

# The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



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

Worshipful Master Brack Whitehead - Editor John "Corky" Daut  
The August 2011 Issue

## Freemasons Saving Faith By Encouraging Diversity

By Geoff Strong

A MUSLIM, a Jew and an Orthodox Greek walk into a Masonic Lodge. Does it sound like the start of a joke? It's not - it is said to be the start of a trend.

Just as the once powerful, esoteric society of Freemasonry seemed to be on its deathbed, with Victorian numbers down from 120,000 in 1970 to just 13,000 in 2009, it has received an injection of new blood - some of it from previously unexpected sources.

In the past two years, decades of decline have stopped, with the organization claiming its biggest growth in numbers coming from men aged under 35. They seem to be coming from a diverse range of backgrounds and religious beliefs. In addition to the traditional Protestants and the three mentioned above, they have also attracted Buddhists, Hindus and Roman Catholics - the latter once banned from membership by papal decree.

One of the youngest new members is Ramsey El-Atm, a 20-year-old business management student from a Lebanese Muslim background. When he was inducted, he took the pledge on his family's Koran.

He comes from Mooroolbark but is a member of a lodge at Greensborough not far from La Trobe University, where he is in the third year of his degree. "I have had an interest in Freemasonry since year 10, when my English teacher talked about it. I made inquiries about it and became a member just before my 19th birthday. I am now a third-degree master.

"There is nothing about being a Freemason that conflicts with my Islamic faith. Most of the other members of my lodge are Christian but, being a Mason, you only have to believe in a supreme being. It doesn't matter which one.

David Bloom, who is Jewish, has been a member for 10 years, following a tradition set by his father and grandfather. An IT project manager, he is the past master of his Gardenvale lodge. "It is a friendly organization and you get to meet people from all walks of life, irrespective of their religion."

Fotios Spiridonos is a state government transport planner, a member for 17 years and an Orthodox Greek. "When I first joined, my parents were stunned. But now there are many Greek members. You get out of it what you put in."

Freemasonry is a controversial society, sometimes described as "secretive", which has obscure roots among the stonemasons of mediaeval Europe but first appeared in its present symbolic form in 1717 in London. It uses the metaphors of operative stonemasons' tools and implements against the allegorical backdrops to convey what has been described by both Masons and critics as "a system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols".

These days, in an age of global information and chatter, the organization has found it needs to be less secre-



Masons (from left): Fotios Spiridonos, Vaughan Werner, David Bloom and Ramsey El-Atm.

tive. Grand master for Victoria is Vaughan Werner, former assistant commissioner for crime of the Victoria Police. He's quite happy to show the lodge symbol to a visitor.

Above the Master's chair in the main lodge of the Dallas Brooks Centre in East Melbourne is a large symbolic eye. "This is the all-seeing eye of the divine being. It is particular of the lodge of the grand master to remind him that despite his power, God is always watching."



## Writer Who Finds Facts For Another's Fiction

Many say he's the model for Dan Brown's hero, Robert Langdon but he is also a best-selling author. Virginia Mason talks to Robert Lomas. Picture: Bruce Rollinson.

HALIFAX-based author Robert Lomas has an alter ego – Hollywood actor Tom Hanks. Well to be exact it's Dr Robert Langdon, one of the roles made famous by the movie star. Langdon, of course, is the creation of novelist Dan Brown whose best-selling books including *The Da Vinci Code*, *Angels and Demons* and *The Lost Symbol* have been bought in their millions.

But behind the fantasy is fact, and Brown has acknowledged using a number of Robert's well-researched factual and scientific books as a basis for spinning his fictional tales.

And it's more than just a rumour that his main protagonist, symbologist, Langdon is partly based on Calderdale's own Mr Lomas, who manages to fit in his writing alongside his day job as a lecturer at Bradford University's School of Management.

"Well, we're both interested in symbolism and we both teach at good universities," says the 62-year-old who is an authority on the history of science.

As a result Robert has developed a friendly relationship with the American novelist – the pair even share the same publisher (Simon Thurogood at Transworld). They email each other, keeping a close eye on each other's work and when *The Da Vinci Code* author brings out a new thriller based on Robert's meticulous research, Robert admits he feels a tad of satisfaction.

"I must admit I enjoy seeing how Dan takes my facts and spins them into thrillers and in the process taking liberties I don't dare to," he laughs. "And of course it gives me a lot of street cred with my students." Now Robert admits perhaps he is the one this time around to have taken liberties.

"Dan usually writes his novel after I have published my factual book but this time, my book has come about as a result of me following up on Dan's writing," he says. "This is the fact if you like, behind the fiction in Dan's *The Lost Symbol*."

Robert is referring to his latest book, *The Lost Key*, which once again is centred around one of Robert's main passions – Freemasonry. A Freemason himself, he was initiated into Ryburn Lodge, Sowerby Bridge before becoming a member at Headingly, the world's leading lodge for the study of Masonic ritual and philosophy.

