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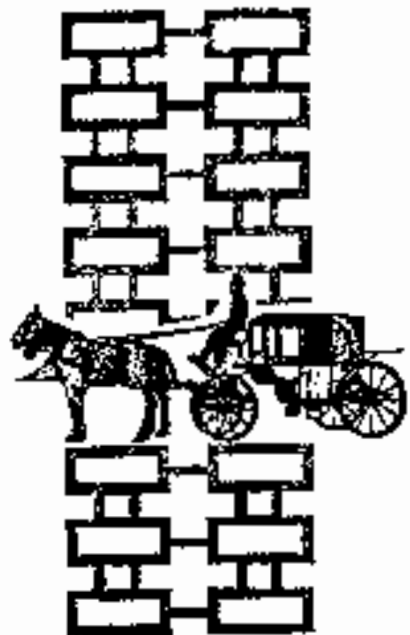
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The Icelandic Canadian

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EDITORIAL

Christmas Past

It was Christmas then,
As it is now,
But how different, and in so many ways.
Today I heard a CBC announcer tell me
Not to lose any Christmas custom,
For if I did,
I would be losing tradition,
And there is nothing
More difficult to recover.
When tradition is lost,
We must create tradition,
And new traditions
Are so untraditional.
Yet, I see yearly the old traditions
Losing their appeal,
And, (the announcer is right),
It is sometimes hard to live with the new.



On the old Christmas,
The one I remember from my childhood
In the west end of Winnipeg,
We celebrated on the eve before.
We would gather at Afi's home,
And sing carols and eat Icelandic food,
And we, the grandchildren,
Would play great games
Under the feet of our elders.
For elders they were,
And we stood in awe of them.
They were not tolerant of mischief,
As we try to be
With our own children,
But there was concern,
And we felt loved and secure.

My mother was the musician in the family,
And she was given no chance to talk
And take part in the merriment,
For she was kept on the piano stool,
Playing for the singers
Who would come and go,
Joining in carols they remembered
And, at other times,
Renewing their ties
With their brothers and sisters
And, when no one else was watching,
Watching their nieces and nephews,
Comparing them with their own children.



We ate many-layered cakes with rich filling,
divided by sweet cake dough,
And mutton, rolled in spices so varied
That no one who was not Icelandic
Could identify them.
Nor, as children, could we.
We merely enjoyed.
There were cakes and cookies
Made from recipes borrowed from neighbors
Who were new-comers to this
Icelandic section of Winnipeg.
They were all followed by coffee,
Strong and full of body
As our ancestors had made it.

When our stomachs were full,
Our young minds filled with hidden fears
From playing hide and seek
In the large house that our Afi had built,
Our parents would call for our attention,
And shepherd us to the entry-hall,
Which seemed to be filled with more coats
And fur hats,
Than could be worn by the entire population
Of the west end.

In the harsh Manitoba cold
We would rush to poorly heated cars,
And were instantly warmed

By the excitement brought into them,
 And, go home for the second,
 And for those of us who were very young,
 The most wonderful part of that wonderful evening.

Mother would turn on the stoves
 (After someone had shovelled coal in the furnace),
 And make cocoa.
 We always put marshmallows into our cups,
 And they were large, soft marshmallows
 Such as my children have never seen, nor tasted.
 With steaming cups in hand
 We would gather about the tree
 And open presents.
 Each gift was carefully handed to the child
 For whom it was intended,
 And cries of ecstasy
 Accompanied each breaking of coloured paper,
 And the discovery of the riches within.

On the morning of Christmas day,
 My cousins and I
 Called one another on awakening,
 To report on our bounty,
 And to express sadness at what we had not received.
 I remember that I missed the air rifle
 That I was certain had been
 Hidden in the guest room closet.

Christmas is today
 What Christmas has always been.
 Yet, it is different.
 Like so many of those
 Who enjoyed the earlier Christmases,
 Mine is different today.
 Christmas then was not as Christmas now.
 Traditions change,
 And as they do,
 We lose them, and along with them,
 A part of ourselves, and our history.



My wife is not Icelandic,
 Nor are many of the wives of my friends
 With whom I found adulthood
 In Winnipeg's west end.
 She helps me remember the customs
 Which are not part of her own past,
 And she makes the many-layered cake.
 She kindly tolerates my spoken recollections,
 But, by observing my customs,
 She is in danger of losing her own.
 What will be the remembrances of my children?
 Will they remember the sights and sounds and smells
 Of the west end on a cold Christmas eve?
 The CBC announcer was right.
 I remember, but will they?

