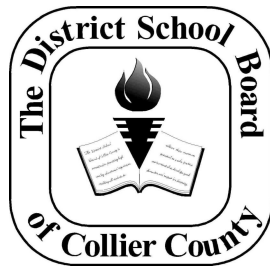


In Memory Of L.H.W.

by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Social Studies FCAT Reading Activity

DRAFT



Recommended Character Education Reading Activity

Collier County Public Schools
March 2006

In Memory of L. H. W.

by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

This is a story of a lifetime of struggle made noble by compassion, responsibility, work, and a host of other virtues. It reminds us that in helping others persevere, we find the strength and courage and purpose to persevere ourselves. Vermont writer Dorothy Canfield Fisher (1879-1958) said that as a child she knew the protagonist of this story, a New England farmer born to a hard life, and one day she realized he was a saint.

He began life characteristically, depreciated and disparaged. When he was a white, thin, big-headed baby, his mother, stripping the suds from her lean arms, used to inveigh to her neighbors against his existence. "Wa'n't it just like that do-less Lem Warren, not even to leave me foot-free when he died, but a baby coming!"

5 "Do-less," in the language of our valley, means a combination of shiftless and impractical, particularly to be scorned.

Later, as he began to have some resemblance to the appearance he was to wear throughout life, her resentment at her marriage, which she considered the one mistake of her life, kept pace with his growth. "Look at him!" she cried to anyone who would listen. "Ain't that Warren, all over? Did any of my folks ever look so like a born fool? Shut your mouth, for the Lord's sake, Lem, and maybe you won't scare folks quite so much. "

10 Lem had a foolish, apologetic grin with which he always used to respond to these personalities, hanging his head to one side and opening and shutting his big hands nervously.

15 The tumbledown, two-roomed house in which the Warrens lived was across the road from the schoolhouse, and Mrs. Warren's voice was penetrating. Lem was accepted throughout his school life at the home estimate. The ugly, overgrown boy, clad in cast-off, misfit clothing, was allowed to play with the other children only on condition that he perform all the hard, uninteresting parts of any game. Inside the schoolroom it was the same. He never learned to shut his mouth, and his speech was always halting and indistinct, so that he not only did not recite well in class, but was never in one of the school entertainments. He chopped the wood and brought it in, swept the floor and made the fires, and then listened in grinning, silent admiration while the others, arrayed in their best, spoke pieces and sang songs.

25 He was not "smart at his books" and indeed did not learn even to read very fluently. This may have been partly because the only books he ever saw were old schoolbooks, the use of which was given him free on account of his mother's poverty. He was not allowed, of course, to take them from the schoolroom. But if he was not good at book-learning he was not without accomplishments. He early grew large for his age, and strong from much chopping of wood and drawing of water for his mother's washings, and he was the best swimmer of all those who bathed in the cold, swift mountain stream which rushes near the schoolhouse. The chief consequence of this expertness was that in the summer he was forced to teach each succeeding generation of little boys to swim and dive. They tyrannized over him unmercifully -

35

as, in fact, everyone did.

Nothing made his mother more furious than such an exhibition of what she called "Lem's meachin'ness." "Ain't you got no standup in ye?" she was wont to exhort him angrily. "If you don't look out for yourself in this world, you needn't think anybody else is gunto!"

The instructions in ethics he received at her hands were the only ones he ever knew, for, up to his fourteenth year, he never had clothes respectable enough to wear to church, and after that he had other things to think of. Fourteen years is what we call in our state "over school age." It was a date to which Mrs. Warren had looked forward with eagerness. After that, the long, unprofitable months of enforced schooling would be over, Lein would be earning steady wages, and she could sit back and "live decent."

It seemed to her more than she could bear, that, almost upon her son's birthday, she was stricken down with paralysis. It was the first calamity for which she could not hold her marriage responsible, and her bitterness thereupon extended itself to fate in general. She cannot have been a cheerful housemate during the next ten years, when Lem was growing silently to manhood.

