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Sisters in Secret Societies **Sister Who Love Their Secret Society Men**

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Sisters in Secret Societies

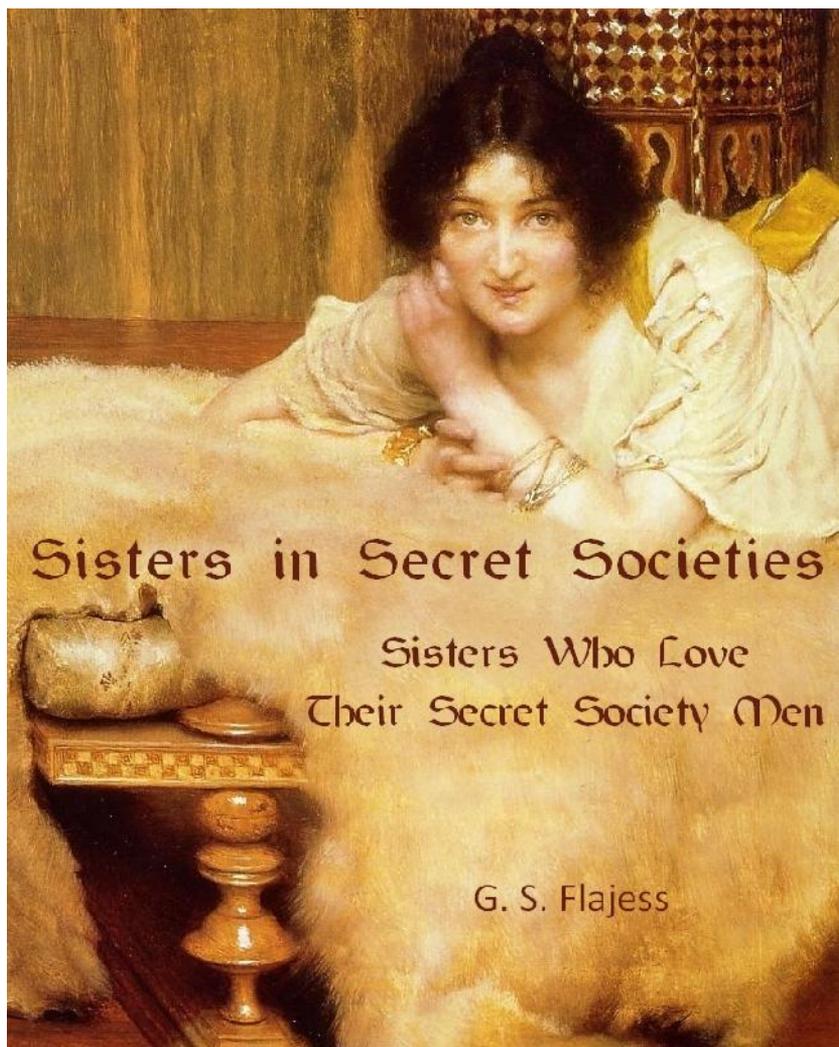
Sisters Who Love Their Secret Society Men

by G. S. Flajess for Nook, Kindle and in epub format by going to:

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Sisters in Secret Societies

Sisters Who Love
Their Secret Society Men

G. S. Flajess

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Written and compiled by G. S. Flajess

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Introduction

The lightning bug is a wondrous sight,
But you'd think it has no mind,
It pumps around in the darkest night,
With its headlights on behind.
...Anonymous...

Dear Sisters,

Embrace the moment and take a look about! Right before you, and what you will see is how like the daughters of Juniper, the “Three Graces”, your personal charm, thoughtfulness, beauty and goodwill has brought pleasure to those around you. Sisters, you are the Sunshine of our Brotherhoods and I thank you for letting me enter your private domain.

Now with your permission, I would like to introduce myself. First of all my name is G.S. Flajess, and on my serious side; I'm sort of a bookworm and I try to stay well informed about matters. But on the other hand, I am also the sort of person who loves to have fun and spread good humor. But take note, I also have an inquisitive nature and my inquiring mind really comes alive when I come across anything that concerns topics that have a hidden mystery. This is undoubtedly the reason why my curiosities lead me to the path and into the world of secret societies.

My first enlightenment came while I was investigating, and peeking into some of the secret societies heavily veiled initiations. It was behind these veils where I was pleased to find a long history of humorous writings and comical illustrations; and it was almost impossible not to be impressed and entertained by what was discovered.

