

# The Discoverer

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

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**Greetings Brethren,**

A mixed bag of articles this month which, hopefully, will inspire discussion or comment.

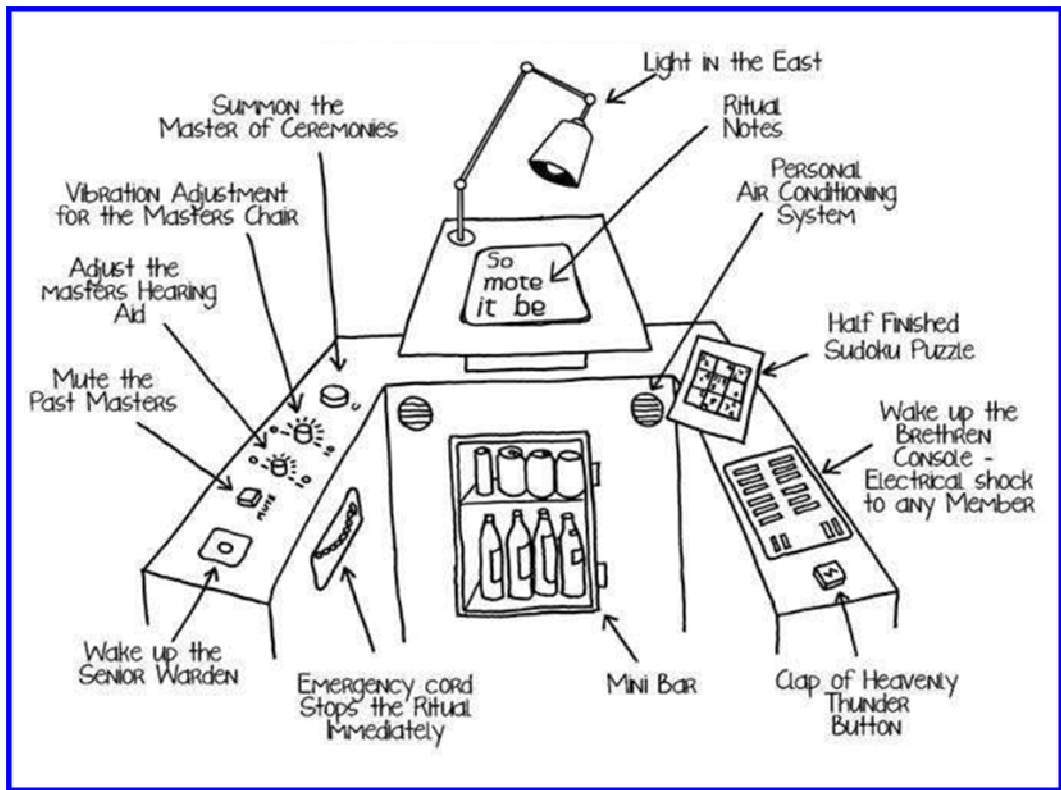
An interesting item on deconstructing a few of our secrets, that was first published in the Irish Times, appears on Page 6.

In October we initiated the 190th member of the Lodge of Discovery—we hope to get to the magic 200 in the next few years.

I am grateful to David Blaikie who sent photographs taken in 1991 (see page 12) and 1992 which will feature in the December issue.

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**A Master's dream chair???**

## Ideal of a Freemason

If you see a man who quietly and modestly moves in the sphere of his life; who, without blemish, fulfills his duty as a man, a subject, a husband and a father; who is pious without hypocrisy, benevolent without ostentation, and aids his fellow man without self-interest; whose heart beats warm for friendship, whose serene mind is open for licensed pleasures, who in vicissitudes does not despair, nor in fortune will be presumptuous, and who will be resolute in the hour of danger;

The man who is free from superstition and free from infidelity; who in nature sees the finger of the Eternal Master; who feels and adores the higher destination of man; to whom faith, hope and charity are not mere words without any meaning; to whom property, nay even life, is not too dear for the protection of innocence and virtue, and for the defense of truth;

The man who towards himself is a severe judge, but who is tolerant with the debilities of his neighbour; who endeavors to oppose errors without arrogance, and to promote intelligence without impatience; who properly understands how to estimate and employ his means; who honours virtue though it may be in the most humble garment, and who does not favor vice though it be clad in purple; and who administers justice to merit whether dwelling in palaces or cottages.

