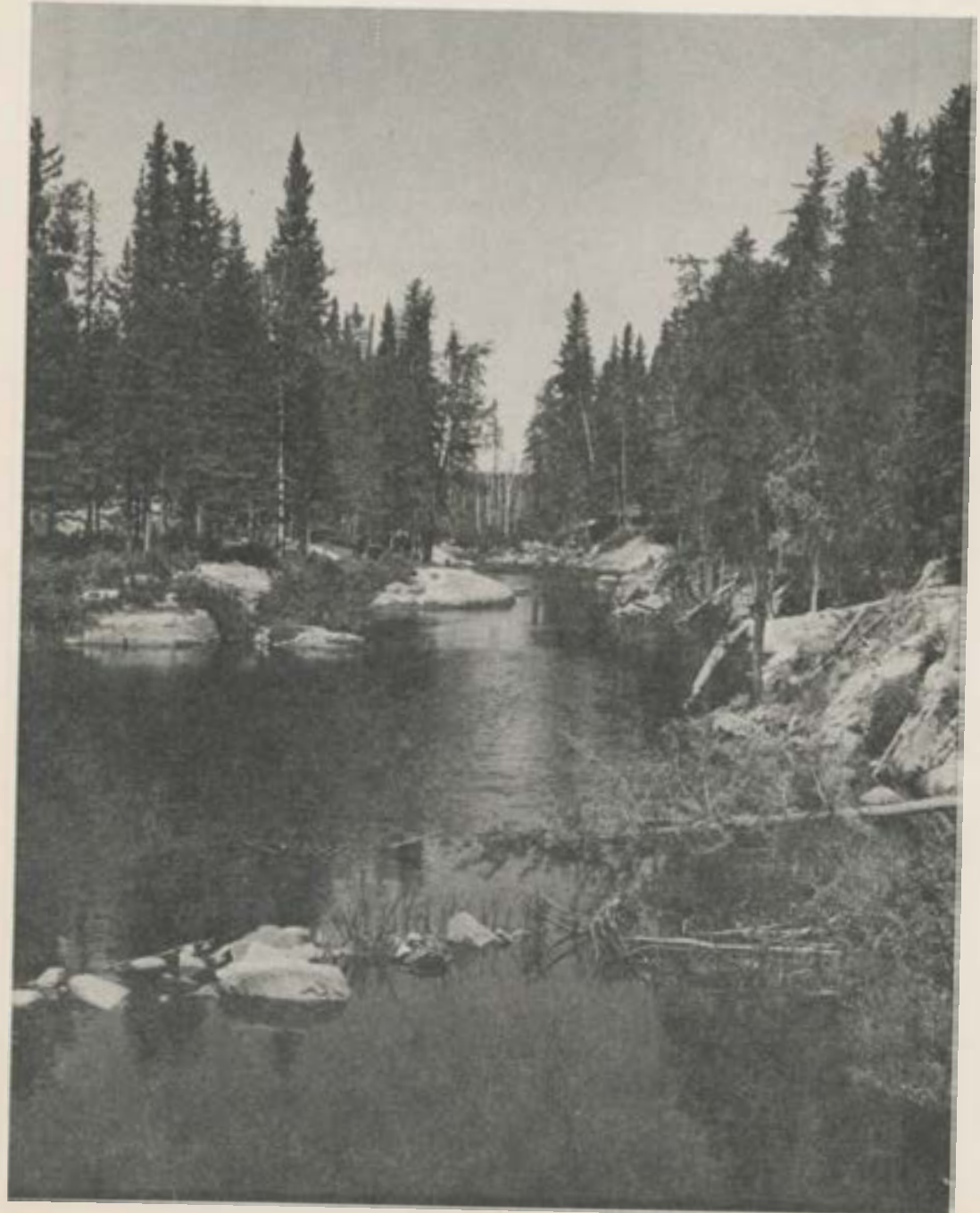


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This bust of Vilhjalmur Stefansson was paid for by the Icelandic community through voluntary subscriptions. On February 27 this year, Education Minister George Johnson received it on behalf of the Province of Manitoba at a fitting ceremony in the Legislative Building. It was then escorted to the new Manitoba Centennial Centre, there to remain on display as a permanent memento of one of Manitoba's famous sons.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, explorer, scientist, lecturer, and author, did more than any other man to explore Canada's Arctic regions and to bring them forcefully to the attention of Canadians and of the world. He headed three Arctic expeditions that took up most of the years 1906-1918. He wrote innumerable articles about the Arctic for geographical and scientific magazines. He lectured widely throughout Canada and the United States on the same subject. Among his many books we find such works as "The Friendly Arctic", and "The Northward Course of Empire", where he gives expression to his vision of the North. Through two world wars he was adviser to governments on geographic and survival problems in the Arctic.

Stefansson spent most of his long life (1879-1962) in the Canadian Arctic and the United States; but he was born into an Icelandic immigrant family at Arnes, on the shores of Lake Winnipeg. There, with provincial and federal funds, a Stefansson Park is to be developed as a suitable memorial to this famous native of Manitoba.

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The Icelandic Canadian

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EDITORIAL

While the winter activities are rewarding and interesting it is well to have a period of relaxation from the routine. Then, in the fall, the challenges which present themselves, can be met with renewed vim and vigor.

When the last meetings of the season have been held, the wind-ups over, schools closed, the last recital held and the summer cottages re-opened, one can look forward to the summer with anticipation. It is time to enjoy the outdoor activities to the full, whether it be boating on the many lakes and rivers, swimming, golfing or tramping in the woods.

The topic of the day becomes what are the plans for the vacation. For a number of people this year the visit to Iceland, by chartered plane, will be a highlight. Others are wending their way to many parts of Europe, to the Far East, to The United States and across Canada. It will be very enlightening to compare notes when the holiday season is over.

Mr. Francis Gay publishes a book annually, which he calls "The Friendship Book". In it are many little anecdotes about every day happenings, quotes and bits of philosophy. This little gem is in one of the volumes. It is by an American woman, who is not identified.

Take time to think — It is the source of power.

Take time to play — It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read — It is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to pray — It is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved — It is a God-given privilege.

Take time to be friendly — It is the road to happiness.

Take time to laugh — It is the music of the soul.

Take time to give — It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to work — It is the source of success.

Have a Good Summer!

—Mattie Halldorson

PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU

To write about The Rt. Hon. Pierre Elliott Trudeau at the present time is about the same as discussing a case that is sub judice—in the courts awaiting verdict. As the people of Canada are the judge and jury it is not out of the way to refer to the background of the man who has suddenly been catapulted into the highest office of government in Canada.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau is essentially a commoner, one of the people, a man who believes in the democratic process. He concedes to everyone the right to live his own way—something which to him has become almost an obsession. But Mr. Trudeau is a pragmatist; to him philosophies, doctrines and beliefs must be fitted into the realities about him.

It was the feeling of being one of the common people which gave rise to his sense of a "just society". It led him early to see that the working classes are the people who suffer the most. "In the end," he has said, "it is always they who have to pay." This led Trudeau to take a stand which was interpreted as establishing that he belonged to the far left. Actually, he has throughout his life belonged to those who seek to establish a society which is "just" for all. Too often the society about him was not within his concept. This caused him to say: "I have always rowed against the current."

There is one outstanding feature of Trudeau's qualifications for his present exalted position in the Canadian national structure: he has seen the human being in action and he has seen the collective action of the people of

his country—Canada. This twofold qualification requires a brief explanation. It calls for an examination of the milieu into which he was born and spent his boyhood years, and in which he moved in his mature life up to the time he ascended to the dais he now occupies.

Fortunately Pierre Trudeau was not born into wealth; his parents were very strict about money. More or less unconsciously to Pierre, his father's wealth accumulated so that by the time he was able to grasp the potentials of wealth, for good or for evil, his responsibilities to the state had blossomed forth so that he had no alternative but to apply what came to his command in the interests of the state.

However, there was a pleasant and most instructive interlude. His father's wealth enabled young Pierre to travel. His travels proved to be a practical course in a well rounded out academic training which took him to the University of Montreal from which he graduated with distinction in law; then to Harvard, to London where he took a course in economics, and finally to the Sorbonne in Paris.

His practical course consisted of a trip around the world which had a unique cultural value. He did not travel 'de luxe', stay at expensive seaside resorts, attend state functions. He travelled with and was one of the people of the countries he visited. He saw life in the raw and he took risks. The Buffalo Evening News, in its amazement, commented editorially: "He has been down the Nile on a barge, seen tribal warfare in the Khy-



RT. HON. PIERRE ELLIOT TRUDEAU
Prime Minister of Canada

ber Pass, been jailed by mobs in Jerusalem and attacked by pirates on the Ganges."

The frugal home, the travels, in his own way, among people in far-off lands, his consorting with the elite in university halls—it all combined to develop within Trudeau's mind an attitude acquired only by those who have seen the human being in action, in all its strengths and in all its weaknesses.

Mr. Trudeau has also seen the people of his land, Canada, in action collectively. That action has at times been harmonious, but at times has been disjointed to an alarming degree. Here his erudition and innate reasoning powers have stood him in good stead. During those formative years he saw Quebec, where he was born and wore out his knee-length pants, but he also saw the whole of Canada to which he belonged and which belong-

ed to him. He is three-quarters French, one-quarter Scottish descent, fully entitled to be called a Quebecer. But he is more than that. During those impressionable years he was more than a French-speaking Canadian of Quebec. He saw all French-Canadians, whether they lived in Newfoundland, Quebec, or Victoria. He was one of them and they all were his brothers, fellow French-Canadians.

These ruminations enabled Pierre Elliott Trudeau to give an interpretation to the Canadian scene which, as far as this writer knows, is unique, but which appears to be the most logical, indeed an inescapable interpretation.

The analysis which Mr. Trudeau has made in his penetrating studies of the Canadian scene, and the conclusions he has reached, were, in regard to population, very well expressed in an off-the-cuff address he made to a gathering in the Marlborough Hotel, in Winnipeg, on Sunday, March 10, 1968.

He started by pointing out that about thirty percent of the people of Canada were of French descent, about forty-four percent of British descent, and the remaining twenty-six percent consisted of people who have come from scores of countries. They are mostly Europeans, but some are Asians and Africans, and some have come from the Western Hemisphere. He was careful to point out that the twenty-six percent were not homogeneous; all they had in common was that they had become good Canadians.

Mr. Trudeau went on to say that he was not so much concerned about the fact that the French and the British (aside from the Indians and Eskimos) came first. Nor did it make much difference to him whether an actual or an implied compact or partnership was entered into by the French and British colonists. Forty-four percent of British

origin, the language of the home English; thirty percent of French origin, French the home language of well over ninety percent of them: these are the facts of life of Canada which have to be recognized and given effect in the framework of any Canadian social structure. Mr. Trudeau went even so far as to state that if it should happen that a correspondingly large group of Canadians spoke some other language as the language of the home, then recognition would have to be given to that group or section of Canadians. This would then become a fact of life of Canada. (The United States of America provide a most instructive parallel, the distinguishing factor being color of skin and not language. Ten percent of the people of the United States are Negroes. That is a fact of life of that nation which has to be recognized.)

This overwhelming superiority in numbers of the French and the British of Canada need not, in Trudeau's view, bar recognition of smaller linguistic groups in what he calls "a purely pluralistic state". It is a matter of degrees.

This background picture of the present Prime Minister of Canada was succinctly but clearly stated by the man himself back in the year 1962.

"The die is cast in Canada; there are two ethnic and linguistic groups; each is too strong and too deeply rooted in the past, too firmly bound to a mother culture, to be able to swamp the other. But if the two will collaborate inside a truly pluralistic state, Canada could become the envied seat of a form of federalism that belongs to tomorrow's world. Better than the American melting pot, Canada could offer an example to all those new African and Asian states . . . who must discover how to govern their polyethnic populations with proper regard for justice and liberty."

—W. J. Lindal



HON. ROBERT L. STANFIELD
Leader of the Opposition in Ottawa

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

It is fortunate that personalities have not been to the fore in this election. However, with men such as Pierre Trudeau, Robert Stanfield and Thomas Douglas leading the three major parties it would have been impossible to avoid the personal element. Some editorial writers feel convinced that they will not only be an element to consider but may be the deciding factor. The following conclusion is reached in the editorial of the June,

1968, number of Macleans Magazine: "We suspect that the average voter will make his choice not on the 'issues' at all, but on the much-deplored basis of 'personalities'—not on what the aspirants say they will do, but on his own appraisal of what kind of men they are. And, though it may be heresy to say so, we think that in this respect the average voter is right."

The Icelandic Canadian takes a neutral position.



HON. THOMAS C. DOUGLAS
Leader of the New Democratic Party of Canada

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

It is also fortunate that the "dialogue" between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, which arose when the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism was appointed, has come before the people of Canada in this election. This means that all Canadians are given a chance to form their opinions. The word "dialogue" has too often been interpreted to mean a discussion between two persons or two groups of people.

The syllable "dia" from the Greek meaning "through" is too often taken to mean "bi", namely "two".

The result is that by and large the voice of the ethnic groups has not been heard in these dialogues, or if heard has not been heeded. The Preliminary Commission Report refers to the "millions of immigrants that have implanted their various cultures in Canada."

A GLIMPSE OF ICELAND

by MARY SECORD

The huge jet of Icelandic Airlines alighted as easily as a bird on the soil of Iceland; Iceland that strange land of fire and ice where in July the sun seems always to shine and there is no night. In summer too a land where amidst the most soul-chilling desolation and starkness of its volcanic countryside an observant eye can almost always find flowers growing. Most of these grow but a few inches tall and have minute blooms, but in the ditches one can see marsh-marigolds of normal size and dandelions no higher than a mushroom with flower-heads as big as saucers. Many of our garden flowers such as violets, violas, forget-me-nots and arabis grow wild and almost everywhere are the beautiful white avens and the scented pink thyme. In places cotton-grass looks like a new fall of snow.

Iceland is an island that looks almost too poor to support anyone, but there live the most beautiful children in the world and the men walk like kings. For these descendants of the Vikings who still speak the language of old have the same proud independent spirits as their forefathers. Their country of barely 200,000 inhabitants has not only its own language, but its own university, literature, printing presses and airlines and its boasts the oldest parliament in the world.

