

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 September 2012 Issue

The Fundamental Nature Of The Craft

by M.:W.:Neil Neddermeyer

An age old question that has plagued many for centuries has to do with the fundamental nature of the Craft. Three questions that continually need to be considered are: Who we think we are? Who does the public think we are? And truly who are we? We seem to have divided ourselves in the following three groups:

GROUP A

This group believes that we are a social club and a support group. They believe that the Craft exists for bonding through events that are both member and family oriented. They support our concordant and appendant bodies and are very much in favor of public relations and new member initiatives. They may feel that the lessons learned from the ritual and the public charities that we support are valid but the main reason for us to exist is for fun and fellowship.

GROUP B

This group feels that our sole function should be to support our philanthropies and our community service programs. It may be apparent to them that Masonic fellowship and teachings are compelling, but they are necessary in order to have an organization in place for the continuation of public giving.

GROUP C

These members of the Craft are involved primarily to receive Masonic light. They believe that the histories and philosophies of Masonry are the principal reasons for our existence. They may feel that the best way to increase our membership is through word of mouth and that the mystery of the Craft is what sets us apart from other organizations. They seek introspection and edification.

These three groups represent the reasons that many of us give for Masonry to exist, namely Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. These three groups are often at odds with each other as to how the Craft should be managed and lead. This becomes apparent when new ideas are explored and old customs are challenged. Of course the lines of definition that separate the three groups are sometimes vague and we may individually change our thoughts as to who we are over time. Many true Masons, however, feel that we can equally serve all three beliefs. This is not, however, as easy as it seems.

Non-members who examine the Craft may feel that these three concepts do not dispel rumors or false accusations that have been directed towards Masonry. They may feel that our purposes are not clear and that more explanation is needed. We have adopted a more definitive slogan that the public can more easily understand and can identify with. This motto comes from hundreds of years of Masonic tradition and explains much as to who we are and what we stand for. The motto is simply "Religious Tolerance, Political Freedom, and Personal Integrity." There is a need for each one of us to have a working definition of what Masonry is, not only as an explanation to others but also to ourselves. Each of us needs to decide what we personally feel the Craft is and how we fit in to it. We need to respect the opinions of other Masons who may not see the Craft in the same light. The fundamental nature of the Craft may be as simple as Tolerance, Freedom and Integrity. You decide.

Encouraging Masonic Attendance

Brethren must be given a reason for attending. Lodges that don't have a Newsletter sometimes only get in touch with members when the lodge dues are required.

That isn't welcoming.

Here are some reasons to encourage attendance.

- (1). Information about all new members should be available to everyone who regularly attends the lodge. Include his occupation, hobbies, interests, and reasons for joining.
- (2). Assign someone to greet each member as he enters the lodge. Make certain he understands that it is his job to make each person feel welcome.
- (3). The Worshipful Master and officers should be the "welcoming committee" and shake hands with each member to the lodge. If you don't know a new member's name now is time to learn it.
- (4). Make introductions during the lodge warm and personal. Every man likes to hear his name, and every man wants to think people care about him and about what he does.
- (5). Include the names of new members in the newsletter. You might also consider a biography of an occasional older member.
- (6). Insist that those who regularly attend the lodge share ideas of things they would like to do, programmes they would like to see, and any items they would like to include.
- (7). Begin meetings on time and increase the overall pace. There is no reason that the questions asked by the Worshipful Master to the Junior and Senior Warden should be dragged out.
- (8). The Secretary can assist with the pace of the meeting. If there are no petitions the Worshipful Master should be informed before the meeting and shouldn't ask if there are any to be read. If there is to be no voting, and no reports, they shouldn't be asked.
- (9). People like to know what is going on in their fraternity. Regular reports on charities should be made to let the members know how their money is being spent. Insist the chairmen of these committees keep the lodge informed.
- (10). There is absolutely no substitution for planning. A good leader and good officer cares more about his lodge than to be satisfied with an informal gathering just before the meeting. Plan a good meeting. Each night is special and attendance only comes from offering your members a good "product."
- (11). Older members and younger members have different expectations. Programs should interest both.
- (12). Whatever kind of program you have, make it the best it can possibly be. Absolutely nothing works better than quality programs to increase attendance. Members need to know going to lodge is worthwhile.

Sources Of Liberty

"Two-thirds of the Masons of the world are to be found in North America, and have built upon the sure foundation of a belief in God.

Since France removed the Holy Writings from its altars and struck from its ritual all reference to the Bible and a belief in and dependence upon the Supreme Being it has practically stood still, Masonically.

With one-third the population of the United States, its three rival Grand Lodges have less members under their obedience than a single American grand jurisdiction.

We refuse to acknowledge anyone as a brother Mason who does not put his trust in God. We cannot substitute for this, vague platitudes concerning 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.' They have not comprehended the source from which true liberty springs." (Aldro Jenks, P.G.M., Wisconsin).

Discrimination

By Bob Dixon, MPS

I belong to a Freemasonry mailing list available over the Internet. There's a wealth of available information and opinion on Masonic subjects, and I can't imagine being a Mason without access to this list.

On the list, a discussion went on over a period of days about a particular elementary school which refused the offer of a Masonic Cornerstone for their new building. Among their concerns was that Freemasonry discriminated against women and atheists, and they felt it inappropriate for a public school to be associated with such a group.

As a result of the discussion, I was forced to conclude, sadly, that Freemasonry "does" discriminate on the basis of sex and religion.