— J. S. M.

*Season's
 Greetings*

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK



Threats of the Ruination of Fisheries

The Icelandic people are faced with the ruination of their fisheries—the basis of their national economy — if present course of events is not halted. At the same time there are many English fishermen who have for a lifetime made their living off the fisheries of Iceland, as had their fathers before them.

Now, Canadians on both our east and west coasts are squarely faced with the same threat of the ruination of their fisheries. Harold Harwood, in his article "Yes, Our Oceans Can Be Overfished", in the Free Press Weekend magazine writes: "Foreign factory fleets are fast depleting our marine resources. Russian ships sweep the bottom like a battery of vacuum cleaners, one ship's gear overlapping the next, taking everything alive . . . Russia, for example, is planning a new improved Russian factory ship, a floating city of 43,000 tons which will carry 14 fully equipped trawlers, each 120 feet long. A gantry crane will hoist a loaded trawler on board, empty it, and send it out with a fresh crew. The mother ship will cruise at 19 knots, have a range of 24,000 miles and pack 360,000 pounds of frozen fillets, plus 150,000 cans seafood daily. A fleet of such ships able to operate on both oceans would require a government investment of the order of a billion dollars".

There are some 14 nations fishing off our Atlantic coast and the Japanese are mounting a threat on our west coast.

Here is a problem for our Canadian government to face and to act upon. Seemingly an international agreement is the only answer. It is not enough for Canada to claim unilateral ownership of our continental shelf. Some nations have been fishing on our Grand Banks for generations. Perhaps they might receive a license to fish for a certain quota. The Russians, and the Japanese, with their highly specialized and expensive machinery, are newcomers, perhaps in the 1960's. How much consideration can they claim? Certainly their quota must be severely restricted, else the coastal fisheries of Canada will be ruined. International co-operation saved the seal population of the North Pacific from extinction.

What action will the government of Canada take?

Leadership is required.



Early Community Libraries — Lestrarfélög

Lestrarfélagið **Herðubreið** is included in the list of early community libraries (lestrarfélög) featured in the Autumn issue of *The Icelandic Canadian* (p. 49). **Herðubreið** was located at Siglunes, Manitoba.

PROFESSOR HARALDUR BESSASON GUEST SPEAKER

AT THE DANISH CANADIAN CLUB IN CALGARY

(from *The Albertan*)

If you've been under the impression that Christopher Columbus discovered North America in 1492, forget it. He only rediscovered it.

Leif Eiriksson, who preceded Columbus by almost 500 years, was commemorated Saturday evening, Oct., 7 at the Danish Canadian Club when some 400 Scandinavians gathered to mark the first of what is to be an annual event in Calgary, Leif Eiriksson Day.

Chairman Jack Bjornsson related the discovery of Viking manuscripts and maps, the authenticity of which was proclaimed just before Columbus Day in the U.S., New York Italians, bitter at this threat to the claim of their national hero, decorated walls with the information, "Leif Eiriksson is a fink."

It is intended that on each Leif Eiriksson Day an outstanding Albertan of Scandinavian descent will be honored for his accomplishments. The first man thus selected was Chester A. Ronning of Camrose, an educator in both Alberta and China who served in the United Nations Assembly, the Korean Conference, and was ambassador to China and high commissioner to India. On his behalf his daughter, Sylvia Ronning Cassidy, accepted a citation commending his "tremendous courage, integrity and humanitarianism." Hand-painted in oils by 75-year-old Norwegian artist Wilhelm Raade. the scroll was decorated with Nordic symbols.

Musical entertainment for the evening was provided by Finnish soloist Liisa Fryer and by the Saga Singers, an Icelandic choir from Edmonton.

Leif Eiriksson Day was officially declared the following Monday morning by Mayor Rod Sykes when flags of the five Scandinavian countries were raised at city hall.

The blustery wind of Calgary's opening winter day was not chill enough to daunt the Viking spirit of 85-year-old Judge W. J. Lindal, who came out of confinement at Col. Belcher Hospital to attend the ceremony. From a wheelchair he presented to the mayor a copy of his book, *The Icelanders in Canada*, and made a brief address.

