GLORE & WUNDER

DEVOTED TO THE DISSEMINATION OF TRUTH, AND SUPPRESSION OF HUMBUG.

Adventures AND AMUSEMENTS IN WASHINGTON STATE history

by Susanna Gowing

The Verdict is Yours "Gentle Reader"
I love history for all the tiny but countless moments that took place in-between the times history or baby books remember. The beginning of the last century wasn’t “World War I happened, then everyone inexplicably danced the Charleston all the way into the Great Depression,” just as I wasn’t a girl who was born, miserably failed a fraction test in 6th grade, got a job, met a guy and married him. There was all that glorious and horrible stuff that happened somewhere between “monumental point A” and “colossal point B,” those years, months, weeks and days that shaped the next big thing but didn’t feel like anything yet.

I felt inspired to make this zine to celebrate minuscule moments in Washington state history. I hope you enjoy it!
THE LAMENTS OF PEPPY,
THE ANGSTY PETRIFIED WOOD CHUNK

Dear Diary:

Hey, it's Peppy again. It's not easy being the state gem of Washington. Especially when Kentucky has pearls and Arkansas has diamonds. Diamonds! Are you kidding me? Tell me the last time you saw a jewelry commercial where a lady was surprised by a tiny box of petrified wood. "Oh Jeffrey, you shouldn't have..." Please. Ugh.

Like, am I wood? Am I a gem? Kids on field trips sure don't know so what difference does it make. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

My step-sister tells me I look good for my age and I should be grateful because many don't have the opportunities that have been afforded to me. Mah! What does she know?! She is sand. It's like, I didn't ask to be born, you know? I didn't ask to be named "Peppy". I was doomed from the start. I could've been named "Jordyn" or "Derrick". Really mom? When a tree falls in the woods and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound? I'll tell you this, Diary: You can't unhear those screams.

Anyway, whatever. Someday I'll return to the earth. Softball game tomorrow, I still hate softball but Lisa is gonna be there... Wish me luck!

Peace

Til next time,

Peppy
Match that Washington county to their population in the 1890 census!

impress your friends!

fun for kids!

a. Asotin
b. Clallam
c. Cowlitz
d. Franklin
e. Grays Harbor
f. King
g. Klickitat
h. Mason
i. Skagit
j. Spokane
k. Wahkiakum
l. Whitman

1. 696
2. 1,580
3. 2,526
4. 2,771
5. 2,826
6. 5,167
7. 5,917
8. 8,747
9. 9,249
10. 19,109
11. 37,487
12. 63,989

WINNER FOR WASHINGTON STATE COUNTY THAT MOST LOOKS LIKE REVOLUTIONARY WAR-ERA GEORGE WASHINGTON’S HEAD ON A PEZ DISPENSER BODY GOES TO...

GARFIELD COUNTY!
CONGRATULATIONS!
While searching through photos on the Washington State Digital Collections for this project, I stumbled across a picture of an older man in a hat holding two large fish in each hand. He is slightly left of center frame with a Santa Claus beard and a smile that reads reserved satisfaction. The picture was nice, but it was the title that had me intrigued: "Equality Colony, Equality, Washington".

"Equality was a community founded as a socialist colony in the 1890s by Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth on Colony Creek, eight miles south of Bellingham in northwest Skagit County. The name was chosen by the colonists who believed in equal holdings and rights by all members. The colony also was called Freeland Colony and Equality Colony but lasted only until 1904," the note on the photograph stated.

How had I, a proud Washingtonian with a soft spot for history, managed to miss this? My knowledge of Washington state communes or experimental communities was limited to a foggy notion of Love Israel Family, whose vision at least fit neatly into the ideas I had of American counterculture amidst social turbulence in the late 1960s. But a socialist colony in my beloved Washington in the 1890s?! It didn't mesh with my historical narrative for the end of the 19th century. Weren't these supposed to be "the good old days" that politicians and grandmothers everywhere agree were vastly superior to the debauchery of today?

I looked at the photo for a while longer, wondering about this guy who was so willing to take such a big leap for his beliefs and how he managed when it all fell apart. I wondered what it would be like to be an outlier in a time before every kind of outlier need only spend five minutes on Google before finding like-minded individuals on message boards.
The founders of Equality Colony hoped to demonstrate how well a socialist society would work as a model for the rest of Washington, then the rest of the country - this was not meant to be some slight footnote in the story of the United States, it was meant to be the bulk of the story. Their appeals could have been written yesterday by anyone at the forefront of the high-profile movements against social and economic inequality in recent years. "...The people do not make any laws. The masses elect so-called representatives to make laws and as soon as elected they are masters and the masses are slaves," reads a front page editorial in the Seattle Daily Times newspaper from August 6, 1898. "The masses have no more to say in making laws than the bark of a dog."

