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MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD AT MT. PLEASANT CEMETERY FOR THE EVERETT VICTIMS MAY-1-1917

In November, We Remember . . .

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Submissions welcome! Email articles, article ideas, news items, editorials, artwork, and photographs to:

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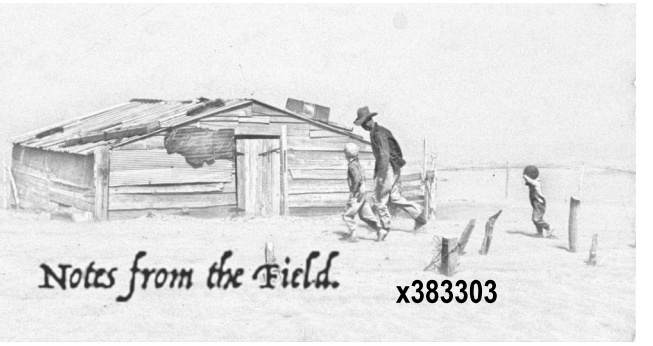
Cover image from industrialworker.org. Hundreds of Wobblies gathered at Seattle's Mount Pleasant Cemetery in 1917 to remember the victims of the Everett Massacre, and to spread the ashes of Joe Hill.



The pandemic brought the poor treatment of delivery workers to the forefront. In response, Seattle passed legislation that boosted protections from predatory app-based companies. One of these new protections requires employers to set up programs to make it easier for their workers to receive minimum sick time and to access those new benefits. Initially, these rules were temporary. As of March 2023, they're permanent.

Specifically, the law requires food delivery and transportation app-based companies to create systems for workers to request and use paid time, to provide timely compensation to workers for use of the time, and to provide workers with monthly notices of their balances.

DoorDash, for the second time, has been found ignoring these rules. As a result, they entered into a settlement that requires them to issue time credits to over 26,000 workers, distribute $500,000 to 650 workers, and pay $8,500 in fines to the City, totaling $1.5 million dollars. This may seem like a large amount of money that provides a deterrent against violations. But it isn't.

DoorDash was able to "postpone" the implementation of the law for years, saving thousands of dollars in added development costs and using the workers money to finance their operations. An $8,500 fine isn't even a down payment on CEO Tony Xu's reported 2020 compensation of $414 million dollars.

Until we significantly penalize these uberCapitalist predatory companies they will continue to do as they please.

Which Side Are You On? (1931)
Florence Reece
— *Wobbly version.*

Which side are you on?
Which side are you on? (Tell Me!)

Come all you good workers
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell
CHORUS x2.

Workers can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can
Will you be a lousy scab
or will you take a stand?
CHORUS x2.

Don't scab for the bosses
Don't listen to their lies
Poor folks ain't got a chance
Unless they organize.

Which side are you on?

The Only Place Where I Can Sing

by Simon Ingrand

Reprinted from the Industrial Worker, September 14 2023

The NARA convention of the year 2023 was… hard to describe.

At first when I heard about the previous year's convention from a delegate of the Austin branch, it seemed uninteresting. Through his eyes, I saw a few of the politically charged and chaotic events of the 2022 online convention. I understood that the convention was a 3-day-long meeting full of Wobblies who try to make changes to the rules and structures of the IWW, nominate new officers, and hear reports from existing officers. It makes sense. It's the logical way to democratically make decisions and improvements in a big union with many branches, departments and committees.

I also thought that it was a huge waste of time. I hadn't read our constitution, and I didn't care to check the verbose legalese of our bylaws, much less the resolutions of that year. I thought, surely, if so many people spent so much energy, time and creativity on a single workplace, we could unionize it in a day! At the time, I was involved in a campaign at my workplace, and highly focused on what I could do at the local level, for my coworkers and myself. The procedures and politics of the union at large didn't impact my efforts in any visible way, and I swore never to waste my time impacting them, when there is so much work to do here, at my job.

I broke that promise in less than a year, and I'm very happy I did because NARA 2023 Convention changed my life.

Two weeks before the convention started, my branch met at a little co-op bookstore in downtown Austin to have our General Business Meeting. One of the topics of the day was to see if anyone would want to go to the convention as our delegate. I had every intention of letting someone else volunteer. We had a record number of fellow workers present at that meeting so someone would surely volunteer to delve into procedure and politics on our behalf. There were already enough tasks on my IWW plate as a workplace organizer, an external organizer, a trainer and an Organizing Department Liaison without adding a three day trip to the other side of the country.

Centila Cultural Center. Source: https://www.elcentrodelaraza.org

Yet, through the course of the meeting, I realized: I could use this event to promote a video series project called "How to Fire your Boss" which aims to be educational IWW propaganda. Truly, there would be no better place to fulfill this than at a gathering of members from across Canada and the USA. I volunteered to go two days later.

Two weeks later, I arrived in front of Seattle's beautiful Centilia Cultural Center. I met dozens of fellow workers from all sorts of jobs, cities, backgrounds, and united in our love for the One Big Union. I exchanged contact information with many of them, just as planned. But beyond that, I also had deep meaningful conversations. I made new friends, and started what I believe to be lifelong relationships. We exchanged tips on creating engagement in our branches. We discussed cyber security, leftist unity, labor history, online versus in-person conventions, democracy, resolutions, amendments, and many more fascinating subjects.

I had the worst panic attack of my life, and found myself surrounded by helpful, gentle folks who helped me through it and after it.

