

The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



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

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

A Blast From The Past From the January 2007 Newsletter The No Chicken Bar-B-Que Chicken Sale By Corky

Waller Lodge is holding a new type of fund raiser, the "NO CHICKEN" bar-b-que chicken fund raiser. What is a no chicken sale, you may ask? We wanted to raise some cash and thought of having a bar-b-que chicken sale.

A sale was discussed at the August stated meeting, but the price of chicken has gone up so much that our profit would be very small and many of the Brothers are getting older and the summer heat was really bad that month.

Some of the Brothers present said they would rather just donate \$20.00 then try sell hot chicken halves in the summer heat. Almost every one of the members present quickly agreed that the no-chicken sale idea was a great solution for a summer fund raiser and a hat was passed.

It was decided to extend the program through the September stated meeting, so that every member who wants to participate, would have the opportunity to help our Lodge.

Editor's Note; It's a too bad we wasn't able to use this plan instead of last years Liendo re-enactment fundraiser that brought in \$250.00 for 3 and a half days work. (Mother Nature's bad weather killed us last year.).

That "No Chicken Sale" back in 2007 took in \$311.00 for about 30 minutes work. Corky



The Patriot Guard Riders Another Blast From The Past August 2007 Newsletter By Corky

Aw poopy (or something like that), I thought as I pulled up in front of Cannon Funeral Home Saturday morning April 7, 2007 for our Brother David Rattray's service. Brother Rattray was a long time member of Waller Masonic Lodge #808 AF & AM, a Mason for 32 years, a 32 degree Scottish Rite and a Shriner.

The temperature was in the 40s and it was drizzling rain, but the circular drive in front of the building was full of motorcycles and a bunch of scruffy looking men in jeans and leathers, many with beards, full mustaches and white hair lined up on the drive. But the main thing I noticed was that every one of them was holding an 8 foot flagpole with a big American flag. Then I remembered, I had seen them before on TV. They ride with funerals of fallen men and women of the U.S. Armed Services

They lined up at attention with their flags on each side as Brother Rattray's remains were carried from the funeral home and accompanied them to the Waller cemetery.

By the time everyone got back to the Lodge dinning room and a huge table full of food. I realized what they were and why they did it. I made it a point to shake hands, get to know them and personally thank them for what they were doing. I discovered when requested they do this for fallen service personnel and veterans all over Texas and even into Louisiana After I got home I looked them up on the internet and found the "Patriot Guard Riders" Web Site. Their mission statement tells the story;

"The Patriot Guard Riders is a diverse amalgamation of riders from across the nation. We have one thing in common besides motorcycles. We have an unwavering respect for those who risk their very lives for America's freedom and security.

Our main mission is to attend the funeral services of fallen American heroes as invited guests of the family.

Each mission we undertake has two basic objectives.

1. Show our sincere respect for our fallen heroes, their families, and their communities.
2. Shield the mourning family and their friends from interruptions created by any protestor or group of protestors.

We accomplish the latter through strictly legal and non-violent means.

To those of you who are currently serving and fighting for the freedoms of others, at home and abroad, please know that we are backing you. We honor and support you with every mission we carry out, and we are praying for a safe return home for all."

I would advise you to not say anything negative about our troops or anything unpatriotic in front of these fellers. They really are some kind of serious patriots and it makes you feel proud that they are. As Masonry teaches us, it's what's on the inside, not what's on the outside that counts. Corkey



A Patriot Guard Rider's Response (The Next Month)

By Kelly Mason, the Senior Ride Captain, S.E Texas Patriot Guard Rider

I was one of the Patriot Guard Riders who was invited to attend the service for Mr. Rattray. Yes, it was a very cold and rainy day, but what we went through is nothing compared to what our Soldiers both past and present go through to assure us of the Freedoms we all enjoy today and hopefully tomorrow.

I would like to thank you once again for allowing us the Honor to attend Mr. Rattray's service to show our Respect for him and his service for our Great Country.

Thank you for the kind words about the Patriot Guard Riders and No we won't bite you lol but we Do believe in showing those who have passed and those who have not, that have given us the Freedoms we all enjoy the HONOR and RESPECT each and everyone of them deserve.

Thank you also for the great meal, it kept me warm for my 80 mile ride home (yes it was still cold and raining) but no where near the warmth I get from being able to do what we do!

