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Greetings*

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Winter
1967
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“Who are you?”—I knew you would ask me,
You never have seen me before.
Who am I?—as yet I am no one
To somebody hoping to grow.
Today is my very first birthday,
I’m starting by saying hello!

“Oh!—What is your mission?” you ask me,
I’ll tell you with juvenile pride,
For I am not timid nor bashful;
Why should I?, there’s nothing to hide.
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As nobody served you before,
By adding some life to your living—
I hope you will open the door.

S. J. Jóhannesson

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The Icelandic Canadian

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

— An Historical Sketch

Ring, Christmas Bells

by RICHARD BECK

Ring, Christmas Bells, ring out both loud and clear,
The tidings glorious of Joy and Peace;
In troubled hearts the latent dream release,
Which gives men's spirit wings and conquers fear.

Light, Christmas Star, anew the flame divine
In darkened souls, which grope for brighter day;
Let, on their thorny, cloud-encircled way,
Your ray eternal like a beacon shine.

Lift, Christmas Song, our thoughts to stars above
From earthly things, and unfold to our view
The prophet's vision, old but ever new:
A world where reign united Peace and Love.

When it comes to evaluating the many group activities of the Icelandic community in Winnipeg, The Icelandic Canadian Club must be given high marks. Now, when the Magazine is celebrating its 25th anniversary, it may be fitting and proper to glance back over the career of its parent organization and take note of some of the things that have been well done.

The club started on its career back in 1938, to supplement in English some of the work being done in Icelandic by the Icelandic National League, in "perpetuating Icelandic culture and promoting good fellowship". Even back in those days it was realized that many of the descendants of the pioneers had little if any command of the Icelandic language; and the founders hoped that through an English-speaking club these people could still identify themselves with their background, and bring in wives, husbands, and friends of other racial origins.

It is interesting to look back and note who first carried the ball for the club: president, Edvald B. Olson; vice-president, Dr. Larus Sigurdson; secretary, Tryggvi J. Oleson; treasurer, Margaret Petursson. Many have followed, whose dedicated service has not always met with the recognition deserved. I should like to name only a few (with apologies to those missed).

We have had some of our most faithful workers among the ladies—bless them! Four have carried the president-

ial burden with grace and ability: Freda Danielson, Lara Sigurdson, Mattie Halldorson, and Caroline Gunnarson. Among the menfolk, one must recognize the long-time contribution made by Judge Walter J. Lindal, and by Axel Vopnfjord, and Will Kristjanson. These all belong to what was the adult generation when the club started: but a younger generation has taken the helm lately. To name the last three presidents: W. H. (Bill) Finnbogason, John Arnason, and Leifur Hallgrimson, the present incumbent. As long as young people of this type come forward, the Club will flourish and carry on its good works.

One of the first major undertakings of the club was the founding of this Magazine. It was conceived as an English-language counterpart to the *Timarit* of the Icelandic National League, to be published as a quarterly. Through the vision and drive of such people as Hjalmur Danielson and Walter Lindal it was bravely launched in September, 1942, on the proverbial shoe string. Laura Goodman Salverson accepted the invitation to be the first Editor-in-Chief, with Walter Lindal as assistant. He has now been Editor since 1955. Hjalmur was appointed Circulation Manager, a post that he has held ever since. In 1948 he was given the added responsibility of Business Manager.

This magazine has flourished and gone far afield. Besides being a source of information and enjoyment to the

contemporary generation, it will form a valuable record for the future.

In the fall of 1944, under the drive of Freda Danielson as club president, and with the co-operation of the Icelandic National League, a series of evening lectures were undertaken as a major cultural project. For the second and third seasons, the lectures dealt with the history of urban and rural Icelandic communities in Manitoba, and with some other topics; but the first winter was devoted to the history and literature of Iceland from the first beginnings, ably handled by local savants as a labor of love. So well were these lectures on Iceland received that by popular demand they were published in book form as *Iceland's Thousand Years*, edited by Professor Skuli Johnson with the assistance of Mrs. Danielson. This little book has found its way into homes and libraries in many countries, and the 2500 copies printed have long been sold out. The Icelandic Government alone bought 500 copies for distribution by its embassy in Washington. This is a high complement to the Winnipeg Icelanders, for the scholars of the homeland are themselves known to be pretty capable in this field.

In the post-war years, the Club sponsored an Evening School in the Icelandic Language and Literature for a few seasons. This drew an attendance of as many as 70 to 80 of an evening. In the field of music, it put on a major concert in May, 1948, consisting entirely of original compositions by Icelandic people in Canada and the United States. These had been gathered in during the winter by an intensive campaign of search and correspondence. This concert delighted a capacity audience and drew high praise from music critics.

To give help and encouragement to talented young people pursuing a musical career, the Club raised and dispensed over \$2,000 in those years. The principal beneficiaries were Snjólaug Sigurdson, then studying piano in New York, and Thora Asgeirson (now Mrs. Dubois) taking vocal training in Paris. Frank Thorolfson and Oli Kardal also got some assistance.

The Club not only encouraged achievement, but also was happy to honor those who already had achieved. In the Forties and early Fifties four outstanding Manitobans of Icelandic background were made Life Members at public concerts held for that purpose. These four were: Guttormur J. Guttormsson, poet; Prof. S. K. Hall, musician; Dr. Sigurdur Julius Johanneson, poet, healer and humanitarian; and Runolfur Marteinsson, beloved principal of "JBA" (Jon Bjarnason Academy).

More recently two club members have been honored with life memberships: Walter Lindal Q.C., in 1965, for "many years of devoted and continuous service in the interest of the Club, the Magazine, the Chair in Icelandic, and the Canada-Iceland Foundation"; and in 1966, Lara Sigurdson, founding member and club president at two separate times, "in appreciation of gracious participation in the various activities of our organization". So the citations read, on their membership scrolls.

Looking back, we find that the Club would often go it alone in major undertakings. At other times it would pull a strong oar in co-operation with other groups in the community. Thus it joined efforts, in February, 1946, with the Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E., in a mammoth Welcome Home Reception for our returned service personnel. Some 600 guests were honor-

ed at this gala affair at the plush Royal Alexandra Hotel. Mrs. Isfeld, of the I.O.D.E., presided; Judge Walter Lindal gave the address of welcome, which was responded to by young Lt. George Johnson—now Education Minister for Manitoba.

In the spring of 1949, the Club joined with other local Icelandic organizations to produce a magnificent float for Winnipeg's 75th Anniversary Celebration parade (for picture and description of float, see Summer issue of this magazine for that year.) This received high praise for its beauty and symbolism. The chief designer was our Gissur Eliasson. Thruða Stefansson represented the Fjallkona (Maid of the Mountain).

That same year the Club (with assistance from the Magazine) pledged \$1,000 to become one of the Founders of the Chair of Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba. This was a project close to the hearts of all the members, for it gives the financial base needed to guarantee permanence to the study of Icelandic culture in America; and Professor Haraldur Bessason, incumbent of the Chair since 1955, is making of it a success story.

Among the worthy causes getting support from the Club over the years is the Betel Home at Gimli. More recently, a room was furnished in the new Home at Selkirk. This year's Centennial gift to Canada, the plaque commemorating the country's first explorers, was given full support, both by way of a financial contribution of \$100 and by service on the committee in charge.

Of a somewhat different nature, but of great interest to the community, are the displays that the Club has sponsored. On April 22, 1963, a display of ethnic arts and crafts was staged at the

Parish Hall. Twelve different ethnic groups brought some of their most prized possessions in response to the invitation of Mrs. Geraldine Thorlakson, the convener. The show, which was attended by hundreds of people, was pronounced an "outstanding success" by editorial writer Gustaf Kristjansson.

At the Gimli Icelandic Day Celebration of 1964, a most interesting display of antiques attracted a steady stream of viewers. This was ably handled by Lara Sigurdson and Dr. Baldur Kristjansson, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the day. A somewhat similar show was put on the following year under the direction of Geraldine Thorlakson. Here were paintings by well-known Canadian artists, beautiful ceramics and wood carvings, and even a model Icelandic farmstead. This year again the Club was asked to participate in this way, and Mrs. Lillian Page and here assistants collected memorabilia from many Icelandic communities throughout Manitoba. Time ran out long before all would-be viewers had had their chance.

All through the years the Club has brought people together for fun and frolic as well as for cultural pursuits, both at regular meetings and at the annual Dinner and Dance, which might be considered the highlight of the social season. After a hearty meal, and some light entertainment by local talent, the evening is given over to good fellowship and tripping the light fantastic.

The second evening of the annual convention of the Icelandic National League has traditionally been devoted to a concert put on by the Club. Beside an excellent musical program, the feature address on this occasion has been given by some outstanding speakers from far and near. In 1960

a new feature was added: a noon luncheon that same day for business men and women to honor the main speakers of the three evening concerts. For four years, Judge Lindal handled this as his personal contribution, at his own expense; but since 1964 it has been handled by the Club on a pay-as-you-come basis. At this luncheon some very interesting talks have been given, in lighter vein, on such local historical topics as The Falcons, Icelandic merchants of Winnipeg, and Icelandic builders.

A new service to the community was initiated in 1964, this time honoring and entertaining our Icelandic senior citizens. A few days before Christmas they were invited to meet at the Parish Hall, where two buses were waiting to take them on a sightseeing tour of this city of beautiful Christmas lights. On their return, a concert and a tasty lunch awaited them at the hall. Club members transported them from their homes and back again.

While honoring our older people, who have already done their stint, the Club has not neglected the younger generation. Back in 1961 it started the practice of giving an annual scholarship of \$100 as help and encourage-

ment to a worthy freshman at our university who would be having a hard time financially. Eric William Olson was the first one to qualify for this award. Over the years, serious attempts have been made to attract students and other young people to the regular meetings and special functions. Herein lies the challenge ahead; for the future of the Club, and what it stands for, is in the hands of each rising generation.