Because of this, I decided that I should leave Freemasonry, find an organization that "does not" practice any form of discrimination, and join it.

I first thought of the Girl Scouts. I was raised by my mother, and I appreciate women and the cultivation of domestic skills. But I am not a girl and I am too old.

Maybe the Boy Scouts. I was a Scout once, and I am sure they would take me back. I peaked out at First Class, and I would like to start over as a Tenderfoot and see if I can get my Eagle this time. Unfortunately, I am still too old.

Maybe one of the churches in my community. But, no, these churches will only allow me to be a member if I adhere to their particular doctrine and standards of behavior. This is clearly discriminating on the basis of religious belief.

Continued On Page 3

Maybe I could go to college again and join a sorority. After all, I do feel more comfortable among women than men. But sororities don't accept men, and colleges don't accept those that are too stupid to pass the courses and too poor to pay the tuition.

Possibly the elementary school whose leaders felt that Masons discriminate. Surely they wouldn't discriminate, and I always did enjoy naps and coloring. Haven't had a good glass of chocolate milk in ages. But alas, I am still too old and have too much education.

After this, I resolved to go home to my sweet family and forget the whole thing. Except that my family discriminates against people who are not my blood relatives or friends of the existing members. Not just anyone off the street can join us at the dinner table, and this is clearly exclusionary.

Perhaps I could live in a vacant lot, not bothering anyone. But, again, my community discriminates against those who can't afford housing. People are just not allowed to live in the open. Stores refuse to serve those who can't pay. Certainly an intolerable situation.

Still, I resolved to give up "all" organizations who discriminate, no matter how difficult this is. A matter of principle, after all. I will live in the woods, by myself, where my pure standards can be best appreciated. But, alas, "even nature" discriminates, against the sick and the weak. When I get old or sick I will quickly be eaten by some animal stronger than I am.

Oh my! Maybe the Masons aren't so bad after all.

...the suppers are pretty good and they don't eat you when you get old.



"Masonry is one of the most sublime and perfect institutions that ever was formed for the advancement of happiness and general good of mankind; creating, in all its varieties, universal benevolence and brotherly love. It holds out allurements so captivating as to inspire the Brotherhood with emulation to deeds of glory, such as must command, throughout the world, veneration and applause, and such as must entitle those who perform them to dignity and respect. It teaches us those useful, wise and instructive doctrines upon which alone true happiness is founded; and at the same time affords those easy paths by which we attain the rewards of virtue; it teaches us the duties which we owe to our neighbor, never to injure him in any one situation, but to conduct ourselves with justice and impartiality; it bids us not to divulge the mystery to the public, and it orders us to be true to our trust, and above all meanness and dissimulation, and in all our vocations to perform religiously that which we ought to do.[DUKE OF SUSSEX]",



"Nowhere does one become more convinced of the strong hold which Freemasonry takes upon the minds and lives of those aging workers in the Craft who have attained its highest honors and of their firm belief in the power of its teachings to purify the soul of men and raise them to a new dignity and to greater heights of spirituality and practical morality.[H. W. COIL]",

Happy Birthday Brothers

<u>Name</u>	<u>Age</u>
James B. Haney	80
J. Fred Loofs	76
Robert J. Blackman	65
Louis Schiel	57
Michael Risley	55
Curtis A. Gilgan	49
John C Stalsby	47
Mitchell R. Bosarge	40

Masonic Anniversaries

<u>Name</u>	<u>Years</u>
James B. Riley	56
Clem Reynolds	54
Maurice Tucker	53
Herman. Flanagan	37
Kenneth L. Cones	14



This Month's Humor

A local United Way office realized that the organization had never received a donation from the town's most successful lawyer. The person in charge of contributions called him to persuade him to contribute.

"Our research shows that out of a yearly income of at least \$500,000, you give not a penny to charity. Wouldn't you like to give back to the community in some way?"

The lawyer mulled this over for a moment and replied, "First, did your research also show that my mother is dying after a long illness, and has medical bills that are several times her annual income?"

Embarrassed, the United Way rep mumbled, "Um ... no."

The lawyer interrupts, "or that my brother, a disabled veteran, is blind and confined to a wheelchair?"

The stricken United Way rep began to stammer out an apology, but was interrupted again.

"or that my sister's husband died in a traffic accident," the lawyer's voice rising in indignation, "leaving her penniless with three children?!"

The humiliated United Way rep, completely beaten, said simply, "I had no idea..."

On a roll, the lawyer cut him off once again, "So if I don't give any money to them, why should I give any to you?"



Brother Everett A. Bozarth

Brother "Bo" went to be with the Supreme Architect of the universe Sunday, Sept. 2, 2012. His body was cremated. Brother "Bo", a life member of Waller and plural member of Pleasant Hill, was raised and a plural member at Swope Park Lodge # 617 in Kansas City on Oct. 17, 1957. He was the Worshipful Master of Pleasant Hill in 2001. He left his wife Doris and a daughter.



