

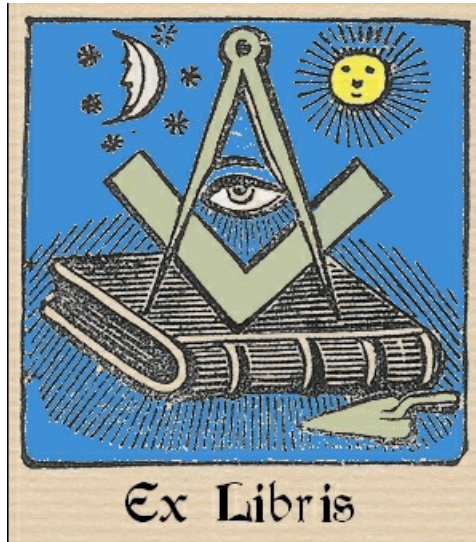


Sir William
The Masonic
Lodge Goat

by

Suzi Shippy

Amaranth Publishing



Ex Libris



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Lodge Goat



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Sir William The Masonic Lodge Goat

Written and compiled by Suzi Shippy

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“To those who are inclined to
look upon the bright side
of life, this book is
most respectfully dedicated
.....”

Geo. W. Peck

1892

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The Discovery

Who Mote it Be?

The mysteries herein are more important than my, the author's, popularity. But I will tell you this much about myself and that is, ordinarily most people who know me say that I am a sensible sort of person, and some of them might even say that I am pretty lucky because I was born under the brightest stars in the Milky Way. Also, it is said to be a well-known fact amongst my closest friends that I have been gifted with a very lively and vivid imagination, and it is probably because of these multiple blessings, that I have often become entranced while spending a clear night outside, observing the sky, pondering the universe and mankind.

You see, and please understand, this exceptional gift of mine has always been a quality of important constructive value. As a matter of fact, it is all because of my highly developed imaginative powers that I have dared to travel where not many men might go; like the time I decided to venture out and try to discover the mysteries of secret societies including all of their secret rites and rituals. I was traveling under the protection of the seven stars of the Big Dipper, and destiny was calling me. At first I tried to ignore the summons, but I was so overcome with curiosity about secret societies and their antics that I became determined to find out what those horrific sounds were, and what was going bump in the night down at the local Masonic Temple.

This notable Temple that I am speaking of sets on a small hill at the edge of downtown, and is within full view of a prominent historical neighborhood that has many long-time residents. But, what amazes me is, in spite of the Temple's proximity to its neighbors, not much attention is usually paid to the Lodge members coming and goings. That is, even though for some time now, it has been common knowledge amongst the neighbors that there is a certain secret lodge that has some rather rowdy members who meet there on Monday nights to "enjoy the social pleasures," or so they claim.

Besides my hearing those hair-raising sounds coming from this Temple,

another reason that had sparked my interest was, despite the fact that after many years of those lodge members having some rather rowdy secret meetings, no one has ever dared to seek out the truth. After all this time, they had not even tried to discover what was really happening, behind those closed and locked doors! In my pursuit to learn the mysteries of the Temple, I did not want to get my answers just by being informed by local sentiment, nor to get carried away by false lights, I was on a personal quest for real knowledge.

As Shakespeare once said, "...there's a time for all things..." and as far as I was concerned now was the opportune time to unlock the mysteries of that Temple. I totally believed and was completely convinced that investigating this particular brotherhood was a good starting point to satisfy my mind's eye. So I made myself a secret plan, and after much consideration as to the consequences, I decided that after darkness took hold on the next Monday evening it was going to be just me, myself, mine eye and no others on this fateful journey. My plan was complete! Curiosity was to be my compass and was to light my path as I ventured out alone to observe the activities going on in that mysterious building. I planned to strike while the iron was hot!

So, the next Monday evening, at around seven o'clock, I began my secret journey to the Masonic Temple. My stomach was turning cartwheels! I was so excited about the prospects in front of me that I was almost overwhelmed with anticipation. From my starting point a few blocks down from the Temple, to get to the main entrance I first had to make my way quietly up the avenue that runs along the side of the building. Then, because of my wanting not to be seen or recognized, a few times I had to even duck and hide from some passers-by by leaping behind the thick boxwood hedges that were growing beside the imposing granite and marble structure.

