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A MASONIC ODYSSEY

by Tony Pope

PART I—SOUTH AFRICA, FRANCE, CANADA

Introduction

The last time my wife and I visited the northern hemisphere was in 2001, a few weeks in western Europe, and we found the long cattle-class flights to and from Europe uncomfortable and tiring. So, when we decided to visit our youngest son and his family on the northwest coast of USA in 2007, we planned a route around the world, with breaks of a few days on each continent. We chose South Africa, France, and Canada for stopovers on our journey to Seattle, and San Francisco and Hawaii for the route home—a four month trip, from April to July inclusive.

It was agreed that one day of each outward-bound stopover would include a Masonic experience, and that an aggregate of three weeks of our three-month stay in America would also be allotted to Freemasonry. This is an account of those Masonic encounters.

SOUTH AFRICA

We chose Cape Town as our South African destination, for the scenery, because neither of us had been there before, and for a couple of Masonic reasons. This was the longest leg of our journey, made longer by delays with two of the three aircraft involved (Canberra–Sydney–Johannesburg–Cape Town) and we were awake for 26 hours of this 32-hour day. We had to accommodate an eight-hour time difference, but at least we were in the same season, with much the same climate as home.

South Africa is Masonically diverse, with English and Scottish Districts, Irish Provinces, and the Grand Lodge of South Africa peacefully co-existing, in many cases using the same meeting places, and with considerable cross-membership. My particular interests were: the Cape Masonic Research Association, which is multi-jurisdictional, but which has been in the doldrums for several years; and Lodge Perseverance #126 GLSAf, which was founded in 1977 by Prince Hall Masons from a lodge under the jurisdiction of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. The story behind this is well told by Bro Desmond Lemmon-Warde, as ‘Freemasonry—Uniting men even during Apartheid’ at www.freemasons-freemasonry.com/freemasons_apartheid.html. Desmond used to live in Cape Town, but migrated to Australia in February 2007 and now lives in Sydney.

Cape Town

We awoke, surprisingly fresh, and looked out of our bedroom window at the rear end of Table Mountain. Breakfast at the Lady Hamilton Hotel was a civilised affair, with a buffet choice of German, French and English-style foods, and a chef waiting to cook eggs to order. It took us back 50 years, to when we lived in Kenya.

After breakfast, Barbara and I prepared to go our separate ways: she with Marcia Raymond, wife of one of the Masons I was to meet, to visit Kirstenbosch botanic gardens and other scenic spots; I on a tour of local temples with Sidney Raymond (PAGM, GLSAf, and member of the same lodge as Desmond Lemmon-Warde, de Goede Verwachting), Heinz Smekal (new Chairman of the Cape Masonic Research Association, PM of British Lodge EC, and WM of a South African lodge, Zur Eintracht), and Robert Heneke, PM of Lodge Perseverance (whose late father had been the last initiate in the Prince Hall lodge, and thus a founder—eventually a PM—of Perseverance). As it turned out, we were joined by Allan Singh, official photographer of the Grand Lodge of South Africa and an honorary member of Lodge Perseverance, and he kindly took most of my photos for me that day, on my brand new 10-megapixel Canon PowerShot A640 digital camera with a 2-gigabyte memory chip. Wow!



(L to R) Robert Heneke, Heinz Smekal, author, Sidney Raymond
Temple of Lodge de Goede Hoop (Table Mountain top left)

We drove about a mile to De Goede Hoop Temple, home of the oldest lodge on the Cape, de Goede Hoop, which was formed in 1772. The temple was built in 1804, and is approached through an arched gateway. Behind it is Table Mountain, and to the side are Parliamentary buildings (which I was told stood on land owned by the Masons). Beside the main temple is a younger construction, Phiroze Gorralla Temple. Between them, these two temples are home to 12 South African lodges, two Irish lodges, one English and one Scottish lodge. The bulk of the English and Scottish lodges, and the other three Irish lodges meet at the (English) Masonic Centre in the suburb of Pinelands, which we also visited.



De Goede Hoop Temple, at the altar



with the East in the background

Inside, the lodge room of de Goede Hoop is long and narrow, with only a single row of seats along north and south sides, with the pillars and both wardens' chairs in the west—a clear indication of European ritual—and in the east are lighted stained-glass windows, symbolising the three lesser lights. This positioning of the lesser lights is repeated in Phiroze Gorralla and, surprisingly, in the English lodge room at Pinelands. Beneath de Goede Hoop are vaults associated with the third degree. The Netherlandic-type ritual of the Grand Lodge of South Africa does not use tracing boards as such, but there was an old (probably pre-1813 Union) board propped against the organ in the southwest corner of the Phiroze Gorralla lodge room. The English lodge room had fairly standard tracing boards, but they were joined at the sides, to form a triangle, then laid flat in a rotating framework.



Phiroze Gorralla Temple



looking East



Banner of Lodge Perseverance



Tracing boards, Pinelands

[Our volunteer photographer, Allan Singh, is in the photo, far left]

Sidney had to leave early (something to do with preparing for Passover), and the rest of us had a late and leisurely lunch, and Heinz and I talked about the Cape Masonic Research Association, which he is attempting to rejuvenate. Later, at my hotel, Robert Heneke and I examined some documents of his deceased father, and discussed a discovery of Robert's.

The general story is well known, that the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania chartered two lodges in South Africa, circa 1901, Ethiopia Lodge in Cape Town and Coppin (or possibly Chopin) Lodge in Kimberley. These two lodges continued to work, under a District Deputy Grand Master, until the 1970s, when lengthy negotiations were begun, between the DDGM (Phiroze Gorvalla), the Grand Lodge of Southern Africa (as it was then known) and the Government—at the height of Apartheid—to permit the Prince Hall brethren to join the mainstream grand lodge. Government permission was granted and all the brethren were initiated, passed and raised under their new Constitution in 1977, and new charters were issued for Perseverance Lodge in Cape Town and Phoenix Lodge in Kimberley. This is well documented by Desmond Lemmon-Warde, but with one curious variation.

The Prince Hall lodges named in the documents during the period of changeover are Southern Cross Lodge (Cape Town) and St Patrick Lodge (Kimberley). These documents are on official headed notepaper, with lodge seals. Ethiopia and Southern Cross share the same number, as do Coppin and St Patrick. Desmond makes no reference to the earlier names of these lodges, and no other writer has made reference to the later names. Robert was the first to note this anomaly, and his father's documents lead to the conclusion that the change occurred some time after 1968.

When Robert learned that I intended visiting Philadelphia, he asked me to check with the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, to ascertain whether (and when) they had approved the name changes, if they issued new charters, and what charters (if any) had been returned. I explained that I had already attempted to contact the Grand Lodge, both through its impressive website and via third parties, but without success. I undertook to make further attempts when I arrived in America. The results will be outlined later in this report.

Barbara and I spent the next two days sightseeing, then prepared for the second leg of our journey, a night flight to France.

FRANCE

We planned to spend two weeks in rural France, to attempt to improve our spoken French, and selected the ancient port of La Rochelle, on the Atlantic coast between Bordeaux and Nantes, and then a final day in Paris before heading for Canada. We landed at de Gaulle Airport just after 7 AM on Easter Saturday and by 9 AM we were on a fast train to Bordeaux, with time for lunch before catching another train to La Rochelle, then a taxi to our B&B, with time to unpack before thinking about dinner.

La Rochelle

The area around La Rochelle was occupied by the Romans, who exported wine and salt from the region. La Rochelle itself was founded in the tenth century, and was declared a free port by the Duke of Aquitaine in 1137. It was the first commune in France to have a city mayor, when Eleanor of Aquitaine upheld her father's charter, and it became a Templar stronghold; it was from here that the Templar fleet is said to have sailed on the fateful day when King Philip struck. A century and a half later, La Rochelle became Protestant, and it was from here that Huguenots fled to Britain, America and elsewhere after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. More recently, it was a German naval stronghold during World War Two, and the last town in France to be liberated.

There are no GLNF lodges in La Rochelle (in any case, I'm *persona non grata* with the GLNF ever since I upset the late AGM Nick Granstein in 2001), and I am forbidden by my own Obedience to attend either of the La Rochelle lodges under the Grand Lodge of France, so I contented myself with exploring Templar remains and Huguenot traces.

The picturesque Old Town is carefully preserved, but I found no buildings old enough to be Templar. I did find a group of streets and alleys with significant names: *rue du Temple*, *cour du Temple*, *rue des Templiers*, and *cour de la Commanderie*. Perhaps parts of the outer walls of some buildings here were Templar, but the general appearance of these buildings is certainly no earlier than 17th century.

I found one possible pictorial reference to the Templar fleet, a sailing ship carved on a wall in the *cour de la Commanderie*—but it could have been a more general reference to the maritime importance of

La Rochelle. Certainly, the local histories which cover the period make no reference to the Templar fleet or any treasure. Recognising that such an investigation would be thirsty work, the practical French provide a convenient establishment on the corner of the *cour du Temple*, identified as *l'Académie de la Bière*.



The old town, La Rochelle



street names



possible Templar traces

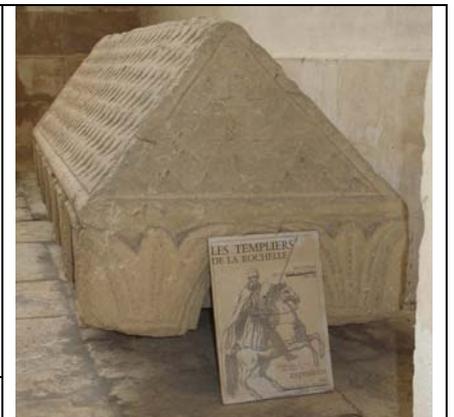
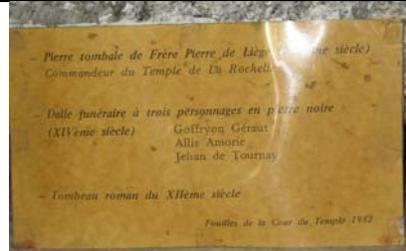


l'Académie de la Bière

The main Templar relics have been removed to the (RC) Cathedral: the tombstone of a Commander of the Temple; a 14th-century funerary flagstone of three other *personnages*; and a 12th-century tomb, all excavated from the *cour du Temple* in 1982.