"Masonry is one of the most sublime and perfect institutions that ever was formed for the advancement of happiness and general good of mankind; creating, in all its varieties, universal benevolence and brotherly love. It holds out allurements so captivating as to inspire the Brotherhood with emulation to deeds of glory, such as must command, throughout the world, veneration and applause, and such as must entitle those who perform them to dignity and respect. It teaches us those useful, wise and instructive doctrines upon which alone true happiness is founded; and at the same time affords those easy paths by which we attain the rewards of virtue; it teaches us the duties which we owe to our neighbor, never to injure him in any one situation, but to conduct ourselves with justice and impartiality; it bids us not to divulge the mystery to the public, and it orders us to be true to our trust, and above all meanness and dissimulation, and in all our vocations to perform religiously that which we ought to do. [THE DUKE OF SUSSEX]",

My Forgetter

My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke

For when I'm "here" I'm wondering
If I really should be "there"
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!

Oft times I walk into a room,
Say "what am I here for?"
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.

At times I put something away
Where it is safe, but, Gee!
The person it is safest from
Is, generally, me!

When shopping I may see someone,
Say "Hi" and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, "who was that?"

Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.



Riding The Goat

Many older Masons think that talking about riding the goat in front of a candidate for initiation into a Masonic Lodge is a really funny joke, but it had it's real origin in the superstition of antiquity and was anything but a joke.

The old Greeks and Romans portrayed their mystical god Pan in horns and hoof and shaggy hide and called him goat-footed.

When the demonology of the classics was adopted and modified by the early Christians, Pan gave way to Satan, who naturally inherited his attributes; so to the common people's mind the Devil was represented by a he-goat, and his best known marks were the horns, the beard, and the cloven hoofs.

Then came the witch stories of the Middle Ages, and the belief in the witch orgies, where, it was said, the Devil appeared riding on a goat. These orgies of the witches, where, amid fearfully blasphemous ceremonies, they practiced initiation into their Satanic Rites, became, to the vulgar and illiterate, the type of the Masonic Mysteries; for, as Doctor Oliver says, in England it was a common belief that the Freemasons were accustomed in their Lodges "to raise the Devil." So the riding of the goat, which was believed to be practiced by the witches, was transferred to the Freemasons; and the jokes about it remain to this day, although the belief has long since died out.

Maybe Masons should think about it at an initiation and ask ourselves, should we rid Masonry of it's association with the devil and the idea that Masons are devil worshipers, or enforce the idea for a laugh?



"Freemasonry must stand upon the Rock of Truth, religion, political, social, and economic. Nothing is so worthy of its care as freedom in all its aspects. "Free" is the most vital part of Freemasonry. It means freedom of thought and expression, freedom of spiritual and religious ideals, freedom from oppression, freedom from ignorance, superstition, vice and bigotry, freedom to acquire and possess property, to go and come at pleasure, and to rise or fall according to will of ability. [H. W. COIL]",

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Subscriber's Extra Features

Goodnight Irene

By Bro. Robert Danaher, Mad River Lodge No. 77 - From The Green Mountain Freemason

On Wednesday August 31st 2011, Mad River Lodge No.77 in Waitsfield opened its doors to assist the volunteer effort in the wake of Tropical Storm Irene. Relief operations initially began amidst the receding water and debris left by the heavy flooding along Bridge Street and VT-100 in the heart of the old village; card tables and make shift reporting stations could be seen scattered about along the street. As members of the community began to organize and assess the extent of the damage, it was clear a safe base of operations would be needed.



Most of the businesses along Bridge Street had been partially submerged from the over flowing Mad River, several buildings severely damaged and one washed completely off its foundation, the town clerks office was among those flooded. At the direction of the Lodge officers, the Lodge building was quickly converted into a makeshift operation center to support the network of volunteer relief operations. A call was made to the Waitsfield Telephone and Cable Companies who responded quickly and installed additional telephone lines, TV cable hook up and Internet services as well as providing equipment and support.

What had been the dining room was in short order a full scale operation center not only serving Waitsfield but the towns in and close to the valley; Warren, Fayston, Granville, Hancock and Moretown. A Facebook Internet page was established and soon the Lodge was buzzing with activity, volunteers arriving to check in bringing supplies as well as food items.

The basement was quickly transformed into a storage area for property salvaged from the disaster-stricken business district. Thankfully our basement did not receive any water and remained dry during the height of the flooding, waters reaching some two feet from the front of the building. Members routinely checked on the condition of the building throughout the evening.



On Saturday, "Rupert's Wagon", the Lodge's fried dough cart, was retrieved and brought to the Lodge parking lot where Brothers assembled to distribute fried dough, grilled cheese sandwiches, water, soda, and other food items to the relief help, gratis of the Lodge.

Meghan Myrick along with Marge Keough were lead coordinators of the operation and they expressed their gratitude and those of the volunteers working the relief effort, for the Freemasons who offered their Lodge for the E.O.C.

Myrick pointed out the various stations which had been set up in the operation center to handle various tasks which she grouped into three categories; "Those who need something, those who have something, and those would want to help."

She stated that the Facebook page was being continually updated by their staff to inform the public about their efforts. There was a station for walk-ins looking to receive or give information, and several computer stations to handle requests for help and posting information via online communications. Myrick stated that the operations were totally community-based, organized and staffed by volunteers, and focused on assisting area farmers, businesses, and the public in general during this disaster; not only in our town, but throughout the Mad River Valley. Myrick expressed her appreciation for the Masons' contributions during this time of community need.

On Saturday Vermont Governor Shumlin arrived at the Lodge in support of the relief operation efforts and

to tour the flood stricken down town area, he made some remarks on the steps of the building and in the operation center among a number of Mad River Valley citizens.