What is even more important—the future of our youth could well be influenced for the better by what the Club stands for. The late Lord Tweedsmuir, former Governor-General of Canada and a renowned scholar and writer (as John Buchan), spoke of Icelandic as “the noblest literature ever produced by man”. With such an intellectual background, coupled with the unquestioned spirit and stamina of Viking forebears, how can our youth do other than stand tall and go forth boldly, serenely confident in his or her inherent ability to achieve? But are you listening, young Icelandic Canadians? Through the hectic tumult and the shouting of the Sixties, can you hear the voices of encouragement and exhortation from your own racial background?

—H. J. Stefansson



Anniversary Reflections

This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of The Icelandic Canadian and, as anniversaries give cause for pause and reflection, it is befitting to examine its role and assess the purposes it has served over this quarter century.

It is an instrument of communication, and therein lies its principal value. It has been a repository for those who incline to the literary, and has become a catalogue of achievements by Icelanders and part Icelanders near and far as well as by many others.

Perhaps in no other part of the world as on this continent is the yearning of immigrants for their homelands better understood. That, which is now, intrigues, yet the old lingers in fond and loving memory. Integration in a new land erodes that memory and in time may leave a vacuum.

Among Icelanders, as others, new generations are born, some full-blooded, others half or quarter Icelandic or less. The language of the homeland gradually fades into limbo, and though interest remains, because of lack of communications the culture, literature, arts and other attributes of the former homeland become unknown. The Icelandic Canadian Magazine has served to prevent the development of this vacuum. For the new generation it is an open door to things Icelandic as well as to things Canadian.

Two other Icelandic publications in Winnipeg serve precisely the same purpose, each in a different manner.

Logberg-Heimskringla, published weekly and almost entirely in Icelandic yet partly in English, serves a dual purpose. It serves the needs of those who love and read the language, yet whets the interest of those who do not. Timarit, an annual published in both Icelandic and English, brings to its readers the best in Icelandic literature. It is a classic. These two serve the needs of the student of Icelandic, and of those who know it and to whom reading it is a pleasurable exercise.

People in Iceland are deeply conscious of the fact that on the North American continent there are thousands of Icelanders, and that they have given of their best to the countries that are now their own and have served them faithfully in peace and war. They are also conscious of the fact that time, distance and circumstance alter things—something beyond the control of the Icelanders in the west. But the people of the former homeland view with deep satisfaction the achievements in so many fields by Icelanders abroad, and in spirit share them.

But long distances divide and cast emphasis upon the need for communication. Printed media are the most informative, effective and permanent. They broaden horizons.

In Iceland a new medium of such a nature came into being some five years ago. It is the richly illustrated English language quarterly, Iceland Review. It reaches not only Icelanders, part Icelanders and others abroad interested in the country and things

Icelandic, but perhaps a far wider audience, attracting to the country tourists, foreign investments and other related things. For western Icelanders it is a link from the other side.

It may be said the Icelandic Canadian Magazine similarly serves a useful purpose in its given field. It is Canadian in fact and content as it is Icelandic, and serves to weave into the

Canadian fabric the best there is in the Icelandic character, culture and literature. The founders and producers of this magazine like to think that Canadians in this centennial year find Canada enriched by this proffered contribution. Production of it over this quarter century has been a labor of love.

—T. O. S. Thorsteinson

Statue honoring the pioneers of 1875

ory of the first Icelandic settlers who came to the area in 1875.

The chamber first conceived the idea two and one half years ago, and agreed such a statue would be a fitting tribute.

Research on the background of the Vikings was carried out at great length by Prof. Gissur Eliasson of the University of Manitoba. Many sketches were made by him, until the right one was arrived at to depict just what the first Viking looked like and how he would stand and look over the land on which he and his compatriots had just landed.

The sketch was then passed on to G. Barone who Prof. Eliasson considered the best in the field of fibre glass sculpturing. After many months of work the statue took its present shape.

It was decided to erect the statue on a lot next to Betel Home for the elderly in Gimli, on the shoreline, and that is where it now stands on a cement base.

The chamber has plans in motion to make a small park of the area.



The Gimli Chamber of Commerce this year presented a statue of a Viking to the town as a tribute to the mem-

IMPRESSIONS OF ICELAND

Iceland is to the newcomer a land of contrasts where a completely literate and educated people make the most of what a mountainous terrain and the sea have to offer. In this second half of the twentieth century Iceland is progressing as never before, and in the air there is a sense of achievement with promise of more to come. Icelanders have acquired the know-how.

Icelanders have adapted with almost lightning speed to modern technology and scientific methods in all aspects of industry. Education is thorough and, therefore, labor productive. Today's Icelanders are affluent, and there is no poverty. Many are well to do and some wealthy. There is a continuous shortage of labor. Education is universal and free from elementary school through university. It is compulsory between the ages of 7 and 15.

Iceland is an independent nation, with a national parliament (Althing), President and Cabinet. It is expected the total population will reach 200,000 this year. Industry and housing are geared for permanency and efficiency, and costly temporary measures are avoided.

Everything in Iceland is mechanized. There is one passenger car for every six inhabitants. Only eight other countries have more. On the farms there are only tractors and other power-driven machines. Horses are used only for herding sheep and cattle in season. Bulldozers build the roads.

Electricity reaches more than 90 per cent of the population. There are nearly 60,000 telephones in the land, and

the number of television sets is about 20,000.

Nearly all buildings in Iceland are built of reinforced concrete, especially in the urban centres. The laws of the land make this compulsory, because of the ever present danger and periodic occurrence of earthquakes. There are however, exceptions in certain situations where houses may be built of timber, but they must have corrugated iron exteriors, and special permission must be obtained to so build them.

The reason? Icelanders are keenly aware of the earthquake threat. There was a tremor in eastern Iceland this summer and buildings shook. The eruption three years ago and the emergence from the ocean of volcanic Surtsey close to the south coast near the Westman Islands particularly awoke Icelanders to this fact. (Iceland is the highest elevation in the neovolcanic zone which stretches from the northeast Atlantic in a southwesterly direction, passing through Iceland from northeast to southwest.)

Then the country's countless geysers and hot springs and geothermal heating. All buildings in Reykjavik are so heated. There are no chimneys except on older buildings, a nostalgic reminder of the past. The literal translation of "Reykjavik", the capital of Iceland is "Smoke-Bay". This arose through an error made by the first explorers of Iceland who could see in the distance what appeared to be smoke. It actually was steam from hot springs close to the shore of the bay where Reykjavik is located. For cen-

turies those hot springs were used by the residents of Reykjavik for washing clothes.

The telephone, radio and family car are daily necessities as in Canada. Icelanders listen to the morning news at breakfast and late evening news before retiring for the night. Icelandic television was introduced last fall and is now provided six days a week during evening hours. Lengthening of broadcast time is planned. The United States armed forces base at Keflavik has provided limited television coverage for some six years, and this fall was limited to a small area.

In Canada and Britain people flock to the seaside for weekends to enjoy the summer sun and surf. Not so in Iceland. The surrounding ocean water is too cold for bathing. So the weekend exodus there is inland to the singularly beautiful valleys where rivers and streams abound with salmon and the lakes with trout. Angling fees are high throughout the land.

But there is a compensating factor which nature provides—the hot water from mother earth. In Reykjavik and the towns there are innumerable swimming pools, indoor and outdoor, and especially during the summer school holidays (four months) they are always full, for swimming is a favorite pastime. It is not uncommon, for instance, for a businessman to drive or walk a few blocks for a swim before breakfast. The pools are filled with adults in the mornings. The children

take over for the rest of the day. Water polo is among favorite sports.

There are no hot water tanks in Reykjavik homes nor in other centres or areas where water from hot springs is piped in. Flow of hot water is continuous and the supply limitless.

Icelanders, in Iceland as elsewhere, have always been known as heavy coffee drinkers. Brewed coffee is always on the stove or in the family thermos pot on the kitchen table. At work they flock to the innumerable coffee bars and restaurants during morning and afternoon breaks.

Liquor? It is available and used there as in Canada and, like Canadians, Icelanders are sometimes known to take it in generous quantities. Reykjavik and the larger centres have their cocktail bars and cabarets as in Canada. Hard liquor and wines are all imported and are expensive.

Manufacture of strong beer as in Canada and the United States is prohibited. There are no beer parlors in the land. Iceland has two breweries, one in Reykjavik and the other in Akureyri in the north, and these manufacture a mild beer with a two per cent alcoholic content, a favorite with meals in homes and restaurants, and with picnic lunches. The breweries also make certain lines of soft drinks. Meanwhile available also are soft drinks with name brands common in Canada. The hot dog is a favorite.

Domestically produced, semi-tropical fruits are obtainable in all stores. This is made possible because of the hot

springs which heat the greenhouses. They dot the landscape, particularly in southern Iceland but also in the north.

Grown are oranges, bananas, grapes and such, and likewise roses, tulips and other flowers and some sub-tropical plants. Such fruit, flower and plant production has developed into an ever growing and profitable industry. Most notable is the town of Hveragerdi, some 28 miles east of Reykjavik, where there is a hot spring in almost every other backyard and greenhouses abound. There are to be seen single homes sometimes heated with water piped in from a small hot spring a few feet away.

Cattle raising in Iceland is extensive, hog raising to a somewhat lesser degree. Sheep raising has been the

major livestock industry for years, even centuries. Iceland's dairy industry has been developed largely through the co-operative movement, and by 1965 production exceeded domestic consumption and the industry turned to the manufacture of cheese, powdered milk and butter for export. Beef, pork and mutton are available in all stores. Mutton is the popular meat, and is inexpensive in comparison with the others. Eggs are a common breakfast food as chickens are raised extensively and the domestic market supplied.

—T. O. S. Thorsteinson

Edit. Note—Mr. Thorsteinson, who is on the staff of the Winnipeg Free Press and has been on the Board of this magazine for many years, visited Iceland last summer. —Ed.

