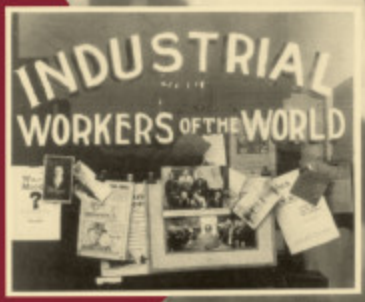
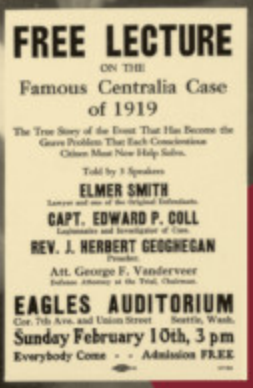
# The Centralia Tragedy of 1919

## *Elmer Smith and the Wobblies*




**Tom Copeland**

*Introduction by Albert F. Gunns*

# *The Centralia Tragedy of 1919*

## Elmer Smith and the Wobblies

How they say to me "Elmer, you are fanning the fire of discontent with your speeches!" Of course I am! Did ever anything worthwhile ever come to pass in the history of the world without fanning the fire of discontent? No! . . . By the Almighty I will fan the fire of discontent till I draw my last breath.

ELMER SMITH
*May 1, 1923*
*Seattle, Washington*

# *The Centralia Tragedy of 1919*

## Elmer Smith and the Wobblies

*Tom Copeland*

Introduction by Albert F. Gunns

A SAMUEL AND ALTHEA STROUM BOOK

University of Washington Press
*Seattle and London*

*To my wife, Diane, for her unequivocal love and support*

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# *Introduction*

To most Americans in 1919 the death of four war veterans and a member of a radical labor union in a remote town in Washington state must have seemed to be yet another worrisome event in that already troubled "Red Scare" year. The months since the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, which terminated the carnage of World War I, had brought Americans not only the jubilation of victory but also the anxiety of domestic turmoil. Veterans who had fought to "make the world safe for democracy" streamed home to find that jobs were scarce and that it was difficult to re-establish a familiar way of life. Labor strikes in many industries disrupted an economy that was straining to return to peacetime production; and some strikes, such as the Seattle General Strike in February 1919 and the Boston police strike in September posed special threats to public order. U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer seized on these and similar events to embark on a campaign that shrilly warned the public of the dangers of a Bolshevik-style revolution in the nation. Resting uneasily on thin legal ground, Palmer ordered a series of round-ups that netted thousands of suspected radicals, most of whom were later released after the public had raised an alarm.

This atmosphere promoted the belief that there was widespread lawlessness abroad in America—and there was. Unfortunately, much of it derived from official sources. Where established authority appeared to be helpless, citizens were emboldened to take authority into their own hands. During the police strike, armed citizens patrolled the streets of Boston; during the general strike in Seattle, a sort of citizen militia did the same.

What happened in Centralia, Washington, on November 11, 1919—the first Armistice Day—was a reflection of these anxieties. In that small lumber and railroad town, a radical labor organization, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), challenged the economic and social equi-

librium of a sober, conservative business establishment. There was already a history of violent attacks by mobs of private citizens on the persons and property of union members, and there was a widespread expectation among townspeople in Centralia that the Armistice Day gathering of patriotic veterans would serve as the occasion for another confrontation. The clash occurred, and it resulted in death.

There have really been two Centralia cases: the case as fact and the case as symbol. It is the latter aspect that has dominated writings and discussions of the event. The earliest accounts of the events and the subsequent trial—even newspaper reportage—were highly partisan and in most instances written with the intent of influencing public sympathies to one side or the other. The American Legion commissioned Ben Hur Lampman to write its pamphlet, *Centralia: Tragedy and Trial*. Lampman had reported the case in the pages of the Portland *Oregonian* and did not need to alter significantly the anti-IWW, pro-Legion tone of those reports. For its part, the IWW enlisted the services of Ralph Chaplin and Walker C. Smith, whose respective accounts, *The Centralia Conspiracy: The Truth about the Armistice Day Tragedy* and *Was It Murder? The Truth about Centralia*, were equally propagandistic. It was Chaplin and Smith who fabricated, or at least first put in print, the story of Wesley Everest's alleged castration by members of the mob that lynched him. Both sides used their versions of the event for political purposes—the Legion and its supporters to argue the need for greater vigilance and more legislation restrictive of the activities of radicals, the supporters of the IWW and some groups such as the Communist Party to rally public sympathy to their cause.