It is a place where great glaciers and lonely uplands contrast with green valleys dotted with sheep and cattle. It is a country where almost nothing but potatoes, vegetables and hay are grown, but where heat from the under-

ground waters is used to warm a whole city and is being harnessed to run factories. There beautiful snow-capped mountains, magnificent water falls or strange geysers surprise the traveller who has spent hours crossing wild, twisted, contorted, lava-strewn landscape. It is a country that has few passerine birds, but is the nesting place of millions of wader and water fowl and it was the birds we had come to see.

In days gone by Icelanders depended a great deal upon their birds. Besides eating their eggs they caught many of them in nets. They ate the fleshy parts and in this treeless land often used the remainder for fuel. Indeed, in times of stress they often ground the bones to use as food for their cattle. Eider ducks were and are the source of the famous eiderdown. The eider is now totally protected and the down is only collected after the young have left the nest. However, the people always practised conservation of their eider colonies. It was our good fortune to be shown an eider duck on her nest and to see its soft lining and the coverlet of down with which she sheltered the eggs in her absence.

In the cold rushing streams, in the placid lakes or along the wild cliffs hundreds of thousands of birds were just finishing their nesting season. Tufted and Eider ducks swam about trailed by their little ones. Sometimes one mother had collected as many as twenty ducklings. Few of them would survive as everywhere the skuas and gulls were waiting to pounce on a straggler. Once we saw a Harlequin

Duck gather her babies close and rear up at an attacking Blackheaded Gull; then lead her brood to the shelter of an overhanging bank. In the lakes and streams many Grey Phalarope (called Red Phalarope in North America) were swimming; sometimes they were spinning in their characteristic circles. These phalaropes are really a beautiful red in the breeding season, but were given their name in Europe where they are only known in the grey phase. Many isolated hill lakes have large flocks of Whooper Swans and occasionally a pair of Divers (Loons.)

No one could write of Icelandic birds without mentioning Redshanks, whimbrels, (a short of Curlew), and Golden Plovers. Redshanks which resemble our Yellowlegs, but have red legs, are often seen on fence posts or hummocks. The sweet cry of the Whimbrel can be heard almost everywhere. Golden Plovers, very handsome birds, are sometimes seen in great numbers on fields of new-mown hay where they have alighted to eat the newly exposed insects. One day our group discovered a female Ptarmigan with three young hidden in the grass. It being summer, the white in her wings was only visible when she flew. Our guide, as was his habit, swooped upon one of the young, gathered it gently in his hands and allowed us all to examine and photograph it. Then he returned it unharmed and apparently unafraid to its mother.

Iceland is famous for its "Bird Cliffs", precipices, usually by the sea, which are the nesting places of hundreds of thousands of sea birds. To reach the cliffs it was necessary to walk from the road a distance of perhaps three-quarters of a mile over what appeared to be level ground. However, ground is rarely level in Iceland and this was no exception. We found the humps and hollows and

jagged rocks very rough going. As we proceeded there was another hazard as we became the target of any Arctic Terns whose eggs of the little yellow and brown chicks lay in depressions on the open ground. At times the terns rose in great clouds; their shrill cries expressing anger at this invasion of their lonely territory.

When at last we reached the top of the cliffs the birds there paid us little heed. What a strange, awe-inspiring sight. The great crags had every crevice or crack, every ledge or toe-hold crowded with birds—strange birds—which are seldom seen by inland people.

There were Kittiwakes, Razorbills and three species of Guillemot. The strangest of all were the little Puffins with their bright-coloured parrot bills. There was a constant coming and going as birds flew in perhaps with a fish for their young or perhaps just to rest; the air was alive with their screams and cries. Far down at the foot of the cliffs and hundreds more birds including some Eider Ducks rode the waves. The ocean was blue that day and over its sparkling surface flew three great white Gannets with huge black-tipped wings. Soon they checked their flight and dived straight as arrows on some hidden fish. Over and over they repeated this manoeuvre while the clamor of birds about us drew away our attention.

Yes, Iceland is a Bird's paradise and our visit which lasted from July 11 to July 19 yielded a total of 62 species. The experts were most interested in three Long-tailed Skuas, birds of the High Arctic and a lone Ross's Gull which was a stray from across the top of the world in Siberia. The rest of us were very pleased with all 62 species.

—From The Ralston Co-operator

ICELANDERS CAME TO WISCONSIN TO FIND FREEDOM, EASIER LIFE

by CHARLIE HOUSE

Of The Milwaukee Journal Staff

No other state can properly boast of a broader ethnic background than Wisconsin's. Here settled Germanic peoples, Slavic, Italian, Irish, English, Scots, Welsh, Finnish, French, Spanish, Oriental, Negro and, prehistorically, the Indian.

The Scandinavians settled here, too. Among them: Icelanders, the first since Leif Ericson.

The Wisconsin colony of Icelanders is on Washington island at the tip of the Door county peninsula. They—like many another ethnic group to settle in Wisconsin—came in search of freedom, political and economic.

Many Fled in 1870

For 40 years, the people of the great island in the north Atlantic had followed their leader, Jon Sigurdsson, in the struggle for economic improvement and political freedom. Its ruler, the king of Denmark, had been adamant.

In 1870, Iceland suffered unusually severe weather conditions and many fled the island, bound for Canada and the United States.

From 1870 to 1900, some 50,000 Icelanders turned their faces toward new lands, to living room, to independence. Their own storm stricken country, only one-fifth habitable and the rest covered with snow fields and glaciers, was oppressed.

One group came directly to Milwaukee and soon two colonies of Ice-



Early Icelandic pioneer homes

landic immigrants took to the water and the plow.

In the spring of 1870, William Wickmann, a Danish friend of the group, thought of Washington island. He went to view it as a site for possible settlement. He was excited with his find and he returned to Milwaukee to persuade others to make the island their new home. He described the wild beauty of the island, the great cliffs, the fine harbor, the lake teeming with fish, the deer and other wild game to be had. He was convincing.

First Settlers

Those first Icelanders to settle there were Jon Gislason, Gudmundur Gudmundsson and Arne Bjarnson. They may then have felt kinship with Ingolfur Arnason, the first Viking to settle in Iceland a thousand years before.

Another segment of the Nordic immigrants, led by the Rev. Pall Thorlaksson, made another decision. It was an ill fated one.

This group sought land for the purpose of farming. After searching widely, they selected a large section of Shawano county, including Shawano lake. They moved there in 1874, having purchased the land for half price and getting, as a free gift, the sandy lands at the north end of Shawano lake. This was to be used for grazing sheep.

Fishing Magnificent

But the settlers lacked proper equipment for taming the heavy forests there and, at last, they gave up. They joined another group and settled later in North Dakota in the Red river region. The Shawano area property is today of great value.

On the island, however, the first colony was faring well. The fishing was magnificent. There was food in plenty, but the settlers did not like the long walk for their water. They determined to dig a well.

About a foot below the surface of the land, they struck flat rock. They tried to dig around it, but the rock, apparently, stretched widely. They moved the site of the digging to other places and again struck rock. It was everywhere they dug. They learned that the island is itself a rock, part of the Niagara cuesta which forms the dolomitic limestone floor of Door county. It was not until years later that machine powered digging equipment sank wells properly, 100 feet below the surface.

Soon other Icelanders joined these settlers. Some of their names are represented by descendants still on Washington island. Those early colonists: John and Tom and "Yes-Yes" Einarson, Jon

and Peter Gunnlaugsson, Hans and Hannes and Jon Johnson, Sigurd Sigurdson, Arne Gudmundsen and Arne Gudmundsen Le Grove.

History of Settlements

Washington island had already had a long history of settlements. Its 26 miles of shoreline, its splendid forests and good topsoil attracted the pre-historic Indians who left much evidence of their stay there, in potsherds, arrow points and tools, as well as cornhills, ancient proof of efforts to settle.

Potawatomi Indians lived there, but departed before 1653. Long ago, the place was called Potawatomi island. The following year, some of the Ottawa and Huron Indians who had fled from the wrath of vengeful Iroquois hid on the island for many months.

The explorers Radisson and Groseillers visited there in 1657 and seem to have wintered there. Radisson wrote the following praise:

"I can assure you that I liked no country as I have that were in we wintered; for whatever a man could desire was to be had in great plenty; viz. staggs (deer), fishes in abundance, and all sort of meat, corne enough."

Good Catches Reported

A few fishermen had attempted to settle there after the departure of the Indians and they reported good catches.

In 1862, one Joseph Cornell, a 14 year old boy, caught a 70 pound lake trout in near-by waters. It is recorded that Godfrey Nelson caught 220 trout nearby in two days in 1869.

The island, just six miles from Gillis Rock on the Door county tip, maintains a year around population of something less than 1,000, but it is said that the descendants of the pio-

neer Icelanders, with Icelanders who came in later years, number about 200. The ancient Icelandic language has not been completely forgotten there, nor has the Iceland heritage. Fishing is the principal source of income for the permanent residents, though in recent decades tourism has been an important source of income and the crops, particularly potatoes, are good.

Invited to participate in inaugural flight



Professor Haraldur Bessason

Prof. Haraldur Bessason and Hon. W. J. Lindal were invited by the Scandinavian Airlines System, Inc. to participate in an inaugural Scandinavian Airlines flight between Copenhagen and Reykjavik. A number of guests were invited from both Canada and the United States, and also from the Scandinavian countries.

The professor with the retired judge and Mrs. Lindal (unfortunately Mrs. Bessason could not go) left Winnipeg on June 8, for Chicago, where they board a Scandinavian Airlines plane direct to Copenhagen. The inaugural flight, Copenhagen to Reykjavik, took place on June 11, and the schedule calls for local flights in Iceland to



Hon. Walter J. Lindal

Thingvellir, Akureyri and elsewhere.

The annual celebration in Iceland on June 17, will be attended, and on June 22, Judge Lindal will attend a meeting of NATO in Reykjavik, as the representative of the Canada Ethnic Press Federation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindal and Professor Bessason will travel back to Copenhagen, via Scandinavian Airlines on June 25, and will then proceed to Oslo, Stockholm, Upsala and Helsinki, returning on July 6 to Copenhagen. From there they will proceed to Chicago and then to Winnipeg.

Canadians of Icelandic Descent

Excerpts from an address by JOHN HARVARD of CJOB, Winnipeg, to The Icelandic

Canadian Club, April 19, 1968

Tonight, I want to express some of the thoughts and feelings of a Canadian of Icelandic descent . . . of one who doesn't use the Icelandic language and of one who gives the appearance of having forgotten his rich Icelandic background. The former is fact. The latter, I suggest, is just an illusion.

Now, I'm one of those Canadians who fits the bill to a "T". I don't use the language — I might be faulted for that — and I might give the appearance of having forgotten my rich Icelandic heritage. But before I try to build up a case for myself and others like me, I want to say we are first and foremost Canadians. (It seems lamentable, after so many years of nationhood, we must continue to assert our Canadianism but we do.) Our first responsibility is to our country, Canada. Everything else is secondary. To be a good Canadian of Icelandic descent is to be a good Canadian, period. This is not to suggest we ignore or overlook our background. I'm proud of the fact that I'm of Icelandic descent. I feel strongly that, because of this fact, there has been no hold-back in becoming intensely Canadian. I haven't forgotten that my father was born in Iceland and that my maternal grandparents were born there. And, I haven't forgotten I have the opportunity to contribute something that others might not have. I will always remain indebted to my parents . . . indebted to the way they allowed us children to become Can-

adians in the fullest sense of the word . . . think Canadian . . . do Canadian . . . act Canadian. You know, it's pretty easy to be preoccupied with the past . . . it's pretty easy to live in the past . . . it's as soft and comfortable as an old shoe. It's much more difficult to adapt to a new setting, a new way of life, a new world. My father, and others like him, never forgot where they were born. But they also didn't forget where their children were born and where they would be living. It would have been easy to overlook that boat trip to Canada many years ago and believe nothing had changed except the address. But that would have been the easy way out. Instead, there was this realization that a change had taken place and that there was a need to adapt to it. And there was a recognition of the obligation to the children . . . that they be allowed to become full Canadians, and if that meant the loss of what is most distinguishable about the Icelandic culture . . . the language for example . . . well, that sacrifice had to be made. This is a great tribute to our parents, our grandparents and great-grandparents who came to this country. Icelanders have always been the best of integrators, while subtly retaining and preserving the best in themselves for their newly-acquired land and culture. They're not unlike the Northmen who settled in Normandy more than a thousand years ago. This has been said about the

Northmen (Dr. E. A. Freeman): "everywhere they gradually lost themselves among the people whom they conquered; they adopted the language and the national feelings of the lands in which they settled, but at the same time they often modified, often strengthened the national usages and the national life of the various nations in which they were finally merged." Much the same thing can be said about the Icelanders who made Canada their home. They adopted the language and what is more important the feeling of Canada. There is a lesson here for other people. When I look out the window of my program and see our Canada, I see people who are preserving the best of their past, but they are preserving it in the name of the past and not in the name of the present. This is the wrong approach. Take from the old what is worth preserving . . . never let it go . . . but preserve it in the name and the interest of the new.

Now, what about us Canadians who are of Icelandic descent . . . those of us who don't speak Icelandic and who appear to have forgotten our background? I've already tried to show we haven't forgotten. Then, what is our responsibility? How can we be good Canadians?