WINS \$800.00 FELLOWSHIP

William Helgi Donald Hurst, a 1966 graduate in architecture of the University of Manitoba, in September enrolled for a post-graduate course in architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. where he was awarded an Avalon Foundation fellowship of \$800. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. William D. Hurst of Winnipeg. Gisli Johnson, also of Winnipeg, is his maternal grandfather. His wife, the former Karen Howe of Montreal, is an interior design graduate of the University of Manitoba.



William Helgi Donald Hurst

The people of the Rogaland District in Norway decline a statue of Leifr Eiriksson

"He was not a Norwegian," they say; they further maintain that "he was the son of a man who became involved in a blood feud" (or: "he was the son of a slayer")

Professor August Werner at the University of Washington in Seattle has offered the people of the Rogaland district in Norway the original of the Leifr Eiriksson statue in Seattle. This original is only a plaster of Paris statue, and therefore it has been suggested that if the people of Rogaland accept Professor Werner's offer, they should have this statue cast in bronze. The height of the bronze statue has been estimated at 9 feet and it will cost 50,000 Norwegian kroner.

It should be noted that Professor Werner's generous offer, referred to above, has met with disapproval in Norway and that the District Governor of Rogaland has advised his District Council to decline it. The Norwegians have justified their negative reaction to Professor Werner's offer by pointing out "that as far as can be seen, Leifr Eiriksson never was in Norway and was never known to have had any associations with the Rogaland district

nor with any other Norwegian communities. On the other hand, it should be admitted that Leifr's father, Eirikr the Red, was a resident of the Jaeren district in Norway until a serious involvement in a blood feud made it necessary for him and his father, Thorvaldr Asvaldsson, to emigrate from Norway to Iceland from where they never returned." The foregoing is a statement made by the District Governor of Rogaland himself.

It was Mr. Peter Molaug, former Member of the Norwegian Parliament (Storting), who undertook the task of placing Professor Werner's offer before the people of Rogaland. Mr. Molaug has also received an offer from the Fred Olsen Steamship Company to the effect that the Company will provide free transportation for the original plaster of Paris statue of Leifr Eiriksson from Seattle to Norway.

After consulting with Iceland's Ambassador to Norway, the District Governor of Rogaland has been able to establish that Leifr Eiriksson was in fact an Icelandic citizen.

(Transl. from the Norwegian paper *Norrøna*, Sept 1, 1967)

Book Reviews

THE ICELANDERS IN CANADA

by Walter J. Lindal, Q.C.

National Publishers and Viking Printers.

—512 pages.

by Arilius Isfeld

The author appropriately commences his story with an account of the settlement of Iceland itself, the subsequent literary accomplishments, the preservation of the language, the achievements, the centuries of devastating calamities, the new golden age of literature, the love of democratic ideals, the early travels and discoveries and the origin of the ingredients of the "Icelandic mind" because a knowledge of this heredity and environment is essential in order that the reader may better understand the context of the "Icelandic mind" philosophy which permeates the actual history of Icelanders in Canada that follows.

A unique situation is revealed about the early travels and discoveries by the Norsemen. These men did not seek to conquer. There was no attempt on their part to build an empire nor to form colonies in foreign lands. If they reached populated areas they joined those already there and often took over leadership. If they reached uninhabited areas they formed settlements independent of the countries from which they came. Eirikr the Red did not establish a colony of Iceland in Greenland; it was an independent settlement.

This "out" and method of

settlement rested upon two fundamental Norse principles—one, an attitude of mind, the other, a self-determination. These are revealed in the ancient sayings: "We are all equal" and "I brook no blemish in myself." These qualities of mind were reinforced during the next five centuries of adversities. By 1874 Jochumsson, a poet and minister of the gospel, gave evidence of the continuity of the fundamental principles when he exhorted the nation to seek a "course to a kingdom of God."

This is what Icelanders brought with them to Canada. It has moulded their way of life during the ninety years they have been here and their men of vision have woven it into the Canadian fabric.

One of these men of vision was the poet Stephan G. Stephanson who "lived" in the world of Iceland as well as the world of Canada and therefore contributed from both to the Canadian pattern. This, the author states, is what Icelandic Canadians seek to continue and it is in this area that they see their duty as they become completely integrated.

Through careful selection of bits of poetry and prose the author awakens in the reader an urge to learn more about the literary contributions of this ethnic group. Those of Icelandic descent gain a measure of pride in their literary heritage and will as a result undoubtedly wish to increase their knowledge in this interesting field.

Brief accounts are given of the earlier "out" and method of Icelandic settle-

ments and these take the reader to such interesting places as Utah and Wisconsin in the U.S.A., Rosseau River and Kinmount in Ontario and Markland in Nova Scotia.

The author relates and illustrates the activities of the early settlers in Winnipeg and New-Iceland; their struggle to achieve recognition in schools, their adventures in employment, the successes of the more energetic in business ventures, their struggle to receive prestige and "equality", their disappointments as a depression set in and the subsequent recovery. An account of church organization reveals much of interest and the historical facts of the change from reserve in New Iceland to municipalities brings to light a transfer of the deep-rooted sense of democracy in the "Icelandic mind."

There follows an account of an exodus from New Iceland due to the discomforts of high water and floods. This shift resulted in a reduction of population there, a build up of the Winnipeg settlement and a search for new areas in which to settle.

Expansion in New Iceland follows the development of lake shipping, lumbering and the organizing of a creamery all of which attracted new settlers from Iceland who brought the population up to the original figure or better.

Accounts are given of these new settlements as well and the author brings to light the question of private schools versus provincial or government schools, the miraculous development of libraries, the forming of organizations and the general day to day happenings all of which tends to inform the reader that this is an ethnic group that seeks to fit itself into the Canadian setting.

The author goes on by discussing the second generation, giving accounts

of their efforts as students, as military men and women in the two world wars, as athletes, as authors, as musicians and as good citizens in blending well into the Canadian scene.

In the final book the author reviews the early chapter in the history of this ethnic group in Canada as an introduction leading to an understanding of how this relatively small number of people has captured and carried on the "reaching out" (útþrá) in the Icelandic mind.

In an account of the unveiling of their centennial project at Ottawa the author finds an opportune moment to deal with the language, "preserved incorrupt—both ancestral and descendant—bordering on the classic in its grammar and syntax and having a unique close relationship to the English language."

There is, the author continues, a distinctiveness in their history and approach to life that results in a deep sense of destiny which is the core of the "Icelandic mind" in which a high standard is a "discipline to daily action, an anchor to thinking in the higher levels of the mind." He brings out the evidence of a continuity of high ideals by referring to the famous poet Stephan G. Stephanson who so aptly expressed it by saying: "Think not in years but in ages".

This feeling of destiny originally resulted in the preservation of the famous Eddas and Sagas produced in the centuries between 1050 A.D. and 1250 A.D. The author shows how repeated adversity throughout the ages always brought the high-standard characteristic to the fore resulting in new surges of expressions of tolerance, equality and the destiny to "brook no blemish in oneself". The author asks, "Can this feeling of destiny be trans-

fused into the collective Canadian consciousness?"

Without hesitation, pointing out that Icelanders have no monopoly of the "Icelandic mind", the author traces it back by giving briefly the stories of the Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland.

Very appropriately the author brings the reader into focus on the "Icelandic mind"—(the feeling of destiny, the brooking of no blemish in oneself, the worshipping of high standards, the deep-rooted sense of democracy)—towards the end of the book in a chapter on the "harvest," reaped from the continuity of the "Icelandic mind" in their Canadian settlements.

The harvest proves bountiful indeed, stacking up in unbelievable quantity and quality. Members in office and responsible positions, members of great achievements and contributions; judges, doctors, lawyers, educators, poets, authors, musicians, politicians, outstanding students, skilled men in unlimited fields are named and the achievements of many of the top ranking ones are discussed.

The reader will find difficulty in not agreeing with the author on the theory of the "Icelandic mind" as he begins to realize that this contribution comes from a group comprising less than one sixth of one percent of the Canadian population.

If the reader, to this point, has by any chance felt that the author has been too generous in his philosophy of the "Icelandic mind" all such feelings will be dispelled when the reader digests the statistics and feeds upon the bountiful "harvest" of achievements of Canadians of Icelandic descent that the author has so painstakingly gathered in to make his point.

He concludes his book by discussing the hope and need that some of the qualities of the "Icelandic mind" be retained and be of inherent value to Icelandic Canadians and that it must continue to evolve much that is worthy of being diffused into the Canadian national blend. He points out that Canadians as a whole are in a strange juxtaposition that should cause them to feel that theirs is a nation of destiny.

He feels that Canadians of Icelandic descent have fused their qualities into the Canadian scene and that there has in fact been a continuity of the "Icelandic mind". "Then," he says, "it matters little that the outer vestments are purely Canadian." However, he warns that the most difficult task lies ahead. This task is in reality that the "Icelandic mind" as such must "disappear and not disappear". He means it must be diffused into the Canadian stream and still remain distinct and recognizable. Suggestions as to how this may be attained are given briefly, as also is the philosophy of the vision that in the future, when there will come a converging of destinies in the Canadian nation, the "Icelandic mind in continuity" will indeed be revealed.

The author uses a simple, free-flowing "conversational", completely unaffected style, pleasingly appealing, leading the reader away from the burdensome feeling that so often accompanies the reading of historical accounts.

A careful perusal of this book is a must for those of Icelandic descent who doubt the grandeur of their ancestral heritage. It is a must for those who are not in doubt of the worth of that heritage as it will reinforce it into continuity. It is a must for anyone who is interested in gaining a greater

measure of knowledge and understanding of this relatively small ethnic group in Canada. It is also a must for all who are seeking the solution of how people

of many regions and of various cultures can work together harmoniously in the building of the Canadian nation.