Tombstone of Fr Pierre de Liège, Commander of the Temple



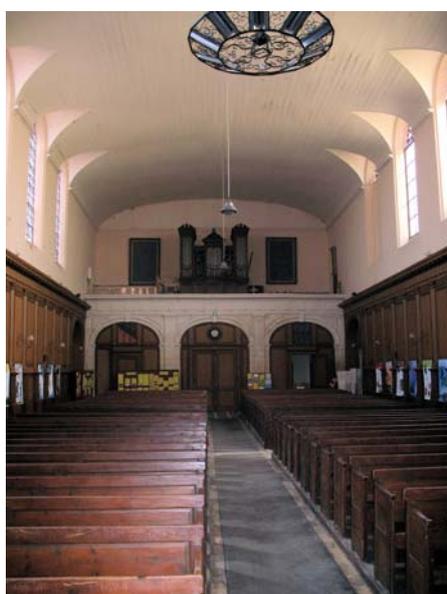
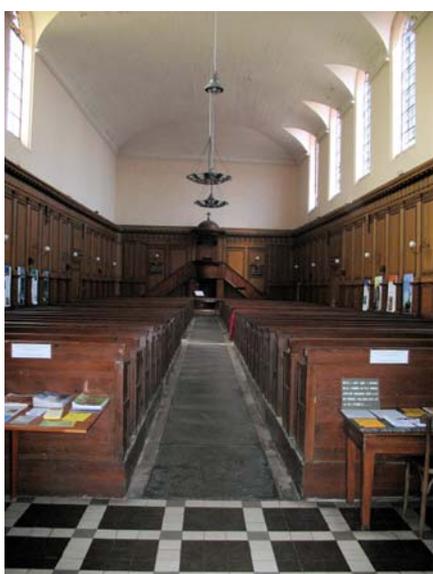
Above: 12th-century tomb.

Left: 14th-century funerary flagstone and inscription.

Although La Rochelle is predominantly Catholic once more, the Protestants are firmly established, and have preserved their Huguenot history. There was a time when Catholics and Protestants shared the same building for worship, but bloody religious wars erupted, with atrocities on both sides, and each in turn appropriated the other's places of worship. To investigate, I had to learn new terminology: a notice outside the Protestant *Temple* (formerly a Catholic Church) proclaims itself as *Culte du Temple Reforme* (loosely translated as Temple of reformed worship), with worship every Sunday at 10.30 AM. It is a tall, austere building with empty stone niches where statues formerly stood, and plain wooden doors painted blue. Inside, it is equally forbidding, with pews and panelling in dark-stained wood. Its long, narrow shape and the gloom reminded me of the Temple de Goede Hoop, with seats both sides of a central passageway, the difference being that the pews face front, making the passage narrower.



The Protestant Temple entrance (left) and empty niche (right), where a statue has been removed.



Inside the Temple, looking towards the raised pulpit (left) and back towards the entrance (right); note the organ above the entrance.

On the side of the temple furthest from the museum is a beautiful cloistered garden, evidently acquired from the Catholics at the same time as the church. Inside the cloisters I noticed a sign which read in part: *Secrétariat des Groupes des Élus...* Élus? A quasi-Masonic organisation? Protestants predestined for salvation? No, just an outpost of the city administration.



The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the Protestant (Huguenot) Museum.



The cloistered garden

The *Musée Protestant* is part of the same building, accessible (by appointment) from the street and from the temple. Within, we found an elderly female curator/historian who spoke only French, but so clearly that I could understand her (although, of course, she had some difficulty in understanding me), and a young female assistant whose command of English was sufficient to help out where needed. We were shown original historical documents from the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a chart showing significant events in Huguenot history, and various artefacts.

Barbara and I each claim Huguenot ancestry, but were unable to verify it from the records at La Rochelle. I did, however, learn that the young Jean Desaguliers was smuggled out of La Rochelle, at the time when adult Huguenots were permitted to emigrate if they left their children behind. When I mentioned the name, the delighted historian informed me that he later became 'Grand Master of the Masons in England' (a fact which had not escaped my attention).

Barbara and I spent the rest of the fortnight doing tourist things, and sampling a wide range of wines and cuisine, until the time came to pack and head for Paris, again by fast train.

Paris

We were met at the *Gare de Montparnasse* by Michel Singer (of the Grand Lodge of France, and no stranger to *Harashim*). I think Barbara was startled when Michel and I exchanged a *triple embrace* but, introductions

over, we all set off in Michel's car to our hotel in the heart of Montparnasse, where we quickly completed the formalities, then went to lunch at a nearby restaurant owned by another brother of the Grand Lodge of France. We were joined by Michael and Odette Segall, whom Barbara had met previously (so there was no need to explain that Mike was Grand Lodge of France and Odette Feminine Grand Lodge of France, nor, indeed, that Barbara was formerly of the Order of Women Freemasons). We had hoped that Julian Rees, then Deputy Editor of *Freemasonry Today*, would have travelled up from his cottage in Brittany to be with us, but somehow wires got well and truly crossed; Julian arrived at the restaurant on the right *day* but the wrong *month*!

After a delayed but delightful lunch, we all went to *chez* Segall for coffee. Then we said farewell to Mike and Michel, and entrusted ourselves to Odette, who insisted on driving us around Paris, pointing out places of general interest, such as the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's tomb and the Eiffel Tower, and also secret women's business: couturiers, furriers, jewellers, hairdressers, and a good place for shoes; then finally deposited us on the banks of the Seine with firm instructions to board a boat and see the underside of the bridges of Paris and the backside of most of the buildings we'd already seen.



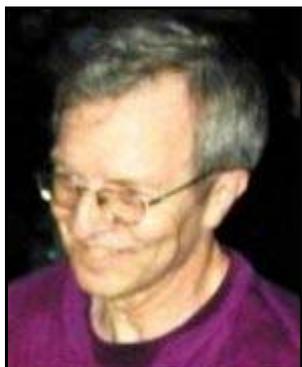
Lunching in Montparnasse, (from left) Mike Segall, Michel Singer, Barbara & Tony Pope, Odette Segall

She was right, of course. It was a wonderful 90 minutes, and great fun trying to identify places without a guide or guidebook. It was even more fun finding our way back to Montparnasse and our very ordinary hotel. That evening we put aside our fond memories of French food and wine, opting for North Indian cuisine and bottled water, followed by an early night, an early check-out on Sunday morning and a Paris taxi (of which we no longer had any fear).

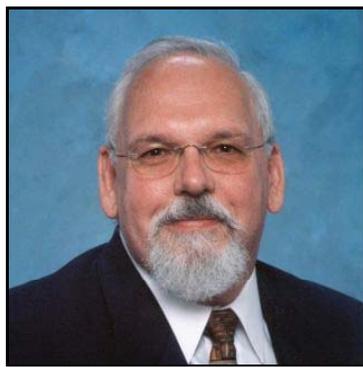
CANADA

The journey from Paris to Toronto was uneventful, although most of the Canada we saw from the aircraft was covered in snow or ice; late April, and no thaw? We need not have worried; for three of our four days in Ontario the weather was on its best behaviour, a bit wet at times but generally sunny and quite warm.

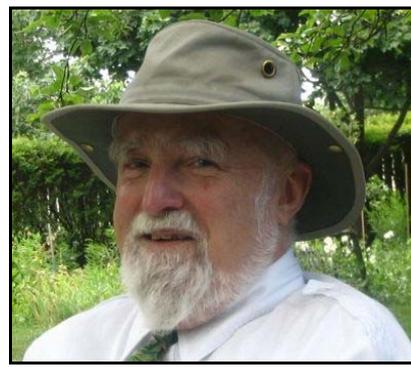
We were met at the airport by Peter Renzland, mainstream Ontario Mason, president of the ecumenical Toronto Society for Masonic Research (TSMR), and famous Lindy-hopper, who took us to our hotel, a Ramada Plaza (which I recommend), deposited our luggage, and whisked us off to a jazz club, then to another, where we had a meal and boutique draught wheat beer. At this stage Her Ladyship was beginning to droop (it was only about 6.30 PM Toronto time, but she had been awake since 5.30 AM Paris time), so we dropped her off at the hotel, and went back to *The Rex* jazz and blues bar in time to catch Swing Rosie. (If you ever get to Toronto on a Sunday, check them out).



Peter Renzland



Nelson King



Wallace McLeod

Monday was set aside to spend time with Wallace McLeod and Nelson King (if either of them needs introduction, email me). Nelson took us to his favourite eatery for lunch, a Chinese buffet of enormous proportions, and afterwards we were entertained at *chez* McLeod by Wallace and Elizabeth, then Wallace drove us to our hotel via the University. We were allowed the evening to recuperate, ready for Tuesday's trip to Niagara Falls in the company of several mainstream Masons and one wife (Peter Renzland, well-known researcher Ed Ralph, younger researcher Kris Stevens and his wife, Wonhee). Apart from the usual tourist thing, and the to-be-expected Masonic discussions, the trip included a stopover at the town of Niagara, a peep into the interior of an old lodge building, a quick look at Fort George, and a visit to a winery where Kris's status gained us special treatment, including a taste of several delightful eisweins, one of which was made from a red variety.

I've stressed the mainstream affiliation of Toronto Masons thus far because Wednesday presented us with more exotic fare. It was a special meeting of the Toronto Society for Masonic Research, held that evening in facilities in Ed's 'gated community' apartment building, with live guard and locked gate (fortunately, Peter knew the password), and some comfortably furnished communal rooms. Present were two local members of the Order of Women Freemasons, two PGMs of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Ontario (one being Arthur Downes, who visited Australia a few years ago), a Prince Hall OES Deputy Grand Matron (whose name was Barbara and was an instant hit with my Barbara when they discovered they had nursing in common), two members (one male, one female) of Lodge Garibaldi, chartered from the Grand Lodge of Italy ALAM, a male Entered Apprentice from the local Droit Humain lodge, and a brother from Memphis-Misraim in New York, in addition to half a dozen Ontario mainstreamers, one South Australian Mason and a couple of ladies of no Masonic affiliation.

