

IT'S BACK!

This special, albeit abbreviated, edition of your *Cabletow* is an attempt to jumpstart the New Year and to re-invigorate our columns, not only with the 'usual' messages from our Pillars, but also with tidbits calculated to whet your appetite and quench your thirst for Masonic information.

Much has happened since the previous *Cabletow*, among which was Hawaiian Lodge's weeklong celebration of our Sesquicentennial (150th) Anniversary in May 2002, (please visit our website, www.hawaiianlodge.org, for a mini-pictorial of the celebration) which was highlighted by the attendance of our most senior Past Master, WBro. Frederick Bolte who was Master in 1957 and other Masonic dignitaries, the creation of new members, and the loss of some who were called to the Celestial Lodge. During the last couple of years, also, new sets of elective and appointive officers were installed.

Brethren from your Hawaiian Lodge were the prime movers and formed the nucleus of the newest Lodge in Hawaii – Leeward Lodge, located in Waipahu, which, after having started as 'Leeward Square and Compass Club' in December 2000 received its Dispensation to commence operating as a Masonic Lodge in September 2001, and was finally chartered in June 2003.

This abbreviated edition presents unpublished articles and as many pictures from our archives, and, at the same time, serves as a prologue and sneak preview of things to come. Materials that cannot be dug out from the vaults in time to make the publisher's deadline will be incorporated appropriately in succeeding issues!

Everyone's support is certainly appreciated, and, as we have all learned, *time, patience and perseverance will accomplish all things . . .*

- *Your 2004 Editorial Staff*

FROM THE EAST



Richard "Rick" Huston, Worshipful Master

ALOHA AND MAHALO

Aloha and Happy New Year to all the Brethren of Hawaiian Lodge and their families. We are going to have a great 2004 Masonic Year!!

I would once again like to thank the Brethren of Hawaiian Lodge for your vote of confidence in electing me to the East for this great year. I shall not let you down.

I must also take a minute to thank the members who worked so hard to make our 2004 installation a huge success! To WB Tony Ligaya and his wife, Sister Fé: it seemed as if every time they made a decision on leis, centerpieces, and whatever else ... I was changing my mind. But they hung in there and decisions were reached, even if it was an hour prior to opening!! To Brother Alex Escasa – again, let's not count the number of times the menu changed, and he still came through on the 11th hour with a feast fit for a King!! A very special Mahalo goes out to Brother Ted Andam and his wife Sister Lucille.... for those beautiful hand-made silk leis which were received by every Officer, their wives, or significant others, and the outgoing Master, were made throughout the year, with much love and Aloha for the Fraternity by this great couple. Many thanks!! Last, and as the saying goes "but certainly not the least", to my lovely wife Karen, whom I seriously think did more running in the week prior, probably covering the entire Island, than two or three of us did in the month prior!! Thank you honey, I admit freely that my success in all I do is because I have you with me.

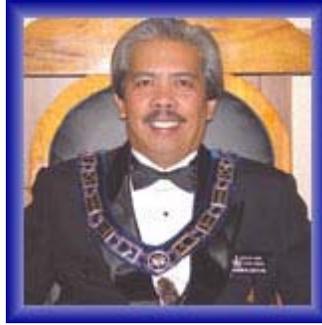
Let me speak a moment on the Cabletow, which you are now reading. WB Tony, WB Oscar and I became determined to get the Cabletow out as soon as we could to show you that we are serious about continuing this fine quarterly magazine. This first issue is intended to be an "all encompassing edition", filled with articles and pictures from times gone by -- sort of a re-introduction issue.

The regularly scheduled issue for 2004's 1st Quarter will be shortly behind this edition, and will cover those important things such as Officers' Roster, photographs, Trustees, Committees, and Committee Chairs. It will also include of course, articles from the pillars.

I would like to solicit from the columns, or even your wives, any articles, commentaries or news worthy items you would like to have published in the CT.