Myrick stated the people of the Valley have been very generous with donations of food, clothing, cleaning supplies, and monetary donations. Donations of clothing were directed to the Waitsfield Elementary School, where staff members sorted and organized these much need items. The volunteers were dedicated and hard-working, many putting in very long hours. Supplies were also received from the Vermont National Guard and the American Red Cross.

A portion of the E.O.C. was also used as temporary storage for clean-up items, tools, and related equipment. These supplies were then distributed to those in need. Several of the Freemasons volunteered their time and vehicles to transport needed items to the various locations. Daily checks were made to make certain the volunteers' comfort and their building usage needs were met.



Hurricane Cousins

By ∴ Bro Bro Chris Johnson - From The Green Mountain Freemason

On Saturday, September 17th, a bright yellow rental truck rolled into Waitsfield, VT and stopped at the Mad River Masonic Lodge on Main Street. This was no ordinary truck; it was bringing recovery supplies from Louisiana. This result is a coordinated effort between the Vermont Freemasons and NOLA (New Orleans Louisiana) "Gives Back".

The Freemasons set up a Facebook site right after tropical storm Irene to assist the residents of Waitsfield and the surrounding towns that were severely impacted by the winds and floodwaters of the storm.

Missy Frickey Jaeger, lead coordinator for NOLA "Gives Back" saw this site and responded that she and her brother, Tony would be heading to Vermont with supplies as soon as possible.

As survivors of Hurricane Katrina, they know first hand what it's like to be without everything after such devastation. The local residents in Louisiana brought together supplies ranging from water boots and shovels to hula-hoops, bleach, and dehumidifiers.

This demonstration of unselfish behavior is another example of how America comes together as a family in times of need and the residents of Vermont will never forget their hurricane cousins in the South.



Did U Know? - Charles Phillip Ingalls

Charles Phillip Ingalls was born on January 10, 1836 and passed away on June 8, 1902. He was the father of Laura Ingalls Wilder, known for her Little House on the Prairie series of books. Ingalls is depicted as the character "Pa" in the television series "Little House on the Prairie".

Ingalls was the second of nine children of Lansford Whiting Ingalls (1812–1896) and Laura Louise Colby Ingalls (1810–1883), both of whom appear (as "Grandpa" and "Grandma", respectively) in the book Little House in the Big Woods. Lansford was born in Canada; Laura was born in Vermont and was a descendant of Edmund Rice, an early immigrant to Massachusetts Bay Colony. Lansford's mother was Margaret Delano, of the famed Delano family, and was a descendant of Mayflower passenger Richard Warren. In the 1840s, when Charles Ingalls was a young boy, his family moved from New York to the tallgrass prairie of Compton Township, just west of Elgin, Illinois.

On February 1, 1860, Charles Ingalls married Caroline Quiner. They had five children: Mary, Laura, Carrie, Charles Frederick "Freddie" and Grace. Freddie died as an infant.

For his entire life Ingalls had a strong case of "wanderlust". He is quoted by Laura in her Little House series of books as saying: "My wandering foot gets to itching". He loved travelling and didn't like living among big crowds of people, so with his family in the early years of his marriage, he traveled a great deal and often changed homes. From their original home in the woods of Wisconsin, he moved his family to Indian Territory in southeastern Kansas, then back to Wisconsin, then to southern Minnesota, then for a year to Burr Oak, Iowa then back to Minnesota. Presented with a job opportunity in Dakota Territory, he longed to move yet again, as

the family was struggling financially in Minnesota. Caroline agreed, but extracted a promise from her husband that this would be their last move. She was not only tired of moving from place to place herself but also feared her children would never get a proper education unless the family put down roots somewhere. Ingalls agreed, and the family settled down for good in De Smet, South Dakota in 1879 where, among other occupations, he was appointed Justice of the Peace of De Smet. He stayed with farming in De Smet for several years, but after he had "proved up" on his claim, he sold the farm and built a home on Third Street in De Smet, where he lived out the rest of his days. He died at home on June 8, 1902, of heart disease, at the age of 66. He was buried at De Smet Cemetery, De Smet, Kingsbury County, South Dakota.

Charles Philip Ingalls obituary was in the De Smet News, June 12, 1902 and read in part:

"Funeral services were held at the Congregational Church Tuesday forenoon, largely attended by the many friends of the deceased and of the family. After the church services were concluded the Masonic fraternity who were in attendance in body, took charge of the funeral and the remains were placed in their last resting place with solemn funeral rite of that organization."

Incidentally, Brother Charles Ingalls wife, Caroline and daughters, Laura Ingalls Wilder and Carrie Ingalls Swanzey were members of Eastern Star and his son in law, Almonzo Wilder was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

May We Meet Upon The  Act By The  And Part Upon The 

W. Bro. Dwight D. Seals - Camden Lodge #159 - Camden, Ohio



A Letter Home From Boot Camp

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am well.. Hope you are. Tell Brother Walt and Brother Elmer the Marine Corps beats working for old man Minch by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before all of the places are filled.

I was restless at first, because you get to stay in bed till nearly 6 a.m. But I am getting so I like to sleep late. Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot, and shine some things. No hogs to slop, feed to pitch, mash to mix, wood to split, fire to lay. Practically nothing.

All men got to shave but, .. it is not so bad, there's warm water.