The meeting began with drinks and informal chat (during which I managed to ascertain everyone's affiliation), followed by a sit-down meal from a buffet of mainly pizzas and lasagne. My wife and I were invited to join the two Prince Hall PGMs for the meal and, when we placed our plates on the table, a cool brown hand clasped my right hand and another my left. I sensed that the same was happening to Barbara. Then Arthur, a lay preacher, quietly said *Grace*.

After the meal (one might almost say *agape*) I was formally introduced and gave an unscripted version of my paper 'At a perpetual distance: Liberal and Adogmatic Grand Lodges' (the Verrall Lecture for 2004). Then Peter laid down the ground rules for discussion—Exotics first, Mainstreamers last. It took a bit of coaxing, but almost everyone had something to contribute. Peter summed up and we all went home, leaving Ed and his wife to the leftovers.

Next day, in an arctic wind, Peter took us to the airport for the last leg of our journey to Seattle, still musing (and enthusing) on our stopover in 'Muddy York'. My only regret was that I'd been unable to meet my old e-friend, Clayton Talbert, Grand Secretary of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Ontario, who lived too far away.

Harashim #43, July 2008

PART IIA—EAST COAST U S A, PA & MD

Having spent nearly a month on our journey from Australia to America, my wife and I arrived in Seattle on 26 April and were re-united with our youngest son, Nigel, and his wife and young family. Barbara settled in for a three-month stay in Seattle, but I immediately conferred with Nigel's wife, Sue, to see when I could make a trip to the East Coast without disrupting the family plans. It appeared that the best I could do was ten days in June, from the 7th to the 16th, so I became reconciled with being able to visit only the middle section, from Pennsylvania to Virginia. Even that was curtailed by a day, to accommodate an event involving one of my grandsons. I had a few—and memorable—Masonic visits both before and after the trip East, but I shall leave the tale of my West Coast encounters for another time. The East is the subject of the present report.

My first destination was Philadelphia, where I hoped to meet Thomas W Jackson, Past Grand Secretary, and Secretary of the World Conferences of Grand Lodges, who was prepared to travel from his home in Pittsburgh for that purpose; also to meet Dr Glenys Waldman PhD, librarian at the Grand Lodge and (at that time) secretary of the Masonic Libraries and Museums Association (MLMA); also to link up with Brian

Fegely, who would take me to the PHA Grand Lodge, where I hoped to find answers to the questions raised by Robert Heneke in Cape Town, concerning the charters of the former Prince Hall lodges in South Africa.

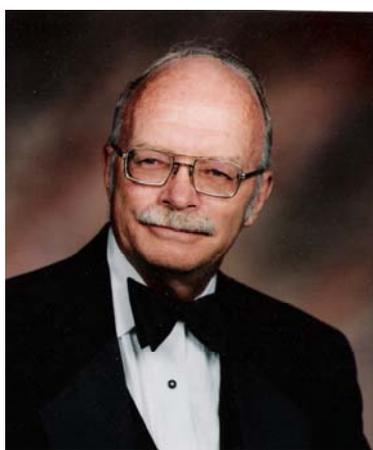
Even before I left Seattle, plans began to *gang agley*, as Robbie Burns would say. First, Tom Jackson had to cancel, because he had to go to Texas on other Masonic duties. Then, the night before I was due to leave, Brian Fegely reported that he still could not contact anyone at the PHA Grand Lodge, but thought that the records I wanted might have been transferred to the Charles L Blockson Afro-American Collection at Temple University for safekeeping. So, instead of going to bed that night, I googled away and then emailed the curator, asking for access to PHA material in the Blockson collection at a specific date and time, and set off before dawn for the airport. The flight was fine, although it took up most of the day because of the three-hour time difference, and I checked into a rather spartan Travelodge, not far from the mainstream Grand Lodge at One North Broad Street, and had an early night.

Philadelphia

Thursday began well. I walked west to North Broad Street, and then south to its beginning. Immediately in front of me, at the junction with John F Kennedy Boulevard, was a large building rather like an enormous many-tiered wedding cake. This was City Hall, and to my left was the comparatively restrained, but magnificent edifice, the Grand Lodge. Inside, I found Glenys and she gave me a tour of her library, with several floors of compactus stacks of old and rare books, many of them in German. The floors, I noticed uneasily, were of glass in metal frames, designed to make best use of what light was available.



Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania

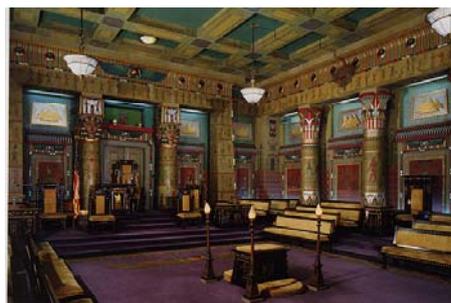


Thomas W Jackson



Dr Glenys Waldman

Then, at Glenys' suggestion, I took the public tour of the building, with a well-informed guide and a bunch of visiting Masons and their wives. The grandeur of the various rooms and even the stairs and hallways was quite overwhelming, including seven lodgerooms all with different themes of architecture and adornment: Corinthian (my favourite), Egyptian, Gothic, Ionic, Norman, Oriental, and Renaissance. I did note that none of them had any representation of a checkered pavement, and commented on this to the guide, who responded: 'We don't have them in Pennsylvania'.



Top left: Corinthian Room; Left: Egyptian Room; Above (top): Norman room, and (lower) the Ionic Room.

I followed the tour with a quiet mooch through the museum, and back to the library, where I found Brian Fegely with Glenys.

We three strolled around the market area and had a pleasant lunch ‘on Grand Lodge’, after which we returned to North Broad Street, where Brian and I farewelled Glenys and drove north in Brian’s car. Our first stop was Temple University, just off North Broad Street. We easily located the library, and the Blockson Collection, where we met the curator, a young Ethiopian woman, who was expecting us. Unfortunately, all she had been able to find were published books on the subject of Prince Hall Freemasonry, all of which I had encountered previously, and some of which were in my personal library. She had no manuscripts or other material from the PHA Grand Lodge, and no record of any such deposit. Brian then informed me that the intention to make this deposit had been minuted at the Grand Lodge five or six years previously. We agreed that intention and action were two different things, thanked the curator, and headed further north along North Broad Street, which began to look less affluent and more like a war zone as we approached our destination.

The Prince Hall Grand Lodge building at 4301 North Broad Street is a long, low, red-brick building in its own grounds, surrounded by lawn and guarded by a brick and iron-railing fence, with large iron gates secured by a heavy chain and enormous padlock. Nearby buildings were mostly boarded up and apparently abandoned, and portions of the concrete footpaths were broken, with some pieces almost vertical. The area was deserted, except for a few small groups of youths.

Brian adopted Plan B, and drove further north, where the scenery returned to normal, and so through a few sidestreets, to a quite large and attractive building, the African Episcopal Church of St Thomas (originally established as the African Church), where Absolom Jones, the first Grand Master of what eventually became the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, was the first priest and rector.

I was introduced to a lady whom Brian described as the church historian. She made us welcome and showed us around the church, which (she explained) was not the original building, and which had stained glass windows bearing Masonic emblems among its subjects. I noted that there was a half-lifesize crucifix above the altar, and that in addition to an organ, the church housed a number of musical instruments, including a full drum kit! I would love to have been able to attend a service there.

Unfortunately, our guide had little time to spare before holding a committee meeting. We were introduced to the ladies of the committee, and then we departed.



Brian showed me a few of the sights in the city, but traffic was getting too heavy for comfort, and I persuaded him to drop me close to my hotel and make his way home while traffic was still flowing fairly smoothly. I made a quick detour to the market area and purchased the sort of tucker I prefer for improvised meals (cheeses, cold meats, bread, fruit and a bottle of red wine) and took them to my spartan hotel for supper and a very early breakfast. Then I had a telephone argument with a talking computer, while trying to book a ride to Baltimore on the Amtrak train; I exasperated the computer so much that it transferred me to a human operator, who gave me no trouble at all. [Tip for travellers in the US: keep saying to the computer ‘I want to speak to a human operator’, and eventually it will comply. Of course, it would probably work if you just let rip a string of oaths, but the computer might transfer you so quickly that the human operator cops an earful, so be polite.]

Maryland

Early to bed and early to rise put me in a good humour for the train trip to Baltimore, Maryland, on Friday and the journey itself, in a reserved seat, was very pleasant. We seemed to cross endless rivers and estuaries,

pass beaches, dunes, lakes, and fairly flat countryside, which I think included part of Delaware, and arrived at Penn Station mid-morning, where I had no trouble identifying my host for the night, Dave Daugherty.

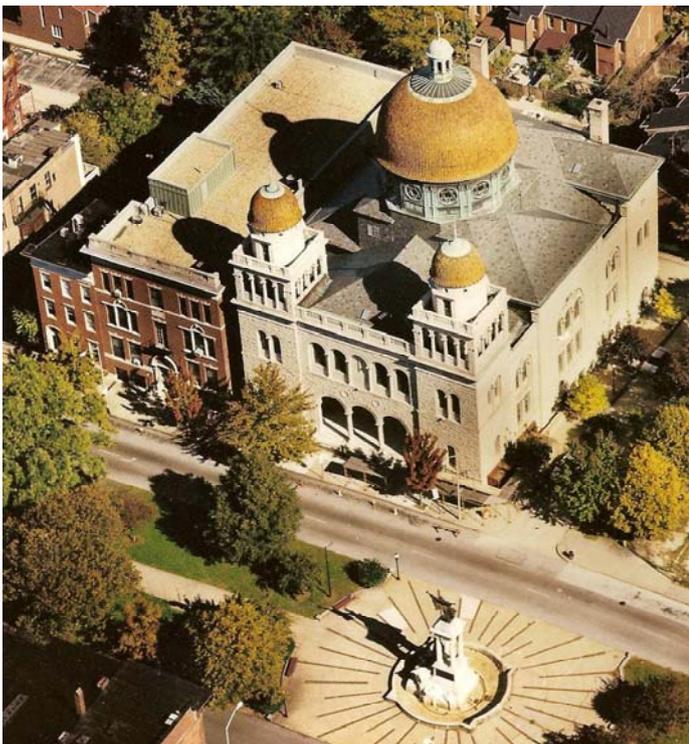
Dave introduced me to his Labrador, Mojo, and asked where I'd like to go first. I told him, the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Maryland, 1307 Eutaw Place; I had arranged the visit with the Grand Secretary before I left Australia, but later emails had been unanswered.