He was in demand as "help" on the farms about him, on account of his great strength and faithfulness, although the farmers found him exasperatingly slow and, when it was a question of animals, not always sure to obey orders. He could be trusted to be kind to horses, unlike most hired men we get nowadays, but he never learned "how to get the work out of their hide." It was his way, on a steep hill with a heavy load, to lay down the whip, get out, and put his own powerful shoulder to the wheel. If this failed, he unloaded part of the logs and made two trips of it. The uncertainty of his progress can be imagined. The busy and impatient farmer and sawyer at the opposite ends of his route were driven to exhaust their entire vocabulary of objurgation on him. He was, they used to inform him in conclusion, "the most do-less critter the Lord ever made!"

He was better with cows and sheep - "feller-feelin'," his mother said scornfully, watching him feed a sick ewe-and he had here, even in comparison with his fellow men, a fair degree of success. It was indeed the foundation of what material prosperity he ever enjoyed. A farmer, short of cash, paid him one year with three or four ewes and a ram. He worked for another farmer to pay for the rent of a pasture and had, that first year, as everybody admitted, almighty good luck with them. There were several twin lambs born that spring and everyone lived. Lem used to make frequent night visits during lambing-time to the pasture to make sure that all was well.

I remember as a little girl starting back from some village festivity late one spring night and seeing a lantern twinkle far up on the mountainside. "Lem Warren out fussin' with his sheep," some one of my elders remarked. Later, as we were almost home, we saw the lantern on the road ahead of us and stopped the horses, countryfashion, for an interchange of salutation. Looking out from under the shawl in which I was wrapped, I saw his tall figure stooping over something held under his coat. The lantern lighted his weatherbeaten face and the expression of his eyes as he looked down at the little white head against his breast.

"You're foolish, Lem," said my uncle. "The ewe won't own it if you take it away so long the first night."

"I-I-know," stuttered Lem, bringing out the words with his usual difficulty; "but it's mortal cold up on the mounting for little fellers! I'll bring him up as a cosset."

85 The incident reminded me vaguely of something I had read about, and it has remained in my memory.

After we drove on I remember that there were laughing speculations about what language old Ma'am Warren would use at having another cosset brought to the house. Not that it could make any more work for her, since Lem did all that was done about the housekeeping. Chained to her chair by her paralyzed legs, as she was, she could accomplish nothing more than to sit and cavil at the management of the universe all day, until Lem came home, gave her her supper, and put her to bed.

90 Badly run as she thought the world, for a time it was more favorable to her material prosperity than she had ever known it. Lem's flock of sheep grew and thrived. For years nobody in our valley has tried to do much with sheep because of dogs, and all Lem's neighbors told him that some fine morning he would find his flock torn and dismembered. They even pointed out the particular big collie dog who would most likely go "sheep-mad." Lem's heavy face drew into anxious, grotesque wrinkles at this kind of talk, and he visited the uplying pasture more and more frequently.

95 One morning, just before dawn, he came, pale and shamefaced, to the house of the owner of the collie. The family, roused from bed by his knocking, made out from his speech, more incoherent than usual, that he was begging their pardon for having killed their dog. "I saw wh -- where he'd bit th-the throats out of two ewes that w-was due to lamb in a few days and I guess I -- I -- I must ha' gone kind o' crazy. They was ones I liked special. I'd brought 'em up myself. They -- they was all over blood, you know."

100 They peered at him in the gray light, half afraid of the tall apparition. "How could you kill a great big dog like Jack?" they asked wonderingly.

In answer he held out his great hands and his huge corded arms, red with blood up to the elbow. "I heard him worrying another sheep and I -- I just -- killed him."

110 One of the children now cried out: "But I shut Jackie up in the woodshed last night!"

Someone ran to open the door and the collie bounded out. Lem turned white in thankfulness. "I'm mortal glad," he stammered. "I felt awful bad -- afterward. I knew your young ones thought a sight of Jack."

115 "But what dog did you kill?" they asked.

Some of the men went back up on the mountain with him and found, torn in pieces and scattered wide in bloody fragments, as if destroyed by some great revenging beast of prey, the body of a big gray wolf. Once in a while one wanders over the line from the Canada forests and comes down into our woods, following the deer.