Other special guests at the ceremony included Senators Sid Buckwald and Eugene Forsey, former Alberta legislature Speaker Art Dixon, and consuls G. L. Johannson of Iceland, Amund Jonassen of Norway, Arne Nielsen of Denmark, Rudolph Zoumer of Sweden and Rod Sykes of Finland. (Yes, that's right. Calgary's mayor is also the Finnish consul, even though he is an Irishman).

(Professor Haraldur Bessason, head of the University of Manitoba's department of Icelandic studies, was guest speaker. The complete address appears in this issue of the magazine, so excerpts included in this report are deleted).

CONTRASTING VIEWS OF LEIF EIRIKSSON

An address delivered at the Leif Eiriksson Festival in Calgary, Oct. 7, 1972

by Haraldur Bessason

I want to discuss with you some of the sources of information on Leif Eiriksson and his contemporaries. The nature of my work at the University of Manitoba has made it necessary for me to make a rather careful study of the historical documents in point. Some of my observations on the subject were published a few months ago as a part of a collection of essays entitled **Canada Before Confederation** edited by Prof. Bumstead. I trust that my contribution to Professor Bumstead's book is sufficiently detailed to justify a less cautious presentation here.

Many of you have undoubtedly seen paintings of Leif Eiriksson and his fellow Norsemen wearing horned helmets symbolic of superhuman strength. Although paintings of this kind convey a one-sided version of the Nordic hero image, they place Leif Eiriksson in the historical context of the Viking Age, a period extending from the late 8th century when Scandinavian seafarers made their first attacks on England to the time of the Norman Conquest shortly after the middle of the 11th century. Therefore, it is appropriate that we consider the personal qualities of the Vikings and the nature of their achievements. Sources dealing with the pre-Christian Vikings who lived in the period from approximately 800-1000 A.D., offer some contrasting views of the Vikings. Firstly

we have the words of Christian writers in whom Viking enterprises instilled boundless fear. An eloquent Irish historian wrote for example the following description of the Vikings:

Although there were an hundred heads of hardened iron on one neck, and an hundred sharp, ready cool, never rusting brazen tongues in each head, and an hundred garrulous, loud, unceasing voices from each tongue, they could not recount or narrate or enumerate or tell what all the Irish suffered in common, both men and women, laity and clergy, old and young, noble and ignoble, of hardship and injuring and oppressing, in every house, from those valiant, wrathful, purely pagan people.

Although this account by the Irish historian may be unduly emphatic in its description of Viking fury, we know for certain that the reputation of the Vikings still remained in doubt in the countries to the west and south of the Scandinavian Peninsula long after our fierce ancestors had publicly vowed to abandon their worship of Odinn and other Nordic divinities and recognize Christianity as their religion.

At this point I should like to present you with a different view of Viking life based on Old Icelandic historical sources. By way of explanation it is necessary to recall that after Christian-

ity had been introduced and formally accepted in Iceland about the year 1000, it soon became necessary for young Icelanders preparing for holy orders within the newly established Icelandic Church to travel abroad to study their clerical subjects in countries such as Germany, France and England, where ecclesiastical traditions had been firmly established. To give an example, the first two bishops of Iceland received their ecclesiastic training in Germany. As they arrived in the countries mentioned above, the young men from the north apparently felt that they were being looked upon by people with suspicion and curiosity. Perhaps, people may have asked them if they were the descendants of the scoundrels and keepers of slaves who some generations earlier had plundered the lands of innocent people and Christians. Whatever conversations took place, the young students from Iceland became convinced that the French, the English and the Germans had a seriously distorted conception or image of the Norsemen who settled Iceland in the late ninth and the early tenth centuries. To the Icelanders these plundering Norsemen were renowned ancestors and enterprising heroes whom people had come to respect and admire. The reaction of the Icelanders to a distorted and foreign Viking image, which incidentally reminds us of the Irish chronicle I just quoted, was one of amazement, and it is reasonable to assume that they immediately resolved that the nations outside Scandinavia needed more trustworthy information about the Vikings than had previously been made available to them. Instead of resorting to the force of arms, they decided that the written word would be their most powerful weapon in the war against ignorance. Their reply had

force and endurance and it is contained in the classical histories and literary works written in 12th and 13th century Iceland. What motivated this magnificent response is made abundantly clear in what we may say was the first book which the Vikings wrote about themselves, i.e. the early 12th century Icelandic **Book of Settlements** (*Landnámabók*), a book which describes in detail the origins of the Icelandic nation. In their statement of purpose the ancient authors of the book had this to say:

People often say that writing about the Settlements is irrelevant learning, but we think we can better meet criticism of foreigners when they accuse us of being descended from slaves and scoundrels, if we know for certain the truth about our ancestry . . . , all civilized nations want to know about the origins of their own society and the beginnings of their own race.