There will be more "from the East" in the 1st Quarter's edition. Watch for it, but more importantly --- see you in Lodge!

FROM THE WEST



Antonio "Tony" M. Ligaya, P.M., Senior Warden

IT IS LONELY IN LODGE WITHOUT YOU

**Be an active member ... the kind that would be missed,
Don't be just contented that your name is on the list.
Do attend the meetings and mingle with the crowd.
Don't just stay at home and crab both long and loud.
Don't leave the work for just a few and gripe about the clique.
Find the time to visit a brother who is sick.
There is quite a program scheduled that means success if done,
And it can be accomplished with the help of everyone!
So, attend the meetings regularly and help with hand and heart.
Be an active member and take an active part.
Think this over Brother --- Are we right or are we wrong?
Be an active member, and, please, don't just belong.
- Author Unknown 1920's**

As we usher in the New Year, I am, once again, filled with mixed emotions of gladness and sadness.

I am glad, and certainly humbled, that you have given me your trust and the opportunity to be of continued service to our Fraternity in general, and to Hawaiian Lodge in particular. Indeed I am awed with gladness to be in the company of such a fine group of officers --- sworn to each other to at least uphold the finest traditions of the premier lodge in this jurisdiction! I am also certainly gladdened by the opportunity to assist with the reemergence of our beloved "Cabletow" following a two-year hiatus.

At the same time, I remain apprehensive, burdened and saddened with the lingering thought of what seems to be permeating in Hawaiian Lodge, albeit recently --- that of non-attendance by a good majority of you --- and, that should this remain the norm, this time around, what this non-attendance's impact will be to our venerable Institution!

Hawaiian Lodge needs all of its members to do the work. The Master can undoubtedly design and lay the best plans on the trestle board, and the rest of the officers will be more than willing to support him, but, without the rest of the Craft to execute such plans everything will be for naught. In more simplistic terms, I envision our Lodge as a wheel, with the Brethren as the spokes. With all the spokes intact, the wheel remains functional and can go places; on the contrary, break even one spoke and the wheel collapses!

It is one thing to miss certain events in Lodge, and yet another to miss out on all of them for at least a year -- and, for some, for a longer period! Brethren, your consistent non-attendance have been 'ringing bells and blowing whistles' that are too alarming to remain unanswered. The silence from the columns during the recent past has been deafening and definitely deserves recognition and action.

Your new set of officers wants to hear from and discuss with you what your Lodge can possibly do to ensure your attendance and active participation. Various programs are being formulated to revitalize this once very active and progressive Lodge --- programs that will only be successful with everyone's support and participation!

When you knocked on the doors of Masonry, those doors were opened to you. It is hoped you will realize that those doors remain open and that those of us who have continued with the labor eagerly wait for your return "home"!

Won't YOU come home to YOUR LODGE?

FROM THE SOUTH



Froilan B. Domingo

LOOKING FORWARD WITH HOPEFUL DEDICATION

To My Brethren: Happy New Year! Let us celebrate adding another year into our life and let us continue to put life into our years.

On New Year's Day, no matter what the past, we look forward with hope. A New Year is always a time of hope. No matter what the problems of the past, we renew our dedication.

As at the ball games that are a feature of this day, not everybody comes out a winner. But we address ourselves to the matters at hand with confidence, with all-out effort, and, most assuredly, with hope. It is in that spirit that I begin this year with you, my Brethren.

February marks the start of American Heart Month, when the nation musters up its resources once again to support the fight against ailments of the heart and circulatory system. It is interesting that the main reason for the enthusiasm with which America supports American Heart Month is that we are so often inclined to put our money where our heart is.

We are more familiar with Valentine's Day; not accidentally, it comes smack in the middle of American Heart Month. The impulses of the heart are generous, and – I know no other way to put it – heartfelt. We tend to approach our problems from the heart, and, today I want you to know that I am writing from the heart. If the head happens to agree, that is so much the better.