Breakfast is strong on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc., but kind of weak on chops, potatoes, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie and other regular food, but tell Walt and Elmer you can always sit by the two city boys that live on coffee. Their food, plus yours, holds you until noon when you get fed again. It's no wonder these city boys can't walk much.

We go on 'route marches,' which the platoon sergeant says are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, it's not my place to tell him different. A 'route march' is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys get sore feet and we all ride back in trucks.

The sergeant is like a school teacher. He nags a lot. The Captain is like the school board. Majors and colonels just ride around and frown. They don't bother you none.

This next will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep getting medals for shooting. I don't know why. The bulls-eye is near as big as a chipmunk head and don't move, and it ain't shooting at you like the Higgett boys at home. All you got to do is lie there all comfortable and hit it.. You don't even load your own cartridges. They come in boxes.

Then we have what they call hand-to-hand combat training. You get to wrestle with them city boys. I have to be real careful though, they break real easy. It ain't like fighting with that ole bull at home. I'm about the best they got in this except for that Tug Jordan from over in Silver Lake. I only beat him once. He joined up the same time as me, but I'm only 5'6' and 130 pounds and he's 6'8' and near 300 pounds dry.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join before other fellers get onto this setup and come stamped-in.

Your loving daughter,

Mary

ONE DAY YOU WILL BE IN CHARGE

Editors Note; Brother Pat's message seems a little harsh, however there is a lot of truth in what he is saying.

From: Pat George
Sent: Saturday, May 08, 2010 3:07 AM
To: Carl E. Jones, CFP
Subject: 800 pound gorilla

I'm not sure that anybody sees what I see.

We have "default management", that is, "going through the chairs".

The expression tells it all.

Get started, somehow, and by "facile weakness" ONE DAY YOU WILL BE IN CHARGE.

There is NO serious competition.

And, as we all know, so well, every so often an absolute idiot will be in charge.

Then, everybody sees what destructive ignorance does in power.

Not many men of intelligence and substance want to answer to a fool.

Yet, we STILL "just cycle 'em through", hoping for the intellectually indefensible result of success.

There are NO "standards".

And, when and where some DO get established, it's just rote memory.

YUP, a parrot can do it.

Get the picture?

A tape recorder is NOT a computer.

When we need "forward thinking", we rely on absurd acceptance of classic comedy.

You know, "How many Masons does it take to change a light bulb".

That sort of "slapstick humor" IS what we reward with rank.

"Glad-Hand" interruption of any, all, each and every conversation.

Preoccupation with "when do we eat"?

Snappy "one-liners" to get a laugh, when the subject is SERIOUS.

Men in charge that don't understand that the corpus of investment must grow by more than the rate of inflation, or we GO BROKE.

Slovenly appearance.

Vulgar discussion.

And, now, we ask "Where have all the successful career people gone?"

Simple.....they can't continue to be successful in such an environment.

"You can't soar with eagles when you are surrounded by turkeys".

Yes, we "grin and wink" at actions we are supposed to stand against.

We BECOME what we TOLERATE.

And, with scandalous corruption, we are more concerned about petty indiscretions.

Pogo was right.

Unless and until we become more than "The cheapest way to escape the wife's mouth", we are just old men, hiding in a very temporary and artificial society that's collapsing.

We've bought the illusion of a reputation.

Even those few branches that produce fruit are loaded with "dead wood" that will, eventually, be in charge and overload the strength 'till the limb breaks.

So sad.

And, what is worse, the slackards loudly demand that the producers give more.

I almost wish that the old standard of, "Annual dues is a day's pay" were true.

Then, the freeloaders would run to another tit.

I gotta get off this soap box.

I'm preaching to the choir.

Keep up the good work.

I will, too.

Pat

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.

Most book and magazine readers of today never heard of a pulp magazine, But in the mid 1900's they were the most common reading material around, at least for the working class. They would usually have a rough line drawing at the beginning of each story, but lacked the slick illustrations and photos of the so called "Slick Magazines" (printed on slick paper).

When I became able to buy my own reading material, by working after school in the mid 1940's I would buy one or two slick men's magazines like True, but I think my favorites was a pulp called Bluebook. It had a slick blue cover but the inner pages were printed on cheap newsprint pulp paper and often didn't even have a line drawing, but who cared, it had twice as many stories as the slick magazines. By then I had read science fiction books like "20 Thousand Leagues Under The Sea" and fantasy stories like the "Doctor Dolittle series at the school library. "Buck Rogers of the 21st Century" and "Flash Gordon" filled the Sunday funnies with rocket ships and ray guns. So when the Science Fiction pulps appeared I was already hooked and bought all I could afford. Most of the upper and middle class citizens by the end of the 1800's and beginning of the 1900's could afford to buy books and the more expensive slick magazines like "The Saturday Afternoon Post", "Colliers" and "Cosmopolitan" that offered fiction stories. For the working class however, the only other alternative to buying expensive books was a public library usually miles away or the rental library at the corner drugstore. Almost every drugstore in Houston had a bookcase about 2 foot wide and 5 or 6 foot high, filled with hardback books. The books could be checked out and read for one week for only 10 cents. In those days, at least in Houston, there was a drugstore within walking distance of almost every home

The only cheap popular fiction for the working class began with the "Dime" novels. They were 32 pages long and the pages were stapled together like a comic book. The price later dropped to a nickel. They were poorly written and written more for the younger and poorly educated readers. They contained stories like "Nick Carter, Master Detective" and "Buffalo Bill, Western gunman".