These early, biased accounts have been the basis of much of the historical discussion of the event. From John Dos Passos (*1919*), who was promoting his own point of view, to later historians, who should have been more careful with their sources, these discussions have been used as the basis for creating a sort of modern-day "passion play" in which the Centralia events have become a symbol (or symbols) to be manipulated to produce the intended effect on the audience. Perhaps those who have been most honest in pursuing this approach have been the dramatists or "folklorists" who have frankly presented the Centralia outbreak as a subject for entertainment or as an example of powerful, popular myth.

Neither side among the early protagonists seemed content with a simple recitation of the known facts. Granted that much about the outbreak will never be known and is necessarily open to speculation; yet careful analysis of verifiable information yields insight into the personalities, pas-

sions, and events of those fateful days. DeWitt Wyckoff attempted it and published *The Centralia Case: A Joint Report*, a moderate and moderately influential account for the Federal Council of Churches in 1930; its principal failing was that it essentially matched the case for the prosecution against the case for the defense and concluded that neither case stood up very well. What was lacking was an impartial search for information that would provide an explanation and an understanding of these events.

One of the great strengths of Tom Copeland's account of the life of Elmer Smith is that he has done his homework on the Centralia case. He has gone far toward accomplishing what one wishes might have been done long ago. He has produced a factually accurate account that, without resorting to caricatures or shallow characterizations of persons on either side, shows the Centralia outbreak for the real tragedy that it was: ordinary people who perhaps should have known better but who were ultimately swept up by forces they only dimly understood. What emerges is a picture of a community driven by fear, intolerance, and the corrupt use of power that is far more gripping than the papier-maché cartoons of the myth-makers.

Copeland's real focus, of course, is on the life and career of Elmer Smith, the Centralia attorney whose association with the IWW led to his prosecution along with the other Centralia defendants as a co-conspirator. As a lawyer, Copeland argues, Smith was exceptional, not for his brains but for his heart. His poor advice was a contributing factor to the Centralia tragedy, but he was a faithful friend of the IWW and the downtrodden. His work on their behalf during the two decades following the Centralia trial was far-reaching and significant and accomplished at great personal sacrifice for both him and those who knew him.

Smith was one of a handful of contemporary lawyers who served the cause of political radicals and radical labor during the early part of the century, men of whom we know very little—George F. Vanderveer, Fred H. Moore, Ralph S. Pierce, Leslie B. Sulgrove, Irvin Goodman, even Clarence Darrow. These men were rarely members of the groups they defended; they were intellectually, professionally, educationally, and socially at a distance from their clients. They have been shadowy presences in these legal proceedings—magicians called in to save the day in court with some legal *leger-de-main* but who then disappeared from the scene as mysteriously as they appeared.

Elmer Smith was one of those men who sought to defend the legal rights of radicals. Such activity was generally disapproved by a legal profes-

sion that was astonishingly insensitive to the era's numerous threats to the civil liberties of American citizens. There was constant risk that the lawyer would be cast out with his client. Yet, some like Smith chose to take the chance.

ALBERT F. GUNNS
*Long Beach, California*

# *Acknowledgments*

When I first read about Elmer Smith in 1970, I was a sophomore at his alma mater, Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. My history professor, Steve Trimble, put a tape recorder in my hands and gave me the necessary encouragement to go out and begin recording the stories of Smith's surviving classmates. As my mentor, Steve inspired me to uncover the history of Smith's life. Without his support and enthusiasm this book would never have been written.