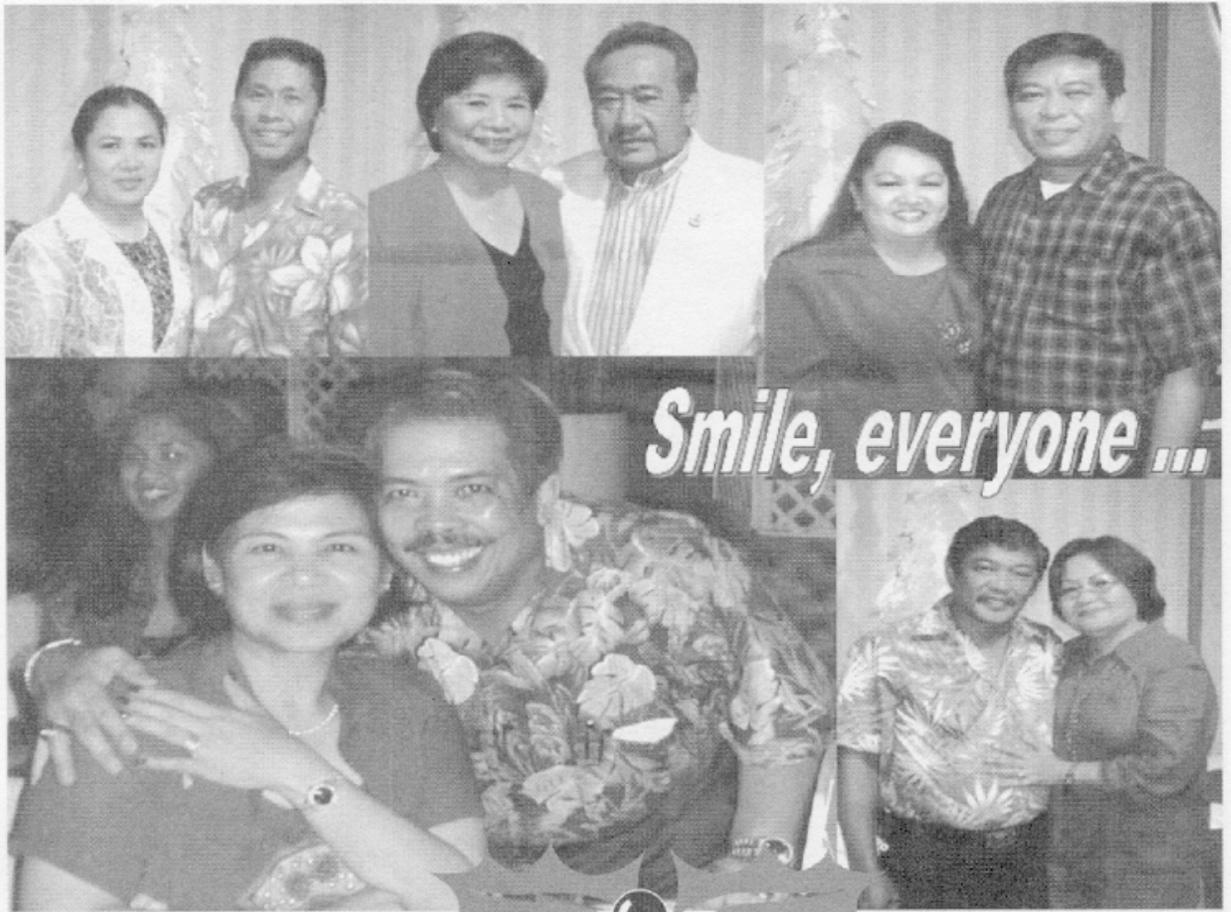
And in March, we are reminded by William Shakespeare, "Beware the Ides of March". Julius Caesar was the man who was told to be wary of the Ides of March, and it was an accurate warning. He was stabbed to death on that very day in 44 B.C. by a group that included his friend Brutus. I am not suggesting you had better check up on your friends. Just remember the sage advice of Satchel Paige, a baseball player, rather than a dramatist, who counseled, "Don't look back – someone might be gaining on you."

