water (downwards triangle), the alchemical symbols for earth and air are also created. The downwards facing triangle is divided along the center by the base line of the opposite triangle.

This is the alchemical symbol for earth. Conversely, the upwards triangle divided by the base line of the downwards triangle is the alchemical symbol for air. The Seal of Solomon is all that is unified in perfect balance; the Spirit Wheel.





41st Annual Eblen's Cave Degree In Kingston, Tennessee,

The MMMM degree team exemplifies the work in all three degrees and utilizes a maximum of 24 active members with each member having a unique number which reflects their election order to membership on the team. Said number is unique and retires with the member at death or after completion of or retirement from the team. The team has done work throughout the south and over 4,500 masons have witnessed the work to date. All members are Past Masters and four members are Mississippi Past Grand Masters.

The MMMM hold an annual rendezvous the last Saturday in January at the converse of Martin and Rocky Creeks on a high hill in South Jones County, Mississippi where activities include tomahawk throws, knife throws, over the log musket shoots, frying pan toss, mountain man traders and other pre 1840 rendezvous reenactment activities.



After an enjoyable Saturday of activities including a full meal typically of whole hog with all the trimmings, the team confers the MM degree under the canopy of heaven by campfire light after dark. This work is done as all our work in complete mountain man regalia with our masonic mountain men forefathers in mind. The mountain man era began with Brothers Lewis and Clark with the Great Expedition in 1804 until the last rendezvous along the Green River in Wyoming in 1840.

Come witness and enjoy the Degree Team as they exemplify this Great Work! Its like stepping back in time.

Happy Birthday Brothers

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>
Everett A Bozarth	88
Derwood O. Ralston	73
Frank B. Hoke	71
Darrell R. Bloodworth	70
Gregory D. Williams	63
John Adam Harvey	20

Masonic Anniversaries

<u>Name</u>	<u>Years</u>
Glen H. Canon	52
Darrell R. Bloodworth	46
Frank B. Hoke	42
Gary V. Mosmeyer	30
John A. Garrett	18
Michell R. Bosarge	14
Walter "Bubba". Schiel,	11
Larry D. Hargrave	10
Delane Z. Corley	06
Randal Blake Dluhy	02
Jason Keith Tones	02



This Month's Humor

Although John's wife had passed away a year ago, he decided to go to his Class of 1955 High School reunion, even though he would be alone.

John was having a good time meeting of friends and classmates, when he saw a still very nice looking woman sitting alone on a chair beside the wall.

He gathered his courage and walked over to the woman, "Aren't you Mary Jane Marshall?" he asked.

"Yes, I was before I married, but my husband died last year. And, you. . . you are. . . John. . . John Milam aren't you.?"

John sat down in the chair beside her and they had a very pleasant conversation catching up with each other's past 62 years

John looked at her and said, "I have always had a crush on you and I am very lonely, lets get married."

"Oh yes yes," she said, "I've been so lonely since Harry died. And, I always wondered why you never ask me for a date in high school."

The next morning, after John woke up and was standing in front of the mirror he thought, "Wait a minute, I ask Mary Jane to marry me last night and I can't remember if she said yes or no."

When Mary Jane answered the phone that morning it was John. "Hello, this is John. I am sorry to call this early in the morning, but I ask you to marry me last night, but I can't remember if you said yes or no."

"I said, oh yes yes. Oh John you don't know how happy you made me. And, I am so glad you called, I knew some one ask me to marry him last night, but I couldn't remember who it was. (Thanks to Doyle Sitton)



District 108 DDGM's Visits

By Corky

Schedule of District 108 DDGM second Official visits for 2012

Hempstead 749	Thursday	August 9th
Morton 72	Tuesday	August 14th
Pleasant Hill 380	Saturday	August 18th
Sugar Land 1141	Monday	August 20th
Rosenberg 881	Tuesday	August 21st
Katy 1439	Tuesday	September 4th
Brookshire 1066	Thursday	September 6th
Waller 808	Tuesday	September 11th

What Goes Around, Comes Around

The church gossip and self-appointed arbiter of the church's morals kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several church members were unappreciative of her activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence.

She made a mistake, however, when she accused Bubba, a new member, of being a drunk after she saw his pickup truck parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon. She commented to Bubba and others that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing.

Bubba, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny; he said nothing. Later that evening, Bubba quietly parked his pickup in front of her house . . . and left it there all night.



What Was Happening - Waller Lodge Back In August 2007

The Worshipful Master (James "Jim" Brown), is hoping to organize a one day trip to the Grand Lodge meeting in the first part of December. If we could get enough people going, it would justify renting a van and we could all go together and make a showing for Waller Lodge.