Four other friends were significant forces in influencing the shape of this book. Tracy Dalton conducted an important first interview with Smith's friend, Herb Edwards. She also provided me with a friendly, comfortable home base for my numerous trips to the Pacific Northwest as well as a much appreciated sympathetic ear. Al Gunns generously shared his insights into the Centralia tragedy, particularly concerning the raid and the trial. He encouraged me in my work and was a thoughtful host on several of my trips to California and Washington. Don Capron spent many dollars on long distance calls to me to discuss our mutual interest in the Centralia case. His comments on earlier drafts of the manuscript and his analysis of the Centralia raid and trial were invaluable to my understanding of events. Anne Kaplan gave the book much needed editorial criticism. Her rigorous review made substantial improvements in the style and presentation of this story.

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I am thankful for a 1972 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, Youthgrants in the Humanities Program, which enabled me to make my first trip to the Pacific Northwest and interview many of Smith's relatives and friends.

My love and appreciation go to my parents, Bruce and Carol Copeland, who provided financial support that allowed me to spend more time on research during the earlier years when I needed it the most.

Lastly, I want to recognize the contributions of the many individuals who allowed me to interview them for this book. The memories of Smith's relatives, friends, and adversaries are the bedrock of this biography. There would be no story to tell if they had not shared some of their past with me. I particularly want to acknowledge my debt to Herb Edwards, Edna Nelson, Lucy Anne Cloud, Virginia Waddell, Laura Willits, Edward Coll, Nora Beard, Mary Killen, Julie Ruuttila, Joe Murphy, Grace Skinner, and Stuart Smith. Although many of these people who loved Smith are now gone, their devotion endures in this book.

Although more articles, pamphlets, poems, and fiction have been written about the Centralia case than about any other event in IWW his-

tory, little has been written about Smith, probably for several reasons. He left almost no personal records, he fought on the losing side of battles all his life, and few serious studies of the Centralia case have been published. This biography draws heavily on interviews with Smith's surviving relatives and many of his friends, hundreds of pages of FBI records, previously sealed Washington State Supreme Court records on Smith's disbarment and reinstatement, and organizational records of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU).

TOM COPELAND
*St. Paul, Minnesota*

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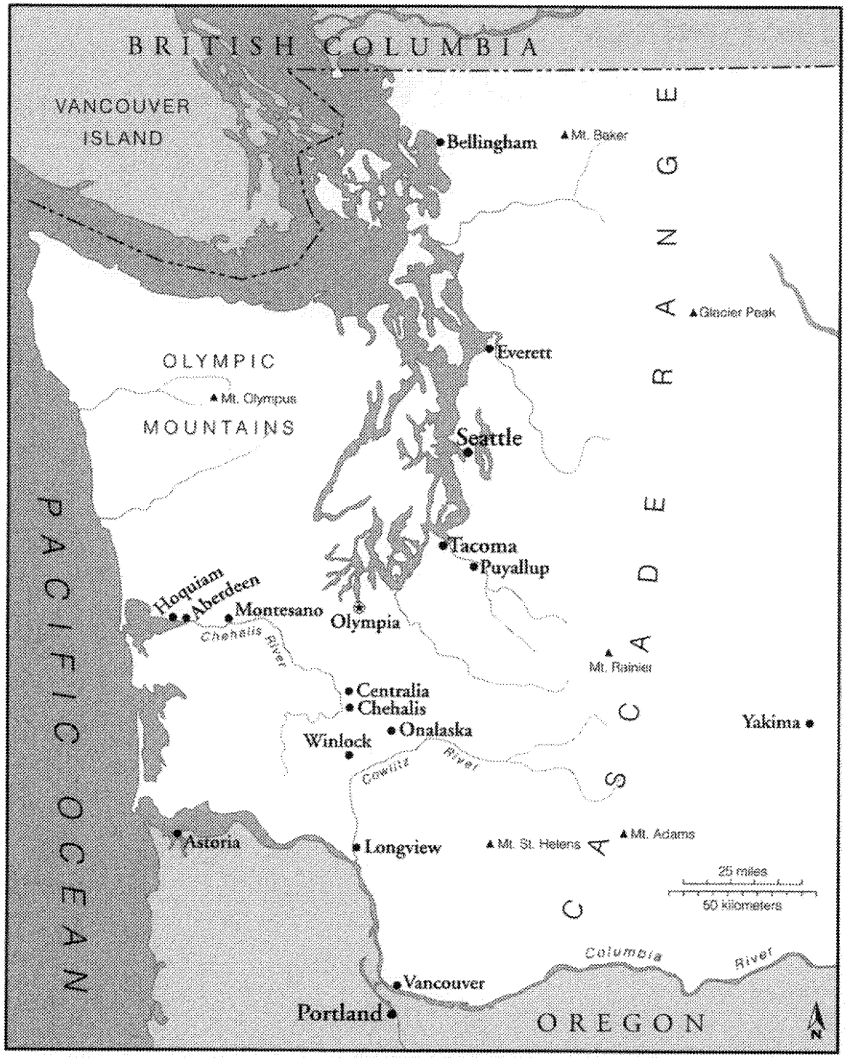
## Elmer Smith and the Wobblies


BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER ISLAND
Bellingham
Mt. Baker
CASCADE RANGE
Glacier Peak
Everett
OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS
Mt. Olympus
Seattle
Tacoma
Puyallup
Hoquiam
Aberdeen
Montesano
Olympia
Chehalis River
Mt. Rainier
Centralia
Chehalis
Winlock
Onalaska
Yakima
Cowlitz River
Astoria
Longview
Mt. St. Helens
Mt. Adams
25 miles
50 kilometers
Columbia River
Vancouver
Portland
OREGON
PACIFIC OCEAN
N

# *Prologue: The Determined Advocate*

"God, Give Us Men!"—Josiah Gilbert Holland

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.[1]

The weather was chilly and the sky overcast when the parade line moved out at two o'clock from the city park in Centralia, Washington. It was Armistice Day, November 11, 1919, and the band played "Over There" to honor the veterans of World War I. Leading the march were members of the Elks Lodge, a patrol of Boy Scouts headed by the high school principal, and a few Marines and sailors. In the rear marched former soldiers who were members of the Centralia and Chehalis American Legion posts. The parade stretched for three blocks, with the parade marshal on horseback keeping the line under control. The marchers turned left on Tower Avenue and headed north toward the union hall of the Industrial Workers of the World. The crowd watched, most of them silent as they occasionally waved small American flags.

Elmer Smith came out of his law office on Tower Avenue to watch the parade pass a few blocks to the north. He stepped onto the street, trying to follow the parade line with his eyes as it curved with the street to the left and out of sight. After staring up the street for a moment, he

turned and headed home to get his gun for the trouble that he knew was fast approaching.

Young and idealistic, the thirty-one-year-old attorney had struggled for three years to become established in his new career. Smith had already gained a reputation for aggressively representing union men and others in need against local lumber owners and businessmen. His fellow lawyers and prominent business leaders in the community did not quite know what to make of this upstart advocate who was committed to defending the underclass with a singular passion for justice. Several had advised Smith that his choice of clients was alienating him from his colleagues. In fact, Smith was not accepted by any group in town. Set apart from his colleagues, he was also set apart from those who came to him for help because of his educational background and profession.

Tensions were high in Centralia. Timber owners and town officials were violently hostile toward the IWW's attempts to improve working conditions in the forests and mines near Centralia. A weakened economy following World War I and a widely held fear that IWW radicalism threatened American values stiffened the employers' resistance to any change. When the American Legion announced that an Armistice Day parade would march past IWW headquarters, the Wobblies rightly feared that plans were being laid to drive them out of town. They remembered a Red Cross parade in 1918 that had ended in a raid on their hall, when union members had been run out of town.

Earlier in November, the secretary of the local IWW had come to Smith's office for advice. Smith had told him that the Wobblies had the right to defend their hall. Although Smith was not aware of what preparations the Wobblies had made for the coming parade, he knew that some of the union men were not afraid of a confrontation and that they were unlikely to back down in the face of violence. Smith was also stubborn enough to face danger calmly. But he had begun to worry about his own safety. He feared that if the parade turned into a raid on the IWW hall, his office would be next. When he went home that afternoon, he picked up his Colt .45 revolver, which he kept hidden in his dresser drawer. He told his wife Laura that he expected trouble and that he might be the target of attack. Frightened, Laura held their year-old baby close and tried to persuade Elmer not to go. Unable to stop him, she wept as he hurried out the front door.