First of all, I'm not responsible for upholding the Icelandic culture, *per se*. That, in no way, is a controversial statement. It's an obvious fact. As a native Icelander, I'd make a lousy one. Not being born there, I couldn't begin to know how to feel like one. However, as Canadians of Icelandic descent, we have a responsibility and a very important one. And that is to preserve what we believe is good from our past and weave it into the Canadian fabric. The oldtimers did this and we must guard against the loss of their contribution. The Canadian fabric is already

made of pretty strong stuff but there is plenty more room to give it more depth and strength. There is the danger of discarding the whole thing for the American cloth. That would be a mistake. I would hate to see us junk this great experiment called Canada and choose something else for the sake of bigness, the almighty dollar or just to follow the leader. There is the danger of conformity. Canada shouldn't be playing "Follow the Leader." She is capable of leading herself. This is a new land with immense hope and we can show the world that this is a country where people of all races can live in harmony and common fellowship. Somewhere here lies a challenge for Canadians who are of Icelandic descent, whose parents and grandparents carried this great sense of integration and determination to become Canadians, even at the risk of losing their identity. But we know this identity has not been lost. Only the name-plate has been changed. That quiet but intense determination remains. That indomitable spirit of independence is still there. The love of people . . . the zest for knowledge . . . the intense interest in the wide field of literature . . . none of these have disappeared. But I come back to the strong desire to become Canadian. I recall the story told to me by an Icelandic lady, now in her seventies. When she started school well over sixty years ago, she knew no English. Her teacher was also Icelandic but he refused to converse with her in Icelandic while in class. This presented immense difficulties for the little girl. But the teacher was adamant and unyielding. I don't know what this might prove to you . . . to me, it shows the spirit of Canadianism adopted by the Icelanders. (By the way, this woman has retained the Icelandic language but she is very much Canadian.) Be-

sides preserving inherent qualities given to them by their ancestors, Canadians of Icelandic descent have a responsibility to spread the spirit of Canadianism . . . We haven't forgotten

our past and the responsibility that faces us . . . the responsibility to offer and pass along what was contributed to us.

THE CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION AND THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIPS

The Canada-Iceland Foundation and The Icelandic Canadian Club are offering scholarships of from \$100.00 to \$200.00 for the 1968-69 academic term to students of Icelandic descent or other students showing an interest in Icelandic language and literature who have completed Gr. XII in one of the high schools of Manitoba, and who plan to attend the University of Manitoba or the University of Winnipeg or the University of Brandon.

Qualifications will be based primarily on the results of the departmental examinations, but consideration will

also be given to qualities of leadership, and to need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications to the undersigned before August 31, 1968, together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community.

People who read this announcement are asked to bring it to the attention of any worthy candidate.

W. J. Lindal,

Icel. Scholarship Com. Sec.
788 Wolseley Ave.
Winnipeg 10, Man.

THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL COMMITTEE SCHOLARSHIP

The Icelandic Festival Committee of Manitoba (formerly the Icelandic Celebration Committee) announces its offer of a \$100.00 scholarship for the academic year 1968-1969 to a student who is entering or is already enrolled at one of the three universities in Manitoba: the University of Manitoba, the University of Winnipeg, and Brandon University.

The following is the basis for selection:

- (1) Icelandic or part Icelandic descent.
- (2) A first class standing—a "B" standing the minimum.
- (3) Participation in extra-curricular or community activities desirable.

Applications for this scholarship, with relevant details are to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Festival Committee, Mr. Dennis Stefanson, 39 Keats Way, Winnipeg 22.

Volcanics of Eastern Iceland

by DR. G. P. L. WALKER, Department of Geology, Imperial College of Science, London

One November day in 1963 fishermen noticed steam rising from the sea 35 km south of the coast of Iceland, and gained the first intimation of the birth of a new volcano. Within the space of a few days a substantial island had grown where previously there was sea 140 m deep, in an event that has aroused more general interest than perhaps any volcanic eruption hitherto. Today the island of Surtsey stands, secure against the Atlantic storms, a small but more or less permanent addition to the territory of Iceland, and to the land area of the world.

Surtsey can be thought of as reproducing in miniature the story of Iceland itself. In all probability Iceland, bigger than Austria, Hungary, or Portugal, or than Denmark and Switzerland combined, did not exist 20 million years ago at a time when all the other countries mentioned had more or less achieved their present form. Twenty million years may seem a long time, yet it is much less than one per cent of the life span of the Earth, comparable with four months in the life of a 70-year old man.

Like Surtsey, Iceland is composed entirely of the products of volcanic action; of materials which rose in a molten condition from a depth of tens of kilometres, during the course probably of millions of separate eruptions. Today, eruptions take place on average once every five years, and they are constantly adding to the country: a new hill here, a thick new layer of

lava there, and occasionally a new island built in the sea off the coast. There are other countries which are built entirely of volcanic rocks—Hawaii, Madeira and the Galapagos Islands, for instance—but they are much smaller than Iceland and therefore not strictly comparable with it.

One of the principal aims of the Earth scientist is to gain an understanding of the history and constitution of the Earth and the processes operating in it. The research project initiated 12 years ago in eastern Iceland had such aims: to gain an understanding of the structure of the great lava pile seen there, and the volcanic processes by which it came into being. Some at least of these aims have now been realised.

An impressive feature of eastern Iceland is the immense thickness, amounting to more than 10 km, of basalt* lavas exposed there. These lavas occur by the hundreds, resting on one another in a parallel succession like the leaves of a gigantic book, the whole pile tilted through several degrees towards the presently-active volcanic belt crossing the interior of Iceland farther west; a pile cut through by deep valleys and fjords in the walls of

* The commonest kind of lava, is relatively rich in iron and magnesium and is correspondingly dark in colour. Iceland is made up predominantly of basalt lavas. Rhyolite, a lava type poor in iron and magnesium, and generally pale in colour is however also found and so is andesite, intermediate in composition between basalt and rhyolite.

which it is magnificently displayed in cross-section. When the work started, such a great thickness of lavas was known in only one other place: Greenland. Nowhere had such a thickness been systematically studied.

It soon became apparent that two contrasted facies of volcanic rocks go into the make-up of eastern Iceland. One, a central volcano facies, is characterised by an abundance of rocks—rhyolite and andesite lavas and pyroclastics†—other than basalt lavas, an



Mountains 4,000 feet high made of a tilted pile of basalt lavas, —S.E. Iceland

occurrence in isolated lenticular areas and a widespread and often drastic chemical alteration of its rocks due to the action of hot water and steam on them. The other, a flood basalt facies, is characterised by a constitution almost entirely of basaltic lavas, and a remarkable regularity in structure. Much of the effort of the past 12 years

† Fragmental volcanic rocks, due to explosive volcanic eruptions.

has been directed at the tedious task of determining the characteristics and outlining the areas occupied by these two facies. To this end five central volcanoes, each with a volume measured in hundreds of cubic kilometres, have now been studied in detail together with the intervening flood basalts.

A well known characteristic of old basaltic lava piles is the presence of minerals occupying steam-holes or **amygdales**. These minerals are mostly hydrated aluminosilicates of the zeolite group. There have been two schools of thought about the origin of these amygdale minerals. One maintained that they were primary, crystallising during the cooling of the individual lava flows, and the other that they were secondary and developed only after burial of the lavas. For Iceland, the second has been shown to be correct. The individual zeolite species are distributed in mappable zones which are essentially depth of burial zones formed at higher temperatures the greater their depth beneath the land surface.

All the time, the Earth's surface is changing form; the processes of erosion are constantly whittling away the mountains, carving the valleys deeper and wider, and pushing back the coastal cliffs. The zeolite zones permit, in a way not before possible, the amount of down-wearing of the land to be determined. Being depth of burial zones, they enable the original land surface beneath which they were formed to be located: in eastern Iceland this surface can be deduced to have stood mostly several hundred metres above the summits of the highest mountains.

A new conception of the structure of Iceland has been reached as a result of these and related studies. The isolated outcrops of flood basalt lavas in



Geological camp site in south eastern Iceland

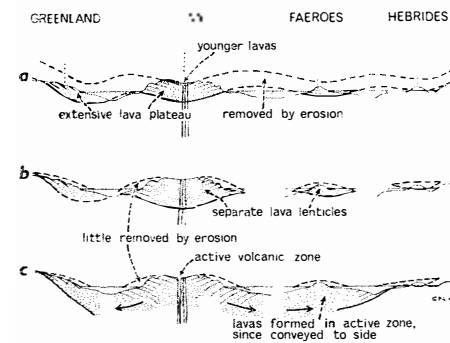
N.E. Ireland, Scotland, the Faeroes, Iceland and Greenland were until quite recently thought of as remnants of a once-continuous lava plateau stretching right across the North Atlantic (figure 1a). Then as more work was done it seemed more realistic to regard each as a separate basin-like lava lenticle, as suggested by Figure 1b. Now this picture must be further modified to take account of the likelihood—or fact—that the Atlantic Ocean occupies the space left by the drifting apart of the Americas from Europe and Africa, as suggested by Figure 1c.

Within the framework of the major studies outlined in the above account, many lesser studies have been made, and the following two samples serve to indicate their scope. Some unique lava flows have been studied in which basalt and rhyolite have been erupted simultaneously from the same vent to form layers one above the other, giving an insight into what happens when the two lavas come together; and the

mechanism and products of volcanic eruptions under glaciers have been investigated.

Regarding the latter, it is thought that Iceland is an ideal laboratory for the study of the products of submarine eruptions, for volcanic activity took place on a vast scale beneath the glaciers that covered the country during the Ice Age, and in places where the glaciers have since melted the subglacial volcanoes can be walked over and examined in a way that is impracticable for volcanoes submerged beneath the sea. The fact that the Icelandic eruptions have happened under ice rather than sea water is probably of little import.

The above account has been concerned with the scientific results of research work. It must not be lost sight of that Iceland has also functioned as a useful training ground for young geologists during the course of this research. Some 12 undergraduate and 9 postgraduate geology students



Cross-sections of the North Atlantic showing three possible interpretations of the structure "a" can probably be rejected, and "c" is the preferred interpretation.

besides several geophysics students, have received training there and have made notable contributions to knowledge. Some of them have subsequently applied their Icelandic experience to the study of volcanic areas in Australia, Ethiopia, Fiji, France, Great Britain, Kenya and the USA. All, besides working in eastern Iceland, have visited the zone of recent volcanic activity which crosses the middle of the country, in which is to be seen in fascinating array almost the entire range of possible volcanic manifestations.

The reasearch programme has cost little as scientific reasearch goes: an average of several hundred pounds per year for 12 years. Financial support has come mostly from the British DSIR (or its successor, NERC) and from Icelandic sources, supplemented by contributions from the geologists themselves.

The geological programme in eastern Iceland and similar programmes in northern and south-western Iceland, are now virtually completed. Still in progress are geophysical studies dependent on, or extending the geological. One of these is a cooperative effort by scientists from the Universities of Iceland and Liverpool and Imperial College, and involves a study of the palaeomagnetism of the basaltic lava pile in

Iceland. Every lava flow—approximately 900 in all—in the succession in eastern Iceland has been sampled, in a programme larger in scale than any of its type previously attempted. It should be explained that when a basalt lava cools it adopts and retains a direction of magnetisation parallel with the Earth's magnetic field. Some lavas are magnetised in a direction opposite to that of the present field and evidence is accumulating that such lavas cooled at a time when the Earth's magnetic field was itself reversed. Reversals are now thought to take place on average once every half million years or so, and one result of the studies in Iceland may be to reveal the history of the Earth's magnetic field over the past 20 million years.

A second study, just commenced, seeks to determine whether the presently-active volcanic zone in Iceland is expanding. Geological studies suggest that it should be; they indicate that it should be; they indicate that it should be; they indicate that it should be slowly, but steadily moving apart with new land being formed in between by the uprise of basalt lava.

This study is one part of a test of the reality of continental drift. To determine whether North America and Europe are moving apart would require measurements of a different order; but if, as geological studies suggest, the spreading is accomplished in the mid-oceanic zone that crosses the middle of Iceland, and if spreading is still taking place, this should be capable of determination by direct measurement.

Perhaps herein, its origin linked with Earth movements on a global scale and born as a direct result of these movements, lies the real significance of Surtsey.

From SPECTRUM, Dec. 1967

PART II

MATTHIAS the poet and human being as I got to know him

by David Stefansson

Translated by Gunnar Matthiasson

On the occasion of a visit to Iceland, his native country, Stephan G. Stephansson (identified as the poet from the Rocky Mountains) was honored at a dedication banquet in the Hotel Akureyri. With his usual wit and eloquence, Matthias delivered the main speech honoring the distinguished poet. Other poets present were Gudmundur á Sundi, noted for his keen and pithy wit, and Páll Árdal, gentle and assuming. Young as I was, I gathered courage to tender a short poem and this feat allowed me the pleasure of a place among the poets present.

After the banquet Stephan invited us to his room at the hotel. Prohibition was in effect at the time but a kind hearted doctor found a means of securing some liquid refreshments to enliven the soul. After glasses had been emptied, mirthfulness was very evident. Although he was the oldest Matthias was the life of the party. He was the chieftain, admired and worshipped with unflagging affection. This session showed nothing but evidence of brotherly love, affection and harmony but it was well known that each one present had at one time or another uttered derogatory remarks one against the other. Even Matthias had written belittling remarks about Stephan, and Stephan on the other hand had been uncomplimentary in

some of his letters concerning Matthias. In fact all the poets present were to some extent guilty of criticizing each other. However, on this occasion the past was conveniently forgotten. Here was assembled the venerable Court of Bragi. No poetry was manifest but Matthias saw to it that a complete accord between Bragi and Bacchus was observed. This was indeed an unforgettable experience for me.

Shortly before Stephan's departure from Akureyri he asked me to take him to the home of Matthias. He wished to converse with him further and bid him farewell. Even though both these superior poets were richly endowed with inward fire of inspiration their outward appearance was quite dissimilar. Matthias bore the features of a born leader. Stephan was rather slow in motion and of a slender build. Matthias appeared quick, lively and talkative. Stephansson seemed reticent and of a quiet disposition. They sat silently looking into one another's eyes probably for the last time. Over Stephan hovered silent and peaceful rest. Matthias reflected a humorous and talkative mood. I surmised that these two heroes enjoyed each other's company even though their poems were rarely of similar form and substance. Their dreams and inspiration

led to the same goal, a faith and hope in a blessed outcome for all mankind. Though Stephan's poems were frost-bitten and those of Matthias sparkling with sunshine, both of these poets had attained the supreme art of uniting the powerful influences of a great spirit and a warm heart. It was quite evident that both were breathing with effort. Their conversation was brief and lacked variety. It revealed no inspiration, no fire, just small-talk. Stephan rose from his seat just as Matthias did. For a moment, silent, they stood there facing each other as if nothing more had to be said. If there are possible such events as the presence of spiritual beings from another sphere I am sure that the room at this tense moment was overflowing with invisible white souls. There they stood, two leading personalities, each from different hemispheres but both products of the same heritage and both intensely nationally Icelandic. Both had gained recognition for notable achievements. Both had been accepted with love and reverence by the Icelandic nation. Icelandic culture and the art of poetry had now reached the pinnacle in these two representatives of the highest order. God only knows when two such souls may meet again to greet and say farewell to each other. At this moment a great event transpired, traditional in the history of Icelanders here and abroad. As Stephan reached out his hand, sinuous and quivering, Matthias embraced him lovingly and kissed him. Matthias wept. Not so did Stephan. His face remained wrinkled and rigid as if sculptured from stone. Only his eyes sparkled but this sparkle was genuine. I was certain that this sad departure was to Stephan a symbol of leaving the whole Icelandic nation for the last time as he would now be leaving

permanently for his home in the West. Icelanders should never forget this kiss. They should remember it as a true symbol of the relationship existing between all Icelanders wherever they inhabit this earth.

