

# The Discoverer

**The Monthly Newsletter of The Lodge of Discovery**

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## Greetings Brethren,

This month a somewhat lengthy but nevertheless interesting, article on the Worshipful Master plus photographs of the Installation.

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**Membership e-mail address list**

A list of current members and their e-mail addresses is available on request.

## THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER

The object of this address is to help those who are ignorant of many of the duties and privileges attached to the Chair, when they take office; and whose knowledge is bounded by the Ritual and Book of Constitution, and who are, to a large extent, dependent on Past Masters. With this explanation I will proceed with the address.

It is the desire and aim of nearly every young man who joins the craft to eventually become Master of his Lodge. To do so, however, he should be prepared to devote years of study and serious application to the duties of the subordinate offices before he can efficiently occupy the Chair of King Solomon. Although, according to the present order of things, promotion usually follows from one chair of office to the next above, and not necessarily according to merit, yet in Operative Masonry, from which our present system has evolved, it was not so. Then the apprentice served a probationary period of several years' duration, followed by due trial and examination. If he could not then demonstrate his ability for promotion, there was no room for him among the craftsmen.

In Operative Masonry the Master was always chosen from among the Craftsmen - there being then no higher degree - and his election was a mark of the confidence of his brethren in his ability as an architect, draughtsman, and constructional designer; but no brother, however skilful in the craft, was called "Master Mason" until he had been elected into the Chair of the Lodge.

In present day Craft Masonry, the S.W. is usually elected to succeed the out-going W.M. Until he is duly installed, however, he is not entitled to "Worshipful," and should be referred to as "Master Elect" not "Worshipful Master Elect." In considering the position of the Worshipful Master, it should be remembered that "Rank" is not necessarily a sign of "Distinction," since rank does not invariably indicate special efficiency. Neither is the word "Distinction" synonymous with the word "Competency."

When a Brother is exalted to the Mastership of his Lodge he may be regarded as having completed his course as far as Craft Masonry is concerned; but how often does he realise, at the completion of his year of office, how little he knows both in range of knowledge, and in acquired efficiency. This, in a measure, may be due to a too rapid promotion through the various degrees and subsidiary offices.

The path to the Chair of King Solomon is, or should be, a long and studious one, and there should be no short cuts in getting there, if the Chair is to be filled efficiently.

Prominence in debate, self-confidence, ability to memorise and recite the Ritual, also insistence on exactitude in the perambulations and such like activities, though excellent in themselves and very necessary and desirable in giving tone to the ceremonial working of the Lodge, are not the only, or even the most important qualifications of a Worshipful Master, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, in conjunction with the virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, should be the guiding principles of every Freemason, especially the Worshipful Master; and unless their ethical and spiritual significances are fully grasped by him, he falls short of one of the most important and significant qualifications appertaining to his office.

In contrast to the brother who ascends the Chair of King Solomon with unwarranted self-assertiveness, is one, who, through consciousness of insufficient preparation, lack of knowledge or inexperience, and know his own limitations, shrinks at first from accepting the high office of W.M. There is more hope for the latter concluding his term with honour and the genuine respect of his Brethren, than for the former.

The position of W.M. is a very important and honourable one. It is the highest position that a Lodge can bestow. The Master's term of office is limited to one year; but he may be re-elected for a further period of one year, if the Brethren of his Lodge so desire. His authority in the Lodge is almost

absolute, and only Grand Lodge, or, in certain circumstances, the Provincial Grand Master can censure him for any Masonic misdemeanour, or judge any Masonic charges which may be brought against him. Fortunately such drastic measures are rarely resorted to; nevertheless, they are available if needed. It may happen that an unworthy or inefficient Brother is elected to the Master's Chair. In such circumstances it is the duty of the earnest and dignified Brethren, having the welfare of the Lodge at heart, to see that the dignity and reputation of the Lodge do not suffer through any action of the Master.

Possessing, as he does, almost dictatorial powers during his term of office, the W.M. should use those powers in fostering and promoting all that is good in Freemasonry without reference to personal motives or gain. He should never allow himself to be influenced by individual opinions, if in his own judgment such influence may be detrimental to the general welfare of the Lodge, or to the good of Freemasonry in general.