See you in Lodge!



Our Christmas Party...
A special time to relax, unwind and enjoy the
company of our friends and loved ones.





Smile, everyone ...



Waiting for Santa ...

FROM THE SOUTH

Rick Huston, Junior Warden - 2002

(Editor's Note: WBro. Huston was recently installed Master for 2004)

THOUGHTS

Aloha Brethren. It has finally happened. I knew it was coming, and I must admit, I have gone through some anxiety, almost lost sleep, and have drifted off in thought while being talked to by someone else [to include Karen! Oops!]. To what could I be alluding? My pending election to JW? Nope! Installation? Nope! I know, the Sweetheart's Ball! Nope, that's not it either! Any clues? Well, what about this, the article your reading! My first article for the Cable Tow! What could I, Rick Huston, write that would be of interest or of good counsel?

On a serious note, the last statement above has caused me some concern. I wanted to sit down and write something that would be words of wisdom, counsel or something that would at least be interesting. Then it hit me. Why not just talk about what Masonry means to me. How does it, has it, affected me personally and my life? If nothing else, it could be of interest to our newer Masons, maybe, even regenerate some feelings in brothers who have drifted away from the Blue Lodge. Let me give it a try.

First, in order to "lay the groundwork"; I must say a few things about my journey in life. I lived, and breathed the United States Army for over 24 years. Nothing was more important to me, than God, my country, the Army, and my family. I knew about Masons, I was in fact a Demolay. I could write another paragraph on my family's history in the Masonic Orders, especially my dad, but suffice it to say, I knew. I deliberately held off becoming a Mason because being in the Army, I always wanted my Mother Lodge to be where-ever it was that I [we] chose to settle, and of course had aspirations of it being the same as my father's lodge. Little did I know that I would spend 20 plus years in Hawaii!

Eight years ago, I made an announcement to my wife Karen, that I was going to petition the lodge. I told her this, on the spur of the moment, on the day she was to be installed as Queen of Daughters of the Nile. I thought it was a nice touch, and she did too. Little did I know, that she was far more aware than I, of the consequences, the life altering habits, the changing feelings, the outlook on life, and yes, even the Divine Intervention that I would face down the road.

You would think, that after all those years in the Army, to include my combat tours, that I would understand the words "Brotherhood", "Camaraderie", "Companionship", "Dependability", "Reliability" - and of course, how about "friendship". Well, I do believe I had a partial understanding all right, and most of you who have been through the military and combat, or life in general, do. What I didn't have, was a full understanding, or more importantly, an appreciation for what these terms mean, and what effect they can have on life.

I have found these things in Lodge. I have learned the true meaning of Brotherly Love, Truth, Fortitude, and Prudence - things that were merely "terms" eight years ago. I have expanded my horizons, I have learned to appreciate life, and regard the rights and benefits of others. And yes, I have even learned to golf! I have never felt so at ease around "strangers" in my life. I have a purpose, a goal, and brothers to help me. I share this and experience it in my personal life with Karen daily.

Oh I know, there are times when we still experience traveling on a rough and rugged road; we are after all, still human, and men! We have idiosyncrasies, personalities, and differences of opinion. I even remember one Brother who was mentoring me as a new Mason, and I thought he was mad at me, and yelling! But he wasn't. This same Brother even followed me out into the parking lot one night, when I was upset and quitting over an incident that eventually rectified itself anyway. He whispered good counsel that night, and pointed out that the lessons we are taught, the beliefs that we have, would overcome the events that took place. And he was right. Thank God he came after me, as I know any of you would have, that is after all, what we are all about. I am thankful to be a Mason, I am thankful to be in Hawaiian Lodge.

I now know what's important, God, my wife, my country and my brothers. And oh yes, I now believe in myself, and know that I, too, am important.