The pulp magazines began in 1896 when Frank Munsey's children magazine titled "The Golden Argosy" was beginning to founder. He renamed it "Argosy" and slanted it's contents toward a more mature readership. To offer a greater selection of fiction at the lowest possible price, he printed the new magazine on low quality, wood pulp paper to reduce costs as much as possible.

Other publishers noticing Frank's new success, quickly jumped onto the bandwagon with All Story, Top-Notch, Short Story, Blue-Book and Adventure. These general fiction magazines were soon followed by pulps specializing in one area of fiction such as detectives, westerns, science fiction, fantasy and romance. I have to laugh when I remember one romance pulp from the 1950's titled "Gay Romances". That was back when gay meant "Happy" and was without sexual connotation.

One of my strongest memories of Grandpa Daut was of him sitting in the porch swing after supper. He would be absently mindlessly petting the big old tom tabby cat with one hand, while his other hand held the pulp western magazine that occupied his mind. Back in the 1930's and 40's the more affluent men in old Montgomery, Texas bought just about every western pulp magazine that was printed and after they finished them, they passed them on to the ones who couldn't afford them. The used westerns were traded back and forth among the men like comic books were traded among the boys.

My personal favorites were the science fiction and fantasy pulps like "Weird", "Amazing Stories", "Wonder Stories", "Planet Stories", "Startling Stories" and "Captain Future". I don't guess I read the "Weird" pulp magazine above. It's the May 1928 issue and I was only two months old.

Even though there are still a few of the old pulp titles being published today, the beginning of the end started in the late 1930's when paperback books were introduced. The first ones I remember were called "Pocket Books" and sold for a quarter. Pocket books even had a unique icon on every book they published. It was a tiny kangaroo reading a book



Corky In The 1940s



Pocket Books produced the first mass-market, pocket-sized paperback books in America in early 1939 and revolutionized the publishing industry. The German Albatross Books had pioneered the idea of a line of color-coded paperback editions in 1931 under Kurt Enoch; Penguin Books in Britain had refined the idea in 1935 and had 1 million books in print by the following year.

In 1944, the founding owners sold the company to Marshall Field III, owner of the Chicago Sun newspaper. Following his death, in 1957, Leon Shimkin, a Simon & Schuster partner, and James M. Jacobson bought Pocket Books. Simon & Schuster acquired Pocket in 1966.

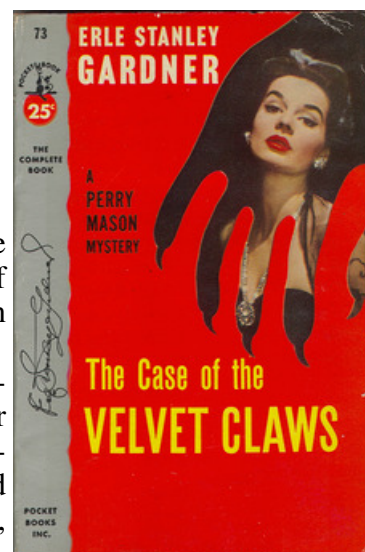
Penguin's success inspired entrepreneur Robert de Graff, who partnered with publishers Simon & Schuster to bring it to the American market. Priced at 25 cents and featuring the logo of Gertrude the kangaroo (named after the artist's mother-in-law), Pocket Books' editorial policy of reprints of light literature, popular non-fiction, and mysteries was coordinated with its strategy of selling books outside the traditional distribution channels. The format size, and the fact that the books were glued rather than stitched, were cost-cutting innovations.

The first ten numbered Pocket Book titles:

- Lost Horizon by James Hilton
- Wake Up and Live by Dorothea Brande
- Five Great Tragedies by William Shakespeare
- Topper by Thorne Smith
- The Murder of Roger Ackroyd by Agatha Christie
- Enough Rope by Dorothy Parker
- Wuthering Heights by Emily Brontë
- The Way of All Flesh by Samuel Butler
- The Bridge of San Luis Rey by Thornton Wilder
- Bambi by Felix Salten

The edition of Wuthering Heights hit the best-seller list, and by the end of the first year Pocket Books had sold more than 1.5 million units. Robert de Graff continued to refine his selections with movie tie-ins and greater emphasis on mystery novels, particularly those of Christie and **Erle Stanley Gardner**.

Pocket and its imitators thrived during World War II because material shortages worked to their advantage. During the war, Pocket sued Avon Books for copyright infringement: among other issues, a New York state court found Pocket did not have an exclusive right to the pocket-sized format (both Pocket and Avon published paperback editions of Leslie Charteris' The Saint mystery series, among others).



The Dirty Trick

Old Tiler, what would you do about Jones?"

"Give him what he needs, of course."

The New Brother sat down beside the Old Tiler in the anteroom. "Of course, he's a Mason, and all that, but -- but I don't like him. He did me a dirty, trick once. I don't mean I want to get even with him, but I don't think he's a good enough Mason to get relief from this lodge."

"Is he under charges? Suspended? Expelled?" asked the Old Tiler.

"No-o-o-o, but . . . "

"But nothing!" The Old Tiler was emphatic. "A man is innocent until proved guilty. If he is good enough for the lodge to accept his dues when he is prosperous, he is good enough for us to relieve when he is in hard luck."

