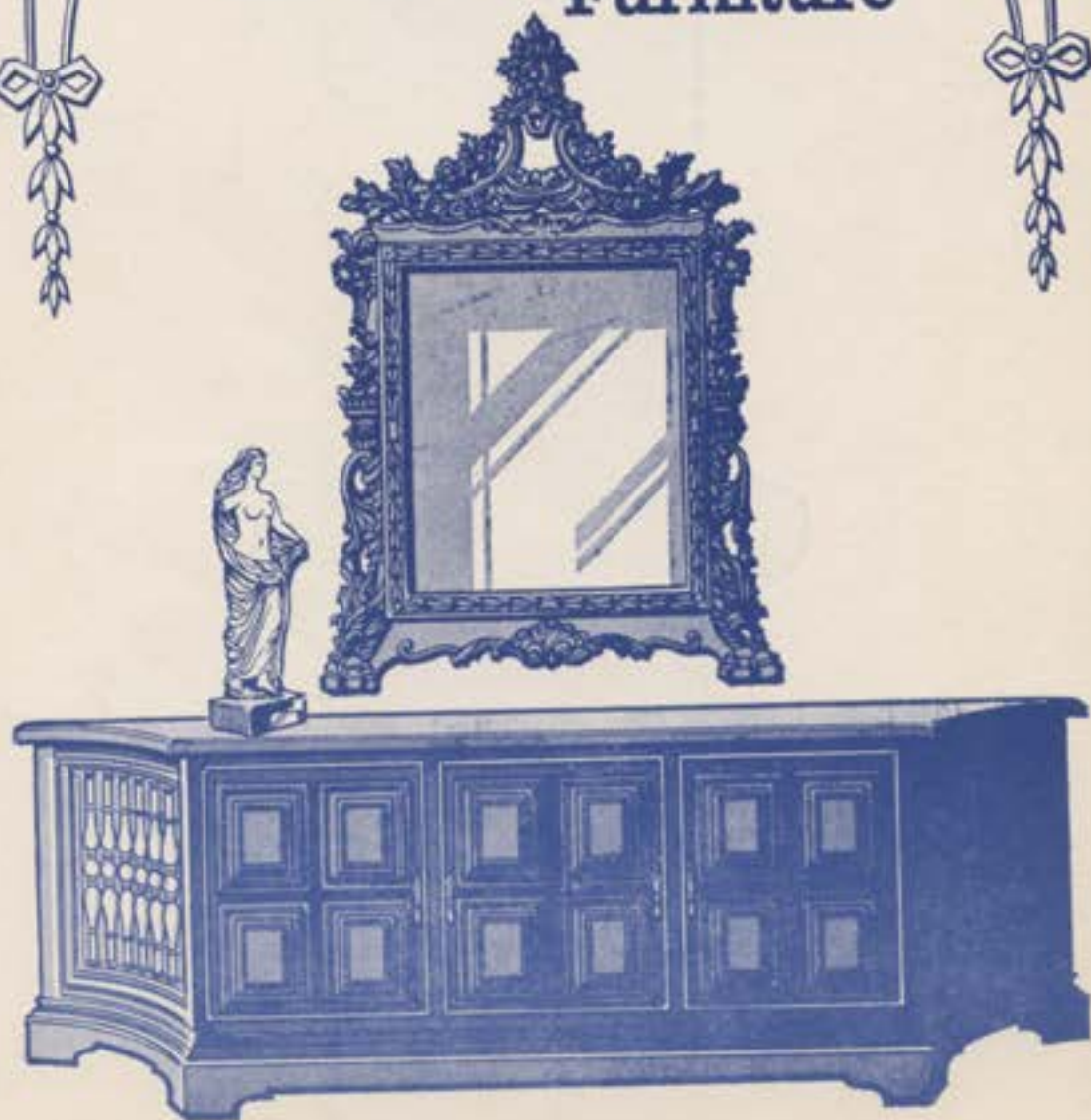




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SPRING 1970

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



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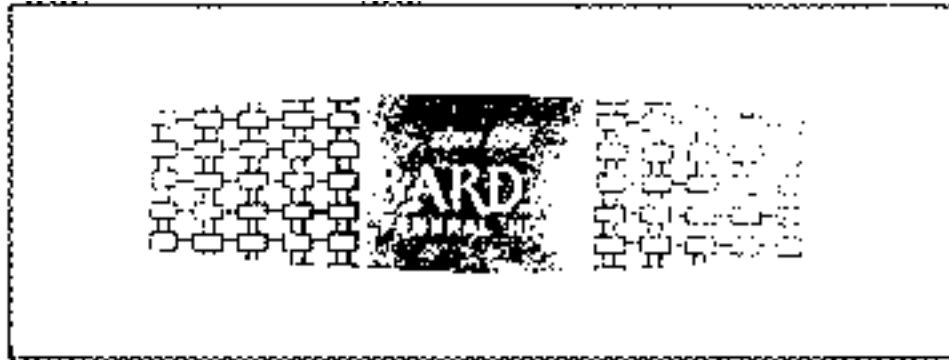
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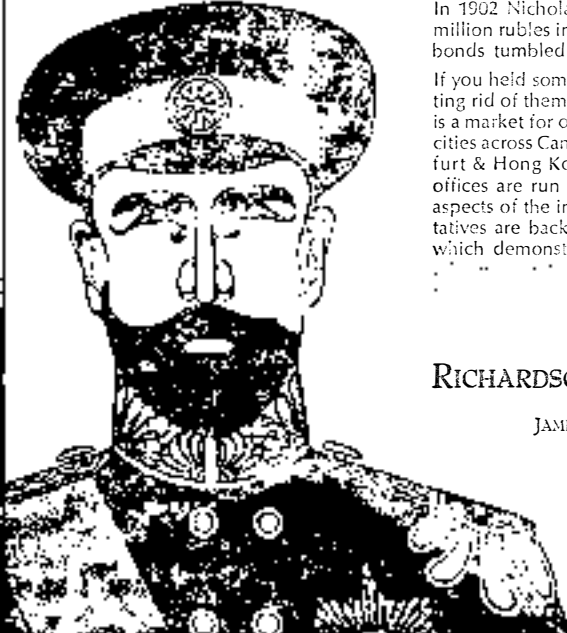
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The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XXVIII No. 3

Winnipeg, Canada

Spring 1970

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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GUEST EDITORIAL

CENTENNIAL MANITOBA

Canada became a national entity at the time of Confederation on July 1, 1867. The provinces entering into Confederation at that time were Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Three years later, in 1870, Manitoba became the first province to join the other four and by so doing extended the borders of Canada westward into the Northwest Territories and opened the way to further expansion, reaching even to the west coast, culminating in British Columbia following Manitoba's example in 1871.

During the one hundred years since Manitoba came into being as a province of Canada, undreamed of changes have taken place. Manitoba has moved from the age of the Red River cart to the age of jet travel; from the age of the buffalo-spotted plains to the age of vast expanses of cultivated farmland; from the age of the fur trader to the age of the multipurpose use and development of natural resources; from the age of a few thousand scattered inhabitants to the age of prosperous towns and cities with a total population of almost a million people.

During this Centennial year, Manitoba has much to celebrate and every city, town or village is entering into the spirit of the occasion with the enthusiasm that only Manitobans know how to display.

Visitors from near and far will converge on the province from all directions during the year. Invitations have been sent by the Premier to all former Manitobans whose addresses have become available. Her Majesty the Queen will be in the province during July, along with Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. A whole host of others will join with them in observance of this anniversary.

Manitobans can be justly proud of their achievements of the past hundred years and look forward to the next hundred with anticipation of even greater things to come and the building of a heritage which the people of this province may look back upon a hundred years from now with pride and satisfaction.

Philip M. Petursson,
Minister of Culture

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

This is the first issue of the *Icelandic Canadian* in 1970, Manitoba's centennial year. Our June issue will be a centennial number, but we wish to take this opportunity to wish Manitoba the best for its centennial.

Such is the progress of racial inter-marriage in Canada.

The 10-mile race at the Icelandic Festival, 1970

At the Manitoba Track and Field Association annual awards dinner, on October 19, 1969, it was announced that the male cross country runners award had been won by "the old man" of the track in the province", Lyle Myers, of Carman, Manitoba.

Lyle Myers won the Icelandic Canadian Club trophy for the 10-mile race at the Icelandic Festival in August, 1969.

Prospective competitors for the 1970 event would be well advised to start training now.

A new "Framfari" arrives on the scene in New Iceland

The Canadian Forces Base Gimli has been publishing a base newspaper named "Gimli Star" for some years. "The paper is strictly a non-public venture and is supported by advertisements paid for by local merchants", says Colonel James F. Dunlop, Base Commander.

"In commemoration of the first settlers in this area, the Icelanders, and as a Manitoba Centennial project, it has been decided to change the name of the paper to "Framfari", the name which was given to the first newspaper

Our pioneers broke the sod

In 1970, our Manitoba Centennial year, our thoughts understandably turn back to the pioneers. Sixty to one hundred years ago, pioneers grub-hoed gardens, and back-set with walking plows. Hand labor cleared the acres for plowing, cutting down trees and pulling up the roots. It took a long time — years, perhaps a decade or two — to bring under cultivation the desired number of acres on a homestead. The homesteader of today, on the far north-west frontier, most likely has a bulldozer to clear the trees and a tractor to do the plowing. The conquest of the land may now be accomplished, not in years, but in days.

Racial Inter-marriage

The other evening we were passengers in a taxi. The taxi driver, who was dark looking and was most likely French-Canadian, said that he came from Montreal; and that he had moved to Winnipeg because of his wife, who was from rural Manitoba.

"What place?"

"Arborg. . . . She is half Chinese and half Ukrainian."

in Gimli in 1877, two years after the first settlers arrived."

The first issue dated February 13, 1970, is a memorable one. It contains a photostatic copy of four pages of the original Framfari, published at Lundi September 10, 1877, and four pages of translation by Miss S. Stefansson, of Gimli. On the front page is a three-quarter page picture of the Viking statue at Gimli, a 1967 Canadian Centennial project. A crest in the top left-hand corner has a Viking ship in a maple-leaf fringed circle. On a block below is the name "Gimli", and on a scroll the word "Stefnufastur" (Steadfast of purpose). A crown at the top completes the design.

In conclusion, we are taking the liberty to quote a paragraph from a letter from Colonel Dunlop.

"Since moving to Gimli in June this year I have become interested and fascinated by the history of this area and by the descendants of the original Icelanders. As I continue to gather material I realize what a tiger I have by the tail. I no sooner get interested in one facet when another shows up."

Readers of the *Icelandic Canadian* will appreciate this tribute to the Icelandic pioneers and the good will expressed to their descendants.

How far afield does the Icelandic Canadian create interest?

In the Autumn 1969 issue of the *Icelandic Canadian* is a review of the book *Niels Lyhne* by J. P. Jakobsen and translated from the Danish into English by Hanna Astrup Larsen.

The author of *Niels Lyhne*, Jens Peter Jakobsen, published in 1876, the first naturalistic novel in Denmark, *Marie Grubbe—A Lady of the Seven-*

teenth Century (which) made him famous".

Now a letter from two cousins in the Cotswolds, in England, says:

"I want to ask you on behalf of us both whether *Marie Grubbe*, a lady of the seventeenth century, is as yet translated into English in this series which is being done (P.26, Autumn IC) You see, she is an ancestress of ours of whom we are very fond. I suppose our more immediate Puritanical background makes us appreciate this rap-skallion of a woman. We have seen the schloss from which she departed to live with her ferryman, we have also seen the part of the river where the ferry was. Our very dear cousin *Hildegard Grube* (the second 'b' got dropped in the 18th century when a branch of the family crossed the border into Germany) knows there was once an original copy of the novel in the family, but it has long since disappeared—probably some of the 19th century folks wished to forget all about her! . . . We know a lot about her from old diaries, etc, but this is quite a famous book and, I believe, a good yarn.

.. .. .

Icelandic People at White Rock, British Columbia

Former Editor-in-Chief of the *Icelandic Canadian* magazine and former President of the *Icelandic Canadian Club*, is presently wintering at White Rock, B. C., a town of some three miles north of the Canada-U.S. boundary. This is Axel Vopnfjord.

This brings to mind that at least three Icelandic families located at White Rock in 1904: Jon Sveinbjornson, Kristjan Anderson, and Sigurdur Christopherson.

(Continued on Page 55)

A Comment On Today's Youth

by David H. Bergman

There is a prevailing belief in our society that many of our young people—those in their late teens and early twenties—are on a rampant course of destruction which will end only when the structure and fabric of our society is in ruins. It seems that all young people have long hair, beards and wear funny clothes. We are often led to believe that most young people use narcotics, drink excessively, engage freely in sexual relationships, drive expensive cars, don't mind supporting unpopular causes and love taking part in demonstrations that might lead to violence. This picture is largely the product of what is presented to us each day by our news media. It is this idea which many people apply to our university students today. Young people, as a group, are no different than those who were young in past generations.

Today the young person is faced with demands and pressures that did not exist until after the Second World War was over. Before this, young people had to face physical hardships during the depression and look for jobs when opportunities for employment hardly existed. Today a young person is most often faced with pressures that are more subtle but which, never-the-less, place much heavier demand on his or her value as an individual. The youth of today face a highly technicalized society which makes heavy demands for their specialized training.

Most people entering university come with intentions of working hard

and the hope of building their confidence and self-understanding. These people make up the majority. Each person who enters university is affected in a different way; the experience is new and totally unexpected by most. Some students find that their independence releases them from the confinement of the high school class room and such a student may flourish in this new environment. Others might flounder and are lost in the shuffle—most of these people do well in subsequent years if they continue. Courses are offered in universities which are not offered in public schools and the exposure of the student to these often has profound effects. There are many new groups in which students may participate; these include student government; student news media; student Christian groups; sports groups; political clubs and many other such groups. New activities bring with them responsibilities different from those which a young person has previously held and such students realize an importance and self-esteem among their fellows.

An editorial in one student newspaper described the activities of some university students as being analagous to playing games in a doll house; the games played and the mistakes made by students in various activity groups, such as governments or publishing a news paper, are protected from many consequences. This is not to say a university should be a sanctuary from the law. It means that responsible habits may sometimes be learned by experi-

encing the limits of the irresponsible, even if the particular event draws public attention through the news media.