God Bless America, and may God Bless us one and all!

Kelly Mason aka Hollywood

Senior Ride Captain, S.E Texas Patriot Guard Riders

Thank you gentlemen, for what you do. Corkey

Masonic Anniversaries

	<u>Years</u>
John Lewis Thompson	65
Odell Hyden	54
L C. White	51
Leslie Kit Scruggs	38
Richard J. Ventrea	17
James 'Micky' Mantle	14

Happy Birthday Brothers

	<u>Age</u>
Bart C. Harvey	49
Thomas Reagan Rape	47
Paul B. Cox	46
Michael Ruby	41
Jason K. Tones	36
Brack Whitehead	35

The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter

Subscriber's Extra Features

"There Is No Royal Road To Geometry" Euclid

By Bro. Garth Cochran, Calgary Lodge No. 23

Whereas a sound education has become essential to success in all areas of modern society and techniques of education have become increasingly sophisticated;

And Whereas the aids to instruction, such as the many visual and sound equipments now available, require some experience for their proper use;

Whereas Also, the Craft has so many skilled educators and communicators within its ranks;

Therefore Be It Resolved That all Masonic education should be directed by professionally-trained specialists in the Grand Lodge Research and Education Committee.

Gentlemen, this was to be the topic for debate today. It sounds like it should have been a hot one. But, despite the fact that this is a busy time of year, especially for educators, few Masons desired to take on the challenge. Not that I couldn't find masons with opinions. Almost everyone had an opinion, some very passionate, but none were willing to speak for the affirmative. Yet this resolution is worthy of consideration, if only for the process of clarifying one's own thought and creating a rational basis for what, at once, was an emotional response to the question.

This resolution is one that at first blush sounds worthy of debate. The premise would appear sound. More than ever before in history, an uneducated person is at a great disadvantage. Human progress has assured that. About half of human knowledge has been gained in the Twentieth Century. Simply making a living does not equip one to comprehend or use the knowledge that is now available.

A Newfoundland fisherman once became very successful by dint of hard work and a willingness to try new things to catch fish. No one on the coast knew as much about where, how or when to catch fish, or how to dry and treat them so as to get the greatest return from the market. The result was that he soon acquired the means by which to ensure his son would never have to gut and dry fish to feed his family. He could be sent to University, be educated and become a man of consequence.

The arrangements were made, the son was sent to St. "F X" as St. Francis Xavier was known, the grandest college in the Atlantic region. The father was so proud that he bragged to all and sundry about his son and the education he was getting.

Then the son returned home for Christmas after the first semester. After the greetings and tears subsided and the rum was poured, the father and son sat in the kitchen to talk.

"So, me son, tell me what you've been learning at school."

"Well father, one of the things I'se studying is geometry."

"Tell me all about it." was the command, for the father wanted to share in the glory of his son's new found knowledge.

But the son knew dad would never understand the complex concepts he was studying at the time so he decided to start with one of the basics.

"Well, one of the most basic of all things I've learned is $(\text{pie})(r)^2$."

His father reached over and fetched him a severe clout on the side of the head. "Pie are square! Pie are square! You dolt. I send you to university and you learn pie are square. Everybody knows pie are round. Cake are square!"

The point is: much of the knowledge so accreted over the past century has been technical in nature and as such is available to specialists more than to the public in general. But we must have the various avenues opened unto us at an early age in order to determine the direction we wish to follow for the rest of our lives. Some of us will be fishers while others will pursue the ultimate geometry. So it would seem that there must be some knowledgeable and accredited person to direct our first steps.

If we accept that premise and apply it to Masonry as in this resolution, then we must consider how this would be done and whether that would be appropriate.

First, the resolution would require that professionally trained specialists are required. Are we talking of educators? Or communicators? or, perhaps, professionally-trained Masons?

There is no profession of Speculative Mason and therefore no professionally-trained ones who could train the rest of us. But, truly, that argument is absurd. The point here is to ask what kind of training would be required? What curriculum vitae would be required of candidates for the post of Masonic educator. How do you decide what a man's qualifications are?