A few minutes after returning to his office, Smith heard a knock on his door. A group of Boy Scouts and the high school principal told Smith

that all hell had broken loose down the street. The IWW hall had been attacked, and several marchers in the parade had been shot and seriously wounded. The principal asked Smith to go with him, under his custody, to the police station. Smith went peacefully, leaving his gun in his top desk drawer.

Smith was put into jail with a dozen or more Wobblies. On the floor in the corridor lay a beaten body. Outside, a hostile mob of over a hundred people was howling for Wobbly blood. A little after five o'clock that afternoon, news began to circulate through town that three of the parade marchers had died from their wounds. Armed vigilante groups began rounding up all the Wobblies they could find. By nightfall twenty-two men had been thrown into cells built to hold less than ten. Two of Smith's brothers were among those arrested.

At seven-thirty, all the city lights in Centralia went out. A crowd marched to the jail through the night and entered without resistance. None of the prisoners spoke. The mob grabbed the bleeding man who was still on the floor and dragged him to a waiting car. The silence in the jail lasted until the noise of the cars driving away in the darkness faded.[2]

Elmer Smith was the central character in what became known as the Centralia Armistice Day tragedy, a confrontation that represents the high-water mark in the suppression of domestic labor radicalism during the World War I era. During the 1920s, the Centralia case was a national cause célèbre for labor supporters and liberals. To date, Smith has generally been perceived as a minor player in the Centralia case. In fact, he played a leading role in the Pacific Northwest labor movement during the 1920s and is one of the major figures in Washington state labor history. The Centralia case became the driving force in his career, and his work kept alive the cause of the IWW members who were imprisoned for their role in the shootings and eventually led to their freedom. Elmer Smith personified the Centralia tragedy, and we can best understand this event and the society that produced such intolerance and violence by examining his life.

Smith was a nonviolent man whose advice to the IWW helped precipitate violence. His lifelong efforts to free the imprisoned men ignited anti-radical passions wherever he went, often causing local officials to treat him without regard to his civil rights. He fervently believed in free speech and civil liberties, although his attempts to exercise those rights caused him to be arrested many times. The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice considered Smith a dangerous radical and spied on him for years.

For carrying out his promise never to reject "the cause of the defenseless or oppressed" when he took his oath as an attorney, the Washington legal community rose up and disbarred him.[3]

Smith also stands out as one of the most important figures in IWW history during the 1920s. His defense work on the West Coast helped the union combat the attack on its right to organize working people. The IWW attracted notice because it offered hope for the future and a sense of self-respect and importance to its members. It gave a feeling of power to those who were poor, downtrodden, and alienated from society's institutions. Although Smith could not join the union because of his profession, he was "a determined advocate and an admirer of the men he defended."[4] He was a man of great courage who challenged the have-nots to claim their rightful share of wealth and power. A confident, charismatic spokesman, Smith provided leadership to the IWW at a time when it had few other active leaders and played a major role in turning back the tide of criminal syndicalism prosecutions against the Wobblies. He closely identified with his clients and fought for social justice during an era when the abridgement of civil liberties was commonplace. His personal life mirrored the optimism and crushing reality of IWW's fortunes in the Pacific Northwest during the turbulent decade after World War I.

Elmer Smith was also a man of many weaknesses. His rigid sense of morality caused him to have little regard for the consequences of his actions for himself or his family. He possessed only an average legal mind, and he was a poor provider for his family. He was also often naive, inflexible, judgmental, and driven by a measure of guilt for the role he played in the Centralia case. Although he was an outwardly confident and dynamic leader, Smith took on more responsibility than he could handle. He hid his personal doubts from his family, and the constant pressure of his work created tremendous stress that eventually ruined his health.