IN SEARCH OF MY BELOVED

Thordarson, Thorbergur. English translation by Kenneth Chapman; Introduction by Kristján Karlsson (p. 7-17). Twaine Publishers Inc. and The American Scandinavian Foundation, New York. Pp. 119. \$3.00

—Haraldur Bessason

This brief autobiographical work contains the main portion of Thorbergur Thordarson's *Íslenzkur aðall* (Icelandic Aristocracy) Reykjavik 1938.

Thordarson is one of the better known literary men of 20th century Iceland. His works are to a greater or lesser extent either biographical or autobiographical. In the introduction to the present work Thordarson is appropriately described as an "Icelandic poet, essayist, parodist, storyteller, polemist, folklorist, grammarian, and autobiographer." Vigor and terseness of style are certainly among the distinguishing features of the book under review. Its chief merit, however, lies in the author's highly successful method of combining sophisticated attitudes with childlike innocence, both of which he has presented as a part of his own character.

In Search of My Beloved points out the irreconcilable spheres of poetic exaltation and reality. It portrays the young man caught up in the conflict between high objectives and the limitations of circumstance. In mind the consequences of such a

conflict, one should not be surprised that among friends the story was once circulated that the young author had on one occasion been driven to such despair over the dilapidated condition of his only pair of shoes that he seriously considered a rendezvous with death by throwing himself into the ocean. The reader may or may not take stories of this kind seriously. However, it is certain that in the minds of most people the immensely humorous aspect of the very crucial situations in which the young poet finds himself will far outweigh any feelings of compassion or sentimentality.

The greater part of Thordarson's book is a love story where the protagonist himself falls victim to passionate feelings for a very presentable young lady. The poet, however, turns out to be so deeply concerned with the highly romantic sides of human relations that instead of expressing himself to his beloved in a forthright manner, he proceeds to lecture to her on astronomy. In a subsequent chapter the young poet makes elaborate arrangements and undertakes an arduous journey across Iceland for no other purpose than to spend the summer months near the young lady's home. Unfortunately, his poetic vision of sublime love fails to materialize. In his daydreams the young man has innocently ignored the fact that an inexperienced boy from a remote district in Iceland does not possess the chivalric

attributes of the experienced man of the world. This difference between the author's romantic image of himself and his real being is impressive enough to maintain a measure of suspense throughout his story. Instead of being reduced, the distance which from the beginning has existed between the two young people gradually increases until, in the final chapter of the book, the young lady fades away completely.

Aside from its literary merits the work under review has considerable historical significance. The author describes, for instance, a small group of young intellectuals who had come together in the northern town of Akureyri in the summer of 1912 as follows:

We wandered about in the streets from morning to night in a lyrical daze and talked with great sensitivity about poetry and genius and recited verses and poems in trembling tones, (p. 63).

Two of these young men were Stefán Sigurðsson from Hvítadal, whose poems were later to become known for their novel style of lyrical simplicity and, of course, the author himself whose numerous works are worthy of

praise in their own right, at the same time as their influence on other Icelandic authors is duly recognized. Among the authors who bear unmistakable marks of Thordarson's beneficial influence is the Icelandic Nobel Prize winner, Halldór Kiljan Laxness.

Kenneth Chapman's translation of the present volume is accurate and eminently readable. In some instances the translator has left out a whole chapter. In other places he has omitted a paragraph or two. This judicious editing of the original has improved the continuity of the entire work. It appears that the Danish translation from 1955, *Undervejs til min elskede*, may have served as a model here.

Kristján Karlsson's splendid introduction to the English translation adds strength to the reviewer's conviction that when Thorbergur Thordarson finally was introduced to the Americans that introduction was made in a highly appropriate manner.

In Search of My Beloved depicts its author as such an unusual individual that one is tempted to accept the different dates to which his birth has been assigned (see p. 7 and back of cover) in the English translation as authentic.



HUNGER HAS MANY FACES

by Gudrun Finnsdottir

Translated by CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

Some years ago I went to one of those coffee parties that become a way of life in the weeks before Christmas, and are a rich source of support for the many causes and charities adopted by Icelandic women in this country.

The place was crowded, but I found a seat on a sofa facing the entrance, for I had been drawn to this affair by the same lure as most people, the hope of running into old friends I had not seen for a year or more and might not see again for another year. I had already spoken to many and now I kept a watchful eye on the door, for I had promised to meet a friend here and expected her to arrive any moment.

But it was Thorunn Hall who walked through the door, and she was not one to frequent Icelandic gatherings in the city. Although I had known her well as a child and very young girl, she was a stranger to me now. Our ways had parted after her marriage, and I saw her only occasionally in public but never spoke to her, for I had an uncomfortable sense that she was less than proud of her Icelandic origin and deliberately avoided contact with her people.

Yet I could not bear to hear this from others and always defended her. She was, after all, Thorunn Bodvarsson's granddaughter.

There had been much talk about her marriage. Some said she sold herself to

a hard-bitten financier with no mind for anything but business. Others believed she had been swept off her feet by the man's glamor. After her mother died and her father remarried I lost contact with the family and knew none of this. But the elegant creature who floated through the door now bore slight resemblance to the small girl I once adored. She had more the look of a mannequin in a shop window mechanically manipulated to display her finery. I was not charmed. Perhaps there was truth in some of the gossip about the girl's craven vanity.

Still she could be called a beauty and my eyes followed her, tall, slender and graceful. Were it not for that closed, empty face, this young woman was hauntingly like her grandmother. Could it be that not a drop of old Thorunn Bodvarsson's rich, warm blood coursed under that hard veneer? As often before, I found that hard to believe.

The hostesses approached Thorunn with that special smile which welcomes all and sundry to commercial coffee parties. That was the end, no one else came near her. Left standing in the middle of the floor, the young woman glanced around coldly, her face a closed book. Through my mind flashed the shameful thought that this girl felt herself worthy of other women's grudging admiration and was taking pains to

invite the overt glances shot at her from the corner of this eye and that.

But I felt rather than saw something else, something like the faltering uncertainty of a lonely, bereft child hiding under a heavy mask. Perhaps Thorunn felt my eyes on her. She turned suddenly, walked toward the sofa and sat down beside me.

"I have wanted to talk to you for a long time," she said. "Do you remember me at all? I was with you many times at grandma's and grandpa's when I was younger, and I've longed to ask you about them, because you knew them when they were young. But I never get a chance to talk to you. When I see you—at a distance, you're always in such a hurry." She remembered her grandfather well, she said. He had stayed with her parents after her grandmother died, but she had fewer memories of her.

Questions about the old Bodvarssons poured out in a torrent, and I was touched by their warmth and urgency. Then the coffee arrived and she was silent all through the attendant pleasantries, but when we were again left alone, she said vivaciously:

"I remember my grandmother as a beautiful woman with a warm smile and a free and easy bearing. Life did well by her. Am I right?"

"Your grandmother was a beautiful woman," I told her. "You look like her. But I would not say that life pampered her above other people, rather that she did well by life. She was intelligent and loving, handled flaws with gentle, healing hands. That gave her the unfading beauty you remember so well.

"Would you like to hear a Christmas story your grandmother told me the last Christmas she lived?"

"Christmas stories are in season,"

she said and there's none I would rather hear than this one."

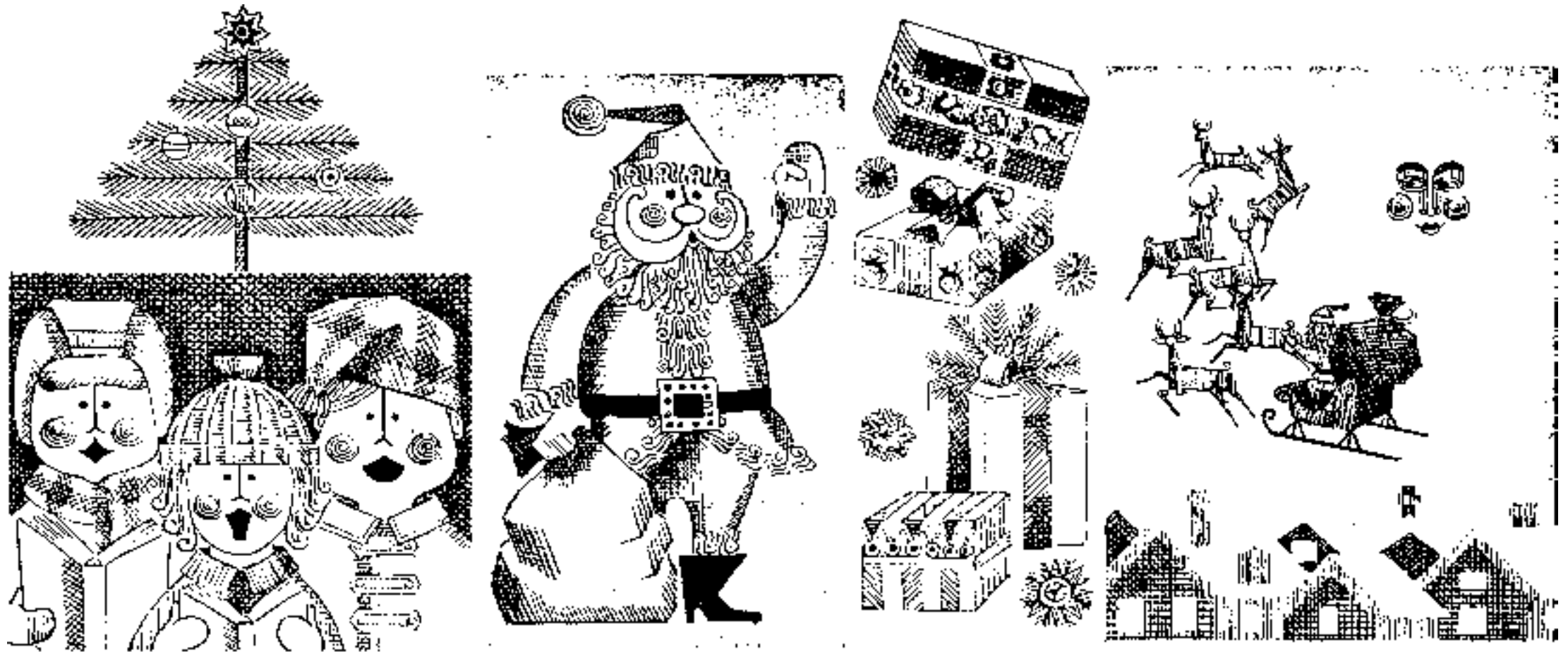
"Your grandmother and my mother were close friends," I began, "and the Bodvarsson house was my second home from the time I can remember. After both my parents died I always spent Christmas with your grandparents. When I married I made a tradition of looking in on them every Christmas Eve, and when they passed away, they took part of my Christmas with them.