120 The hard -- headed farmers who looked on that savage scene drew back from the shambling man beside them in the only impulse of respect they ever felt for him. It was the one act of his life to secure the admiration of his fellowmen; it was an action of which he himself always spoke in horror and shame.

125 Certainly his marriage aroused no admiration. It was universally regarded as a most addle-pated, imbecile affair from beginning to end. One of the girls who worked at the hotel in the village "got into trouble," as our vernacular runs, and as she came originally from our district and had gone to school there, everyone knew her and was talking about the scandal. Old Ma'am Warren was of the opinion, spiritedly expressed, that "Lottie was a fool not to make that drummer marry her. She could have, if she'd gone the right way to work." But the drummer remained persistently

absent.

135 One evening Lem, starting for his sheep pasture for his last look for the night,
heard someone crying down by the river and then, as he paused to listen, heard it no
more. He jumped from the bridge without stopping to set down his lantern, knowing
well the swiftness of the water, and caught the poor cowardly thing as she came,
struggling and gasping, down with the current. He took her home and gave her dry
clothes of his mother's. Then leaving the scared and repentant child by his hearth,
140 he set out on foot for the minister's house and dragged him back over the rough
country roads.

When Ma'am Warren awoke the next morning, Lem did not instantly answer her
imperious call, as he had done for so many years. Instead, a red-eyed girl in one of
Mrs. Warren's own night gowns came to the door and said shrinkingly: "Lem slept in
145 the barn last night. He give his bed to me; but he'll be in soon. I see him fussin'
around with the cow."

Ma'am Warren stared, transfixed with a premonition of irremediable evil. "What
you doin' here?" she demanded, her voice devoid of expression through stupefaction.

The girl held down her head. "Lem and I were married last night," she said.
150 Then Mrs. Warren found her voice.

When Lem came in it was to a scene of the furious wrangling which was
henceforth to fill his house.

". . . to saddle himself with such trash as you!" his mother was saying ragingly.

His wife answered in kind, her vanity stung beyond endurance. "Well, you can be
155 sure he'd never have got him a wife any other way! Nobody but a girl hard put to it
would take up with a drivell headed fool like Lem Warren!"

And then the bridegroom appeared at the door and both women turned their
attention to him.

When the baby was born, Lottie was very sick. Lem took care of his mother, his
160 wife, and the new baby for weeks and weeks. It was at lambing - time, and his flock
suffered from lack of attention, although as much as he dared he left his sick women
and tended his ewes. e ran in debt, too, to the grocery stores, for he could work very
little and earned almost nothing. Of course the neighbors helped out, but it was no
cheerful morning's work to care for the vitriolic old woman, and Lottie was too sick for
165 anyone but Lem to handle. He did pass the baby around from house to house
during the worst of his siege, to keep her off Lem's hands; but when Lottie began to
get better it was haying - time; everybody was more than busy, and the baby was
sent back.

Lottie lingered in semi-invalidism for about a year and then died, Lem holding her
170 hand in his. She tried to say something to him that last night, so the neighbors who
were there reported, but her breath failed her and she could only lie staring at him
from eyes that seemed already to look from the other side of the grave.

He was heavily in debt when he was thus left with a year-old child not his own, but
he gave Lottie a decent funeral and put up over her grave a stone stating that she
175 was "Charlotte, loved wife of Lemuel Warren," and that she died in the eighteenth
year of her life. He used to take the little girl and put flowers on the grave, I
remember.

Then he went to work again. His sandy hair was already streaked with gray,
though he was but thirty. The doctor said the reason for this phenomenon was the
180 great strain of his year of nursing; and indeed throughout that period of his life no one

knew when he slept, if ever. He was always up and dressed when anyone else was, and late at night we could look across and see his light still burning and know that he was rubbing Lottie's back or feeding little Susie.

185 All that was changed now, of course. Susie was a strong, healthy child who slept all through the night in her little crib by her stepfather's corded bed, and in the daytime went everywhere he did. Wherever he "worked out" he used to give her her nap wrapped in a horse blanket on the hay in the barn; and he carried her in a sling of his own contrivance up to his sheep pasture. Old Ma'am Warren disliked the
190 pretty, laughing child so bitterly that he was loath to leave her at home; but when he was there with her, for the first time he asserted himself against his mother, bidding her, when she began to berate the child's parentage, to "be still!" with so strange and unexpected an accent of authority that she was quite frightened.