FROM THE SOUTH

Antonio M. Ligaya, PM, Junior Warden – 2003

(Editor's Note: WBro. Ligaya was recently installed Senior Warden for 2004. This article has been updated from the originally published version, in the Grand Secretary of Hawaii's Quarterly Newsletter in early 2003.)

What Induced You?

I have often wondered why one really wants to become a Mason. Could it be to get 'closer' to a boss who is a Mason? Does Joe Sailor think he has to be one to get his 'dream' set of orders? Is it so Neil Bagodonuts could later become a Shriner, and network for his business? Is it because the Hiram Award will look good both on him and in his resume?

What could that reason be that drives one to be all charged up in submitting a petition for the degrees of Masonry, and, once admitted, more often than not, will be no more than be like straws on fire --- which gets extinguished faster than it takes to get ignited!

Whatever the reason or reasons might be, I do not believe I will ever know --- yet I still dare to ask!

In my travels during the last twenty-two years, subsequent to becoming a Master Mason, especially and more specifically here in Hawaiian Lodge, I have often observed men, who have expressed their desire of becoming Masons, voluntarily helping our Lodge Stewards as they go about with their duties --- from their preparations in the kitchen, to the serving of food, and cleaning up afterwards. Upon becoming members, most will continue attending Lodge regularly, and some may even return their proficiency requirements on time if not earlier! For some reasons, however, upon becoming Master Masons, their attendance will start to falter, until it stops (almost) altogether except on such occasions as the annual election of officers and other regular events like the February Sweethearts Ball, Past Masters Night and Christmas Party.

I have also observed some stop attending Lodge almost immediately after being awarded the most-treasured 'Hiram Award' (whether it is deserved is another subject). Still I must add those who only come to Lodge on very few special occasions they undoubtedly think 'face time' is important – such as visitations by Masonic dignitaries – and being seen in such company should be paramount, only stumble over themselves and elicit certain embarrassment for not knowing even the most basic Masonic protocol such as the proper due guards and signs, yet strut and primp for being 'regulars' in the Scottish Rite and/or York Rite Bodies, and, perhaps even be 'legends in their own minds' in Shrinedom!

There have also been times when I really felt awkward to be addressed 'Brother' by another claiming to be a Mason (for I observed him wearing a Masonic ring, and may even have a valid dues card somewhere in his wallet) whom I still have to sit in any Lodge with. It boggles my mind how he found the time to petition the Lodge for membership, but has since been unsuccessful in trying to fit in his busy schedule to attend even the monthly stated meetings.

I hasten to point out, however, that this 'phenomena' of what I refer to as the irregular sighting of the 'occasional Mason' is not exclusive to recently-raised members; indeed, it is more noticeable among those who have been in the Fraternity for a good number of years.

. . . and I again wonder! Could it be possible that they are really that busy that they could not even find the time to at least attend monthly Stated Meetings, yet work the same busy schedules so they could come to our regular social functions almost religiously? Could the reason for their infrequent Lodge attendance be attributed to certain things, or actions (or lack of it) of other members, and/or officers? I will never know, and I certainly believe no one will ever

find out. I do, however, believe that unless these members at least make an honest effort to return to the Lodge, whatever their reason might be will never be addressed.

When I was Senior Warden and Pro-Tem Master of Sagamihara Lodge #13, in Japan, in 1985, one of the Brethren there came across the following few verses, which the Lodge deemed worthy enough to print and issue to our members. I believe these verses, by an anonymous author, are still quite appropriate, so I am reproducing it, as follows:

*“Are you an active Brother, the kind that would be missed,
or are you contented that your name is on the list?
Do you attend the meetings and mingle with the flock,
or do you stay at home the while and criticize and knock,
and do you take an active part to help the work along,
or are you satisfied to be the type that just belongs?
Do you ever pay a visit to a member who is sick,
or leave the work to just a few and then talk about the clique?
There’s quite a program scheduled that I’m sure you’ve heard about,
and we’ll appreciate it if you too will come and help us out.
So come to meetings often and help with hand and heart.
Don’t be just another member, but take an active part.
Now think this over, Brother, you know the right from wrong.
Are you an active Brother, or do you just belong?”*

It should be obvious to all concerned, that, unless one knows the issues being discussed, one may tend to vote based only on impressive and fiery rhetoric, without weighing the merits of the subject. The key to being at least aware of what’s going on is regular attendance!