As Master, he is "Chairman of Equals," irrespective of social rank or any other qualifications whatsoever; and as such, be he the most lowly and obscure person from a social point of view, he is fully entitled to the respect and obedience due to his exalted position. Having attained his high rank by experience and strenuous application to duty while occupying the subsidiary offices in the Lodge, the W.M. should be able to appreciate the difficulties encountered by his officers, and make due allowance for any faults of inexperience. By amiability, tolerance, kindness, and friendly encouragement, he will materially assist them in performing their respective duties and so smooth out the working of the Lodge. In other words, by ruling his Lodge by love and tolerance, instead of by fear and intolerance, he will get far better results.

Monotonous intonation and mispronunciation of words in the delivery of Charges are uninteresting to the Brethren who have to sit and listen to them, and uninspiring to the candidate for whose edification they are given, and such should be avoided by the W.M. On the other hand, there is nothing more inspiring than to listen to the old world language of the Ritual recited intelligently and impressively.

Other necessary qualifications, brought to the notice of the incoming Master by the Installing Master and to which he is bound to give his unqualified assent are:-

To be exemplary in conduct,

Courteous in manner,

Easy of address,

Steady and firm in principle,

Able and willing to undertake the management of the work of the Lodge, and

To be well-skilled in the Ancient charges, Regulations and Landmarks of the Order.

He is enjoined to impress upon the members of his Lodge the dignity and high importance of Freemasonry, and admonish them never to disgrace it. He is to charge them to practise out of the Lodge those duties they have been taught in it; and by his own conduct and example to convince, not only his Brethren of the Craft, but mankind in general of the goodness of the Institution; so that when anyone is said to be a Freemason, the world may know that he is one to whom the Brotherhood may pour forth its sorrows; to whom the distressed may prefer its suit; whose hand is guided by Justice; and whose heart is expanded by Benevolence.

These and the Ancient Charges give food for serious thought by the incoming Master. The London "Freemason" recently described the "Complete Worshipful Master" as follows:-

"The Complete Worshipful Master should be thorough, balanced, correct and humble, and should be obedient to Masonic Usages. It is also advisable that he be of a studious nature, and learned."

It is desirable that the W.M. strive for the qualifications of "The Complete Master" even though he fails to attain them all. It has been stated that the W.M. while occupying the Chair has almost dictatorial powers; but there are certain privileges possessed by the Lodge in general, and the Master is bound by them equally with the other members of the Lodge. These privileges may briefly be stated as follows:-

1. A Lodge has the right to retain possession of its Warrant of Constitution, although the Master is the sole custodian during the time he occupies the Chair.
2. A Lodge has a right to do all the work in the three degrees of Craft Masonry. This is the principal object of its constitution, and there would be no reason for its existence without it.
3. A Lodge conducts and transacts its own business, by right of a Regular Meeting.
4. A Lodge has a right to be represented at every Communication of Grand Lodge. This representation usually consists of the W.M. and his Wardens.
5. A Lodge has a right to increase its effective strength by admitting new members.
6. The Lodge may enact whether its officers (other than the Master, Treasurer and Tyler, who must be elected, the first-named by ballot) shall be elected by the Lodge or appointed by the Master.
7. A Lodge has the right to see the W.M. installed, and its officers, after election or appointment, invested. This clause must be taken in a qualified sense. The Master is actually installed in a Board of Installed Masters, and afterwards receives the homage of the Master Masons, Fellow Crafts, and Entered Apprentices.
8. A Lodge has a right to exclude, for a time or permanently, any member on cause shown. "To exclude" is not to be, confused with "to expel." This latter power is a prerogative of Grand Lodge alone.
9. A Lodge has a right to make its own By-laws, but must submit them for the approval of the Board of General Purposes.
10. A Lodge has a right to levy its own subscriptions upon its members, and to increase, or decrease the amount of the subscriptions.
11. A Lodge has a right to appeal (through the Provincial Grand Master) to Grand Lodge from the decisions of its Master. Such a condition rarely occurs; however, the possibility is provided for by this Right of Appeal.
12. A Lodge may try its own members for offences committed within the Lodge precincts, or for offences tending to bring the Lodge or the Craft into danger, disrepute or contempt.
13. A Lodge has a right, upon representation to G.L. to change its name.
14. A Lodge has a right to determine its own place and time of meeting, and to vary it upon representation to, and ratification by, Grand Lodge.