Susie was very fond of her stepfather at first, but when she came of school age,
195 mixed more with the older children, and heard laughing, contemptuous remarks about him, the frank and de vouring egotism of childhood made her ashamed of her affection, ashamed of him with his uncouth gait, his mouth always sagging open, his stammering, ignorant speech, which the other children amused themselves by
200 mocking. Though he was prospering again with his sheep, owned the pasture and his house now, and had even built on another room as well as repairing the older part, he spent little on his own adornment. It all went for pretty clothes for Susie, for better food, for books and pictures, for tickets for Susie to go to the circus and the county fair. Susie knew this and loved him by stealth for it, but the intolerably
205 sensitive vanity of her twelve years made her wretched to be seen in public with him.

Divining this, he ceased going with her to school picnics and Sunday school parties, where he had been a most useful pack animal, and, dressing her in her best with his big calloused hands, watched her from the window join a group of the other children. His mother predicted savagely that his "spoilin' on that bad-blooded young
210 one would bring her to no good end," and when, at fifteen, Susie began to grow very pretty and saucy and willful and to have beaux come to see her, the old woman exulted openly over Lem's helpless anxiety.

He was quite gray now, although not yet forty-five, and so stooped that he passed for an old man. He owned a little farm, his flock of sheep was the largest in the
215 township, and Susie was expected to make a good marriage in spite of her antecedents.

And then Frank Gridley's oldest son, Ed, came back from business college with store clothes and city hats and polished tan shoes, and began idling about, calling on the girls. From the first, he and Susie ran together like two drops of water. Bronson
220 Perkins, a cousin of mine, a big, silent, ruminative lad who had long hung about Susie, stood no show at all. One night in county-fair week, Susie, who had gone to the fair with a crowd of girlfriends, was not at home at ten o'clock. Lem, sitting in his doorway and watching the clock, heard the approach of the laughing, singing straw ride in which she had gone, with a long breath of relief; but the big hay wagon did not
225 stop at his gate.

He called after it in a harsh voice and was told that "Ed Gridley and she went off to the hotel to get supper. He said he'd bring her home later."

Lem went out to the barn, hitched up the faster of his two heavy plow horses and drove from his house to Woodville, eight miles and uphill, in forty-five minutes. When
230 he went into the hotel, the clerk told him that the two he sought had had supper

served in a private room. Lem ascertained which room and broke the door in with one heave of his shoulders. Susie sprang up from the disordered supper table and ran to him like a frightened child, clinging to him desperately and crying out that Ed scared her so!

235 "It's all right now, Susie," he said gently, not looking at the man. "Poppa's come to take you home."

The man felt his dignity wounded. He began to protest boisterously and to declare that he was ready to marry the girl -- "now, this instant, if you choose!"

240 Lem put one arm about Susie. "I didn't come to make you marry her. I come to keep you from doin' it," he said, speaking clearly for once in his life. "Susie shan't marry a hound that'd do this." And as the other advanced threateningly on him, he struck him a great blow across the mouth that sent him unconscious to the ground.

Then Lem went out, paid for the broken lock, and drove home with Susie behind the foundered plow horse.

245 The next spring her engagement to Bronson Perkins was announced, though everybody said they didn't see what use it was for folks to get engaged that couldn't ever get married. Mr. Perkins, Bronson's father, was daft, not enough to send him to the asylum, but so that he had to be watched all the time to keep him from doing himself a hurt. He had a horrid way, I remember, of lighting matches and holding
250 them up to his bared arm until the smell of burning flesh went sickeningly through the house and sent someone in a rush to him. Of course it was out of the question to bring a young bride to such a home. Apparently there were years of waiting before them, and Susie was made of no stuff to endure a long engagement.