"It was Mark Booth, my old friend and mentor (who recently launched the Coronet imprint with publishers Hodder and Stoughton) who encouraged me to tackle the book. The ideas in it have haunted me for many years but I have always hesitated to get started on a project I thought too ambitious for me."

*The Lost Key* contains revelations that only an initiate of the highest orders of Freemasonry is in a position to make.

Its thrilling narrative follows a candidate for initiation as he rises through the different grades of initiation, taking part in ceremonies that are sometimes terrifying.

Dramatic episodes include the re-enacting of a murder from 3,000 years ago in full, gory detail, lowering the candidate into a dark vault under the floor of the temple, holding a dagger to the candidate's naked breast



and making the candidate attend his own funeral.

It will thrill fans of Robert's books, which like Brown's, have sold in their millions, books such as *The Hiram Key*, which Brown used as inspiration for *The Da Vinci Code* and *Invisible College*, which gave the American the basis for *Angels and Demons*.

The pair became friends after Robert offered to testify in the 2006 plagiarism case (later thrown out) brought against Brown by Michael Baigent, author of *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*. "I supported Dan when he asserted his right to create fiction from published facts because he does make a distinction and besides, he always credits his sources and Dan used just as much of my work as Michael's," explains Robert.

As a result there is now a friendly banter (if not rivalry) between Robert and Brown.

When Brown announced the working title for his latest novel was going to be *The Solomon Key*, Robert, who had already proposed a non-fiction book about the influences of the building of Washington DC, entitled *Turning the Solomon Key*, had to rush and get his version into print.

Like Brown's books, Robert's attract followers from all over the world but where *The Da Vinci Code* was translated into 44 languages, Robert can boast being published in 54 – he recently broke into the Ukrainian market.

He is often asked if he minds his research being used and adapted by Brown and he is quick to answer: "Not at all. Whenever Dan brings out a book it does wonders for the sale of my back copies. He is very good at giving my books a plug too and he has been known to hide secret codes within them – in *The Lost Symbol* there were little clues about my book *The Hiram Key*. On one page he has Langdon recognising and describing its front cover."

Robert now hopes his fans will enjoy his latest book, partly inspired he reveals while driving to Queensbury one night during a terrific thunderstorm.

"I had some kind of experience which filled me with dread," he says before going on to explain about lightning charges, stars, the cosmos and electrical fields.

He is now busy working on his next project which for the first time might really test his friendship with Dan Brown,

"I'm thinking of writing a novel. Fiction is something I have been wanting to get into for a while."

Brown had better watch out.



## Qualifications of a True Mason

All true Masons know that their work is not secret, but they realize that it must remain unknown to all who do not live the true Masonic life. Yet if the so-called secrets of Freemasonry were shouted from the rooftops, the Fraternity would be absolutely safe; for certain spiritual qualities are necessary before the real Masonic secrets can be understood by the brethren themselves. Hence it is that the alleged 'exposures' of Freemasonry, printed by the thousands and tens of thousands since 1730 down to the present hour, cannot injure the Fraternity.

They reveal merely the outward forms and ceremonies of Freemasonry. Only those who have been weighed in the balance and found to be true, upright, and square have prepared themselves by their own growth to appreciate the inner meanings of their Craft. To the rest of their brethren within or without the lodge their sacred rituals must remain, as Shakespeare might have said, 'Words, words, words. 'Within the Mason's own being is concealed the Power, which, blazing forth from his purified being, constitutes the Builder's Word. His life is the sole password which admits him to the true Masonic Lodge. His spiritual urge is the sprig of acacia which, through the darkness of ignorance, still proves that the spiritual fire is alight. Within himself he must build those qualities which will make possible his true understanding of the Craft. He can show the world only forms which mean nothing; the life within is forever concealed until the eye of the Spirit reveals it.

Reprinted from 'The Lost Keys of Freemasonry' by Manly P. Hall.



## Happy Birthday Brothers

Name	Age
Everett A Bozarth	86
Derwood O. Ralston	71
Frank B. Hoke	69
Darrell R. Bloodworth	68
Gregory D. Williams	61

## Masonic Anniversaries

Name	Years
Glen H. Canon	50
Darrell R. Bloodworth	44
Frank B. Hoke	40
Gary V. Mosmeyer	28
John A. Garrett	16
Michell R. Bosarge	12
Walter "Bubba". Schiel,	09
Larry D. Hargrave	08
Delane Z. Corley	04



## This Month's Humor

An elderly man on a Moped, looking about 90 years old, pulls up next to a doctor at a street light. The old man looks over at the sleek shiny car and asks, "What kind of car ya got there, sonny?"

The doctor replies, "A Ferrari GTO. It cost half a million dollars!"

"That's a lot of money," says the old man. "Why does it cost so much?"

"Because this car can do up to 220 miles an hour!" states the doctor proudly.

The Moped driver asks, "Mind if I take a look inside?"

"No problem," replies the doctor.