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We are proud to welcome, as a plural member Brother Gary Mosmeyer P.M. from Cypress #1423. Brother Gary has been a neighbor in Pine Island for a number of years. [Editor's Note; From the newby to Worshipful Master in 5 years — Way to go Gary]

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A discussion began during the July stated meeting, regarding future fundraisers, was postponed until the August meeting. One of the main points discussed was whether Waller lodge wanted to continue participating in the 3 day Liendo Plantation Civil War Reenactment fundraiser or spend more time with smaller local fundraisers.

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In a conversation about the new Lodge committees, Worshipful Master Jim Brown announced it was his intention to increase the local community's awareness and knowledge of Waller Lodge

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P.M. John N. Daut Sr. and Wife Rebecca enjoyed a five day trip to New York City last month

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Between a donation from the Lodge and a couple of Brothers, Waller Lodge donated \$220.00 to the Shrine Children's Hospital.

Note that I did not say Shrine Crippled Children's Hospital. Some do gooders decided that using the word crippled was offensive.

Well sir, our daughter was treated at Shrine Crippled Children's for about 15 years and we were never offended by the word "Crippled". She was a 2 year old bedridden crippled child who the Shrine Crippled Children's Hospital changed from an invalid to a young lady who was able to receive a college education, while living own her on, in the dorms at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville.

SICKNESS AND DISTRESS

Please say a prayer for,

Brother Jimmy Hooper got a report from the doctor that the old cancer has returned.

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During a trip to the doctor a couple of weeks ago to check on her pregnancy, Becky Brown discovered that she has a serious case of diabetes.

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Brother Scarborough had a cataract removed from one eye in mid July and one from the other eye in early August. He clams he is happy with the results.

The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter

Subscriber's Extra Features

The Ultimate Test

As most of you know, I am a pretty considerate guy and since Nellie and I will be married 62 years this Saturday (This was in July 2011) I thought I would do something nice. So, after supper last night I ask her if she wanted to go out for an ice cream cone. She did, so of course we did. As I was coming out of the Dairy Queen in Hempstead a black man walked up to me and asks, "Is that your van".

"Yes it is," I replied.

"I sure was happy to see that sticker," he said, pointing to the lower corner of the windshield.

Well, I was pretty sure it wasn't the safety inspection or license sticker so I ask if he meant the Blue Slipper sticker and he said no, I mean that emblem, pointing to the square and compass printed on the slipper sticker.

He seemed to know a little about Masonry so I ask if he was a member of the Lone Star Prince Hall Lodge in Hempstead. He said no he was a member of a Lodge in Marlin Texas.

Then he started telling me the story about how he had taken his grandmother to the John Sealy Hospital in Galveston and she had died today. He was heading back home when his transmission went out. The mechanic took every dime he had to fix the transmission and his little grandson, who was sitting in the car, hadn't eaten all day.

To make a long story short, I only had 2 dollars in my pocket and told him he was welcome to it if it would help. He took it with thanks and said at least he could get the kid something to eat. Then he drove off down the road

I would like to think I helped someone even if it was only a couple of bucks, but it was all I had at the time. I will have to admit though, that if I had had more money with me, I would of had to give him my ultimate test to see if he was really a Mason. But, I figured his story was worth at least 2 dollars.

Oh yes, my ultimate test to see if he is truly a Mason. If you are suspicious of a man who claims to be a Brother, just ask him, "In which hand does the Worshipful Master carry the lantern when he approaches the throne?"



How May I Know That A Stranger Is A Mason? How Should I Make Myself Known To A Stranger As A Mason?

The answer is Punch's famous advice to those about to marry - "Don't!"

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the man who wears a Masonic pin, or who says that he is a Mason, actually is one. While occasionally imposters seek Masonic aid without a shadow of a right to it, their number is small compared to the millions of men in this country who are Masons in good standing. But it is unwise, and often risky, to engage in loose Masonic talk with the stranger who introduces himself as a member of the Craft. Nor is there any excuse whatever for him to ask you to prove yourself a Mason. There is no need for you to know that he is a Mason. Such a necessity would arise when you or he visit a lodge, but there the responsibility is the Master's, and it is for him to order a committee. Many newly raised brethren think that by giving some Masonic sign they should secretly make themselves known to a supposed brother, but this is a mistake.