As we left the house and were on our way, Matthias said in a loud voice, "All of God's angels and good spirits bless you and guide you. I myself shall hobble both Thorgeir's boli and Húsavíkur skotta so that they will not be able to harm you". (Both are notorious ghosts.) Stephan hesitated a moment as he looked back over his shoulder. On this memorable occasion these were the last words Matthias uttered. Stephan was silent as Matthias watched him walk away. One could not tell if Matthias intended these last words to be taken seriously or if they were intended to be humorous on the spur of the moment. It may well be that he meant the ghosts should be symbolic shadow images of inhumanity and ignorance, or the many evil currents prevalent within the social makeup which both these poets had been struggling against throughout their lives. It is possible that Matthias spoke thus to make certain that no Icelander should draw a cloud over Stephan's name, his career and his accomplishments.

Next day I visited Matthias and we talked intimately about Stephan's poetry. He thought his poems were grand and manly but rigid as cold steel or lava flow, now congealed, that once had been hot and glowing. He felt that Stephan composed his poems more with his mind than with his heart. He considered him more of a philosopher and sage than as a poet. However he commented, "But Steffi is devilish good and possibly a first rate poet, bless his soul".

Twice again I visited Matthías in the company of Professor Sigurdur Nordal. On one of these occasions we met in a room where a woman was convalescing after childbirth. The husband was present along with a young unmarried sister of his wife. Matthías was very much alive and full of mirth and deviltry. He talked noisily and patted the child's mother and her sister while we looked on with interest. Humorously he was talking about his younger days in Reykjavík. According to him the young girls there had by no means objected to his advances. This reminded me of a toast to a woman which he had given at an occasion; "A woman is as pepper is in a fish pudding". In other words, he considered women the spice of life. On the way home he asked us to hold his hands as his eyes were failing and he felt he was coming into his second childhood.

The next day we met him at Dr. Steingrímur's residence. He was beaming with humor and told stories that left us limp with laughter. He told of a minister notorious as an idiot and clown, whom he was forced to drag out of a room where a conference was being held. Another story was about a minister who while drunk went to sleep down by Reykjavík harbor in a sack half filled with wool. The sack was loaded aboard a vessel which went out to sea. Stirring about he thought he was at home and called for his old woman to cover him better and then went back to sleep. Another story was about a minister who took his young son bodily to church. He was about to cut his throat and sacrifice him to Egill Skallagrímsson, a deity representing great bravery and manhood. This was about to take place when Matthías came along and rescued the young lad from imminent execution. Such were the stories he told and his

style of relating them was unforgettable. No one could have told the stories better. He seemed to be full of youthful enjoyment. His telling of these stories was just a year before he passed away.

Matthías had a memory like an inexhaustible spring. The history of generations flowed from his lips and one could hear the surf of the centuries rumbling in the tone of his voice. It was as if he had been in fellowship with the great spirits of all past centuries, in their gladness and sorrows, through life and death, with equal concern for those of lesser stature. Whenever he was aware of a place of sorrow he would visit as an uninvited guest, bringing with him comfort and relief.

Besides being intimate with the past above all he was an advocate of faith in generations to come. Often he worried about problems that he purposely did not divulge to others as he found it difficult to understand his own plight. I suspect that his humor was akin to hide and seek, an attempt to conceal his inner feelings. However, when he was surrounded by light and brightness his joyfulness was evident as he reveals in his poems and letters. He was a child at heart and was eager to bring joy to all and therefore accepted the mistakes of others.

Notwithstanding the fact that he had a good home, a splendid and efficient wife and was always a welcome visitor without invitation in most homes in Akureyri, he could often be found wandering around in the open as if he were seeking an unearthly existence.

Often he would enter a home without knocking and sometimes he even forgot to greet the people he was visiting because he was so eager to explain the contents of some book or other that he had been reading. The

matter might be philosophy, history or science that had little meaning for the listeners. This eccentric habit sometimes resulted in humorous situations as when he once entered a home and immediately told the housewife to bake pancakes and serve him coffee without delay.

He was a productive worker in spite of his wanderings. He rose early in the morning and read and wrote about news and literature of many languages, bearing on cultures both foreign and domestic. His newspaper articles were eagerly sought after and carefully read because they dealt with such a variety of subject matter which aimed at lofty ideals and never included common daily gossip. Frequently his contributions to newspapers were his poems.

No literary effort was more trying for him than the translations of Shakespeare's dramas. When it was mentioned he would jump up from his seat and exclaim "I was about to explode on the highest notes".

It may not be true but it is rumored that once when he and Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, both poets and good friends, were leaving on a journey from Reykjavík, they were talking about poetry when Matthías said "Truly you are a poet, but my highest notes you will never reach". Whether he actually said this or not the truth of the statement is borne out by the fact that none of his contemporaries equalled the quality of his works. Be-

cause he was the best he was chosen to write the national anthem. It was not only his humor, manliness, knowledge and eloquence that I cherished. Above all I cherished his high ideals and manner of expression.

I saw him for the last time in the autumn of 1920. I was filled with a feeling of reverence and thankfulness as he had never shown me anything but sincere friendship and faithfulness even though I probably didn't deserve it. He was sitting near the doorway at his desk which was covered with numerous English periodicals. His hands were blue from the cold and his face reflected the nearness of death. He spoke in a serious voice and looked downcast and dull as a light that flickers on dying embers. This last visit with him I shall never forget. It was to me so sacred and so close to my heart that I am unable to describe it.

Later, while in Copenhagen, I received the news of his departure. When reviewing my first book of poems he made the remark, "South of Lebanon will hatred prevail as a burning flame; In the North toward the Arctic will love perish in the bitter cold." Often this prophesy has been true but it is equally true that the love in the hearts of those that knew him will never be frozen. It is to be hoped that the future generations are wise and fortunate enough to read and appreciate his poems and ever keep in mind his high ideals.





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**MANITOBA DEPARTMENT
OF INDUSTRY & COMMERCE**

Hon. Sidney J. Spivak, Minister / L. D. R. Dyke, Deputy Minister

LIBRARIES IN ICELAND

by Dr. C. F. SCOTT, A.L.A., University of London Library

A former active member of The Icelandic Canadian Club, Mrs. Inga Cross, nee Johnson, now of Port Coquitlam, B.C., sent the editor an article by Dr. Scott, written in 1965, on Libraries in Iceland. In her letter Mrs. Cross said:

"Dr. Charles F. Scott, I think, was born in Canada. At least his father was Rev. Scott of Montreal and went to England after the war. Charles learned to read Icelandic first by the use of an Icelandic Bible. He used to follow the text in the Icelandic Bible while his father read it in English. — From there his interest continued. — Now he reads and writes Icelandic and can speak it fairly well. For this reason I thought it would be interesting for you to read."

The article is not only informative but shows, in the novel way in which Dr. Scott started to learn Icelandic, how deeply impressed outsiders become when they begin to look at some facet in the Icelandic cultural structure. —Editor.

Since the time of saga and Edda, Iceland, our neighbour to the north-west, has had a distinguished literary history. The Icelanders' love of education and of books has long been noted by travellers: well-stocked private libraries in isolated homes, a great amount, especially classics, published, the statistics that Reykjavík, their capital, has more bookshops per head of population than any other city in the world. But, what of the state of libraries apart from private ones?

Libraries for a larger public than family and friends have existed in Iceland almost since Viking times and they have an interesting story. In the last twenty years since the regaining of independence, and thanks, too, to favourable economic conditions, libraries and librarianship, like nearly

every other aspect of Icelandic life, have been receiving an impetus. Increasing population coupled with urban growth have also played their part. In the past two years, still more library legislation has been enacted.

There are, however, certain factors concerning Iceland which must be borne in mind. Her population is only about 180,000—sprinkled around the coasts of an island one-fifth larger than Ireland, with difficult, if speedily improving, communications. The roads, bad as these still are in many parts, yet necessary for the relatively few people they lead to, cost the Government immense sums. For the same physical reasons, an adequate library system must also be expensive. A small country like Iceland has so many claims on its financial and other resources—all the commitments of a modern sovereign state, except an army, but including a full social security system. New industries and national projects are being developed; two excellent international airlines, several shipping companies, a University and numerous other educational and cultural institutions flourish. Yet there is a limit to what 180,000 people, wresting a hard life from land and sea, can do—and pay for. Everything must also be small in proportion and Iceland is often referred to as a microcosm. She therefore tends to be a land of small libraries which are nonetheless now being organized into a complete national system.

The history of the structure of the Icelandic library system in modern

times starts with the foundation of the National Library in 1818. A few years later the *amtsbókasafn* or "quarter library", growing out of an earlier reading society, was established privately in Akureyri to meet the needs of the northern half of the country. During the years which followed, Iceland slowly began to turn the corner economically after the tragedies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries while the independence and other related movements grew. Many parish and other libraries were started. Reading societies flourished and made a great contribution to this growth. In 1886, the first Copyright Act designated that two "quarter libraries" beside the one in Akureyri, the *amtsbókasöfn* at Seyðisfjörður in East Iceland and Stykkishólmur on the Breidafjord, as well as the National Library should receive free copies of all books published in Iceland. These, it was felt, would cater to the needs of the North (Akureyri), East (Seyðisfjörður), West (Stykkishólmur). The *amtsbókasafn* in Isafjörður, the principal town of the North-west, also began to receive these in the 1930s, the University Library in 1941. From the beginning of the century the modern concept of a public library began to appear at points as far apart as Hafnarfjörður and Húsvík.

Libraries being "free" is not the rule. The National Library is free, so is the *amtsbókasafn* in Akureyri probably because it is an *amtsbókasafn* and the library in Hafnarfjörður. Perhaps as a result of having grown directly out of private reading societies which were really subscription libraries, most charge a fee. There is a common feeling, however, that readers should pay something for the service. Reykjavík Public Libraries, for example, charge 10 Kr. (1s. 8d.) per ticket per

annum and a reader can have up to three, then pay 30 Kr. (5s.). As one librarian said to me, "10 Kr. is nothing in Iceland today but charging it brings respect for the library."

Before proceeding to contemporary library legislation, it should be pointed out that Iceland is divided into sixteen *sýslur* and a *sýsla* equals to all intents and purposes our "county". There is also the *hérað* which means a region or large district limited by some natural boundary, for example the Skagafjörður. Smaller is the *sveit* which roughly corresponds to a local rural district. The urban centre, of which there are few, is a *borg*, *bær* or *kaupstadur*, according to size. There are eight recognized towns. The previously mentioned *amt* is a legal division or quarter. All these divisions, except of course the *amt*, have their local councils.

The Public Library Act of 1955 fixed the pattern for Icelandic libraries in a unified pattern. It remains the main groundwork, extended and made more explicit and effective in the new law and regulations of 1963-4 which have replaced it. In this latest act, three types of public library are specified first of all: (1) Town and region libraries (*Bæjar-og héraðsbókasöfn*), (2) Local district libraries (*Sveitarbókasöfn*), (3) Libraries in (boarding) schools, hospitals, prisons, old people's homes, etc. All are under the overall control of the Ministry of Education supervised by a director of libraries, the *bókafulltrúi*. The country is to have 31 library districts (the previous act allotted 30), each with a town or district library in a specified centre but permitted to establish branches. The previously mentioned *amtsbókasöfn* are included in this number. Financially, these are granted 30 Kr. (5s.) per inhabitant per year by the local treasury (town or parish where located)

and 6 Kr. (1s.) for each inhabitant of the sýsla (county) from the county treasurer. The national treasury allots 15 Kr. (2s. 6d.) for each inhabitant of the town or parish, 5 Kr. (10d.) for each of the county. The general principle is then about two-thirds local contributions, one-third national. The controlling library committees and the rules governing these are stated explicitly. These libraries are to provide loan and reference services, and may also purchase and loan records and tape.

Local district libraries, some still under the direction of reading societies, are to be aided locally and nationally. In districts where these are not already established, they are to be started within a year of the act's coming into effect, an important point of enforcement. Two parishes may join together in providing one library. This task may be entrusted by the local district to the bæjarbókasafn or héraðsbókasafn which, as already stated, may set up branches. In this case, the local and national financial contributions are passed to the funds of the town and region libraries. Generally the share of contributions is larger for the state, the smaller the community. It may be mentioned here that the librarian of the bæjar-og-héraðsbókasafn can be delegated by the bókafulltrúi to visit these local district libraries and to report on them. He is also to hold a meeting of the local district librarians of his region at least once a year to consider the activities of the sveitarbókasöfn and also his own library in the interest of everyone in the rural districts.

The "school libraries", etc., are to be aided financially by the state, so much for each student's place, hospital bed, etc. By "schools" is meant boarding schools both primary and continuation of various types, of which there are a

good number run as part of the state educational system, well-equipped but often located deep in the country. The authorities of each school are to be in direct touch with the bókafulltrúi.