So the old man pokes his head in the window and looks around.. Then, sitting back on his Moped, the old man says, "That's a pretty nice car, all right.... but I'll stick with my Moped!"

Just then the light changes, so the doctor decides to show the old man just what his car can do. He floors it, and within 30 seconds the speedometer reads 150 mph.

Suddenly, he notices a dot in his rear view mirror. It seems to be getting closer !

He slows down to see what it could be and suddenly WHOOOOSSSHHH! Something whips by him going much faster!

"What on earth could be going faster than my Ferrari?" the doctor asks himself.

He presses harder on the accelerator and takes the Ferrari up to 180 mph.

Then, up ahead of him, he sees that it's the old man on the Moped!

Amazed that the Moped could pass his Ferrari, he gives it more gas and passes the Moped at 200 mph and he's feeling pretty good until he looks in his mirror and sees the old man gaining on him AGAIN!

Astounded by the speed of this old guy, he floors the gas pedal and takes the Ferrari all the way up to 220 mph.

Not ten seconds later, he sees the Moped bearing down on him again!

The Ferrari is flat out, and there's nothing he can do !

Suddenly, the Moped plows into the back of his Ferrari, demolishing the rear end.

The doctor stops and jumps out and unbelievably the old man is still alive.

He runs up to the banged-up old guy and says, "I'm a doctor.... Is there anything I can do for you ?"

The old man whispers, "Unhook my suspenders from your side view mirror!"



## Brother AJ

Brother Alan "A.J." Ward is still in the hospital recovering from the two aneurisms in the brain that almost took him from us shortly after the June stated meeting. He is doing very good at this time and only suffering a little short term memory loss. He is scheduled to be released from the hospital next week, August 14th..

We wanted to thank Brother "Bubba" Shield for donating material for a hand rail for A.J's home coming.

## Remember Me?

It amuses me now to think that your Masonic Lodge spends so much time looking for new members -- when I was there all the time. Do you remember me?

I am the fellow who came to every meeting, but nobody paid any attention to me. I tried several times to be friendly, but everyone seemed to have his own friends to sit and talk with. I sat down among some unfamiliar faces several times, but they did not pay much attention to me.

I hoped somebody would ask me to join one of the committees or to somehow participate and contribute.-- no one did.

Finally, because of illness, I missed a meeting. The next month no one asked me where I had been. I guess it did not matter very much whether I was there or not. On the next meeting date I decided to stay home and watch a good program on television. When I attended the next meeting, no one asked me where I was the month before.

You might say that I am a good guy, a good family man, that I hold a responsible job and love my community.

You know what else I am? I am the member who never came back. I guess you didn't need a Brother, just the check for my Lodge dues.



### *An Online Extra Story*

## Waller Masonic Lodge And Shrine Club Join The Freedom Festival



Waller Masonic Lodge decided to take part in the City Of Waller Freedom Festival this fourth of July. We rented a booth at the stadium to sell cold drinks, snow cones, ice cream and watermelon slices as a fund raiser for the Lodge.

It was a great idea **But**, due to the drought, Waller County's burn ban caused the giant Fire Works show to be cancelled and although the parade started there the people stayed downtown and didn't show up where the food booths were located. Luckily, we didn't lose any money, but we didn't make any profit either. But, as Treasurer Fred Loofs said, "It was said to be a great learning experience."

The Waller County Shrine Club joined with Waller Lodge to take part in the parade. Past Master and Shriner Richard Ventrca talked some of his fellow Shriners into joining him the festivities and they all drove their mini automobiles in the parade. It was a great crowd pleaser and they were judged first place in the parade.



If we shall not be careful in the admission of candidates and improve the procedure of admission, we are then starting the composition of a funeral hymn for the death of our noble institution.

As Freemasons, we should not allow this to happen. If and when we do, we are doomed, for we have just hammered the last nail in the sarcophagus of Freemasonry.

- Anonymous Bro., Rejections on Masonic Values

# The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter

## Subscriber's Extra Features

### The Ultimate Test

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

"Yes it is," I replied.

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

Well, I was pretty sure it wasn't the safety inspection or license sticker so I ask if he meant the Blue Slipper sticker and he said no, I mean that emblem, pointing to the square and compass printed on the slipper sticker. He seemed to know a little about Masonry so I ask if he was a member of the Lone Star Prince Hall Lodge in Hempstead. He said no he was a member of a Lodge in Marlin Texas.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

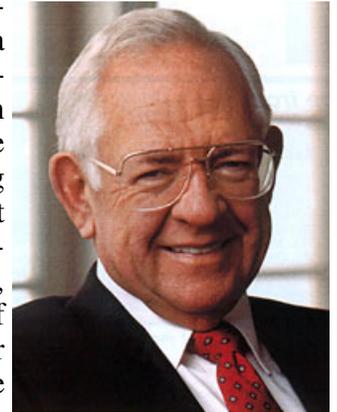
Not even when a call for Masonic help comes is there need for a ritualistic "proof" of mutual membership. If a man is in danger or difficulty, and time is short, there is no more need to find out whether he asks for aid because he is a Mason, than there is to ascertain of the drowning man that he is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