"But it was a filthy trick he played on me . . . "

"When I was a very little boy," interrupted the Old Tiler, "some fifteen years after the war between the States, my parents moved to a small town in the north. They brought with them a lot of Confederate money. Confederate notes were of no value after the war. My parents gave me some to play with. I thought it was real money, and no Midas had anything on me when I looked at my ten dollar bill!

"I trotted down to the country store and bought the biggest, most red and whitish stick of peppermint candy which ever delighted any small child's heart. The storekeeper wrapped it up for me, unsmiling. I handed him my ten dollar bill. He looked at it a moment, and then took from my hand the candy. He told me the money was no good and I couldn't have the candy.

"It was the greatest financial lesson I ever had. I didn't understand; I was terribly disappointed.

"Only when I grew up did I come to know that I had met a peculiarly mean specimen of he-thing -- a man who would hurt a baby for the sake of one cent. I grew up feeling rather contemptuous of that storekeeper. He was within his rights, but I didn't have much of an opinion of him.

"In later years I met him, a much older man. He was glad to see me. We chatted a while, and then he recalled my youth. So I told him I hadn't liked him for many years, and why. 'You tell me what you think of a chap who would take a stick of candy from a child for the sake of a penny.'

"He flushed. 'I was just mean,' he said. 'Will you forgive me?' Of course I did, and thought no more about it. But I still didn't like him.

"Several years later his wife appealed to me for aid. He was down and out. He had been so sharp a business man that people didn't like him, any more than I did. And he had failed. They were destitute."

"What did you do?" inquired the New Brother, as the Old Tiler paused.

"All I could, of course," answered the Old Tiler. "He was a brother of the Mystic Tie."

The New Brother sat silent for a minute.

"Something tells me I have been properly spanked!" he said at last. "Of course I have no right to consider a personal matter in connection with a brotherly appeal to the lodge for relief. I shall vote for it. And I'll see if I can't do something personally. I still don't like him and I never will, but -- "

"But you have come to a Masonic viewpoint! -- interrupted the Old Tiler. "That's one of the hardest lessons to learn -- that there are two viewpoints. A man is a man, a neighbor, a friend or an enemy. But he is also a brother. When he appeals to us for that brotherly aid and assistance we have all sworn to render, we have to remember only the brotherhood and not the man. I have never liked the man who took my stick of candy. The incident gave me in opinion of his character which I found unpleasant. But I couldn't vote against him in my lodge because of it, and I couldn't deny him the relief the lodge should have given him, because of it. Jones may have done you an unbrotherly trick -- but that's no reason for you not to act like a brother to him."

"It is not, and I am going to, but I wish Masons wouldn't do dirty tricks!"

"So do I. But if all men were perfect, there would be no need of Masonry!" grinned the Old Tiler.



Would You Prefer To Be In Texas?

Editor's Note; This story is not intended as an endorsement of any politics or necessarily the opinion of the editor, the members of the Lodge or Freemasonry in general. I received this little fairy tale in an email the other day and was intrigued with the question of how long it would be, before U.S. Army troops are on every corner with loaded rifles? You say no??? The U.S. Army killed 250,000 of us in the 1860's.

Perhaps you will want to move to Texas if you aren't already here.

Please note that Texas is the only state with a legal right to secede from the Union . (Reference the Texas-American Annexation Treaty of 1848.)

We Texans love y'all, but we'll probably have to take action if Barack Obama wins the election. We'll miss you too.

Here is what can happen:

1: Barack Hussein Obama is President of the United States, and Texas secedes from the Union in summer

of 2013.

2: George W. Bush will become the President of the Republic of Texas . You might not think that he talks too pretty, but we haven't had another terrorist attack, and the economy was fine until the effects of the Democrats lowering the qualifications for home loans came to roost.

So what does Texas have to do to survive as a Republic?

1. NASA is just south of Houston , Texas. We will control the space industry.
2. We refine over 85% of the gasoline in the United States .
3. Defense Industry--we have over 65% of it. The term "Don't mess with Texas ," will take on a whole new meaning.
4. Oil - we can supply all the oil that the Republic of Texas will need for the next 300 years. What will the other states do? Gee, we don't know. Why not ask Obama?
5. Natural Gas - again we have all we need, and it's too bad about those Northern States. John Kerry and Al Gore will have to figure out a way to keep them warm....
6. Computer Industry - we lead the nation in producing computer chips and communications equipment -small companies like Texas Instruments, Dell Computer, EDS, Raytheon, National Semiconductor, Motorola, Intel, AMD, Atmel, Applied Materials, Ball Microconductor, Dallas Semiconductor, Nortel, Alcatel, etc, etc. The list goes on and on.
7. Medical Care - We have the research centers for cancer research, the best burn centers and the top trauma units in the world, as well as other large health centers. The Houston Medical Center alone employees over 65,000 people.
8. We have enough colleges to keep us getting smarter: University of Texas , Texas A&M, Texas Tech, Texas Christian, Rice, SMU, University of Dallas , University of Houston , Baylor, UNT (University of North Texas), Texas Women's University, etc. Ivy grows better in the South anyway.
9. We have an intelligent and energetic work force, and it isn't restricted by a bunch of unions. Here in Texas , it's a Right to Work State and, therefore, it's every man and women for themselves. We just go out and get the job done. And if we don't like the way one company operates, we get a job somewhere else.
10. We have essential control of the paper, plastics, and insurance industries, etc.
11. In case of a foreign invasion, we have the Texas National Guard, the Texas Air National Guard, and several military bases. We don't have an Army, but since everybody down here has at least six rifles and a pile of ammo, we can raise an Army in 24 hours if we need one. If the situation really gets bad, we can always call the Department of Public Safety and ask them to send over the Texas Rangers.
12. We are totally self-sufficient in beef, poultry, hogs, and several types of grain, fruit and vegetables, and let's not forget seafood from the Gulf. Also, everybody down here knows how to cook them so that they taste good. Don't need any food.
13. Three of the ten largest cities in the United States , and twenty- three of the 100 largest cities in the United States , are located in Texas . And Texas also has more land than California , New York , New Jersey , Connecticut , Delaware , Hawaii , Massachusetts , Maryland , Rhode Island and Vermont combined.
14. Trade: Three of the ten largest ports in the United States are located in Texas .
15. We also manufacture cars down here, but we don't need to. You see, nothing rusts in Texas , so our vehicles stay beautiful and run well for decades.