The peculiar prerogatives of the W.M. as distinct from those of the Lodge in general are:-

1. The W.M. has the right to preside at all meetings of his Lodge.

This right covers powers of the most extensive kind, e.g.:-

To preside over secular business as well as the Masonic work of the Lodge;

To convene his Lodge at any time, and to be the sole judge of any emergency requiring a meeting;

The right to suspend the labours of his Lodge at any time, even in the middle of a debate.

2. The Master - with his Wardens - has a right to represent his Lodge at the

Annual Communication of Grand Lodge.

3. The Master has a right to control the admission of visitors.

4. The Master has the sole custody, during his term of office, and until his successor is installed, of the Warrant of Constitution; nor can he delegate its custody to any person or brother whatever. The Warrant is the most important document belonging to the Lodge, as, without it, no Masonic work can be performed.

5. The Master has the right to invest all his officers.

6. All Committees of a special character are generally appointed by the Master, who is usually the chairman.

7. The Master has the sole right to appoint a substitute for an absent officer.

8. The Master, in addition to his own vote, has a casting vote.

9. The Master is eligible for re-election for a second year of office, but cannot preside for three years in succession, except by dispensation from the Grand Master.

10. A Master cannot simultaneously fill the Chair of two Lodges except by special dispensation.

11. A Master cannot be chosen from the Brethren (except in the case of a new Lodge) unless he has previously served the office of Warden.

12. The retiring Master has a right to install his immediate successor in the Chair. In many Lodges this privilege is usually delegated to the Provincial Grand Master or to a Grand Lodge officer.

13. A Master is not amenable to trial by his own Lodge. The remedy in such a case would be in appealing to Grand Lodge. Incompetency, obstinacy, tyranny, gross misconduct or unlawful action, on the part of the Master, or any act of his prejudicial to the welfare of his Lodge would be sufficient reason for appealing to Grand Lodge.

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In retrospect the I.P.M. as he now is, reflects on the activities of his Lodge during the past year. His reflections will be either of regret or satisfaction. Regret that he has failed in some duty; that he has been unable to accomplish all that he had hoped to do; that discord had at times been present; that the Lodge had made no advancement under his control; that he had failed to assert his authority when through interference and opposition he had been content to sit back and allow himself to be merely a figurehead while others ruled the Lodge. What-ever shortcomings his reverie may conjure up, they will bring regret.

As Worshipful Master his work is done; and there is a new hand on the steering-wheel. All responsibility now rests on the new Master.

As I.P.M. his advice and counsel may be sought, and it is his bounden duty to give of his knowledge and experience to the best of his ability, but with no thought of taking the attitude of directing the course of his successor.

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Brethren and Visitors



Grand Lodge Officers



## A Reflection on Life

I reached the pinnacle of success in the business world. In some others' eyes, my life is the epitome of success, however, aside from work. I have little joy. In the end, my wealth is only a fact of life that I am accustomed to.

At this moment, lying on my bed and recalling my life, I realize that all the recognition and wealth that I took so much pride in, have paled and become meaningless in the face of my death.

You can employ someone to drive the car for you or make money for you but you cannot have someone bear your sickness for you.

Material things lost can be found or replaced. But there is one thing that can never be found when it's lost – Life.

Whichever stage in life you are in right now, with time, you will face the day when the curtain comes down.

Treasure love for your family, love for your spouse, love for your friends. Treat yourself well and cherish others.

As we grow older, and hopefully wiser, we realize that a \$300 or a \$30 watch both tell the same time.

You will realize that your true inner happiness does not come from the material things of this world.

Whether you fly first class or economy, if the plane goes down – you go down with it.

Therefore, I hope you realize, when you have mates, buddies and old friends, brothers and sisters, who you chat with, laugh with, talk with, have sing songs with, talk about north-south-east-west or heaven and earth that is true happiness!

Don't educate your children to be rich. Educate them to be happy. So when they grow up they will know the value of things and not the price.