During the late 1960's many of our moral codes and the values our society have been held up for scrutiny. Much of this questioning developed with the increasing resistance to the war in Viet Nam. Initially such criticism was ignored because its source was so poorly respected. However, in the past year something refreshing has been apparent. The silent majority, who had

previously chosen to ignore radical student activity, have gradually taken a steady hold on this questioning and scrutiny of our values. They now ask why things have to be a particular way. They are responsible and seek justice but not confrontation and they are not throwing up ultimatums. Perhaps things are not as bleak as some might think and perhaps Mr. Trudeau is not standing alone in his desire to have a "Just Society". There are a few responsible young people taking up his call.

SONNET I

Paul Sigurdson

When I describe upon this lasting page,
 The love I feel for you within my heart
 I realize tho' we give way to age,
 Tho' time's grim stroke will move us far apart
 Some lover long ahead in untold book,
 In chapters yet unread by time's keen eye
 Will love, and on my humble words will look,
 Will think and say the same as here did I.
 For love dies not as mortal lovers do,
 But lights its vibrant flame in young love's minds,
 And thrives and brightly burns unending through
 The ages, to complete its true design.
 Tho' thrones may fall, be moulds to dust decaying,
 Words live in lovers' hearts for future saying.

Stefan Einarsson – Editor

Caroline Gunnarsson

A Danish woman who hadn't a passing acquaintance with the Icelandic language led me to a surprising discovery in Ottawa during the Second World War. The tone and character of Icelandic journalism in Winnipeg had changed while I took my eyes off it.

The lady had been hired by a vigilant government department to comb Scandinavian language papers in Canada for possible hints of suspicious sentiments among these minority groups. She quickly discovered that looks were deceiving. Family resemblances between words and phrases in Danish and Icelandic proved misleading and the finished texts of her translations looked somewhat misgotten. She sought me out for assistance and I fell back into an old habit of reading Heimskringla and Logberg from the first word to the last. I translated some of the text carefully for the Danish linguist and related to her the essence of others. She declared after a few sessions that these papers were not political at all, but purely cultural. She must have convinced the government of this, causing her sudden exit from my life in Ottawa.

The traditional warriors of Icelandic Fleet Street, as Will Kristjanson calls Sargent Avenue in his book, The Icelandic People in Manitoba, had changed. I could not concede that they were yet entirely non-political, but the old fury had passed. The two editors, Stefan Einarsson of Heimskringla and Einar P. Jonsson of Logberg, now fenced like gentlemen, if they crossed swords at all.



Stefan Einarsson

May 25, 1881 – Nov. 18, 1969

The Icelandic weeklies were entering a new era and their editors were adapting to the changed needs of readers who had become apt in their use of the English language. These people now turned to the big Canadian dailies for national and world news and for political comment. The old standbys on Sargent Avenue brought them news of the Icelandic community, now spreading from one corner of Canada to the other; also glimpses of life in the Old Country and items of prose and poetry to satisfy a healthy hunger in the blood—blood that still

ran thicker than water to the source of its origin.

But during the first years of the twenties, when Stefan Einarsson served his first stint as editor of Heimskringla, the Icelandic weeklies served a broader need. Newspapers throughout the world were more militant and more fiercely partisan than they are now, and backed by the political parties whose cause they argued. Minority language papers in Canada existed to inform and influence people not yet in command of the ruling language. Their function was to present the current news and interpret the politics of the country. With two major political parties in Canada, the two Icelandic weeklies each adopted an opposite doctrine, and when a third party entered the arena, a third newspaper somehow found the resources for a brief and precarious existence. All shades of political opinion enjoyed interpretation in the Icelandic language and all the newspapers were subscribed to in many homes. The older people were fluent in the mother tongue and savored its special strength in heated debate.

Heimskringla and Stefan Einarsson committed their support to the Conservative Party, which hadn't fought a campaign since 1911, when Sir Robert Borden became prime minister and held on through a World War One coalition government until his retirement in 1920, when he appointed another conservative, forty-six-year-old Arthur Meighen, to take his place and become the youngest prime minister in Canadian history.

Before the end of 1921 Meighen called an election, and the two Icelandic weeklies fought the campaign on opposite sides for support of their readership. The Liberals won the election and on December 29, William Lyon Mackenzie King took office as

prime minister. He had won the election about two weeks before his forty-seventh birthday, and it was time for Logberg, the Liberal to gloat.

But Stefan invited milder barbs from the opposition than some of his predecessors, for he was not as ready with the invective. A born gentleman, he steered a calm course in his editorials, was more given to striking home with gentle humor. He championed the temperance movement and women's suffrage, and somehow managed to relate inborn feelings for the underdog to his Conservative politics.

When Stefan returned to Heimskringla's editorial desk in 1930, after six years' absence, the two Icelandic weeklies still wielded some influence on the political scene, but it was waning. On the smaller horizon of their immediate readership loomed a major controversy over a pilgrimage to Iceland during the millennial celebration of 1930.

The bone of contention was the excursion committee's policy to accept a Canadian government subsidy for the group's visit to Iceland. Immediately the community split into two camps, those who favored the subsidy and those who hotly protested that independence from government benevolence was a matter of honor.

This was the last big battle involving the two newspapers in controversial issues within the community. Their political fervor cooled as party lines became more tangled and complex. Civilized language became a manner of speech between the editors.

But as the tempo of Canadian politics changed, the two old newspapers found their struggle for survival growing tougher. The parties no longer found it imperative to favor them with heavy advertising, while national commercial advertising passed under the control of big agencies centred in the

east. Small weeklies must subsist on what could be picked up locally. Production costs soared and many small journals faced extinction.

In the struggle for survival the aging editor of Heimskringla added the task of selling advertising in the paper to his editorial duties. He carried this double burden for some years before his retirement in 1959, when Logberg and Heimskringla amalgamated. He was seventy-eight years old.

Stefan Einarsson was one of the founders of the Icelandic League and for two years president of the Winnipeg chapter, Fron, which made him an honorary member. He was also a member of the Islingadags com-

mittee for many years. In 1945 the Icelandic government honored him with the Order of the Falcon and the following year invited him and his wife, Kristin, to Iceland as honored guests of the government.

A visit to Heimskringla could turn into choice entertainment when Stefan was in the editorial chair. He had a keen eye for people of colorful idiosyncrasies, harbored a fund of anecdotes about them, could quote them tellingly and sometimes called upon a pleasing talent for mimicry in the process. He had a nice way of cussing like a gentleman and surrounding the delivery with an aura of friendliness.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS — MANITOBA CENTENNIAL

1970

EVENTS OF ICELANDIC SETTLEMENTS

June 12	Exhibition and Fair	Lundar
June 20	Spruce Woods Opening	Glenboro
June 28 July 5	Homecoming	Glenboro
July 4	4-H Rally	Baldur
July 6	Local Celebrations	Baldur
July 14 — 15	Gimli Centennial Celebrations—including Centennial Ball, Parade, Country Auction and Fair, Barbeque	Gimli
July 26 — 31	Centennial Regatta	Yacht Club, Gimli
August 2 — 3	Icelandic Festival of Manitoba— include Dancing, Parade, Sports, Entertainment	Gimli
August 8	Exhibition and Fair	Arborg
August 21 — 30	Manitoba Federation of Allied Arts — Training Program	Gimli

A TRIBUTE TO NEW ICELAND

by FRANK HALL

Department of Industry and Commerce

Ninety years ago a Governor General of Canada pledged his word to the Dominion Government that a unique experiment in colonization would be successful in Western Canada. He vouched for the good character of the prospective settlers. He said that they would make good citizens.

No pledge of security was ever given on safer collateral; no hope for success was ever raised on firmer grounds.

The first Icelandic settlers arrived in Manitoba in 1875. They settled on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg within a tract of land which was granted to them for their own exclusive use by the Dominion Government. There they established the colony of New Iceland and the town of Gimli.

The new colony, located within the District of Keewatin, lay beyond the northern boundary of Manitoba. Thus its domestic economy and external affairs were not within the jurisdiction of the Province. On the other hand, the colony, though technically responsible to the Canadian Government was, for all practical purposes, master in its own house. New Iceland was independent. Under a local constitution and a local government, this status was admirably maintained for twelve harsh but fruitful years.

New Iceland did not relinquish its independence until the boundaries of Manitoba were extended northward to the 53rd parallel in 1881. The final extinction of local government, however, did not take place until the provisions of the Municipal Act were extended to the area in 1887. But before New Iceland had faded from the scene, deep springs of social conscience

had been struck, from whence, in later years, strong streams of sober influence were to flow through many spheres of public life in the Province of Manitoba.

The story of Icelandic settlement in Manitoba has been told many times by scholars and historians of Icelandic descent who were born, raised, and educated in the Province of Manitoba. Most recently, Mr. W. Kristjanson, a former president of the Manitoba Government Employees' Association, has made a significant contribution to the history of his people in his book, "The Icelandic People in Manitoba."

It is therefore not our intention to put in other words the story which has been told so well by Mr. Kristjanson and other writers. Here, instead, is the story of one pioneer Icelandic family that has never been published before. It came to our hand some years ago, and now, on the 90th anniversary of the arrival of the first Icelandic settlers in Manitoba, is brought to light in tribute to them. It is a story told by a woman rich in years. She looks back on her childhood and writes:

After our boat grounded off the southern tip of Big Island (Hecla), we waded ashore with our few belongings. Besides the clothes we wore, and five dollars which father had saved, our total worldly possessions consisted of some feather bedding, mother's precious spinning wheel, and two small trunks containing clothing and books.

We spent the first winter in my auntie's log cabin which was only twelve feet in size. As there were six

in auntie's family and four in ours, we were crowded. The next spring, father built a log cabin with the help of neighbors. Then he started to break a quarter section of bush land. He also did some fishing. From time to time when he got work as a day laborer, he walked four miles to work, back again at night, receiving 50 cents for ten hours' work.

When we went to Big Island, there were no tractors or farm machinery. The cutting and the gathering of hay was done with hand scythes and home-made wooden rakes. We had no horses, so carrying was also done by hand. My mother worked in the fields and so did the children.

Besides spinning for hours on time, my mother used to knit by hand all our socks, mitts and scarves, and even some of our underclothes. She also did this type of work for other people and was paid ten cents for carding and spinning one pound of wool.

I was six years old when my mother began teaching me to read and to pray. After a hard day's work, when the rest of the family had gone to bed, my mother would read by the dim light of a coal-oil lamp. A good book gave her much pleasure, but our library was small and so she read some favorite books over and over again.

When I was nine years old, I went to public school, walking four miles there and four miles back each day. I will never forget my first day at school. I was very shy and afraid of everyone. But that soon wore off. I found that in time I could hold my own with most of the other children, even with the big, red-headed boy I married years later.

At thirteen, I went out to work for \$4.00 a month. I vowed then that if I ever had any daughters of my own, I would see to it that they were well educated so that they would not have

to go out to work for such low wages.

Today my thoughts travel back sixty years and I can see in my mind our first little home in which I lived until I was fifteen. It was a log cabin with a low ceiling. The family's sleeping quarters were upstairs. Downstairs, there was a combined kitchen and living room. All the furniture was home-made. I still have in my possession a table that my father made. I have a special feeling for that old table that stood unadorned for so many years. But I can still remember the day when mother got the first flowered oilcloth to cover it. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, in spite of the fact that it probably cost sixty cents or less.

Because most of my clothes were plain and home-made, I dreamed of the day when I could earn enough to buy myself a pretty dress. I was fifteen when I first went to work in the city. I can still hear the cutting remarks, "she can do only housework." But I held my head high and had all the confidence in the world, because now I was working for real wages. My first cheque came just before Christmas, so I bought some new dress material for my mother and some small gifts for the rest of the family. There was not enough money left to buy that new dress, but after that parcel had been sent home, I felt strangely proud and happy. I was, of course, not the first pioneer girl who had spent almost all of her pay cheque on presents for loved ones.

At home we grew or raised most of our own food—meat, milk, butter, eggs, vegetables. There were plenty of fish in the lake and we had many fish meals. After taxes were paid, there was little left to buy coffee, tea and sugar.

Our humble home was always run on a system. We all had our work to

do, but no work was done on Sunday except the essential chores. Mother read a chapter from the Bible each Sunday morning. All the youngsters in our neighborhood went to Sunday School. Our Sunday School teacher was an elderly gentleman who had taught on the island for forty years. We loved him very much, and when he passed away, all of those who had attended his Sunday School classes contributed to a monument to his memory.

Most of the pioneer children were strong and healthy. We lived closer to nature in those days. We played on the beaches and gathered pretty stones and shells. We wandered in the woods and picked berries and wild flowers. How wonderful it was in the spring to hear a mother hen clucking over her chicks and to see a mother sheep keeping watch over her new-born lamb.

As the years passed on, my parents were able to build a nice new home. They took much pride in this new possession as well they should, for it had been paid for by the sweat of their brow. My father, who lived until he

was eighty-four, worked until a month before he died. His proudest boast was that he had never asked anyone for financial help.

I distinctly remember my parents talking about their homeland, with its mountains and green valleys and the midnight sun in June. Now I have grown old, I can understand more fully how much courage it must have taken for them to leave Iceland and part with their old home, relatives and friends. But love and loyalty to homeland made them no less good citizens in their new country.

Lord Dufferin, the Governor General who had pledged his credit on the successful outcome of the bold experiment on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, visited New Iceland in 1877. There, as he walked among the people and beheld the progress of their settlement, he saw that his faith had been well placed. In future years, the descendants of the pioneer Icelandic settlers, through their rich and varied contributions to the public life of Manitoba, were to confirm the virtue of his trust.

With permission from
the author and "The Bison"

NAMED HONORARY CONSUL OF ICELAND

Dr. Charles H. Hallson in October was named honorary consul of Iceland in Houston, Texas, the first time such appointment was made there by the Icelandic government.

A practising attorney, Dr. Hallson for more than 23 years was a physician and surgeon. He has been practising law in Houston since 1966 when he was admitted to the state bar of Texas.

Dr. Hallson decided on a new career after cataracts began to develop on his eyes in the 1950's. Although his

eyesight was saved, Dr. Hallson said he felt it was not sufficient for the strain under which a physician and surgeon must work. He is an active member of many professional organizations and societies of medicine and law, and was the recipient of a number of honors and fellowships.

Forebears on his father's side of the family were Icelanders who migrated to North Dakota where the town of Hallson was named after his paternal grandfather.