I admired others developing their skills, and found myself learning alongside them. We collectively practiced public speaking, parliamentarian rules, patience, problem solving, empathy, patience, cooperation and patience.

And after all that, we would go grab a drink every night.

The convention did have its difficulties. Collectively, we walked into there with a barebones understanding of Robert's Rules of Order, which slowed down the first day a lot. The rules are meant to simplify meetings and make them more efficient, but that requires all of the active participants to understand them. We did not start off with a good understanding. While we learned how those rules operated by watching one another, we made a lot of procedural mistakes. Delegates would call "point of order" for things that were really "points of privilege." Some of us would lose track of what was being voted on and needed to have it re-explained. We even had to have a vote on whether or not to open the back door (check the meeting notes if you don't believe me).

Those mistakes went well into the third day, but by then, we had found our pace. Importantly, there was never a sense of judgment when one of us made a mistake. No one seemed to hold it against me when I asked a question that was not "germane to the motion on the floor," or seconded a motion suggested by the chair instead of saying "so moved." I think that we understood quickly that such mistakes were part of the democratic process we used, and not the fault of the individual Wobblies who committed them. Yes, time was wasted, but it was time that we spent learning from mistakes. It was

time we used to make ourselves better at meetings. We all watched one another grow and learn in those three days, and in a way I have only ever seen at Training for Trainers.

And all that was possible because we had a common cause. We all wanted to do what was best for the IWW, the working class, and the world. This goal united us through the most difficult times and made us push through the tedious hours of meeting.

The Tone Deaf Singer

Now, you might be asking yourself: "What does this have to do with singing?" To answer this question, I must take us back 25 years. I grew up in the south of France, in a middle-class family that did not foster the best environment for learning to sing.

My father had high expectations for his children when it came to learning. We were expected to come home with high grades and the praise of our teachers, whether it was from school or hobbies. If we were going to do something, anything, we could not do it casually: We had to do it with the goal of mastering it someday, and someday soon.

I remember my father lamenting that he had to pay for so many different hobbies I picked up over the years, instead of focusing on mastering just one. I never considered singing as the hobby for me. It was girlish at a time when I thought I was a boy. It was hard to tell when I did it right because my ears don't work super well. It was something I would learn in school anyways. Why work on it now when I know it will be homework later? Why bother?

If you sang wrong in my childhood house, someone would tell you, often in a way that was discouraging. So, I never wanted to sing in public, afraid of facing the same ridicule that was common at home. I sang as part of my music class, and school concerts, but always making my voice smaller than the other kids, always worried that I would subtract from the sum of our parts.

Even today, I mumble my way through the prayers at Synagogue, relying on the big, talented, beautiful, voice of my wife to cover mine.

Twenty years later, at the convention, the conditions for singing were not ideal. At the end of the second day of grueling procedures and long arguments, we were scheduled to sing. Our throats were tired from speaking, often loudly so the whole room could hear. Our bodies were eager to go to sleep. Our minds were preoccupied by the resolutions and amendments. Many of us hadn't read the lyrics, or listened to the tune beforehand. I hadn't done either. I was going into this public display of my cantoral mediocrity with no preparation whatsoever.

Yet, when the first words of the song escaped my lips, none of that mattered. I was able to sing, just as loud, and just as confident as the fellow workers next to me. I was able to sing, unafraid of the judgment of people whose opinions I value a lot. I was able to sing, knowing full well that my timing was off, my tune was unrehearsed, my pitch was wrong, my words were struggling to be read for the first time, and my voice was sore.

Finale

So why was I finally able to sing serenely in public after all these years? Well, because it was what we had been doing for the past two days. In our own way, we had been singing the whole time. Our little chorus had gotten together with the goal of creating harmony. We came to the convention with varying levels of skill and experience, yet we helped one another without judging each other's mistakes. We arrived with different intents, aspirations, and convictions that could have divided us, but we came together in solidarity. We had botched some rules, but our chair guided us through it like a maestro conducts an orchestra. The Seattle folks and the observers had worked hard to keep the convention running, reminding me of how the instrument players are essential to support a troupe. We carried the voices and votes of our fellow workers to the convention, with the shared intent of making some beautiful words ring true.

The words we had been working on were those of the resolutions, not really a song by the regular definition, but in the moment, that distinction didn't matter.

The many procedural mistakes we made that day echoed in my ears. I knew no one would mind how I sang: No one had minded when a fellow worker had asked an off-topic question on the floor. What mattered is that we were all trying our best, together.

It was a liberating feeling of solidarity. The words of "There is a Power in a Union" are truly inspirational, and well suited to the occasion. They ring in my ears even now, even though I only heard them that one time. So too, do the words of "Solidarity Forever," which we sang at the end of the third day.

When we did, I was able to sing, just as confidently, but my voice broke with emotion a few times. At the end of the song, the end of the convention, I cried in joy, in sadness, in solidarity.

I have not been able to sing since. And I don't think I will until the next convention.

An IWW convention is a difficult, long, and tedious thing. But if you participate, you will find many hands to lift you up, many voices whispering encouraging words, many heads coming together to solve problems, and a harmony of solidarity, a song that never really leaves your ears. You will find a place to sing, together, about a better world.

I hope someday soon, I will be able to sing with you, fellow workers.

In solidarity,

Simon Ingrand

From Pioneering Woman to Political Prisoner: The Radical Journey of Marie Equí

Marie Equi [credit: Wikimedia Commons]

By Justin Mason

From textile worker to abortion doctor, open lesbian to doting mother, activist to prisoner and back, Dr. Marie Equí fought all her life to empower women and the working class. She was fierce, proud, and unyielding in her quest for justice.