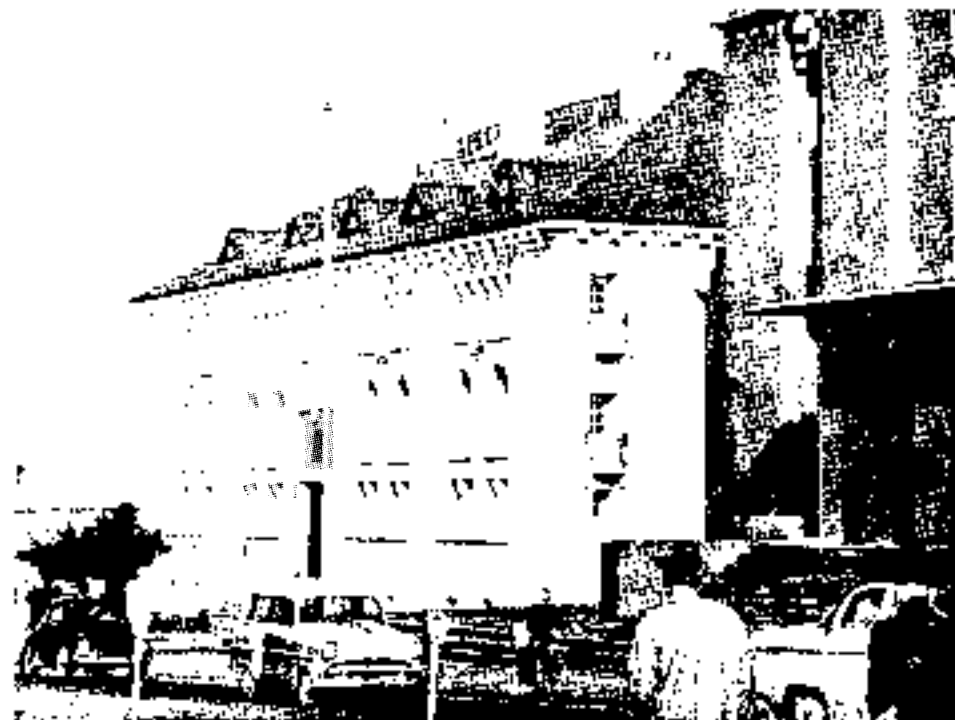
A new and valuable chapter of the 1963-4 act provides for the central government allotting no less than 50,000 Kr. (just over £4,100) yearly to the building and equipping of libraries, which is, still, principally the local authorities' responsibility.

An important chapter includes general library standards and also specifies the publications to be distributed free to the bæjar-og héraðsbókasöfn and also to the sveitarbókasöfn if the latter bind these.

The regulations of 1964 appended to the Act of 1964 state in detail the records which the three types of libraries are expected to keep—minutes of the local library committee, accounts, a register of borrowers, records of lost books, the total issue, also divided according to classes of books and individual Icelandic authors. Subject, author and title catalogues are to be kept. Then follow particular regulations for town and region libraries and local district libraries.

For the year 1964, the state (as distinct from the local authorities) allotted 3,800,000 Kr. (c. £32,250) to libraries plus a 950,000 Kr. (c. £8,000) grant to library building programmes.

In June, 1964, I saw over eleven libraries in various sections of Iceland and made special inquiries regarding two others. Their types were national, university and public bæjar-og héraðsbókasöfn. I regrettably was unable to visit any sveitarbókasöfn or institutional libraries. I was sorry, for several of these have good collections. My route was Reykjavík direct from Neskaupstaður in East Iceland, then back mainly following the northern coast via Akureyri, Húsavík, Saudárkrókur and



The National Library in Reykjavík, Iceland

Siglufjörður to Reykjavík. I would particularly like to have visited Ísafjörður, Vestmannaeyjar (Westmann Isles) and also other places but time and distance made rigid sampling the only possibility. An account of the services together with some impressions of these libraries follows, mainly in order of the size of centre.

REYKJAVÍK (pop. 80,000) and district

The National Library (Landsbókasafn). Over 238,000 vol. and mss. and well over 200 periodicals. Central copyright library receiving 12 copies of each Icelandic publication, keeping two for own use, distributing the remainder to the amtsbókasafn, the University Library (the other copyright libraries), and to Scandinavia and America as exchange material. Own bindery and photographic department (photostat and microfilm). Staff: seven male librarians (women only employed as typists). Hours: 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Total income c 500,000 Kr. (c. £4,180) p.a. Only foreign material loaned. Largely closed access.

The Library's fine building erected in 1906-09 still has the National Archives (Thjóðskjalasafn) in the top section and is extremely overcrowded. For Icelandic works before the first Copyright Act, i.e., before the 1880s, the Fiske Icelandic Collection at Cornell University and the Kgl. Bibliothek in Copenhagen are also very important sources. Willard Fiske bequeathed some good material to the National Library. Iceland would like the Arnarnagaeian collection's return from Copenhagen. In short, the National Library and the National Archives have some valuable printed and also ms. works, for example, the original manuscript of Hallgrímur Pétursson's *Passion Hymns*.

The University Library (Háskólabókasafn),

founded in 1940, when the University entered its new main building. Over 100,000 vols. including some valuable older material received by bequest, over 200 periodicals and has exchange contacts with foreign countries. Copyright library. Staff: Librarian and Deputy (since 1963) with about six student assistants.

The premises at present include the ground floor and basement of a wing of the main University building which is divided into a

small reading room with reference shelves and a librarians' section on the ground floor with stack and 'depository' section in the basement. The Librarian is in favour of open access (there is little trouble over lost or stolen material) but physically this is impossible just now. The Library with its overcrowded quarters, minimal staff and income is unable to meet the needs of university students, many of whom depend on the also hard pressed facilities of the National Library. Looking to the future is the planned erection of a new separate building within ten years. However, this is only one of several ideas and inflation has made the prospect of building more and more expensive—and distant. It has been suggested that the National and University Libraries amalgamate entirely. Another plan is that a new building be erected for the National Library with a separate wing for the University Library to include loan copies and a students reading room. This would also prove cheaper to maintain than two separate buildings. The present National Library building, which is well worth preserving architecturally and for use, could then be completely handed over to the National Archives which could well do with the space below their present quarters. But all this is still under discussion.

Reykjavik Public Library (Borgarbókasafn Reykjavíkur). Central Library, three branches, and administers reading rooms at four primary schools; distributes book boxes to trawlers, etc., from Central Library. **Total bookstock:** c. 86,000 vols. **Total staff:** 20.

Central Library (Adalsafn). Approx. 50,000 vols. Open all year except for public holidays and three weeks in summer, when also hours are somewhat shorter. For borrowing, afternoon and evenings every weekday, also open in morning for reference. Shorter hours on Saturday; winter Sundays, two hours for borrowing, five for reference. **Issues:** 400-1,000 per day. No record library.

The Central Library is pleasantly placed in a large house in a garden on a rather quiet street, if near the city centre. Space is badly needed: the reference library is small and many volumes must be fetched on account of this necessity and even the chief librarian's room is filled with these. One-third of the users are children and the system is very conscious of their needs.

The Reykjavik borrower may use his ticket(s) at any of the branches as well as the Central Library. Books must, however, be returned to the centre from which they have been borrowed. There is no borrowing by one branch from another on readers' behalf.

The branch on Hofsvallagata in the western section of Reykjavik. Open every weekday, except Saturday, 5-7 p.m. for borrowing only. **Issues:** c. 100 per day.

This Library is in a third floor residential

flat adapted simply for the purpose. Though on a fairly busy street (not really very far from the Central Library), its presence is poorly indicated. There was some talk of closing this branch, at least at its present location where the position is not ideal and the premises overcrowded. However, the library needs of this extending section of town should increase. When I called, a small girl was determinedly seeking *Pollyanna* which was out! All libraries I visited had stocks of the many translations into Icelandic and also foreign texts, at least in the other Scandinavian languages and English.

The branch on *Hólmgardur* in a south-east suburb. Open at least two hours daily except Saturday for borrowing by adults with loan service and reading room for children not later than 7 p.m., whereas on one night adults may borrow until 9 p.m. Located on a first floor in the centre of a small shopping district.

I only saw the outside of this branch.

The branch on *Sólheimar* serves north-east Reykjavik. Open 3-5 hours daily except Saturday for adults, 3 for children. **Staff:** 3 librarians.

Its new building is perhaps the one most specifically built for a library in Iceland; a modern style rectangular ground-floor edifice of glass and concrete, finished in blue and white. Included are a children's reading room and a loan library, etc., for adults as well, in one large space (though the sections are well defined), cloakrooms and offices. Placed amid large blocks of new flats, this library obviously serves the district well, particularly its children.

The Reading Rooms maintained at four Primary Schools are open 4-6 p.m. every weekday during term.

Library services in Reykjavik are supplemented by those of organizations and societies, such as the Meteorological Office, Anglia and the Alliance Francaise. Some indication of these is given in *The World of Learning*, which also provides an idea of the type and variety of Icelandic periodicals. The larger embassies also maintain libraries: the Americans have kept a U.S. Information Service Library on the ground floor of the new Hotel Saga. The Reykjavik Municipal Archives and Collection, with its folk museum at *Árbær* on the outskirts of the city, are also gathering a reference collection of books and prints, etc., relating to the history of Reykjavik and Iceland.

HAFNARFJÖRDUR (fishing town of c. 5,000 inhabitants close to Reykjavik).

Stock in 1961, over 22,000 vols., issues c. 32,000 (score increased since then). Free library, also serving ships, hospital and old people's home. Open daily except Saturday, either 2-7 p.m., or 2-4 p.m. and 8-10 p.m.; shorter summer hours. **Staff:** 3 librarians, full and part-time, also additional help when needed.

This library, the fruit of much individual enthusiasm and public spirit, founded in 1921 entered a new edifice in 1958, the first floor of which is leased to the Technical College until 1967, when the library will take over the whole building. At present the ground floor has an open lending library, children's and reference sections, study room, stack, and librarians' room and cloakrooms. Fittings are Icelandic or Scandinavian.

Unlike most Icelandic libraries, apart from the National and University collections, the library in *Hafnarfjörður* has benefited from gifts. Outstanding has been a bequest of about 2,000 books on music, scores and music periodicals, from a couple who were musicians. This collection, now being formed into a music library with a special librarian caring for the work involved, will have a separate place on the first floor after 1967. It will also be one of Iceland's few music libraries. The *Hafnarfjörður* library has also received gifts of books from the town's "sister cities" in Denmark and Sweden, *Fredriksborg* and *Uppsala*, and from America.

KÓPAVOGSKAUPSTADUR—between *Reykjavik* and *Hafnarfjörður*—has a fine new Town Hall which also provides a home for its *bæjarbókasafn*, staffed by a regular librarian and well-equipped. **SELFOSS** and **KEFLAVÍK**, also in the south-west, are building or planning to build new municipal offices which are to include quarters for their local libraries.

AKUREYRI (pop. c. 10,000, progressive northern town the second urban centre of the whole country).

C. 40,000 vols. and c. 90 current periodicals (c. 30 Icelandic). Free library: even to no fines for overdue books. Hours recently extended to 2-7 p.m. every week-day in winter, 4-7 p.m. three days a week in summer. 2 librarians.

This library, though in the centre of the town, is in crowded quarters on a first floor with some storage space in the basement. A pleasant but far too small reference room looks out to the fjord. However, I was shown plans of the projected new separate building. The ground floor and front half of the first floor are to be glass fronted for lending departments, a children's reading room (a much-felt need) and reference library. The rear of the first floor is to be of fireproof steel and concrete construction without windows, and to house the reserve stack including a valuable collection of nineteenth-century periodicals—one of the library's chief treasures—and also the town archives.

The *amtsbókasafn* idea of a complete collection of copyright material for the whole quarter to refer to became diluted in *Akureyri* over the years. Much was lent, and, as a result, much was worn out or lost. In fact, this *amtsbókasafn* became just another town

library. Nevertheless this was better than the state of those at *Seydisfjörður* and *Stykkishólmur*: the former town suffered when the herring left the area and the libraries of both still have large arrears of cataloguing to make up, among other deficiencies. In *Akureyri*, however, since 1962, material obtained under the copyright law has been kept apart for reference only while second or more copies may be purchased for loan. The Librarian is also making an effort to replace missing gaps in the copyright collection with new or second-hand copies. Indeed he is bending every effort to book buying before the new building's expenses may curtail this. Cataloguing, long neglected, is now practically up to date.

SIGLUFJÖRDUR (pop. c.3,000) is a herring fishing port with little outlying area.

Library open summer and winter. One part-time librarian.

I was unable to see over this library which was in process of being prepared for transfer to new quarters with other municipal offices. Until now it has been cramped into a house.

NESKAUPSTADUR (pop. 1,700), a most progressive fishing town of recent and rapid growth is now the largest in East Iceland, though *Seydisfjörður* is still the administrative centre.

Stock: about 5,000 vols. after recent rigorous pruning, plus 600 children's books transferred in the autumn of 1946 from the Primary School; over 20 Icelandic periodicals taken. Subscription. Open October to May: 4 days a week for 2 hours together at various times of afternoon and evening, also twice a week (including Sunday afternoon) for reading only; summer opening planned.

The present town library developed out of the local reading society's collection. In February, 1964, it was moved into a ground floor section of the new municipal offices with a separate entrance. First, there is a small cloakroom-foyer where readers are asked to remove their shoes. (By the way, Icelanders in the country districts, at least, are quite "oriental" on this point and road conditions make the request understandable.) The reading room with lending shelves set to the back has large windows looking out to the fjord and is decorated in yellow, black, grey and white. All furnishings are Icelandic. The full length of the window wall is a flap table attached to it with about fifteen chairs. Much local preparation lay behind this forward step. The wife of the primary school's headmaster was appointed librarian and worked one month at the Reykjavik Public Library. Many library books were scattered all over the town and a determined effort was made to get them back. It was decided that firstly the library's standing must be established. For the present 10 Kr. (1s. 8d.) per month is being

charged for a ticket with 1 Kr. (2d) a day fine for overdue books which may in time be reduced. The issue of readers' tickets for a year, also less time consuming for staff, is planned. For the first time, a reading room with reference shelves has been started: it has been a problem getting readers trained to silence. The librarian, after consultation with the Library Committee, will go to Reykjavik in the autumn for an annual purchase of about 150 volumes. Certainly this library represents today what is planned for others tomorrow.

HUSAVIK (with c. 700 inhabitants), is the main centre of Sudur-Thingeyjarsýsla, that go-ahead county which produced the first co-operative society in Iceland.

Stock: c. 10,000-15,000 vols. and 30 Icelandic periodicals. Subscription recently raised from 50 Kr. (8s. 4d.) to 100 Kr. (16s. 8d.) p.a.: no fines. Open 2 evenings and 1 afternoon per week in winter, 1 evening in summer. Two part-time librarians. Microfilm library. Branch libraries.