255 As a matter of fact, they were married that fall, as soon as Susie could get her things ready. Lem took old Mr. Perkins into the room Susie left vacant. "'Twon't be much more trouble taking care of two old people than one," he explained briefly.

Ma'am Warren's comments on this action have been embalmed forever in the delighted memories of our people. We have a taste for picturesque and forceful speech.

260 From that time we always saw the lunatic and the bent shepherd together. The older man grew quieter under Lem's care than he had been for years, and if he felt one of his insane impulses overtaking him, ran tottering to grasp his protector's arm until, quaking and shivering, he was himself again. Lem used to take him up to the sheep pasture for the day sometimes. He liked it up there himself, he said, and
265 maybe 'wwould be good for Uncle Hi. He often reported with pride that the old man talked as sensible as anybody, "get him off where it's quiet." Indeed, when Mr. Perkins died, six years later, we had forgotten that he was anything but a little queer, and he had known many happy, lucid hours with his grandchildren.

270 Susie and Bronson had two boys-sturdy, hearty children, in whom Lem took the deepest, shyest pride. He loved to take them off into the woods with him and exulted in their quick intelligence and strong little bodies. Susie got into the way of letting him take a good deal of the care of them.

275 It was Lem who first took alarm about the fall that little Frank had, down the cellar stairs. He hurt his spine somehow -- our local doctor could not tell exactly how -- and as the injury only made him limp a little, nobody thought much about it, until he began to have difficulty in walking. Then Lem sent for a doctor from Rutland who, as soon as he examined the child, stuck out his lower lip and rubbed his chin ominously. He pronounced the trouble something with a long name which none of us had ever

heard, and said that Frank would be a hopeless cripple if it were not cured soon.
280 There was, he said, a celebrated doctor from Europe now traveling in this country who had a wonderful new treatment for this condition. But under the circumstances - - he looked about the plain farm sitting room' he supposed that was out of the question.

"What did the doctor from foreign parts ask?" queried Bronson, and, being
285 informed of some of the customary prices for major operations, fell back hopeless. Susie, her pretty, childish face drawn and blanched into a wan beauty, put her arms about her sick little son and looked at her stepfather. He had never failed her.

He did not fail her now. He sold the land he had accumulated field by field; he sold the great flock of sheep, every one of which he could call by name; he
290 mortgaged the house over the protesting head of his now bedridden mother; he sold the horse and cow, and the very sticks of furniture from the room where Susie had grown up and where the crazy grandfather of Susie's children had known a peaceful old age and death. Little Frank was taken to New York to the hospital to have the great surgeon operate on him -he is there yet, almost completely recovered and
295 nearly ready to come home.

Back in Hillsboro, Lem now began life all over again, hiring out humbly to his neighbors and only stipulating that he should have enough free time to take care of his mother. Three weeks ago she had her last stroke of paralysis and, after lying speechless for a few days, passed away, grim to the last, by the expression in her
300 fierce old eyes.

The day after her funeral Lem did not come to work as he was expected. We went over to his house and found, to our consternation, that he was not out of bed.

"Be ye sick, Lem?" asked my uncle.

He looked at us over the bedclothes with his old foolish, apologetic smile. "Kind o' lazy, I guess," he whispered, closing his eyes. The doctor was put out by the
305 irregularity of the case. "I can't make out anything really the trouble!" he said. "Only the wheels don't go round as fast as they ought. Call it failing heart action if you want a label."

The wheels ran more and more slowly until it was apparent to all of us that before
310 long they would stop altogether. Susie and Bronson were in New York with little Frank, so that Lem's care during the last days devolved on the haphazard services of the neighbors. He was out of his head most of the time, though never violent, and all through the long nights lay flat on his back, looking at the ceiling with bright, blank eyes, driving his ox team, skidding logs, plowing in stony ground and remembering to favor the off-horse whose wind wasn't good, planting, hoeing, tending his sheep, and
315 teaching obstinate lambs to drink. He used quaint, coaxing names for these, such as a mother uses for her baby. He was up in the mountain pasture a good deal, we gathered, and at night, from his constant mention of how bright the stars shone. And sometimes, when he was in evident pain, his delusion took the form that Susie, or the
320 little boys, had gone up with him, and got lost in the woods.