# Biography: Bro. Dave Thomas

From The Hiram's Lighthouse Newsletter

## Biography

Dave Thomas was born on July 2, 1932 in Atlantic City, New Jersey to a young unmarried woman he never knew. He was adopted at 6 weeks by Rex and Auleva Thomas and as an adult would become a well-known advocate for adoption, founding the Dave Thomas Foundation for Adoption. After his adoptive mother's death when he was 5, his father moved around the country seeking work. Dave spent time in Michigan with his grandmother Minnie Sinclair whom he credited with teaching him the importance of service and treating others well and with respect, lessons that helped him in his future business life. At 12 he got his first job at The Regas, a restaurant in Knoxville, Tennessee, then lost it in a dispute with his boss. However, there was a large autographed poster-photo of Thomas just inside the entrance of The Regas until the business closed down in 2009. He vowed never to lose another job. Moving with his father, by 15 he was working in Fort Wayne, Indiana at the Hobby House Restaurant owned by the Clauss family. When his father prepared to move again, Dave decided to stay in Fort Wayne, dropping out of high school to work full time at the restaurant. Thomas, who considered ending his schooling the greatest mistake of his life, did not graduate from high school until 1993 when he obtained a GED.



## Wendy's

Thomas opened his first Wendy's in Columbus, Ohio, in 1969. (This original restaurant would remain operational until March 2, 2007, when it was closed due to lagging sales.) Thomas named the restaurant after his eight-year-old daughter Melinda Lou, whose nickname was Wendy, stemming from the child's inability to say her own name at a young age. According to Bio TV, Dave claims himself that people nicknamed his daughter "Wenda. Not Wendy but Wenda. I'm going to call it Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers'."



In 1982, Thomas resigned from his day-to-day operations at Wendy's. However, by 1985, several company business decisions, including an awkward new breakfast menu and loss in brand awareness due to fizzled marketing efforts caused the company's new president to urge Thomas back into a more active role with Wendy's.

Thomas began to visit franchises and espouse his hardworking, so-called "mop-bucket attitude." In 1989, he took on a significant role as the TV spokesman in a series of commercials for the brand. Thomas was not a natural actor, and initially, his performances were criticized as stiff and ineffective by advertising critics.

By 1990, after efforts by Wendy's agency, Backer Spielvogel Bates, to get humor into the campaign, a decision was made to portray Thomas in a more self-deprecating and folksy manner, which proved much more popular with test audiences. Consumer brand awareness of Wendy's eventually regained

levels it had not achieved since octogenarian Clara Peller's wildly popular "Where's the beef?" campaign of 1984. With his natural self-effacing style and his relaxed manner, Thomas quickly became a household name.

A company survey during the 1990s, a decade during which Thomas starred in every Wendy's commercial that aired, found that 90% of Americans knew who Thomas was. After more than 800 commercials, it was clear that Thomas played a major role in Wendy's status as the country's third most popular burger restaurant. Dave Thomas became an education advocate and founded the Dave Thomas Education Center in Coconut Creek, Florida, which offers GED classes to young adults.

## Death

Thomas died at his home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, after a decade-long battle with liver cancer. He was



# 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.

Almost everyone read for entertainment during the nineteen 30s and 40s. Almost any drugstore in Houston had a rental library of hardback books in addition to the rack of magazines for sale. You could check out a book just like a public library except that you had to pay a small rental fee for each book.

Almost all boys, most girls and a lot of adults read “Funny Books” as we called them in the nineteen 30s and 40s. They only cost a dime in those days. Now they come in book form, cost many dollars and called are “Graphic Novels”.

Almost every kid in the neighborhood had a cardboard box or at least a small stack of comic books that we carried to our friend’s or even a casual acquaintance’s house blocks away to do some serious trading. This ritual went on at least once or twice a week so we could swap for some we hadn’t read. It wasn’t unusual for the father to be standing near and to be giving advice while the trading was going on.

We quickly learned a lesson for later life by taking good care of our comic books. Damaged comic books with torn pages or loose covers had to be traded only for other damaged ones. You usually had to trade 2 or 3 damaged ones to get one in good shape, if you could find someone who would take them at all.

Detective Comics, Marvel Comics, Batman, Captain Marvel, The Flash, Superman, The Human Torch and Walt Disney were among the most popular ones. Wonder Woman wasn’t generally liked as well, but we read them and were amazed at how she could catch bullets on her bracelets and lasso spies and crooks and they would have to tell the truth.

The drug store in Montgomery, Texas (and other small towns) would tear the front covers off on all the unsold issues of comic books when they were replaced on the racks with a newer ones. The fronts were then mailed back to the distributor for credit. The lady who worked in the drug store was then supposed to dispose of the books properly. She did, but her ideas of properly were somewhat different then the distributors, She would give the cover-less books to certain kids in town. That was kind of hush hush and now I realize it was to the kids who couldn’t afford to buy the new ones. I guess I must have been poorer then I thought in those days because I got a free one every once in a while myself. They weren’t much good for trading without the cover, but they sure were good for reading.