The man who, without courting applause, is loved by all noble-minded men, respected by his superiors and revered by his subordinates; the man who never proclaims what he has done, can do, or will do, but where need is will lay hold with dispassionate courage, circumspect resolution, indefatigable exertion and a rare power of mind, and who will not cease until he has accomplished his work, and then, without pretension, will retire into the multitude because he did the good act, not for himself, but for the cause of good!

If you, my Brethren meet such a man, you will see the personification of brotherly love, relief and truth; and you will have found the ideal of a Freemason.

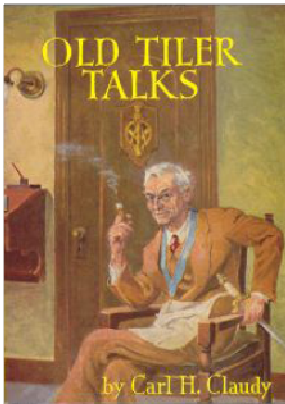
### Which are you?

Some members keep a group so strong,  
While others join just to belong,  
Some dig right in; serve with pride,  
Some go along just for the ride.

Some volunteer to do their share,  
While some lie back and just don't care,  
Some do their best, some help, some make;  
Some do nothing, only take.

Some greet new members with a smile,  
And make their coming so worthwhile,  
While some go on their merry way,  
No greeting or kind word to say.

Some help the group to grow and grow,  
When asked to help they don't say "No!"  
Some drag, some pull, some don't, some do:  
Consider, which of these are you?



## Old Tiler Talks— On Investigating a Petitioner

"An odd question was asked of me today," began the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "Chap who just received his Master Mason degree was assigned to his first committee on a petition. He asked me, 'What do you try to find out about this fellow?' Wasn't that a bird of a question?"

"I should like to hear what sort of animal your reply was," answered the Old Tiler. "So I ask you the same question. What do you try to find out about a petitioner when you are on his committee?"

"Oh, I take the duty very seriously, I assure you," answered the New Brother. "I go to see him and find out if he has all his arms and legs; no maimed man is going to get in if I know it! I size him up, and see what sort of a chap he is, and if I think he's all right I report so. If I have any cause to doubt anything, I talk to his employer."

"I thought so!" answered the Old Tiler. "You regard him as perfectly innocent until he is proved guilty, and satisfy yourself that he has two legs and arms. If he looks like a good fellow, you tell the lodge he is one, and I dare say if he has a dirty face and frayed pair of trousers you say he isn't ready to be a Master Mason!"

"Well, what's the matter with that? Isn't that what we are supposed to do?"

"Only partly," answered the Old Tiler. "Do you know Gus, of this lodge?"

"Everyone knows Gus! Chap who limps!"

"Do you think he is a good Mason?"

"As far as I can see, why?"

"Gus only has one leg, you know. He lost it after he became a Master Mason."

"Yes, I know. What's that got to do with it?"

"It seems to indicate that the least important part of your duties is to find out whether a man has the correct number of members! I know it's law; we do not admit the one-footed or the one-handed. Sometimes I think it is a cruel law. But when the law is stretched to say that a man with a finger or a toe missing, or one eye, or one ear, or a humped back, or a clubfoot, cannot become a Mason, then I think there should be a higher law than this one!"

"It seems to me that your method of looking into the merits of an applicant leaves something to be desired. You say, 'If I think he's all right.' You have no business to think he's all right. You can't tell him from a criminal by sizing him up. You may be a remarkable judge of appearances, but the lodge doesn't appoint you on a petitioner's committee for your ability to 'size someone up.' It appoints you to go out and dig.

"You 'size a man up' by his appearance and his speech. Many a good Mason has been made out of a man whose clothing was not fashionable and whose speech was rough. It is not the outward appearance which counts; it's the man under the coat. You can't discover the man under the coat by looking at the coat.

"It's good American doctrine that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty, but that doctrine presupposes that some power has accused the man. The applicant for Masonic degrees is not accused of anything. He is asking a favor. When a man asks a favor he should prove that he is worthy of having it granted. You regard him as unfit for the favor until he is proved fit. You have the same right to regard an applicant as unfit for the degrees of Masonry until he shows you that he is.