Among the people described in **The Book of Settlements** were Leif Eiriksson's kinfolk.

It must be emphasized that reaction to adverse criticisms of the Vikings did not end with the writing of **The Book of Settlements**; rather it continued in numerous Sagas, two of which, **The Saga of the Greenlanders** and **The Saga of Eirik the Red**, including the explorations of Leif Eiriksson as their central theme. The former, which maintains that Leif made his voyage of exploration from Greenland to Vinland after Bjarni Herjólfsson had sighted Vinland, is now considered to be the more historically correct of the two Sagas on this point.

The Icelandic Sagas describe the period from 930 to 1030 A.D. and they may be said to present the Nordic

point of view of the Vikings. In many of the Sagas we meet heroes who were either Leif Eiriksson's contemporaries or at least people he must have learned about and come to admire. Time does not permit a lengthy enumeration of Saga titles; rather I would like to quote a few random passages from the books themselves. Before doing so it is necessary to remind the audience that population of a limited size in the Nordic countries caused Leif Eiriksson and his contemporaries to set great store by the worth of the individual.

In the Old Icelandic Sagas certain human qualities occasionally receive added emphasis through partial or complete suspension of the laws of nature that most severely restrict the activity of the individual. Thus we meet in the Sagas characters who may either be incredibly precocious or have become older in years than is customary among ordinary mortals.

In his youth Leif is bound to have heard stories about his fellow countryman Egill Skallagrímsson for whom he undoubtedly developed a liking. Although born in Iceland, Egill was of Norwegian stock. His father, Skallagrím, was one of the early settlers of Iceland. Egill's grandfather, Úlf, had come along from Norway but died shortly before the family reached Iceland. The tale runs that Egill Skallagrímsson's grandfather Úlf "was a great husbandman. It was his practice to rise early and make the rounds of men's tasks, to visit the place where the smiths were at work, to attend likewise to his stock and till his lands;" again — the same story tells us — old Úlf "would occasionally talk to those who were in need of his advice, for he had deep insight into things. But every day as evening drew near he grew so sullen that few could have conversa-

tion with him. He was drowsy of an evening so that people maintained that he was a great shape changer." The son of this man and father of the hero Egill Skallagrímsson was no ordinary man either. Indeed we are told that he once wrestled with a giantess and emerged victorious.

Egill himself, i.e. the son of Skallagrím, was a great warrior, poet and Viking. He was the most outstanding of them all and as I said earlier the man who must have set a very important example for Eiriksson. In Egill we find the attributes that have made the Scandinavians what they are. His Saga tells us that when Egill was only three years old and living with his parents in south-western Iceland (this was in the year 913 to be exact) the family was invited to attend a feast which was to be held in the home of Egill's maternal grandfather. As Egill's parents and a brother a few years his senior were preparing to go to the party, the three year old boy Egill asked if he could come along. Annoyed at the child's request his father Skallagrím replied: "You are not going for you simply do not know how to behave yourself in company where there is heavy drinking — you who are not found very manageable even when you are sober" (these words, of course imply a much lower drinking age than is now considered safe by most governments). Shortly after the three-year old Egill had been denied his request, his parents and his elder brother left for the party. As they started their journey, young Egill waited for a while before he saddled a horse and rode after them. In the evening he reached his grandfather's place. The grandfather was understandably overjoyed to see his favorite grandson and after the two had a few drinks together the