Eat your food as your medicine, otherwise you have to eat medicine as your food.

The One who loves you will never leave you for another because, even if there are 100 reasons to give up, he or she will find a reason to hold on.

There is a big difference between a human being and being human. Only a few really understand it.

You are loved when you are born. You will be loved when you die. In between, you have to manage!

*Author unknown – with acknowledgement to The Educator*

## The Working Tools of a Convivial Mason

"I now present the working tools of a Convivial Freemason. They are: The Fork, The Knife, and The Tumbler.

The **FORK** is an implement that enables even the most inexperienced Freemason to secure, at times by reaching across the table, the delicate and succulent morsels that adorn our Festive Board to delight the eye and stimulate the jaded appetite. This implement is used to convey these morsels to that aperture which has been specifically designed to receive them, and which reduces all nutriment to a common level. The Fork should always be used when partaking of Peas, which, if conveyed to the mouth with the assistance of the knife, often prove very elusive.



The **KNIFE**, when properly ground and sharpened, is used to reduce all crude matter to a regular form, and assists us to dissect the anatomy of even the most venerable Rooster. The **KNIFE** teaches us to cut off no more than we can chew, and to limit our desires in every station of life, so that rising to eminence by merit we may live respected, and die regretted.

The **TUMBLER** enables us to ascertain and determine, with accuracy and precision, the quantity of liquor we find conducive to the preservation of genial joviality. As all **TUMBLERS** have not that mark upon them, commonly known as the Pretty, the skillful Craftsman will measure his tot with the aid of the two or three finger rule. The **TUMBLER** will only hold a certain amount of liquor without detriment to its surroundings, and it teaches us that we should ascertain, and never exceed, the limits of our own internal economy.





As we are met here this evening as Speculative, as well as Energetic and Operative, Convivial Freemasons, we also apply these tools to our morals.

In this sense the **FORK** teaches us that we should not always sit down and await what we desire in life, but reach out, secure and retain it, profiting by our opportunities and assimilating the knowledge gained through our experiences. Nor should we forget that the little things in life should be looked after, lest they elude our grasp and are lost beyond recall. As the prongs of the **FORK** are all equal and mutually assist one another, being joined together in one compact structure, so we as Freemasons should stand together and practice those four qualifications that cannot be too strongly recommended to your notice:

- Straightforwardness in our dealings with one another.
- Sympathy for the failings of a Brother.
- Good Temper in our differences and opinions.
- Add Fidelity to the sacred Tie that binds us together.

The **KNIFE** teaches us the value of assiduity, and the patience to cope with the many problems that confront us, so we are taught to take care of our mental and corporeal faculties.

The **TUMBLER** teaches us the importance of moderation and temperance. As it has no graduated scale by which to measure its varying contents, the user must exercise his judgment as to the quantity of liquor he pours therein. As the **TUMBLER** will only hold a limited quantity without detriment to its surroundings so we should estimate our capacity so as not to confuse our mental and physical equilibrium. As the perfect **TUMBLER** always rings true, be it empty or full, so the perfect Convivial Freemason should always ring true after labour at the Festive Board. A cracked **TUMBLER** is despised and rejected by all.

Thus the Working Tools of a Convivial Freemason teach us to bear in mind and practice the cardinal virtues of Temperance and Prudence, so that when we are summonsed to rise and drink the Tyler's Toast, having partaken of the good things provided by a bounteous Providence for our enjoyment, we may depart homeward with the gratifying testimony of a contented mind, a clear brain, and equal poise.

*With acknowledgement to SRA 76*



## All our yesterdays—FLOUR BOMB

The following was received from Bro. Joe Mulders a member of LOD in the late 70s.

He finally made it as he was now resting at the bar of the hotel Corsica in Santo, the major northern island of the New Hebrides, the only Condominium in the world jointly managed by the U.K. and France.

Keith, a fairly young but experienced pilot with Air Melanesia, the only local carrier in the islands had a rather long day as his first flight took off from Port-Vila, the capital, early in the morning in a 10 seater BN-2, Islander. The weather had deteriorated in the afternoon with tropical down-pours and low visibility. A reliable and viable small aircraft perhaps but with a good payload, the airline managed to survive quite well. The company was amazingly controlled by several airlines: Qantas, UTA French airline, and even BOAC as major shareholders with a unique local village participation in shares. As some of outer-island airstrips were built by the airline with the vital help of the local people, not by the Joint Government, they were paid in shares. Management was taken in turn and the first Manager was appointed by Qantas.