"When I investigate a petitioner I see him in his home. If he is married I want to see him with his wife. If he has a child or children, I want to know whether they hang around Daddy's neck see a man and waited for him, talking to his wife and children. They were a gay little pair and she a nice woman. All three looked often out the window, anxiously. After a while Mother saw the man coming. 'Hush, babies,' she said, 'be very quiet now, here comes Daddy.' They hushed. The man didn't speak to them when he came in, and just nodded to his wife.

"I didn't stop there. I gave him every chance. I talked with his employers, and his fellow employees. I discovered an egotist, a self-seeker, a selfish and hard man. I turned him down with joy; he wasn't of Masonic calibre.

"No man can pass me who cannot explain why he wants to be a Mason. He has to argue that question with me at length. If I find it's because he thinks it will help him in business or he thinks the lodge will care for him or his if he loses his job, or because he is curious, he doesn't get in.

"I want to know of a man, does he pay his debts? If he is married, is he insured? If not, why not? If it's because he can't afford to be, he can't afford to be a Mason. I would not willing allow an un-insured married man to join my lodge, because he has not the conception of the protection of dependent loved ones which marks a man as a man. I won't let a man pass who isn't trusted by his fellows. I have reported favorably on men who couldn't get in a business man's club or a fashionable church."

"I better hunt up the Brother who asked me what I thought an odd question and Brother.

"You just didn't think!" answered the Old Tiler.

"No, I didn't. But I'm right pleased with the conversation," added the New Brother.

"How so?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Because I remember you were on my committee!"

## The Best Event in a Mason's Life

I HEARD A KNOCK ON THE TEMPLE DOOR,  
AND THEN IT OPENED WIDE,  
I FELT THE GRIP OF A MASON'S HAND,  
AS I SLOWLY PASSED INSIDE.

WITH MY RIGHT HAND RESTING ON THE LAW  
I TOOK MY OBLIGATION  
I SWORE I'D BE A MASON TRUE  
AT MY INITIATION.

I WAS LOWERED DOWN ON BENDED KNEES,  
AS A PRAYER WAS SAID FOR ME,  
AND THEN I WAS HELPED TO PASS AROUND  
FOR THE BRETHREN ALL TO SEE.

I SHALL NOT TELL MORE WHAT I SAW  
OR WHAT TO ME WAS SPOKEN  
BUT I SAW THE SIGN AND HEARD THE WORD  
AND FELT THE MASONS TOKEN.

AND ALL TO ME WAS LIKE BLACK OF NIGHT  
AS MY LEADER TOOK ME ROUND,  
AND MY RACING HEART I HEARD MORE CLEAR  
THAN THE SOLEMN ORGAN SOUND.

I'LL TELL YOU THIS THAT I HEARD A CHARGE  
(WHICH I LATER LEARNT BY HEART)  
AND IT TOLD ME ALL THAT A MAN SHOULD DO  
AS A MASON FROM THE START.

MY FALTERING FOOTSTEPS HERE AND THERE  
WERE HALTED ON MY WAY  
AND SEVERAL QUESTIONS WERE PUT TO ME  
AS I STRUGGLED NOT TO SWAY.

IT MATTERS NOT IF YOU PASS THE CHAIR  
OR REACH THE HIGHEST STATION  
THE BEST EVENT IN A MASONS LIFE  
IS HIS INITIATION

### Lodge Birthdays

<b>Alan Sands</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Ross Wilson</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Mark Striker</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Brian Wakefield</b>	<b>10 (J)</b>
<b>Mark Stafford</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Mike Harrison</b>	<b>6</b>

### News from the South

The October Initiation meeting was one of the best ceremonies we've had for some time—the floor work and charges were superb—special mention must be made of the 2 new EAs who delivered the charges to the Badge and Working Tools. We were also pleased to welcome back a visitor—Bro. Euan Munro from Glasgow, Scotland.

## Deconstructing a few of the secrets of the Freemasons

*The following article appeared recently in the Irish Times.*

Freemasonry is often perceived as an elite wielding malign influence but its spokesman in Ireland say it's about good works, not networking



Morgan McCreadie, assistant to the grand secretary, in the Prince's Room of Freemasons' Hall, Molesworth Street, Dublin.

In the Grand Lodge Room of Freemasons' Hall, a stately Victorian building on Dublin's Molesworth Street, the scene is set for an initiation ceremony. In a few hours, a blindfolded candidate wearing a halter around his neck will kneel on a blue pillow – one of three steps representing the first degrees of "The Craft" – before his choice of scripture.