Equí once horsewhipped a corrupt minister who refused to pay her partner's salary in 1893. She allegedly stabbed a policeman with a hatpin while being arrested at a strike in 1913. In 1916, she was jailed with Margaret Sanger while advocating for birth control. Equí was even arrested for sedition on June 30, 1918 — little more than a month after President Woodrow Wilson signed the Espionage Act — the same day that Eugene Debs and many other political radicals were rounded up.

On the day of her sentencing for sedition, Equí proclaimed, "I am going to prison smiling. But I am not through. I shall keep on fighting until I die."

Humble Beginnings & A Journey West

A first-generation American, Marie Equí was born in New Bedford, MA on April 7, 1872. Her parents were Irish immigrant Sarah Mullins, and Italian immigrant Giovanni "John" Equí, a union that often made the family outcasts to both ethnic communities. Once a prominent whaling town, New Bedford, like many American cities at the time, was undergoing industrialization.

Textile mills were popping up, and after only one year of high school, young Marie was forced to join the masses of men, women and children working in them. Toiling 5 days a week for upwards of 12 hours a day, Marie brought home a mere 45 cents per week — a wage so low it's hardly surprising that most families had to send their children to work in the mills right out of grammar school.

North Congregational Church, Purchase Street, 1906 [credit: Penny Postcards from Massachusetts / A USGenWeb Archives Web Site]

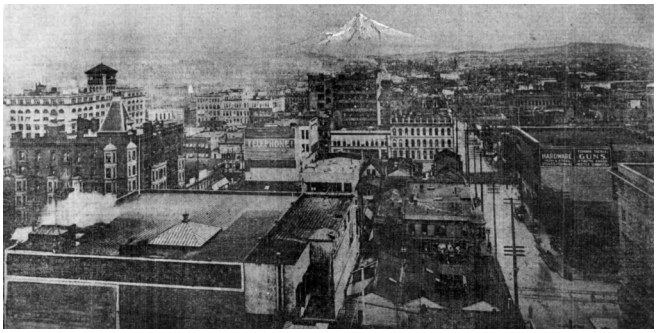
If not for the intervention of a benefactor, Betsey Holcomb, Equí may well have lived and died working in the textile mills of New Bedford. But Holcomb, nicknamed "Bessie," took an interest in Equí, encouraged her to enroll in school, and even paid her tuition. Taking advantage of the Homestead Act, Holcomb soon staked a claim in the Oregon Country, and in 1892, Equí joined her in The Dalles.

Second Street, The Dalles, Oregon from The West Shore in 1880 [credit: F. J. Gehres]

Holcomb worked as a schoolteacher, but in 1893 was denied her salary by local scoundrel Reverend O.D. Taylor, who was developing a reputation for ripping off townsfolk amid an economic downturn. After a particularly heated exchange in which the two women were again denied payment by Taylor, Equí set after the minister in the street, armed with a rawhide whip, and landed several blows while Taylor was held by men who shared her disdain.

While the Chronicle — a paper with close ties to Taylor — lambasted Equí for the incident, the rival Times-Mountaineer found the horsewhipping to be just desserts for the crooked capitalist, who was later arrested for larceny and embezzlement. The latter paper wrote that Holcomb was "held in high esteem," and that Equí's "friendship amounts to adoration." The day after the article, the two women were interviewed by the Times in what Equí biographer Michael Helquist describes as "one of the first public accounts of women living together as a same-sex couple in the West."

Equí was intent on pursuing medicine, but as a physician, rather than the far more common career — particularly for working women — of nurse. After fulfilling the homestead claim in The Dalles in 1897, the pair pulled up stakes and moved to San Francisco, where their cohabitation was more common. However, Holcomb and Equí grew apart as they developed new romances — Holcomb with a businessman, Equí with a fellow student at medical school — and in 1901 Equí moved to Portland, OR.



A view of Mt. Hood from Downtown Portland, Oregon c. 1901 [credit: L. J. Hicks, The Oregonian]

Dr. Equí's Practice and Praxis

Portland was booming at the outset of the 20th century, as Equí arrived with her new partner, Mary Ellen Parker, intent on finishing medical school. She had faced many odds to become one of the earliest practicing woman doctors in the Pacific Northwest, but she and Parker won their licenses in 1903. After returning to San Francisco for some advanced medical studies, the women were both able to found practices in Pendleton, OR, before making their way back to Portland in 1905.

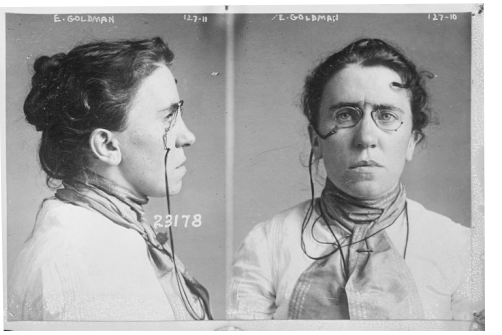
Dr. Equí was already making a name for herself as a provider of women's healthcare, including abortions. In a groundbreaking model, her practice charged on a sliding scale. She charged high prices for wealthy women (and wealthy men's mistresses), but provided low-cost or free care for working class folks. She found an ingenious way to care for those in need — particularly poor women and girls — by charging the rich what they could pay.

Some time after returning to Portland, Equí and Parker went their separate ways, and Equí soon began the longest relationship of her life, with Harriet Speckart. Speckart was an heiress to the Olympia Brewing Company fortune – an inheritance her family tried to deny her for years, due in large part to her relationship with Equí.