Not even when a call for Masonic help comes is there need for a ritualistic "proof" of mutual membership. If a man is in danger or difficulty, and time is short, there is no more need to find out whether he asks for aid because he is a Mason, than there is to ascertain of the drowning man that he is a respectable citizen before you throw the rope! If the Masonic lesson of charity and help indicates that aid should be given, give it, whether the man be telling the truth or not. But beware of the man who offers to "prove" himself, and does so by a ready knowledge

Invitation to Milam Lodge 175th Anniversary

Saturday August 18, 2012

Milam Lodge No. 2 A.F & AM Nacogdoches, Texas \

My Dear Brother,

175 years ago this would have been sent by horseback or word of mouth, but things have changed so you get it by email.

You are cordially invited to join the members of Milam Lodge No. 2 as we celebrate the 175th anniversary of Milam Lodge No. 2 A.F. & A.M. in Nacogdoches on Saturday August 18, 2012.

The Worshipful Master will open a Master Masons lodge at 5 PM and receive the Most Worshipful Grand Master James Brumit and other Grand Lodge officers in due form. After the lodge is called to refreshment, an assembly of ma-sons and their guest will form in procession and march down the sidewalk on N. Fredonia St. to the Mast Hall located on Main St., where there will be a banquet and guest speakers for this occasion. The walking distance to Mast Hall is about 500 feet.

The keynote speaker will be Brother Archie McDonald a fifty-year member of Milam Lodge No.2 and author of "By Early Candlelight" the history of Milam Lodge.

R.W. Earl J. "Mickey" Duran the Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana will bring greeting from the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

The meal for the banquet will be fried catfish and all the trimmings. The cost for the meal tickets are \$10.00 and it is very important that we sell these tickets in advance in order to assist the caterer who will be preparing the meal. Please contact one of the numbers below for tickets and driving directions. Brethren, seating will be limited, so please purchase your meal tickets soon. The cut off date for the ticket sales will be Aug. 15th. The phone number to the lodge is (936) 564-4816.

Commemorative coins and aprons celebrating the 175th anniversary have been made and will be available for purchase at a cost of \$8.00 per coin and \$2.00 for an apron. The coin is like none other and is beautiful, and for \$20.00 you can have a meal ticket, a coin and an apron.

The history of Milam Lodge is filled by the spirit of men, who were central to the development of the story of Texas, three signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence called Old Milam their lodge home. We continue to call it our lodge home today, and we hope you will join us on this occasion as we look back at 175 years of masonry in Texas.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Raymond M. Wiggins Greg Sowell R.W. John Chapman, DDGM

936-560-2245 H 936-560-4683 936-645-0998

Fraternally,

Dwight A. Thrash and Dwight David Thrash

Lufkin 669

etexamasonic@consolidated.net



The book
"Understanding
Women" has
finally arrived in
book stores.

COW POKES®

By Ace Reid



"If this economy gets any worse, Maw, we're gonna' have to give up some of our luxuries!"

Light Reflected

From The Davy Crocket Lodge #1225, San Antonio, Texas

A monthly "opinion" by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

There were so many things that happened this month that I could write about. Some examples include the beautifully performed Installation of officers by R.W. Gene Carnes, P.M. Charlie Shaw, and P.M. Keith Reynolds; the riveting Light Brigade presentation by R.W. Mike Gower (what a night!); my trip to the George Washington Masonic Memorial in D.C.; the incident near Corpus Christi when I was almost sideswiped by a mini-van and the guy behind me honked his horn at ME for slowing down...the kind word from a stranger at the gas station that totally turned my mood around...seeing the Masonic sticker on the back of his truck as he drove off and thinking "There goes a good man and a good Mason;" the fortune cookie I got from my favorite Chinese restaurant that said "Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that;" and even the discovery of the Higgs Boson or "God particle" and the joke I heard immediately after which goes..."A Higgs Boson walks into a Catholic Church and the Priest says, 'Get out of here, we don't cater to your kind,' and the Higgs Boson says, 'But how can you have Mass without me?'" Then being bowled over when my Pastor actually brought up the Higgs Boson during her sermon the next day. But one thing that I heard really struck a chord with me...so I decided to share it with you this month.

