

**MEMORIAL SERVICE to the late MR. JOSEPH RANK conducted by  
The Rev. Mr. Eric Baker, at the Methodist Central Hall,  
Tollcross, Edinburgh, at 2.30 p.m. on  
Wednesday 17th November, 1943**

Hymn No. 1.

Bible Reading - by Mr. C. Nightingale, Vice - President of the Methodist Conference, who read the 23rd Psalm and other selected passages.

Hymn No. 108.

Prayer - by the Rev. Dr. Frayn of Nicolson Street Wesleyan Church.

**Address - by the Rev. Mr. Kick of Leith Methodist Mission:-**

We have gathered here this afternoon, not in a spirit of mourning or of sorrow. At any rate, we cannot be sorry for the man we knew as Joseph Rank. Rather, I think we have gathered in the spirit that we will praise God for great and famous men.

Mr. Joseph Rank was a great man. He was a big man physically as those of you who knew him well will remember - a big sturdy, manly frame. He was a great man too in those inner qualities which go to make our manhood what it is and I suppose that all I can do this afternoon is to attempt to put into words what is more or less in the heart of everyone of your present.

Mr. Rank was a great man in business but that, of course, was a side of him I knew very little about. I have a great admiration for those captains of industry, who by their hard work, their knowledge of affairs and knowledge of men, keep going the innumerable wheels of business and keep in employment many hundreds of their fellow men.

He was never ashamed of his humble origin — I always liked that about him. I remember a few years ago, I went across to his house in Reigate. He was a member of my congregation for four years until this war broke out and I had to come away. His wife had been sick, so one afternoon I went across to see her just to find out how she was. She gave me tea and when we had finished our tea, Mr. Rank came in and when he had had his tea, he said to me: "Well, Mr. Kick, what have you come to see me about today." I replied: "I have not come to see you today, sir, I have come to see your wife because she has been ill." "That's something new," he said: "Usually when parsons come to this house, they want something." "I want nothing Mr. Rank, Nothing at all. There is one thing I would like though, I would like to see that silver model of the windmill that the Corporation of Hull gave you."

He had been up to Hull to receive the Freedom of the City of Hull and instead of putting it in a casket of silver or some rare wood, somebody in the corporation with a rare touch of imagination and genius had made instead of a casket for the manuscript of the Freedom of the City, a model of the windmill that was Mr. Rank's first means of livelihood.

"Ay!" he said, "there is nothing in the house I value more," and he took me into another room and there was on the table, a silver model of the windmill, which stood about as high as the highest flower here. (Mr. Kick indicated the flowers standing on the table). Placing his hand on the windmill he told me about how he had worked that little mill and of his very small start and humble origin and the work he used to do before he became the employer of so many other men. He was a very great man of business.

I think I ought to say too, he was a great Methodist Churchman. The last three charges I have had, including the present one at Leith - Leith, Devon-port and Redhill, Surrey - practically owe their erection and existence to his generosity, so I know something of what his personal giving has meant to my own Church, and we thank God for a man who felt his responsibility in the matter of his possessions as he felt it.

He was a great Methodist in another sense. He loved our Fellowship and he loved those peculiarities of Methodism, which are characteristic of my Church and which differ from those of other Churches. He loved our Fellowship, our prayers.

I remember one Christmas morning there was bad weather at Reigate and I got down to the Hall early for the Christmas morning service, and he was the only one in the Hall. He said: "Where are all the people Mr. Kick?" He was always punctual, as those of you who knew him will have noticed in other matters. For the four years he was in my congregation, I never knew him to be late once.

"What would you do if nobody else came, Mr. Kick?" and I said to Mr. Rank: "We would go into the vestry and I would read a lesson and I might ask Brother Rank, will you pray?" and Mr. Rank said: "Brother Rank would pray with the greatest of pleasure." He was a very great Churchman in the particular sense of our Methodist Fellowship.

He was a man of great character - I think that sums him up in every respect. A man of great character who loved simple things. I expect those of you who knew him well noticed that he loved simple things. One of the memories of Mr. Rank I shall always carry with me is the way in which he always seemed to enjoy the children's hymns in the morning service. We had a number of little children, several small children and when I used to give out such hymns as:

'Jesus, High in Glory,  
Lend a listening ear' and  
'When mothers of Salem,  
Their children brought to Jesus,'

there was no hymns in the Sunday service that he enjoyed as well or sung as heartily as those. Some of those hymns are very modern. I don't know them and Mr Rank didn't know them but he always stood up for them and if he wasn't familiar with the tune, he would keep time with his book and he always had a smile for these youngsters as they filed out.

He had a very simple faith, a very simple faith but it was a magnificent faith. It was simple indeed in the very best sense of that word if you remember what a great love he had for children as well as their hymns.

I have no idea who chose the hymns we are singing this afternoon. I believe they were suggested by his family or firm or something like that, but we are singing the right sort of hymns. We need no dirges, we do not need any mournful hymn. There need be no gloom in our sorrow. We have lost a very great man.

I do not know, of course, your relationship with him for the most part, but whatever capacity you knew him or had business with him, we have all lost a very great man and comrade.

He was a Yorkshireman and intensely proud of it. All Yorkshiremen, it seems to me - (I am not a Yorkshireman myself by the way) - put on a grim frightening exterior. I have heard it is the same with Scottish people, but I do not know Scotland or the Scottish people very well as yet but Yorkshiremen pride themselves on being hard and you have got to know them some little time before you discover that underneath this assumed crust of hostility, there is a great, kind, warm heart glowing with friendship and friendship especially for those who need it most, and that was Joseph Rank as I knew him. Underneath all that shrewd ability, there was a heart of great kindness and now and again he could not keep it covered up.

When a man reaches the age of 90 with a character and faith and manhood such as we remember Joseph Rank had, we cannot be sorry for his sake. Rather do we gather together for this very brief service, just to show our gratitude to Almighty God for raising up such a man, just to express very humbly our pride, to express humbly how very proud we are to have known him and shared his friendship and his grifs in whatever capacity, and to thank God for the memory of a very great man.

Hymn No. 831.

At the end of the service a voluntary, Hymn No. 744, was played and the congregation joined in the chorus.

The service was attended by about 100 people.