Equí Fights for Equity

In 1905, the newly-formed International Workers of the World (IWW) had sought to become "One Big Union" for all workers regardless of industry, nationality, race, or gender. The organization openly scorned capitalist titans of industry, proclaiming in their preamble, "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common." This kind of pro-labor sentiment, unsurprisingly, appealed to Equí.

Because of her empathy for her patients, many of whom were women cannery workers, Equí eventually found herself on the picket lines outside the Oregon Packing Company during the unsuccessful yet foundational 1913 strike. Along with many striking workers, she was beaten and arrested — but while being dragged off the picket line, she is said to have stabbed a policeman with a hatpin for violating her freedom of speech.



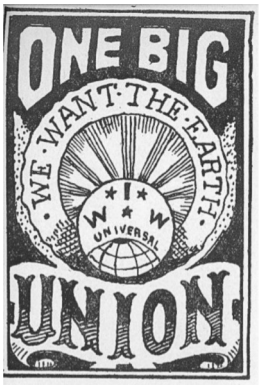
Emma Goldman profile and frontal mug shot c. 1901 [credit: Library of Congress]

The 1913 strike is often cited as the one that cemented Equí's radical politics. As an advocate for labor and women's rights, she had long been politically progressive, but seemed to prefer working for change within the system, as opposed to lambasting the very system itself. Not long after her violent arrest for peacefully protesting working conditions, Equí began to identify as a radical socialist, gravitating toward contemporaries like anarchist Emma Goldman, whom she had met in San Francisco and long admired.

Equí was arrested again in 1916 alongside famed birth control advocate Margaret Sanger — for handing out Sanger's booklet, "Family Limitations" on the streets of Portland. The two had a long friendship, and according to Equí's letters, had been lovers at one time.

Margaret Sanger c. 1916 [credit: Library of Congress]

She had brought with her to Portland the progressive sensibilities of San Francisco's suffragettes, and a lifetime of class consciousness. Equí openly advocated for birth control at a time when protestant winds were blowing tempestuously against anything to do with women's liberation, and she found herself allying with various facets of the fledgling labor movement as well. At some point, in her quest to bring about justice for women and workers, Equí began to break the law.



"One Big Union" silent agitator issued by IWW c. 1919 [credit: University of Washington]

Persecution, Prosecution, and Imprisonment

As Equí's activism drew admiration from the women's liberation and working class movements, it also drew the attention of the US Department of Justice (DOJ).

By 1918, DOJ records show that Equí had been under surveillance as a person of interest for her political views. Her support of strikes and anti-war rhetoric, including at IWW rallies, had garnered her notoriety within the DOJ, which had begun an investigation into her "subversive" activities, including wiretapping and embedding informants in her orbit.

Equí was indicted under the recently-enacted Espionage and Sedition Acts, along with Socialist Party candidate Debs and a slew of other radicals, on Jun. 30, 1918. The new laws were clearly meant to curb dissent against the US government — particularly from "socialists, pacifists, and other anti-war activists," according to the National Constitution Center. Upwards of 2,000 Americans were arrested and charged under this Orwellian statute, the constitutionality of which is still hotly debated today.

Equí fought the charge of sedition, but after a legal battle during which the DOJ tracked her every move, she was sentenced to 3 years in prison on Jun. 4, 1919 — although President Wilson later commuted her sentence to a year and a day. In a letter seeking clemency, Equí argued that her same-sex relationships were at the root of her persecution.

The Click viewed hundreds of pages of documents in the DOJ file on Marie Equí at the Oregon Historical Society — everything from agents' accounts of her whereabouts and activities, to reports from informants, to correspondence with friends, family, and comrades while she was imprisoned at San Quentin Federal Penitentiary.

It is impossible to know the full extent to which Equí (and countless others) had their rights violated under color of the Espionage Act. In response to *The Click*'s Freedom of Information/Privacy Act (FOIPA) request, the FBI sent a letter stating, "[r]ecords potentially responsive to your request were destroyed."

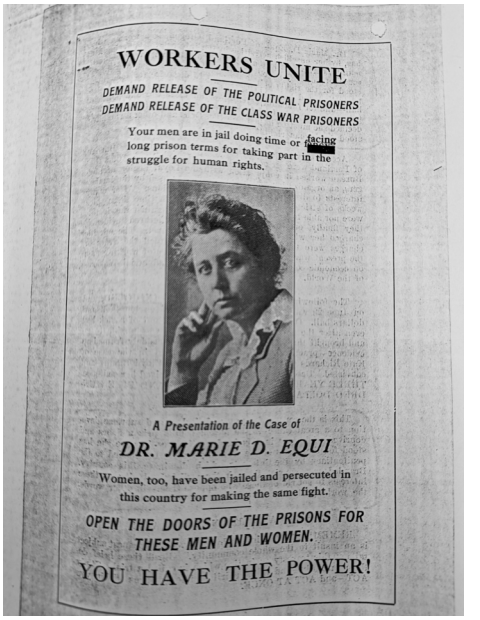
Equí kept fighting after being released from prison. The war was over, but she returned to Portland and continued advocating for the rights of women and workers. But she longed to be part of her adopted daughter Mary's life again, and around 1929 she retired from public life.

On Christmas Eve, 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt pardoned Equí and other citizens convicted of sedition during WWI. Roosevelt's pardon supported what countless activists had held all along — that the wartime sedition convictions had violated Americans' constitutional right to dissent. A lifetime of breaking glass ceilings behind her, radical icon Dr. Marie Equí died in Portland at the age of 80.