You all know of my passion for music...I mean almost half of my Light Brigade presentations have been about or included music in some form or fashion. Heck, even our Lamar Medal winner was a singer. Well, I heard a song the other day that has stuck with me and I can't seem to stop thinking about it. Don't get me wrong, it's not an "ear worm," you know, a tune that you can't get out of your head. Honestly, I don't even remember the melody. It also wasn't about Masonry...but as I listened to it, Masonry was all I could think about. The song is entitled Angels All Alone and it was written by Eric McEuen. I am going to modify the words a little bit so you can read what I was actually hearing:

Masons all alone can get in trouble, Masons all alone fall into doubt
As they stumble through the streets of this world, they can find it all too much to figure out
Masons all alone forget their beauty, Masons all alone forget their worth
They start to lose the grace that proves they're Masons, they start to live like most of us on earth
Masons all alone can need reminding, there really is a place they once called home
There's a reason for that pain that can be blinding, tell them they've been too long on that road
Masons all alone will reach for solace, but it's hard to get enough of what they find
These tantalizing temporary pleasures, can't fill the void from something left behind
Masons all alone can lose direction, Masons all alone can lose their sight
And start to think they have no map to guide them; they act as if they've never known the light
Every Mason needs some other Masons, sometimes they all lay face-down in the dirt
They need help to find their feet again, and see past all the dangers to a world that holds more for them than hurt
I can see I caught your eye, as I went stumbling by, I've been too sad to fly, I can hardly see the sky but
I wonder, can you help me try again
Masons all alone can get in trouble, Masons all alone fall into doubt
As they stumble through the streets of this world, they can find it all too much to figure out

Now, for me this song is heartbreaking. Davy Crockett Lodge has 286 members, and yet we struggle to get 10% to attend Lodge even for a Stated Meeting. Oh sure, I know a lot of the Brothers are active in appendant bodies like the Shrine, Scottish Rite, and York Rite...but Blue Lodge Masonry needs you, and quite frankly you need it! We are attracting more and more young men into our Lodge and into our Fraternity as a whole. The problem we're facing now is that we don't have enough experienced Brethren to teach, mentor, or even just share stories and philosophies with them. Davy Crockett Lodge has done wonderful things over the last few years and has a lot to offer, not only to new Masons but to all of you. Believe me, it's not the same old "Business as Usual" anymore! We are breaking barriers, trying new and innovative programs, and really busting our butts to make sure that we provide not only education, but fun and fellowship as well. If you've been

thinking of coming back to check it out please do so, you won't be disappointed. Now is the time for Masonry to experience a re-birth. Not since the World War II generation has Masonry enjoyed so much notoriety and press. Come back, participate, share your knowledge, "Be the Light!"
Alone we can live and learn, but together we can be part of something bigger than ourselves...we can help to mold future generations and leave a legacy of love and devotion to the Craft. Re-join us!



Oklahoma Masonic Indian Degree Team

From The Hiram's Lighthouse Newsletter of the Toronto East District

Around the year of 1948, there was a group of Oklahoma Indians that got together to put on some Masonic Degree work. It was very well received by those who witnessed the effort. In 1950, part of the 1948 group decided to form the Oklahoma Masonic Indian Degree Team. Every year since, the Team has traveled all over the U.S. and Europe to put on the Master Mason Degree.

Until recently, there has been comparatively little change in Team. The Directors have been Fred Hays Bunny Manly, Bob Archiquette, Ron Chambers, Terry Adams and currently Donald R. (Butch) McIntosh. Raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason and added to the Team in 1959, Bob Archiquette has been with the Team at almost every one of the Team's Degrees and is still participating. The Team also consists of 13 Past Masters and others are in line at the present time.



The Team has never charged for their work and will not do mock Degrees.

One of our largest degrees put on was in Delaware and had a count of approximately 4,500 brethren present. Sometimes the Team has outnumbered the people in the lodge. Regardless, the Team still put on the same degree.

The Team is not made up of members from any one Lodge, but from several. All the Brothers must live in the State of Oklahoma and be willing to travel two and occasionally three weekends a month. If the Team can travel from Tulsa to a Lodge in an hour, the Team will work week nights. This amount of travel time during a year can be stressful on home life, but the Team has a very supportive "home team."

On occasion, the "home team" gets to "go on the road"; that is to say the wives of the Team get invited to visit by the ladies of the Lodge members for whom the Team is doing the Degree work. It is through this fellowship that many long-standing friendships, for both the members and the wives, have been built.

Team members genuinely enjoy getting to know their brethren from other states and finding kindred spirits in Masonry.

Since the early 60's the Team has had picture postcards available as a memento of their degree work.