"I made my visit early on your grandmother's last Christmas Eve, for I had my children and family festivities to attend to. In front of your grandparents' house when I arrived, stood a big sleigh and a bay horse I knew well, and your grandfather was helping old Leifi, the drayman, load parcels and boxes into the already heaping sleigh. Men and horse were raring to go. In high spirits himself, your grandfather had obviously poured some Christmas cheer into old Leifi, for he was at his eloquent best, tossing couplets and quatrains into the air as if the muse were his patron saint.

"'Happy Christmas,' called your grandfather. 'Thorunn is in the house. Go in and talk to her. Leifi and I are leaving on official business. We're hitting the trail with Santa Claus.' With that they vanished into the dusk and I heard Leifi tell his bay in colorful Icelandic that he had better get a move on if they were to be back home by midnight.

"I landed in your grandmother's open arms, as she flung open the door before I had time to knock. She stood smiling for a minute before she spoke, then with an arm around my shoulders asked me not to mention what I had seen.

"'Leifi has often helped us before. He's silent as the grave and has never



The Wonder of Christmas

Cherished customs are an important part of the wonder of Christmas. The evergreen, it is said, was worshipped by Britain's Druids as the conqueror of winter's darkness. Its first recorded use as a decorated Christmas tree came in 1605 in Germany ...and since then a bright tree has become part of

Christmas observance all over the world. □ We wish that this may be for you and your family the most wonderful Christmas of all. We extend personal season's greetings to each of our friends throughout the Province. May Manitoba hold much for you this Christmas.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all!

Labatt Manitoba Brewery (1966) Ltd.

breathed a word to anyone. Some have too much, some too little and that will never change. One Christmas Eve long ago I learned to understand the lonely people who fear the future and life itself—the ones who have not learned to trust the good will and understanding of others. It turned into the happiest Christmas I have lived so far, and Jon and I are only trying to repay an old debt.'

Consumed with curiosity, I coaxed your grandmother to tell me her story.

"'Very well, my love,' she conceded. 'It's hard to recall the emotions and viewpoint of youth when one gets to be my age, but I'll try to tell you about that cold December,' and she began:

The autumn of the second year of our marriage Jon and I moved into the first house we owned in this country. He had built it with his own hands that summer in the part of the city we used to call out west on the prairie. We had bought the lot for cash at a low price but borrowed money for building materials on good terms. When we moved into the tiny three-room house I felt like a queen entering her castle. It was well laid out and attractive with plenty of room for the two of us and little Sigrid, who was only a few weeks old. But getting settled cost us more than we had expected, careful as we tried to be, and we nearly exhausted our small savings. Jon had steady work until the end of September, but then began an endless search for employment that was not to be had. When he was offered work

cutting timber in the wilderness, he jumped at it. He attended to numerous little details around the house before he left, to make sure we'd be snug and comfortable, then took careful stock of the stable, for we were able to keep a cow and a few chickens in the suburbs in those days. After he had bought hay and feed for our small stock, and plenty of firewood, we decided I could manage with what was left of his summer earnings until he returned. He left me every cent.

I soon got used to the outside chores and everything went well until the end of November. Then the baby took sick and needed a doctor and medicine. She recovered quickly but required constant care for a good while.

The weather took its toll too. Merciless blizzards for days on end were followed by brutal temperatures. While I had no trouble keeping the house warm, the stable was so cold that the hens stopped laying and my poor cow gave less and less milk as time went on. I tried to keep things going, but counted the days until Jon would return.

I stood, sat and moved about with nothing before my eyes but snow drifting over the endless plains. It stretched from dawn in the east to sunset in the west, that barren waste of white. But the evening clouds, warmed with the fire of a setting sun, were a comfort to me. I would stand at the window and gaze into those clouds until I saw in them the mountains and valleys of old Iceland.

I was alone in a prison with my baby, for all my old friends lived far away in the northeast end of town, and our weather was not the kind to tempt the scattered strangers in our new district out of their houses to acquaint themselves with the neighbors. I couldn't leave the baby, anyway, not even to fetch water a long distance through the drifts from the community well. I was able to catch one of the men who sold water from door to door. He brought it to me twice a week and this took the last of my cash.

The journey home would take Jon three days, he had told me, and he expected to be with us the week before Christmas, the 19th of December, to be exact, and all that day I walked on air. The hours flew by as I cleaned, swept and polished until even the stable looked like a parlor. I had a few potatoes left in the larder, a bit of flour and oatmeal, a sprinkle of sugar in a bowl and the dribble of milk I could still coax from our cow, and all would be well when Jon got home.

But I faced a long evening, for Jon did not return. Day followed dreary day and I heard nothing from him. Had he worked longer than he expected, had he met with some dreadful accident, or was he . . . ? I snapped out of my thoughts when I got that far and turned to Sigrid who laughed and cooing in her cradle, happy, snug and secure.

I didn't leave myself a moment to brood on the day before Christmas. I scrubbed, swept and polished the al-

ready spotless house and baked a plateful of paper-thin Icelandic pancakes with the last handful of flour. The oatmeal was finished, but I still had six potatoes and a quart of milk. I brushed and pressed Jon's good suit, laid out his white shirt, starched collar and tie on the bed, for he would be home tonight, I told myself firmly.

Just the same, I was nearly frantic by dusk. Hotly, wordlessly I prayed, worked senselessly at any task I could find or invent and held back the tears with an iron will, as if they could turn the current of fate against us.

In her prettiest dress, little Sigrid looked sweet as a budding rose, and our sitting room was bright and cosy. Yet I felt desolate, stiff and chilled to the bone, partly, perhaps, because I was hungry.

The evening was stretching into eternity, it seemed. I put on my Sunday dress, for it was Christmas Eve notwithstanding. Why didn't I pick up my child and go out to look for help? I knew I ought to, but what if I was offered gifts of charity? People might think ill of Jon too if they knew my plight, believing that he had not provided properly for his family before leaving home. I knew of merchants who sold on credit, but could not bring myself to ask anything of anyone. I had not yet learned how close a clan the Icelandic people of this city were, and how quickly they came to each other's rescue when the need arose.

A little after nine o'clock, when Sigrid had been asleep for a long time,

I turned down the lamp to save coal oil and walked into the kitchen to fill the stove and keep the kettle boiling, so I could make coffee at once just in case. Then I seemed to hear a noise at the front door and ran to open it, but all was silent except for sleigh bells growing fainter in the distance. I opened the door, anyway, and nearly tripped over a huge box that stood in the small vestibule. I saw deep footprints in the snow, right up to the door, and the marks of a sleigh outside the gate.

That box had everything—a bird, smoked lamb, fruit, vegetables, coffee, sugar, Christmas sweets and all sorts of groceries. There was a bottle of brandy for Jon, too, and around its neck a note scribbled in a disguised hand: "from a friend with thanks to Thorunn and Jon."

I stared into the box and the tears I had fought all day broke out and streamed on that offering of love. I don't know how long I sat and sobbed at the kitchen table, I the creature of fear and little faith who had been brought face to face with the good will and understanding of the men and women around me.

I didn't move until the outside door slammed in the vestibule, and then I recognized Jon's peculiar knock on the door. 'There he is, he or his ghost,' I remember thinking giddily as I dashed to the door. Cold, tired and hungry, but alive and well, he was there and Christmas was in our house. He would tell me nothing of his journey until

after the holidays, but when he spoke of it, I knew that my worst fears had all but been realized.

With that Christmas box I received the supreme gift of faith in human generosity and human respect for another's dignity. To the friend who sent us that bounty, whoever he was, we made a promise to remember him every Christmas with a similar gesture to others as destitute as we were then. We have tried to keep that promise according to our means through the years. But what we were given that Christmas Eve will never be paid in full.

"This is your grandmother's story," I told the young woman who sat staring into space and hadn't made a move while I spoke. As she turned to look at me, some strange yearning in her eyes brought to mind a river coursing in a narrowing stream under transparent ice.

The friend I was waiting for walked through the door and I stood up to meet her. Thorunn Hall shook my hand warmly. "Thank you for the story," she said. "Some day I'll tell it to my children, and to a young woman who seems to have lost faith in the purpose of life. She could learn from a grandmother who would rather go hungry than take a chance on casting a shadow on her husband's good name.

There was spirit and urgency in Thorunn's movements as she walked swiftly to the door. Was there more of her grandmother in her than I had suspected?

But hunger has many faces.

INTRODUCING 65°

This is to introduce **65°**, a new quarterly magazine, to the attention of Icelanders at home and abroad.

Our magazine is geared to enthusiastic and concerned Icelanders, to the young adults who are "old in mind" as well as to the older adults who are "young in thought", to the inexperienced of both sexes who are eager to "save the world" as well as to the experienced who know that even "changing anything" is no easy matter. Our magazine is aimed at those who care about the future, yet want to profit from the past. In its purpose of identifying and crystallizing the social patterns and social thought of present day Icelandic society and the trends affecting these patterns and thought, our magazine represents a search for equilibrium.

65° is designed as a medium of communication for those who have something interesting, relevant and constructive to say about the years of change in which we are living. It wishes to bridge the gap between old and new, and to do so through the exchange of ideas in the form of articles, short stories and humour.