For example, in 1969, the federal Department of Forestry fired all its tree physiologists. Those at the top decided that they didn't have to know how a tree grew because they knew that they did, in fact, grow. But instead of putting the physiologists to work on silvicultural projects, they let them go, including some of the top experts in the world. Because these men had spent their careers to this point studying which foods a tree utilized in order to grow, they weren't allowed to sprinkle different fertilizer formulations on the forest floor to see which promoted tree growth faster. A very good friend of mine, a PhD in tree physiology, ended up teaching high school in B.C. as a result. He wasn't even allowed to do that without going back to University to get another degree.

What can, and likely will happen, is that we will lose sight of a man's masonry in the quest for technical expertise that isn't truly required. There is hardly a man in this room who couldn't with a few moments instruction operate any of the audio-visual equipment or teaching aids referred to in the resolution. Besides, being a professionally trained educator (which is how I take the sense of the resolution) would not guarantee they know how to use such equipment, especially the latest class, computers.

But that's not to say that the skills an educator has in communicating and in teaching are not required. It is simply to point out that professionally trained ones are not the only ones with such skills. Nor are they the only ones who can pass such skills on to others. There are many in the craft who are not professional who do this already. The Masonic Spring Workshop is proof of this as is the work of Fiat Lux Lodge itself.

More important, requiring professionally trained educators or communicators would remove the right of a Mason to serve his Craft as best he can. I am neither a professionally trained educator, nor a professionally trained communicator. I am a scientist who became a writer/broadcaster because that's what I was interested in. I'm good at my job, and I teach people every day. Yet I would not qualify for any position on such a Grand Lodge Committee as would be required by this resolution.

Second, the resolution would require that all Masonic education be directed by such professionals in the Grand Lodge Research & Education Committee. This carries two implications: that the Grand Lodge Committee must develop suitable programs for use within the Lodges and that it would not only have the power to direct that such programs be used, but that only such programs be used. This would be essential if the committee were to maintain direction of all Masonic education.

But this would also create Masonry by rote. Sir Josiah Stamp called this process "The inculcation of the incomprehensible into the ignorant by the incompetent."

Most important, however, directing education from the Grand Lodge Committee would remove individual responsibility for the construction of the Moral and Masonic edifice we are all enjoined to build. For many, if not all, of us, the fun would be taken out of the Craft.

This brings up the third point: that the resolution calls upon all education to be thus directed. That, clearly, is impossible. As Dr. Galen Starr Ross points out: "Anyone who can read and who owns a dictionary can become an educated person. Hungry minds always become educated and sharpen their mental and emotional tools as they grow in life through experience. "

Education is a self-directed process, and if we are to build a useful edifice, we must have the "architectural" freedom to pursue our own designs. If it is not on the prescribed curriculum, who is to deny me the freedom to pursue the wisdom of the ancients, the antecedents of our craft and the philosophical truths upon which Masonry and other great systems of belief are based" Who is to deny me the right to pursue the Masonry in Mozart's Magic Flute? Who is to censor my Masonic discussions with my friends?

Gentlemen, I believe, and the sentiment I found concerning this resolution affirms, that it is not that professionally trained people directing all Masonic education ought not to be considered, but that upon consideration, it should be soundly rejected. Each of us, including myself, can come up with a thousand good reasons why, and in doing so we help clarify a policy direction for our Craft.

I wish to pass on to you with the thoughts of Ralph Waldo Emerson on education.

"There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is

full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn comes to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what it is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. "

Finally, I gave this talk a title based on what Euclid said because I thought it was appropriate for Masons and for Masonry. "There is no royal road to Geometry." If we are taught anything as Masons, it is that our labour on our edifice is honorable. But it must be our labour, chosen of our own free will. The building and even its direction cannot be done for us.

Wayne Anderson

Alle Menschen werden Brueder

2B1 ASK1



(Did U Know?) A Brother At The Shores Of Tripoli

From Brother W. Bro. Dwight D. Seals

Pilgrim Governor William Bradford wrote that in 1625, a Pilgrim ship was returning to England with dried fish and 800 lbs. of beaver skins to trade for supplies:

"They ... were well within the England channel, almost in sight of Plymouth. But ... there she was unhappily taken by a Turkish man-of-war and carried off to Morocco where the captain and crew were made slaves."

Muslim pirates of Morocco raided European coasts and carried away over a million to the North African slave markets, where also they sold tens of millions of Africans into slavery.