Despite the rose-colored glasses that would later dub the years between 1890 and 1899 as the "gay nineties," they were anything but. Washington, having received statehood at the tail end of 1889, was not all high-fives and champagne mountaintop salmon parties. Nationwide, bank failures brought on economic depression, political corruption was high, labor unions rose in response to working conditions and widening wage gaps. Washington was not immune, and it was in response to these struggles that Equality Colony was formed.

Upon further research, I learned Equality Colony was not Washington's only early experiment to form a more perfect society. Charles LeWarne's book "Utopias on Puget Sound 1885-1915" (University of Washington Press, 1995) delves into Home, an anarchist colony near Puget Sound from 1896 to 1921; Burley, a cooperative socialist colony in Kitsap County formed in 1898; and the cooperative colony responsible for the expansion of Port Angeles in Clallam County, among others.

Of course, LeWarne's book and others on the subject are much more studied than I could ever hope to be, and to dive too deeply into the details of all these attempts at paradise in Washington state would basically be to copy and paste what has already been said and move the words around to form less eloquent sentences, so I'm not going to try. The reason why I felt compelled to share this surprisingly historical find is this: There are times when discontent can feel like such a 21st century phenomenon. Everyday, something new tells us that the world is falling apart for real this time, and from our relatively small viewpoint of experiences we've actually lived through and haven't just heard secondhand, it feels like it just might be true. No time, it seems, is as uncertain as now.

But when all you've ever seen of a decade is in black and white, it's hard to imagine that everyone lived in color and had worries, hopes and dreams like thoroughly modern you. People didn't just walk around with thoughts as sepia-toned as their photographs until a shot with Kodachrome in the middle of the next century brought enlightenment as colorful as their photo slides. Seeing this photo reminded me in such a deep way that every decade has brought its own unrest, despite how grandma will tell you that no one locked their front doors or got divorced and you could get a full-sized candy bar for half a penny. Grandma only tells you this because she knows that everything turned out okay in the end.

**Recommended reading:**

"Utopias on Puget Sound, 1885-1915" by Charles LeWarne
"Trying Home: The Rise and Fall of an Anarchist Utopia on Puget Sound" by Justin Wadland
"For All People: Uncovering the Hidden History of Cooperation, Cooperative Movements, and Communalism in America" by John Curl
The phrase "the good old days" has always left me scratching my head. We seem to be in a perpetual motion machine of wistful remembrance for days of yore but never living in times we would consider exceptionally "good". The concept is such a part of our culture that I felt there might be something to it - maybe there really was a time that was so vastly superior than today. Those "good" days, whenever they were, just have some magic quality that doesn't feel like it exists in the present moment.

As hard as I tried to pinpoint some contenders for what could definitively be considered "the good old days" for the majority, it quickly proved impossible. In 1896, we were dreaming of "the good old days" just as much as we were in 1944 (remembering "when buffalos roamed the plains and prairie chickens were plentiful" - The Seattle Daily Times, July 30, 1944). Every year, decade, president, and historic event has brought with it pangs of nostalgia for the years, decades, presidents and historic events that preceded them.

I searched for the phrase "the good old days" in the Seattle Daily Times and Seattle Times newspaper archives to see if any usage patterns emerged, and not surprisingly, when our collective discontent is at its peak, so is our talk of "the good old days". The foibles of bygone days are forgiven in favor of a rosier kind of nostalgia. What decade found us yearning for "the good old days" the most? Between 1970 and 1979, "the good old days" were mentioned **675 times** in the Seattle Times, an average of 75 times per year, far higher than any other decade. The 1970s saw some serious social and economic upheavals that were inescapable. It's no wonder previous decades suddenly didn't seem so bad.

Those were all "good old days" that today are recalled with definite twinges of nostalgia—days that may not have seemed so good at the time, but days that today seem so wonderful in retrospect. We forget easily the inconveniences of the period—the skirted bathing suits, rough-riding street cars, chain plumbing and Victorian morals—those good old motorless, radioless, planeless days!
Utility of Beards.—There are more solid inducements for wearing the beard than the mere improvement of a man's personal appearance, and the cultivation of such an aid to the every-day diplomacy of life. Nature combining, as she never fails to do, the useful with the ornamental, provides us with a far better respirator than science could ever make, and one that is never so hideous to wear as that black seal upon the face that looks like a passport to the realms of suffering and death. The hair of the moustache not only absorbs the moisture and miasma of the face, but it strains the air from the dust and soot of our great cities. It acts also in the most scientific manner, by taking heat from the warm breath as it leaves the chest, and supplying it to the cold air taken in. It is not only a respirator, but, with the beard entire, we are provided with a comforter as well; and these are never left at home, like the umbrellas, and all such appliances, whenever they are wanted. Moffat and Livingstone, the African explorers, and many other travellers, say that in the night no wrapper can equal the beard. The remarkable thing is, too, that the beard, like the hair of the head, protects against the heat of the sun; but more than this, it becomes moist with the perspiration, and then, by evaporation, cools the skin. A man who accepts this protection of nature may face the rudest storm and the hardest winter. He may go from the hottest room into the coldest air without any dread; and we verily believe he might almost sleep in a morass with impunity; at least his chance of escaping a terrible fever would be better than his beardless companions.
Dear Sasquatch,