Because there are large numbers of foreign born Icelandic citizens, foreign residents and western Icelanders who would like to participate more in the life of modern Iceland but cannot,

since they must rely solely on publications in Icelandic, this magazine, printed in English, gives them the opportunity they have never had to make a contribution to Icelandic life. Because Icelanders take justifiable pride in their educational spirit, have an aptness for languages, and are aware of the importance of the English language in dealings with other nations, 65° gives the man opportunity to write and read the language they have learned, and through communication, to increase the understanding necessary to a harmonious society.

The name, 65°, describes the latitude of the heart of Iceland on the world map. The use of numbers may also suggest the computer-orientated modern world, and so is in step with the times. It is felt that the magazine 65° will embody the moving, searching spirit of Iceland today.

The magazine appears four times a year, the first issue to appear in the autumn of 1967.

Rates for Western Icelanders: \$1.00 per copy, \$4.00 per year.

Correspondence, manuscripts and subscriptions may be mailed to:

Pósthólf 265, Kópavogur, Iceland.
Editor: Amalía Lindal, journalist and author.

Business manager: Ólafur Ólafsson.

The Dance at Hruna

by Jón Norðmann and Jóhann Briem

(From *Jólavaka*, Jóhannes (Jónasson) úr Kötlum, ed. Reykjavík, Þórhallur Bjarnarson, 1945, pp. 307-308.)

Once upon a time long ago there was a priest at Hruna in the district of Árnessýsla who greatly loved amusement. It was always his custom on Christmas Eve when the people had arrived at church not to conduct a service during the early part of the evening, but rather to have a great dance in the church with much drinking and music, as well as other dishonorable amusement long into the night.

This priest had an old Mother named Una who greatly disliked this conduct and often found fault with her son. But he didn't heed her and continued on with his merriment for many years.

One Christmas Eve this priest devoted more time than usual to dancing. His mother, having fearful forebodings of the future, came to the church and admonished her son to stop his merriment and conduct the service. But the priest said that there was time enough for that. "One more time around, Mother."

Again his Mother went to the church. And again—for the third time—she asked her son to heed God and stop this disgraceful amusement lest something terrible befall him and the congregation. But he always answered as before.

But as Una was leaving the church for the third time, she heard:

There is noise in Hruna;
people hurry thither.
So shall the dance be danced
that men will remember.
Una is there still
and Una is there still.

As she was leaving the church, Una saw a man standing by the door. Although she did not know him, she thought ill of him and believed it was he who uttered this verse. Una felt very frightened, believing that it was the Devil himself who had come. Quickly Una took her son's horse and rode to the neighboring priest. She told him of the foreboding poem and asked him to come and save her son from this terrible peril into which he had gotten himself.

The priest and his congregation which was still with him went with Una. But when they came to Hruna, the church was no longer there. It had sunk into the ground with all the people. Far below the earth they heard howling and trembling.

To this very day no building stands on the site of the church that sank, but a small hill bearing the name—Hruna—still remains. The church which once stood at Hruna has been removed to where it now stands. Never again has there been a dance at the church at Hruna on Christmas Eve.

IN THE NEWS

ROYAL BANK APPOINTMENT

The Royal Bank of Canada announced the appointment of Mr. Keith R. Sveinson as agricultural representative for the Alberta Division of the Prairie Agricultural Department. In his role as the Alberta representative of this department, Mr. Sveinson will be working closely with the manager of the Prairie Agricultural Department, Mr. H. Douglas McRorie, in developing and co-ordinating an agricultural program on behalf of The Royal Bank. Mr. Sveinson's office will be located in the District General Manager's Department, 409 Eighth Avenue S.W., Calgary, Alta.

A native of Innisfail, Alta., Mr. Sveinson comes to The Royal Bank with an extensive agricultural background. He graduated from the University of Alberta in 1957 with a degree in Agriculture, specializing in Economics and Animal Science. Following graduation, Mr. Sveinson joined the Alberta Department of Agriculture as an Associate District Agriculturist, working out of Calgary. During his six years with this department, Mr. Sveinson spent considerable time on general farm management extension work. In 1963 Mr. Sveinson joined the Industrial Development Bank as an Agricultural Specialist, a position he has held to the present. During this time he represented the Industrial Development Bank in all areas pertaining to agricultural credit.

Mr. Sveinson is a member of the Alberta Institute of Agrologists and is a past president of the Calgary Branch.

He has also been active in the Calgary Chamber of Commerce, the Western Stock Growers' Association and the American Society of Range Management. In addition, he has assisted the Livestock and Junior Activities Committees of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede for a number of years.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB EXECUTIVE FOR 1967-68.

John J. Arnason, past president.
Leifur J. Hallgrimson, president
Gissur Eliasson, vice-president.
John H. Johannson, treasurer.
H. J. Stefansson, secretary.
W. J. Lindal, editor of the Magazine.
Mrs. Hrund Skulason.
Mrs. Lillian Page.
Miss Caroline Gunnarsson.
Douglas S. Stefanson.
Axel Vopnfjord.
Harold Olson.

These were elected at the Club's annual meeting last spring, with the exception of the treasurer who was appointed recently.

At the meeting, tribute was paid to two retiring members: Bill Finnbogason, a past president and staunch supporter; and Oliver Bjornson, our hard-

driving treasurer for the past two years.

Before the year's activities were brought to a close with the traditional coffee and social hour Dr. Richard Beck gave a talk on the fascinating Scandinavian countries which he and his wife had explored recently in leisurely fashion. Then followed Mrs. Beck, with beautiful pictures from those storied lands to make the evening a feast for the eye as well as the mind. Our warm appreciation to the Becks.

★



Douglas Bergthor Olafson

Douglas Bergthor Olafson joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in November 1966 and went to Regina, Sask., for his initial training. He graduated at Penhold, Alta., June 6, 1967. He is posted in Ottawa.

... the Bronze Medallion, an award

of the Royal Life Saving Society of Canada, also the Gold Medallion, an award of merit for advanced training in swimming.

He is a graduate of Kelvin High School and was a member of the Kelvin Basketball team.

Douglas is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arni Olafson, 328 Oak Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. His maternal grandparents were Kristjana and Bergthor Thordarson, long-time residents of Gimli, Manitoba, his paternal grandparents, the well known Thorunn and Edvald Olafson of the Argyle district.

★

NEWS FROM TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES

Mrs. Asa M. Wright, a subscriber to this magazine for many years, reports that her property, the Spring Hill Estate, is to be turned into a sanctuary. A brief article on this very exceptional sanctuary for tropical birds will appear later. In the course of her letter, Mrs. Wright says:

"Thank you very much for so consistently sending me the Icelandic Canadian. It continues to be of absorbing interest to me as it is the only link with Winnipeg I have. I use it all the time to inform the visitors here about Iceland and the Icelanders, and it is excellent publicity."

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SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



Valerie Snider

Alice Einarson

Candace Siggs

The Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D. E. awards annually three scholarships to students of Icelandic descent. Two scholarships are given for the highest standing in the Grade XII departmental exams, providing the applicants are already enrolled in some faculty of the Universities in Manitoba.

The 1967 awards have been announced and are as follows:

The Johanna Gudrun Skaptason Memorial Scholarship, I.O.D.E., of \$150.00 went to Valerie Constance Snider with an average mark of 80.4. Valerie is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bruce Snider, of Winnipeg. Her maternal grandmother is Mrs. Sigridur (Kolbeinsdottir) Noble, a resident of Winnipeg, who came to Canada when she was 12 years old from Esjubergi (across from Reykjavik) Iceland. Valerie was a student of Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, and is enrolled

in arts course at the University of Manitoba.

Runner-up in the Grade XII exams and winner of the Elinborg Hanson Memorial Scholarship of \$75.00 was Alice Arney Einarson of Lundar, with an average mark of 78.8. She is the daughter of Albert Einarson, farmer at Lundar, and his wife Sadie, (Vigfusson) Holm. Alice attended Lundar Collegiate and has enrolled in the faculty of Home Economics at the U. of M.

The Jon Sigurdson Music Scholarship of \$75.00 was won by Candace Siggs of Winnipeg who has completed her Grade VI in Piano and is presently studying Grade VII in the Western Board of music. Her music teacher is Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson. Candace is the daughter of Alvin (Sigvaldason) Siggs, formerly of Arborg, Man., and his wife June (Palson) formerly of Gey-sir, Man. Mr. Siggs is credit manager for Curtis Tyre Co. —H.D.

**PRESIDENT OF NORTH
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S. Aleck Thorarinson

S. Aleck Thorarinson was elected president of the North American Publishing Co. Ltd., at the annual meeting in November. Jacob F. Kristjansson was named vice-president, Dr. Larus Sigurdson secretary and K. Wilhelm Johannson treasurer. North American Publishing Co. Ltd. are the publishers of Logberg-Heimskringla, the only Icelandic-language weekly newspaper in the western hemisphere.

★

**WINS FREDERICK HARRIS
SCHOLARSHIP**

Miss Carol Westdal of Winnipeg won two silver medals and was awarded the Frederick Harris scholarship in the

1967 examinations conducted by the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto. Miss Westdal received highest marks in Manitoba, 87 for her Grade 6 piano and 84 for Grade 6 vocal. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Westdal and studies piano with Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson and voice with Mrs. D. Benson.

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CHOSEN IDEAL BUSINESS GIRL

Miss Carol Sigurdson of Winnipeg was chosen 1967 Ideal Business Girl at the five-day convention in July of the Alpha Iota International Honorary Business Sorority at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Miss Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Baldur H. Sigurdson, 544 Atlantic Avenue, is a member of the Winnipeg Alumnae Chapter of Alpha Iota Sorority and deputy regional councillor of the sorority's midwest region. She is employed in the Canadian National Railways Winnipeg library as library assistant and cataloguer. She won the award over 11 other contestants from Canada and the United States.

