

again, after all those many years out on those plains, in the shadow of those mountains—Montana, was it? Wyoming? Homesteading—was that what they called it fifty years ago?—taking up land, those vast, neighborless stretches of country, obscured by blizzards, burned by August heat, ravaged by cyclones and thunderstorms. Those eager, anxious groups of strangers, Bohemians, Austrians, Swedes, far from their close, friendly towns, their gay cities, Prague, Vienna, Stockholm, separated now from one another by miles of land, carrying about with them the memories of home, traditions, and customs, old, long ways of life, learning new manners, becoming gladly alienated or forever sad.

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“She couldn’t take it,” Mrs. Christianson’s only son had said of her, when, defeated himself after years of discouragement, he had brought her back with a girl, a schoolteacher, who had madly gone out there to teach and more madly married Nils Christianson. “But she’ll be all right here with you. All she needs is to have a few womenfolks around.” The schoolteacher had supplied the money for the Home, and then she and Nils had gone, far beyond any reach of Angelina’s frantic inquiries.