Lately, they have added lapel pins, ball caps, and coins as other souvenirs. The donations received through these help to pay for their travels. When the Team travels out of state, they ask that the requesting Lodge pay for travel, food and lodging. In recent years, members of the Team have put on a traditional Indian dance program and story telling of legends and tales to help some of the Lodges defray part of the cost of their travel. This has been a favourite, not only for the Lodge members, but also their ladies and family members. This is the only time that the ladies and children can see the Team members in their authentic tribal regalia or dance clothes. The Team often visits the Shrine hospitals located near the Degree work. They enjoy their talks with the kids and staff, and perform their dance programs for them.

The Native American Nations represented on the team are Apache, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Creek, Keetoowah, Oneida, Ottawa, Quapaw, and Shawnee. In the past members have been Delaware, Kaw, Kiowa, Pawnee and Ponca.

This is oldest "Degree Team" in existence, and that is mostly because as a Team the group has never stopped or had a break since inception - over sixty year ago. The Oklahoma Masonic Indian Degree Team has raised over 900 to the Master Mason Degree. They are the only known Indian Degree Team.

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.

In the last column I reminisced about “my” first car. It was an old 1933 Ford V8 that I fixed up in the latter part of 1947. I only drove it once after worked on it and spent my money getting it running. I just knew that since mom and dad had semi abandoned the car and it hadn’t run in a few years it would be mine after all my work. I realized after dad sold it that I was wrong.

The next one was really mine. My grandpa Daut died in Montgomery, Texas February 1, 1948. Later that year, grandma told me she wanted me to have grandpa’s car. It was a 12 year old 1936 Plymouth Coupe. It was the same car that grandpa had let me drive about 3 blocks in low gear to the house in Montgomery. He wanted me to stay in low gear so in case I hit anything it couldn’t do much damage. So much for confidence.

Any how, I still hadn’t learned to drive well enough to go to Montgomery and pick up the car so I called my buddy, Pete. Pete agreed to go to Montgomery with me and drive the car back to Houston.

The first thing we had to do, of course, was to pull the battery and carry it to the filling station to leave it on the charger over night. Carry is the correct term because we had went up on the bus and didn’t have any transportation, but it was only about 4 blocks. The next morning, we carried the battery back to grandma’s house and worked with the car until it started. After saying our good-byes, we headed the old car toward Houston. We had already decided to return using highway 249, down through Tomball to avoid the traffic going across FM 105 to Conroe and down Hwy. 75 to Houston (this was long before Interstate 45).

I don’t remember dad’s exact words when he first saw the old Plymouth parked in front of the house on Eppes Street. But I think it was something like “Oh my God!!!” or maybe a little worse. I guess his first thought was that I didn’t have a drivers license or enough driving experience to mention and the fact that he was a police official with HPD and didn’t need an incident with his son. Of course, I was rejoicing on the inside and thinking, OK old man, now we’re even for you selling my first car.

Mom often went shopping in the afternoon and dad was still at work when I got home from school so I drove the old Plymouth around the streets of the Golfcrest Subdivision and sometimes even for a few blocks on Telephone Road. After mastering the mysteries of the clutch and shift lever sticking up out of the floorboard, I became a fairly good self taught driver.

The problems started when I went downtown to the County Courthouse to renew the license plates. Are you Henry Albert Daut, the lady ask. No I’m his grandson. Where is he? He died. Sorry, no license until the title is changed over to the new owner. Grandma and I finally got the title changed (no help from dad) and I was able to buy the new license plates.

Pete and I hadn’t really paid a lot of attention to the soft muffled knocking sound coming from under the hood on our journey home from Montgomery, but now it seemed to be somewhat louder. Nellie and I got married about this time and Pete and I brought the old car to the new apartment and Pete decided that the rod knock needed attention, before I started driving it regularly. We jacked the car up and dropped the oil pan and I bought a new set of oversized rod bearings to take up the slack and stop the knocking. If I remember correctly, it was about 3 or 4 weeks before the knocking sound came back. Back to the parts counter for another set of rod bearings a size thicker. After we installed them and drove for a few weeks the knocking sound became audible again. Oh, didn’t you know, the parts man ask, that model Plymouth has a hollow crankshaft and after it gets older it develops a flat place on the bearing surface. The only thing you can do is replace the crankshaft.

Then there was the night we drove it down to the Irvington Drive In Theater. I remember when I parked beside the speaker post the car rolled back a foot or two while in gear, but we could see OK so I didn’t worry about it. After the movies (double feature) were over I stepped on the starter and nothing happened. The engine wouldn’t turn over. Some kind soul tried pushing us to get it started, but the back tires just skidded and wouldn’t turn. We left the car and walked the few blocks back home. Pete pulled the car home the next day.