On a related note, I also ask those who have been given what I call the privilege of holding a Lodge office, whether elective or appointive, past or present --- as well as those who, in the future might be elected or appointed as officers --- what induced you to accept this rare opportunity? Better yet, especially to those who were elected; were you sincere when you accepted your Brethren’s trust to perform the duties of the office you were elected to? Are you demonstrating that sincerity with your effort to learn the work, and with your participation in running the affairs of the Lodge, or are you constantly and consistently relying on someone else to prompt you with what you supposedly have already qualified for and have been certified to be capable of?

We are often reminded of those tenets of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth --- which I, in all humility, suggest are the bedrocks of our Institution. At the same time, based on my personal observation, and with much chagrin, I note that these apparently do not go hand-in-hand! In my most simplistic assessment, particularly in what often transpires during our intercourse in the Lodge, I note the first two tenets exercised by most; but, sadly, to a very few, ‘Truth’ seems to be only a word that must be memorized --- and is not practiced!

I do not remember who said, “To Thine Own Self Be True”, yet I believe it should be the basis of everything we do! Unless we can be truthful to ourselves, I submit we’ll never be on the level with everyone else.

So, what is the truth? Why did you become a Mason? Why did you accept the position? What induced you?

NOT ONE PERSON

By Brother Dan Weatherington, from the Masonic e-mail journal CINOSAM
(researched by Bro. Alexander Escasa)

Not one person ever joined Masonry because George Washington was a Mason. Not one person ever joined Masonry because Harry Truman was a Mason. Not one person ever joined because of any of our great Masonic heroes. Joining doesn't make you any of those people.

Not one person ever joined in order to give a million dollars a day to charity, or homes, or crippled children. You don't have to be a member to give money.

Not one person ever joined because our ritual is outstanding, or our minutes are accurate, or a hundred other things we worry about. They don't know about our ritual.

They joined because someone they knew and admired was a Mason. It could have been a father, a friend, a man down the street, or someone a thousand miles away.

Who, it didn't matter. They admired him and wanted to do the things he did, and they did it by the millions.

Want to help our growth? Be the kind of man someone admires. Someone will notice.

A Man I Once Knew

by Rick Huston

A few years ago, my wife Karen, announced that there was a visitor coming to Hawaii for a conference, and she was going to meet her at the airport and take her to her hotel in Waikiki to get checked in. She said that I would probably know her husband, and asked that I help in getting them checked in. She said “you remember Mr. Burk, from High School, don’t you?”

“Do I remember Mr. Burk! Principal Burk!” I’m sure I said out loud. Lord yes, I remembered Principal Burk! The image that came instantly to mind was of a stocky built man, broad shoulders, square chin, serious look, penetrating eyes, who walked the halls of our high school. The girls would smile and nod, the boys, especially the athletes, would glance long enough to insure they were blocking no part of his path. If you could picture a linebacker for Green Bay or Chicago, strolling down the hall with a purpose, then you have a vision of Mr. Burk.

Maybe slightly short for a linebacker, he still had that look of confidence, that walk of an athlete stepping with ease onto the field to face a worthy opponent.

Mr. Burk was our High School Principal; he was also a teacher and a coach.

He was also intimidating. I remember standing in front of his desk with my best friend Chuck, when we had been caught skipping school and hitchhiking 250 miles to Spokane to see my cousins. He had our records in front of him, studied them for a moment, looked up and looked from one to the other, with those eyes that I was sure could see into our very soul.