The "Entered Apprentice" will then take an oath surrounded by men in regalia, half of them brandishing swords, half extending their right hand in friendship. Each of these degrees instils a basic moral lesson, each ritual dramatises the candidate's personal growth.

"It's nursery-school simple," says Morgan McCreadie, assistant to the grand secretary of the Irish Freemasons. "There's no mysterious meaning. They're not magic or anything like that.

No, we don't eat babies and, no, we don't kill anybody."

Freemasons aren't known for divulging details or dispelling myths. For 300 years, the order has shrouded itself in mystery, infamous for its use of passwords and secret handshakes. Despite being a fraternal organisation that seeks to improve men and thereby the society around them, Freemasonry is often perceived as an elite circle wielding a malign influence.

"A lot of Freemasons would be like boys in the corner of the school playground," says McCreadie.

"We're not lettin' you into our club!' But that secrecy can play against you because if people can't find out the truth, if they suspect you're hiding something, they'll make up something horrible."

McCreadie, 56, works full-time for the governing body that presides over Ireland's 25,000 Freemasons. Sporting a neatly trimmed white moustache, he repeatedly emphasises that he's neither a publicist nor an apologist for the order. Instead McCreadie prefers to "tell it like it is", which is exactly what he did upon learning that Grand Lodge once commissioned a survey to gauge public opinion.

"I said, 'About a third have absolutely no interest. A third are fascinated because it has all sorts of connotations. The other third think you're a shower of eejits. It doesn't take a marketing firm to tell you that.'"

To apply, you must be over 21 and believe in the existence of a supreme being. But you also have to ask. Freemasons' Hall received 147 expressions of interest last year, which translated into about

20 new members. Candidates are stalled for up to a year in order to assess their character and clarify any misconceptions.

"A lot of them lose interest when their curiosity has been satisfied about what we do and what we don't do. No, we don't have the Holy Grail and, yes, we do have ceremonies. We tell them all about it, which we wouldn't have done in the past, and they say, 'Oh. Is that all?'"

When a brother recently suggested recruiting members, McCreadie firmly insisted that the excellence of the order should speak for itself. Recalling this, his raised voice echoes through the hall while reciting the conditions for entering a Masonic lodge: that you must come of your own free will, uninfluenced by solicitations and unbiased by suspect motives.

In the UK, Masonic lodges belonging exclusively to judges and police officers have drawn allegations of corruption, tarnishing the order's image. McCreadie feels it's inevitable that abuses would arise in those circumstances and for that reason it's forbidden for an Irish lodge to comprise only one profession.

Over here, he says, it's difficult enough just to find commonality among members, who are forbidden from discussing politics or religion. A list of expulsions is published annually.

Nevertheless, some approach the organisation hoping to boost their career through networking and favouritism. "We would tell them quite honestly: if you want to get something out of it, you're mad. Elsewhere, like the States, you might get more networking and all that but it just doesn't work that way here."

Of the nearly 1,400 registered Freemasons across Dublin's 35 lodges, McCreadie speculates that the majority of those with jobs are working-class men struggling to make a living. This may be hard to reconcile with a list of Freemasonry's famous brethren. Aside from 14 US presidents and five British monarchs, the more notable names include Mozart, Winston Churchill, John Wayne, J Edgar Hoover and, for a time, Daniel O'Connell. McCreadie suspects that certain figures joined every club available while on the ascent and never returned once they were successful. Hearing brethren dropping names only embarrasses him. "I mean, what are they trying to justify? I told somebody very publicly: 'I wouldn't want to be associated with a chain gang like that!' I think it's irrelevant and it demeans the order."

The building's crimson staircase leads to several ornate meeting rooms of different architectural styles, some of which are used by invite-only Masonic branches that one can eventually advance to. Women are not admitted. McCreadie believes this policy stems from an era of chauvinism, when men "refused to accept the intellectual capacity, and therefore the power, of women". Instead he refers interested parties to the unaffiliated Order of Women Freemasons, who have an office in Northern Ireland. (The Grand Masonic Orient of Ireland, an unaffiliated body that practises continental-style liberal Freemasonry, also recognises women.)

Though the policies of the Masonic order and its offshoots vary throughout the world, the association with conspiracy theories is all-pervasive. Even in Freemasons' Hall, Dan Brown novels can be seen sitting alongside a copy of *Cracking The Da Vinci Code*.