In 1627, Algerian Muslim pirates, led by Murat Reis the Younger, raided Iceland, and carried 400 into slavery.

One captured girl, who had been made a slave concubine in Algeria, was rescued back by King Christian IV of Denmark.

On June 20, 1631, the entire village of Baltimore, Ireland, "The Stolen Village," was captured by Muslim pirates.

Only two ever returned. Thomas Osborne Davis wrote in his poem, "The Sack of Baltimore" (1895):

"The yell of 'Allah!' breaks above the shriek and roar;

O'blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore."

Kidnapped Englishman Francis Knight wrote:

"I arrived in Algiers, that city fatal to all Christians and the butchery of mankind."

Moroccan Sultan Moulay Ismail had 500 wives and forced 25,000 white slaves to build his palace at Meknes. He was witnessed to have killed an African slave just to try out a new hatchet he was given.

The Catholic Order "Trinitarians" collected alms to ransom slaves.

In 1785, Morocco recognized the new country of the United States by capturing two American ships and demanding tribute.

Thomas Jefferson (not a Freemason, however, it is worth noting that both Thomas Jefferson's son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph, and his eldest grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, were Freemasons) met Tripoli's envoy in France and reported to Congress:

"The Ambassador answered us that it was ... written in their Qur'an, that all nations who should not have acknowledged Islam's authority were sinners, that it was their ... duty to make war upon them ... and to make slaves of all they could take as prisoners."

Despite paying nearly 20 percent of the U.S. Federal budget as extortion payments, the Muslims continued their piracy.

Jefferson finally sent the U.S. Marines to stop Morocco's Barbary pirates.

The U.S. frigate "Philadelphia" ran aground on Morocco's shallow coast and was captured.

On FEBRUARY 16, 1804, in what Admiral Horatio Nelson called the "most bold and daring act of the age," Lieutenant and **Br. Stephen Decatur** (Lodge No. 16, at Baltimore, and later in the same year received the Second and Third Degrees. Baltimore Lodge No. 16) sailed his ship, the Intrepid, into the pirate harbor of Tripoli, burned the captured U.S. frigate "Philadelphia" and escaped amidst enemy fire.

The Marines later captured Tripoli and forced the Pasha to make peace on U.S. terms.

Frederick Leiner wrote in *The End of the Barbary Terror-America's 1815 War Against the Pirates of North*

Africa (Oxford University Press):

"Commodore and **Br. Stephen Decatur** and diplomat William Shaler withdrew to consult in private ... The Algerians were believed to be masters of duplicity, willing to make agreements and break them as they found convenient."

John Quincy Adams, America's 6th President, wrote:

"Our gallant Commodore **Stephen Decatur** had chastised the pirate of Algiers... The Dey (Omar Bashaw)...disdained to conceal his intentions; 'My power,' said he, 'has been wrested from my hands; draw ye the treaty at your pleasure, and I will sign it; but beware of the moment, when I shall recover my power, for with that moment, your treaty shall be waste paper.'"

America's war with the Muslim Barbary Pirates was the country's first war after the Revolution, giving rise to the Marine Anthem:

"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli."

Brief Bio of Br. Decatur

Br. Stephen Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, on the 5th of January 1779, and entered the United States navy as a midshipman in 1798. He was promoted lieutenant a year later, and in that rank saw some service in the short war with France. In 1803 he was in command of the "Enterprise", which formed part of Commodore and **Br. Edward Preble's** (St. Andrew's Lodge, Boston, 1783; charter member of Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 17, Portland, Maine) and squadron in the Mediterranean, and in February 1804 led a daring expedition into the harbour of Tripoli for the purpose of burning the U.S. frigate "Philadelphia" which had fallen into Tripolitan hands. He succeeded in his purpose and made his escape under the fire of the batteries with a loss of only one man wounded. This brilliant exploit earned him his captain's commission and a sword of honor from Congress. **Br. Decatur** was subsequently engaged in all the attacks on Tripoli between 1804 and 1805. In the War of 1812 his ship the "United States" captured H.M.S. "Macedonian" after a desperate fight, and in 1813 he was appointed commodore to command a squadron in New York harbor, which was soon blockaded by the British. In an attempt to break out in February 1815 **Br. Decatur's** flagship the "President" was cut off and after a spirited fight forced to surrender to a superior force. Subsequently he commanded in the Mediterranean against the corsairs of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli with great success. On his return he was made a navy commissioner (November 1815), an office which he held until his death, which took place in a duel with Commodore James Barron at Bladensburg, Md., on the 22nd of March 1820.