SIGURDUR VICTOR SIGURDSON



Sigurdur Victor Sigurdson

1897. It formed the first reliable communication between Selkirk and the various settlements around Lake Winnipeg.

Siggi received his education in Hnausa, Gimli and Winnipeg. In 1913, he went to Hodgson, where he worked with his brother Solli at his father's business. This was for the most part a Lake Winnipeg fishing enterprise. In 1914, he went to Grindstone and in 1915 to Berens River. With the death of his father in 1917, Siggi was forced to assume great responsibilities. He was at East Doghead with his men when I went fishing there one winter with Jon Viglundson Jonsson. I learned as a boy that fishing through the ice in winter requires endurance and strength.

In 1918, he joined the Air Force as a pilot. After demobilization in 1919, he married Krístrun Marteinsson from Hnausa. Their seven surviving children are: Stefan, Helga, (Mrs. S. S. Bjornson of Wilmington, Delaware), Valgerdur (Mrs. W. H. Atkinson of Washington, D.C.), Victor, Gladys (Mrs. Verne Peterson of Toronto), Lois (Mrs. Irvin Olafson of Selkirk) and Gordon, of Transcona, Manitoba. I delivered the toast to the bride on the occasion of their silver anniversary in 1934 and also on their golden wedding anniversary in 1969. All their children, grandchildren and many relatives and friends were there.

In 1919, his two uncles, Stefan V. Sigurdsson and Sigurdur R. Sigurdson became active partners with him in the fishing business. They had fishing stations at Moose Island, Black

"What a wonderful life he led." This is what one of my friends wrote me shortly after his death and she added that he had a fund of knowledge about Lake Winnipeg, the lake he loved.

Siggi or S. V. as he was often called was born at Hnausa, Manitoba on January 23, 1895 and died in Winnipeg nearly seventy five years later. During his long and exciting years, his life was Lake Winnipeg, although Riverton was home. He was the son of Stefan and Valgerdur Sigurdson. Stefan and Johannes, my father, were the Breidavik brothers. They had a business in Hnausa. One of their greatest achievements was the building of the "Lady of the Lake", a large ship, which was built and launched in Selkirk in

Bear Island, Berens River, Catfish Creek, Spider Island, George's Island, and Lynx Harbour. Three years later, they formed the Sigurdsson Fisheries with Siggí as president. In 1925, they were able to buy their first lake freighter, the "Husk" and still later, the "J. R. Spears".

Last year, Siggí and Krístrun were with my wife and me on the maiden voyage of the Lord Selkirk II. When we came to Berens River, we went to his fishing station, managed by his eldest son, Stefan, and from there we talked to another son, Victor, at Spider by wireless. This means of communication was not available to S. V. during his career as a fisherman. Before the Lord Selkirk left for Warrens Landing, scores of people had gathered on the dock and the shore. It was a never to be forgotten memory to see the tall, handsome Icelander talk to and shake hands with each and every Indian, man, woman and the smallest child. All of these people were his people like all of his men were his men. To the very end, he continued to look after their welfare and safety.

In 1940, with an old friend from Riverton, Oddur Olafson, and other local men, he formed the Monarch Construction Company. He was chosen president. The first real challenge came to the company in 1948, when an exceptionally heavy snowfall, during the winter raised grave doubts whether it would be possible for the fishermen to deliver their winter catch to Riverton for transportation south. Siggí realized that without prompt action, a major disaster for the Lake Winnipeg fishing business would occur. He called emergency meetings of the Lake Winnipeg fishing companies, government officials and others and outlined a plan to build a fifty mile road creating a vital link in the transportation system from Sugar Creek

to Matheson Island. The Manitoba Government authorized the work and the Monarch Construction Company built a road through the virgin bush country in the middle of winter, during the coldest weather in less than a month. It was completed before the spring thaw. As a result of the construction of this road the fishermen were able to freight their fish into Riverton by way of Matheson Island, a saving of fifty to sixty miles.

The largest enterprise undertaken by the company was in contracts received for the Red River Floodway, the costliest drainage project ever undertaken in Canada.

The third large company of which S. V. was founder and president was the Lake Winnipeg Fur Farms, Limited. He was president of this company until 1957.

It was natural that during his fifty years in fishing, construction and marketing that he had hundreds of men working for him and it was also natural as Dr. Thompson said at his golden wedding that there was never a whisper of labor trouble. This was because he was always just one of the team working and planning with them.

He took his civic duties very seriously. First as councillor and then as mayor of Riverton. He also served as a director of the Betel old folks home in Gimli, a director of the North American Publishing Company, publishers of the Logberg-Heimskringla; as a Mason with the Khartoum Temple; with the committee for the Icelandic celebration; the Icelandic National League, the board of the Riverton-Hnausa Lutheran Church, the Centennial Committee and many others.

He died as he lived, fighting to the very end, but not before he had put his mark far and wide, particularly in New Iceland, its places and in the hearts of its people.

—L. A. S.

Dr. Páll S. Árdal appointed Professor of Philosophy at Queen's University



Dr. and Mrs. Páll S. Árdal and family

On July 1st, 1969 Dr. Páll S. Árdal from Siglufjörður in Iceland was appointed Professor of Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

Páll S. Árdal was born in 1924. He was educated at Akureyri Senior Secondary School from which he graduated in 1944 as Dux Scholae on the strength of which he was awarded a Government Scholarship to study abroad. In 1953 he graduated from the University of Edinburgh with 1st class honours in philosophy and was then awarded the Sir David Baxter Scholar-

ship to continue his studies in Edinburgh. In the academic year 1954-1955 he was appointed Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh and promoted to the grade of lecturer in 1958.

In 1961 Páll was awarded a Ph.D. degree at Edinburgh University for a thesis entitled "David Hume's Theory of Value". From January 1st till June 30th, 1963, he was visiting lecturer at Dartmouth College, N.H., U.S.A. From January 1st till April 30th, 1966 he was a visiting full professor at the Uni-

versity of Toronto, and now, as stated above, Dr. Páll has returned to Canada from Scotland.

Dr. Páll S. Árdal has written a number of articles on philosophical questions. Several of his Icelandic publications have appeared in the literary periodical *Skírnir* in Reykjavík. Other publications by him are: 'The account of the nature of moral evaluation in Hume's treatise' (article) 1964, *Philosophy*, London; 'Motives, intentions and responsibility' (article) 1965, *The Philosophical Quarterly*, St. Andrews; 'Passion and value in Hume's treatise'

(a book) 1966, Edinburgh; 'Shaftesbury's philosophy of religion and ethics by Stanley Grean', *The Philosophical Quarterly*, 1968, St. Andrews; 'And that's a promise' (an article), *The Philosophical Quarterly*, St. Andrews, 1969. There are other articles still which Dr. Árdal has contributed to learned journals.

In 1946 Páll Árdal married Harpa, nee Ásgrímsdóttir from Akureyri. Their children are: Hallfríður (21), Marja (20), Steinþór (12), and Grímur (8).

—H. B.

DR. JAMES TRAVIS AWARDED SIZEABLE GRANT FOR RESEARCH



James Travis

James Travis, formerly of Winnipeg, and now Assistant Professor in Biochemistry at the University of Georgia, has been awarded a grant of \$32,000 by the National Science Foundation of America, for research in the field

of enzymes. This is a two-year grant.

A year ago, in January 1969, Travis was awarded a three-year grant, in the amount of \$48,000, for research in the field of enzymes—the evolution of digestive enzymes.

He received his elementary and high school education at the Greenway and General Wolfe schools and the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute. He received his B.Sc. degree and Master of Science degree from the University of Manitoba; his Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota, and he did post-doctorate work at Johns Hopkins University, Maryland. He has taught at the University of Maryland, near Washington, and is presently at the University of Georgia, at Athens, Georgia.

Dr. Travis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Travis (nee Gudny Erlendson) of 866 Alverstone Street, Winnipeg.

A Prolific Scholar and Composer

Since 1966 Dr. Hallgrímur Helgason from Reykjavík has been Professor of Music at the Faculty of Music, University of Saskatchewan Regina Campus. During his term at the University he has taken a very active part in Canadian music as performer, conductor, and composer, his works having been featured, not only at concerts in Regina, but also on the CBC.

Born at Eyrarbakki in Iceland in 1914, Helgason was only twelve years old when he began to play as violinist with the Reykjavík Orchestra. Having graduated from the Reykjavík College (Menntaskóli Reykjavíkur), he pursued his studies in Denmark at a Music Conservatory in Copenhagen and at the University there. Later he continued his academic career in Zurich where he eventually obtained his Doctor of Philosophy Degree for a major study on early Icelandic music.

Dr. Helgason has written a great number of articles on his chosen field of study for learned journals both in Iceland and in other lands. His lectures on music given on various occasions in Iceland are about 150 in number, and in Europe he has lectured at numerous distinguished institutions of learning. **His published compositions are about three hundred in number**, and sixty five compositions of his are unpublished in manuscript. Dr. Helgason's works have been performed by world famous artists at many of the most celebrated music centres of Europe, and many scholars have commended him in their analysis of his works.



Dr. Hallgrímur Helgason

An article listing only the highlights of Dr. Helgason's career as a scholar and composer would fill many pages of this magazine. In the absence, however, of anything that could be described as an exhaustive treatment of his work, one may refer to him as a man having more legitimate claims to academic excellence in music than most other Icelanders of our time. In Canada Dr. Helgason has enriched the musical life of this young nation at the same time as he has done much to interpret and enhance the musical heritage of ancient Iceland.

Dr. Helgason is married to Valgerður Tryggvadóttir, the daughter of the late Tryggvi Þórhallsson, former Prime Minister of Iceland.

—H. B.

Our Top Athletes Today

Manitobans Making Their Name in the World of Sports



Jan Maddin

Every follower of track and field in Winnipeg since the early 1960s should be at the Winnipeg Arena Saturday and Sunday to watch 20-year-old Jan Maddin.

And for a very good reason: Jan ran a 300-metre race faster than it has ever been run in North America last Saturday in Edmonton. Her time was 40.1 seconds. She'll be running the same distance Sunday night at 8:45 p.m. at the Arena in the college division of the Canadian Universities and Junior championships.

Track followers have watched her career with a keen and knowing eye since she was a junior high student at General Wolfe school. In her last

year there—1962-63—her claim to fame was the 60-yard dash.

She became a sensation when she moved up to Daniel McIntyre under coach Thom Murray and joined the Flying M. Track Club. Jan held high school and provincial records in the 60, 100 and 220 at one time or another.

Her highlight during that period, however, was her showing in the British Empire Games trials at Edmonton in 1966. She led the Manitoba entry with wins in the 200 and 400 metres. Her times were 23.7 and 55.1, respectively, and put her in the top five runners in the world for those distances. And she was in the company of Manitobans chosen for the BEG team such as Brian McLaren and Ross McKenzie.

Until the spring of 1969, Jan was a student at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia where school came first and her competitive running didn't match her previous accomplishments.

She came back to her old stamping grounds last summer and is a member of the Faculty of Education at the University of Manitoba. She joined the Razorback Track Club, under the direction of Dave Lyon, more or less just to stay in shape. One thing led to

another, however, and at her present level should be a candidate for a medal at the Empire Games in Edinburgh, Scotland, in July.

She will also likely be picked to represent Canada at the U.S. Amateur Athletic Union indoor championships in New York City, Feb. 28. She has already been invited to run the 300 in an invitational meet at Regina, Sask., February 21.

For those that don't know her Sunday, she'll be the pretty, dark-haired girl in the brown and gold of the University of Manitoba.

Fred Ingaldson probably has one whole room in his house jammed to the rafters with trophies, cups and various other paraphernalia picked up during 20 years of basketball.

Basketball has been good to Fred Ingaldson, but he has given back more than he has received from the sport. At 36 years of age, Fred keeps coming back. He hasn't lost or forgotten much and gives soccer credit for keeping him in shape during the off season.

In 1969 he has received two fine tributes. He was named Winnipeg's Ukrainian Athlete of the Year and named to the Icelandic Hall of Fame. To explain that—his mother is Ukrainian and his father is Icelandic.

Fred started along the basketball road in 1949 when he made the varsity team at Isaac Newton Collegiate. He also played football and soccer. In 1952, Ingaldson was awarded the Peter Kalata Trophy as athlete of the year for the school. Also in that year he played on the Canadian junior basketball championship team and the Canadian junior soccer championship team.

If she lives up to past performances, they won't forget her.

—Wpg Free Press 11/2/70

At the track and field meet at the Winnipeg Arena, Feb. 14-15, Janet Maddin placed first in the Women's 300-metre event, in the time of 40.3 seconds, and a close second in the Women's 50-metre event.

Six people figure prominently in our country's plans for the British Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh, Scotland, in July and Janet Maddin is one of the six.

Janet is the daughter of Charles and Herdis Maddin, of Winnipeg —Editor.



Fred Ingaldson

From Isaac Newton, Ingaldson—as he puts it—was fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship to Montana State

College in Bowsman, Montana, where he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree.

In his senior year at Montana, 1956, Fred won the athlete of the year award and was one of the who's who in U.S. College, which is something unusual for a Canadian.

His season moved to Tillsonburg, Ontario, where he played for the team who...

He was "fortunate"—there's that description again—to be chosen for Canada's national team and...

...at Rome. ...and ... 1961-62 ... was ... for the Olympic team, which represented Canada in the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo. He was also part of the national ... which went to South America...

in 1965 and again played in the Pan-Am Games for Canada when Winnipeg played host to the games in 1967.

For the past couple of years, Fred has been toiling with Jimmy Bulloch's St. Andrew's Dunlops, a senior club. Last month the Dunlops were runners-up to the University of Manitoba in the ...'s invitational ... as the tournament's most ...

... forward ... ball court, Fred is a father of three and manager of Winnipeg Wholesale ...

... are ... host to ... Senior basketball tournament ... 3-15—and ... has any ... to say, the Dunlops will be winners ... Winnipeg Free Press

VIDIR BOY RECEIVES BRAVERY AWARD



Constable David Sigvaldason

Constable David Sigvaldason, son of Kris and Phyllis Sigvaldason of Vidir, recently earned a Commanding Officer's Commendation for Bravery at Powell River, B.C. for his part in disarming a man wielding a loaded shotgun. The episode took place on May 20th, 1969.

Officers from the Powell River Detachment, R.C.M.P. paraded in full dress in municipal council chambers to see Const. Sigvaldason and Reid receive their bravery awards. This is the first time in 23 years that a bravery award was made in the Powell River area.