And, least we forget, there was the 15 cent Classic Comics series. They were the adults answer to making comic books acceptable. They were comic strip versions of the classical books such as Moby Dick, The Deer Slayer, Little Men, Little Women and so forth. Junior high and high school students loved them. Not to read for pleasure, of course, but thousands of book reports were written without having to read a dull, two or three hundred page book without pictures.

Free entertainment’s were harder to come by in tiny towns like Montgomery, Texas. There, even those political speeches that were made on the couple of Saturday afternoons before election day were entertainment to people, way back then. There wasn’t any such thing as television of course and even money for radio speeches was hard to come by. The answer for many politicians especially at the county and even lower state level was to visit every little town they could and made a speech from the back of a truck parked on the Main Street, pass out cards and shake every hand in sight. Then they would make a mad dash to the next little town.

Most men would come to town on Saturdays in small towns to do the weeks shopping. They would usually eat lunch sitting or hunkering down in front of one of the general stores. A big red soda water or a R.C. Cola along with a nickel box of crackers and a nickels worth of rat trap cheese or summer sausage made a cheap lunch and if they could spare another nickel, a Moon Pie made a great desert. After lunch the men would gather under the old Bois D’arc (Bo Dark or horse apple tree as we called them) in front of the bank building and wait for the speechifying to begin.

I remember one year when W. Lee “Pappy” O’Danials made a speech in Montgomery while running for State Governor. “Pappy” owned the Bewley’s Best flour mill in Ft. Worth. His favorite slogan was “Pass the biscuits Pappy.” He had some bake ovens installed on a trailer that went with him on the campaign trail. A couple of his employees baked biscuits in those ovens and passed out hot buttered biscuits to the crowd. while



Corky In The 1940s

he made his speech. Pappy was a politician everybody in Texas knew about. He also sponsored the “Light Crust Doughboys” hillbilly band radio show.

It was a kind of contest among the boys to collect as many different political cards as we could, like kids collect baseball cards now. Each politician had cards printed up with their name and picture on them and a brief message saying in effect, I’m the best, vote for me. We got most of the cards from the ground when the grownups threw them away though, because most politicians didn’t waste cards on kids who couldn’t vote for a few more years.

## American Anti-Masonry in 1880: Edmond Ronayne And the National Christian Association

From the National Heritage Museum

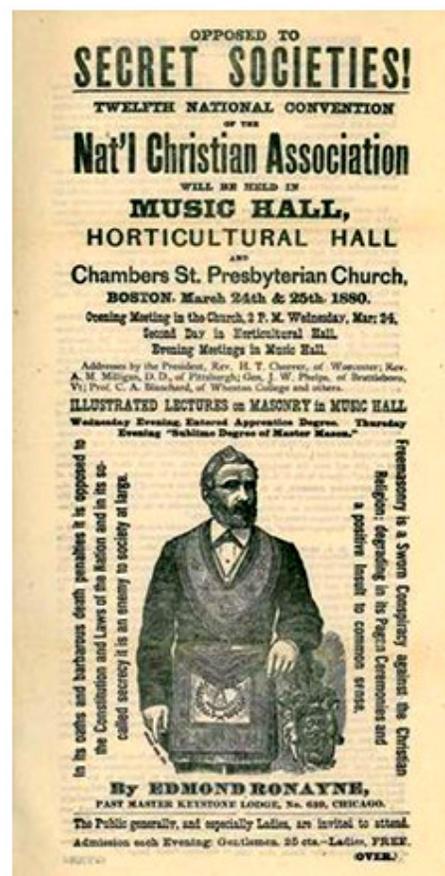
If you know about the history of anti-Masonry in America, it's likely that you know about the "Morgan Affair" and the anti-Masonic movement that followed it, lasting from 1826 until the mid-1830s. But there was another anti-Masonic movement that took place in the 1870s and 1880s, spear-headed by a group called the National Christian Association.

Pictured on this 1880 broadside is Edmond Ronayne, a former Freemason who served as both Secretary and Master of Keystone Lodge No. 639 in Chicago. Ronayne traveled to cities across the country, performing what he said was Masonic ritual for large crowds. His intent was to "expose" and deride Freemasonry. The National Christian Association (NCA) sponsored Ronayne’s lectures. Formed in 1868, this organization stated that it sought “to expose, withstand and remove Secret Societies, Freemasonry in particular, and other Anti-Christian movements in order to save the Churches of Christ from being deprived....” The NCA claimed that Freemasonry is a religion, a conclusion they drew partially from the altar, holy book, and recitation of prayers at Masonic meetings. Although Freemasonry requires that its members believe in a Supreme Being, there is no further religious test. The NCA interpreted this requirement as anti-Christian.