Help Please

Waller Lodge has 4 Brothers whose mail is being returned with no forwarding address. If you know their new address please let Corky know at (979) 826-6267 or at pineisland2@yahoo.com. They are, Brothers Carl Smith, James Magee, Delane Corley and Mark L. Seeman



There was a little old lady who was very spiritual, who would step out on her porch every day, raise her arms to the sky and yell, "Praise the Lord."

One day, an atheist bought the house next door to her, and he became very irritated with the spiritual lady. So after a month or so of her yelling, "Praise the Lord" from her porch, he went outside on his porch and yelled back, "There is no Lord."

Yet, the little old lady continued.

One cold, wintry day, when the little old lady couldn't get to the store, she went out on her porch, raised her hands up to the sky and said, "Help me Lord, I have no more money, it's cold, and I have no more food."

The next morning, she went outside, and there were three bags of food on the porch, enough to last her a week." Praise the Lord," she yelled.

The Atheist stepped out from the bushes and said, "There is no Lord ha ha ha, I bought those groceries!"

The little old lady raised her arms to the sky and said, "Praise the Lord, you sent me groceries and you made the Devil pay for them!"

The Mother Lodge

Editor's Note; I was reading "The Craft at work in Kandahar" from the Masonic Lodges of Niagara "A" District website. I would love to have used the story. But it would have taken about 12 pages of the magazine. You can find the story at <http://www.niagaramasons.com/> if you would like. When I got right at the end of the story, the author, Bro. Joseph Curry, wrote the following paragraph followed by Brother Kipling's poem "The Mother Lodge".

More than a century ago, Brother Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem about a military lodge titled "The Mother-Lodge". I discovered this little poem upon returning home and found a growing lump in my throat while reading it. He writes of brothers from a military lodge in this same land long ago and describes the same fraternal bonds of diverse brothers that meant so much to me. He wrote:

There was Rundle, Station Master,
An' Beazeley of the Rail,
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;
An' Blake, Conductor-Sargent,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside -- "Sergeant! Sir! Salute!
Salaam!"

Inside -- "Brother", an' it doesn't do no
'arm.

We met upon the Level an' we
parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my
Mother-Lodge out there!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholic!

We 'adn't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
An' lookin' on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquets,
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),

An' man on man got talkin'
Religion an' the rest,
An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east an' west,
Accordin' as commanded
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother-Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the hog-darn passin' down;
An' the old khansamah snorin'
On the bottle-khana floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother-Lodge once more!

Outside -- "Sergeant! Sir! Salute!
Salaam!"

Inside -- "Brother", an' it doesn't do no
'arm.

We met upon the Level an' we
parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my
Mother-Lodge out there!