Despite these flaws, he was as admired by the working class as he was hated and feared by lumber owners and the American Legion. He displayed extraordinary fearlessness in standing up to intimidation and personal threats of violence, and he never responded in anger. "It was hard for Elmer to believe that a person could be a no-good-son-of-a-bitch," one of his friends remembered. "The weakness with Elmer is that he trusted too easy. His strength was also his weakness. He had an overwhelming faith in the goodness of his fellow man."[5]

# *"I'm Looking for Trouble"*

"Come, Labor On"—Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1859

Come labor on. Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say, "Go work today."

Come labor on. No time for rest, 'til glows the western sky,
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun, "Well done, well done!"

In the fall of 1916, Elmer Smith opened his first law office on the main street of Centralia, Washington. The town of ten thousand people was nestled in a picturesque valley of green forests and cold rivers, watched over by the snow-capped Cascade Mountains to the east. Centralia had wide, tree-lined streets, comfortable residential homes, new sidewalks, and a modern lighting system. Social life focused on several churches, the YMCA, the Eagles and Elks Lodges, and three movie theaters. The Republican Party dominated the town's politics, and there was a growing community pride among the residents.[1]

Centralia appeared to be an unlikely place for any labor conflict. A small but vital economic center, Centralia had the distinction of being the fastest growing city in the state during 1900–10. The town had grown up around the Northern Pacific Railroad division point, halfway between Seattle and Portland. Situated at the confluence of the Chehalis and Skookumchuck rivers, Centralia was also the hiring town for loggers who worked in the nearby forests. The town was thriving, and the only union activity was a small organization of trade unionists that posed no threat to the status quo.

A sizable number of working people lived in several neighbor-

hoods of Centralia, but the business community set the local standards. Chief among the capitalists was Franklin B. Hubbard, president of the Eastern Railway and Lumber Company. The company owned large tracts of timberland as well as sawmills, coal mines, and three railroad engines that hauled timber from the woods. Hubbard's Eastern Lumber Mill was the county's largest processing mill. He was an influential member of the local Chamber of Commerce and the Elks Lodge and bitterly opposed to union activity. Hubbard was actively involved in the anti-union Employers Association of Washington and the West Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, whose members owned the largest timber resources in southwestern Washington. His anti-union views were shared by the town's shopkeepers and by the businessmen who ran the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, the glove factory, and the boat company.

The timber industry was the lifeblood of Centralia, as it was for many Washington communities. The vast timber resources of the Pacific Northwest had contributed significantly to the economic development of the area during the first decade of the new century. Timber was an inexpensive, easily marketable raw material, and the demand had soared in 1906 after the San Francisco earthquake and fire. During the same period, the Northern Pacific Railroad opened up this vast natural resource to national markets. The transcontinental railroad and low-fare steamship lines brought new settlers to the Northwest. By 1910, the population of Washington had more than doubled to over a million people, with more than half living in urban areas. By 1914, lumbering ranked second only to farming in economic importance to the region.[2]

The timber industry was dominated by three corporations—the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company—that owned 237 billion board feet of standing timber. Another seventeen thousand owners held 205 billion board feet.[3] The timber industry had a long tradition of a boom-and-bust existence because of ruinous competition, unstable markets, wide fluctuations in timber prices, and high transportation costs. Most timber and sawmill operators had chosen to go after quick profits and had extracted and processed timber without regard for the health of the land or the safety of their machinery. They felt little responsibility for the welfare of the workers, paid only a bare minimum in wages, and offered only temporary living quarters.

Elmer Smith's family, like many new settlers in Washington, had been lured west by the promise of steady work. In the summer of 1910, Tom and Isabelle Smith had moved from their North Dakota farm to Cumber-

land, Washington, a little mining town a few miles east of Seattle. Tom Smith, who had previously traveled west while working for the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad lines, found work repairing machines for a small mining company. The family moved into a logging camp bunkhouse that had been abandoned after crews had sawed through the valley and moved on. A mining company purchased the hilly, stump-littered land and operated a coal mine there. About a dozen other families who worked in the mine lived in shacks and tent houses in the small settlement.[4]