This just names a few of the items that will keep the Republic of Texas in good shape. There isn't a thing out there that we need and don't have.

Now to the rest of the United States under President Obama: Since you won't have the refineries to get gas for your cars, only President Obama will be able to drive around in his big 5 mpg SUV. The rest of the United States will have to walk or ride bikes.

You won't have any TV as the Space Center in Houston will cut off satellite communications. You won't have any natural gas to heat your homes, but since Mr. Obama has predicted global warming, you will not need the gas as long as you survive the 2000 years it will take to get enough heat from Global Warming.

Signed,

The People of Texas

P.S. This is not a threatening letter - just a note to give you something to think about!
SLEEP WELL TONIGHT - THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU!!



Veiled In Allegory And Illustrated By Symbols

By Blake L. Bowden Special to the Inquirer

With a legacy encompassing 165 years, a history of the Gonzales Lodge No. 30 would almost be a history of Texas itself

One cannot speak of Gonzales, without mentioning Freemasonry and its impact on our community. Freemasonry is the largest and oldest Fraternity in the world, and in Gonzales, it's no different. Gonzales Masonic Lodge No. 30 has conducted business, performed charitable acts and provided scholarships for more than 165 consecutive years. The lodge was chartered on Jan. 17, 1847, and has been located at its present location of 519½ St. Joseph Street for 115 of those years.

The city of Gonzales has a rich history with Freemasonry. For example, six of the Gonzales "Old Eighteen" were Freemasons. No other lodge of its size has furnished such a large number of noted men to the Craft. It has provided the Grand Lodge with five Grand Masters, including the late James F. Miller, Judge B.R. Abernethy, John B. McMahon, Chief Justice W.S. Fly and Hon. W.M. Fly, the last two remaining the most distinguished in Masonic circles of Texas for some time. Chief Justice Fly, the last Grand Master from Gonzales Lodge, never missed attending any of the Grand Lodge meetings for 57 consecutive years. It is said that no member in this country held more honors in the Masonic Lodge than did W.S. Fly. According to J.H. Daniel, Secretary of the Lodge in 1923, "writing a history of the Gonzales Lodge No. 30 would almost be a history of Texas." From its beginning, it played a prominent part in Masonry, having outstanding men on its membership rolls. These men in their time made history, had great vision, and aided greatly to make Texas the state she is today.

In 1889, the Masons laid the cornerstone for the Gonzales High School. The original cornerstone is now located at the Gonzales Masonic Cemetery. In 1901, Masons laid the cornerstone for the old Gonzales Cotton Mill, and in 1924, laid the cornerstone for the new Presbyterian Church building.

While Texas was a Republic, Masons served in many pivotal positions. All of the Presidents, Vice Presidents and Presidents pro tempore of the Senate were all Masons. What did Texas heroes such as Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston, William B. Travis, Jim Bowie, Davy Crockett, James Bonham, Ben Milam, David G. Burnet, James Fannin, Mirabeau B. Lamar, Lorenzo de Zavala, Edward Burleson, Jose Navarro, Juan N. Seguin, R.E.B. Baylor and Thomas Rusk all have in common? They were all Freemasons.


Did you know that Brad Paisley, Shaquille O'Neal, Scottie Pippen, Arnold Palmer, Steve Wozniak, Richard Dreyfuss, Chief Justice David B. Sentelle are as well?

Freemasons use operative mason tools as symbols by which to teach Masonic philosophy. The terms "acting on the square" and "on the level" are Masonic terms which have filtered down into everyday language. This brings us to the most common question, "What is Freemasonry?" It is the oldest and largest worldwide fraternity dedicated to the Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God. Freemasons do not solicit membership. In order to be a Mason, you must take the first step. If you'd like more information, email the lodge secretary at lowellt@crozierturner.com. If you're already a Mason, you are invited to attend the stated meetings held the first Monday of the month. The meal is at 6:30 p.m.; the meeting is at 7:30 p.m.

Blake L. Bowden is a past worshipful master for Gonzales Lodge A.F.&A.M. No. 30.



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"Nowhere does one become more convinced of the strong hold which Freemasonry takes upon the minds and lives of those aging workers in the Craft who have attained its highest honors and of their firm belief in the power of its teachings to purify the soul of men and raise them to a new dignity and to greater heights of spirituality and practical morality.[H. W. COIL]",

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?



The World's?

WORLD'S BIGGEST EXCAVATOR

Built by KRUPP of Germany ...45,500 tons...95 meters high...215 meters long