The roots of the National Christian Association’s anti-Masonic views trace back to the Morgan Affair, fifty years earlier. One of its founding members, Jonathan Blanchard, was involved in anti-Masonry as a young man in the 1830s in Vermont. (Blanchard was the first president of Wheaton College, in Illinois, whose Archives & Special Collections holds an extensive collection of National Christian Association records.) The Morgan Affair’s importance to the organization persisted into the 1880s. In 1882, the NCA erected a 38-foot-tall monument to William Morgan in Morgan's hometown of Batavia, New York, where it still stands today.

The broadside above advertises the 12th annual meeting of the National Christian Association, held on March 24 and 25, 1880, in Boston. A March 25, 1880, Boston Globe article described the lecture advertised in this broadside, stating that Edmond Ronayne did not meet a sympathetic audience. The crowd of about 500 people – half of whom were local Masons – reportedly interrupted Ronayne several times by hooting and hollering. The Globe reporter - who was possibly a Mason - commented that Ronayne’s performance was “ridiculous” owing to his “ignorance” of Masonic ritual. Echoing other reports that his Boston audiences were less than welcoming, Ronayne wrote in his memoir that, at the March 1880 National Christian Association meeting in Boston, “the crowds in the galleries made [the] most disturbance, throwing handfuls of peas and exploding torpedoes with a loud report upon the platform.”

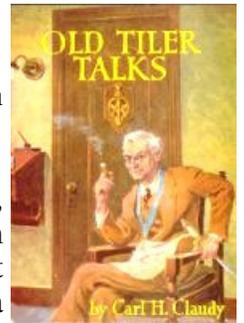
The broadside seen above is currently on view in Freemasonry Unmasked!: Anti-Masonic Collections in the Van Gorden-Williams Library and Archives at the National Heritage Museum.



# Pep

From the Old Tiler's Talk - by Carl H. Claudy, The Temple Publishers

Carl Claudy



"It's A wonderful idea! I'm strong for it, strong!" cried the New Brother to the Old Tiler in the anteroom.

"Tell me about it!" begged the Old Tiler. "Wonderful ideas are rare!"

"A lot of us think the old lodge needs peppering up. We go along in the same old way, never doing much of anything different, just making Masons and having little lodgeroom talks and all. So we thought - Smitty and Bunny and Wilmot and a few others and I - that we'd start something. We plan to hire a boat and take the lodge down the river and have a special dispensation to hold a third degree and feed out on the water. We'll hire a band, all Masons, of course, and probably have an entertainment afterwards; maybe we can get some high divers and hold a swimming race, too."

"It is a wonderful idea," commented the Old Tiler, "but you don't carry it far enough."

"I thought maybe you could add to it," said the New Brother, enthusiastically. "What would you suggest?"

"I think a small boat in the river is undignified. Why not hire an ocean liner? Why not go halfway to Europe, and instead of having diving and swimming matches, get a couple of whales and have a real whale of a time? Or you might be able to get Uncle Sam to lend you a couple of submarines."

"I wouldn't hire just a Masonic band. Get three or eleven bands, and have a competition to see which can blow the loudest. Hold all three of the degrees at once; the first in the hold, the second on deck and the third up in the crow's nest. That would be different and exhilarating. Don't be a piker! If you are going to innovate, innovate right!"

"Why, you are laughing at me! Don't you think it's a good idea to put pep in the lodge? Didn't the Shriners hold an initiation in a cave, and another in the locks at the canal, and didn't our ancient brethren hold their lodges on hills and in valleys and . . ."

"The Shrine did, and does, and will again, more power to it. The Shrine is a modern organization, with no need to uphold ancient traditions. The Shrine is a fun-loving organization, the playground for Masonry and Masons; it thrives on the new, the different, the novel, the startling, I love the Shrine, and everything it does. I love a good comedy, too, but I don't like to see a minister pulling funny stuff in the pulpit. And what is fine for the Shrine is poor for the lodge."

"If our ancient brethren held their meetings on hills and in valleys, it was because they had no buildings. Had we no temples we would do the same. But our ancient brethren didn't go out under the stars to be 'peppy,' nor should we."

"Somewhere or other in Shakespeare (I think it's Henry IV) are the lines, 'Fickle changelings and poor discontents, which gape and rub elbow at the news of hurly-burly innovations.' There are 'poor discontents' who are dissatisfied unless they are amused, but they are not devoted lodge members."

"I can't say much for your idea. Trying to put 'pep' into Masonic degrees is like painting a statue or putting perfume on a flower, or having red fire and a brass band at a funeral."

"Masonry is sacred and beautiful. It is beautiful with age that has mellowed and softened it, and given it the tints and colors of the glory of service. Could you improve the Grand Canyon with better colors than nature gave it? How can you improve a lodge meeting with a boat, a brass band and a diving contest? When you go on your knees to your Creator, do you play the phonograph, dance a jig and tell a funny, story to put 'pep' in the performance?"