★

GOES ABROAD FOR STUDIES



Richard John Guttormson

Richard John Guttormson, B.A.,

(Honors Phys.), M.Sc., and his wife Lorna Guttormson, B.A., (Phys.Ed.), sailed from Montreal in September on the Empress of England for two years of studies at the University of York, England.

Mrs. Guttormson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Forbes of Regina, Sask., begins teaching there in January, 1968. Both are graduates of the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus.

Mr. Guttormson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Konrad Guttormson of Regina. His grandparents are the late Bjorn Guttormson and Mrs. Guttormson of Winnipeg, and the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gore, also of Winnipeg.

John Konrad Guttormson was stationed overseas in Iceland with the Royal Canadian Air Force and is a holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

★

**M. K. SIGURDSON ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF ICELANDIC
CANADIAN CLUB, VANCOUVER**

M. K. Sigurdson was elected president of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia at the annual meeting at Vancouver in September, and Arthur Oddson vice-president.

Gustav Tryggvason and Evelyn Axdal were named secretaries and Herman Arnason and Connie Anderson treasurers. Pall Johannsson was named director of public relations. A vote of thanks was accorded outgoing president Herman Eyford.

★



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WILLIAM D. VALGARDSON AWARDED FOR CREATIVE WORK



William D. Valgardson

In recent years articles by William D. Valgardson have appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press, the Free Press Weekly and the Icelandic Logberg-Heimskringla as well as this magazine. He writes poetry as well as prose and last year sent a number of his poems, their setting in the Lake Winnipeg and Gimli area, to United States author Paul Engle. As a result he received a letter from author and poet George Starbuck who supervises teaching of creative writing in the state of Iowa. Mr. Starbuck advised that because of his poems Mr. Valgardson had been enrolled in the Creative Writers' Workshop and in a school of writing, and that he was offered a position as teacher in first-year rhetoric at the University of Iowa. Mr. Valgardson accepted the offer and moved in August with his family to Iowa. Mr. Valgardson is the son of Mr. and Mrs.

Dempsey Valgardson of Gimli and is a graduate in arts and education of the University of Manitoba. He had been a teacher in Manitoba high schools for the past five years, and is a past president of The Icelandic Canadian Club.

★

DISTINCT CENTENNIAL PROJECT

A Greater Winnipeg man, Jens Eliasson, this year undertook a one-man centennial project that is both unique and unusual, the development of a botanical garden at his home at 207 Hindley Avenue, St. Vital.

Mr. Eliasson is one of those rare individuals to whom plants are an irresistible attraction. He had set up a sort of botanical garden in Mozart, Sask. as early as 1938 and since then he



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has been surrounded by growing plants wherever he has lived. The unique feature of his present project is that every species of plant in his garden has a label bearing the scientific name of the plant and, in addition, the correct Icelandic name. The project is dedicated not only to Canada's centennial but also to Icelanders who have interested themselves in the horticultural art.

A few years ago it would have been impossible to give an Icelandic name to every kind of horticultural plant. This is now possible because of the recent work of Icelandic botanists and horticulturalists who have invented names wherever they did not already exist in Icelandic.

To give some idea of the scope of this project it might be mentioned that a partial list of species in his garden contains 12 varieties of trees, 36 of shrubs and 91 of flowers.

His knowledge and experience in growing plants is shown by the way he has given each species its proper growing conditions, and his artistic sense is displayed in the general design of the garden.

Although every species bears its appropriate name, not many are actually of Icelandic origin. Among flowers native to Iceland the following might be mentioned, the Icelandic name in brackets:

Achillea (humall), dryas (holtasoley), erigeron (Esaufifill), matricaria (Baldursbrá), oxalis (súrmæra), papaver nudicaule (draumsoley), pferetis (myraburkni), thymus (blodberg), viola atlantica, (bergfjola).

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THE FRON MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

A membership drive by the Chapter of The Icelandic National League "Fron" in Winnipeg was climaxed in November by a social evening, lunch and dance in the Scandinavian Centre at which 70 new members enrolled. In attendance were some 150 persons. President Skuli Johannsson explained that an inner group, to be known as Friends of Fron, was being formed, to include part Icelanders and those interested in things Icelandic. A number joined this group.

Speakers were Thordis Arnadottir who, speaking in Icelandic, described life in Iceland, and Petur Karlsson who with her had been in charge during the summer of the Icelandic exhibit at Expo 67 in Montreal. Mr. Karlsson, speaking in both Icelandic and English, explained he was born Peter Kidson in Yorkshire, England, of English parentage, and that his introduction to Iceland was a soldier with the British army there during the Second World War. He was later to return to Iceland and make it his home.

He is on the editorial staff of the illustrated English-language quarterly magazine, Iceland Review, published

in Reykjavik. Mr. Karlsson dwelt at some length on various aspects of the Icelandic exhibit at Expo 67.

Speaking also was Heimir Thorgrimsson, and a 15-voice male choral group sang four Icelandic numbers under the direction of Arthur Anderson with Gunnar Erlendsson at the piano.

First to join the Friends of Fron was Per Jonsson from Copenhagen, Denmark, brother-in-law of president Johannsson, who had come to Winnipeg to visit his sister Erika, Mrs. Johannsson. Their father was the late Petur Jonsson, a tenor and long a noted singer on European opera circuits. Per Jonsson, a university teacher, is a member of an Icelandic society in Copenhagen, and said he planned to establish communication between it and Fron in Winnipeg.

★

Miss Julie Thorleifson of Bottineau, N.D. was named secretary of state in elections held by members of Girls' State this summer on the campus of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. At Girls' State delegates from all parts of the state gather to spend several days learning the proces-

The Icelanders in Canada

by W. J. Lindal, Q.C.

Just off the press, 512 pages, cloth bound. — Price: \$7.50

Has received favourable reviews, E. W. Develin, with the Overseas Institute of Canada, Ottawa, in a review has said:

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ses of state government. They elect officers and conduct offices in a manner similar to state officers. A mock legislative session is held by the members. Miss Thorleifson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Thorleifson of Bottineau.

★

BYRON L. JOHNSON HONOURED

Byron L. Johnson

In honour of the late Byron Ingemar Johnson, premier of British Columbia, 1948 to 1953, a gavel was presented this summer to the province by British Columbia Icelanders. The published account of the gift follows:

A hand-carved ivory and horn gavel, the centennial gift of 6,000 British Columbia sons of Iceland to the province, will honor the memory of a former B. C. premier and longtime New Westminster resident, Byron Ingemar Johnson.

"Boss" Johnson, as he was called, was a Canadian of Icelandic descent who served as premier of the province from 1948 to 1953.

He was also a leading New West-

minster businessman and board of trade member who claimed the Royal City as his home and constituency.

Johnson's name is foremost among those Icelandic Canadians who have contributed to Canada's political life, of whom the gavel is considered symbolic.

The gavel, carved by one of Iceland's foremost sculptors, Rikardur Jonsson, also symbolizes a shared tradition of parliamentary democracy to which local Icelandic descendants feel the Icelandic Althing and the British Parliament have made significant contributions.

The gavel's head is carved from elephant ivory while its handle is made of Icelandic reindeer horn.

The Icelandic inscription "Med logum skal land byggja", which translates "With laws the land shall prosper", a phrase attributed to an ancient chieftain and lawyer who lived in Iceland in the year 1000, is carved on the gavel's handle.

The centennial emblem, with the dates 1867 to 1967, decorates the front of the gavel's head while excerpts from the Canadian and provincial coats of arms cover the sides.

"A gift from British Columbians of Icelandic descent" is inscribed on the inside lid of the African mahogany chest which holds the gavel and is itself decorated with a traditional Icelandic pattern.

The gavel was presented to the province by Icelandic consul John F. Sigurdson, accompanied by Gustave Tryggvason, a representative of B.C.'s Icelandic community at a public ceremony in the office of Deputy Provincial Secretary and British Columbia centennial committee chairman L. W. Wallace in the Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

★

GUDMUNDUR EIRIKSSON AT RUTGER'S UNIVERSITY, NEW JERSEY



Gudmundur Eiriksson

Gudmundur Eiriksson, son of Gudrun Eiriksson and the late Rev. Eirikur S. Brynjolfsson, is at present attending Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey taking the final year in a five-year combined course in Construction and Engineering. On graduation next spring he will receive both a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Science degree.

Gudmundur Eiriksson established a record in High School, Vancouver, when he received a 100 in Latin. Last year he was awarded an \$800 scholarship at Rutgers University, and this year he is the President of the University Student Body.

His father, the late Rev. Eirikur Brynjolfsson, was the pastor in the Lutheran Church in Vancouver for a number of years. He came to Canada as an exchange minister, serving in the First Lutheran Church in Winnipeg in exchange for Rev. V. J. Eylands, D.D., who served his congregation in the Keflavik district in Iceland.

★

DONATES HIS LIBRARY TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Gisli Jonsson, for many years editor of Timarit, the annual of the Icelandic National League, has presented his library of close to six hundred volumes to the University of Manitoba. The books had been carefully selected by Mr. Jonsson and will constitute a distinct addition to the already large Icelandic selection of the university library. A music lover, with a beautiful tenor voice, he had gathered the works of music composers such as Rev. Bjarni Thorsteinsson, Sveinbjorn Sveinbjornson, Steingrimur K. Hall, Bjorgvin Stefansson and others.

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DR. EDWARD JOHNSON RETIRES

Dr. Edward Johnson retired this summer as director of mental health services for the province of Manitoba after 39 years with the health department. He was succeeded by Dr. R. H. Taverner, medical superintendent of the Selkirk Hospital for Mental Diseases.

Dr. Johnson had been mental health services director for eight years. He retains his position as superintendent of the Psychiatric Institute for at least one year, and will as well initiate steps for the establishment of a Forensic

clinic to serve the needs of the courts in the province.