What Would Equí Do?

Today, women still make only 82 cents for every dollar a man makes, and the right to abortion has been stripped away by the Supreme Court. LGBTQ people have made strides, but are still violently attacked and demonized, particularly in conservative states. Union membership has been cut in half in the last 40 years, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics — and while workers across the US fight to organize, corporations like Amazon and Starbucks happily pay small fines for their illegal union-busting tactics.

How might Marie Equí react if she could see the nation today, more than a century after she began her struggle for equality? Many might despair when faced with the fact that such injustices have not been corrected. Dr. Equí, I'd like to think, would be outraged — and then look for a whip.


WORKERS UNITE

DEMAND RELEASE OF THE POLITICAL PRISONERS
DEMAND RELEASE OF THE CLASS WAR PRISONERS

Your men are in jail doing time or facing long prison terms for taking part in the struggle for human rights.

A Presentation of the Case of

DR. MARIE D. EQUI

Women, too, have been jailed and persecuted in this country for making the same fight.

OPEN THE DOORS OF THE PRISONS FOR THESE MEN AND WOMEN.

YOU HAVE THE POWER!

Pamphlet calling for the release of Equí and other political prisoners [credit: Oregon Historical Society]

On the Road: Remembering Fallen Workers, Part 2

by Dave Tucker, Bellingham, WA

In the last issue of the Seattle Worker, we started a trip with Fellow Workers Tuck and Phil while they searched for Wob graves in Washington State. We continue their travels with a second installment. –ed.

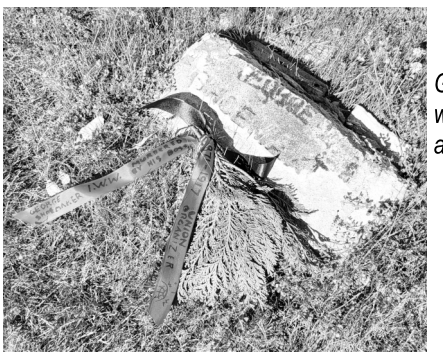
We are in search of workers that were killed during union struggles in the early 20th Century. Many of these IWW members were murdered in their efforts to gain improvements on the job, exert their right to free speech, or were singled out by police and capitalist goons because of their outspoken revolutionary beliefs. Some of these Fellow Workers lie in unmarked graves. They left few earthly traces, as if erased from time. As common working people they are silenced and unsung.

After locating Fellow Worker Stumpy Payne's grave in Vancouver, Washington, Phil and I continued to Yakima, WA to find the grave of FW George Underwood (1914-1984). FW George has a headstone placed by his family, making it easy to find with the aid of a map provided by the Tahoma Cemetery.

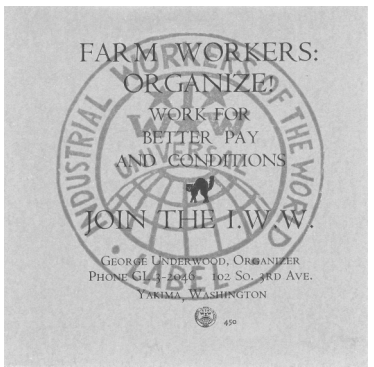
In the 1960s, George put tremendous effort into organizing apple orchard workers into the IWW. At a time of very low level IWW activity he raised funds for a hall in Yakima and signed up several dozen members in the agriculture industry. In 1966, George spearheaded the first IWW Industrial Union branch charter in two decades, agitated for piece rate increases, and spread the IWW message around the area. The union administration established a fund to support his work. George wrote frequent articles for Industrial Worker and reported on the campaign in the IWW's internal bulletin. He served on the General Executive Board (GEB) in 1967.

Fellow Worker Underwood was an inspiration for me when I was part of an IWW union drive in Chelan-area orchards in the mid-1980s (see the Seattle Worker issue for July-August 2023). I read accounts of his campaign in 20-year-old issues of Industrial Worker. During the campaign, I wrote letters to George but never got a reply. I had an old address. George died in 1994, at the age of 80. He lies next to his wife, Ruby (1916-2010) in the well-kept Tahoma Cemetery in Yakima. We know very little about his life other than his IWW activities. We don't know when or how he joined our union, or if he was active prior to the 1960's organizing efforts. We don't even have a photo of him. We left another wreath at the FWs grave.

Fellow Worker Phil and I meandered on two-lane back roads across the eastern half of the state to Newport, north of Spokane on the border with Idaho, where we sought the grave of FW George Shoemaker. On May 31, 1917, at the age of 46, he was attempting to negotiate a raise for striking sheep shearing workers in Riverside, Oregon, east of Burns. His employer, Jim Johnson, shot him three times, killing FW Shoemaker. There was widespread but very superficial newspaper coverage of the shooting in the region. Johnson was arraigned for murder, but a search of area newspaper archives turned up no evidence that there was ever a trial. Like so many unsung Wobs and ordinary working people, we know nothing of his life. FW Shoemaker lies in the Newport cemetery among a few other Shoemaker grave markers from decades ago. The stone of George's marker is crumbling, and much of his name has eroded away. The cemetery manager said the IWW is encouraged to put up a new marker.



George Shoemaker's weathered tombstone, and our wreath



A poster from George Underwood's 1965 orchard union campaign. Image from IWW Materials Archive

The following day, we went into Coeur D'Alene, Idaho to meet with FW Corey, an enthusiastic young man who would like to learn more about organizing. He is determined to get some more members in the town. We then headed west to Spokane to locate three more unmarked Wobbly graves.