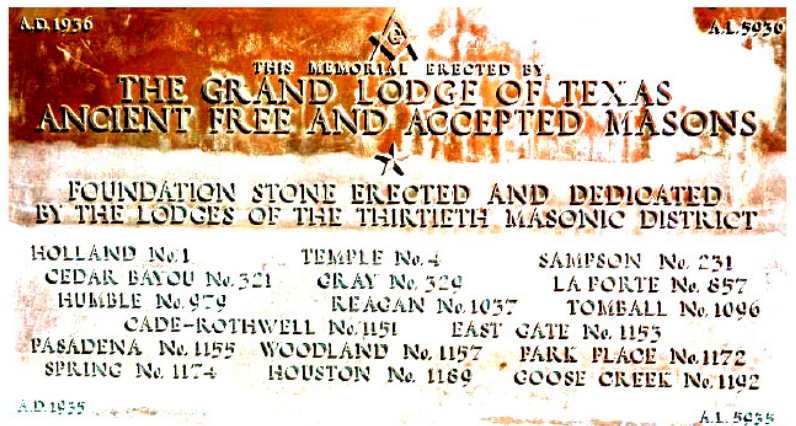
San Jacinto Observance

The annual Masonic Memorial Observance will be held on Saturday, April 26th at 10:00 AM at the Masonic Monument, next to the Battleship Texas. Our Grand Master, Most Worshipful Jerry L. Martin will be the speaker. This observance honors all of the Masons who helped in the founding of the Republic of Texas. The Masonic Memorial also recognizes the Lodges in Harris County (in 1935) that donated the foundation stone of the monument. {The Lodges listed are: Holland #1, Temple #4, Sampson #231, Cedar Bayou #321, Gray # 329, LaPorte #857, Humble #979, Reagan #1037, Tomball #1096, Cade-Rothwell #1151, East Gate #1153, Pasadena #1155, Woodland #1157, Park Place #1172, Spring #1174, Houston #1189, and Goose Creek #1192.}

The Masters, Wardens, and Secretaries Association for the 30th Masonic District is the host of this event, and encourages every brother to attend this too-often overlooked observance. It is open to all Masons and their families. Parking is available in the lot near the battleship, and the Masonic Monument is located a short walk away.

While at this Observance, you may want to visit the cemetery adjacent to the Masonic Monument, where Brother Lorenzo DeZavala, and others are buried. The battle of San Jacinto reenactment will follow the Masonic observance, and will be held in the area near the San Jacinto Monument across the road. We hope to see you there. Bring a friend and show your support for our Grand Master as he celebrates the Masonic Founders of Texas.

Masters, Wardens, and Secretaries Association
30th Masonic District



Borrowed from the Davy Crockett Masonic Lodge Newsletter, Thanks Chris

From the book Masonic Trivia: Amusements and Curiosities by Peter Champion

In Colonial America, it was customary when taking an oath to place one's right hand on the Volume of Sacred Law, for Christians, this was the Holy Bible. Washington placed his right hand on the Bible and held his hat in his left in 1789. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Grant, McKinley, and Hoover all had their right hands on a Bible and their left arms held at their sides. In 1945, Truman supported the Bible in his left hand and rested his right upon it. Since 1949, all Presidents have placed their left hands on a Bible and raised their right hands. Queen Elizabeth II placed her right hand on a Bible to take the oath during her coronation in 1953. Where did this practice come from?

Pliny the Elder wrote in Book 19: The Natural History, that the ancient Egyptians placed their right hands on a holy onion when swearing an oath of veracity. Freemasons don't use onions because we don't want our secrets to "leek" out.

We could not resist including this tasty tidbit for Past Grand Master of Masons in Texas, Right Worshipful Mike Gower, who made his living in the onion trade.

Surviving The Big Ones

By Corky

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.

The next big one for me was the end of 1940 when Nellie and I got married. I don't guess we were as poor as some people because we had a roof over our head and ate something every day. Of course there wasn't a lot of extras for the newly weds as I was only making 63 cents an hour working at Shudde Bros. Hat Company. I had quit high school in the twelfth grade (That's another story) and went to work full time.

It wasn't too long after that, that I met Nellie and after dating almost a year we were married. At least I had enough sense to register and start going to night school after we were married and earn my high school diploma. (Many years later Nellie took classes at North Harris County Junior College and earned her GED.) Now, me going to night school was tough on a pair of newlyweds. But we made it and still enjoyed what was to us, the good times.

As I have been talking about in the last few columns, we were renting a new garage apartment my uncle had built for us on Firnat Street, just off Irvington Blvd. and we couldn't afford a car. So we rode the Houston Transit and Pioneer bus Co. buss a whole lot. The Houston Transit city busses cost ten cents and the Pioneer Bus Company busses to outside the city limits cost 15 cents to ride I had to walk 4 blocks to Berry Road where I would catch the Irvington bus and ride it to town, then transfer to the Heights bus and ride out to Houston and Washington Avenues to get to work every morning. Then reverse the procedure to get back home.

And, of course Nellie and I had to ride busses to visit friends and family or go shopping downtown. To visit her mother who lived about 5 miles away, off Airline Drive, we had to ride the Irvington bus 5 miles to downtown where we caught one of the old Pioneer busses and rode back 15 miles out Airline Drive. To visit Nellie's mother and sisters, it cost us 25 cents each one way and the same to get back home. So it cost me one dollar or about an hour (.63) and a half's pay for a visit.