Keith, our pilot, had now removed his epaulettes and flying badge and enjoyed his first beer and the bar area was getting pretty busy at the end of a working day in the tropics. Mostly staff from the major retailers in the islands such as Burns Philp, the largest company in the South Pacific, CFNH, the main French company and from the British, French and Condominium administrations.

The Corsica was not a large hotel but the only one in town until a new modern hotel, the hotel Santo was built by a young Vietnamese by the name of Tho in the early 1970s offering over 20 clean and well equipped rooms, quite a contrast to the old Corsica with Quonset half moon iron huts built by the large US garrison during WWII. However, the Corsica was very popular as it was a busy bar and offered excellent food at lunch and dinner time in a large dining room. Santo was very French orientated, and often referred as the "Wild West". They enjoyed life to the fullest even if it was in a rather forgotten corner of the world. A small British warship was also paying an unusual visit to Santo and most of its crew was also mingling with the regulars at the bar. Keith started a conversation with a couple of Navy officers and mentioned that his Father, a pilot during WWII on a "Beaufighter" twin engine I fighter/ bomber, had successfully bombed a couple of Japanese destroyers and probably sunk them. The officers pointed out that with their new equipment and their quick and fast zigzags, they would escape such a fate. Keith got deeply annoyed by their statements and pointed out that a fighter bomber could sink their ship even with all their new gadgets. When they started laughing, Keith replied by mentioning the fact that aircraft these days very fast, and very precise in their bombing. He even suggested that a twin engine commercial aircraft such as the BN-2, could even do it. Suddenly, there was a deep silence around the bar and people were waiting for the reply from the Navy officers. They accepted the challenge subject to the Captain's decision and prove that an aircraft such as a BN-2 could not drop bombs on their fast ship. Keith replied that with only two flour bombs he would prove his point. Obviously, bets were immediately on. As the destroyer was leaving Santo early the following morning, it was agreed that they should make their encounter out at sea but not too far from the township...Keith could mention what he really was going to do but requested Management to let him check his navigation equipment in the air before the regular scheduled take off at 8 AM, as they were a bit sluggish and no aircraft engineer in Santo to have a look at it. He received approval for an air test and advised the Santo Control Tower accordingly.

The Corsica hotel offered the two flour packets small enough to be thrown out from the side window of the aircraft. Keith took off a bit after 7 AM the following morning alone with his two flour bombs headed for the area where the destroyer should be and within a few minutes, he spotted

the ship which was already increasing its speed and started to zigzag. Keith made his descend and came very close to the ship which was by now moving at top speed close to 30 knots and changing directions all the time .Keith decided that on his next dive he would even get closer and drop his first flour bomb with his wings possibly in a vertical position, so he could drop the bomb more accurately.

He came very, very close to the ship and released his bomb but it missed by a couple of feet and it landed in the sea. He tried again but this time came even lower and anticipated the evading manoeuvre of the fast moving ship. Bull's eye, right in the funnel and Keith even thought to do a slow victory roll in view of the ship's crew. However, in his BN-2 that was hardly feasible.

When he landed back in Santo, people were deeply aware of what happened and congratulated Keith for his successful mission and about their winnings. He advised HQ and the Control Tower that the navigation instruments .were working well and he was ready to embark his passengers.

By this time, HQ in Vila was well aware of what happened and was requested to meet the Manager immediately after landing. He did and there was even talk about him losing his job and be sent back to Australia. In Sydney, Qantas was the Managing agent for Air Melanesia, with Chris Ritchie responsible to the Board. They were not amused. However, the Chairman of Qantas was his identical twin brother; Captain Bert Ritchie had been an amazing flying boat pilot during the War for Qantas and later on Constellations. He was quite impressed, so we believe, of what Keith did achieve and took into account that Keith's wife, Diane, was also a well endorsed pilot with a very young son.