As we drove along Eutaw Place, a street with a wide lawned dividing strip, I spotted a Grand Lodge building at 1205, a block before the PHA Grand Lodge. This was labelled 'Hiram Grand Lodge', but I could not recall its affiliation. Anyway, we continued on. We passed 1307, found a parking spot nearby, and walked back.

On the corner was a stone-faced, pillared building with a dome on top. Above the front entrance, in relief on the stone, were two hexalphas. Below, on the glass dormer, was a square and compasses, but the door was locked. We walked further, and saw that the neighbouring red-brick building was identified as the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Maryland. We subsequently discovered that the stone-faced building started life as a synagogue, hence the hexalphas and the dome. Later it was purchased by the neighbouring Grand Lodge and put to good use by the brethren.

At first we could find no one in authority at the Grand Lodge, certainly not the Grand Secretary, who had recently changed his day job and was many miles away. At last we located RWBro Richard Johnson, Grand Historian, cousin of the previous Grand Historian, Bill Gross FPS, and Richard showed us around both buildings.

Then I asked him about Hiram Grand Lodge. It transpired that brethren of the two Grand Lodges were friendly, sometimes attending each other's untied functions. I asked if it was the local PHO Grand Lodge and Richard was uncertain. I asked if he would accompany us there and vouch for us, and he readily agreed.



Left: Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Maryland

Below: Hiram Grand Lodge of Maryland;
Richard Johnson (PHA); Murray Lilley;
Melvin Green (Hiram); Dave Daugherty.



We walked down the block to the Hiram building, where we found the Grand Treasurer, Melvin D Green, who readily showed us around the ground floor, but was unable to climb the stairs, to take us to the higher floors. I asked him the affiliation of his Grand Lodge, was it Prince Hall Origin? He didn't think so. Was it one of the John J Jones group of Grand Lodges? He wasn't sure, but there was a Brother of the mainstream Grand Lodge who knew far more about such things and often visited them. He would phone and see if this Brother could come over.

We were in luck, and Melvin introduced us to Murray K Lilley, Past Senior Grand Warden of the mainstream Grand Lodge, who showed us around the rest of the building. He told us that Hiram Grand Lodge was derived from lodges of Oriental Grand Lodge of New Jersey, and these lodges formed Hiram Grand Lodge, which then affiliated with a Grand Congress of Grand Lodges. I pointed out that there have been quite a number of Grand Congresses, including those started by Jones and Bell. He was unable to make

clear to me which Grand Congress it was. (I've since located a webpage which provides a history of Hiram Grand Lodge of Maryland, at <http://www.hiramgrandlodge-md.org/hiram%20history.html>, but still have not found a Grand Congress which acknowledges this Grand Lodge as a member.)

By this time it was mid-afternoon and we had missed lunch. Dave asked me what I wanted to do, and I persuaded him to take me shopping and to allow me to cook the evening meal. He agreed, and we found some decent steaks and appropriate vegetables, and a passable Australian red, and a ridiculously cheap bottle of Bushmills single malt Irish whiskey.

Then Dave drove us home through the countryside to Abingdon MD. He introduced me to his wife, Mindy, and from then on I called him Mork. I rustled up a pretty fair Aussie tea, and even persuaded Mindy to wash it down with a glass of red, and after tea Mork and I began to nudge the Bushmills. We remembered the virtue of temperance, however, and left nearly half a bottle for Mork to toast my memory after he'd passed me on to my next host.

On Saturday morning we drove to the nearest town, where Mork gave chess lessons in a drug store-café combination. After a few games we returned home, where we were collected by a friend who drove us to Mt Moriah Masonic Temple at Towson for a meeting of the ecumenical Maryland Masonic Research Society.

There I met the president, Sister Sharonlee Vogel (Feminine Grand Lodge of Belgium), vice-president Bro Bill Gross FPS (PHA Maryland and the Phylaxis Society), Bro Ken Gibala (mainstream District of Columbia), Sister Janet Wintermute (Memphis-Misraim, and my host for the next few days), and a number of mainstream and Prince Hall brethren, and other sisters from the President's lodge. My only regret was that I did not get to meet Jeff Marshall, still overseas on military duty.

While we were having a snack prior to the meeting, Bill Gross took me aside and presented me with a commemorative medallion of the 150th anniversary of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Maryland. The main business of the meeting was a paper on 'Sacred Geometry: the golden ratio' by Dr Daryl Carter, who I think was not a Mason. The paper was greeted with acclamation, and provoked plenty of comment and questions; this was an advanced study group in such matters.

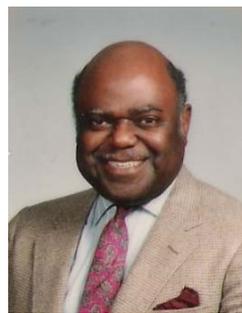
Afterwards I said farewell to Mork and the others, and departed with Janet for her home in Adelphi, Maryland, just north of the border with the District of Columbia, my destination for meetings over the next few days. Actually, Sunday was scheduled as a day of rest, and I spent it in conversation with Janet and her husband John, who is not a Mason but shares with Janet membership in a non-Masonic international order of Knights Templar. There was a possibility that Rashied Sharrieff-Al-Bey would find the time to come down from New York, but the visit did not eventuate.



Dave Daugherty



Janet Wintermute



Bill Gross



Rashied Sharrieff-Al-Bey

Harashim #44, October 2008

PART IIB—EAST COAST U S A, DC & VA

Sunday 10 June 2007 was a day of rest and relaxation spent with my hosts, John and Janet Wintermute, at their home in Adelphi, Maryland, a few miles northwest of Washington DC. With them I reviewed how I hoped to spend the next few days, visiting lodges and places in Washington and just across the river in Alexandria, Virginia.

On Monday Janet would detour on her way to work and drive me to central Washington. She would leave me there to spend the day at the House of the Temple, headquarters of the Southern Jurisdiction AASR, and

I would make my own way back to Adelphi by train and bus, in time for tea. Janet, herself of the Memphis-Misraim persuasion, had received an invitation for us both to attend a lodge of the George Washington Union (a mixed-gender body) that evening. I declined, with thanks, and Janet decided to stay home for the evening. On Tuesday Janet would again drive me to central Washington and I would make my way by train to the George Washington Masonic National Memorial in Alexandria. Wednesday was to be spent in Washington, in and around U Street NW, the location of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of DC and the home of DC jazz. I would probably stay at an hotel Wednesday night and re-visit the House of the Temple on Thursday morning, attend lodge at Alexandria that evening, stay overnight with new hosts, Robert and Larissa Watkins, and fly back to Seattle early Friday morning.

As it happened, the plan was modified as soon as I met Larissa Watkins on Monday. She and her husband Robert would provide accommodation from Tuesday night onwards, and Robert would be my guide and chauffeur for my stay there. Their kind invitation was readily accepted.

The House of the Temple

Early Monday morning Janet drove me from Adelphi to Washington in surprisingly light traffic, and deposited me opposite the House of the Temple, on 16th St NW, a mile or so from the White House. The House of the Temple stands alone, bounded by streets on all four sides, just this imposing building at the front of the block, and a lawned garden at the back. I walked the boundary and set to work with my trusty camera, before ascending the steps to the front door.

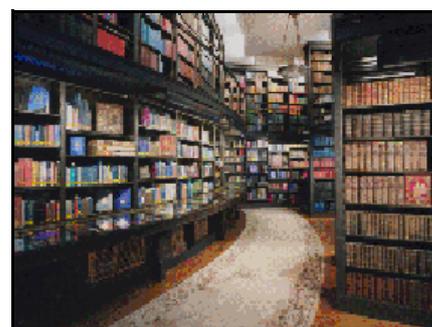
The front office was staffed by a Past Grand Master, who directed me to the library, where I was greeted warmly by Larissa Watkins, author of *American Masonic Periodicals 1811–2001* (2003) and *International Masonic Periodicals 1738–2005* (2006), assistant to the librarian & curator. Larissa, Russian by birth, is married to Robert Watkins, himself a fluent Russian-speaker, Master of the prestigious Alexandria-Washington Lodge 22 VA.

Larissa introduced me to the Librarian & Curator, Joan Sansbury, and other staff, and showed me the library and reading room. The library is situated in the southeast corner of the building, with the main interior wall curving in a quadrant. Books line this curving wall from end to end, and floor to ceiling, arranged so that each subject is illustrated by one or more books with the front cover displayed. The outer walls, forming the corner of the building, are also filled with books from floor to ceiling, broken only by window placements. Between the outer and inner walls are free-standing shelves, radiating from the curve, like the spokes of a wheel. Each of the free-standing stacks is devoted to books of a single US Grand Lodge, and work-stations are interspersed between some of these stacks. It really is the most attractive library I have ever seen.



Left: two views of the House of the Temple

Below: the library stacks



Further examination of the library was deferred, so that I could spend some time with Dr S Brent Morris, formerly editor of the Scottish Rite Research Society's transactions, *Heredom*, and now editor of the *Scottish Rite Journal*, who would be unavailable later in the week. In the course of discussion, I told Brent of a problem I had with conversion of the completed draft of Jim Daniel's book, *Masonic Networks & Connections* from Microsoft Word to PDF format. I had a copy with me, on CD, and Brent introduced me to his typographical expert, Elizabeth, who solved the problem and did the conversion for me.

The rest of the morning sped by, and Brent and Art de Hoyos, Grand Archivist and Grand Historian, took me to lunch. After lunch, Art showed me some of the treasures in his subterranean abode. I also found time

for a tour of the building, conducted not by the venerable docent, the PGM I had met upon my arrival, but by a young man just learning the trade.