"Masonry is much more than lodge meetings. It is selflessness, brotherhood, charity, toleration, veneration; it is the sweet and quiet influence which makes a brother more than a mere lodge member; it is an expression of the divine will to make men better. You cannot aid it with a boat trip or a brass band, my son; you cannot help it by innovations. You must take it or leave it as it is; that which has endured for centuries needs no such artificial stimulation."

"But don't you believe in entertainment or excursions or play?" asked the New Brother,

"Of course! Hire a boat, get a band, hold a diving contest, make merry, by all means. Have a lodge picnic, blow-out, whatever you will, and I'll help you. But don't spoil it by trying to make it into a lodge meeting, and don't spoil a good meeting by trying to make it a picnic."

"We are taught to have refreshment. But we are not taught to mix labor and refreshment. It is first of the ancient laws that it is beyond the power of any Mason to change ancient laws. Find me any authority in the ancient laws for holding a third degree in a boat with a brass band and a diving contest and I'll help you. Otherwise, I'll try to keep the old lodge just as she is and save your pep for the excursion you want to give and don't know it!"

"Something tells me this proposition will not be popular if I bring it up in lodge, unless I make it plain it's an excursion and not an attempt to put 'pep' in the degrees," answered the New Brother.

"Something tells you right, son," answered the Old Tiler.



## Old People

Old People are easy to spot at sporting events; during the playing of the National Anthem.

Old People remove their caps and stand at attention and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

Old People remember World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon Landing. They remember the 50 plus Peacekeeping Missions from 1945 to 2005, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into an Old People on the sidewalk he will apologize. If you pass an Old Person on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. Old People trust strangers and are courtly to women.

Old People hold the door for the next person and always, when walking, make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.

Old People get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like any filth or dirty language on TV or in movies.

Old People have moral courage and personal integrity. They seldom brag unless it's about their children or grandchildren.

It's the Old People who know our great country is protected, not by politicians, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country. This country needs Old People with their work ethic, sense of responsibility, pride in their country and decent values. We need them now more than ever.

Thank God for Old People



## The Legacy of William Morgan Still Lives

From The Hiram's Lighthouse Newsletter

When William Morgan was carried off from a Batavia, New York jail cell in 1826, allegedly at the hands of overzealous Batavia Masons, the incident set off the most prolonged and virulent anti-Masonic period in U.S. history.

Now, the Freemasons are vanishing from Batavia once more. The brethren of Batavia Lodge No. 475 are leaving town when the lease on their 1908 temple runs out in August.

The building was sold 15 years ago to a local businessman, and the lodge has leased the lodge room area ever since.

They will now merge with Olive Branch Lodge No. 40 in nearby Le Roy. Batavia Lodge No. 475 was chartered April 9, 1859. It seems the monument to Morgan in the local cemetery will be the lasting image of Freemasonry left in Batavia after all.



## 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?



## Norwegian Gunman

The alleged perpetrator of the Oslo Massacre has been identified as a Freemason, member of the Grand Lodge of Norway (allegedly no-Jews, no-Muslims, no nothing), regular and recognized by UGLE and GLCPO. The Norwegian Masonic order denies that Anders Behring Breivik (32) has had a membership of importance in the order. He is now excluded with immediate effect.

A photograph of Breivik wearing what appears to be a W.M. apron but is actually a M.M. apron in that jurisdiction, appears on his Facebook page.

“As far as we understand, he has had minimal contact with the lodge,” says Grand Master Ivar A. Skaar. It was Friday that 32-year-old Andres Behring Breivik was arrested and later charged with the heinous terrorist attacks that have shaken an entire country. 85 young people are now confirmed dead after he systematically shot and killed everyone he passed at the Labour Youth League summer camp at Utøya.

Breivik is also accused of bombing a government building in which at least seven people were killed and nine seriously injured. Breivik is reported as having strong Christian fundamentalist and right wing beliefs.

Read more: <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2017851/Norway-attacks-gunman-Anders-Behring-Breivik-rightwing-extremist-hated-Muslims.html#ixzz1SwXBikOF>

Whether he is or is not a Freemason, the world of Freemasonry is going to take a hit, maybe a big hit, from the anti Masonic nut bars. We should be used to and prepared for these types of revelations, what with our ‘stringent’ investigation policies and procedures. First Bernardo - now this. We should all think about what our answers will be, if and when the questions start being asked.

We have met the enemy, and he is us.

- Walt Kelly (1913-1973), Pogo

## "Making Good Men Better"

This is a great motto, if used properly, but lodges can quickly lose the meaning and spirit of this fine reminder if it is not monitored constantly by all brethren. There are many lodges where the brethren use these words, but don't always make an attempt to live them.