old man — or so the Saga tells us — presented the boy with some very precious toys. And in accordance with the accepted customs of the day, the boy expressed his thanks in the form of poetry which he composed there on the spot. The verses are full of praise for the grandfather and his generosity, and one may say that the young poet goes to the very limits of modesty when in one of the verses he tells his grandfather that "never will he find a finer three-year old songsmith". This poetry has been preserved and its content and highly intricate metaphors have won enormous respect for the intellectual abilities of their three-year old Icelandic poet. Literary scholars have written extensively on this subject, and one of the verses has caused some anxiety among psychologists because it strongly indicates that generally accepted theories on the mental development of children may be in need of revision. However, we must not overlook the fact that the three-year old poet in question was a Norseman and a Viking, but the Vikings knew that, being few in number, they would have to place their trust in the accomplishments of great individuals capable of starting their careers early in life and of continuing their praiseworthy performance as long as the god Odinn would refrain from summoning them to his court in Valhalla. The poet Egill Skallagrímsson was indeed one of these great individuals. At the age of six, his Saga informs us, he fought his first battle, killing his opponent. We are told that his father Skallgrím showed little liking for his son's doing, but his mother Bera declared that the boy was certainly of true Viking stuff and was therefore deserving of an ocean-going vessel. Motherhood in the Viking Age is

a topic which requires the attention of scholars.

The Vikings did not content themselves with youthful accomplishments. They felt that a hero should enjoy a long and fruitful life. Just recently I read a new English translation of the ancient story of Arrow-Odd. Arrow-Odd was born in Norway shortly before the time Leif Eiriksson's forefathers moved from there to Iceland. Arrow-Odd was a great Viking. His story describes his travels to numerous places and maintains that he instilled great fear in the hearts of the Christians in Spain. Arrow-Odd reached the height of some 12 ells and lived to be three hundred years old. Some of his contemporaries were unusual people. About one of them we are told that "he was a tall strong man, harsh-minded and unflinching, no matter whom he was dealing with. His name was Thorsteinn and he was the biggest man in Norway, so big that in the whole country there was hardly a door he could walk through without running into some difficulty, and since he seemed to be a bit over-developed for most houses, his Saga continues — "he got the name Thorsteinn the Mansion Might." I feel that the three men, Egill Skallagrímsson, Arrow-Odd, and Thorsteinn the Mansion Might — all of them from the era of Leif Eiriksson—exemplify the courage and fortitude which was required for such major undertakings as the exploring of a newly discovered continent. But as mentioned earlier the great authors of the Sagas often direct our attention to important human qualities by allowing their heroes a wider sphere of activity than is available to ordinary mortals. Their authors are skilled in the art of bending the laws of nature to their own advantage.

A famous historian once said that the 12th and 13th century Icelandic literature represented "the highest attainment of the Norse speaking peoples during the Middle Ages." The same writer maintained that "voyages to Iceland, and later to Greenland and North America should be counted as their second great achievement." To simplify this statement, one would say that, remarkable as they were, the Viking Voyages, those of Leif Eiriksson included, were surpassed in importance only by the stories which were written about them. And here we should not lose sight of the possibility that it was the initial Christian cry of outrage against the Vikings which created the necessary repercussions in the form of literature and history to ensure the creation of this crowning edifice of all Viking activity.

One may now ask the question if the highly informative Sagas about Leif Eiriksson do not have a more serious meaning than one would expect from ordinary historical records. I believe that a question of this kind is of central importance and that a diligent search for this deeper significance will greatly enhance our image of Leif Eiriksson.

A careful reading of the Old Icelandic literature never fails to reveal its deeper moralistic purpose, which means that it was not considered enough merely to record the history of a certain individual as carefully and as correctly as circumstances allowed; rather, the written document itself might provide examples of noble conduct or a warning against unwise behaviour. In other words, it is necessary to realize that accounts of epoch-making events may simultaneously serve as a caution and a challenge.

The author of the Saga of the Greenlanders gives the following description of Leif Eiriksson:

"Leif was tall and strong and very impressive in appearance. He was a shrewd man and always moderate in his behaviour."

This concise character deliniation shows admiration and respect on the part of the author of the Saga. We notice elsewhere in the same Saga that Leif received his nickname the Lucky, not as a result of his renowned explorations; rather, it is implied that on one occasion he was fortunate enough to be able to perform an act of mercy by saving a band of shipwrecked people from being drowned, and thus came to be called Leif the Lucky. My own interpretation of this passage is that the author is simply telling us that Leif was fortunate enough to be the kind of man who responds in a positive way to the needs of his fellow men, and that these qualities were sufficiently important to warrant the nickname. In the final analysis, the real virtues of the individual take precedence over everything else and they will not be overshadowed even by discoveries and explorations of previously unknown continents.