Brent Morris



Art de Hoyos

I spent the rest of the afternoon in the library, and Larissa accompanied me to the subway, pointing out the headquarters of the DC Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star en route. Then we went our separate ways, she by train to Alexandria and I by train and bus to Adelphi. When I recognised a park near my destination, I got off the bus and had a pleasant stroll 'home'. Janet, John and I had a quiet evening *en famille*, and I explained the change of plan, that this was our last evening together.

The George Washington Memorial

Early Tuesday morning Janet again drove me to the House of the Temple, this time with all my goods and chattels. I bade her farewell, then carried my cases up the steps and explained to the perplexed custodian that I was not moving in, just in transition to my new home. I met Robert and Larissa in the library, said a temporary farewell to Larissa and accompanied Robert to the George Washington Masonic National Memorial in Alexandria. This is a remarkable monument on the top of a grassy hill, overlooking old Alexandria, the Potomac River, and beyond.

We found our way to the library, where Mark Tabbert, Director of Collections, and author of *American Freemasons Three Centuries of Building Communities*, was addressing a local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a lineage-based historical society with over 100 chapters in Virginia and a national membership of 170,000.



Above: George Washington National Masonic Memorial on the hill, and a view of Old Alexandria from the hill

Left: my new hosts, Robert and Larissa Watkins

When Mark had finished with the DAR ladies, Robert and I introduced ourselves, whereupon Mark invited us to attend a meeting of the Lodge of the Nine Muses 1776 DC. This lodge, described as 'a contemporary Mystery School for Masons seeking enlightenment', usually meets in the House of the Temple, in Washington, on the third Wednesday, but on this occasion would meet this evening (Tuesday) at the Memorial (in Virginia). Robert and I were delighted to accept. Robert then went home, promising to return for me in the afternoon.

| | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|-----------------|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| | | | | |
| Mark Tabbert | GWNMM Library | 1802 lodge room | new Alexandria-Washington lodge room | North lodge room |

Mark and I discussed a number of topics, including his participation in the Edinburgh conference the previous month, future projects, and the library established by his predecessor, Paul Bessel, whom I was scheduled to meet in DC the following day. Mark took me to lunch, and on our return I joined a guided tour of the building, which has three lodge rooms: the South room is used by Robert's Alexandria-Washington Lodge; next to it is a replica of that lodge's room in 1802, and the North lodge room is used by other

Virginia lodges, other Orders, and ‘visiting’ lodges. The building also contains display rooms of the Royal Arch, Knights Templar, Cryptic degrees, Shrine, Grotto, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, and the George Washington Museum.

Robert collected me mid-afternoon and took me to his home, a couple of miles away. That evening we returned for lodge in the North room, long, narrow and dark, with a balcony on three sides and a vaulted ceiling. I met author Kirk MacNulty, and John Wade from Sheffield University, and saw Kenneth Gibala but did not have chance to speak to him. The meeting is hazy in my memory, from a combination of factors: I was tired from too many late nights and early mornings, I could not hear half of what was being said, and could not understand what they were doing. An officer of the lodge would stand and make a short speech, which then became the subject of discussion, followed by a speech by another officer and further discussion, and so on. I gathered that each officer was offering his thoughts on the symbolic duties of his own office, and the others were commenting on this, but I was unable to comprehend what was being said. When the lodge closed, I pleaded tiredness and Robert kindly took me home, missing what would probably have been a very enjoyable dinner.



John Wade & Kirk MacNulty, encountered at the Lodge of the Nine Muses



co-authors Pauk Bessel & Alton Roundtree
Left: Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington

Prince Hall Grand Lodge

Wednesday morning was bright and sunny, and so was I. Robert drove Larissa and me to the House of the Temple, where she set to work and I mooched around until it was time to meet some old e-friends.

As arranged, I met Alton Roundtree, co-author of *Out of the Shadows*, at the front of the building. Alton and I go way back; over the years he and Greg Kearse have published a number of my articles in the *Prince Hall Masonic Digest* and the *Masonic Globe* magazine, and they have helped me with Prince Hall research. Greg was not available, but in his place was Earl Hazel, another e-mail friend of long standing.

Earl drove us to the Grand Lodge building on the corner of U Street NW and Vermont Avenue NW, and explained that this large 5-story building is administered by the Prince Hall Free Mason Eastern Star Charitable Foundation, which rents the lower two floors to businesses and the top three floors to the Craft and other Orders.

They showed me around the building, and then it was time to meet up with Alton’s co-author, Paul Bessel; he and I go back more than ten years, to when I first ventured onto the Internet, and he was just beginning to amass his enormous website. We strolled around and chatted, he showed me the African-American Civil War Memorial and I took a few photos. Then we rejoined Alton and Earl for lunch. Greg Kearse had advised that although U St NW is the home of DC jazz, there were no eateries featuring live jazz at lunchtime on Wednesdays, so we went to a neighbouring soulfood café.

Paul invited me to attend his lodge that evening but, as I explained to him, Alton had arranged for me to attend a Prince Hall lodge—and therein lies a tale.

Six months before I left Australia I wrote to my Grand Master, through the Grand Secretary, explaining that because of my involvement with the Prince Hall fraternity I might receive invitations to attend Prince Hall lodges in jurisdictions where our Grand Lodge had not yet exchanged formal recognition; that it was well known among my Prince Hall friends that Australian Grand Lodges approved visitation by Prince Hall Masons whether or not there was formal recognition; that Prince Hall Grand Lodges were very conservative in outlook, and it might facilitate such visits if I had a letter of approval from my Grand Master.

After some delay, the Grand Secretary informed me that the Grand Master had taken advice on the matter, and was unable to provide such a letter. I noted the response carefully, and decided that it did not constitute a prohibition, merely expression of an inability to assist. So, when corresponding with Prince Hall friends I made my position clear, and asked that they get approval from their Grand Lodges before arranging a visit. Consequently, Alton had a word with his Grand Master, who gave the OK and asked WM Jerry Darring to receive me in Fidelity Lodge.

Robert Watkins wanted to accompany me; the mainstream Grand Lodge of Virginia has exchanged recognition with the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Virginia, but not with the neighbouring Prince Hall Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia. Robert, therefore, needed his Grand Master's permission, which was refused.

After lunch I said farewell to Paul Bessel and went back with Earl and Alton to Alton's office, where we discussed his next book. Then they drove me back to the House of the Temple. Robert collected Larissa and me from there, and took us home to tea.

That evening Robert drove me back to Washington, and insisted he would collect me after lodge. Alton, now resplendent in his Grand Lodge regalia, as *Grand Editor*, met me at the door and conducted me to the main lodge room, where Fidelity Lodge 20 would meet. With my Masonic passport, and Alton vouching for me, I had no problem proving myself, and we were admitted for the opening.

American lodge rooms have at least two doors, the main door and one leading directly from the candidate's preparation room, and some have doors leading to other rooms, usually storerooms. This large, rather plainly furnished room had four doors. About thirty brethren were present, mostly young, and Alton and I were seated in the North.

American lodges do not have an Inner Guard. This duty is performed by the Junior Deacon. In Fidelity Lodge the duty is performed enthusiastically and with military precision. The Junior Deacon marched to the nearest door, opened it, examined the area without, slammed the door shut, and marched to each of the others in turn and repeated the process, before reporting the lodge tyled.

I had previous experience of the American custom of opening directly into the third degree, which requires giving the signs and *due guards* of all three degrees in an unbroken sequence. The signs were less elaborate than my own and, since I had no due guards, I'd found that it was possible to complete the sequence at the same time as everyone else.

I had been a little disappointed that there was no degree work scheduled for the evening, but I need not have been. The stated meeting—opening, reception of a Past Grand Master, general business, and closing—was a new experience for me, and provided a memorable evening.

PGM Robert Wheeler was accorded 'public grand honors', and no one seemed to mind that the South Australian version was rather different.

The general business was quite long, with numerous reports by chairmen of committees, but even these were of interest to me, giving insight into the wide range of activities in which the lodge was engaged.

The opening and closing rituals were faultlessly performed, with meticulous attention to squaring all movements, but what delighted me most was the *a cappella* voices of the officers and brethren as they quietly sang '*Let your light shine on me*' throughout the performance of this work. (Alton informed me that in his lodge, Redemption Lodge 24, they sing '*Walking in the Light*').

After the meeting I spent a few minutes with the brethren, expressing my pleasure and gratitude, then went outside, where I found Robert and Larissa waiting for me in their car.

Alexandria-Washington Lodge

I did not go back to the House of the Temple on Thursday morning, as planned, but simply got ready for lodge in the evening, and packed as much as I could for the trip back to Seattle, then relaxed.

Robert and I left for lodge early that evening, to set up and to check the equipment for my PowerPoint presentation. Both the main lodge rooms at the George Washington Masonic National Memorial are fairly large, but quite different in design and furnishing, and the acoustics in the South room were far superior.

Brethren of Alexandria-Washington Lodge dine before the meeting, but Robert and I gave it a miss; perhaps he, too, was a bit nervous. During his year as Master, he had introduced a program of lodge education in addition to the degree work, but I must have been a bit of a gamble for him—an unknown speaker on a subject different from the rest of his program.

The opening was smooth, polished, meticulously performed, solemn yet somehow relaxed. The business was interesting, and settled expeditiously, and then it was my turn. I had neglected to count heads, but I

estimate 50 or 60 brethren were present. I gave them a brief outline of the development of Freemasonry in the Antipodes, and the history and highlights of ANZMRC. For the most part, the equipment behaved itself and the brethren managed to stay awake for the hour-long presentation.

After lodge closed, brethren stayed for coffee, cakes and ice-cream, and a chat, in which I joined until Robert was ready to go home.

My pre-dawn departure was not from the nearby Reagan Airport, but from the Washington Dulles International, which is about 25 miles further into Virginia. My hosts wanted me to have a sleep before driving me there, but I insisted they dump me at the airport and go home for a few hours sleep themselves before going to work in the morning. So, after a midnight snack and several different vodkas I was deposited at the almost deserted airport, and spent three or four hours in quiet contemplation, then joined the endurance course which is a preliminary to post-9/11 air travel.