Later on, as time marches on regardless, when we talk about Keith, most people wonder who he was. .But when you mention the confrontation between the destroyer and the 'Islander', they smile and they remember Keith, the daring pilot who dropped flour bombs on an evading British warship in the islands.

JCM .04/19

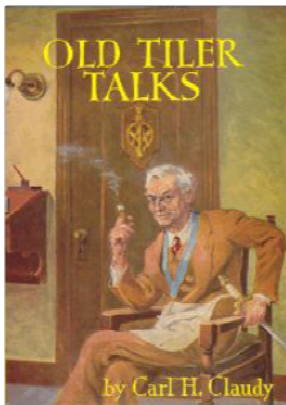
*Ah! The good old days before all this safety regulation was introduced.*

*Bro. Keith Fitton was also a member of LOD in the late 70s.*

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Visitors



## Old Tiler Talks— HEP! HEP!

**"Thank you for tiling," smiled the Old Tiler, as he resumed his sword after a trip for ice water. "What are they doing in there now?"**

"Fighting like a lot of snarling puppies!" responded the New Brother disgustedly. "My idea of Masonry is not a red-hot discussion every meeting, as to whether or not Jim Jones is or isn't, or we ought or ought not, to spend eleven dollars for something or other."

**"Go on, tell me what your idea of Masonry is!" The Old Tiler's voice was sardonic.**

The New Brother had crossed swords with the Old Tiler before. "Not much I won't, and have you blow my ideas full of air holes!" he retorted. "But you tell me why some lodges pull so well together, have such harmonious conception of their goal, and others, like ours, are always fighting. "

**"Did you ever see a dog-fight, with only one dog?" asked the Old Tiler. "Did you ever see a boiler explode without too much steam and not enough water in it? Did you ever see a team of horses take a heavy load uphill all pulling different ways?**

**"A lodge can't fight unless it has something to quarrel about. We are having a series of floor fusses because we have about three or eleven alleged brothers who don't know anything about military drill! If they had heard an old drill sergeant say, 'hep, hep, hep,' a few thousand times, they'd get 'hep' to themselves. At first they'd be like the soldier son of the proud old Irish mother watching her boy parade and saying, 'Ah, do yez moind, they is all out o' step but him!' After a while they'd learn that they couldn't keep in step by going as they pleased -- they'd learn to watch the fellow to the right and the chap to the left.**

**"In a lodge there are brothers who won't stay in step, not because they can't, but because they are too busy watching their feet to see the other fellow's shoes. Take Biggsby, now; Biggsby is the big fellow with the overgrown grip on a nickel, who is forever and always blocking business by insisting on a detailed explanation of every appropriation. He isn't in step. Our lodge is rich enough to spend some money without worrying. Biggsby thinks that if we don't pinch ten cent pieces until they coppers, we are going to the Masonic Home!"**

"Isn't it right to have someone watch the appropriations?" interrupted the New Brother.

**"Watch 'em by all means," answered the Old Tiler, "and kick if anyone tries to slip something over. But watching is one thing and objecting to the wishes of the majority because of private beliefs regarding the sacredness of two-bit pieces is another. No one cares if Biggsby wears out a dollar's worth of shoes saving a ten-cent car ride. They are Biggsby's shoes and that's Biggsby's business. But in lodge he should get in step and not object to lodge expenditures on personal grounds.**

"There should be no politics in Masonry, but there never was a lodge that didn't have politics in its elections. If Jim Jones lobbies trying to get Bob Smith elected, and Frank. Robinson spends time and effort to get Bill Brown elected, no special harm is done, unless they keep up their fight after it is won and lost. 'Some people never know when they are licked' is not always a compliment. In a lodge with real spirit, Bill forgets after he loses his fight and works for the successful candidate. In a lodge where Bill isn't 'hep' to his Masonry or himself, he carries a grouch, tries to make the successful chap unhappy, gets in the way of the machinery and generally stirs up trouble.

"You are just beginning in Masonry. You have joined a good lodge. What's happening in there is just a phase. Those fellows will learn, in time, that when ten or forty or four hundred men form a real Masonic lodge, as a body they are something bigger and better than ten or forty or four hundred times the bigness and goodness of the individuals. A true lodge spirit provides a lot of give and not much take. When every member is 'hep' to the other fellows' ideas – when every member makes a distinction between conduct for himself and what his organization should do – when each of us thinks of his fellow-member as his brother in heart as well as in organization, then your lodge develops real lodge spirit and stops foolish fighting."

