

Daily Advancement

June Meeting

Your attendance is requested in performance of your Masonic duty for the next regular meeting of Lodge Pembroke to be held at the Masonic Hall, 3 Forcett Street, Sorell on **Thursday 24th June 2010** to be tyled at **7.30pm** sharp.

Agenda

1. Confirmation of Minutes
2. Business Arising
3. Correspondence & General Business
4. Financial Report
5. Almoner's Report
6. Receive Visitors
7. ***Raising: Bro Rob Clisdell***
8. Close Meeting

Obligation	Rt Wor Bro Barry Curtain
Exhortation	Wor Bro Alan Burton
15 Fellowcraft	Wor Bro Barry Ford
Ecclesiastes	Rt Wor Bro John Millington
Emblems	Wor Bro Tony Bruce-Mullins
Secrets	TBA
Investiture	Senior Warden
Apron Extension	Bro Graham Alomes
Traditional History	Wor Bro Paul Kregor
Tracing Board	Wor Bro Graham Hawkins
Extended Signs	Wor Bro Basil Masters
Working Tools	Wor Bro Bob Steele

Don't forget the Ladies

Bring your wife or partner and join in the enjoyment of a night with friends.

Assistance with the supper would be appreciated.

ELEPHANTS CAN'T JUMP

First response: thanks goodness for that!

Elephants can't jump, from level ground anyway. This is true even when they are babies, as far as we know, but they are not alone. Probably all turtles cannot truly jump. It is also likely to be true of some salamanders and large crocodiles, some chameleons and other lizards.

Hippos probably cannot or do not jump, along with moles and other burrowing mammals, sloths and other climbing specialists.

We don't specifically know why. There are just scattered anecdotes and folklore, like the tired myth that elephants have four knees (they actually have only two).

Racehorses weighing about half a tonne are among the largest quadrupeds that can make impressive jumps. In horse racing, the 'Chair', the highest fence on the Grand National course, is 1.8 metres high.

Large African elephants weigh around 5 tonnes, and Asian elephants only a little less. After them, the heaviest quadrupeds are the hippopotamus (about 3 tonnes) and the white and Indian rhinos (about 2 tonnes).

Whether these and other large animals can jump depends on what you count as jumping. Film of a white rhino galloping at 7.5 metres per second showed that, at one stage of its stride, all

four feet were off the ground, but is this 'jumping'.

Big jumps require strong leg bones and muscles. The vertical component of the force the feet exert on the ground, averaged over a complete stride or jump, must equal the animal's weight. In a substantial jump, the animal is off the ground for longer than it would be in the running stride, so its legs will be subject to larger forces at take-off and landing.

Simple physics tells us that if big animals were precisely scaled-up versions of smaller ones, an animal with double the linear dimensions would be eight times heavier, but its legs would be only four times stronger and less able to jump.

It is likely that some quadruped dinosaurs were too heavy to jump.

Really heavy animals, like rhinos and hippos can hardly jump or land without injury. After reaching terminal velocity, a mouse would bounce after hitting the ground but an elephant would break.

In his book *Elephant Bill*, JH Williams relates how a stampeding female Indian elephant jumped a ditch, though she went lame in the forefeet soon after.

[Its not so much the jumping as the landing that leaves me shaking.]



The 'miracle' baby Asian elephant born at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo in February 2010, with a watchful mum.



THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THIS ANYMORE

In his youth *John Slater* was a Royal Marine commando. "There came a time," he said, "when I lost interest in learning how to kill a man with my thumbs." He went to live among the poor of London, so that he could help humanity and learn more about himself.

His first eccentric act to achieve notoriety was volunteering to spend six months in a cage in the London Zoo as a human exhibit, to raise funds for the conservation of the panda bear. The zoo authorities, he said, shortsightedly declined.

His next, again intended as a fund-raiser, was a walk along the very edge of Scotland's rugged coastline—3,000 miles, he says, if you tread the very brims of every bay and inlet and peninsula, of which there are countless. For all his effort he raised only about 1,000 pounds. Clearly his next venture had to be more spectacular.

"I know!" he said to his girlfriend. "I'll walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's"—which is to say, the entire length of Britain.

"Done to death, John," his girlfriend retorted.

"I'll do it barefoot, then." His girlfriend sighed. "And in my pajamas!" She lifted an eyebrow. Taking that as her benediction, he got into a pair of white pajamas with red and green stripes and hitchhiked down to the starting point, at the tip of Cornwall. He was accompanied by his dog *Guinness*, a Labrador, who wore leather booties John had made for him.