I need a new profile picture on Facebook, but I'm having trouble finding my right angle. Can you help? Selfie-less in Seattle

Hey Selfie-less,

Thanks for your question. I find that selfies in nature make you look like a well-rounded individual. For a unique look, grab a friend to be your photographer, hide behind a tree and don't come out for twenty years. Très chic! Hope that helps.

Xoxo Sasquatch

Dear Sasquatch,

I'm starting middle school next year and I'm nervous about changing in the locker room. I'm only 4'8", but I wear size 13 shoes! I'm worried everyone will make fun of me. What should I do? Big feet in Burien

Hello! IDK! Xoxo Sasquatch
Dear Sasquatch,
I like this boy in my class, but it's like he doesn't even know I exist! How can I get him to notice me? CLUELESS IN COLVILLE 😞

Greetings! Some folks may say that the secret to getting noticed is a change in hairstyle and a trip to a mall. However, I think British philosopher Crispin Wright said it best when he said, "A central dilemma in contemporary metaphysics is to find a place for certain anthropocentric subject-matters – for instance, semantic, moral, and psychological – in a world as conceived by modern naturalism: a stance which inflates the concepts and categories deployed by (finished) physical science into a metaphysics of the kind of thing the real world essentially and exhaustively is. On one horn, if we embrace this naturalism, it seems we are committed either to reductionism: that is, to a construal of the reference of, for example, semantic, moral and psychological vocabulary as somehow being within the physical domain – or to disputing that the discourses in question involve reference to what is real at all. On the other horn, if we reject this naturalism, then we accept that there is more to the world than can be embraced within a physicalist ontology – and so take on a commitment, it can seem, to a kind of eerie supernaturalism." Does anything really exist outside the mind? Do we have access to a mind-independent reality? Can we have unconceptualized experiences? These are the questions I ask myself every day. Good luck!

xoxo Sasquatch
WHO IS YOUR HISTORICAL BEST FRIEND?

Take this quiz to find out!

1. It's Friday night! You and your friends:
   A. Cook for sawmill employees!
   B. Take your buggy for a spin!
   C. Jump off waterfalls!

2. How would you describe yourself?
   A. Passionate!
   B. Aloof!
   C. Daring!

3. What's most likely to be found on your bookshelf?
   A. "The Public Library" by Robert Dawson
   B. "I Love Trains" by Philemon Sturges
   C. "The One-Minute Zillionaire" by Lowell Christensen

4. The first thing you think about when you wake up is:
   A. How to advocate for women's suffrage!
   B. How to build your empire!
   C. Canoes!

If you answered mostly A's, your bestie is:

**SARAH YESLER**

Sarah is a mover and shaker in the Seattle area with deep passions for women's suffrage and libraries. Maybe if you're lucky, she'll give you a tour of her husband's sawmill! Fun!

If you answered mostly B's, your BFF is:

**DANIEL CHASE CORBIN**

Daniel loves mining, railroads, and sugar beet refineries! As your best friend, he'll shroud his finances under a veil of silence and happily ignore you as he helps Spokane prosper.

If you answered mostly C's, your best bud is:

**AL FAUSSETT**

Take a walk on the wild side with Al! When he's not flying over waterfalls in homemade canoes, he's planning the next time he will fly over a waterfall in a homemade canoe. What more could you want in a best friend?
COVER:


AWESOME WASHINGTON WOMEN:

PEPPY'S PROBLEMS:


COUNTRIES:


EQUALITY COLONY:


BEARDS:
"Dr Sweany" from the October 9, 1893 edition of the Seattle Post Intelligencer. From Washington State Library Flickr album "Early Washington Health Cures".

"The First Colored Senator and Representatives" from the December 25, 1908 edition of the Seattle Republican. From Washington State Library Flickr album "Portraits of Early Washingtonians".


“Alvan Flanders” 1865-1875. Portraits of Territorial Governors, 1853-1889, Washington State Archives. Original images held at the Washington State Archives, Olympia, WA.


“Captain S. W. Percival” 1840-1890. State Library Photograph Collection, 1851-1990, Washington State Archives. Original images held at the Washington State Archives, Olympia, WA.


SASQUATCH:


BEST FRIENDS:


THANKS!
Devoted to the Dissemination of Truth and Suppression of Humbug

GLORE & WUNDER

ADVANCED AND AMUSEMENTS IN WASHINGTON STATE HISTOY

by Supervisor Cowing

The Verdict is Yours "Gentle Reader"