I was keen to visit Húsavík on account of having heard of its well-known farmer-librarian, Benedikt Jónsson á Audnum, whose sheer energy and enthusiasm has not only succeeded in having a separate library building erected, with reading room, librarian's room and stack below, but had established about ten

branch libraries in the country round about. I was told that he actually made people borrow books! He died in 1939 at the age of 93. In 1950, largely on account of neglect, his library building was found to be damp, with material already damaged. The co-operative offered premises on an upper floor of its building in exchange for the edifice which it now uses as a clothing store. New municipal buildings are being erected with a place reserved for the library. The rural branches act as channels for borrowing from this central library but there is no borrowing the other way. A printed catalogue assists the operation of the scheme.

SAUDARKRÖKUR, the main centre of the Skagafjörður region, is another go-ahead place of a few hundred inhabitants with a big farming area surrounding.

Stock: c. 10,000-15,000 vols. and c. 20 Icelandic periodicals subscribed to. Open only in winter, 3 days a week for two hours, also once a week for children. The one (part-time) librarian, a schoolmaster, was away when I was shown over the present premises.

The library occupies the ground floor of a house with an extension to the rear and this space is divided into two large adjoining rooms but with no reading room. It appeared overcrowded and almost ready for moving into a new home to be started that summer.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB DINNER & DANCE

The Icelandic Canadian Club annual dinner and dance, on April 19, at the Fort Garry Hotel, was well attended and a very enjoyable occasion. The setting was the distinctive yesterday atmosphere of the Provencher Room of the hotel.

The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. John Harvard, of radio station C.J.O.B. His subject was the future of Canadians of Icelandic descent. He was introduced by the President of the Club, Mr. Leifur Hallgrímson, and thanked by the Vice-President, Mr. Gissur Eliasson.

The address is included in this issue of the magazine.

Music was provided by Leonard and Karen Vopnfjörð, with Leonard accompanying his wife's singing on his guitar. They touched a specially responsive chord among their audience with Icelandic folk songs including "Nú er frost á fróni" (English translation by Paul Sigurdson).

Chairman of the evening was Leifur Hallgrímson.

Looking over the assembled company of nearly two hundred persons, veteran members of the Club might well recall the annual dinner and dance of 1950, the first of a sustained series, when some eighty people pioneered this social phase of the Club's manifold activities. —W.K.

BOOK REVIEW

A SLICE OF CANADA—Memoirs
by Watson Kirkconnell

University of Toronto Press—393 pp.

The author introduces the reader to this delightful autobiography by giving a brief but interesting background history of the Kirkconnell family tree which winds an interesting pathway from scenic Scotland to the promising New World. Characteristics and personalities of his parents are related before the problem of adjusting is tackled. Swiftly the transition to early school days occurs and reveals a high respect for one's duty to becoming properly educated. As he relates his student-day adventures he evaluates his various teachers and brings home to the reader the importance of rigid and organized direction and leadership on the part of educators; ". . . as it was an invaluable discipline for mentally untidy youngsters." Here a lesson seems to be passed on to the modern mentally and physically untidy youngsters seeking Utopia without self effort.

One cannot help feeling that the author considers a love of the natural sciences is inspiring and a window to future great learning and resulting great success.

This success seems natural to the author as is revealed by his "ruling passion, an obsession for mastering countless languages. He reflects to us a "Kaleidoscopic range in linguistic experience" which he "cross-fertilized" with his teaching of English.

The reader will find the author's early initiation into the study of poetry rather amusing. He gives a fairly detail-

ed account of his remarkable achievement with original verse—from limericks to lyrics to enchanting epics, the contents of which vary to the delight of all tastes.

It is the remarkable effort put into, and the aesthetic harvest that came out of, Professor Watson Kirkconnell's translations into English of reams of other-language poetry that grips the ethnic groups with pride and appreciation. This unique talent of translating he poured forth onto over forty languages. It makes one shudder that even a mind of such great accomplishment was questioned as to the possibility of the end product as is revealed in the author's account of the tremendous task in having his translations accepted by a publishing house.

The great depression of the thirties delayed much of the author's work in his desired translation but perhaps it was fortunate that such a great mind was given extended time to reveal its great potential, versatility and charm. The reader will feel that the author has made available to the English speaking world man's common humanity.

The author deals effectively with his discovery of the "Unseen Literature", the literature of the ethnic groups that make up over a quarter of the total Canadian population. "Taken together these minor literatures present an unrivalled picture of the human predicament, of lives uprooted from a far country and planted afresh with difficulty in Canadian soil." These new Canadian poetries—the overtones of our national literature—may preserve the overtone of our national experience because for the

manyfold racial strains it is "sprung from their own blood." Watson Kirkconnell points out that "original poetry written for the occasion, is a national and integral part of community life." Single handed he has managed to keep Canadians aware of this otherwise unseen literature that so aptly reveals the heart, character and behavior of the various ethnic groups of Canada outside the two main streams of English and French.

He has been such a super-versatile genius that his autobiography touches the heart strings of every Canadian regardless of his background or interests. The magnanimity of his unbelievable energies and resulting accomplishments leave the reader spellbound.

Another chapter of his life was devoted to music even to the extent of being involved in the creation of a full length light opera.

Several chapters of his life were devoted to the educating of the new generations in which capacity he used his remarkable abilities as professor of English (a good portion of which was spent at Wesley College in Winnipeg) and later as president of a university.

His busy life found, in addition, time to devote to social service, war service, politics, the church and its problems, a tremendous project of a thirty year study of the analogues of John Milton's chief poems, a considerable effort towards the organization of the humanities across Canada, as also towards the struggle for security and recognition for Canadian authorship. He contributed fully to the Masonic

Brotherhood, did more than his share in confronting communism, found time for more than average travelling and still found time for "three acres of vacation" at his favorite "Fair Havens". Throughout this extremely full schedule he made many lasting friends. He has paralleled each of the above with exciting chapters in his book.

As this is a review for this particular quarterly special mention is made by the reviewer concerning the author's association and relationship with Icelandic Canadians. In this respect he pays tribute to the enlistment record of Icelandic Canadians in the wars. He also mentions the record of the first Canadian-born generation of Icelanders—those that were his colleagues and those who were his students. He describes his work in translating Icelandic verse and the numerous relationships he had with the actual, active, living Icelandic communities. He certainly does not overlook the publishing effort and points out particularly "Lögbærg", "Heimskringla", "Tímarit", "Skírnir" and the "Icelandic Canadian". He refers to the Icelanders as being "among the most actively poetic people in the world and even the humblest fisherman or farmer feels capable of turning out soundly fashioned alliterative verses."

He gives generous space to the major Icelandic-Canadian poets, Stephan G. Stephanson and Guttormur J. Guttormsson and mentions that in the period "1936-40 some ninety Icelandic Canadian poets achieved publication".

Equally interesting are his accounts of the literary achievements of other ethnic groups.

This book offers proof that cultures are passed on by the medium most appropriate at the time. No language has a monopoly on any culture. Indeed culture in its own language is apt to remain static. This great versatile mind has blended the cultures of the world

with the easy stirring of his unequalled translations. This brings the finest of the Old World cultures to enrich that of the New World.

If you are in doubt about your Canadian identity this book will nurture a wholesome and proud attitude. This remarkable story is not a mere slice; it is Canada.

—Arius Isfeld

A MONUMENTAL REPORT

The above title expresses the assessment of the Legionary, the national magazine of the Royal Canadian Legion, of the recently released Woods Report on war disability pensions in Canada. Hon. W. J. Lindal, of Winnipeg, was one of the three members of the committee that produced this report. The committee was virtually a Royal Commission.

The Legionary editorial comment begins thus:

"The word 'monumental' is a superlative THE LEGIONARY seldom feels justified in using. Not many achievements, however fine, qualify for quite that much praise. Therefore, when we refer to the report on the Canadian Pension Commission as 'monumental', as we do in the caption to Donald Thompson's article on page 11, our readers will know it is something special.

There has only been one other report of comparable importance in the whole history of Canadian veterans' legislation. This was the monumental document issued by the Ralston Commission in 1924."

Donald M. Thompson, Dominion Secretary of the Legion, reviews the Report at length. The opening paragraphs are as follows:

"The long-awaited report of The Committee to Survey the Organization and the Work of the Canadian Pension Commission was presented to the Minister of Veterans Affairs, the Hon. Roger Teillet, on March 22 by the members of the committee, the Hon. Mr. Justice Mervyn Woods of Regina, His Honour Judge Walter J. Lindal of Winnipeg, and Colonel G. A. M. Nantel of Montreal. It was tabled in the House of Commons by the Minister on March 26th.

"The report, in my opinion, is a monumental one. Consisting of over 1,300 pages, it covers in its 148 recommendations a wide range of pension matters. The Committee were unanimous on all but one recommendation—that of appeals from decisions of the Canadian Pension Commission. The chairman, Mr. Justice Woods and Col. Nantel recommended an Appeal Board but Judge Lindal recommended an Umbodsmen.

Again quoting from the Legionary editorial: "Whatever action the government decides to take on the committee's recommendations, the warmest thanks of Canada's veterans are due the men who produced this historic report". —W.K.

Iceland is struggling to overcome woes of a one-product land

Sudden Slump in Fish Exports Sparks Crippling Depression

Reykjavik, Iceland. Outwardly, this barren volcanic island of 200,000 persons gives the impression of an affluent economy.

The streets of Reykjavik, the capital and the only major city, are jammed with Chevrolets and Volkswagens despite a 90% auto-import duty; television aerials dot the horizon, and the per-capita gross national product in 1966, the latest year for which figures are available, was \$2,780, one of the world's highest rates of national output.

In reality, however, Iceland is in the midst of a crippling depression. Building starts have fallen off sharply; unemployment, practically non-existent a year ago (most men held down two jobs), has risen to 300; the krona has been devalued a whopping 24.6%; and the tiny country's balance-of-payment deficit has tripled to \$25 million from a year earlier.

The reason for this slump is a sharp and totally unexpected decline in the fish catch. Herring, which traditionally clustered only 100 miles from the coastline, suddenly migrated far to the northeast last year. Unusually fierce weather in the North Atlantic destroyed even the big nets of the trawlers. And world prices for fish continued their downward spiral.

EXPORT SLIDE: The result was a one-third drop in fish exports, which account for about 95% of Iceland's total sales to the outside world, from the 1966 level of \$130 million. "We are used to ups and downs," says Bjarni Benediktsson, Iceland's genial prime

minister, "but even the 1930s depression wasn't as bad and abrupt as this." He adds somberly: "We have no reason to think 1968 will be any better. We can only hope that we have reached bottom."

Events seem to be conspiring against Iceland's fishermen, who account for about 10% of the work force. Pall Axelsson, for example, a 33-year-old fishing boat owner who lives in the bleak west coast village of Keflavik, long sold dried codfish to Ibo tribesmen in the break-away Nigerian state of Biafra. The bloody civil war currently raging there, however, has cut Mr. Axelsson's sales 30%, and his drying house overflows with 12 tons of unsold fish.

More typical, perhaps, is the story of Einar Gudmundsson, a resident of Njardvik, whose 260-ton trawler ranged up to 500 miles away from its home port last year in search of herring. Lacking freezing facilities to keep the fish fresh for the long trip home, he was forced to grind the herring into cheaper meal and oil. His personal earnings were cut to the equivalent of \$8,180 from \$18,600 the year before as a result.

The reversals that Iceland has suffered form a textbook example of what can happen to a small nation almost wholly dependent on one commodity for its livelihood. To make matters worse, Iceland depends on the outside world for nearly all its consumer goods, despite a strong nationalistic and isolationist spirit that even forbids citizens from giving their children foreign personal names.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRAM UNDERWAY: In order to make itself less vulnerable to the fluctuations of a one-product economy, however, Iceland has already embarked on an industrial development program of modest but realistic proportions.

The program seeks to extend the scope of the existing fisheries industry, but it also seeks to develop new sources of income based on Iceland's cheap sources of power. The largest such project in the latter category is a \$35 million aluminum plant built by Alusuisse S.A., Zurich, that will be powered by a hydroelectric plant 12 miles away.

Sources here estimate that Iceland will export \$15 million of aluminum annually after the plant begins operation in 1969. Alusuisse plans to supply the plant with bauxite from Australia, government officials say. "And we hope that later on somebody will build a fabrication plant to supply the local market," one official adds.

JOHNS MANVILLE PROJECT: To the north of Reykjavik, a \$3 million joint venture between Icelandic interests (the government limits foreign investment to 49% of ownership) and Johns Manville Corp., has been set up to mine the bottom of icy Lake Myvatn for diatomite, a fossil material

used in high-quality filters. Heat from volcano-warmed steam and hot-water springs is used to dry the diatomite for export.

Mar Elisson, director of fisheries, sees a partial solution for Iceland's woes in moving closer to the consumer side of the fisheries business. "We have hardly touched the canning industry, for example," he says. Officials would also like to see Iceland open more processing plants in Maryland and Pennsylvania, where frozen fish are shipped in, breaded, cooked and packaged for sale to consumers.

A measure of the difficulties inherent in overcoming a one-product economy can be seen in Iceland's desire to establish a small oil refinery to produce gasoline and other products for locally owned service stations. Currently, 80% of Iceland's petroleum comes from Russia in exchange for fish, and Russia is just as eager to export its oils as Iceland is to export its fish.

Thus, says Prime Minister Benediktsson, "I am afraid that if Russia says, 'you must buy our oil or we won't buy your fish,' we must buy their oil. We cannot do without that market."

—The Wall Street Journal,
February 13, 1968

PASSPORT INFORMATION

The Icelandic Embassy in Washington wishes to draw the attention of all holders of Icelandic passports to this:

It has been decided that from the 1st of January 1966 the validity of passports will no longer be extended, but new passports issued which are valid for 10 years.

To issue a new passport the Em-

bassy needs two recent photographs, the old passport which will be returned to the holder, and a cheque or money order for the equivalent of U.S. \$3.50, which is the price of the new passport. The address of the Embassy of Iceland in Washington is:—
2022 Connecticut Avenue, N. W.,
Washington, D.C., 20008.