As a result of these many findings I decided to share the merriment, and so in turn I introduced to the Brotherhoods Sir William, in my e-book “Sir William the Masonic Lodge Goat”. This humorous book relives Masonic history and is filled with quips and tales, photos and images, taken from the original text of many different Masonic publications of long ago. These publications also happen to have included within their text and images, tales and jokes of the secret initiation of “riding the goat”.

Thus my dear Sunshine, being as good-natured as we know you are, I am sure that at one time or another that even you have been tempted to peek into the Brotherhood’s chambers of secrecy. I can also imagine it is almost for certain that you have taken a glimpse or study into your own organizations interesting past.

It is within these certainties, that I can hardly suppress my smile as I remind you that knowledge of “riding the goat” is also part of the past of your Sisterhood. Yes ladies, which ever honored organization you are a proud member of, we know that like the Sisters before you, that you are probably aware of the secret of the “goat”, and at one time or another maybe have even ridden the lovable beast yourself.

With this said I now bring you the book, “Sisters of Secret Societies...Sisters Who Love Their Secret Society Men”, and welcoming you to the entertainment will be Nannette! Awaiting you under pale blue skies Nannette is now standing at the doorway of her lodging to welcome you inside her domain, and she is very anxious to share with you many of the past stories of your Sisterhood.

All of these quips and tales have been taken from their original text, and along with reading about your past history, you will also be able to behold interesting, beautiful and amusing illustrations, pictures and photos of both real and imaginary people and places. So Sunshine, get ready for lots of fun and laughs, but don’t let Nannette’s innocent beauty fool you, because you must remember she is the goat. Her name is Nannette, and her best friends are Williamenia and Capella.

Yours, G.S.F.

Ladies...Welcome to
The Secret Journal....

Laughter ...It is the first and last sunshine that visits the heart.

Once Upon A Time



“In silver armor suddenly Galahad shown.”



“A fair maiden met the man of her dreams”



“Then she met Nannette”



“and became her husbands dream”

What is this world
without women?

"The light you bear yet do not see
Shall be a beacon to you and me,
Yet I shall be your guide."

...Woman's Message to Man

A Toast

At the celebration of the 25th anniversary of Ionic Lodge held in Duluth recently, the following toast "To the Ladies" was given by Mrs. Bertha Richards. From its perusal after dinner speakers, can imbibe much knowledge of "how to do it." Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Certainly we ladies feel complimented after listening to Mr. Armstrong's beautiful tribute in our behalf. We feel honored that we have been invited to assemble and break bread at the same table with members of this magnificent organization of Masonry— to sit among the elect with Mr. Burnham, the Grand Past Master General and other high officials with their high plumed titles of distinction.

Considering the natural vanity of womankind, when we were asked to respond to a toast, is it any wonder that we lost our heads completely, and hurriedly and excitedly said, "Yes?" utterly disregarding the fact that we knew nothing to say.

Because of the unreasonable secretiveness of Masonic husbands, on the subject of Masonry we have been kept entirely in the dark. But frankly speaking, the fact that we have nothing to say cuts but little figure with us, while we are given an opportunity to talk.

We have often pondered over the mystery, which hovers around the "Masonic Goat," who or what he could be like? But as I face this audience this evening in my present predicament for me, the veil is lifted, all mystery removed, for I know full well that I'm the Goat tonight!!

I have, however, two points of advantage over the other speakers: I know that as this is my first offense I will be dealt with gently. Also, that in the twenty-five years history of Ionic Lodge, never before has a woman been privileged to talk. Therefore, as given from a woman's point of view, the subject is not a hackneyed one.

As I view, with sympathy, the patient suffering faces of the Masonic wives here present, I realize that I must seize and make the most of this opportunity. We may never be given another chance, for I understand that it is contrary to the rules of Masonry for a woman to talk at Masonic affairs. Undoubtedly this rule developed through the knowledge that here only could the Masons control a woman's tongue.

I have been told that the teachings of the third degree of Masonry are based upon the first book of Genesis, which says: The Creator saw everything that he has made and behold it was good—and he rested. He then made man, and said that he was good—and he rested. He then made woman out of the rib of man—but no mention is made of his remarks—if he rested. The third degree of Masonry teaches there has been no rest for God or mankind since.