The reason for my early departure was to enable me to attend a mid-afternoon dance performance in Seattle, starring my 7-yr-old grandson. This could only be achieved by travelling via Phoenix, Arizona! At the planning stage I had contacted Ralph McNeal, director of the Phylaxis Society's Commission on Bogus Masonic Practices, who lives at Phoenix. I gave him my flight schedule, with a stopover of about one hour, and asked if he could meet me on the secure side of the barrier, because I could not risk delay in getting back through security. He said he thought not, but he would try.

Phoenix fiasco

The flight was uneventful, and I raced around the extensive secure area, searching for Ralph, who was nowhere to be seen. I had given up, and started to purchase souvenirs, when my name was broadcast with instructions to go to a particular checkpoint. There I saw Ralph on the other side of the checkpoint. He was not allowed through, and I dare not risk leaving the secure area, so we stood and conversed over a ten-foot gap of no-man's-land, watched by a security guard. We could not shake hands, or even exchange mementos, just chat, then it was time for me to race back to the boarding gate, glad, sad, and out of puff.

Harashim #46, April 2009

PART III—WEST COAST U S A

News that membership of the Grand Lodge of Washington dropped by 12% in 2007 (Masonic Service Association of North America statistics 2008) surprised me, because the Washington lodges I visited between May and July that year were healthy and active. Some years ago, Kent Henderson observed that whereas Australian lodges tended to lose new members after they had completed their third degree, in America the faint-hearted tended to quit after the first degree, because of the more exacting memory work between degrees. In recent years some American jurisdictions have relaxed memory requirements to the extent that they are not much tougher than in Australia, but the only concession Washington has made is that a candidate for promotion to a higher degree may opt to be examined either privately or in open lodge. I was impressed by the calibre of Apprentices, Fellow Crafts and newly raised Master Masons I met, and with the standard of work.

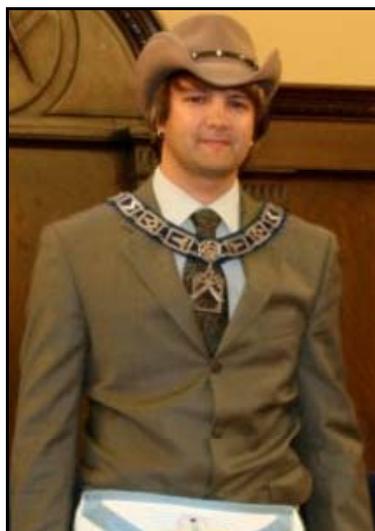
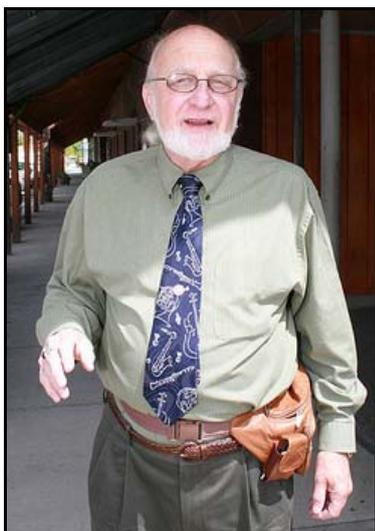
Here are some of the highlights of my visit to the West Coast—and a couple of disappointments.

Daylight Lodge of the Arts, Seattle

Daylight lodges in America are not primarily the refuge of ancient Masons reluctant to go out at night. Many are the home of young and active Masons who work in the evening, and this is certainly true of the Grand Lodge of Washington's Daylight Lodge of the Arts #232, which was formed in 1920 by performing artists, impresarios, backstage personnel and musicians in the age before talking pictures and long before television. The lodge has had its ups and downs, and began a revival in the 1990s under John Losey Sr, his son John (Jay) Losey Jr—whom I encountered on the Internet at this time—and the long-term guidance of PM and Secretary CoeTug Morgan.

More recently it has gained further impetus from an influx of new members, mostly young, attracted by the excellent website (www.daylightmasons.org/), which contains several years of bright and well designed *Trestleboards*, and by the lodge's high profile in the community. In 2006 membership increased by 10%, and in 2007 by 15%. Of the 13 initiates in 2007, the youngest was 24 and the oldest 60, with an average age

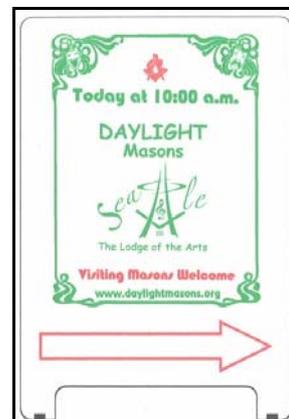
of 39. At the beginning of 2008, the lodge had 70 members (Master Masons), with 9 FCs and 4 EAs, plus several petitions for ballot. In the two years under the Mastership of Anthony Monaco (July 2006 to June 2008), the lodge had 38 degree conferrals plus many others performed at or for other lodges. At the beginning of 2009 the average age of members was 50 years, despite the fact that 8 members were in their 80s, and the average age of all officers was 38.



From left:
CoeTug Morgan
Anthony Monaco
Ronnie Pierce

Among current members actively associated with the Arts are:

- **Anthony Monaco** (WM 2006–2008, Secretary 2008—, GSwdB 2008), singer, guitarist, bandleader, *see* www.myspace.com/anthonymonaco, www.AnthonyMonacoMusic.com.
- **CoeTug Morgan** (WM 1973, Treasurer 1974, Secretary 1975–2008, DDGM 1980, Grand Historian 1990–91, Grand Orator 1992–93, hon. Asst Grand Secretary Emeritus 2007), former theatre owner and impresario, now a board member of arts organisations.
- **Charles Roland Berry**, classical and film-track composer, *see* <http://charlesrolandberry.com/>.
- **David Y Choe** (SD 2006, JW 2007, SW 2008, Grand Photographer 2008), tattoo artist, painter, art photographer.
- **Ronnie Pierce**, jazz musician (clarinet, flute, saxes), bandleader, teacher, former night club proprietor (1960s), has played with Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holliday, Ernestine Washington, Billy Eckstein, Ray Charles, Hank Williams and Quincy Jones; he's still playing regularly at Seattle night spots. Check out www.myspace.com/ronniepiercejazz.
- **David Julian** (Lodge Musician, DDGM 1999, Past Grand Organist, Past Grand Bible Bearer, author of *David vs. Goliath*, 1998), singer and musician.
- **Andrew Anderson** (JW 2006, SW 2007, WM 2008) is married to mezzo soprano Carla Hilderbrand, opera diva; www.carlahilderbrand.com/.



Above: Carla Hilderbrand & Andrew Anderson and the movable sign
Left: David Choe; Charles Berry & David Julian.

photos by David Choe

Well before 10 AM on the third Saturday in May 2007 I arrived at the lodge premises, clearly marked by a removable sign and a fixed 'Masonic' clock, climbed the stairs, and produced my Masonic 'passport'. Both the passport and I were examined with interest, then I was warmly welcomed and admitted for the opening. In the absence of degree work, this lodge opens on the first degree, but I knew that the lodge would be working a third degree ceremony and would open directly onto that degree. Prior to the opening, I sat quietly in the North and watched an informal rehearsal of some parts of the coming ceremony, and a checking of costumes and equipment.

Then the Master rapped (we'd say gavelled) and commenced the opening ceremony, which was sufficiently different to require my full attention. The business matters of the 'stated' meeting were quickly completed, and the Fellow Craft was admitted. I knew the theory of an American third degree, but this was the first I'd ever witnessed. The first half of the working is as decorous as 'ours', but the second half is performed as a costume play, with a cast of about 20 in oriental clothing, and some vigorous acting. It was very well done.

At the conclusion of the ceremony I was formally welcomed by the Master, and invited to sit on his right, in the East. I had a brief discussion with him about differences in signs, including Grand Honours; I explained that in Australia there was no distinction between 'private' and 'public' Grand Honours, and that my jurisdiction (South Australia) had a different sign from that of the other Australian jurisdictions. I offered to demonstrate it to him and he agreed. After the demonstration he asked if I had ever seen the American 'private' Grand Honours, and I said No, so he called upon the lodge to give me private Grand Honours. It must have taken at least ten minutes, because every member of the lodge perambulated to the East individually and saluted me with a series of signs. It was an overwhelming experience, and one that I shall never forget.

After the lodge was closed, we adjourned to an Italian restaurant beneath the lodge rooms, for fellowship and for lunch, mainly pizzas and wine or beer. It was a great morning in the company of friendly, mostly young, and enthusiastic Masons. If I resided in Seattle, this would be the lodge I'd petition. But, sadly, I knew that I would not be able to attend the June meeting because it clashed with another commitment, and that I would leave Seattle a few days before the July (Installation) meeting. So mote it be.

Vancouver WA

Within a few hours road or rail travel of Seattle there are two cities named Vancouver, the better-known one to the north, across the border in British Columbia, and the other on the southern boundary of Washington state, adjacent to Portland, Oregon. The latter was my destination towards the end of May, where two lodges meet on consecutive evenings, and my old e-pal Waldren O Lindblad is a Past Master of both. On the Thursday I travelled by Greyhound coach and arrived mid-afternoon, to be met by Wally, who introduced me to the manager of the coach station, who happened to be Junior Warden of the Prince Hall lodge in Vancouver, and then Wally took me to my motel.



**Vancouver
Masonic
Center**

photos from website



Foyer



front hall



library



'small' dining room

That evening we went to the Vancouver Masonic Center, meeting place for Mt Hood Lodge #32 and Ridgefield–Daylight Lodge #237, both under the Grand Lodge of Washington, and also of Vancouver Lodge #47 under the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington.

Mount Hood, meeting in the larger of the two lodge rooms, had a busy schedule that evening, with *six* candidates for initiation—three ‘double firsts’—but the Master readily agreed to some extra ‘work’. This was a request by one of his Fellow Crafts to take his proficiency test in the second degree in open lodge. The FC’s coach (mentor) was not present, but a Past Master volunteered to conduct the test, so the lodge was opened on the second degree. The candidate and his interlocutor stood in the middle of the lodge and, without any hesitation or prompting, proceeded to describe the whole of the second degree and give explanations for every part of it, by means of questions and answers. It was an impressive performance by both the young Fellow Craft and the unrehearsed Past Master.