My mother and dad were 6 miles from downtown, out off of Telephone Road. To visit them we rode the Irvington bus to town, got transfers from the driver and used them to ride the Park Place bus and got off a half block from mom's house. And, it only cost us 40 cents for the round trip to mom's house.

I particularly remember riding the bus to work and home from night school in the winter of 1951. We had one heck of a winter storm with sleet, snow, rain and sub-freezing temperatures that lasted for 3 or 4 days. Most of the city busses didn't have defrosters or at least ones that worked. For about three days most of the busses drove around Houston with 2 or 3 or even more burning candles stuck on the dashboard to warm the windshields enough to keep the ice melted off.

That was during the same spell that Nellie called me at work one day and said the gas heater and kitchen stove had quit working and wondered if the gas meter could have frozen up. Of course I laughed and convinced her that natural gas couldn't freeze. Well, I almost convinced her. She called back a little later and told me not to worry because she and Dorothy (a neighbor lady) had gotten it working again. When I ask how they got it working, she answered that they had wadded up a bunch of newspapers, stuffed them under the gas meter and set them of fire and now the stove and heater worked fine.

Well, so much for logic. I ask someone from the gas company sometime later, if the gas in a gas meter could freeze and he said, "No, of course not. However," he added, "moisture in the pipes could freeze and block the tiny opening in the regulator in the meter and stop it from working."

Talking about Nellie, I don't think I ever told you about the time she almost got hauled in by the Truant Officer. We had been married a year or so when she decided she wanted to go to work and help a little with our finances. She talked to Mr. Hooks who owned the Hooks' Supermarket down on Irvington Blvd. and Berry Rd. where we shopped. She convinced him to give her a job stocking groceries on shelves. She was working away one day, putting canned goods on the shelves, when a man in a suit and tie walked up behind her and ask why she wasn't in school. "Because I am working," she answered.

"How old are you," was his next question.

She looked up and proudly told him she was seventeen,



Corky Back Then

That was enough for him, he became very demanding and told her that he was the Truant Officer and demanded that she quit working right then and go back to school or she could be arrested. After she showed him her engagement and wedding rings and some of the other employees verified she was a married woman he gave up and walked away.



Old Tiler Talks Subscriptions

By Carl Claudy

I don't hold with this subscriptions idea at all," announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "Masonry should be a self-supporting institution and not ask for contributions."

"Yes, yes, go on, you interest me. So does the braying of the jackass, the gurgling of a six months old child, the bleating of a lamb and the raucous cries of the crow."

"You can call it that if you like," defended the New Brother, "but asking for contributions to build a temple is all wrong."

"Just what do you mean, that Masonry should be self supporting?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Why, it ought to get along on its dues and fees!"

"Do you think You can get along entirely on your salary? You don't borrow money to build a house, or to aid you in. Your business?"

"That's different!"

"How is it different? You borrow to build a house, and the house is security for the loan. Someday you pay it back and own the house. We borrow from our members to build a temple and . . ."

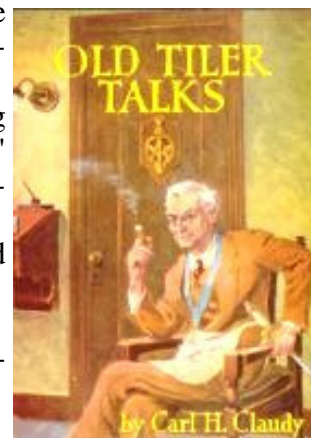
"But that's just the point. We don't borrow, we beg. And we don't pay back, we just grab the temple and the fellows that have paid for it have nothing to show for it."

"Suppose we 'beg' as you put it, sufficient contributions from our membership to build the temple and own it outright," answered the Old Tiler. "The money we then spend on it is upkeep, overhead. We won't charge ourselves rent because we won't be paying on a loan. In our present temple the lodge pays that rent. With no rent to pay we will have more in the treasury. With more than it needs in the treasury a lodge may reduce its dues or spend more in charity and entertainment. The mere reducing of the rent charge will soon equal, per capita, the entire contribution asked of any individual brother."