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"We're pretty good for a conspiracy theory," he says. "It's got a mysterious history associated with senior political figures like Frederick the Great, Bonnie Prince Charlie, some of the kings of France and so on. If you tie that in with religion, particularly Roman Catholicism, which has been secretive enough in itself, all you need is the thread of a story with a timeline rather than facts

and you've got a bloody rattlin' yarn. But intelligent people don't take that sort of thing seriously." According to Prof James Kelly, head of history at St. Patrick's College in Drumcondra, hostility towards Freemasonry dates back to its ties with revolution.

Despite being one of the few clubs to welcome Catholics in 18th-century Ireland, it became forbidden by the Catholic Church and marginalised by mistrust in a sectarian landscape. "As much as you can find that's puzzling about them," Kelly says, "they strike me as a grossly misrepresented organisation whose charitable endeavours for schools and others have performed a public role of some consequence."

Asked what Freemasonry means to him, McCreadie is uncertain. He enjoys mixing with "men of good will" from various backgrounds, but when he once posed that same question to a meeting of brethren, he concluded from their silence that the appeal is entirely subjective.

"I've been asked again and again if Freemasonry improves people. I don't believe it does. But I do believe that the people who come to Freemasonry want to improve themselves. They already have strong opinions about society or moral values. Freemasonry is just a representation of that."

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### **They all came just for me**

Something big is going on here. Or so I thought that night,  
As the Masons came to gather round the Great and lesser lights.  
One from here and one from there From places far and wide,  
They came to do, I knew not what, As they gathered there inside.  
But from each man I was greeted With a smile and voice of cheer.  
One said, "so you're the candidate. The reason that we're are here."  
I scarcely knew just what he meant, For this was my "first degree."  
There must be much for them to do Before they got to me.  
Surely these guys would not travel for the sake of just one man.  
Yes, there must be much for them to do, Before my part began.  
The "Brother Tyler" was my company As I waited at the door  
To step into this brand new realm I had not known before.  
They shared with me the three Great Lights and some tools of the trade,  
That I might learn a thing or two of how a man be better made.  
When at last I had been seated In this brotherhood of men  
The Master then began to bring The meeting to an end.  
And with all things then completed, They stayed a little more,  
To eat and drink and share a laugh Before heading toward the door.  
But as we left I understood And then began to see.  
That they all came for one reason. They all came just for me.  
Dear brothers I pray every lodge Will make new ones like me,  
Feel as welcome as these brothers did, When they held my First Degree.

This is so beautiful, and thought provoking, that we should be sharing it with all Candidates as and when possible. It also speaks to the Team Effort that is necessary in all our workings and our efforts to live up to our obligations.

***From The Educator***

## Food for Thought

This is a talk about what may appear to be three unrelated topics which, with a little imagination, can be woven together to convey a message.

### First: Bread

You have all heard the expression "It's the greatest thing since sliced bread". Well, has anyone noticed a difference in sliced bread lately? First there was 3 grain, then five. Someone then upped the ante and we had the 7 grain – obviously a Masonic baker looking for the 'perfect' loaf. We went from standard, always the same size & thickness, to the large Texas style slices to make us consume more. Where we once had white, brown and rye, now we have everything under the sun. Sometimes you just want to go to the bakery manager and say – where is the chemical laden, fluffy, soft, delicious, no-good for me, plain white bread that I can smother with peanut butter and just sit back and drool. So... bread is bread is bread... or is it? Same core ingredients, different loaf! The point is, we still use the expression, "it's the greatest thing since sliced bread", but sliced bread has changed. If Masonry is the greatest thing since sliced bread, maybe with the core ingredients remaining the same, Masonry needs to change too!

### Second: Golf

A ball, a stick, a flag, a hole and a set of gentlemen's rules. Golf is defined in the Rules of Golf as "playing a ball with a club from the teeing ground into the hole by a stroke or successive strokes in accordance with the Rules." Golf's rules' are internationally standardised: they derive from the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews founded in 1754, and the United States Golf Association founded in 1894 (not that long after the start of modern Masonry in England in 1717). The underlying principle of the rules of golf is fairness. As stated on the back cover of the official rule book: "Play the ball as it lies, play the course as you find it, and if you cannot do either, do what is fair". There may not be any other sporting event where the participants themselves identify infractions of the rules. The officials are there just to apply the penalties.