Sigfussons Build North Transportation Empire

A vast northern transportation empire operating out of Winnipeg is the creation of the Sigfusson brothers,

Tom and Skuli, members of a great Icelandic family from Lundar Interlake district of Manitoba. From a humble beginning 28 years ago the Sigfusson Transportation Company Limited has developed into a operation with an array of ... ion equipment that includes close to 50 caterpillar tractors, some 30 trucks and two planes for service plus numerous sleighs and cabooses. Forty-four tractors were in operation in 1969.

The area covered by the tractor trains embraces some 200,000 square miles in northeastern Manitoba and northwestern Ontario. Serviced are such isolated communities as Berens River, God's Lake, Island Lake, Red Sucker Lake, Oxford House, Split Lake and Shammattawa in Manitoba, and Deer Lake, Pikangikum, Round Lake, Sandy Lake, Sachigo Lake and Fort Hope in Ontario.

Shipping is done from three bases, Winnipeg headquarters, Ilford on the Hudson Bay railway line in northern Manitoba and Savant Lake on the CNR line in Ontario. Freighters are such supplies as building materials, various items of packaged food—including such things as tea, coffee and condensed milk, canoes, fuel oil drums, outboard motors, washing machines and school books.

Covered are some 2,000 miles of winter roads cut through rock, bush and muskeg. It has cost the Sigfussons more than one million dollars to build and maintain them over the years. The tractor trains transport nearly 90 per cent of supplies for scattered Indian settlements, Hudson's Bay Company ... and hydro and government installations. The remaining ten per cent is brought in by air by competitors at as much as twice the price.

The operation was begun in 1942 by Sveinn and Skuli under the name of Sigfusson Brothers to engage in road building and northern transportation by land. The caterpillar tractors, each weighing from five to 12 tons, draw five freight sleighs and a caboose. The trains travel in twos for safety and together make up a "swing". Each tractor has two drivers and a brakie plus a cook who feeds both crews. The lead driver is the swing boss. The swings stop for oil changes only, and move on 24 hours a day till destinations are reached.

There are no roofs on the tractor-cabs, this so that the driver can jump out if the tractor goes through the ice. At the peak of the 1969 season some 300 men were employed. One or two planes at a time are used to service the trains which are on the go for up to 90 days each winter. Temperatures range from 30 to 55 degrees below zero.

Main foes in this difficult operation are bad weather, poor ice conditions, communication difficulties and mechanical breakdowns. Over the years some 100 tractors have broken through the ice and sunk to the bottom.

Sunken tractors are recovered by use of block and tackle and a portable headframe after a diver has hooked a chain to the tractor. Cost of recovering a tractor can run into as much as \$15,000. A new one costs \$30,000.

Each train is equipped with a radio telephone which is adequate when transmission and reception are good. They carry basic repair equipment and a welding outfit, and repairs are done on the trails. Spare parts, when needed, are flown in.

On the heaviest hauls the trucks are used more than the tractors. For instance to Island Lake the freight is going all the way by truck, a distance of 390 miles. The trucks make it possible to move larger tonnages over the muskeg faster and cheaper, therefore making delivery of goods more certain during the short winter season.

The Sigfussons, five brothers and two sisters, are the children of the late Skuli Sigfusson who over the years farmed a short distance south of Lundar and was a member of the Manitoba legislature for St. George constituency for 25 years. Mr. Sigfusson died in 1969 at the age of 99 years.

Among the five brothers besides Sveinn, Tom and Skuli, are Arthur, the oldest who still operates the family

farm, and Sigurdur who has his own contracting firm, J. S. Sigfusson and Sons, engaged in highway construction.

The two sisters of the family are Mrs. Olaf McMahon, wife of Bjorn Halldorsson, a lawyer in Akureyri, Iceland, and Mrs. Oluf McMahon of Brandon, Man. with whom Gudrun, the mother of the family lives.

Sveinn, now 57, was an athlete of recognized ability in his younger days and as a discus and hammer thrower represented Canada at the British Empire Games in New Zealand and Australia in 1950, and at Vancouver, B. C. in 1954. He is the holder of nine gold medals. The airplane pilots in the family are Tom and Sveinn and Sveinn's son Skuli.

In January a half-hour documentary of the Sigfusson operation was filmed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for the This Land of Ours series and will be shown on the CBC national network March 22, at 5 p.m.

Tom and Skuli at Winnipeg headquarters are officers of the company and co-ordinate scheduling, maintenance and purchasing. Sveinn, seldom in the office, calls himself "the bush man of the operation" and is president.

Sigfusson Transportation Company bought out Selkirk Air Services in 1969. This airline operates with 11 aircraft and provides charter services to northern regions.

— T.O.S.T.

Kelly Sveinson—THE MOTIVATOR

by Bob McDill



Kelly Sveinson

He does not want to be known as a faith healer who deals in wonders and miracles. But he has a firm belief in bulldog tenacity and a never-say-die type of attitude. He feels that everybody has vast, untapped potential—and he is so convincing that you want to kick yourself for your failure to form this sort of outlook on your own.

Two of Mr. Sveinson's best-known motivation jobs involved junior hockey teams locked in playoff competition—the St. James Canadians in 1967-68 and the Dauphin Kings in 1968-69.

Both teams were eventually eliminated without reaching the Canadian championship, but they advanced a lot further than expected with Mr. Sveinson's help.

Kelly Sveinson, Winnipeg's irrefutable prophet of positive thinking believes strongly that the word "can't" should be removed from the dictionary.

Mr. Sveinson, a senior consultant with Kates, Peat, Marwick and Co., management consultants, is a motivation counsellor who specializes in persuading people to accomplish the seemingly impossible. He has achieved a certain amount of renown in the past few years through his successful efforts to motivate a variety of pupils, ranging from businessmen to hockey teams.

His motivation formula for hockey players works like this: He reminds them that every hockey player has, at one time or another, played a perfect game in which he could do no wrong, in which everything fitted into place. But instead of realizing they have the potential to play good hockey all the time, most players let up in the belief that the perfect game was just a fluke that will never happen again. The trick is to convince them that they were not playing over their heads so that they will skate out to duplicate their once-in-a-lifetime performance.

Mr. Sveinson was able to get his message across to St. James Canadians. Before he came on the scene, the team was performing rather poorly, having won only 14 of 37 games. But after a liberal dose of the Sveinson philosophy, the Canadians responded and proceeded to capture the next 12 out of 15 games. Many of these wins were at the expense of teams that had earlier shellacked the St. James squad.

Well, yes you say, that is all very fine, but how did Kelly Sveinson acquire all this wonderful knowledge about persuasion. In 1962 Kelly, who has been in sales as long as he can remember, opened a sales training school in Winnipeg. The idea of the venture was to furnish men, with ideas on how to sell, what methods work and what methods do not. This was not such a bad idea and many before him had done the same thing.

However a few students confided to him that while they were getting well grounded in the arts and techniques of how to make a sale, they felt that they lacked a certain something. This certain something usually came under the heading of confidence or belief in one's ability to sell. Kelly straightaway felt that there was room here for motivation courses and he set about his task.

He had always maintained a more than passing interest in psychology, so positive thinking and motivation were not complete strangers to him. In fact, over the last ten years, he has read more than 300 books dealing with these two subjects. And as far as suc-

cessful practical application is concerned, his record speaks for itself.

Straight Forward

Even when presented with concrete examples of Mr. Sveinson's handiwork, many people are still wary about the whole idea of positive thinking and motivation. They tend to regard it as drivel or some sort of promotional come-on. But when one gets down the nitty-gritty on positive thinking, it appears to be all very straightforward and not mystic or incomprehensible.

In Kelly Sveinson's case, he offers a seminar course to businessmen to reacquaint them with thinking positively. He says all successful men think positively. No obstacle was too great for them to overcome and consequently they made it.

On the other hand, the man with a failure complex and a negative approach to life usually wilts and throws in the towel at the first indication of impending difficulty. Then, if anybody asks him how his business went awash he will agonize long and hard about how the Government forced him out or how he was unable to secure a loan or whatever his particular nemesis happened to be.

When the whole mystery of positive thinking is boiled down to its purest form, it becomes a matter of instilling the correct portion of confidence into the particular ego that you are trying to build up. As Mr. Sveinson says, many people do not believe in themselves and when confronted with a

tough question such as can you play the piano they will usually turn a bright hue and answer "no". Even if they have never attempted to learn to play the piano they still answer no, never suspecting for a minute that they might possess all the locked up powers of a budding Beethoven.

For all you doubting Thomases who are still not convinced about the wonders Mr. Sveinson can work. I decided to do a little checking on the side. Being a cynic at heart, I contacted a few businessmen who have taken the course to garner their opinions on its relative merits and effectiveness. Mr. Sveinson does present some pretty sound theories that are hard to contradict, but then so did the designers of the Titanic.

The first pupil, Dick Bolte, President of Controlled Foods International Ltd. said the course is absolutely outstanding. He feels that it has helped his outlook, sharpened his attitudes and he is quite enthusiastic about its virtues. He admitted he was a little reserved about it at first, as far as its value was concerned, but he came away quite confident that it is well worth the fee.

Another executive, Bob Garver, President of Willson Stationers, had taken the course, along with some of his management and thought that it was very worthwhile. He would recommend it to any businessman. He said he has taken similar courses before and pretty well knew what to expect. He observed that the course gives you an opportunity to take stock of yourself—and whatever you get out of it depends on what you put into it. . .

Cal Skagfield, President of Pizza Place, said he went to the course with an open mind, he tried not to judge it with any pre-conceived ideas. He felt that it helped him with his personal life and that it gave him the opportunity to assess himself as a parent.

When asked whether he would recommend it, he said he would with qualifications. The person taking it must be willing to learn and be honest with himself, recognizing that what he gets out of it is entirely dependent on what effort is put into it.

So possessed with unshakeable confidence and a will to succeed, you too, can be successful in whatever field you happen to choose.

—Manitoba Business Journal

ICELANDIC CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A scholarship fund for British Columbia children of Icelandic descent has grown to more than \$4,000 plus pledges of further donations totalling \$1,000, according to an announcement in January. The foundation received more than \$3,000 in donations from 180 members of B.C.'s Icelandic community.

The sum has been collected by 40 volunteer canvassers in December during the initial campaign and added to a club donation of \$1,000 made earlier. The canvassers were drawn from the ranks of the club's more than 300 members. About 800 known members

of the Icelandic community in British Columbia were approached for donations.

The capital fund of the government supervised foundation has been placed in an approved 6½ per cent interest earning bank account. When the sum reaches the required \$5,000 it is planned to transfer it to an 8½ per cent account. Interest from the capital fund will be used to continue the awarding of scholarships to chosen applicants from the Icelandic Canadian community. Efforts will be made to encourage additional donations to increase the capital sum to \$10,000.

1. MANITOBA

VERNA SOLMUNDSON

MAN-I- TO - BA - MAN-I- TO - BA

VERSE:

TO - BA. 1. WHERE THE CROCUSES BLOOM WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM
 2. WHERE THE GOLDEN BOY GLEAMS WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM

2.

MANITOBA

TO - BA IS MAN-I TO BA IS
 TO - BA IS MAN-I TO BA IS

1st ENDING

1. TO - BA

"MANITOBA

Where the crocuses bloom —
 Where there's plenty of room
 For those who want to work and play
 In all the seasons, we can say
 The place — is Manitoba.

Where — the golden boy gleams
 Proudly lighting the scenes —
 Of rolling fields and lakes and trees,
 The place — is Manitoba.

We're proud to be one hundred,
 Now for a century
 We've been a part of Canada
 The nation of the free.
 We're proud of Manitoba
 The gateway to the west,
 We're proud of those who came before
 And found this place the best!

Where — the buffalo roamed,
 Now, you'll find him enthroned,
 Upon our emblem, strong and free,
 A symbol of our history,
 The place — is Manitoba —

PROFESSOR FRANK THOROLFSON

by Mattie Halldorson



Frank Thorolfson

Frank Thorolfson has done a great deal in the music field for a number of years and is still very active. While he was in Winnipeg, Manitoba, he conducted church choirs (The First Lutheran Church Choir, for one), light opera companies, and The University of Manitoba Symphony Orchestra, and founded the Winnipeg Chamber Orchestra and Choir, which gave many memorable performances.

After service overseas in World War II he went to Chicago for further study and was twice a Ditson Scholar in Musicology, as well as winning many other awards. His Master of Music degree was awarded **Cum Laude**.

He was appointed Dean of the Metropolitan School of Music and on the merger with the Chicago Musical College he became director of Adult Education at the College, in addition to lecturing on History, Aesthetics, and Musical Criticism. He was active as an accompanist and vocal coach, as well as conducting opera-workshops, the Chicago Bach Chorus, and founding and conducting the Chicago Celerium Musicum (brass, woodwind and vocal ensembles, with the repertoire drawn from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries inclusive). He was also critic and editorial assistant for the national magazine, **Music News**.

Professor Thorolfson has done intensive research into Eighteenth-century opera, and is preparing new editions of *Le Devin du Village*—an opera by Jean Jaques Rousseau; and the *Symphonie Sacrae* by Heinrich Schutz.

He was appointed conductor of the Regina Ladies Choir and was for five years organist and choirmaster of Knox-Metropolitan United Church. In 1955 he was commissioned by the Saskatchewan Government to compose an opera for the Province's Golden celebrations. This and other compositions of his have been performed by the Regina Symphony Orchestra over the CBC network.

Professor Thorolfson was on the faculty of the Conservatory of Music, Regina and conducted the Conservatory Chorus. He is much in demand across Canada as an adjudicator, examiner and lecturer.

In July 1959 he was appointed Director of Music at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario. Since then he has had a Piano Suite of his performed over the CBC Radio network and a Fanfare for Brass over the CGC-TV network. Early in 1961 he was elected to the Board of Governors of Hamilton Conservatory of Music and in 1962 to the Board of Directors of the Hamilton Philharmonic Orchestra. He also gave a very successful series of sixty Television Lectures in 1962, for McMaster University over CHCH-TV. In 1965 a formal department of Music, offering a Bachelor of Music degree (Honours) was organized and Professor Thorolfson was its first chairman. In 1968 he gave a series of six lectures on **Shunpiking in Music** at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario; prepared, in conjunction with Prof. J. R.

C. Perkin of McMaster Divinity College, a series of radio lecture-recitals on 20th century hymns; and was admitted as a Fellow of the Royal Hamilton College of Music in recognition of his services to music.