We started out at the Fairmount Cemetery to find the resting place of FW John J. McGuire. In the early years of the 20th Century he was an ironworker and a prominent IWW member in Spokane, known throughout the region for his appearance on picket lines. He worked tirelessly to promote the IWW's Industrial Worker newspaper and sold it on the streets of Spokane. He was well known to the commercial class in the city. He was murdered by persons unknown in 1912 and buried in an unmarked grave. The general location was found by a Spokane Wobbly a few years ago, but Phil and I wanted to try to find the exact spot. The cemetery office had a map, but there were very few other grave markers in the area to use as reference points. After a couple hours of puzzlement, I think we found the spot, at the foot of a

FW Phil at John McGuire's grave. We left a wreath (bottom center of the photo) to mark the spot where an IWW grave stone will eventually go.

tall pine tree near the cemetery's edge. We left our wreath and sang a song from the Little Red Songbook.

We went across town to Greenwood Cemetery to locate two union victims of the Spokane free speech fight of 1909. FW's Samuel Chinn and F.J. Ferry were jailed for having the audacity to speak on the city streets against capitalism and in favor of unions. With hundreds of other Wobs, they spent over a month in the city jail on a daily diet of 4 ounces of bread and water. Both men suffered ill health as a result. Not wanting the scandal of dead prisoners, the police released both men. FW Chinn, who was the IWW secretary in Spokane, was diabetic and died of malnutrition days later at the age of 28, on March 10th, 1910. His coffin, draped with an IWW flag, was accompanied by several hundred IWW marchers wearing red neckties.

FW Ferry, a resident of Spokane for 25 years, died of pneumonia at the age of 62 on April 7th, 1910 after 34 days on bread and water. He had no family. Like FW Chinn, his funeral was arranged by the IWW and hundreds of workers attended.

Their unmarked graves are nearly adjacent to each other, in an unmaintained section of the cemetery, overgrown with bushes and trees. There are many hundreds of neglected graves here. Fortunately a few have markers and with the aid of a burial map we located the two graves, which we marked with a few large stones and derelict flower holders for future reference. It is eerie in this place - a graveyard taken over by riotous vegetation, sunken areas marking some of the graves, tilted grave stones, and utterly deserted. We couldn't find out why this particular part of the otherwise well-kept Greenwood cemetery is unmaintained - perhaps the people buried here no longer have families to visit, or there have been no burials for so long it has simply fallen off management's radar. But these two FWs, martyrs to free speech, will someday have IWW grave markers.

We concluded our trip with a visit to the Wilson Creek Cemetery, in that tiny isolated railroad town of 200 souls midway between Spokane and Yakima. Here, on June 7, 1913, an unnamed IWW man was stoned to death by a gang of railroad workers employed by the Great Northern Railroad. All that is known of this event is from a few local newspapers, who reported that a group of IWW's were talking to the workers about organizing when a rock-throwing fight broke out. There are no other details; all we know is that one Wobbly was struck in the head and killed. IWW literature was found in his pockets. It isn't known what happened to the other Wobs. The dead man was buried in the town's potters field - a portion of the graveyard for the poorest folks who have no family or, in this case, are unidentified. Phil and I found the very well-kept cemetery, but there is no defined potter's field other than what is on the north side of the cemetery, with no markers of any kind. Reportedly there are dozens of graves in the potter's field but not a single marker. Many of these are likely immigrant workers for the railroad. Cemetery records do not indicate who is buried in this section of the graveyard, or where the individual graves are.

It's important to remember and honor these Fellow Workers. Most are virtually anonymous, so a grave marker is all we can have as a physical reminder of their sacrifice and contributions. There is a modest IWW fund set aside for things like purchasing grave markers for our fallen members. It has been used for a few graves around the country. Grave markers for Fellow Workers Payne, Shoemaker, McGuire, Chinn, and Ferry will cost several thousand dollars, more

The overgrown section of the Greenwood Cemetery. We left the two plastic vases on the graves of FWs Chinn (left) and Ferry (right). The tombstone in the center is easily recognizable if you know the right area to search.

than the fund holds. There are Wobblies in graveyards around North America who also deserve to be commemorated by an IWW marker. Watch for a fundraising campaign in future issues of the Seattle Worker.

For directions to visit Wobbly graves in Washington, write to dtchico@gmail.com, subject line "Wob Graves."

Salish Sea Report
In November We Remember. . .

by FW Gale

In November we remember our pre-contact ancestors, the post-contact ancestors, and their descendants carrying on the struggle for liberation. We remember the ninety million who didn't survive colonial settler genocide. We remember our brothers and sisters, disappeared, sent to boarding schools, or lost to drug and alcohol abuse. We remember our fallen Fred, Zara, and Auntie Mariah. We remember the Chemakum. We remember the Thirty-two Unangax who died at the Funter Bay camp, seventeen at Killisnoo, twenty at Ward Lake, five at Burnett Inlet.

We remember our sacred Mother Earth — the ongoing genocide of seals, otters, salmon, whales, birds, and buffalo. We hold the pain of the moon, sun, sea, and air caused by capitalist greed. We have not forgotten the 800 U.S. American military bases giving us cancer. We remember the water protectors at Peehee Mu'Huh and the victims of the 1865 massacre. We remember Fellow Worker, tree protector, Manuel Esteban Paez Terán and all those protecting Mother Earth so we can all have a home.

