



# THE PAYSON MASON

## TRESTLEBOARD      DECEMBER 2014



Sy Harrison Lodge No 70 F&AM, 200 E Ranch Rd, Payson, AZ 85541 928-474-1305 www.paysonmason.org

### The Mother-Lodge

By Rudyard Kipling

THERE was Rundle, Station Master,  
An' Beazeley of the Rail,  
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,  
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;  
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant, Our  
Master twice was 'e,  
With im that kept the Europe-shop,  
Old Framjee Edu1jee.

*Outside - " Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!  
Inside - 'Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.  
We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!*

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

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

For monthly, after Labour, We'd  
all sit down and smoke  
(We dursn't give no banquets,  
Lest a Brother's caste were  
broke), An' man on man got  
talkin' Religion an' the rest,  
An' every man comparin'  
Of the God 'c knew the best.

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

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

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

*Outside - " Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!  
Inside - 'Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.  
We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!*