"I see," answered the New Brother. "A lodge, like a piece of machinery, squeaks if it isn't well oiled. If any part of it is out of order, the whole suffers. And because Masons are human beings, we are not perfect and so no lodge is ever perfect. But we can make our lodges better by sinking individual desires for the good of the organization."

"Well, well!" said the Old Tiler. "Almost do you persuade me you have the makings of a real good . . ."

But then there were three raps, and the New Brother is still wondering what the Old Tiler meant to say "fellow" or "Mason" or "officer!"



**Worship Brother  
Andy Donaldson OGR**

After an absence of 22 years,  
Andy returned to his Mother  
Lodge—only the second brother of  
LOD and the first initiate of LOD  
to be awarded Over seas Grand  
Rank



**Lodge Birthdays**

<b>Chris Kernot</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Warrick Sands</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Michael Johnston</b>	<b>9 (J)</b>

**News from the South**

Installation photographs in this issue are courtesy of W. Bro. Rex Kersley.

There is some discrepancy on the correct date of our 500th meeting due to loss of records at the Agathis site. The Past Masters agreed to hold a special function in August to celebrate the 500th—full details to be announced soon.

## Humour

A father, son and grandson went to the country club for their weekly round of golf. Just as they reached the first tee, a beautiful young blonde woman carrying her bag of clubs approached them.

She explained that the member who brought her to the club for a round of golf had an emergency that called him away and asked the trio whether she could join them. Naturally, the guys all agreed. Smiling, the blonde thanked them and said, 'Look, fellows, I work in a topless bar as a dancer, so nothing shocks me anymore. If any of you want to smoke cigars, have a beer, bet, swear, tell off-colour stories or do anything that you normally do when playing a round together, go ahead. But, I enjoy playing golf, consider myself pretty good at it, so don't try to coach me on how to play my shots.'

With that the guys agreed to relax and invited her to drive first. All eyes were fastened on her shapely behind as she bent to place her ball on the tee. She then took her driver and hit the ball 270 yards down the middle, right in front of the green. The father's mouth was agape. 'That was beautiful,' he said. The blonde put her driver away and said, 'I really didn't get into it, and I faded it a little.' After the three guys hit their drives and their second shots, the blonde took out an eight iron and lofted the ball within five feet of the hole. (She was closest to the pin.) The son said, 'Damn, lady, you played that perfectly.'

The blonde frowned and said, 'It was a little weak, but even an easy seven would have been too much club. I've left a tricky little putt.' She then tapped in the five-footer for a birdie. Having the honours, she drove first on the second hole, knocked the heck out of the ball, and it landed nearly 300 yards away smack in the middle of the fairway. For the rest of the round the statuesque blonde continued to amaze the guys, quietly and methodically shooting for par or less on every hole. When they arrived at the 18th green, the blonde was three under par, and had a very nasty 12-foot putt on an undulating green for a par. She turned to the three guys and said, 'I really want to thank you all for not acting like a bunch of chauvinists and telling me what club to use or how to play a shot, but I need this putt for a 69 and I'd really like to break 70 on this course.'

If any one of you can tell me how to make par on this hole I'll take him back to my apartment, pour some 35-year-old Single Malt Scotch in him, fix him a steak dinner and then show him a very good time the rest of the night.' The yuppie son jumped at the thought! He strolled across the green, carefully eyeing the line of the putt and finally said, 'Honey, aim about 6 inches to the right of the hole and hit it firm. It will get over that little hump and break right into the cup.' The father knelt down and sighted the putt using his putter as a plumb. 'Don't listen to the kid, darlin', you want to hit it softly 10 inches to the right and let it run left down that little hogback, so it falls into the cup.'

The old gray-haired grandfather walked over to the blonde's ball, picked it up and handed it to her and said, 'That's a gimme, sweetheart.' The blonde smiled and said, 'Your car or mine?'

OLD AGE AND TREACHERY WILL OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL EVERY TIME!