“Well, do either of you have anything to say? Some particular reason you took it upon yourselves to skip two days of school and go hitchhiking?” He asked.

“No Sir!” We replied instantly, in unison.

“I have to punish you; you know that. I can either expel you for several days, or have you stay after school and make the time up working in the library.”

“If I let you make it up after school, how many hours do you think is appropriate for missing two full days?” He asked.

I didn’t hesitate, “Thirty hours, Mr. Burk”. By buddy Chuck didn’t even blink.

“Well, that’s a little more than I would have given you; but so be it. You start today.”

We turned and left his office as quickly as we could. I don’t know where I got 30 hours from, and neither did Chuck. We didn’t care; we had satisfied Mr. Burk and escaped his office without a scratch. Who cared how many hours we had to work in the library; we survived the wrath of Mr. Burk, Principal and Coach.

I was somewhat apprehensive the afternoon we drove to the airport to meet and pick Mr. and Mrs. Burk up. I wasn’t sure what I would say, or for that matter if he would have anything to say. The last time I saw Mr. Burk, I was standing in the administrator’s office, turning my books in; I was a Senior then, and dropping out of high school to run my dad’s service station. Four months later I was drafted into the Army, and had never seen him again.

As I waited at the curbside with my truck to haul their luggage, my wife, a lady I presumed to be Mrs. Burk, and an old man, moving ever so slowly, slightly hunched over, walked towards me. I stared in disbelief. It had not really occurred to me how

much time had gone by. He was by no means frail. He still had that look of confidence, and his voice, somewhat softer, still had that edge of authority.

That evening, we got them checked in, and sat and visited awhile in the lobby. Small talk, but Mr. Burk said he remembered me, and even mentioned my year, 1968.

Later, after Karen and I had arrived home, she told me that Mr. Burk had had some serious medical problems, which contributed to his slow movement and speech. She also asked if I would mind entertaining him the following day while the ladies held their meetings. Not something I would have volunteered to do, I agreed and told her we could drive around and look at some of the island.

The following morning, I picked Mr. Burk up at his hotel, and we launched on a day that I will never forget.

We talked and reminisced about my high school days, the town of Columbia Falls, when he retired and what we both had been up to. We visited several tourist places on the island, had lunch, and started again. At some point, I became humbled to be in the presence of such a man. I listened as he talked about Vietnam, and how it should have went, or why it shouldn't have been, the concern he expressed that I was able to deal with it, and how successful I had become. I listened as he talked about some of my high school friends and how they turned out. How he wishes he could have spent more time with this one or that one. I watched as this "linebacker", without embarrassment wiped a tear away as we sat in the theater at the Arizona Memorial, listening and watching as history unfolded itself to us. I watched as we sat in the boat, at the memorial itself, the look of pride, yet sadness in those eyes that I always felt could penetrate even steel.

The afternoon seemed to slip away, and I was becoming mesmerized by the words this man could speak -- softly, yet with firmness, and assurance, and knowledgeable, about almost anything we saw or did. It was like I was his student again, learning the history of our country and the world.

The ladies were not through that late afternoon when we returned. So, we sat in his room and talked some more. It was as if I couldn't get enough.

Later I explained, or at least tried to explain, what that day had meant to me. I was humbled, I guess, for lack of any other definition, because here was a man I once feared, for no other reason than because I never got to know him. And what a gentle, caring person he was.

Mr. Burk has since passed away. I was saddened by his death. And I quietly mourned his passing. Not because he was taken away from us to a better place, but because I hadn't learned enough from him. I was too young and arrogant to take the time to listen and learn then.

Mr. Jim Burk, high school principal, teacher and coach...and oh yes, a Brother Mason, a beautiful, caring man, that I know has made a difference, if not to other students, to at least me, 25 years after I was his student.

(Editors Note: Mrs. Karen Burk was the Supreme Queen of Daughters of the Nile who was in Hawaii for her official visit. The ladies held their ceremonial that day Wor. Bro. Rick traveled on that road from West to East with Mr. Jim Burk, a Brother.)