Has golf changed since the early 1900's? The object, the rules, the penalties haven't changed much. But the game has indeed changed. Think about the Jones era, the Palmer era, the Nicklaus era, and the changes in the last decade alone. Tiger Woods took golf to another level in terms of physical fitness and endurance. In his dominant era, the players all increased the length of their drives so significantly that courses had to be re-engineered to accommodate. There were only a few at the top of the game who could compete at that level of fitness. Same game, same rules, but what a difference!

We could say that Golf hasn't changed much in a hundred years. The same core values and fundamental principles, but what a change in the players! I venture to say that Masonry retains the same core values and principles on which it was founded. But look around Brethren, the players have changed.

### Third: The Art of Raising Children

Let's take a quick look at the process of raising children. By and large, it's the same as it was when our great grandparents did it, when our grandparents did it and when we did it – right?

We all read the current books (remember Dr. Spock?). We all bought the current toys, clothes, dolls, etc. Remember Cabbage Patch dolls? Sailor suits? Easter bonnets? Red Ryder BB guns, PF Flyer bicycles. Remember all the rules about what age they are supposed to be crawling, teething, walking, speaking. Remember how you felt when your son or daughter wasn't falling within preset parameters? And of course all the toys, cribs, walkers, high chairs and so on that you kept in the basement waiting for that grandchild to arrive... only to be told that none of them are now CSA (Canadian Standards) approved.

And what about those car seats? Remember chucking the kids in the back seat untethered until they would fit the seat belt... not so much anymore – and those car seats are now engineering marvels.

How many of you have bitten your tongues when your sons and daughters weren't doing what you would have done in a given situation? But our grandparents survived, our parents survived, we survived, our children survived and I expect our grandchildren will eventually survive despite their grandparents. Raising children... same basic principles, same core values throughout the decades. But parents adapt to the times, the locations and the culture.

I suggest that Masonry retains the same core values and principles, but we need to adapt to the times, the location and the culture. Maybe as Past Masters we need to bite our tongues on occasion.

Well, there we have it bread, golf and parenting: three separate and distinct topics woven together by a (perhaps hidden) common theme –stated thus... “the ongoing existence of things that evolve from a core set of underlying, yet unvarying principles, the implementation of which has to be tempered by change to adapt to current conditions.”

In summary, Freemasonry is indeed as good as sliced bread. Freemasonry can be enjoyed like a good round of golf and Freemasonry, while never a match for the joy of watching our children and grandchildren grow, can be rewarding in its own way as we mentor our new Masons. But, my Brethren, the moral of the story... in order to be all of these, Freemasonry must change. Not the core values and the principles on which it is founded, but in the way it is practiced in today's world.

Masonry is as relevant today as it ever was. But, to become current in the 21st Century the practice of Masonry must change. The catalysts for such change are among us like hidden gemstones. They are the progressive Worshipful Masters, they are the venerable Past Masters that see the promise of the future and know that they must pass the torch.

They are the members in our Lodges that will return in force if interest is shown in them.

**Comment** This paper is certainly provocative; however, I suggest that, before writing it off as an extreme position by just one Mason, we all take a very careful look at what is being suggested. It is very possible that there are many very simple thoughts and ideas that, without doing damage to our Rituals, could be implemented for the benefit of all. Maybe it could be as simple as ensuring that our current generation KNOWS that they have a voice and are being heard.

***Presented by M.W. Bro. D. Garry Dowling, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario with comment from The Educator.***

## The Almoner

On the occasion of his investiture the Almoner is told that the jewel of his office is a scrip purse upon which is a heart. This is to remind him that the practice of charity is one of the principal objects of our institution. Elsewhere it is stressed that, of all the virtues, charity is selected for the honour of being denominated the distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart.

It is not by accident that the dispensing of material assistance and a heartfelt concern for his fellow creatures are linked by the jewel in this manner when describing the Almoner's role. All charity, of whatever its nature, must emanate from, or be actuated by, the heart if it is to have any real effect.

To paraphrase the prolific writer Paul, in his letter to the men of Corinth, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor .....and have not charity" it is of little avail; and again, "Though I speak with the tongues of .... Angels and have not charity, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal".

So, whichever way we look at it, we see the Almoner's role as one of total concern which means that he himself as an individual must be a man of understanding and compassion. He must be concerned about the material well-being of those of his brethren who have fallen on hard times, and about those in the community at large who are in distress. But he must also be concerned for those who are lonely, who are sick, who are frail, are in any way immobilised.