That Leif Eiriksson is presented in the historical literature as an example for others to follow becomes even more obvious when we realize that the account of his virtues receives added emphasis from the sharp contrast created by a few passages on the fate of Leif Eiriksson's brother Thorvald, who also was an explorer in Vinland.

The Saga of the Greenlanders informs us that when Thorvald Eiriksson came to Vinland he went ashore with his men, and, having looked around, decided that he had discovered a place attractive enough in which to make his home. Having expressed himself on the qualities of the new land, Thorvald came upon three skin boats and noticed that each boat

sheltered three men who were natives of Vinland. Thorvald and his men captured eight of these and without any apparent reason killed them (we may recall at this point Leif Eiriksson's previously mentioned act of mercy). However, one of the natives of Vinland attacked by Thorvald managed to escape, and this same man soon returned with reinforcements and in a battle which ensued, Thorvald Eiriksson was killed. In the Saga, Thorvald Eiriksson's death is all the more dramatic as it occurred only a short while after he had expressed his favourable opinion of Vinland. The old Saga authors never resort to direct preaching. Therefore the author of the Saga of the Greenlanders does not refer to Thorvald Eiriksson's treatment of the North American Indians as an evil act. His portrayal of the two brothers Leif the Lucky and Thorvald the Unlucky, if you permit me to coin a new nickname, is no coincidence. It is intended as a memorable lecture on human relations. So it is not difficult to understand what conclusions the

author expected us to reach on this matter.

According to the Sagas about Leif Eiriksson, he carried out one of the most important explorations in human history. In making that statement I am mindful of the widely held opinion that his voyages at least indirectly, led to other well-known explorations centuries later.

However, at the same time as we hail the accomplishments of Leif the Lucky, we should pay our respect to the ancient writers who presented him to posterity as a worthy and a permanent example for all North American descendants of the Norsemen to follow.

We may not become lucky enough to discover previously unexplored continents. But we should let the achievements of Leif Eiriksson be a continuing challenge to explore the noble features of our own Nordic heritage, since such an exploration is certain to benefit North American civilization in general.

GÓÐA NÓTT! — "GOOD-NIGHT"

Peace of heav'n on all descending
With this stilness softly blending
Here abide. — Our thoughts ascending
From the pain of wounds relieve us,
In a fervent prayer unite:—
From the dread of cold reprieve us.
— May the joyous sun receive us
When the morning breaks.

— Good night.

All in peace await the radiant
Angel of the dawn. — Good-night.

From the poem "Góða Nótt", by G. J. Gúttormsson. Transl. by Jakobina Johnson.



WILHELM KRISTJANSON RECEIVES HONORARY DEGREE

In conjunction with the University of Winnipeg's fifth annual fall convocation, three honorary degrees were conferred. One of the three recipients was Wilhelm Kristjanson, of Winnipeg, Editor-in-Chief of the Icelandic Canadian, on whom was conferred the Honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Royden Lee, member of the University Board of Regents, presented the candidate. The following is the citation.

Mr. Chancellor, I have the honor to present to you this evening a distinguished graduate of this institution. Mr. Wilhelm Kristjanson.

Born in Manitoba, at Otto, near Lundar, on December 28, 1896, Mr. Kristjanson has devoted most of his nearly 76 years to serving others. To prepare himself for this service, Mr. Kristjanson attended the Jon Bjarnason Academy in Winnipeg, graduated with a B.A. degree from Wesley College in 1924, spent a year at St. Catherine's College, Oxford University in England from 1925-26, and gained his teaching credentials from the Graduate School of the University of Chicago in 1927.

In a teaching career which spanned 45 years, Mr. Kristjanson served as a teacher in rural and urban schools—

including seven years as principal of the Manitou Collegiate. Probably his greatest contribution to education, however, occurred during the period from 1937 to 1969 when, as a member of the Correspondence Branch of the Department of Education, he assisted thousands of young Manitobans in obtaining a high school education.

Two world wars interrupted Mr. Kristjanson's career as an educationist. While serving with the Canadian Expeditionary force from 1916 to 1919, he was wounded in action. During the period 1942-46, he served as a training officer and adjutant in World War II and was discharged as adjutant with the rank of Major.