I was on duty the night he died. We thought a change was near, because he had lain silent all day, and we hoped he would come to himself when he awoke from this stupor. Near midnight he began to talk again, and I could not make out at first whether he was still wandering or not. "Hold on hard, Uncle Hi, " I heard him
325 whisper. A spoon fell out of my hand and clattered against a plate. He gave a great start and tried to sit up. "Yes, mother-coming!" he called hoarsely, and then looked

at me with his own eyes. "I must ha' forgot about mother's bein' gone," he apologized sheepishly.

I took advantage of this lucid interval to try to give him some medicine the doctor
330 had left. "Take a swallow of this," I said, holding the glass to his lips.

"What's it for?" he asked.

"It's a heart stimulant," I explained. "The doctor said if we could get you through tonight you have a good chance."

His face drew together in grotesque lines of anxiety. "Little Frank worse?"

335 "Oh, no, he's doing finely." "Susie all right?"

"Why, yes," I said wonderingly. "Nothing the matter with her other boy?"

"Why, no, no," I told him. "Everybody's all right. Here, just take this down."

He turned away his head on the pillow and murmured something I did not catch.

When I asked him what he said, he smiled feebly as in deprecation of his well-known
340 ridiculous ways. "I'm just as much obliged to you," he said, "but if everybody's all right, I guess I won't have any medicine." He looked at me earnestly. "I'm -- I'm real tired," he said.

It came out in one great breath -- apparently his last, for he did not move after
345 that, and his ugly, slack-mouthed face was at once quite still. Its expression made me think of the time I had seen it as a child, by lantern light, as he looked down at the newborn lamb on his breast.

From: Bennett, William. The Book of Virtues, Simon & Schuster (1993) pages 582-592.

Word Count: 4804 Flesch-Kincaid Score: 7.7

Vocabulary Check:

Vocabulary Check:

1. depreciate(d), line 1 - of less value than something else, belittle, to speak critically of
2. disparage(d), line 1 - criticize(d); to refer disapprovingly to somebody or something
3. inveigh(d), line 3 – speak out angrily; to speak angrily in criticism of or protest at something.
4. array(ed), line 26 - dress in fine, impressive clothes
5. exhort, line 38 – urge, push, encourage, insist; to urge someone strongly and earnestly to do something
6. calamity, line 49 – disaster, catastrophe, misfortune, tragedy; a disastrous situation or event.
7. objurgate(ion), line 62 - scold somebody angrily

8. salutation, line 76 – greeting, welcome, acknowledgement; a gesture or phrase that is used to greet or recognize somebody
9. cosset, line 83 – to give excessive care, protection, pampering. Someone who has been pampered
10. cavil, line 91 – to quibble, be picky, complain, split hairs; to object to something for no good reason
11. incoherent, line 102 – confused, jumbled, rambling, illogical; unable to express thoughts clearly or logically
12. apparition, line 107 – ghost, phantom, vision; an appearance of a supposed ghost or something ghostly
13. imbecile, line 127 – a term that deliberately insults somebody’s intelligence; an offensive term in an absolute classification system for an IQ between 25 & 50 and a mental age of between two & seven years.
14. vernacular, line 128 – dialect, colloquial speech, the everyday language of the people in a particular country or region as opposed to official or formal language
15. repentant, line 139 – regretful, sorry, remorseful, apologetic, contrite; feeling or showing regret about having done something wrong
16. imperious, line 143 – domineering, arrogant, haughty, bossy
17. premonition, line 147 – forewarning, intuition, hunch sign, omen; an advance warning about a future event
18. irremediable, line 147 – permanent, beyond repair, irreversible, severe; impossible to make right
19. stupefaction, line 148 – bewilderment, confusion puzzlement, bafflement; inability to think clearly because of amazement, boredom, or tiredness
20. vanity, line 154 – excessive pride, conceit, arrogance, egotism
21. vitriolic, line 164 – spiteful, venomous, cruel, hurtful, vicious; filled with or expressing violent and bitter hatred toward somebody or something
22. contrivance, line 189 – set-up, a devious plot, plan, machination, scheme
23. berate, line 192 – speak angrily to, criticize, scold, tell off
24. contemptuous, line 195 – scornful, condescending, sneering, disapproving, utter lack of respect
25. exult(ed), line 212 – to be very happy or triumphant about something unpleasant that happens to somebody else; to be extremely happy about something
26. antecedent(s), line 216 – past history, background, previous circumstances; something that happened or existed before something else