"The Cornish roads were the worst," he said. "The gravel at the verges was flinty and sharp, and mixed into it were splinters of broken glass. By the second day my feet were septic. From that day till the end of the walk, I said 'Ouch' every fourth step. Once, at night, I

accidentally kicked a gigantic hedgehog and got two quills right up my toenail. Kind of took the humor out of it, for a bit."

Despite all, John managed to cover 12 miles a day. After four months and many adventures, he limped into John O'Groat's, Britain's northernmost point, where a crowd awaited him. "I'm seldom speechless," John said, "but I just stood there without a word to say. I thought to myself, 'It is possible! You can if you think you can. There's nothing to stop you.' It wasn't so much a sense of achievement I felt. It was more that I'd been led along by something much greater than me."

Over the years, John exasperated his way through a number of marriages and relationships, as eccentrics tend to do. Particularly trying for his last wife was his penchant for going off to live for three and four months at a time in a cave on the Scottish coast. Twice a day, when the tide roared in, he had to run for his life to the back of the cave. Sitting there in the dark and the damp, he listened enraptured to the ceaseless chatter of the wave-tossed pebbles. "You realize that the planet's breathing, that the same energy that is moving those stones is also moving your heart. And the colors! The longer you've been in the dark, the more its beauty hits you."

Now 60 and white-bearded, his blue eyes still atwinkle with fresh enthusiasm, John no longer goes to the caves—to the relief of his companion, a shy, sensible young woman named Karlin Bowie. He pours all his efforts into getting financial support for the spreading of his message, which emphasizes vegetables, vitamins and natural healing.

John's motto is: "Wag your tail at everyone you meet."

None of the countless species of animal in existence has three legs.

*Creatures such as the kangaroo and the meerkat use their tails for balance,
but a tail is plainly not the same as a leg.*

This pattern does not apply only to mammals - other kinds of animal have an even number of legs, too.

Why wouldn't having three legs work?

YOU CAN'T BEAT NOSTALGIA

Having to put off doing degree work in May, we were left with a bit of spare time to fill in before getting down to the serious business of devouring the food prepared for us by Mrs Gwen Reynolds and her able helpers.

What better way to do it, given that May is the month of the Tasmanian Heritage Festival, but to share some memories?

For a theme, brethren were challenged to think back thirty years to what they were doing in 1980. After a brief pause, the Director began selecting people at random to say a few words.

Thirty years probably doesn't really seem all that long when you're past seventy. But for the younger ones, like Bro Edward Costello it was about memories of growing up behind his father's butchers shop in Sorell. Barry Ford recalled the work that went in to saving and restoring the Engineer's Building in Hobart. Basil Masters and Alan Burton shared anecdotes from their days as Corrections Officers.

There were stories about driving log trucks and blockading the woodchip mills to improve contracts; about shearing sheep and going to stock sales.

Then there was Wor Bro Ted Phillips who finds it hard to get around now, but in his day represented Australia as a champion wood chopper and sawyer.

We were able to acknowledge the great achievement of Ralph Bradshaw's son Keith in rising to be the CEO of the Marilybone Cricket Club at Lord's, and how proud his father is.

You can attend a lot of Lodge meetings and spend a lot of years meeting brethren again and again but there is always something new that you can learn about them - you can still have those "well I never knew that" moments. That's what makes these sort of nights memorable, why rather than wanting to head home by ten, most of us were still happily talking and listening at eleven.



I hope we can do it again soon.

Pembroke Affiliation

Wor Bro Basil MASTERS

DOB 12/06/1934 Retired

PA 23 Shoreline Drive, Howrah

Proposed: V Wor Bro Barry Curtain

Seconded: Wor Bro Paul Kregor

Calendar

Thursday 17 June 2010

Pacific Lodge 150th Anniversary
Address on the History of the
Lodge by MW Bro Robert T
Clarke followed by a Banquet.
RSVP Essential to 6243 7062

Monday 21st June 2010

Fraternal Visit to Bowen
2nd Degree: Bro William Butchart

Tuesday 22nd June 2010

Pembroke Rehearsal
Third Degree

Thursday 24th June 2010

Pembroke Regular Meeting
Third Degree: Rob Clisdell

Saturday 26th June 2010

Tas Union Installation
Wor Bro Frank Trappes
OPEN CEREMONY

Addresses

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