My exciting experience was quickly becoming almost magical in nature. If it had been another time and place I could have been Puck. Because like Puck, I was standing on my toes, dancing around wooded branches, and I had a mischievous grin on my face and held a silent chuckle under my breath, while I peeked out between the leaves, watching for the unexpected. Then while doing so, and under the light of the moon and candlelight of Jupiter, I also tried to spy through the hedges to see if I could look inside the Temple's elongated leaded glass windows. But much to my

disappointment I was not able to see inside, because in spite of the fact that a few rays of a luminous light glimmered at the side of the windows, like always, the view inside was totally blocked by some velvety looking, azure blue, window curtains and because of this, I was then pressed to continue on with my journey because, still I had no answers.

So, while slowly moving along the side of the Temple, I quietly edged myself a little further on down the street. When I finally turned the street corner, with my view then lit only by the moon, I slowly climbed my way up the Temple's numerous stone steps. As I went step – by - step I tried to keep low, and off to the side, to keep myself out of view from anyone who may be standing guard, and watching out any of the windows or doors. Then after I reached the grand porch, centered between some great pillars, and in the midst of all of the beauty, strength and wisdom, was the forbidden entrance, the door to which I had no key.

I was so fascinated with what was before me that I just stood silently for a minute, and I couldn't help but look up and down as I measured my height against the massively carved wooden doors. I was in awe, for I was now standing at the threshold of mystery. Suddenly becoming aware of my stunned silence and remembering my motive for being there, I then gently turned the heavy metal door knob, and that is when I discovered that some lodge member must have mistakenly left the door unlocked, and so taking advantage of my good luck, I pushed open the polished wooden doors just enough to slip inside.

Upon entering the vestibule, I could now clearly hear and understand the whoops and hollers coming from familiar voices in another room. Then as I was still unnoticed, into the candle lit corridor I followed the echoes of the clash, bang, and clattering sounds coming from what turned out to be the Temple's Grand Room. Once again standing to the side so as not to be seen, I peered through some long and flowing colorful veils. While doing so, my mind questioned if these veils that were made of flowing cloths of beautiful regal hues of purple, scarlet, white and blue hanging down from the ceiling, were somehow symbolic. Then while gazing through these wondrous veils my eyes happened to look down upon the shadows reflected on the shiny black and white marbled floor. I paused, as my curiosity had reason to wonder, if that darn **##*## * fraternal goat wasn't at it again!

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In the mysterious world of secret societies you have under the veil of fables and allegories secrets to be known only to the initiated. As many of you know, these well - guarded mysteries have been a subject of inquiry for an untold number of years, and since we all love a mystery, we realize that sometimes the whole value of a secret is the mere fact that those outside the square do not know the answers, but want to.

Just a reminder, we are not searching for the divine truth here. Angerona isn't standing here with her finger on her lips and the Druids aren't here to judge our crime of intrusion. We aren't "Under the Rose" so to speak. We are just a bit curious about that darn bucking Goat. So everyone hold on to your saddles, for it is going to be a bumpy slippery ride, on a shiny black and white tessellated floor. Because, now we all know, Jack isn't a dull boy after all.

" let me introduce myself....."

## 1. An Autobiography (excerpt)



Sir William

".....and I received so much abuse that my life soon became a desperate one; my temper became warped, and I grew stubborn and irascible in proportion to the mistreatment that was inflicted upon me.

I not only had to fight protracted battles with other billies on the hillsides, but had also continuous fights with the folks at home, and it was not a long while before I had acquired the reputation for being a "tough one."

None of the men or boys who lived near the quarries dared to pass my way without a club or a stone in his hand with which to defend himself against me; and if I could catch them unawares I would take them from behind and send them reeling into the gutter, or headlong over an embankment.

The effect of this, as can be imagined, engendered both respect and hatred for me in the several years I remained there. But a change came unexpectedly."



## 28. Pat Conway and the Goat

Patrick Conway, said to be residing in Texas, was a well-known and efficient tinner of Rome. In 1890 he contracted to repair the stove in the hall of Cherokee Lodge No. 66 in the Masonic Temple, and also to fix the roof so the weather would not beat down upon the assembled brethren. He was due to start the job one morning, but decided he could mend the stove at night and thus save time. Climbing the long stairway with a repair kit, he opened the lodge room door, when out dashed a white object like a streak of greased lightning, upsetting the stove and sending clinkers and soot all over the floor. The stovepipe must have hit Pat, for he emerged with some fine smudges of soot. It was not known which got to Broad Street first-the biped or the quadruped-but neither hit the stairs many times coming down. Pat lost his hat and didn't stop until he had reached a corner light, there to "review" himself.

It is said Pat never went back for his tools, nor did he mount the roof to complete his undertaking. Asked why by a committee from the Lodge, he said, "Faith, I never bargained for to be chased out by the bloody goat! And now, begorra, he will niver be caught again, and you will be forever blamin' me!"

The "goat" was a white bird dog left in the hall by a hunter member.



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