In the fall of 1969 he gave a series of six lectures on 20th century music at Galt, Ontario. He conducted the McMaster University Choir in the performance of Mozart's Requiem in Winnipeg, Manitoba, a year ago and two more performances were given of it in Hamilton two weeks later. He will be taking the McMaster University Choir on a tour of Ontario at the end of February, 1970.

Professor Thorolfson expressed the wish that he would have been pleased to have the choir in Winnipeg, as part of the centennial celebrations in his home province.

ANCIENT VIKINGS' SHIPS PRESERVED

Oslo—Today's headlines may shout of new astronomical adventures to other planets, but visitors to Norway still find fascination in the Viking' sea exploits of 1,000 years ago. Viking "hardware" was far less sophisticated than today's spacecraft but remarkably ingenious for its time, as a visit to Oslo's Viking museum shows.

According to Scandinavian Airlines' tour department the star attractions here are the Gokstad and Oseberg longship named for the places on the Oslo-fjord where they were unearthed from ancient royal burial mounds in 1880 and 1904 respectively. The graceful Gokstad is the older ship, built about 1,200 years ago and designed for deep-sea voyages with 32 oarsmen. When Leif Erikson discovered America 500

years before Columbus he sailed in such a vessel. The Oseberg longship was built in the early 9th century for coastal journeys in the fjords. Both were preserved through the centuries by the blue clay and peat that covered them, and their discovery included jewelry, clothing, weapons and tools of a king and queen, revealing the high artistic skill of the Vikings.

The longship was the greatest invention of the Vikings and was the most seaworthy and swiftest vessel of its era. Its shallow draft and unique design enabled it to land on virtually any beach, move up rivers far inland and sail across oceans, and it became the key to everything associated with the word Viking.

—The Tribune

NEIL ARMSTRONG — VIA ICELAND TO THE MOON

It was a comparatively small step for Neil Armstrong to put his foot on the moon, after all the big steps he and thousands of other people had taken to get the first American astronauts to the surface of another planet. Yet strangely enough, some of these steps were taken in Iceland — and though they did not involve any technical break-through, they were quite important. Neil Armstrong came to Iceland with a group of colleagues to prepare for the moon landings for the simple reason that parts of the interior of Iceland were believed to resemble the surface of our lunar neighbor more than any other part of the Earth. Scientists had come to the conclusion that Iceland was nearest to the real thing—out there in space.

Every grain of the eighty pounds of lunar rock brought back to Earth by Apollo 11 last July is costly—probably the most expensive grain in our world when we consider the vast expense that went into obtaining it. So it was very important that the first men on the moon made the right selection and quickly differentiated between the various types of material they might encounter on their landing site. And they also needed to have sufficient knowledge of geology to enable them to describe what they saw and to analyze certain phenomena when they returned home, so that it would be of value to the scientists. An important feature of this preparation consisted of the visit of two teams of astronauts to Iceland and the exploration of the lunar landscape of the country.

How to Pick the Samples

When Neil Armstrong came to Iceland in 1967 he had already made one Gemini flight, being the only one of his group who had been in outer space. William Anders (Apollo 8) was here too — on a reconnaissance mission in Iceland for the second time, for he was one of eleven astronauts who came here in July 1965. Names and faces that nobody recognized then have now become household words all over the world: Alan Bean, Eugene Cernan, Walter Cunningham, Donn Eisele, Russell Schweickart, David Scott — just to mention a few.

On both occasions their destination was the Askja volcano in the northern part of the central highlands of Iceland. After first flying north, the final part of the trip was made in mountain trucks through areas that offer a wide variety of scenery, despite the lack of vegetation and habitation. What is so special about this volcanic region is that it is more or less untouched, age-old lava ven being still completely bare. In warmer countries lava becomes quickly overgrown with vegetation and takes on an appearance that is not sufficiently moon-like. The future astronauts enjoyed the guidance of Icelandic geologists, as well as American geologists from NASA. One of the latter, Ted Foss, said on his arrival with the first group: "We have been training the boys in geology and geophysics. We think that the Icelandic basalt lava is more like that to be expected on the surface of the moon than

anywhere else on Earth, and the future spacemen are to get first-hand experience of these formations, train here, describe what they have seen and bring back samples. They must learn to make the correct distinction between what is really of importance and what is only secondary."

Geological Phenomena

After they arrived in the Askja area, the students were split up into teams. They had not had any previous briefing, they just "dropped out of the sky", but each of them was given some aerial photographs, notebooks and recording apparatus to describe what he saw, as well as an axe. They were sent on their way, each with the task of reporting, individually on how and when specific areas of lava had been formed, what materials were to be found in various rocks of different age, where they had originated, and so on. In the evening they met together, and each man gave his oral report, while the geologists then produced their comments. Afterwards there were discussions and talks before they retired to their tents in the luminous glow of the midnight sun.

"It was a rewarding trip. Askja and the surrounding terrain are quite unique from the geological point of view, the most remarkable place we have ever seen", said Schweickart on leaving Iceland. And Cunningham added: "Iceland is a wonderfully beautiful country, especially geologically speaking. It is also very noticeable how strong and healthy-looking the Icelanders are". Cernan had his comments, too: "The trip was extremely interesting and enjoyable. I don't think you can find so many geological phenomena in one place anywhere else. Here I saw the most remote and deserted spot I have ever encountered, but in Iceland I also saw some of the most beautiful scenery ever".

Anders was the Lucky one

While the future astronauts accepted the offer of Icelandic Airlines to have a jaunt on the backs of the attractive Icelandic ponies and to go gliding (some of them for the first time in their lives), William Anders went off by himself to try his hand at salmon fishing in the Eilidaár river on the outskirts of Reykjavík. This was not the first time he had been angling in Iceland, for he had been stationed here some years earlier in the U.S. Defence Force for a whole year. This time he was not so lucky, for he hooked one that was a bit too big and broke his line.

When Anders returned to Iceland in 1967 with Neil Armstrong and his friends, he was more fortunate. On that occasion they flew from Reykjavik to Akureyri in the north from where they went by road on to Lake Myvatn, noted for its scenic beauty and bird life. Anders, Armstrong and three other future astronauts leapt out of their car on the way when they saw a good salmon river. Reporters, who were following the group in their own vehicle, were called up by radio telephone and asked to collect the anglers that evening. Anders had caught a few fish, the others none, but the latter were nevertheless in good spirits as they sat and chatted with the reporters in the jeep.

In the Sleeping Bags

After spending the night at the Hotel Reynihlid at Myvatn off they went south into the uninhabited interior, part of the time on no roads at all. More than once the astronauts had to get out and heave the trucks over the worst obstacles before they reached Askja late in the day. The journalists later said that Armstrong was not very talkative, being rather

quiet and unassuming, yet amusing and sharpwitted when he could be persuaded to join in the conversation. "It was not very easy to approach him, unlike the others in the group", said one of the reporters, "but it was obvious he was the life and soul of the party when he was with his pals". When they had set up their tents, they had a picnic meal in the open, then someone kicked up a football and all of them were in a game in the lavafields in broad daylight just before midnight. When most of the party climbed into their tents inside the tent, Armstrong and Anders would have none of this in such fine weather with no darkness, so they took their bags outside where they no doubt slept better than the rest of the party.

.....

The training was similar to that on the previous occasion, supervised by both Icelandic and American geologists, when A. Bean and his team had been in the same area. They were lucky with the weather, for the air was clear and the views magnificent, and it was obvious that the boys really enjoyed getting to grips with their task. This was certainly the nearest they got to the moon in a natural, non-artificial landscape on Earth. None of them knew then who would be chosen for the first lunar trip. One of the Icelandic journalists, pointing to the moon, asked Armstrong: "You really want to

go?" Armstrong nodded and gave a broad smile: "All of us want to get there first." Then he continued to observe the lava, taking up a piece now and again, scrutinizing it with scientific care.

"Their observations were remarkably accurate, especially when you bear in mind that they had never seen or come into contact with a place like this before. It is doubtful if anyone

would have reached a better conclusion if contemporary sources had not been available concerning eruptions in Askja in earlier centuries" said one of the Icelandic geologists

forwards. Two years later, when Armstrong was on his way to the moon, the same geologist said in an interview: "None of us who saw the astronauts at work and how they ac-

complished their mission in the lunar landscape of Iceland is surprised that the choice should have fallen on Armstrong as leader. Wherever he may go, his country has every reason to be proud of him".

Icelandic Airlines flew all the NASA people to and from Iceland, and—as mentioned above — these welcome visitors were invited by them to gliding trips and pony-riding before they left for home, no doubt with the idea of showing them something that they would not find on the moon.

— H. J. Hamar

Atlantica & Iceland Review



LETTER FROM EMILY

Vancouver, B. C.

October 16, 1970

Dear

Hi

very excited—pacing the floor at the Empress—waiting for Neil.

Well, V.J. Day came at last. Since then, time has flown fast and it seems as if every moment has been taken up with excitement—mostly due to Hong Kong. I know the day we arrived back from Cariboo, I rushed down to Red Cross Headquarters to send a message to Neil. Thereafter, for a couple of weeks or so, small groups of P.O.W.'s started passing through here from San Francisco. They were boys who had been flown from Japan. Some of them looked as if they'd been through plenty of hell. We managed to speak to a few of them but none of them had seen Neil since 1942.

Then word came through that Neil had left Hong Kong and we were sent special airmail forms. We could actually write anything we wanted to. Believe me, I squeezed a lot of news into small space—good and bad. Now that I've seen the boys, am I ever glad I wrote the way I did to Neil. People here had been telling me I must not give them any bad news and I was telling him good and bad—so it worried me a bit.

Next I had a letter from Neil—dated Shimshiupo, Sept. 6. "Hello and

Cheers to all. Keep a weather eye on the Pacific Ocean for a big ship carrying Canadian Liberated P.O.W.'s. For Heaven's sakes have a big bottle of strong spirits with you when you meet me because that darn ship is going to be a dry one, etc. My medico says I'm "Al." Boy, was that a day! Then we heard he'd left Manila Sept. 20 and would dock in San Francisco—when we didn't know. Then I rec'd another letter written on board the second ship—American—telling me he expected to land in Vancouver Oct. 14th and to give the Americans for their wonderful treatment, etc., etc. By this time it was getting on to October and we were really getting worked up. Letters flying back and forth to Wpg.—Red Cross etc., etc.

Since the first of October we have really been kept at a pitch.

First we hear he is on the S.S. Gander. A couple of days later we see by papers where the Admiral Rodman has landed in San Francisco. That ship carried Geo. Trist and he left Manila Sept. 18. Neil left Sept. 20. There's a mix up. The Gander turns out to be the S.S. Gosper. Tales go flying. The ship will land in Frisco — no — it'll land in Seattle — no, Victoria. Jesus winn! Everythings nuts! ! In the meantime I write Clara. Give her the low-down — so that she can meet him in Seattle.

The Rodman leaves Frisco and lands in Victoria Oct. 5th. Gordon Head, Victoria, being the headquarters now chosen to outfit and pay the men. "Little Mountain" here in Vancouver was pretty well crowded with boys coming back from Europe and the few

Grenadiers and R. Rifles who had already come through.

I'm beginning to find it damn difficult to relax after working hours now. In fact, I'm in one awful stew. I must meet Neil with his precious "spirits." Still no word of the Gosper. Oh yes, we heard a wild rumor on the 2nd that he would land in Victoria on the 7th. So I phone the Empress for reservations — no can do. I get frantic "My brother's coming from Hong Kong, I must have a room." "Very well, madame, we can let you have one but without a bath." "Phooie on the Bath! We'll be there Sunday morning." That's Thanksgiving weekend — everything's booked. Then I call Pier C. No staterooms available Sat. night. I say "Hong Kong" — the Gal says — "go ahead, make your plans, I'll find one for you somehow."

Then I phoned Svava. Tell her to order a turkey at my expense. Big shot me! I cash a \$100.00 Victory Bond — what better cause?

We all scrounge around among our friends for permits — collect several bottles — All's well — Off we go.

Just before we land Sunday a.m., I asked the steward if he knew when the "Rodman" boys were leaving for Vancouver. "They're taking this boat back at 11 a.m." I had wired Geo. Trist (Colonel) Friday night telling him we'd be at the Empress. We thought we'd just be away the long weekend. Margaret had Tues. off too. Oh yes — The Red Cross called me on Saturday saying the Gosper would land in Victoria "Tuesday."

Well, we took our bags to the Empress. Our names — we found — were not even on the booking list but we're told we can have a room—3 beds and bath at 11 a.m. Svava came down with her three youngsttrs and we go back to the pier. The busses are unloading Britishers. We see the odd Canadian

around. You should see their uniforms, Henry—Ribbons and stuff. Special HK in red on the sleeves, etc. etc. After finding out from a M.P. that the Canadian Wpg men are marching from the Crystal Gardens—a couple of blocks, I spy a Grenadier Capt. so went up and asked him whether Col. Trist would be in this bunch . . . Yes. . . "Would you have known Capt Bardal" . . . "I say, are you his sister. I promised Neil I'd look up his sisters in Vancouver." It was Padre Uriah Laite, a Vanc. man. He spoke so well of Neil. Said his guitar was famous—he had even taught lessons to the boys . . . "Yes, he was fine." He picked up young Diane—who's six years old, and hugged her . . . "ah, this is what we missed most of all."

After a while we heard the band coming up the street and finally I spied George leading his boys. I called out to him as he passed by. He grabbed my hand and then kept on going on board ship. We thought that was all we'd see of him but in a few minutes he came back and one of the big shots on hand gave us permission to walk up the ramp with him. The girls didn't know Geo. as well as I did so couldn't see the change I saw in him. He was thin . . . that wasn't anything. His eyes to me, looked faded, his face drawn. He lost his glasses in 41 and had plenty trouble with his eyes. His feet bothered him, etc. Anyway, he also said "Neil's fine." We had a bottle for him too and finally had to say good-bye. Going back to the depot we met Jack Bailey, still cheerful. I was able to give him Russ Simpson's message. Then we met Dr. Jack Crawford. Saw a big change in him. He used to stand 6'5". Now very stooped. Our impression was that his wind was affected. (After Neil's story—which is not flattering, it certainly could be.)

The ship finally left—and there we were all worked up emotionally—(no tears, by God).