In November we remember victims of war and genocide from Dublin to Warsaw, border towns to reservations, and Gaza. We remember the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; the fellow workers who died fighting two imperialist world wars; the victims of the death camps from Southeast Alaska to Auschwitz to Siberia to Angola, LA. We remember the victims of the dictators propped up by dictators in D.C. We remember the victims of the Trail of Tears and the forgotten death marches; we remember all the My Lais and the bombings of Germany, Japan Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, Iraq.

In November we remember the victims of chattel slavery, the victims of an apartheid state, and their descendants who were lynched. We remember the 700,000 who died fighting to end chattel slavery, those who didn't survive the passage or the plantation, and the babies who died on plantations before they had a chance. We remember Sally Hemmings, and all other young women abused by slavers like Thomas Jefferson. We remember all those gunned down at schools, on the streets, and the victims of police abuse.

We remember the victims from the voyage of the Verona; the organizers of the free speech fights; the fellow workers who confronted the Jim Crow dogs across the States - those who dared to directly de-segregate. We remember the fellow workers who marched for liberation at work, and those gunned, clubbed, and beat down for better wages and conditions. We remember the thousands jailed during Palmerist show trials and the Jimmie Higgins' of the movement.

We remember our ancestors who carried the red flag come dungeons dark or gallows grim: Joe, Lucy, Harriet, Anna, E.F., W. Nef, J. Neil, Ben, W. Everest, Becky Beck, Frank, Albert, Big Bill, Gurley Flynn, Emma, Ella B, Malcom, George Woodbey, Katie Phar, Emmit, Rosa, Patrice, Brothers King and Debs, Chavez and the Magon, Sitting Bull, Raevsky, Mother Jones, and so many more.

We remember our stars: Andrew, Elia, Eustina, Agrifina, Marty, Moe, Tammoy, Q'lash S'atla, Aaga, Hoskia, Emma, Joe, Lucy, Harriet, Frank, Ben, Arthur, Martin, Gene, GF, EF, and Bill.

Here's to the next seven generations, the last and first village, and freedom. You're not forgotten. We continue to organize in solidarity — all for one, one for all.

Puget Sound Troublemakers

by FW Mike

On September 30th 2023, Labor Notes, a media and organization project that's been vocal in supporting the labor movement since 1979, hosted the "Puget Sound Troublemakers School." For over 50 years now, Labor Notes has held conferences, rallies, and educational events for anyone associated with labor organizing including rank and file workers, shop stewards, union leaders, and more. This year was no different, with over 100 people in attendance at the South Seattle College in West Seattle. The theme of this year's conference was "overcoming fear," with local labor leaders telling stories about how they used solidarity in the workplace, general community building, and the love for the work they do to fight back against apathy against organizing, fear of retaliation from bosses, and other obstacles to organizing their workplace and community.

The conference consists of several different "mini-conferences" including plenary sessions that covered a wide variety of topics, including racism in the workplace, grievance advising for shop stewards, fighting climate change through solidarity, defeating apathy in the workplace, community organizing, and several more. Many organizations were in attendance, including union leaders and members from the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union, Service Employees International Union , International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Northwest Carpenter's Union, International Brotherhood of Teamsters, United

Academic Workers, The Society of Professional Engineering Employees in Aerospace, the Industrial Workers of the World, and several more. Also in attendance were organizations in support of labor including the Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), Freedom Road Socialist Organization (FRSO), and several more.

During the introduction, a fellow worker used powerful poetry to describe the interdisciplinary struggle that workers go through, whether it's fighting for healthcare, supporting anti-racist movements, or generally supporting union workers. A panel spoke about the work they have been doing and what keeps them going during their fight against corporations and the forces of capital. The current strikes in the United Automobile, Aerospace and Agricultural Implement Workers of America (UAW) were communicated as well as advice on how you can support them (more links at the bottom).