Then the lodge was opened on the first degree and the first two candidates admitted. They were initiated but not given the equivalent of ‘our’ final charge or tracing board. The second pair were initiated, the third pair likewise, and the lodge was closed. We all went to supper, a full but informal meal with beer and soft drinks in the smaller of the two dining rooms. Towards the end of the meal, equipment was set up in the dining room for a PowerPoint presentation and, without any formality, the Master lectured the six Entered Apprentices (and me) in the equivalent of the first tracing board, and the District Deputy of the Grand Master (I’m not sure whether he was a member or a visitor) volunteered to give the equivalent of the final charge.

In conclusion, each of the six EAs was given the opportunity to say a few words. For me, this was the high point of an amazing evening: these Apprentices ranged in age from early 20s to late 60s; they had not been rehearsed in what to say, and later speakers were not merely copying or paraphrasing previous speakers, but it was evident that each of them was drawn to the esoteric aspects of Freemasonry. Here was a lodge which met fortnightly, drawing 40 or 50 members to the monthly degree ceremony performed with relaxed competence, and this was the calibre of candidates attracted to the lodge!

Next day, after learning to make waffles, then exploring the town, I met Wally and his wife for lunch, and spent some time at their home. In the evening Wally and I returned to the Masonic Center for my first experience of a Prince Hall lodge. The meeting was in the smaller lodge room. Wally and I found ‘the book’ and signed in, then Wally took me to the library, where we met Richard Kingsberry, with whom I had corresponded ten years previously, when Richard was District Deputy Grand Master for the lodges which included Vancouver #47, and we three had a quiet chat. Richard was called away, and a couple of minutes later Wally went, too. I stayed, assuming that this was where I would be ‘proved’. After a while I heard unmistakable sounds of the opening ceremony, so I approached the Tyler and asked when I was going to be proved. He made me wait until the opening was complete and then inquired within. He was told to admit me!

I realised that the lodge was open in the third degree, and guessed that I would be expected to salute in all three degrees, so I did—my way. I was then escorted to the East, where Richard was in the chair, in the absence of the Master, and he welcomed me and invited me to sit on his right. I told him that, since I had missed the opening, I rather expected to be required to walk the Tyler’s sword. (This is a ceremony used in some Prince Hall jurisdictions, including Washington, when a well known brother arrives late, and I was quite familiar with what was required, and rather looked forward to demonstrating it.) Richard said they would never do that but, since I was interested, he would demonstrate it for me, whereupon he called for the Tyler, laid down the sword and gave a demonstration rather different from the version I had of the PHA Washington ritual!

This was a Stated meeting, with no degree work, but the business was quite interesting to me. At its conclusion, the lodge was closed and I spent a few minutes talking to brethren, including the Junior Warden (who explained that he would not be at the bus station when I left on Saturday, but that his wife would be in charge and would take good care of me), and then Wally dropped me back at my motel.

On Saturday morning I had a choice of observing a weekly study group in the library or examining the museum in the attic. Armed with my trusty camera, I chose the latter, and spent a happy couple of hours examining the artefacts and documents in a museum set up as a lodge room. I took gigabytes of photos, and include a couple of them below. After lunch, Wally and ‘Mrs JW’ saw me safely on my way back to Seattle.



an old carpet
(tracing board)
in the museum



main lodge room (from the East)



'small' lodge room (from the West)

Museum lodge room, looking East

On left (NE): SD's chair & wand, flag, wall chart; *centre rear:* letter G, officers' jewels and cords, WM's chair & pedestal, with boxed working tools in front; *SE corner:* Secretary's desk & chair (not visible), with George Washington's portrait above; *extreme right:* JW's pedestal & pillar; *foreground:* altar with electric candles (substituted for safety reasons) and kneeling block; recessed in the altar top is an old Bible under glass.



Harashim #47, July 2009

PART III—WEST COAST U S A concluded

There has been an Australian connection with Walter F Meier Lodge of Research in Seattle for nearly 20 years, in the person of PM and long-term Secretary Bob J Jensen, who enrolled the lodge and himself as members of the correspondence circle of the Victorian Lodge of Research in 1990, and supplied me with past papers of WF Meier and other material to assist me in Prince Hall research in the state of Washington. The link across the Pacific was strengthened when Australian-born Ian Hyde joined WF Meier and became head of the lodge's 'Masonic College', which meets monthly from September to May.

During my stay in Seattle, from the end of April to late July 2007 (with a break of two weeks in June, visiting the East Coast), I hoped to visit the college and the lodge, and to meet Bob Jensen, but Bob was seriously ill (sadly, he died later that year), and the May meeting of the college was cancelled in favour of a

Table Lodge to honour the Grand Master. But I got to attend a Table Lodge, which I hadn't expected, and to address the lodge at the June stated meeting, as scheduled.

Meier's Table Lodge

The Master of Walter F Meier Lodge of Research, VWBro Brian Hardy, kindly drove my son (and brother) Nigel and me to and from lodge.

A Table Lodge is a special event—a tyled meeting in the dining room, with a modicum of ritual and plenty of good fellowship, a semi-formal meal and a toast list. This one was to honour MWBro Charles W McQuery, who had almost completed his one-year term as Grand Master. Two Past Grand Masters were present, not by virtue of rank or office, but as active members of the research lodge; indeed, one of them, Richard A Mecartea, is the current Master of the lodge (2009).

The tables were set in a hollow square, with the altar in the middle, and the national flag in the NE corner. Dinner was prepared and served by members of the lodge under the supervision of the Junior Warden, and was accompanied by sufficient quantities of good red wine—and perhaps other beverages which I did not notice. The toasts were followed by firing in the continental style, with references to powder and cannons, then draining the glass and banging it on the table, as outlined in Harry Carr's *The Freemason at Work*, and very similar to the method of firing in Lodge Concordia, which works the Schröder ritual in South Australia.



Top table of the Table Lodge of Walter F Meier Lodge of Research 281, May 2007.

From left: Jeffrey Hardin (Doric 92), Joe Reese (EA, Occidental 72), PM Errol Scott (WFM 281), PM Nigel Pope (SA Lodge of Research), PGM Kenneth S Robinson (WFM 281), WM Brian Hardy (WFM 281), GM Charles W McQuery, PGM Richard A Mecartea (WFM 281), JGW Douglas E Tucker, PM Steven H Ellis (Secretary WFM 281) and Ralph Weathers (EA, Doric 92).

In anticipation of visiting American lodges, I had purchased a number of lapel pins from various Australia sources, including some pins in the shape of Tasmania, and some with a map of Australia with the jurisdiction of South Australia and the Northern Territory marked in red, in the belief that every American Mason would want to exchange pins. Curiously, the only time an American initiated such an exchange with me was at this Table Lodge, and it was the Grand Master who did so. In a number of American jurisdictions, the Grand Master marks his brief reign with the issue of a coin or token, but GM McQuery designed a pin. I accepted his pin with pleasure, and presented him with mine from South Australia. After that, a few other pins were exchanged, and I scored a secretary's pin (and an invitation to a malt whisky tasting) from lodge secretary Steve Ellis.

Washington Grand Lodge library

The Grand Lodge building, including the library, is in Tacoma, a few miles south of Seattle. Ian Hyde was my chauffeur for the day, and he took me directly to the library and museum on the lower ground floor, where we were greeted by librarians George Lapham and Dick Bish. I'd met Dick previously, in South

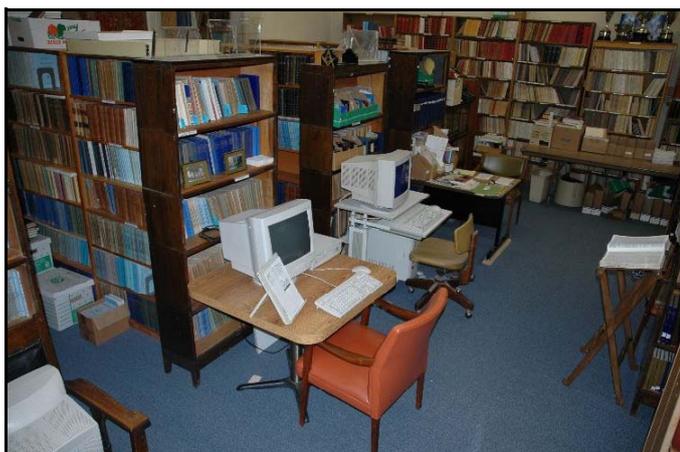
Australia, at an informal multi-jurisdictional barbecue, in company with John Belton (England), Max Webberley (Tasmania) and a bunch of South Australian researchers.

We were soon joined by Sidney Breckenridge, whom I had asked to meet us there. Sid is an old e-friend of mine, for many years responsible for the sale of books and other material for the Phylaxis Society. Every time he filled my order, Sid would include a gift, usually an enormous lapel button of a distinguished Prince Hall lodge. It turned out that Sid had never previously visited the mainstream GL library, and I introduced him to the others, who promptly offered him an inter-library loan of a large collection of books.

After a tour of the library and museum, Ian and I departed for Seattle, but detoured to the Shriners' golf course, where we had a pleasant lunch at the clubhouse restaurant.



Above left: Tony Pope, Sid Breckenridge, Dick Bish & George Lapham; right: the museum;
below: two views of the library



Meier's stated meeting

Ian was again my chauffeur for the June stated meeting of the Walter F Meier Lodge of Research, where I gave a PowerPoint presentation on the history of ANZMRC. Afterwards, I was presented with my very own firing glass.

Although I didn't know it at the time, my paper served as an introduction to another visiting speaker—Kent Henderson, who toured Canada and the US in September 2007. The paper he presented at Walter F Meier was 'The Craft in Islamic countries; an analytical review'. His paper and mine were subsequently printed in the lodge's 2007 *Transactions*; both were later accepted for inclusion on the Pietre-Stones website. And both of us were elected honorary members of Walter F Meier Lodge of Research, joining the august company of Robert L D Cooper (who visited the lodge in 2005, on the way home from his ANZMRC tour) and Charlie Walker III (Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington).