Dr. Johnson's service with the department dates back to his medical student days when for a three-month period, in 1926, he was on the attending staff at the Selkirk Mental Hospital. In 1927 he served part of his medical internship at the same institution before proceeding to St. Boniface Hospital.

On graduation from the University of Manitoba in 1928 with an M.D. degree, he was appointed to the staff of the Selkirk Hospital for Mental Diseases as junior physician. He was appointed assistant physician in 1929

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and assistant medical superintendent in 1930.

In 1936, following post-graduate studies in psychiatry at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic in Baltimore, Maryland, and the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, Dr. Johnson returned to Selkirk where he instituted the comparatively new insulin shock therapy, the first Canadian institution to pioneer this form of treatment.

In 1943 he was appointed medical superintendent at Selkirk, and two years later received certification from

the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons as a specialist in psychiatry. He was appointed director of psychiatric services and medical superintendent of the psychiatric institute in 1959.

Dr. Johnson has been active in many professional organizations and, among other things, is a member and past president of the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, member and past president of the Manitoba Medical Association, and during the

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past year was elected a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association in "recognition of particular and outstanding achievements in the psychiatric field."

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THE CENTENNIAL ISSUE

of The Icelandic Canadian has been in great demand. However, there is large supply on hand, selling at \$1.00 per copy. New subscribers can get it at 50c with a subscription which costs \$2.00.

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★

The Saskatchewan Diamond Jubilee and Canada Centennial Corporation has produced and published widely a series called "The Saskatchewanians," of men and women who have brought honor and progress to the province. One is about Olafur Olafson, a highly

successful farmer and cattleman. Following is the description given of him:

The would-be train robber walked slowly through the C.P.R. coach, waving his revolver under the noses of frightened passengers, whom he instructed to deposit their valuables in a canvas sack, held in the other hand.

The desperado's tactics were succeeding quite effectively when the door to the observation deck opened, admitting a small, wiry man in typical western attire. Summing up the situation in a flash, the newcomer seized the bandit by the belt and collar and hustled him off the back of the train, wrestling the canvas bag from him as he fell. Turning to another passenger, he called "Get in touch with the Mounted Police from the telegraph station at Besant" and leaped off to hold the prisoner under citizens' arrest.

Such was the story frequently told of one of the exploits in the life of Olaf Olafson of Old Wives, an energetic Icelander who came to Canada in 1887 and after some years of railroading took up a homestead just a few

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miles south of the scene of his famous encounter.

"Ollie" Olafson was a prime mover in the formation of the Saskatchewan Stock Growers' Association in 1913, and the following year was elected president. Later he organized and spearheaded a group of cattlemen who, in 1918, established the Moose Jaw stockyards, which became the largest in the country. Olafson delivered his first cattle to the yard and served as vice-president of that institution until 1934, when he was elected president.

He was keenly interested in the Moose Jaw feeder show, at which he was a consistent top prize winner from the time of its inception in 1923. In his later years he was named honorary president of the Saskatchewan Stock Growers' Association.

Mr. Olafson died in December, 1957, at the age of 90.

For further information on this pioneer see the Icelandic Canadian, Spring 1953, and The Icelanders of Canada, page 434.

★

GENIUS— I don't despise genius—indeed, I wish I had a basketful of it instead of a brain, but yet, after a great deal of experience and observation, I have become convinced that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. It may never carry any one man as far as genius has carried individuals, but industry—patient, steady, intelligent industry—will carry thousands into comfort and even into celebrity, and this it does with absolute certainty; whereas genius often refuses to be tamed and managed, and often goes with wretched morals. If you are to wish for either, wish for industry.

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- SEAHORSE BRAND SUPPLIES

Two brothers who are natives of Gimli, Man. are proceeding with advanced studies, each in his chosen field, one economics and the other medicine.

Dr. Harold Frederirk Bjarnason received his Ph.D., degree in economics in June this year from the University of Wisconsin. He specializes in international economics.

He graduated from the University of Manitoba with a bachelor of arts degree in 1960, won the Icelandic National League scholarship and attended the University of Iceland during the 1961-62 term. In 1946 he received his

master of science degree from the State University of South Dakota, and his doctor's degree this year. He is now employed by the Canadian Wheat Board in Winnipeg.

His brother, Dr. David Franklin Bjarnason, graduated from the University of British Columbia with a medical degree in 1966 and is now specializing in internal medicine at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

Both brothers were born and brought up in Gimli. They are the sons of Harold and Agustina Bjarnason who now live in Victoria, B.C.

A WESTERN CENTENNIAL SONG

Let us sing a song of exaltation
For our land so dear.
May it ring in joyous jubilation
So that all may hear.
Sing a song of golden harvests glowing
In the prairies boundless treasure chest.
Sing a song of towns and cities growing,
From the Maritimes to Rockies west.

Sing a song of dauntless pioneers,
Of their sweat and toil.
How they labored under hundred years
In your western soil.
On your knees, you late-born generation,
Sing a hymn of thanks to heroes true,
Bow your heads in humble veneration,
Thank your God for what they did for you

— Arthur A. Anderson

ATHLETES AT THE PAN-AM GAMES



Paul Bjarnason

Three athletes of Icelandic descent won medals at the recent Pan-Am Games in Winnipeg.

Janet Maddin of Winnipeg, reached the finals in the 200 meters dash and was a member of the Canadian relay team which won the Silver medal in the 400 meters relay sprint.

David Thor, of the U.S.A. team won the following in the gymnastics competition: bronze medal in Men's Floor Exercises and bronze medal in the Pommel Horse event.

Paul Bjarnason of New Westminster, B. C. won the silver medal in the middle heavyweight Weight Lifting competition—a total of 931½ pounds in three lifts.

★

MARION JOHNSON WINS A \$1,000 SCHOLARSHIP

Miss Marion Johnson, of London, Ont., a Grade XIII student at South Secondary School, has been awarded a \$1,000 Queen Elizabeth scholarship, established by the City of London. The award will be given over two years.

Miss Johnson had the highest average in London on the 1967 examinations for her year, with an average of 93.6 per cent on seven papers.

Miss Johnson, who made a contribution to the Centennial issue of the Icelandic Canadian, plans to take a journalism course.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Magnus F. Johnson, formerly of Winnipeg and now of London, Ontario.

—W. K.

★

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY EVENT

The golden wedding anniversary of Chris and Hannah Johnson, of 3337-30th Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn., was held at the President Jackson and Jefferson Room of the Leamington Hotel, July 16, 1967.

The reception was given by life-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bjarnason, of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilbertson, St. Paul, Minn.

Over a hundred friends gathered to pay their respects, and to enjoy the delicious repast.

The numerous messages, gifts and

cordiality were fitting expressions of the deep and affectionate esteem of their many friends and relatives.

Chris and Hannah have lived a very active and rewarding life, at their present address, where friends and relatives are welcomed with true Icelandic hospitality.

It is now, the wish of their many friends, that their retiring years be filled with the golden blessings of good health and happiness.

★

APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION AND ENGINEERING

The Federal Department of Public Works recently announced the appointment of Joseph Norman Stevens as Superintendent of Construction and Engineering for the District of British Columbia. In this position he will be responsible for most Federal Government construction in British Columbia.

He is the son of Norman and Margaret Stevens of Gimli, Manitoba. He received his education at the Gimli High School, and later obtained a degree in Civil Engineering at the University of Manitoba. During the Second World War he served in Europe with the 1st Medium Artillery Regiment, and after the war served in the occupation army in Germany. Before being repatriated home, he took a four-month's course at Khaki College, Leavesdon, England, which is affiliated with the University of London.

While attending the University of Manitoba, he married the former Kristine Sigurgeirson, daughter of Helgi and Emma Sigurgeirson of Hecla. They have two sons and two daughters. He joined the Department of Public Works in Winnipeg in 1950, and was transferred to the British Columbia District in 1957.

★

GIVEN MEMBERSHIP STATUS IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS

Dr. Josefina Asgerdur MacDonell, assistant medical director of Deer Lodge Veterans' Hospital, was given membership status in the American College of Hospital Administrators at the society's convocation ceremony held recently in Chicago. Winnipeg-born Dr. MacDonell graduated in 1943 and worked at the Winnipeg Clinic and spent a brief period in the army before taking up a part-time position at Deer Lodge Hospital in 1947. She has been assistant medical director since 1960. She is married to Dr. J. A. MacDonell, also of Deer Lodge Hospital, and they have a 15-year-old daughter, Josefina. They live in St. James.

★

ICELANDERS DISCOVER AMERICA

Before coming to Canada in July this year, President Asgeir Asgeirsson met with President Lyndon B. John-

son on an official visit to the United States of America. On July 19, the Icelandic daily *Vísir* of Reykjavik reported the meeting of the two presidents on the steps of the White House in Washington:

Johnson waits for the President on the steps of the White House.

The President of Iceland, Ásgeir Ásgeirsson, is on an official visit to the United States. Lyndon B. Johnson, the President of the United States received the President on the steps of the White House in Washington when he, with his entourage, arrived. Among others with the President was Hubert Humphrey, the Vice-President.

Lyndon B. Johnson welcomed the President of Iceland in a few words of greetings in which he pointed out that the people who discovered America almost a thousand years ago were Icelanders and they called the land Vinland. He referred to the Icelandic passion for peace which he realized when he visited Iceland in 1963.

★

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big move. U.G.G. in co-operation with the United Farmers of Alberta formed United Feeds Limited to provide Western farmers with quality feeds — and a rightful share of the rapidly expanding feed industry.

big responsibility. The main aim of United Grain Growers is this: to help Western farmers make more money. That is why United Grain Growers must earn business through good service and quality products . . . must handle only the best-quality farm supplies at the best possible price . . . must lead the way in competition for farmers' grain . . . must provide help in farm management and farm policy matters so the Western farmer may solve his own problems.

In short, the farmers who own United Grain Growers believe the interest of the individual farmer must come before that of the Company . . . U.G.G. must be not just a farmers' company — but a Company of Farmers.

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