"But apart from the dollars angle, a temple is more than a mere pile of stone in which is a room where Masons meet. The temple expresses Masonry to the world. As it is beautiful, solid, substantial, massive, permanent) so does the fraternity appear. As it is paid for, free from debt, a complete asset, so does the institution seem. A poor, mean temple argues that lodge members have so little belief in their order that they are not willing to provide it with proper quarters. As a beautiful church expresses veneration for the Creator, so does a beautiful building for Masonry express veneration for the order and reverence for the Great Architect in Whose shadow we labor and to Whom all temples of Masonry are erected."

"Our brethren have undertaken to erect a beautiful temple. They want a meeting place which is convenient and comfortable, in which they can take pride and which will show visitors that Masonry here has love for its tenets. By a new temple they want to express the love they have for the vision of brotherhood. So they say, each to the other, Brother, how much will you give?' and brother answers brother, 'All I can afford,' and does so."

"We are asking less than \$2. a month, less than ten cents a day. But it is enough. Each brother will make some little sacrifice for the order he loves. When the temple is built every brother will feel that it is truly his temple, in the actual sense of personal ownership. He may look at a block of stone in the wall and say to himself, 'That is mine; I paid for it.' And what a Man buys because he loves it, he cherishes. Nothing which we could do will more thoroughly solidify our Masonry. When finished, the building will be our temple in the



truest sense; not only that we went down into our pockets and paid for it, but ours because we put our hearts into it. And what a man puts his heart in, he defends, upholds, makes better.

"If we ask \$100 from each brother, we will give every brother \$1,000 worth of pride of ownership. We build not only for the brethren who should shoulder the burden in the heat of the day, but for the brethren who come after.

"Our ancient brethren who built the temples of the middle ages for all to see and revere, left their mark on time and history and on the generations which followed them. We will leave our mark on generations of our sons and their sons and their sons' sons after them, because we are willing to make a freewill offering to that which, next to God, is the greatest leaven of our life, the fraternity which makes a man love his fellow men."

"Oh, stop talking! Twice while you have been lecturing me I have mentally increased my subscription. Now I have doubled it. Hush, or I won't be able to buy shoes for the baby!"

"Don't start things, then!" grumbled the Old Tiler, but he smiled as he held out a fresh subscription blank and a fountain pen.



The Old Tiler Talks by Carl H. Claudy

The Temple Publishers, Washington, D.C. 1949

From the St. John's Lodge No. 9 F & AM of Washington

The Old Tiler first appeared in print in August, 1921 when the first of four hundred and fourteen "Old Tiler Talks" were printed in the Fellowship Forum, a fraternal newspaper published in Washington, D.C.

In 1925 the publisher (The Temple Publishers) asked the author to select a few of the best of the talks and thirty-one were accordingly made into a little volume, copyrighted in that year. The book, which sold for a dollar, ran into two editions of five thousand copies each.

By the time they were all sold the Fellowship Forum ran head on into the depression and disappeared and with it the Old Tiler.

His homely philosophy, sharp tongue and common sense, however, had made a place for him in the hearts of readers; demand for the book has never ceased, although it has lessened in the twenty-four years since the Old Tiler first spoke from between the covers.

At long last the Old Tiler sits again before the door of his lodge, there to repeat the tales which made him liked so long ago, and, from the wealth of material of his hundreds of homilies, make thirty-nine talks new to the book, a total of seventy in all.

These have been roughly classified under seven headings. To offer in defense of his fanciful classification the author has no other alibi than the weak statement that the Old Tiler is himself a fancy!

The portrait of the Old Tiler on the book jacket is the loving work of Brother Frank A. Stockwell of Buffalo, New York, who has (at least to the author's eyes) succeeded in getting the biting sarcasm, courage and philosophy of the Old Tiler into his kindly face.

The author does not always agree with the Old Tiler - perhaps it is the Old Tiler who disagrees with the author! Some to whom that statement is made make answer: "Why don't you make him say what you think? You are the boss man!"

All who have written know that, if they live, pen and ink characters have minds and thoughts of their own, sometimes to the benefit, sometimes to the grief of their fathers!

Therefore, with what is hoped is becoming modesty, this invitation is extended: whatever you like in the Old Tiler's talks, credit it to his creator; if his sharpness or his ideas offend, blame the Old Tiler and not the author.



His wife's graveside service was just barely finished, when there was a massive clap of thunder, followed by a tremendous bolt of lightning, accompanied by even more thunder rumbling in the distance. The little, old man looked at the pastor, smiled and calmly said, "Well, she's there."