To make good men better, it takes "better men" to be role models for them " to see and learn from. We must remember, since December young men 18, 19 and 20 year old can become Masons in Texas

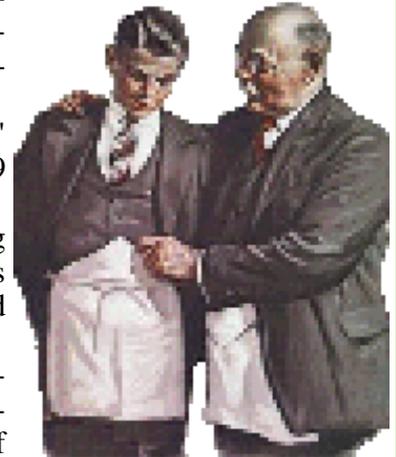
We are all part of this imperfect lodge, which prevents us from always being the model we should be all the time, but our charge is to learn to be as perfect as possible. How can we accomplish this if we do not make any attempt to "mind our manners" when in the lodge, or fraternizing with other masons?

Should you meet a mason for the first time on the street you would not address him with distaste, nor would you choose to tell him racist jokes or negative things about your lodge. Of course you wouldn't, because you are proud of your lodge! If you do any of these things in your lodge, are you not defacing the very thing you have sworn to uphold?

For those who have yet to mature into the world, here is the Masonic warning: This is not high school, college, or a "frat". It is not a place where you "let your hair down", or tell lewd jokes at the expense of another to make yourself feel more important.

It is a place where masons " meet to work"; a place meant to be a haven clear of all negatives toward each other, a place to model who can best work and agree.

Jenks, P.G.M., Wisconsin).



## The World's . . . . .?

### WORLD'S LARGEST PALACE - ROMANIA

Palace of the Parliament.... Bucharest , Romania ..... more than 500 bedrooms,  
55 kitchens, 120 sitting rooms



# The Darwin Awards are out!

Yes, it's that magical time of year again when the Darwin Awards are bestowed, honoring the least evolved among us.

Here is the glorious winner:

1. When his 38 caliber revolver failed to fire at his intended victim during a hold-up in Long Beach , California would-be robber James Elliot did something that can only inspire wonder. He peered down the barrel and tried the trigger again. This time it worked.

And now, the honorable mentions:

2. The chef at a hotel in Switzerland lost a finger in a meat cutting machine and after a little shopping around, submitted a claim to his insurance company. The company expecting negligence sent out one of its men to have a look for himself. He tried the machine and he also lost a finger... The chef's claim was approved.

3. A man who shoveled snow for an hour to clear a space for his car during a blizzard in Chicago returned with his vehicle to find a woman had taken the space. Understandably, he shot her.

4. After stopping for drinks at an illegal bar, a Zimbabwean bus driver found that the 20 mental patients he was supposed to be transporting from Harare to Bulawayo had escaped. Not wanting to admit his incompetence, the driver went to a nearby bus stop and offered everyone waiting there a free ride. He then delivered the passengers to the mental hospital, telling the staff that the patients were very excitable and prone to bizarre fantasies... The deception wasn't discovered for 3 days.

5. An American teenager was in the hospital recovering from serious head wounds received from an oncoming train. When asked how he received the injuries, the lad told police that he was simply trying to see how close he could get his head to a moving train before he was hit.

6. A man walked into a Louisiana Circle-K, put a \$20 bill on the counter, and asked for change. When the clerk opened the cash drawer, the man pulled a gun and asked for all the cash in the register, which the clerk promptly provided. The man took the cash from the clerk and fled, leaving the \$20 bill on the counter. The total amount of cash he got from the drawer... \$15. [If someone points a gun at you and gives you money, is a crime committed?]

7. Seems an Arkansas guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The cinder block bounced back and hit the would-be thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. The liquor store window was made of Plexiglas. The whole event was caught on videotape...

8. As a female shopper exited a New York convenience store, a man grabbed her purse and ran. The clerk called 911 immediately, and the woman was able to give them a detailed description of the snatcher. Within minutes, the police apprehended the snatcher. They put him in the car and drove back to the store. The thief was then taken out of the car and told to stand there for a positive ID. To which he replied, "Yes, officer, that's her. That's the lady I stole the purse from."

9.. The Ann Arbor News crime column reported that a man walked into a Burger King in Ypsilanti , Michigan at 5 A.M., flashed a gun, and demanded cash. The clerk turned him down because he said he couldn't open the cash register without a food order. When the man ordered onion rings, the clerk said they weren't available for breakfast... The man, frustrated, walked away.. [\*A 5-STAR STUPIDITY AWARD WINNER]

10. When a man attempted to siphon gasoline from a motor home parked on a Seattle street by sucking on a hose, he got much more than he bargained for.. Police arrived at the scene to find a very sick man curled up next to a motor home near spilled sewage. A police spokesman said that the man admitted to trying to steal gasoline, but he plugged his siphon hose into the motor home's sewage tank by mistake. The owner of the vehicle declined to press charges saying that it was the best laugh he'd ever had.

In the interest of bettering mankind, please share these with friends and family... unless of course one of these individuals by chance is a distant relative or long lost friend. In that case, be glad they are distant and hope they remain lost.

\*\*\* Remember... They walk among us, they can reproduce... and vote! \*\*\*