Well, we get to our room and figure a drink won't do us any harm. Then we remember Capt. Oli Bjornson. He's somewhere in town so we get on the wires. Oli comes up and tells us Neil is definitely coming Tuesday. Landing in San Francisco — train to Seattle and C.P.R. boat to Victoria. So we put in a call for Clara. By now its after midnight. We get poor Clara out of bed and tell her the latest. "Contact British Legation." I can imagine the fuss we caused for her.

On Monday evening we heard the Gosper was coming in at 2 p.m. Tuesday. Oli says he's pulled strings without success—no civilians allowed on the Navy docks. Padre Laite had mentioned a pal of his in the Navy— Padre Gillard (the cussing parson) so we phone him frantically. "I'll try my best to get you through. Meet me at the Naden Navy gates at 1 p.m."

Well, on Tuesday, Svava comes up and the four of us start off in her "Austin" for Esquimalt. Are we excited!!! We get to the Naden gates—see no padre—we're ten minutes early. All a bit nervous wondering whether the padre will get us through.

In a few minutes he comes along and we hop into his car. "I won't promise you I can get you through, but I'll try my best. Remember you're mv sisters." Away we go. He drives through the gates. —ah — the guard salutes him. We keep going slowly and by gosh everyone salutes him. No questions asked. We get down on the docks. He parks the car. We all take a deep breath of relief and he says "This collar hides a multitude of sins." There were very few on the docks. We, being early, so we sit and chat. Certainly find out why he's called "the cussing Padre." Every other word is damn

and he even calls the Japs "bastards". He's most likely one of the few popular Padres—a man among men—for after hearing Neil's story about the padres in battle, the average one is not so popular.

After awhile we see the Red Cross gals coming up. Then the busses, then his Lordship Lieut. Gov.. Woodward and the big shots. We get out of the car and walk up the dock. Svava looks pretty well worked up and she says I look the same. So—o.k.—no tears! ! Neil has just been to Chicago for a couple of weeks. This is a very ordinary affair. Yes, oh yes. All of a sudden, whistles start to blow, sirens, noise all over the place—and we see a huge battleship nosing in very slowly. Some one says, "Oh God". I yell "Chicago" —then we laugh.

I'll never forget that sight. Only a few people on the dock. The bands (2) standing ready at attention. Red Cross girls filling baskets with fruit! Empty busses driving up! Whistles blowing! Little police boats all around. Pilot boats, etc., etc., and that huge ship coming in slowly and so quietly. Oli Bjornson comes up: "Boy, am I glad to see you girls get through. I'll try and get Neil through the ropes as quickly as possible so that you can have him with you."

Oh Lord! —Hey! Chicago! ! —Ha.—ha—ha. What a turmoil of feelings. Soon the ship is coming up beside the dock—then we see hundreds of faces stand there and look at us. I'll never forget that scene.

Finally, she's right against the dock and being anchored. Those sea of faces are way up above us—faces looking out from every porthole underneath. We peer up, looking for Neil—walk from one end of the ship to the other looking hard. All we see is faces staring back at us. The odd one grins. No waving. No word spoken.

Finally after what seemed hours, the huge ramps or whatever you call them are put up—one about the middle and one at the fore. The Canadians are to come down the middle. The British for E First come the stretcher cases—clapping hands from both docks and boys way up there on the decks. Then the invalids come down. They look so thin—have huge knapsacks or whatever you call them—which the sailors on the docks take over. Some on crutches—one arm—etc. Now, we're really poking each other and saying "Chicago! !"

The British nurses come down next—among cheers. People are beginning to loosen up that tension. Now the officers. We figure Neil will be one of the first, as they're coming alphabetically. Oh Boy! ! Just then, I feel a tap on my shoulder—It's the Padre "Can you take it my dear? This is Not the Gosper. I just found out its the Admiral Hughes—due this morning."

Have you reacted too? It's like a balloon deflating. We were sick. Well, we staved till the end—asking various people about the Gosper—getting many different answers. "he'll be in at 1 p.m. as soon as this one leaves for Seattle." "No,—not till the 14th." One man Capt. Siverts (Icel.) of the Army Public Relations said "I could have told you this was not the Gosper—She's stuck in Honolulu and wont be in for some time."

Well, anyway, this was a beautiful sight and we decided to stay. All those faces up above were Americans headed for Seattle. Do you know there were men there who had been prisoners since 1931—in Manchuria?

A few of the Americans came off the ship and we talked to them. Such kids, most of them.

After the Canadians and British were all gone—(they rushed them right into busses and off to Gordon Head)—

we watched the Americans who were gradually coming to life. They were throwing down Japanese money and cigarettes etc.—everyone scrambling for them. There were a few Wrens on the dock and the boys had a great time calling down to them, especially one blonde.

The bands were taking turns playing—mostly army stuff. Someone yelled "Give us Rum and Coca Cola" The nearest they got was Beer Barrel Polka. Then one chap called "How about some Sentimental music." After one number the whole crowd roared so from then on it was "sentimental."

About 5 p.m. they started away again. This time they waved and cheered. Poor kids—getting closer to home—really beginning to realize it.

Well, we left. All of us feeling very let-down over Neil but very happy over the wonderful sight we had seen. Our pockets full of cigarettes and Jap money that the boys had thrown to us.

This past couple of weeks of mixed emotions had certainly left us all exhausted. I'm still very tired.

That night I called Capt. Siverts. "Any more news of the Gosper?" "Yes, she comes Thursday at 9 p.m. . . . That's authentic." Oli calls later and says "Thursday, 9 p.m." O.K.! We sleep in next a.m. Spend the day writing letters and pacing the floor — especially I. I walked miles and miles.

We're all here under such a tension. our nerves are getting bad. However, now get "authentic" news, so we begin to relax.

Thursday, we say to ourselves. "Thank God we saw the Admiral Hughes come in". We're over that feeling and we'll be able to greet Neil normally. Oh yeah?

Thursday, 5 p.m. Marg goes out for the paper. We're glancing through it about 5:15 when we see on about the

6th page "Gosper due in 6 p.m." — Whoops ! ! I try to get Oli and the padre— no luck. I call the newspaper. Latest report "Gosper held up in straits, won't be in till 2 a.m." The padre calls—had just seen the paper so I give him the 2 a.m. report and tell him we're not going to bother him at that time of morning. At 7:30 p.m. Oli calls "Ships due 2 a.m. but not disembarking until 8 a.m."

At about 7:45 Oli calls "Jump in your car—the Gosper will be in—in a few minutes"—due 8:30 p.m. Here we go again. We contact Padre Gillard. Svava's on her way over — — we were the first on the dock. After sitting there a few minutes Alla says "Emily, did Oli say a.m. or p.m.?" Svava says "I'll knock your block off if this is a false alarm." Gee, by this time, I can't remember what Oli did say. The Padre pats my hand and says, "We came down here pretty fast girls. Just wait awhile." Marg says nothing.

Then along come busses, Red Cross etc. After awhile the whistles start to blow—our reaction is pretty much the same. Neil's story is—they were coming in and one of the boys said, "Victoria' a dead town. There won't be any reception." and they were standing around quiet-like—when they heard the whistles start blowing. It was such a surprise to them, they got all excited. Can't you see them? Neil wasn't expecting any sisters to be there though.

Just as she was docking (a much smaller ship—we couldn't see much in the dark—then the floodlights went on)—the public had heard the news over the radio and they came down in hordes—crashing the Naden gates—knocking over the guards. Next thing we knew we were being pushed all over the place. The gang plank was put up and we were trying to get close to it. Such a time. Oli saw us and pulled us over into a better spot, and a cop

came and gave me a push in the chest. Svava started to cry. By this time the crowd around us realized we had a relative coming in—some kind-hearted officer put us in a spot half way between the ramp and plank. The busses—the stretcher cases come down—Oli comes over. "One of you can go on the bus with him to Gordon Head." Alla says, "Emily, your going." We're looking and looking. Finally Alla says—There he is ! ! No ! ! Then I saw him. "Neil—Neil" and waved frantically. Dear God—I'll never forget that. There he was—thin— in his old great coat. When he heard my voice his eyes went all over the place. Oli grabbed him . . . the girls kissed him quickly and I grabbed his arm and went on the bus with him.

When we got seated, I held him in my arms — kissing him for Mother. Sigga — Neil, and I guess I was blabbing away, thanking God and stroking his thin face. He seemed too dazed to talk for a few minutes. Then all of a sudden I came to and heard a laugh across the aisle. There's a young lad (34) grinning from ear to ear — all by himself—and Neil says "Oh Hugh—for God's sakes! Emily, this is Hugh Mackechnie, my pal." Well, some of the boys have wives—everyone's kissing—so I throw my arms around Hugh and welcome him home the best I can. Somebody hands Neil a wire from Sigga and I don't remember but I guess we talked fairly fast—at least I did. Neil just sat there chuckling.

When we got to the gates at Gordon head, the women were put off and the boys went on. We walked up to the officers mess, sat around there waiting—comparing notes—all of us having been through plenty of excitement.

In a few minutes a lad in a brand new uniform with the Hong Kong badge—(he came in on the Admiral Hughes) comes and asks us who we're

waiting for—Mrs. B. says “Capt. Billings”. I say “Capt. Bardal and Lieut. Mackechnie”. He goes the rounds. There are six of us. Then he says “Let me see, Bill, Neil, Hugh, Jack, Bob, Dick, Art—O.K. ladies”. Away he goes. First in are Neil and Hugh. I told Neil I had heard they couldn’t stand “strong spirits” so I just brought a mickey with me slightly watered. Well, we see a dark room in the rear. So in we sneak—and they each have one. “Ah, great stuff” says Neil. Hugh just chuckles. We find seats and sit. They’re being given mail—so each starts to read his letters. First thing I know Neil has thrust a page at me (no word spoken). Then Hugh pushes one at me (no word spoken) they’re busy reading . . . I sit there with a page in each hand—wondering if they really want me to read their personal stuff. Finally, Hugh hands me a second page, then Neil. “Say what do you want me to do—read this?” “Sure, sure. we all read each others mail.” In a few minutes, in come some more lads. Pookey Parks, Alex Prendergast (remember the P. on McDermott next door to us, Clara?) and several others. Neil says “Hey boys. This is Emily.” What a greeting. “So you’re Emilv. Hi Emily. We all know you Emily.” According to them I was the only one who wrote them any news. Gosh, was I happy!!! So — we all sneak into the dark room and they finish the mickey. Neil says “We knew you wouldn’t let us down, Emily, my dear.” Very proud brother—very proud sister—but I wasn’t telling them that liquor was watered. They thought it pretty good stuff.

By the time the girls arrived Neil and Hugh were getting anxious to get away. I suggested they wait till Oli came to get through the red tape. After all we didn’t know what the excitement might do to them. “To hell with all that. We’re free. I’m taking no

more orders.” Off we start, only to be stopped by the guards at the gate. Just then a general came driving in—Neil’s getting his mad up by now—so the M.P. says “There’s the man you want to see.” So Neil and Hugh run up to the car. After telling the General he had three sisters nurses to look after him, the old man said, “Okay, my boy—just be sure you’re here by 8:30 a.m.”

So away we go to the hotel. Hugh looked fairly well but Neil looked so thin and worn—lines in his face—his hair growing in patches—unruly—and that awful old coat which he had slept in for four years—which I guess helped to make him look so awful. He was one of the few who didn’t sell his coat for food—Hugh sold a gold filling and his coat and all.

When we got up to the room, the first thing to do is call Winnipeg. Finally Sigga comes through “Hello darling—Yes it’s your Neil. Sure it’s me. How are you my dear? I’m fine. You haven’t found a house—oh hell—get a suite at the Fort Garry. We’re going to live in style—Pause—Hello my son. How are you my dear boy. Yes, this is Daddy, etc., etc.” We sat around trying to keep our tears back. Hugh, impatient to call his mother sat there and chuckled. A few minutes later they connect Neil again “Hello Mamma — Signy? You old son of a gun — sure it’s me — How are you — call Mamma” A long pause of at least 10 minutes We thought Signy had passed out Finally he spoke to Mother, then Dad, “sure we’ll go duck shooting pabhi” etc. Then Hugh gets to his family. “Hello Mom — sure it’s me. Who in hell did you think it was. Sure I’m in Canada. I’m sure as hell not calling from Hong Kong. The closest I want to get to H.K. is the Chinese Laundry.” He kidded her for some time and then said, “Get the old boy, tell him to take the pipe out of his

mouth and come and talk to his prodigal son.”

We just sat there — amazed at their marvellous spirit. Then we talked — until Svava and Marg left, about 3 a.m.

I started drawing a bath, “Come on boys. You’ve got to have some rest.” So they each took a bath. You should have heard the gurgles and noise in there. Then they hopped into each of the twin beds and oh’d and ah’d over the comfortable mattresses — but they didn’t want to go to sleep. They said they were too comfortable. About 4 a.m. they condescended to try sleeping. So Alla and I crawled into Marg’s bed and out went the lights. We were just nicely dozing off when we heard a loud voice in the next room—talking on the phone. “Hey, that’s Jim calling home”, says Hugh. We finished up by talking all night — ordering breakfast at 7 a.m. and they left for barracks 7:30. Neil wasn’t going to be late.

The next evening at 6, Svava called for them at Gordon Head and brought them to her place where dinner was waiting. They both looked so much better in their new uniforms. (I’m so glad Mother and Sigga didn’t see Neil at first — for that picture will never be erased from our memory. Even though they had decent pants and underwear, that coat of Neils and that cap, like a hunters cap — added to his gaunt look).

The dinner was lovely. Table groaned with food — turkey, ham, sweet potatoes, etc., fruit, nuts, chocolates, pie. Lorne had the best Scotch he could buy. The kids were busy dividing their affection between the two boys. Hugh is not married but has a favorite niece Diane’s age — 6 years so he and Diane really went to town. They told many stories, some humorous, some ghastly. They learned to hate some of their own officers and

love others. They learned to laugh at death. When they had funerals they played swing music — so that the patients wouldn’t know what was going on.

I think the moment that got us most of all was after dinner. Each of the youngsters had played a piano solo. Neil was restless and walked around the room—finally he looked at the piano—stroked the keys and said “I think I’ll have a try at this.” He sat down and played very softly—in fact, I’ve never heard it played so beautifully—Home Sweet Home. I’ll never forget it. There we were each trying to keep under control—our eyes full of threatening tears — lumps in our throats—when he finished no one said a word and then Hugh let out a Ha, ha, ha! It certainly broke the tension—and I can now see how those boys bucked each other up.