Perhaps Kent will give us an account of his North American tour.

Upton Memorial

William H Upton was a Superior Court Judge, a member of Blue Mountain Lodge at Walla Walla in the far southeast of the state, and Grand Senior Warden, when he was appointed to chair a committee in response to a letter from two Prince Hall Masons in 1897. His report was accepted by the Grand Lodge with regard to

regularity, visitation, and the future formation of a Prince Hall Grand Lodge in Washington, and Upton was elected Grand Master in 1898. The result was that 17 other American grand lodges severed fraternal ties with Washington, and the following year Washington capitulated—but PGM Upton did not. He wrote a book on the subject and gave publication rights to the Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, he wrote a paper published in *Ars Quatuor Coronatorum*, and he stipulated in his will that no memorial stone should be placed on his grave until Black and White Masons could stand beside it as brothers.

Nearly 100 years later, in 1990, the mainstream and Prince Hall Grand Lodges of Washington exchanged recognition, and the following year the memorial ceremony took place.

Among the brethren I met at WFM was Grand Secretary John D Keliher, whose oration at the William H Upton memorial ceremony in 1991 was published 10 years later in *Harashim* (#19, July 2001).

When I visited the Prince Hall lodge at Vancouver (reported in the April issue of *Harashim*), I was presented with a DVD of the memorial ceremony, the highlights of which were Bro Keliher’s moving oration and close-ups of the memorial stone.

My son Nigel knew that I wanted to visit the grave and one Saturday in July we got a leave pass from the family and set off, over the mountains into country quite similar to outback Australia. We took the opportunity to visit several wineries en route, and arrived in Walla Walla in time for supper.

Bright and early next morning we drove to the cemetery, a large, flat, grassy and wooded area on the other side of town. I easily located the section set aside for Freemasons, fully a quarter of the whole cemetery, and began to look for Upton’s large memorial stone.

I could not find it anywhere. I knew from Internet research that there was only one cemetery in Walla Walla, that there were at least eight members of the Upton family buried there, including William H, and that the family no longer resided in Walla Walla. There was no living soul in sight, and no obvious signs of life in the residences near the cemetery.

We knew that both local lodges had recessed for the month of July, and could find no useful phone number in the book, so we located the Masonic Hall, and looked—in vain—for a contact name or phone number. Determinedly, we returned to the cemetery and walked along every row in the Masonic section, and, less thoroughly, through the other sections. In the Odd Fellows section I found the stone of a very odd fellow indeed, but it was small consolation for the lack of Uptons.

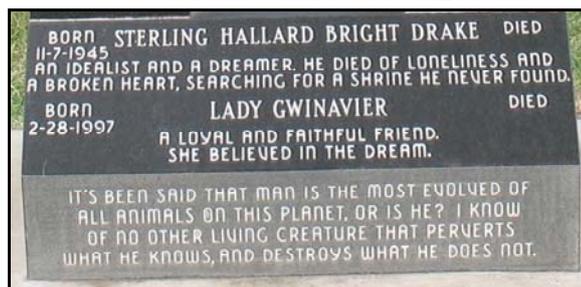


Above: chauffeurs Brian Hardy, Ian Hyde and Nigel Pope

Below, left: Mason & Eastern Star; centre & right: a very Odd Fellow indeed



William H. Upton



Eventually we gave up, and returned home via a commercial trading post of an Indian reservation. Incidentally, I learned that many Indians prefer to be called *Indians*, rather than the PC term *Native Americans*. I have not pursued the mystery of the missing grave since I returned home.

San Francisco

The flight home was via San Francisco and Honolulu, with two full days stopover in San Francisco and four in Hawaii. Of that period, two half-days were allocated to Masonic matters.

My wife and I farewelled our Seattle family at the crack of dawn on Sunday, and headed for SEATAC airport for a two hour flight to San Francisco, where we would be met by Dennis Chornenky, president of the Masonic Restoration Foundation. Dennis would take us to our downtown hotel, thence to one or more temples to meet various brethren.

Alas and alack! Murphy's Law intervened. Our United Airways 737 was an hour late in arriving at SEATAC, and after a further two hours examination by mechanics, it was withdrawn from service. There was no replacement aircraft available, and other airlines were unable to absorb all the stranded passengers. We remained at the airport all day in the hope of casual vacancies in later flights, and finally accepted a flight to Los Angeles with a connection back to San Francisco that would get us to our hotel around midnight.

But Murphy hadn't finished with us that day. We were in LAX, waiting for the flight to SF, when a delay was announced, suspected terrorists on board. It turned out to be one small, middle-aged, inebriated African-American man. Four large and heavily armed police removed him from the aircraft and proceeded to interrogate him in the passage we needed to use in order to board the aircraft, causing further delay. We reached our hotel well after midnight. The moral of the story is: it's quicker by train or bus!

On Monday morning my wife and I took a half-day sightseeing tour and a late lunch, then I headed for 1111 California St, Grand Lodge. I'd planned to take a tram for half the distance, and walk the rest of the way, but the tram was full when it arrived, and there was no guarantee the next one would be any different, 20 minutes later, so I walked the whole way, uphill, with frequent short rests. San Francisco makes Hobart look flat.

When I reached my destination (late, of course), I was faced with a large Anti-Masonry poster and a flight of steps that reminded me of one of those ancient temples in Mexico. But I staggered on, to be greeted by Adam Kendall, Collections manager of the Henry Wilson Coil library and museum, who was responsible for the Anti-Masonry exhibition.

He was accompanied by Dennis Chornenky, and we were joined by long-term Grand Secretary John L Cooper III, who is also secretary of Northern California Lodge of Research.

We discussed a number of topics of common interest, including John L's impending retirement as Grand Secretary, and he gave me a copy of *Le Progrès de l'Océanie 1843: the first Masonic lodge in Hawaii*, which I subsequently reviewed in issue 42 of *Harashim*.

I had hoped to meet other California Masons, including Luis J Orozco II (secretary of El Camino Lodge of Research at San Jose), Norman Leeper (secretary of Southern California Research Lodge) and John B Williams (president of the Phylaxis Society), but for various reasons none of them could make the trip.



Adam Kendall



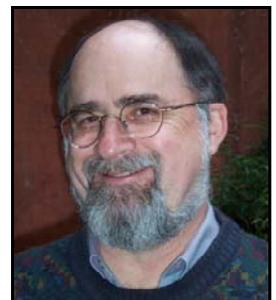
John L Cooper III



Luis J Orozco II



John B Williams



Jay Kinney

I did receive a phone call from another Mason I had hoped to meet. This was Jay Kinney, founder of *Gnosis*, 'a journal of the Western Inner Traditions'. He was publisher and editor-in-chief of this magazine for all 51 issues between 1985 and 1999. These included an early issue containing a marvellous spoof on modern myth-makers by Robert Anton Wilson, entitled 'The Priory of Sion and Jesus, Freemasons, Extraterrestrials, the Gnomes of Zurich, Black Israelites and Noon Blue Apples'. And a later issue was devoted entirely to Freemasonry, which Ralph Herbold liked so much he purchased copies wholesale and

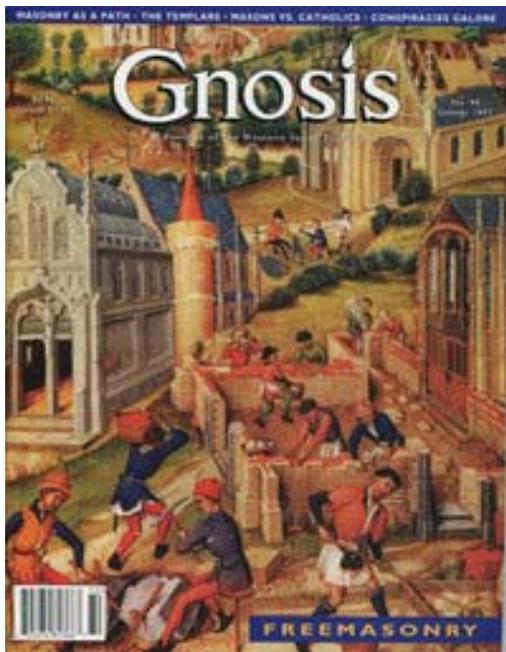
resold them on the Southern California Research Lodge (SCRL) book list, which is how I first encountered *Gnosis*.

Then, in December 2000, Jay Kinney joined the 'freemasonry-list' discussion group and introduced himself as a candidate for Freemasonry. I corresponded with him briefly on the e-list, and followed his early Masonic career with interest, but lost touch when I left the e-list.

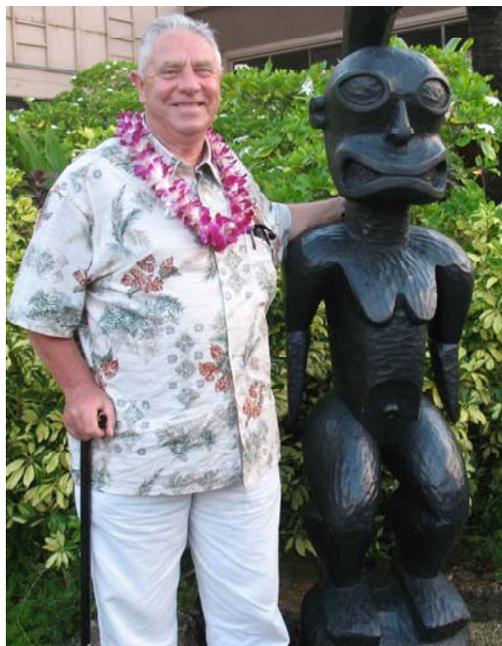
Now, in 2007, I was interested to learn his 'take' on the Craft from the inside, and if there was life after *Gnosis*. But more about that in the next issue of *Harashim*.



WFM firing glass



cover, *Gnosis* #44 (Summer 1997)
Freemasonry



Aloha

That was the last of my Masonic encounters during the trip. On the Tuesday we went to Yosemite, and on Wednesday we headed for Hawaii for four days of surf, sun and soft music, then back to chilly Canberra for the last month of winter.