S E C R E T A R Y ' S T A B L E

A C T I V I T I E S S I N C E J A N U A R Y 2 9 , 2 0 0 3

January 29	1 st Degree – Examination 2 nd Degree – Passing	Jerry A. Jaime Jerry A. Jaime
February 19	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. Steven R. Auerbach
February 26	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. Nuevo Eleno G. Lozano
March 12	2 nd Degree – Examination	Jerry A. Jaime
March 19	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. James A. Crawford Jr.
March 26	3 rd Degree - Raising	Jerry A. Jaime
April 7	School of Instruction	Makiki Masonic Temple
April 9	1 st Degree – Initiation 1 st Degree – Examination	Mr. Robert C. Maves Nuevo Eleno G. Lozano
April 23	2 nd Degree – Passing	Nuevo Eleno G. Lozano
May 7	3 rd Degree – Examination	Daniel T. Malaki
May 14	1 st Degree – Examination 2 nd Degree – Passing 2 nd Degree – Examination	Robert C. Maves Robert C. Maves Nuevo Eleno G. Lozano
May 28	1 st Degree – Examination 2 nd Degree – Passing	James A. Crawford Jr. James A. Crawford Jr.
July 16	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. Eric T. Costanios
August 13	3 rd Degree – Raising	Nuevo Eleno G. Lozano
August 20	2 nd Degree – Examination	Robert C. Maves
August 23	2 nd Degree – Passing 3 rd Degree – Raising	Armand L. Miana Angelo M.P. Abellada Armand L. Miana Angelo M.P. Abellada
	(Passed and Raised at Kilauea Lodge, Hilo, Hawaii, GM One-Day Class)	
August 27	3 rd Degree – Raising	Robert C. Maves
September 10	2 nd Degree – Examination	James A. Crawford Jr.
September 17	3 rd Degree – Raising Past Masters Night	James A. Crawford Jr.
October 15	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. Anthony T. Fujii Mr. Wilbert M. Dispolo
October 22	1 st Degree – Initiation	Mr. Phillip J. Drogosch Mr. Ron S. Kayano
November 12	1 st Degree – Examination 2 nd Degree – Passing	Phillip J. Drogosch Phillip J. Drogosch

NECROLOGY 2002

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WALTER MUN CHAN HO

Born: June 5, 1930 Raised: February 21, 1964
Died: April 5, 2002

GEORGE E. DEATHERAGE, P.M. (1964)

Born : February 13, 1911 Raised: September 24, 1958
Died: May 23, 2002

YEUELL YEAMANS HARRIS

Born: January 26, 1916 Raised: August 14, 1946
Died: May 13, 2003

FRED HOOLE PAOA

Born: May 7, 1905 Raised: March 21, 1945
Died: September 16, 2002

NECROLOGY - 2003

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WILLIAM YEN FAN YEE

Born: September 23, 1924 Raised: November 29, 1974
Died: January 27, 2003

FREDERICK SHIGEO KASHIWAGI, P.G.M.

Born: August 18, 1925 Raised: February 7, 1959
Died: March 5, 2003

LOUIS MEDEIROS GARCIA

Born: April 27, 1915 Raised: June 13, 1962
Died: September 9, 2003

RALPH STERLING "BUCK" ROGERS

Born: August 22, 1911 Raised: October 25, 1972
Died: September 22, 2003

DICK CHONG PANG

Born: September 29, 1910 Raised: June 14, 1957
Died: October 2, 2003

MARVIN MALCOLM WEISSMAN, P.M.

Born: July 6, 1930 Raised: October 17, 1973
Died: October 5, 2003

GEORGE MATSUDA, P.M.

Born: July 18, 1928 Raised: May 27, 1970
Died: November 23, 2003

**"Almighty Father Into Thy Hands
We Commend The Souls Of Our Beloved Brothers"**