Acting on a hunch I pulled the sparkplugs and stepped on the starter. The motor spun and water shot out of



Corky In The 1940s

one of the holes. It had dawned on me that the head gasket leaked a little and when the car rolled back the piston went down, sucking water through the leaky gasket and filled the cylinder with water. If you remember your Physics 101, liquids cannot be compressed, so it wasn't much different then if someone had put a hunk of iron on top of the piston and it couldn't rise again and the motor couldn't turn over
It didn't take long for Nellie and I to decide that riding on the city busses regularly was a lot cheaper then the care and feeding of a 1936 Plymouth Coupe.



P.G.M. Donny Broughton's Reasons For Stated Meetings In E.A. Degree

The following paragraphs are the major points from the P.G.M.'s recommendations in the December 2007 issue of The Texas Mason'magazine.

"Oklahoma sent out a survey to E.A.'s who never advanced beyond the first degree. We have always assumed that they did not progress because of a lack of time or because of a lack of effort to learn the required memory work. That is also what we probably would hear if we asked such a person face-to-face. However, in the surveys we find that their leisure time is very important and that spending part of their leisure time in the lodge must be worthwhile. The surveys also discovered that they perceived the work as learnable, and in fact, that they enjoyed the mentoring relationship that comes about from communicating with a teacher mouth-to-ear. What they did not like was feeling that they are less than full members. They feel uninvolved, unneeded, and that they do not have a role in the lodge. ... Our current system simply does not provide them the ability to fully experience our fraternity."

"We call them brothers. They assume they are members. Then, they find out that they are not. They find out there are lots of things that they cannot do, see, and participate in. This recommendation will change that." "This is not a radical change -- it is a procedural change. I am a traditionalist. I don't want to change who or what we are. I do not want to make things faster or easier, but I do want E.A.'s to know that we want them and to feel that they are important to us.

This is not new. In 1837, when the Grand Lodge was getting organized, all business was conducted in the E.A. degree. Thirteen jurisdictions in the United States are doing this right now."

"It lets them be present at the night of the meeting -- no rights or privileges. They are not legal members, and they must earn the right to be a MM. I want them to be in the lodge room to experience Masonry and to communicate with their brothers. They may not vote, they may not serve on a committee, or pay dues. Eventually, as we go forward, I think they should pay dues. We need their dues, and they actually expect to pay dues."

What do they get? "Two things: first, they get to see the ritual and second, they get to experience the protocol - the kindness and courtesy shown each other in the lodge. This is what impressed me so much at my first meetings that I participated in. They can see the Worshipful Master who rules and governs the lodge, who has great power and authority, and who may be of lower social status than members on the sidelines. All of these things will provide incentive and motivate them to become a Master Mason - they will see balloting, holding offices, participating in stations, and so forth, which will be an incentive for them to go forward."

"I have been asked why expose E.A.'s to boring meetings? That is a mind-set. While I would like the meetings to be interesting, if they are boring, they will be boring whether the E.A. sees them or not. Maybe it is better if the E.A. knows that they are boring sooner than later.



The Worshipful Master directed the Lodge Deacons to wear less aftershave in the future.

The candidate who had just been initiated that evening, was ask if he had felt comfortable during the ceremony.

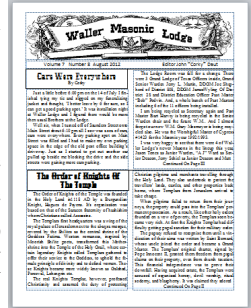
He replied, "I was a bit worried for the first five or ten minutes, but the woman behind me was very helpful in keeping me from staggering!"