27. ruminat(ive), line 220 – to think carefully and at length about something; mull something over
28. boisterous(ly), line 237 – noisy, rowdy, wild, energetic, exuberant; full of noisy enthusiasm and energy, and often roughness or wildness
29. embalm(ed), line 255 – keep something intact; preserve something from change or oblivion; preserve a dead body
30. lucid, line 268 – clear, logical, coherent, reasoned, sound, sane, clear-headed
31. ominous(ly), threatening, worrying, unpromising; suggesting or indicating that something bad is going to happen or be revealed
32. query (queried), line 284 – question, request information; express a doubt or criticism
33. blanch(ed), line 286 – turn pale; removed or lost color suddenly
34. stipulate (stipulating), line 297 – specify something such as a condition when making an agreement or offer, promise something legally or formally
35. consternation, line 302 – shocked dismay, concern, anxiety, worry; a feeling of bewilderment and dismay, often caused by something unexpected
36. obstinate, line 316 – stubborn, pigheaded, inflexible, headstrong; difficult to control, unwilling to give up something such as an idea or attitude
37. delusion, line 319 – hallucination, figment of the imagination, fantasy; a false or mistaken belief or idea about something

**Checking for Understanding
Multiple Choice Questions**

1. Where does the setting of the story take place?
 - A. in the southeastern United States
 - B. in one of the provinces of Lower Canada
 - C. in New England
 - D. in the rural mid-west

2. Which sentence below best describes the relationship between Lem and the community?
 - A. He was widely admired and respected.
 - B. He was thought to be scholarly and later in life, a wise man.
 - C. He was thought to be very lazy and a drunkard for much of the time.
 - D. He was not very bright and served as a hired hand to many.

3. Which sentence below best describes the relationship between Lem and his mother?
 - A. She was a loving and protective mother.
 - B. She was overly critical and demanding.
 - C. She had abandoned him as a youth.
 - D. She continually drove off whatever young women expressed interest in Lem so that he would remain single and would take care of her as she grew older.

4. How does the author describe the main character's last days?
 - A. He eventually wins the respect and admiration of all the townspeople.
 - B. He seemed to collapse quickly and died shortly after the death of his mother.
 - C. He is horribly injured in an accident and dies shortly afterward.
 - D. He succumbs to a dreadful disease after a very long illness.

5. What is the best definition of boisterous as used in the sentence below?

He began to protest boisterously and to declare that he was ready to marry the girl -- "now, this instant, if you choose!"

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| A. loud | C. threateningly |
| B. sudden, very quickly | D. merrily |

Extended Response Question

Review the district's Character Education Traits below.

Citizenship Cooperation Honesty Kindness Patriotism Perseverance
Respect Responsibility Self-Control Tolerance

Select one of the character traits which best exemplifies the life of Lem H. Warren as described by the author and explain why you feel this is an accurate portrayal of the man. Be sure to provide ample supporting details from the reading to substantiate your selection.

READ
THINK
EXPLAIN

In Memory of L.H.W. Activity Two Name _____

Use the chart below to describe at least two supporting examples of how each character trait is dealt with by the story. Please cite the lines where this example may be found.

Cooperation

Kindness

Perseverance

Responsibility

Self-Control

Tolerance

Teacher's Guide In Memory of L.H.W.

Answer Key:

1. C
2. D
3. B
4. B
5. A

Extended Response: Answers will vary. Teachers should refer to the ER Rubric for guidance before grading. A full, four point response should identify the trait and supply at least four supporting details. A three point response should identify the trait and provide three supporting examples. A two point response should identify the trait and two examples. A one point response would be to only supply the trait and a single example.

Activity Two Chart - Answers will vary.