HOMeward BOUND

by Elinborg Lárusdóttir

Translated by W. Kristjanson

I am now nearing the end of my account of my life at the White Mansion. If I were to record all that happened during my sojourn there, it would indeed make a much longer story.

I remember a young girl, Helga, small of stature, a brunette, who came to the San not long before I left. For months past she had been engaged in sewing her bridal linen. Her fiancé, Harold, had a good position; their house was completed; the furniture was the best, some of it imported. Everything was arranged to Helga's taste. Everything was in readiness and their happiness seemed complete. The young couple were exquisitely happy. Then, the day before the wedding, Helga had a severe lung hemorrhage.

"I can't describe the terror that gripped me", Helga said. "It seemed to me that death was imminent. It seemed that I could read the same thought in the faces of all—of all except my beloved.

"You must not be afraid", he whispered to me again and again. "There is nothing to fear!"

"I clung to him and nestled against his bosom, gripped by my fear. All that I had heard of illness and death flashed into my mind. My mother's sister had died young, of lung trouble. It was likely that my fate would be the same.

"I had looked forward so very much to the morrow. My white bridal dress

was on its hanger in my clothes closet. The flowers for my hair had been selected—a wreath of white roses. I had preferred red, but the choice was my mother's. She said that white matched my dark hair and my complexion.

"I could not bear to look at all the finery that surrounded me. I stammered in a low voice, 'What of the guests!' At the thought I broke out in a cold sweat. I had looked forward so much to dancing at my wedding.

"'That will be postponed', said Harold, with assurance and comfort in voice and manner. 'Our wedding will take place in due time'."

"I can't understand how confident he was, as if there could be any assurance when things had come to such a pass."

This was the story which Helga told me.

This was indeed a sad tale, but it was not unique. The thought came to my mind, as I dwelt on it, that even should she die, death had been more cruel to many others. I thought of Juliana, who had to leave behind several children. My thought turned also to the little girl with the blue eyes and the golden locks. She had been alone in the world.

I followed Helga's case closely. I was very pleased indeed that her health soon began to improve. Luckily, she had come in the spring, when the weather was turning warmer and she

did not have to face the winter cold.

She continued to improve rapidly. Her condition had not been too serious and she had received prompt attention. She seemed to be Fortune's favorite. The following winter she was discharged, cured.

Helga was overjoyed and she was thankful at her deliverance. Her distressing experience in the White Mansion awakened in her a realization of the serious aspect of life. The moans of the sufferers brought home to her the fact that good fortune may be transitory.

Helga wrote to me long after her discharge. The following is an excerpt from her letter.

"I learned to understand so many things during the time that I spent at the White Mansion, as you call it. I can tell you in confidence now that I would not have missed that experience for anything. It had done me a world of good. Mine was a pampered upbringing; I was accustomed to have all my wishes granted. I took my good fortune for granted. I was proud of our home, which was the best-looking in the village; proud of the furniture and of everything else. It pleased me that many of the young girls envied me because of my home and especially because of my fiancé. I did not see the misery and the poverty around me; I did not know that there were people who carried a burden of suffering. I realize now that something had to happen to make me worthy of the happiness in store for me.

"I wish you could come to visit us, to see our happiness, to see the lovely children I have been privileged to have and care for, to see the joy reflected in my husband's eyes as he comes in through the gate and up the walk. Now he looks up to the window where I am sitting and he smiles at me. Supper is ready, but I must finish this

letter. After supper, I put the children to bed. If my husband is not busy, we shall sit for a while in the parlor. We shall chat together or he will read aloud while I sew, until it is time to go to bed. Then we stroll together in the garden and look at the flowers. If there has been a dry spell, I water the flowers. If there is a gale blowing, I shelter them the best I can. I have ceased to think of myself alone. I understand now that to be happy, we must give happiness to everyone about us.

"Finally, we walk quietly up the steps to the house, as if we were in a holy place. We pause a moment on the top step and lift our thoughts to Him for our blessings."

When I received this letter I sat for a while lost in thought. I thought of the White Mansion, which today, as of old, stands high, overlooking the green fields around. Many people owe it to their sojourn there that they are alive today. I think of the Superintendent and the nursing staff, who all worked hard and were most solicitous for their patients' well-being, although what could be done for them varied with the individual, and not nearly all were thankful. It is as if I see "The White Company", as I call them, making their visitation every morning. First comes the doctor, then his assistant, the Matron, the nurse, and sometimes a medical student. The group goes from bed to bed and asks how we are and listens to the complaints from each and everyone. I think these complaints must indeed have taxed their patience. The rounds must have taken a long time, perhaps hours.

It was stressed that we should eat well and patients were weighed weekly. Strict routine was enforced in the matter of walks and hours of rest. Lights out for all was at 9 p.m. It was the doctor's custom to take a walk

around the buildings in the evening, to see that this was adhered to. I know this from experience, for on one occasion during my long confinement in bed when I found it difficult to get to sleep, I lit a candle and let it burn for some time. The following morning, when the doctor came on his rounds, he asked who had had a light on the ward the night before. I at once confessed my delinquency and received a mild but very definite reminder that this must not happen again.

Nowhere have I mentioned the young nurse Hulda, who would rather be a sprite than a butterfly, but desired to be both. She was a lovely person. Her handclasp was warm and comforting and we were not at all shy in making our wishes known to her.

Nowhere have I mentioned Kristín, the female orderly who padded herself with cushions, so as to look impressive. This had been the fashion in her youth. Never have I seen such a bosom and such hips, but the waist was slender and the hands and feet small. She had rosy cheeks and was bright and smiling. Times there were, however, when an expression of weariness showed on her face. She could not bear to see suffering and sympathized keenly with those who had to endure suffering in any form.

She was possessed by a feeling of loneliness. "If I had a dog or a cat I would be happier", she said one time with tears in her eyes.

It was she who at one time wakened Hulda from deep sleep in the middle of the night to hear a poem by Einar

Benediktsson. Hulda wished to be left in peace and defer all poetry reading till morning, but Kristín blew her top and persisted till Hulda sat up. Nothing else would do; she would not consider reading such a fine poem to anyone who was half asleep.

The following day Hulda told me that she had really wakened up when Kristín began to read.

"I am thrilled with the poem", said Kristín, "but I can't enjoy it to the full unless somebody is thrilled with me."

I have also omitted to mention the young orderly, Inga, whom everybody loved. Her strong desire was to marry and have a family and a good home. I rather suspect that Kristín had had the same desire all her life, but such was not to be her lot. Books became her only tried and trusty friends and companions, especially books of poetry. She worshipped especially the poetry of Einar Benediktsson, one of Iceland's greatest poets.

"A second Einar Benediktsson will never be born—never a master such as he", she would say, in her moments of ecstasy. The same she would say about Jónas Hallgrímsson. Kristján Jónsson was much too sad for her. "We must see the sunshiny stretches lest life become merely the darkness of night", she said.

Young Inga was not pretty and she did not dress smartly, nor did she have the talents of Kristín, nor was she as entertaining. Nevertheless, life fulfilled her dearest wish. She met a good man, of good family, and well-to-

do, and he fell deeply in love with her. They went abroad to live, and were very happy. When we heard this, we agreed that this was a just reward for the goodness and care she had shown to us as patients.

I could go on and on speaking of people I met at the San, patients who came and went, but it is best to stop here.

My story, however, would be very incomplete without reference to the healing power of nature. The beautiful summer days and God's green earth and the sun and the bird song and the blue sky overhead. Those were days to revel in and remember. They did much to kindle hope in our bosoms. It was as if earth and sky were charged with some power they communicated to us. It was for some the best medicine possible.

Then there were the quiet winter evenings and the skating on the lake, when we sped along on the glassy ice. The evenings were beautiful, with the heavens star-studded, the northern lights waving and flickering, and the bright noon shining. True, we were tired and suffered afterwards from Charley horse, but the exercise and pleasure were good medicine.

It was also good to go to bed on a peaceful spring evening, and fall asleep listening to the song of swans, through the open window.

The sun was assuredly the savior of my life. As soon as I was able to walk, I made my way, as many others did, out to the lava slope for a sunbath. How delightful the scent of

heather in the hollow! Many of these depressions were so deep that the wind whistling overhead did not disturb the calm below. It was as if my body, my whole being, spoke out clearly what was best for me. A comfortable sense of well-being possessed me, streaming through every vein. It was bliss. I chased every ray of sunshine and bathed in the sun all summer. After I began taking the sunbaths, I did not spend a single day in bed.

It was far from being the case that sorrow and suffering reigned supreme in the White Mansion. In summer, it was often as if it were a place for sunbathing rather than a hospital. At mealtime and during the few hours of the day when we were congregated indoors, the cheerful laughter of patients was often to be heard. Women could sometimes be seen doing needlework in the lounge room. Some played chess, others played on musical instruments, and yet others visited on the wards. Then the bell would sound its summons for a walk. Thus some days went by.

In what I have written, I have painted but inadequately pictures of people who waged a grim battle against the white plague. The greater number have succumbed in that battle and passed on through the doors of death.

I dreaded to go to the San, but I bade it farewell deeply moved, overjoyed at having regained my health. My one regret was that I could not go home at once. I have mentioned that I was subject to violent attacks of seasickness. When I left the San the only

means of travel up north was by ship or on horseback. The doctor considered neither way advisable for me. Also, I was concerned lest people should fear my presence, as they did before I left for the San.

Yes, I was thankful to all there who had tended me. I was ill when I arrived; there I had regained my health. Everything possible had been done for me. There I had come to know an aspect of life hitherto unknown to me.

There I had made lasting friendships. Although so many of these people have now passed on, they and all the incidents associated with them are still vividly remembered.

Although the struggle was hard, the victory was won. Death, who everyone—everyone except myself—had thought would carry me off in his grip—gradually moved away from my bedside. Mine was not to be the opportunity to meet with the request of my sisters in suffering, who had asked me to appear to them after my death to tell them about life beyond. Now they know more than I do about life on the other side.

I had finally become so strong that there was little likelihood of a relapse, if I took care of myself.

After such a long time away from my studies—two years and seven months—meant the end of my schooling. I regretted this, but nothing was to be gained by fretting about it. I was thankful for the respite which had been granted me, although I did not know how long it would be or what lay ahead.

In retrospect, I think it surprising now how confident and calm I was. I had never thought that my illness would be fatal, not even when everyone else thought so. I was never afraid, neither of life nor of death.

I had written to my former landlady, to ask if she had a vacancy and would take me in. She had replied that I was indeed welcome, and that she would be very glad to see me again.

On my arrival in the city, I went direct to her place. Her face lit up with a smile when she saw me and she took me in her arms and kissed me, as she had done the day when we said good-bye. Then she looked me over from head to foot and exclaimed:

“What did I tell you! I knew that you would never lose your courage, and you have won a victory.” She was as proud as if she believed that it had been in my power whether I was to live or die.

“Yes, indeed”, I said, and smiled.

“You certainly don’t look sickly”, she continued. “No one would think, to see you, that you have been ill, let alone that you have suffered, as I hear you did for some time.” She inspected me more closely as if she doubted that my illness had been as serious as was reported.

“I am not ill now”, I remarked.

“No, of course not, of course people who graduate from a sanatorium are not ill, and they can go where they wish. I trust, my dear child, that people will not be afraid of your presence, as they were before you went away.”

This was the very thought that had come to my mind many a time, when considering what employment I should seek when I left the San. We two were silent for a considerable time. The joyful look in Elín’s eyes changed to a sober one.

“I know this stupidity, my child, but since it was your good fortune to live, surely your problem will be solved somehow”, she said, turning at the same time to the window and pointed to a beautiful large flower with multicolored buds.

“Your geranium was not looking well when I took it from its dark nook upstairs. There wasn’t a single leaf on it and the stalk was dry and shrivelled and look dead. You were indeed negligent. Believe me, I saved that flower. The sun brought it back to life, the sun and water. I tended it several times a day. Each time I said to myself: ‘If it revives, the owner will live’. When I saw signs of life in the flower, I knew you would get better.”

“What superstition!” I exclaimed, laughing, but all this undeserved concern which Elín had shown me and my geranium warmed my heart.

“Yes. You can call it by whatever name you wish. I know the score. In my youth people were like this and they are the same today. Nothing exists until they have seen it or felt it for themselves. You will see that I am right.”

Elín prepared the small room downstairs for me. The window looked out on the mortuary, but the room was clean and habitable.

“This room is vacant now. There are some who do not care to live in this room, but you don’t mind, do you?” she said, looking at me.

“No”. I don’t mind”, I answered.

“Nobody needs to be afraid of the dead, they don’t harm anyone.”

I wasn’t free from a feeling of apprehension as she spoke. Indeed, there was more than illness and death to contend with in life. However, it was best to have no fears. I leaned back against the pillow. A comfortable feeling flowed through me. Life kindled fresh hopes in my bosom. I looked forward with keen anticipation to living and working, to taking an active part in life. Life extended welcoming arms.

My bed was comfortable and the window was open and the air in the room was fresh, yet I did not feel sleepy. I began to think of all the people I had met at the San. I thought of my classmate, of her who had been my roommate in this very house. She was still at the San and it was uncertain whether she would ever make a complete recovery. I seemed to hear, as so often in the past, the White Mansion filled with the groans and sighs of the mortally ill. At the same time I heard the paeans of those who regained their health, and these predominated.

I realized then that one could not wipe out remembrance of a whole period in one’s lifetime, no matter how much one wished to do so. These recollections could become very insistent. In order to be rid of them, I began to think of what the morning would have

in store for me. I got out of bed and put on my slippers and stole to the window. The first object that met my eyes was the little mortuary in the garden. There it squatted as before, old and dilapidated. Close by stood the trees, in full bloom. The light breeze stirred the leaves gently; a strong fragrance from the flowers along the side of the house was borne through the open window. The sun was going down. Small cloud formations drifted along slowly, forming peculiar sky pictures. I stared spell-bound at white mansions—sea green lakes—gigantic forests—mountains and

cliffs. The last rays of the setting sun cast their golden glow over this beautiful and fascinating world of adventure.

Suddenly I was so profoundly moved that I forgot all the suffering that I had endured and felt no fear. Behind it all I glimpsed immortality. In a flash I felt that the mortuary in the garden should be of the same color as the White Mansion and that only the color of purity suited those who are departing for that world whose sheen I thought I saw on this quiet, memorable summer night.