Important Newsletter Notice

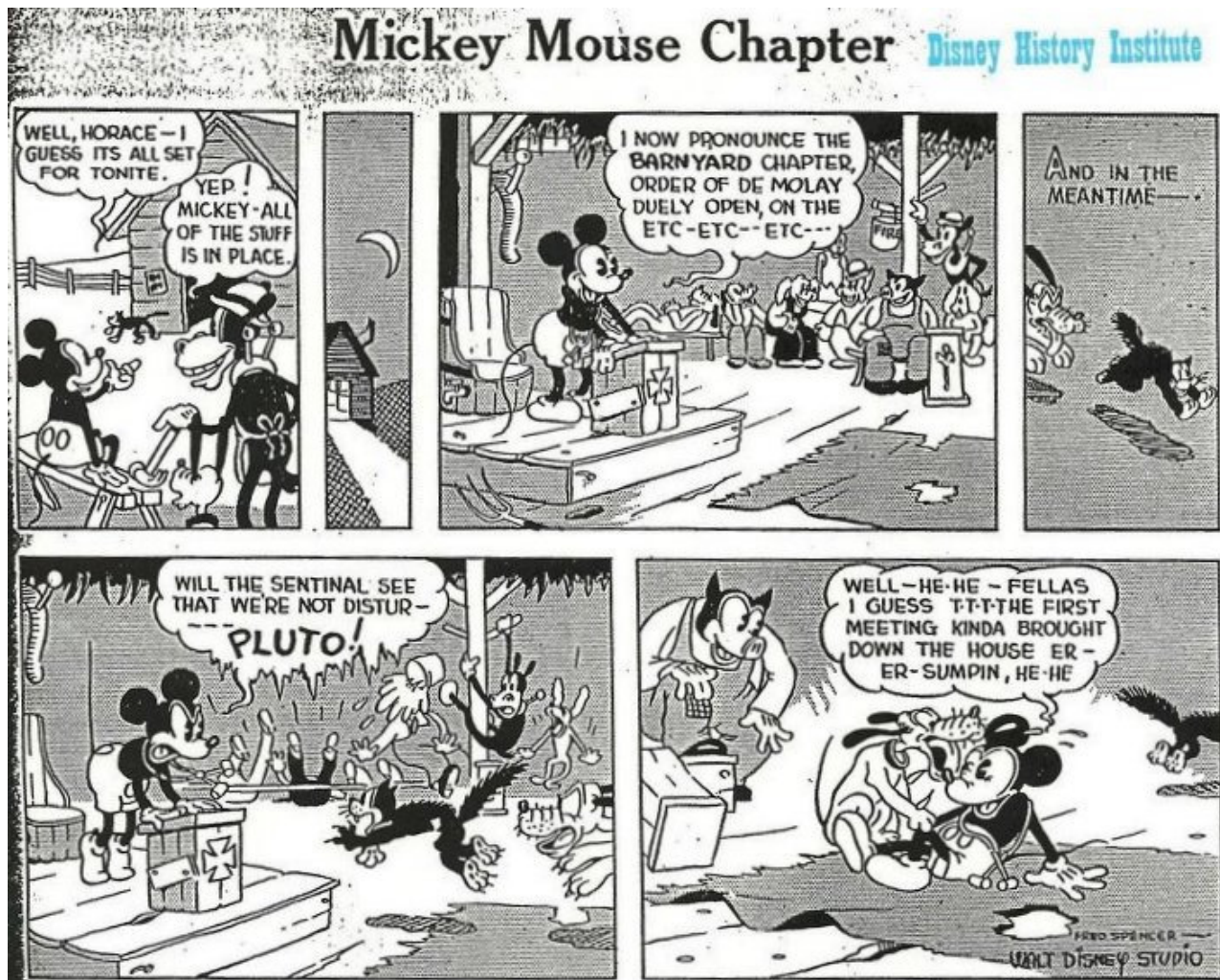
By Corky\

If you are receiving this online version of the Waller Masonic Lodge newsletter and also receiving the mailed printed version, your printed version will be canceled after this months issue. The purpose of this online version was to save the Lodge the cost for postage, printing and envelopes and if you are receiving both it is defeating the purpose.

At this time, it costs the Lodge about \$8.00 per year for each mailed newsletter. The online version costs the Lodge nothing. We currently have 23 members receiving the online version for an annual savings of \$193.00. BUT, we also send the online version to 30 non-members, saving another \$246.00 for a total savings of \$493.00 per year. Hey, I remember fundraisers that didn't make that much.



Comics Your Grandparents Used To Read



Opening The Lodge

A lodge is opened by its Master in "due form" meaning according to ancient usages and customs, the laws and ritual of its Grand Lodge.

A Grand Lodge is opened by the Grand Master in "ample form" meaning he has the power and authority to deviate from common ritual to save time.

On The Painful Process of Becoming a Past Master

By Carl Claudy

The newly elected and installed Master had finished his speech. In it he had promised many things to the lodge, and outlined a beautiful program for the coming year. In conclusion he said: "Thus I hope to make my year a good year. I propose to increase the attendance, better the degree work, have more entertainment, see that instruction is more carefully carried on, do more charity, have better turnouts at such funerals as we may have to hold; in other words, with your assistance, I propose to make this the most attractive lodge in the world."

"Pretty nice speech," said the New Brother, sitting down beside the Old Tiler. "You know, I think I'd like to go in line." "Indeed, it was a very good speech. The boy has the makings of a real Past Master," smiled the Old Tiler. "But about going in line—don't forget the process hurts."