So this is the reason why we ladies have not been cordially received at the ceremonials or given space upon the banquet programs before. Let us now seize the golden opportunity to pour out our grievances of long standing. We ladies often pause and meditate upon the advantages of being a Mason's wife (hoping I suppose to discover some.) We are told that the privileges are varied and numerous—(certainly they are varied!)

We have wondered why the officers of the Lodge arrange ceremonies so as to cover a range of nearly every night in the week, instead of condensing them into a grand celebration of one night's stand. But after repeatedly binding up the wounds of the afflicted, (airing the home of condensed odors of smoke and other things), we have decided that probably it is better for the husbands' health and constitutions to have these in long continued but smaller doses. Since we desire to retain our husbands upon this earth as long as possible, we have become reconciled.

We hear much of the charms of the Shrine Girls. Their bird-like warblings, cute ways and clever stunts. Is it any wonder that our eyes turn green with envy and that we age long before our time?

Just now at housecleaning season, we have been distressed at the failure of our husbands to reverence the old family heirlooms, dear to the feminine heart. We wonder how he can

handle so roughly the family portrait of great grandfather Iiezekiah McKusic and also the precious hair wreath made of hair cut fresh from the head of poor dying Aunt Maria Mehitable Stackpole, lie scorns these, only to preserve from year to year, with increased reverence, accumulations in the attic which would disgrace a church rummage sale—outgrown and moth eaten red felt fezzes, soiled white satin baldries, white aprons made from innocent lamb skins, boxes of gaudy brass souvenirs gathered from conclaves held all over the country, boxes of cotton white gloves, rusty and moth-eaten, tin swords, red kid belts—any of which could be purchased fresh and new at the 10 cent store at any time.

These are all trials to endure, but nothing in the face to flippant answers given to our innocent questions in good faith when we ask what are ceremonials, who are the candidates, and where do they come from? The candidates, why they are the crooks and robbers, thieves and murderers, disreputable characters brought in from the highways and byways, and many times when a candidate responds after the ceremony he sings in touching manner, but with feeble voice, "All 1 need is sympathy." And the Secretary and Treasurer? Oh, the Secretary, he's always there, but the Treasurer he never shows up—he'd have to account for the funds. What's a Warden? The only kind we ever heard about is a game and prison warden. The Warden—Oh, he wards off all approaching danger for candidates, though sometimes he acts as pallbearer, wearing white cotton gloves (as a token of innocence, I suppose). And the Tyler—he tiles the Lodge; and the Steward, he stews the stew and escorts it to the hungry candidate. The Deacons offer up prayers over the remains—(left from the stew).

Our husbands also tell us that in the First Degree of Masonry the candidates see the goat for the first time. The Second Degree, he both sees and hears him. The Third Degree he sees, hears and feels the goat, to say nothing of the other series. The candidates then proceed to don their ceremonial clothes. These consist of black hoods with round eyes cut out, sort of a hangman's outfit. Sometimes he is handcuffed, and the principal Masonic jewel that he wears is in the form of a convict's ball and chain suspended about his neck. The candidates then proceed to ride the goat. After smashing up all the Lodge furniture, a procession is formed, while all join in

singing a solemn chant, touchingly arranged by A. F. M. distance, Masonic Musical Director, as follows:

"At night when I have gone to bed
Who eats the shingles off the shed
And licks the window near my head?
The goat!"

While those of a more religious turn of mind sing, yes, "I'm nearer, nearer the Goat today than I've ever been before."

From now on the candidate becomes a full-fledged Brother Mason—sometimes a Masterful Worshipper (though I've yet to discover a master or a worshipper among them). At the next meeting of the Lodge he proudly enters by giving the secret Masonic sign, which is as follows: Raise the left hand, point with the first finger to the place where the brains ought to be (pointing to the forehead) and say "Nobody home", he is admitted at once...

..We ladies are proud that our husbands, fathers and brothers are Masons, for the word Masonry to us is synonymous with Truth, Love, Honor and Charity. Search the world over and you will never find a finer body of men than are numbered in the order of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. Not simply what Carlyle called, "Forked Radishes with heads on them." ...

..We ladies are proud to claim you as our own, proud to have this importunity to show our colors and express our loyalty.

To any fair maidens present I would say, "Win him if you can—he is the wife's joy and pride in prosperity and her support and comfort in time of affliction."

Let us ladies, drink to the health of the Masons.

God bless them, every one!

Eastern Star –1915-