Mrs. H. Helgason



Dr. Hallgrímur Helgason

The distinguished Icelandic Composer, Dr. Hallgrímur Helgason, Professor of Music at the University of Regina, and Mrs. Helgason (frú Valgerður Tryggvadóttir) visited Winnipeg in May. There they met with numerous people of Icelandic descent. On June 19th the Chapter Frón in Winnipeg had a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Helgason on which occasion they were presented with a token of appreciation for their excellent service as representatives of Iceland in Canada.

The Icelandic Canadian Club Library

The Icelandic Canadian Club has formed the nucleus of a library of books in the English language on Icelandic subject matter, or by authors of Icelandic descent.

The librarian is Mrs. Holmfrídur Danielson, 869 Garfield Street, Winnipeg 10. Phone 783-8528.

Following is a list of books presently in the library.

PROSE — General

Arason, Steingrímur:	Smoky Bay
Bjarnason, Loftur:	Anthology of Modern Icelandic Literature, Vol. I and II.
Gudlaugsson, Magnus:	Three Times A Pioneer.
Iceland's Thousand Years:	Historical Lectures.
Jones, Gwyn:	The Norse Atlantic Saga.
Kristjánson, Wilhelm:	Glimpses of Oxford. The Icelandic People in Manitoba.
Leach, Henry Goddard:	Pageant of Old Scandinavia.
Le Bourdais, D. M.:	Stefansson, Ambassador of the North.
Lindal, W. J.:	The Icelanders in Canada The Saskatchewan Icelanders.
Linker, Hal and Halla:	Three Passports to Adventure
Oleson, T. J.:	Early Voyages and Northern Approaches.
Olson, S. B.:	Pioneer Sketches.
Roberts, Dorothy James:	The Fire in the Ice.
Rothery, Agnes:	Iceland, New World Outpost
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur:	Cancer: Disease of Civilization. Discovery. Great Adventures and Explorations
Turville-Petre, G.:	Origins of Icelandic Literature.

SAGA TRANSLATIONS

Hrafnkels Saga Freysgoða:	translated by Rev. George Thomas.
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- Njals Saga: translated by Bayerschmidt and Hollander
 Njals Saga: translated by Magnusson and Palsson.
 Three Icelandic Sagas: translated by Margaret Schlauch
 Gunnlaug's Saga Ormstunga.
 Bandamanna Saga.
 Droplaugarsona Saga

FICTION

- Blondal, Patricia: A Candle to Light the Sun.
 Gunnarsson, Gunnar: Ships in the Sky, translated by Evelyn Ramsden
 The Night and the Dream, trans. by E. Ramsden
 Guttormsson, Ragnhildur: Ian of the Red River
 Ingaldson, Violet: Cold Adventure.
 Kristofferson, Kristin Benson: Tanya.
 Salverson, Laura Goodman: Viking Heart.
 Thorson, Charles: Keeko

DRAMA

- Geir, Lauga: In the Wake of the Storm

POETRY

- Johnson, Jakobina: Northern Lights
 Sigurdson, Paul: The Angus Stone

N. B. ---Contributions to the library will be welcomed.

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Errors in the 1961 Canadian Census

Mr. Roy H. Ruth, author of two books, "Educational Echoes, A History of Education of the Icelandic-Canadians in Manitoba," and "The Vinland Voyages", both printed in 1964, did considerable research work which included a study of Canadian Census records. He discovered that the 1951 Census record for Quebec listed 115 Icelanders, a figure close to what one might expect. The 1961 Census showed this figure at 2516. This obviously was an error. In "Vinland Voyages" he outlines the work he did and the letters that passed between him and Hon. Mitchell Sharp. The following is an extract from his book, pp. 95 and 96:

The author of this book directed the following question to the Dominion statistician, Dominion Bureau of Statistics; through Mr. Eric Stefansson M.P., Hon. William Benidickson and Senator G. S. Thorvaldson, the three Icelandic-Canadians in the Federal Parliament.

"My problem is that the 1951 census of Canada shows 115 Icelandic-Canadians in the Province of Quebec, but the figures in 1961 are 2516. This is ridiculous and impossible, as no influx of Icelanders to Quebec has taken place. The leaders in the Icelandic community here agree with me that the census takers included some other group with the Icelanders. Our estimate is that less than 200 Icelandic-Canadians are in Quebec now, mostly in Montreal.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce, the Hon. Mitchell Sharp, who was in charge of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in his letter of February 18, 1965, to the author explains the matter in this way:

"Officials at the Dominion Bureau of Statistics inform me that the published figure correctly reflects the number of persons reported as of Icelandic origin by the Census enumerators. However, they agree with your observation that it probably overstates the actual number of persons of Icelandic origin in the province. While this is unfortunate, the possibility of such an error occurring does exist. In the 1961 Census, enumerators recorded answers to the ethnic origin inquiry by selecting and marking the appropriate origin from among twenty-nine ethnic origins listed in the enumeration schedule. The French translation of Icelandic and Irish is very similar, i.e., "Islandais" and "Irlandais", and these terms appear side by side in the marking positions on the document. It is quite possible that in a number of cases, enumerators marked the position for "Islandais" when they meant to record "Irlandais". As a matter of fact, if only one-third of the 7500 enumerators in the Province of Quebec did this once only, an overstatement of the size you have indicated could have occurred."

This explanation may be correct, but in any case, it is certain that the figure shown is about 2400 too large. The corrected 1961 Census total for Icelandic-Canadians would then be:

1961 Total Shown	30,623
Less error Quebec	2,400
1961 Corrected Canadian total.....	28,223

*N.B. W. J. Lindal the author of "The Icelanders in Canada" noted the correction but set the figure at 28,623. Census officials pointed out how easily the mistake could be made in statistics in the French language.

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The Icelandic Mind In Continuity

Excerpts (in translation) from a letter written by Dr. Sigurdur Nerdal, the sage of Iceland's men of letters, to W. J. Lindal, author of "The Icelanders in Canada".

. . . As you may surmise, I sank myself (eg drakk bókina í mig) into the book as soon as I received it. I admire the way in which you have been able to perform that difficult task of gathering the needed facts and references, which were indispensable, and yet maintain the continuity in spirit and event.

You take the view, and quite understandably, that you and your generation accepted a difficult task, perhaps the most difficult it was your lot to place before yourselves. You, indeed, selected the only course which was open to you. You had no other choice: to put on new garments, as you say, but yet retain what was of inherent richness in the Icelandic fabrics. It is most natural that those who accept such difficult tasks will have to face criticism and dissatisfaction from two quarters: that they are too North-American, or that they are too Icelandic. But it is my conviction

that you people have nevertheless protected that which must not perish, and that a younger generation will arise, who will show even greater skill in selecting essentials. I think of Ibsen who said: only that belongs to the past which has been lost.

It is my conviction that the Icelanders of the West will produce a prophet, a genius, who will stand four square more firmly and with greater courage than was possible for those who preceded them, and will raise his head aloft even above the blue of the sky which, to the people of Iceland, has been the clearest. In that atmosphere he will be able to reject what is dispensable and select that **which must not perish**. I cannot adequately describe this because I am not a prophet.

. . . There are those who take the lead, there are those who complete undertakings. But one must not forget that between the pioneer and those who reach points of destination there are men who kept the road open—until new generations took over. . . .

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IN THE NEWS

SIMON FRASER UNIVER- SITY NAMES JANET MAD- DIN TOP ATHLETE

Sprinter Janet Maddin, 18-year-old graduate of Winnipeg's Daniel McIntyre High School, has been named Simon Fraser University's Woman Athlete of the Year.

It is the first time the award has been presented.

Miss Maddin, a psychology major, is perhaps the finest woman sprinter in the country today. She was the upset winner of the 440-yard dash at the Canadian Indoor Championships in January, defeating Canadian record holder Abby Hoffman of Toronto.

At the Achilles International Indoor Games in Vancouver in February, Miss Maddin once again upset the field in the 440, defeating that night Irene Piotrowski of Vancouver, considered the number one ranking sprinter in Canada.

In April, Miss Maddin and Mrs. Piotrowski tangled in two more races, 220 and 440. Miss Maddin won them both beating Mrs. Piotrowski easily.

Janet was a member of Canada's Pan-American Games team last summer and a member of the Canadian women's 440-metre relay team that captured a silver medal. She represented Canada at the 1966 British Empire Games in Jamaica and although just 17, reached the final of the 440 and

semi-finals of the 220.

Miss Maddin is considered an outstanding prospect to make Canada's track team for the Summer Olympic Games in Mexico City this year.

★

GUEST SPEAKER AT GIMLI ON AUGUST 5TH 1968



Sigurður Sigurgeirsson

Sigurður Sigurgeirsson will be one of the main speakers at the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba on August 5 this summer. Mr. Sigurgeirsson is the Director of the Savings Department of the Fisheries Bank in Reykjavík. He is the President of the Icelandic National League Chapter in Iceland, and for many years he has served as the M.C. at numerous banquets which have been held in Reykjavík in honour of Vestur-Íslendingar.

★

A SUCCESS STORY

The success story of an Icelander who came to the United States as a child and became a highly successful businessman was recalled by the death in April of Severt W. Thurston in Seattle, Wash. at the age of 85. Mr. Thurston was the founder of what has become **Western International Hotels Inc.**, a Seattle-based firm that is identified with 64 hotels in eight countries.

Born Sigurdur Thorsteinson in Iceland, he came to the United States at the age of 4 years and in early years was a vaudeville acrobat. But he soon abandoned the stage to become a hotel porter in Seattle, and from that job began to learn the hotel business. Despite lack of formal schooling, he helped later to form and expand a chain of hotels that led to today's Western Hotels complex.

The Seattle Times described him as "always regarding integrity as the cornerstone of corporate citizenship. He also had, said the Times, "a profound confidence in the opportunities offered to everyone if, as he often stated, "one would work hard and pay at-

ention to business." Added the Times: "Mr. Thurston did both and was one who realized his dream of being a self-made man." He is survived by his wife, two sons and three daughters.

SPECIAL PROGRAM FOR ART ENTHUSIASTS

Prof. Gissur Eliasson, of the School of Art in the University of Manitoba, conducted a special week-long art program for people who lead groups of art enthusiasts in their own communities. The program was carried out out in the School of Art, April 22-26, and included painting, films about art and exhibits of reproductions.

WINS GOLD MEDAL

Denis N. Magnusson, 25, son of Brig. Gen. N. L. Magnusson and Mrs. Magnusson, 320 Mauepas Crescent, received the Queen's University gold medal in law when he graduated from the university's law school May 25.

Mr. Magnusson received two gold medals from the University of Manitoba—one in commerce in 1964, the other in honors commerce in 1965. He

is the brother of Warren Magnusson, who won a Rhodes scholarship from the university in 1967.

—Wpg. Free Press, 6/27/68

THE ICELANDIC CELEBRATION AT GIMLI, AUGUST 4TH AND 5TH, 1968

Principal speakers have been announced and the Maid of the Mountains chosen for the 79th annual Icelandic celebration (Islendingadagurinn) at Gimli which this year was renamed the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba which opens on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 4 and continues all day Monday, Aug 5.

The toast to Canada will be by Hon. Sterling Lyon, attorney-general of Manitoba, and the toast to Iceland by Sigurdur Sigurgeirsson, a senior officer of the Fisheries Bank of Iceland.

The Maid of the Mountains (Fjallkonann) will be Miss Sigridur Hjartarson, matron of Betel, home for the elderly at Gimli. Her princesses will be named later.

The three will speak during the formal ceremonies Monday afternoon. All events will be staged in Gimli Park.

The Sunday evening program will take the form of a sing-song which is to be followed by a midnight frolic in

the park pavilion.

Monday's program opens with a morning parade and will be followed by junior and senior sports. There will be community singing in the early evening at which time a film will be shown. This will be followed by the evening festival dance.

J. F. Kristjansson of Winnipeg is festival president, B. Valdimar Arnason of Gimli vice-president, Dennis Stefanson of Winnipeg secretary, John J. Arnason of Winnipeg assistant secretary and finance chairman, Helgi Johnson of Gimli treasurer and Dr. Keith Sigmundson of Gimli assistant treasurer.

RECEIVED CANADA COUNCIL GRANT

W. D. Valgardson, now of Iowa City, Iowa, who for some years taught in Manitoba high schools, a former president of The Icelandic Canadian Club, has been granted \$720.00 for research work among the Icelanders in Canada with a view to obtaining material for poetry.

At the annual meeting of the Ottawa Pharmacists' Association, held in January, Mrs. R. B. Helgason of Ottawa, was re-elected president of the Association.

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H. J. Petursson was elected president at the annual meeting in April of the Icelandic Canadian Club of Toronto. He succeeded V. R. Kristjanson.

Harold Broughton was named vice-president, Alda Palsson recording secretary, Erla Macaulay corresponding secretary and Laura Cam treasurer. Others elected were: membership, Vera Bailey; social conveners, Barbara Kristjanson and Laufey Brown; hospitality, Begga Petursson, Sigga and Charlie Strachan; librarian, Gordon Rognvaldson; auditor, Keith McMullen.

★

"H" day in Iceland has passed. That is the day the change from left to right hand driving took place. Extensive preparations had taken place to prepare the population for this change. Driver re-training is required, thousands of traffic signs and markers must be changed, and all buses in Iceland must be modified to allow passenger entry and exit on the right hand side in place of the formerly used left hand side. Under consideration is the formation of a 1000-1500 man "temporary traffic police force" to assist the regular police following the change-over.

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Icelandic Currency Devaluation

The Icelandic krona was devalued on Nov. 24th, following the change in the British pound. The reduction with respect to the pound sterling was 12 per cent and 24.6 per cent with respect to the U.S. dollar. The new exchange is 136.80 kr. for the pound and 57.00 for the dollar.

The drastic action was taken in face of increasing economic difficulties that could be traced in part to a severe inflation and poor fishing during the year.

Serious labor difficulties threatening the economy were staved off, at least for a time, when the Icelandic Labor Federation called off a threatened general strike on Dec. 1st, and pledged their support to the government in the fight to re-establish a sound fiscal foundation for the country.

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