"Hurts? I don't believe I get you exactly."

"Probably not. When you have been longer in the lodge, you will recognize a certain similarity about all speeches from newly elected and installed Masters. They all think the same way. As soon as they get near the east they begin to think what they can do for the lodge and how they can make it better. They make high plans and do a lot of brain work, and then they tell the lodge about it. I wonder it never occurs to any of them how conceited they are when they are first elected." "Conceited? Why, young Jamison isn't conceited; he's a nice, modest chap."

"Sure he is! But he tells you all the things he is going to do, quite forgetting that a long line of predecessors have not succeeded in doing them. They talk that way with the world and the lodge at their feet, and both to be conquered."

"But neither ever is conquered. Every Past Master has done all he knew to make this the best lodge in the world. It's a pretty good lodge at that, but it isn't what it might be—if we were all perfect. As any Master's year slips along and he finds that the attendance isn't much better than it was, and the degree work just as lacking in beauty as it had ever been because this, that, and the other officer, with the best intentions but no equipment, is making a spectacle of himself, he finds that the process of becoming a Past Master hurts, and hurts badly."

"Most Past Masters are worth a lot more to the lodge as Past Masters than as Masters because of the lessons they learn while Master which they didn't know before. And Jamison has the makings of a fine Past Master; one who will think and work, and be a genuine asset to the lodge."

"But Jamison will improve the degree work — he has a lot of plans—" "He'll try. But, my brother, you can't make men over. All our officers are pretty fixed in their ways. They do the best that is in them to do. They are earnest, lovable, conscientious men. They struggle to learn the work, letter perfect. But God makes some men orators, and to some he gives a sing-song voice which would ruin the most beautiful words in the language; and we have our share of them. Jamison won't be able to change them, hard as he may try."

"Do you think he shouldn't try, then?"

"Heaven forbid! Of course he should try. We should all try. The officers should try, and do try. But if we all succeeded in our straining after perfection, there wouldn't be any fun left in the world at all, or any glory in Masonry. In a perfect world Masonry would have no place. Since Masonry is in existence to make men better, if all men were best it wouldn't be needed.

"No, Brother, it's a good thing for the lodge that Jamison can't make this a perfect lodge of perfect Masons. If he could, we wouldn't have any excuse for being. But if he didn't try, he wouldn't be the good man that he is."

"Well, I am amazed," said the New Brother. "You have such peculiar ideas—"

"I am an old, old tiler," grinned the Old Tiler. "I have watched them go up to the east with high hopes and great plans for years and years. And I have seen them step down at the end of their year, happy to be out of the chair, deeply sorry they couldn't do what they tried to do, disillusioned as to the capacity of one man to change a thousand men, worried that they haven't carried the old lodge farther on the road."

"But years have taught me that it is given to very few of us to set many stones in the structure of Masonry. We are lucky if we set one brick right—if, indeed, we can bring one stone which is good work, true work, square work; to the structure, and receive therefore a Mason's wages, we have done well."

"And that is what Jamison will do. He won't succeed in making fifty more men come to the lodge this year than came last. He won't stage a degree any better than a dozen Masters before him have staged. He won't have any more calls for charity than many have had. He won't have any better candidates or any better taught entered apprentices or fellowcrafts than others have had. He will just go along with the lodge, and guide it and direct it and do the best he can, but, unless he is the one man in a hundred, he won't do any more than all of them who trod that road before him could do."

"Then you think he'll be a failure?"

"Decidedly not! I think he'll be a success. For he will try: try earnestly, try hard, think, labor and struggle with his job. And at the end of a year he will have set one stone in this lodge, at much cost to himself. He will make himself into a good Past Master, a man who knows his lodge, who understands its membership, who is able to think fast and work hard, a man who loves his order and his jewel. The one thing he can do best for this lodge is to make himself into a good Past Master—and if he does that, he will find, in after years, that it paid, even if it did hurt."

"I—I don't know that I want to go in line," said the New Brother, thoughtfully, as he walked away.



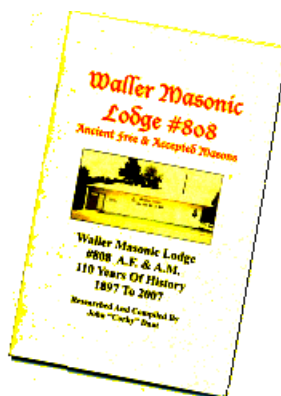
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Morons at Work

Editor's Note; I was looking for a little humor when I found Morons At Work, but. . . they aren't really funny are they?



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