By the time Tom and Isabelle Smith settled in Washington they had traveled thousands of miles. A native of Ireland, Tom had immigrated to Toronto, Canada, in 1883 when he was nineteen. After four years of farming, he married seventeen-year-old Isabelle Smythe and they moved to a small homestead near Larimore, North Dakota. Tom was a tough-looking, strict, unrefined laborer with a crossed left eye and a short temper. He had a strong jaw and a tight lip, out of which he yelled at friend and stranger alike. A man of little compassion, Tom Smith was biased and self-centered. He would rather spend time with machinery and the soil than with other people, and he regularly complained about his own problems. He never had much success, but he worked hard and cared deeply for Isabelle.[5]

Isabelle Smythe was a hearty, outgoing, well-educated woman with strong forearms and beautiful long, light-red hair. Family members tell how Isabelle's mother was descended from the Stuarts of Scotland and describe how Isabelle's maternal grandparents fled to Scotland from England to avoid religious persecution. But Isabelle had no respect for her royal heritage and referred to her relatives as "those bloody Stuarts." When friends asked about her family history, Isabelle would dismiss the subject, saying, "We don't blow about that."[6] Isabelle's parents were disappointed when she married Tom. They considered it a setback for their daughter to marry an uneducated laborer, a common Smith. But Isabelle cared little about such things, and with her marriage and move to America she effectively severed all ties with her family.

Starting up a wheat farm on the flat, bleak landscape of eastern North Dakota proved discouraging for Isabelle and Tom. The winters were bitterly cold and the summer heat often oppressive. Drought, grasshoppers, and unfavorable market prices brought season after season of hard times. Between 1890 and 1900, North Dakota farmers enjoyed only four good crop years.[7] Many simply gave up and left. But more than the elements challenged the North Dakota wheat farmers. They were also highly dependent for their livelihood on the railroads and grain millers in Minneapolis and St. Paul. In the early 1880s, farmers began to organize to protect

themselves from the monopolistic practices of the grain merchants, the extortionate interest rates of moneylenders, and the high freight rates and ruthless tactics of the railroad companies.[8]

Tom and Isabelle Smith were typical of the many North Dakotans who organized with other farmers to protect their rights. They were a stubborn, independent people, capable of enduring hardship and suffering. To supplement the meager income from their wheat crop, Tom took a job as a mechanic on the railroad while Isabelle managed the homestead and struggled with the task of raising their children. They both believed strongly in the democratic values that held out the promise of equal opportunity and success to everyone who worked hard and treated their neighbors fairly. They taught these basic values to their children.

Elmer Stuart Smith was born on the Larimore farm on January 22, 1888. An unusually severe blizzard earlier that month had killed scores of people across the state; and for several anxious days before the birth, the Smiths prayed that the doctor would be able to reach them through the deep snow. The doctor who did arrive was clumsy and inexperienced, however, and Isabelle suffered a painful birth.[9] Five other sons and a daughter were born, four in the first five years of the marriage (one brother later died). Until Elmer was old enough to help, Isabelle handled the domestic jobs alone. Tom was busy with his work and did not take pleasure in spending time with the children. After Isabelle's fourth child, she attended a lecture in nearby Lisbon about birth control. Birth control was not an accepted topic of conversation, and Isabelle received some criticism from her neighbors for going to the meeting, but she ignored them and also attended lectures on other progressive subjects.

Isabelle Smith was the driving force in the family. Her greatest pleasure was having her children close around her. Sitting around the fire in the evening, she read aloud to Elmer from the classics. When he grew older, Elmer did the reading, while she knit clothes for the younger children. There was a close bond of pride and loyalty between Isabelle and her first-born son. Elmer inherited more from her than his red hair and quick temper; she taught him to be self-reliant and not to count on help from anyone outside the family. She encouraged him in every way to develop his abilities, and he adored her.

Elmer loved the outdoors, and he spent many hours by himself hunting, fishing, and swimming. The great distances between neighboring farms gave Elmer little contact with other children, and he looked to his family for nearly all of his companionship and support. He rarely complained to his mother and learned to keep his feelings hidden. His mother