Neil spent most of his time teaching some of the boys to play the guitar. He put on concerts for the Japs even transposing a piece for one Jap who whistled a tune for him. That’s how he would pay for food and cigarettes. One Jap sold his ring, watch and collar button for him at various times bringing back food and cigarettes.

Well, Sunday a.m. Neil phoned and said Oli Bjornson had pulled strings and he was coming on the boat with us at 1 p.m. When we met him down there he had a huge bass fiddle he had carted all the way from Hong Kong. Couldn’t check it. The guitar had gone thro’. So the fiddle came on the boat with us. The strings were **telephone wire**—best they could find. He said it was a present from Pope Pius. Apparently the Pope sent several thousand dollars to the Japanese to be spent on food for the P.O.W’s. The Japanese wouldn’t buy food — that would be admitting they weren’t feeding the P.O.W’s. right so they bought

musical instruments for them instead.

Tho' many of the boys were slapped and beaten, Neil never was and he doesn't hate the Japs as a whole. He feels sorry for the poorer classes and spoke well of one officer who was good to them. That story was funny . . .

This Jap "Honanda?" was decent to the boys. Hugh said he would be a gentleman in any man's country, and when they knew they were free—they had been taken to the Prince Robert—given drinks, cigars and gifts galore. They were driving through town in a truck—a bit high with drink and freedom—the Japs bowing and scraping—Neil spotted Honanda, grabbed him out of the crowd. The boys treated him and fussed over him. Then they turned to the Jap crowd and told them in no easy way (can't repeat all he said) that Honanda was the only decent Jap amongst them and if they had been decent to the P.O.W's. they certainly would be rewarded now as Honanda was. (I wonder if the Japs took it out on Honanda later?) Anyway, an official car drives up and wants to know what's going on and after explaining Neil introduces Honanda to these officials. His boys had all shaken hands with him—so Honanda puts his hand out to this officer—the officer starts to ignore the Jap's hand and Neil says to the officer "You Son of a B . . . shake hands with my friend", which he

finally did. Neil didn't know until later that the officer was a General something or other.

I could write pages and pages about the stories he told us—but it would mean dragging this on for days and days.

I hope you're all well—I'm fine too, but "pooped" as the saying goes. So good night.

Love to you all —

EMILY

P.S. They had a garden after '43—their own fertilizer. Japanese Spinach grew all year around. Also grew tomatoes. Had about one each a week. No medicines until '44, then a few Red Cross parcels came through.

They all had beri-beri — pellagra — "hot feet" itchy as the devil—malaria—as Neil said "No room for T.B., too many bugs".

The boys in coal mines in Japan came back minus teeth, etc. But Neil's camp Shamshuipo was more fortunate—though some were badly beaten.

Neil had malaria as late as last August — lost his hair — was almost blind.

Their marvelous spirit through all that—is amazing."

FOOTNOTES:—

1. Geoge Trist: Lt. Col., Officer Commanding the Winnipeg Grenadiers on their return from Hong Kong.
2. Grenadiers: Winnipeg Grenadiers.
3. R. Rifles: Royal Rifles of Canada.
4. i.e., "Steady; pretend that Neil has simply been to Chicago for a couple of weeks."
5. Emily: Sister of Neil Bardal.
6. Henry: Emily's cousin.

Out of a Canadian force of nearly 2,000, more than one-fourth ultimately died. Those who returned were in a pitiable state, physically, after 3½ years of incarceration in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. —Editor.

THE MIDWINTER CONCERTS

THE FRÓN CONCERT

The annual convention of The Icelandic National League held February 26, 27 and 28, 1970, was launched by a concert sponsored by the Chapter Frón on Thursday evening, February 26th, in the parish hall of The First Lutheran Church. Mr. Skuli Johannsson was the chairman. In his opening remarks he outlined the work of Frón during the past year. The chapter was formed May 23, 1919, and has enjoyed considerable success in its fifty years. In the early years Reverend Adam Thorgrimson suggested that Frón should have a meeting place of its own. This dream has now been realized in that they have acquired a home at 652 Home Street in the city of Winnipeg.

They maintain a very good lending library, which was made possible by many generous donations of books and in a monetary way. Frón is indebted to Mrs. Hrund Skúlason, the chairman said, for her work in cataloging the books, which are now in good order. It is the hope of Frón that the various chapters of the Icelandic National League will exchange books. Anyone desiring to borrow books may do so at designated times of the week. One other plan for the chapter is that

they would like to teach Icelandic in this new home.

The Swedish Male Voice Choir, under the direction of Mr. O. J. Anderson sang four Icelandic songs: "Norðurlandalag", "Aldrei skal eg gleyma þér", "Stormur lægist", with Mr. L. Anderson as soloist, and "Eg vil elska mitt land". It was a delight to hear this ten voice choir sing with such fervor.

Dr. Richard Beck, a former president of the League, was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "Icelandic Pioneers and The Manitoba Centennial". He mentioned that he first attended the convention in 1922 and has been a regular attendant since that time. It is 95 years since the Icelanders landed in New Iceland, where they started a form of government, with their own constitution, with Sigtryggur Jonasson as the first governor. This portion of the early life of the settlement, as well the publishing of the paper "Framfari" has been written about in this magazine, in Judge Lindal's and Mr. W. Kristjanson's books, so it is not necessary to repeat it at this time.

Professor Beck gave tribute to the Honorable Philip Petursson, Minister of Cultural Affairs, who has been pres-

ident of The League for eleven years. When he became a member of the Manitoba Cabinet, he resigned.

Professor Beck concluded his address by extending felicitations to Manitoba on its Centennial and expressed the hope that when the settlement at Gimli and surrounding points reach the 100-year anniversary of landing in Canada that it will be suitably recognized.

Mrs. Evelyn Allen sang three songs by Páll Ísólsson, with Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson as accompanist: "Í dag skein sól", "Frá liðnum dögum" and "Vögguvísa". Mrs. Allen was a Rose

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB CONCERT

The Icelandic Canadian Club Concert of the Midwinter series was on Friday, February 27, at the Parish Hall of the First Lutheran Church.

The chairman, Professor Gissur Eliasson, president of the Icelandic Canadian Club, welcomed the audience, expressing appreciation of the good attendance, there being over 200 present.

The first item on the program was "Selected Songs" by the Jakobson family, of Neepawa, the "Singing Jakobsons", a group of eight—five sisters and three brothers—ranging in age from seven to perhaps seventeen. Their selections included Icelandic and English songs, such as "Stóð eg út í tungsljósi — Fairies in the Moonlight". Their performance was delightful and

Bowl winner at the Manitoba Men's Music Festival.

Helga Stefanson and Heiða Kristjansson, two young ladies who show great promise, played solos and a duet. Miss Lenore Borgford read two poems by Hallgrímur Pétursson. She has studied Icelandic for three years at the University of Manitoba with Professor Haraldur Bessason.

Mr. Skuli Johannson thanked all the artists for the enjoyable evening and made special mention of the great contribution Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson has made to Icelandic culture.

Mattie Halldorson

captivated the audience.

A "Reading" by Mrs. Lara B. Sigurdson, in Icelandic, was an original writing, a warm-hearted appreciation of poets in Manitoba, of Icelandic birth or descent.

A "Vocal Solo" by baritone Brian Bjorklund, accompanied by Miss Vivian Laurie, was the pleasing performance of a practised entertainer.

An "Address" by Heimir Thorgrimson was a series of glimpses of the history of the Icelandic community in Winnipeg, interspersed with many amusing, humorous sallies.

A "Violin Solo" by Sigmar Martin, of Brandon, accompanied by his sister, Miss Pauline Martin, was a masterly performance of classical selections.

Judge W. J. Lindal presented twelve

students' scholarships. Stressing the importance of the study of Icelandic, he said,

There are four reasons which justify me in repeating what I have so often said before:

Icelandic will never die or disappear in Canada or indeed anywhere where English is spoken.

1. Icelandic is a classic language and the only living classic language in the west. Latin, Greek and Hebrew are dead languages.
2. In origin English and Icelandic are so closely related that a study of "Old Norse" or "Old Icelandic" is a compulsory subject in almost every university course leading to a degree of Doctor of Philosophy in English.
3. The Icelandic people have a classic as well as a modern literature of a high standard.

Fourthly, and this is by far the most important element.

4. When one considers what that tiny nation, the people of Iceland have accomplished, the heritage they have preserved, the hardships they suffered during the centuries and still maintained a high level of culture.

And when one considers what the mere handful of people from Iceland, who migrated to Canada and the United States, have accomplished, the record they have establish-

ed, there is only one conclusion that can be drawn:

This small nation, you might say group of people have something of special value which makes itself felt at all cultural levels, and readily diffuses into the national streams, wherever they go.

It is more than the language, precious though it be; it is more than the literature, it is more than the quality of hardness and initiative forged through centuries of hardship. It is all that and more.

It cannot be said to be a special way of life because it diffuses so readily into the national streams in new environments.

It is an **approach to life**, and from that point of view the Icelandic people may be said to be unique.

I say to the students, all of them, it is not so much a question of how much or how little of the language you learn, it is rather how much of this unique approach to life you are absorbing in your studies.

As you go into your chosen work you have become an ambassador of this approach which we call Icelandic culture.

To perform this duty, the presentation of the scholarships, Judge Lindal came direct from his room at Deer Lodge Hospital, and in recognition of this and his performance, he received a standing ovation.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS — 1969-70

ICELANDIC GOOD TEMPLARS OF
WINNIPEG SCHOLARSHIP _____ \$200

Miss Julian Thorsteinson, Winnipeg

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION
SCHOLARSHIPS _____ \$100.00

Miss Lenore Borford, Arborg, Man.

Miss Shirley Johnson, Vogar, Man.

Miss Sigrid Johnson, Arborg, Man.

Mr. Ken Kristofferson, Gimli, Man.

Miss Elaine Sigurdson, Riverton, Man.

GEORGE MAGNUSSON ESTATE
SCHOLARSHIP _____ \$100.00

Miss Ingrid Farewell, Winnipeg, Man.

W. J. LINDAL SCHOLARSHIP _____ \$100

Miss Judy Eyjolfson, Riverton, Man.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB
SCHOLARSHIP _____ \$100.00

Miss Christine McMahon, Brandon

JON OLAFSSON SCHOLAR-
SHIP _____ \$100.00

Mr. Wayne Johnson, Vogar, Man.

MUNDI JOHNSON MEMORIAL
SCHOLARSHIP _____ \$100.00

Miss Gloria Thorsteinson, St. Vital

HAROLD OLSON SCHOLAR-
SHIP _____ \$100.00

Mr. Johann Sigurdson, Lundar, Man.

—W. Kristjanson

THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE CONCERT

The closing concert, or *Lokasamkoma*, of the National League, on February 28, was well-attended.

The proceedings, commencing with the introductory remarks by the chairman, Mr. Skuli Johannsson were in Icelandic.

The speaker of the evening was Dr. Guðrún P. Helgadóttir, Principal of a Women's Academy in Reykjavik; she was an invited guest at this year's National League Convention. Her address was on healing practices, including medicine and surgery, in Iceland, about 1200 A.D., with special reference to Hrólfur Sveinbjarnarson. The account of blood-letting would come as a surprise to no one, and salves for the healing of wounds are often mentioned in the sagas, but the account of



Dr. Guðrún P. Helgadóttir

operations for the removal of stone from the bladder (*steinskurður*, or lithocystotomy) would come as a revelation to most members of the audience.

Dr. Guðrún's scholarly address indicated close study of her subject matter. Crowning her work in this field, were her studies at Oxford University, where she received her degree.

Erla (nee Sæmundsson) Jonasson maintained her long-established high standard in reciting Icelandic poetry, not the least when it came to Guttormur J. Guttormsson's Ode to New Iceland (*Sveitin mín*), where she was in tune with the poet's exalted love and devotion to his home community.

Laura Lynn Dalman, a promising

young singer, was Riverton's contribution to the evening. She sang two Icelandic numbers, and a third, the words and music of which were the original composition of one of the members of the Arborg Choir, which appeared on the same program — Ode to Manitoba, by John Hornfjord.

A mixed choir of five women and three men from Arborg, trained by Mrs. Elma Gislason and accompanied by her, performed twice. Their performance of varied selections, including English and Icelandic numbers, pleased the audience. Their singing of the Icelandic national anthem, which brought the evening program to a close, was impressive.

—W. Kristjanson

A HISTORY OF HOME ECONOMICS EDUCATION IN MANITOBA

BY CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

It is unusual to encounter in book form a thesis written in pursuit of a university degree. But in a centennial year, any well researched and readable account of development and achievement has a place in the recollections of a people.

Johanna Gudrun (Skaptason) Wilson has written such a record of home economics education in Manitoba, "in partial fulfillment," says the flyleaf, "for the degree Master of Education." In this hundredth anniversary year of the province, the Manitoba Home Economics Association sponsored publication of the work as a centennial project, with proceeds going toward the association's bursary fund for a student of home economics at the University of Manitoba.

The story covers a wide range of historical data, going back to ancient times in the old world before it comes to the eighteen-twenties, when Bishop

Provencher opened the first school for girls in the area that is now Manitoba, and engaged as teachers two Montreal-educated daughters of a retired North West Company factor and an Indian woman.

The cover is attractively designed by Barbara Cook Endres, whose imaginative drawings enliven the text throughout. A map of eighteenth century Canada from Montreal to northwestern Manitoba, covering both end pages, was drawn for the book by Reverend A. Champagne of St. Boniface.

Mrs. Wilson is the daughter of the late Capt. Joseph B. Skaptason, who fought overseas in the First World War with the 108th Battalion, C.E.F., and the late Gudrun Johanna Skaptason, who took a leading part in organizing the Jon Sigurdson Chapter of the I.O.D.E. during the First World War, and served as president for a number of years.

I.O.D.E. SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

At the November meeting of the Jon Sigurdson Chapter I.O.D.E., three scholarships were presented to outstanding students.

JOHANNA GUDRUN SKAPTASON MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP



Miss Cathy Backman

The Johanna Gudrun Skaptason Memorial Scholarship of \$100.00 was presented to Miss Cathy Backman, of Vincent Massey Collegiate. Her average on the Grade XII finals was 84.6.

She has participated with success in many of the school's organizations and activities: As a member of MAWD (Man. Ass'n for World Development), she was sent as a representative to St.