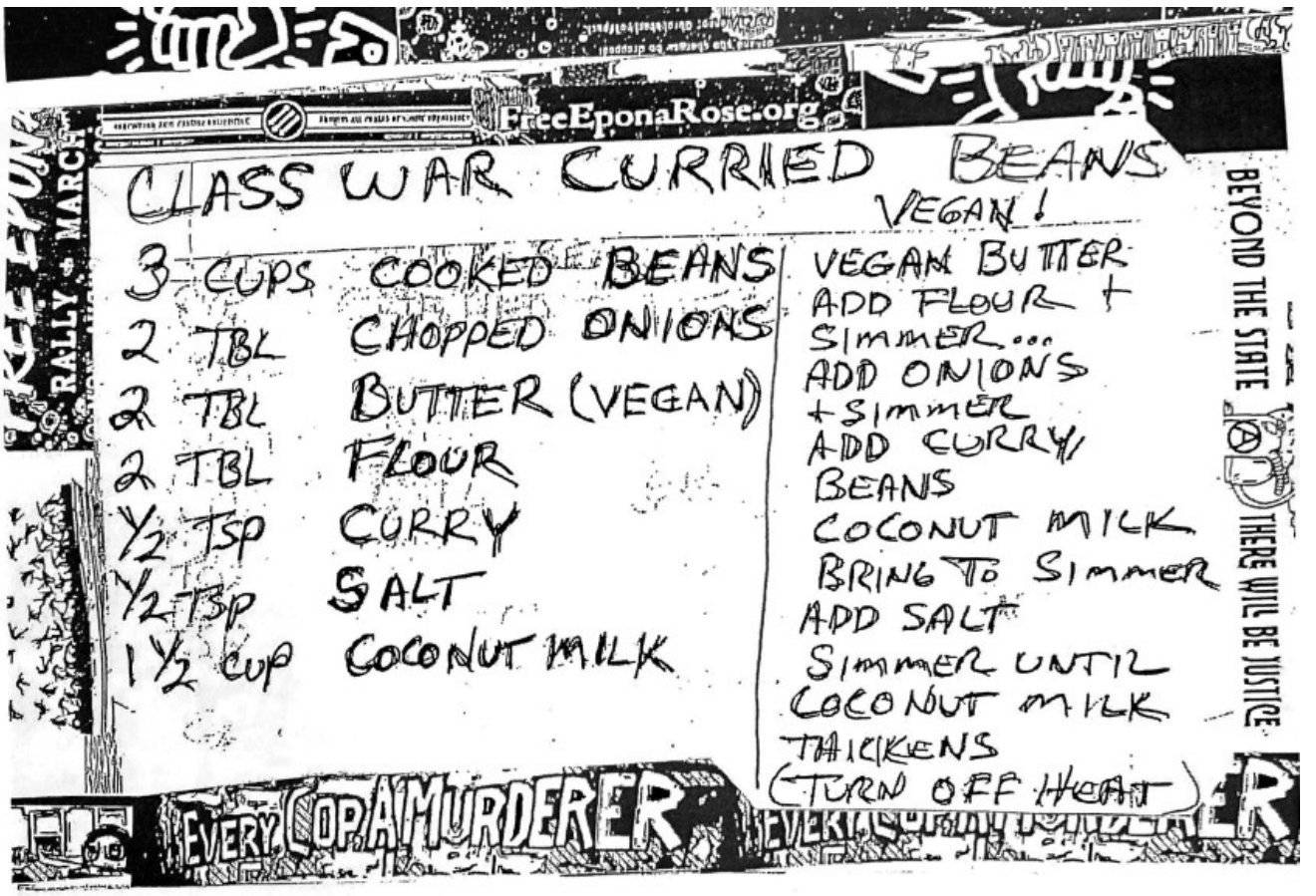
After the initial panel, the conference branched into several plenary sessions, hosted by labor leaders and organizers, giving active education sessions to the attendees, with scenarios on how to be more effective organizers. Over lunch, there were sessions from the service worker organizers and healthcare workers, who are currently fighting large hospitals for fair staffing requirements. After lunch, another series of plenary sessions was held in a similar fashion, many continuations of the first. As a shop steward, I attended the grievance training on how to build solidarity among the rank and file to fight some of the bullshit that bosses will dish out for the sake of profits.

A memorial to Paul Bigman was given in the closing statements. A lifelong labor activist and organizer, Paul passed away in June of 2023, and through some concerted effort by local labor leaders, the Seattle City Council passed a resolution making September 30th forever "Paul Bigman Day." Per tradition for many labor events, Solidarity Forever was sung, tears were shed, and people came together to support workers across the world in their struggle for a better future.

Solidarity Forever.

Labor Notes Conference (next one April 2024): https://labornotes.org/2024

Support UAW 492 Portland: https://region6.uaw.org/uaw-local-492/take-action



From the IWOC Cookbook, Vol. III, 2023 For information on prisoner organizing, contact ***KCIWOC@GMAIL.COM***

IWOC HQ
PO Box 414304
Kansas City, MO 64141

IWOC.ORG

About the Seattle IWW

Founded in Chicago in 1905, the IWW is open to all workers. Don't let the "industrial" part fool you: our members include teachers, social workers, retail workers, construction workers, bartenders and computer programmers. Only bosses and cops are not allowed to join. If you are currently unemployed, you can still join. We are a volunteer-driven union, and this means we run the union. Membership dues are used to maintain the union and assist organizing campaigns. As a result, monthly dues are low. To join, visit:

https://iww.org/membership/

Take the Organizer Training!

The Organizer Training 101 (OT101) is an intensive, four-day training that teaches you all the basic skills and tools they need to build an organizing committee at your workplace—from the ground up. You will learn what constitutes a union, how to have one-on-one conversations with coworkers, the basics of labor law, and how to organize and carry out a direct action.

The Seattle General Membership Branch holds regular trainings—free during the pandemic. If you'd like to be notified of the time and date, visit:

https://forms.gle/q9edxoGrEVXhMVd89

Organize Your Workplace!

The Industrial Workers of the World want to help you improve the conditions of your workplace. If you have questions, or would like to begin organizing your workplace, visit:

https://seattleiww.org/organize-your-workplace/

Preamble

to the IWW Constitution

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

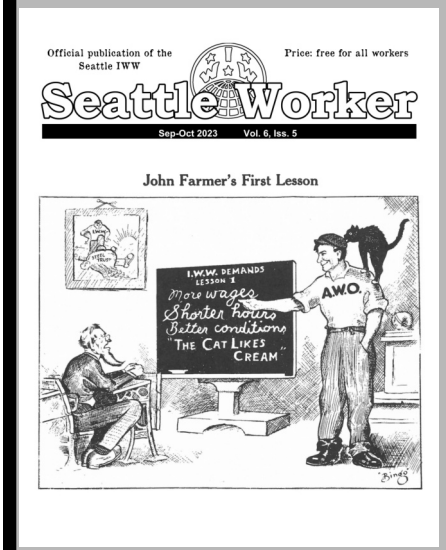
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the means of production, abolish the wage system, and live in harmony with the Earth.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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