Above all he must be concerned for those who just need a brother's love and understanding. He must be concerned with a continuing concern, for the widow and the fatherless. Indeed, there should be no limit to his compassion. However, in order to carry out his onerous, but very rewarding task, the Almoner must be continually fed up-to-date information by the brethren of his Lodge. No single Almoner could reasonably be expected to be personally aware of the health, the problems, or the difficulties being encountered by all individual members of his Lodge.

This has always been true, but never more so than in these days of a shifting population, when members, once part of a closely-knit community, by force of circumstances may now be scattered far and wide. This makes it all the more important that each brother accepts his personal responsibility to feed the Almoner with every scrap of relevant information which becomes known to him. So often called 'good report' of the Almoner - good because he has nothing to report. Apparently indicating that "God is in His Heaven, and all's right with the World" is merely an incomplete report, showing that the Almoner has not been kept appropriately informed. There are other sources of information available to the Almoner. For instance, there is the attendance book (assuming he can decipher the signatures) from which he will be able to note absences not accounted for, and which he may follow up.

Certainly no resignation of a member of the Lodge should ever be received without the Almoner first being informed so that, where he thinks it appropriate, he may make enquiries to satisfy himself that the reason for resignation is not something which the Lodge may be able to rectify. This, properly pursued, could result in a potential loss to the Lodge being converted into a revitalised and active member. It is a good idea for the Almoner to keep an up-to-date "Lodge Widows Book" so that the welfare of the widows of deceased brethren may be continually monitored. You see, what were good health and adequate financial circumstances, say, ten or so years ago may not be satisfactory or adequate these days and, indeed, the need quite often grows greater as the years go by. May we all, in our hearts and by our acts, be an Almoner.

***Many thanks to W. Bro. Tom Stirling who supplied this very interesting report from the archives of the Grand Lodge of Victoria.***

From the Archives

Installation of W. Bro. Chris Phelps—1991



**Standing** – Jean-Luc Bador, Ross Wilson, Brian Mendham, W. Bro. P. Kwasi Akompong, Bob Urry, Geoff Gee, Gordon Haines, Tony Simmons, Randy Christie, V.W. Bro. Byron Rowe, Chris Sulis, A. Grihault, Peter Phillips

**Sitting** – Andy Donaldson, Allan Sands, Chris Phelps, David Blaikie, Andrew Ritchie



Photograph supplied by David & Marilyn Blaikie -

Coffee time 2013

## Humour

### *More from Tommy Cooper.....*

I phoned the local builders today; I said to them 'Can I have a skip outside my house?'  
He said, 'I'm not stopping you!'

---

This cowboy walks in to a German car showroom and he says 'Audi!'

---

I fancied a game of darts with my mate. He said, 'Nearest the bull goes first'  
He went 'Bah' and I went 'Moo' He said 'You're closest'

---

I was driving up the motorway and my boss phoned me and he told me I'd been promoted.  
I was so shocked I swerved the car.  
He phoned me again to say I'd been promoted even higher and I swerved again.  
He then made me managing director and I went right off into a tree.  
The police came and asked me what had happened. I said 'I careered off the road'

---

I visited the offices of the RSPCA today.  
It's tiny: you couldn't swing a cat in there...

---

I was stealing things in the supermarket today while balanced on the shoulders of a couple of  
vampires.  
I was charged with shoplifting on two counts.

---

I bought a train ticket to France and the ticket seller said 'Eurostar'  
I said 'Well I've been on telly but I'm no Dean Martin.'

---

I phoned the local gym and I asked if they could teach me how to do the splits.  
He said, 'How flexible are you?' I said, 'I can't make Tuesdays or Thursdays.'

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I went to the local video shop and I said, 'Can I borrow Batman Forever?'  
He said, 'No, you'll have to bring it back tomorrow'

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A waiter asks a man, 'May I take your order, sir?' 'Yes,' the man replies.  
'I'm just wondering, exactly how do you prepare your chickens?'  
'Nothing special, sir. We just tell them straight out that they're going to die.'

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### **The Visitors' Toast**

A tired old Mason whose hair was grey,  
Came to the gates of Heaven one day.  
When asked, what on earth he had done the most,  
He said he had replied to the Visitors' Toast.  
St. Peter said, as he tolled the Bell,  
"Come inside my Brother - you've had enough of Hell"