Lucia; She helped to organize the MAWD Miles for Millions. Last year she was sent by her school to the U.N. seminar on Human Rights held at Brandon University and took part in the model U.N. assembly at Grant Park Collegiate. She has taken part in the Vincent Massey fashion shows, played on the basket ball and volley ball teams, and belongs to the Drama Club. In November she spoke to the Students of Dakota Collegiate on MAWD, as representative of her school. She was the class valedictorian in 1968. Cathy is enrolled in Nursing Education at the U. of Manitoba.

ELINBORG HANSON MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Elinborg Hanson Memorial Scholarship of \$75.00 was presented to Grant Swanson, of Selkirk Collegiate Institute. His average on the Grade XII final examination was 84.4.

The list of his extra-curricular activities is long and impressive. He has been a member of the Drama club, taken part in plays and done backstage work, member of the track club, an active competitor, twice president of the science club and received a trophy for first place at the local science fair; was a member of his school's team on "Reach For The Top" television competition for two years:



Grant Swanson

a member of the school's cross country team, a member of the curling club and for the last two years treasurer of the Student Ass'n. Grant was the executive representative on a committee which drafted a new constitution for student government structure.

Grant has his grade VIII standing in piano from the Royal Toronto Conservatory and plays for the Sunday school (Lutheran Chorch) and other events. He has taught Sunday School for the past three years. He enjoys boating and fishing and has built his own boat.

Grant has won the following awards: Governor-General's medal; Student of the year trophy; Science student of the year trophy; Honor Roll medal, and the Dr. Daniel Gordon Ross Scholarship (in grade XI).

Grant has taken a man's part in looking after the home when his

father, a ship's captain, has often been away. A serious reader he has acquired a fair-sized library and built his own book shelves to hold them. Taking a keen interest in personal grooming, he was one of six regional winners in a coast-to-coast competition, (open to high school students and sponsored by a group of business firms) on what personal grooming might mean to success in business. In September, 1968, he was notified that he was judged to be the national winner (of the boys) and was flown with his mother to Montreal where they were guests of the firms concerned. There bonds were presented to him and the girl winner.

Grant's grandparents were Icelandic immigrants to Canada. He is at present at the University of Manitoba in Commerce (honors) course.

JON SIGURDSON MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP



Carol Westdal

The Jon Sigurdson Music Scholarship was presented, in absentia, to Carol Westdal, who is at present in New Zealand, where her father, Dr. P. H. Westdal, is doing research at Lincoln Agricultural College, near Christchurch, on plant viruses.

Carol has already attained outstanding achievements in music, both in piano and singing; From the Royal

Toronto Conservatory certificates in Grade VIII piano, grade VIII singing and grade IV harmony. Her marks were: piano 84%; singing 78; harmony 69; grade II theory (1968) 100%.

Carol is pursuing her studies, both academic and musical during the family's stay in New Zealand.

— Holmfridur Danielson



**LEIFUR JULIUS HALLGRIMSON
Q.C.**

Leifur Julius Hallgrimson of Winnipeg was made a Queen's Counsel in the Manitoba New Year's honors list. Mr. Hallgrimson is the son of Leifur and the late Elinborg Hallgrimson and graduated from the University of Manitoba law school, articulated with a Winnipeg legal firm and was called to the bar in 1953. He is now director of civil litigation with the Manitoba attorney-general's department.

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AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

since their arrival in America. Sigurdur Christopherson, who had arrived in America in 1873, had explored possibilities in Milwaukee, pioneered in New Iceland in 1875 and in the Argyle settlement in 1881, and was now pioneering for the third time. This is typical of the traditional Icelandic thirst for exploration.

Icelandic Canadian literature at Vancouver Public Library

A visit to the Vancouver Public library reveals a gratifying amount of Icelandic Canadian literature there, including *The Icelandic People in Manitoba*, by Wilhelm Kristjanson; *The Icelanders in Canada*, by Judge W. J. Lindal, and a set of the Icelandic Canadian magazine.

Immigration to Iceland

People of Icelandic origin in Canada and the United States are so used to thinking in terms of emigration from Iceland that it comes as a surprise to hear of immigration into Iceland.

Nevertheless, a few people from abroad have settled in Iceland. Well known on our side of the ocean, through his temporary residence in Manitoba and his popular letters from Iceland in *Logberg-Heimskringla*, is Reverend Robert Jack, the Scot who became an Icelander, and who has served as pastor in Iceland for a quarter of a century. Then there is the Hindu who has a curio shop in Reykjavik and said to Axel, "Eg er Íslendingur".

(I am an Icelander. You are a foreigner).

There is the stewardess on our Icelandic Airlines plane to Iceland in 1968 who spoke and enunciated Icelandic perfectly, but had come from Germany only 2½ years before. There is the Jew whose name was Robert Abraham, but because he arrived after the passing of the new Icelandic Citizenship law requiring an Icelandic-form name, is now Robert Abraham Ottoson.

As mentioned in the Winter issue of the *Icelandic Canadian*, Verna Solmundson won second prize in a cross Canada Centennial 1970 song contest for her melody and words.

We reproduce in this issue with the permission of the author-composer and the Manitoba Centennial Corporation, the music to the first verse; also the words in their entirety.

The cost of reproducing five pages of music prevents the publication of the complete musical score.

Curling reminiscences in 1970, centennial year, mention that the Winnipeg Strathcona rink brought the Macdonald Brier cup home in 1934. The rink members were: Lorne Stewart, Lincoln Johnson, Marno Frederickson, and Leo Johnson (skip).



IN THE NEWS

DR. SWAINSON ADDRESSES MANITOBA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Dr. Donald Swainson, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, gave an address at the December 1969 meeting of the Manitoba Historical Society. His topic was: "Toronto and Manitoba During the 1850's"

In a well-documented talk, Dr. Swainson gave a much better developed picture of the influence of Toronto businessmen on the Red River settlement than available in Canadian history books.

Dr. Swainson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Swainson of 471 Home St., Winnipeg.

★

Valur Egilsson was elected president of the Icelandic Association of Chicago, Illinois, at the annual meeting last fall in the Norske Club of Chicago. Leifur Bjornsson was named vice-pres-

ident, Kristvin Helgason secretary and Hrefna Egilsdottir treasurer.

★

ERIC STEFANSON CORPORATION MANAGER

Eric Stefanson, former Conservative MP for the constituency of Selkirk, has been engaged as general manager of the Interlake Regional Development Corporation by the 12-man board of the corporation at a meeting in Arborg.

Mayor Ken Reid of Arborg, chairman of the corporation, said 18 applications had been received for the post which was advertised in newspapers.

The corporation office will be located in the Rural Municipality of Bifrost building in Arborg, Manitoba.

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Magnus Vignir Magnusson last fall was named ambassador of Iceland to the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Cuba, succeeding Petur Thorsteinsson who held the post for many years. Mr. Magnusson, a lawyer by profession, had over the years been employed in various capacities in the foreign ministry before taking over ambassadorial duties. He is married and has two daughters. He has previously been ambassador to Sweden, Finland, Iran, Israel, Japan, W. Germany, Switzerland and Greece.

★

W. D. Valgardson, presently of Winnipeg, has been doing well in literary contests this winter. He won the first prize of \$100 in the Free Press non-fiction contest sponsored by the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, in which there were some 130 entries, and in a Winnipeg Writers' Society contest he tied for second place in poetry.

★

A social evening marked the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Thorvardson with approximately 300 friends and relatives gathered at the Riverton Community Hall, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1969 to help celebrate this very memorable occasion.

Mrs. Thorvardson was accompanied by her original bridesmaid, Mrs. Helga Peterson, while Mr. Thorvardson was accompanied by Mr. Kris Johannesson.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdur Danielson Holm of Lundar, Manitoba, were honored by family and friends in December on the occasion of their 65th wedding anniversary at a reception in Lundar Hall. They were born in Iceland and married in Winnipeg in 1904.

They have six children, Adolf of Gimli, Dr. Arnold and Lillian, Mrs. C. G. Mann, both of Winnipeg, Gustaf B., Daniel and Helga, Mrs. J. S. Sigurdson of Lundar. A son Oswald died when young. There are 18 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Vigbald Kristinn Stevenson, of Winnipeg were honored last fall by family and friends at an open house reception at their home at 2611 Scotia Street on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. They were married at Selkirk in 1919 and lived at Winnipegosis for 30 years. They moved to Winnipeg in 1948. Mr. Stevenson was a boat builder for many years. They have eight children and 12 grandchildren.

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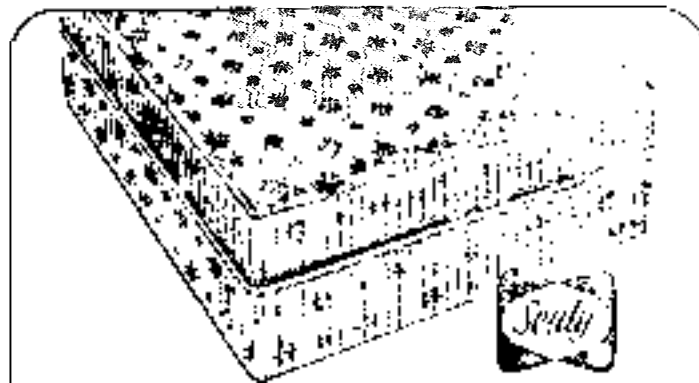
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Gordon Helgi Thorvaldson, son of Mrs. Margret Thorvaldson of East Kildonan, and the late Mr. Helgi B. Thorvaldson, formerly of Oak Point, Man., received his R.I.A. (Registered Industrial Accountants) certificate on Jan. 31st, 1970.

★

OILING CORKS

W. D. Valgardson

dipped unpoetically
 like long strings of sausage
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 in the bubbling oil
 then lifted with a stick
 they are hung to dry
 on poplar poles
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 at 38 3rd.
 into a delicatessen
 of sorts
 but no sausages
 glistened like these
 fine bobbers which come
 gleaming from their bath
 purified and ready to face
 the worst of storms
 without fail they will
 perform their function
 i wish i could oil myself
 so easily

★

'STRAD' LEAVES SASK.

Age and hard times in farming forced an elderly Saskatchewan farmer to sell a cherished Stradivarius violin for \$50,000.

Stephen Kolbinson, 82, a well to do farmer, sold the rare instrument to New York dealer Jacques Francois for \$50,000. The dealer arrived to pick it up this month.

Mr. Kolbinson bought the violin from Mr. Francois in 1965 for \$40,000.

"I am getting old," he explained with a wistful smile. "I cannot take it

with me, nor can I divide it among my 20 grandchildren.

"I have had the pleasure of enjoying one of the finest violins in the world but I also have one good section of land, half in summerfallow each year. I must do something about that".

When he's not farming his land, 115 miles southwest of Saskatoon, he relaxes in his comfortable home, surrounded by a collection of violins, including other rare Italian instruments by the Amati family of the 16th and 17th centuries and Andrea Guarneri

"It pleases me that I have imported more good violins to Canada than any other man. I would like to have seen this 'Strad' stay in Canada."

A University of Saskatchewan spokesman said Mr. Kolbinson's Stradivarius which was played every day by the elderly collector, is one of the top six of about 500 known to exist today.

★

WINS CENTENNIAL TRIP TO UNITED NATIONS

Miss Greig Jorundson, of Flin Flon, has been chosen the winner of a trip to the United Nations in New York next summer.

Greig was chosen from a number of young people by the Masonic, Odd-fellows and Rebecca lodges of Flin Flon, who have made this their Centennial project.

Greig will go by bus in July to New York where she will visit the U.N. while in session, tour the U.N. Building, and a number of other interesting places in New York. A large number of activities will be included on their programme to make this really a week to remember.

Greig is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Jorundson, of Flin Flon, and the granddaughter of Kristinn and Laura Jorundson, of Oak Point, in the Manitoba Interlake district.

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Study Shows Driver Education Effective

ATTITUDES OF DRIVERS PLAY SIGNIFICANT ROLE

Preliminary results of a study to determine the effectiveness of driver education in Manitoba high schools show that a trained driver has a significantly lower involvement rate in accidents and traffic violations than an untrained one.

It also shows that differences in attitudes—between those who volunteered for the driver education course and those who did not—are reflected as

well in accident and violation statistics. The motor vehicle branch of the Manitoba Government initiated the study in 1966, when driver education was introduced into the schools as a voluntary and extra-curricular subject.

The study involves the performance of 1,353 students aged 16-17 who were selected from 2,147 who answered questionnaires. They were divided into these three groups:

Group A 347 untrained students uninterested in taking the course.

Group B 89 untrained students, who volunteered but were not given the course.

Group C 917 trained students who completed the driver education course.

By establishing untrained students in Group A and B as control groups, it was possible to indicate the effect of attitude on driving performance, a step which has been neglected in similar studies conducted elsewhere, the study report indicates.

Among the findings were:

Male drivers in Group C, who took and completed the course, had one-fifth the accidents and violations of drivers in Group A who were uninterested.

Male drivers in Group C had about one-half the involvement rate of drivers in Group B who volunteered but did not take the course.

Compared with uninterested male drivers in Group A, male drivers in Group B, who indicated an interest in driver education, but were not given the training, had one-half the involvement rate.

Female drivers in Group C—those taking and completing the course—had only one-half the involvement rate compared with uninterested female drivers in Group A and only one-third compared with drivers in Group B, who volunteered but remained untrained.

Female drivers in Group B, who indicated an interest in taking the course, had a slightly higher involvement rate than did drivers in Group A, who were uninterested, though the small sampling of female drivers in Groups A and B could result in a faulty conclusion.

The report says there was substantial evidence that male drivers would benefit to a greater extent from driver education than female drivers. However, 77 per cent of the total male students questioned said they were uninterested in driver education, as against 22 per cent of the females.

As a far greater proportion of male drivers apply for a license at an earlier age than do female drivers, it was expected that a driver education course would attract them as much as the female driver. But such is not the case, and the reason is unknown, the report says.

"It is apparent", the report stresses, "that greater efforts must be directed towards making driver education more attractive to greater numbers of male drivers."

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It was uncertain that compulsory driver education would modify attitudes of "non-volunteers" and result in the driving improvement shown by "volunteers" who completed the course. "Despite the disappointing response

by young male drivers towards courses of driver education, and their performance," the report concludes, "this investigation indicates that the performance of the male volunteers can be improved by nearly 50 per cent and that of female drivers by 33 per cent.

Driver education is offered in 65 Manitoba high schools about half of them in Metropolitan Winnipeg and the remainder in rural areas.

-Man. Gov. Inf. Br.



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