During his long career, Mr. Kristjanson has been noted as a man of responsibility. His sense of responsibility has led him to accept executive posts in many organizations. A very few are as follows: Manitoba Government Employees Association — President in 1954; National Club — President for 10 years; University of Winnipeg Alumni Association; Icelandic Canadian Club — President for three years; Manitoba Historical Sites Board; Canadian Authors Association Archivist; the Y.M.C.A.; the Manitoba Educational Association; and the Unitarian Church.



Dr. Wilhelm Kristjanson,
Doctor of Laws

Well known for his writing, Mr. Kristjanson started his literary career in the year 1923 and 1924 when at Wesley College he was editor of the student publication "Vox Wesleyana". Since that time, he has the following publications to his credit: "Glimpses of Oxford" — 1935; one chapter of

"Iceland's Thousand Years"; and the book, "Icelandic People in Manitoba" — 1965. In addition, he has translated "White Mansions" from the Icelandic and he has contributed generously to the "Icelandic Canadian Magazine", our two daily newspapers, and the Manitoba Government Employees Association magazine, "The Bison".

Finally, I would like to point out that in his younger years Mr. Kristjanson was an athlete of note. In 1920, he established the Indoor Mile record at the University of Manitoba; in 1923, he was individual champion at the Wesley College Track and Field Meet when he established a University of Manitoba record for the half-mile walk; and during his year at Oxford he won his Oar as a member of the St. Catherine's Freshman Eight.

Mr. Chancellor, on behalf of the Senate of the University of Winnipeg, I request that you admit to the degree, Doctor of Laws (Honoris Causa) Mr. Wilhelm Kristjanson, a man who through his writing, his service to his country, and his dedication to humanitarian causes has earned the admiration and respect of a host of Canadians.



CAROLINE GUNNARSON

THE EVIL WIGHTS OF HOLY EVE

In olden days the road to church was long and strewn with hazards for the farm folk of sparsely populated rural Iceland. Yet the faithful braved all obstacles, though according to ancient folklore, many of them were brought about by supernatural powers with evil intent.

Of special importance was evensong on the Holy Eve of Christmas. Every soul in the household eagerly looked forward to this service, yet one must always be left at home to guard the house. To survive the lonely watch on Christmas Eve with one's life and reason intact was a great and unusual feat, for all sorts of beings came out of the stones, the hills and the mountains to harass the person who sat out the Holy Night alone. Elfin visitors would take over the house, decorate it with gold, silver, lights and garlands, and stage their Christmas ball in it, the dancers decked out in silks, velvets and precious gems. If the watcher stayed calm and reasonable till daybreak, the visitors sometimes had to flee, leaving all these treasures behind. But more often, the pious found the one they had left behind stark mad on their return from church

Night trolls were often abroad, too, on Christmas Eve. Though other Nordics are short of stature and stocky, those native to Iceland are of gigantic proportions, ravenous eaters and fond of human flesh, if they happen to be the barbarous and evil types. Good or evil, they seem to have an eye for the daintier type of feminine beauty seen in normal humans, and have been known to resort to many kinds of sorcery in their romantic forays into human communities.

The night troll has the unique weakness of not being able to survive the light of the day. It must go about its business at night and retreat to its own habitat before daybreak. If it gets caught by the first rays of the sun at daybreak, it turns to stone.

Many of Iceland's great rocks and boulders, even high, steep mountains, started out as night trolls who failed to get the job done, forgot themselves in their eagerness and were caught by the rising sun.

The story translated here is taken from "Tröllasögur, úrval", an anthology from a collection of legends about trolls by the eminent collector of Icelandic folk tales, the late Jón Arnason.

THE NIGHT TROLL

It happened on one farm, that whoever watched over the house while the others attended evensong on Christmas night, was found the next morning either dead or mad. This was a worry to the household, and few were willing to stay home on Christmas night. One Holy Eve, a young woman offered to watch over the house, to the relief of all the others, who then set off for church and left her alone. The girl sat in the living room and crooned to a child she held in her lap.

During the night she heard a voice at the window:

Fair is your hand,
My swift one, my sharp one,
Dilli-dilli-do.

She replied:

It never dipped in dirt,
My devil, you're evil
Korri-korri-ro.

The voice at the window:

Lovely is your eye,
My swift one, my sharp one,
Dilli-dilli-do.

She replied:

It never looked on evil,

My devil, you're evil,
Korri-korri-ro.

The voice at the window:

Dainty is your foot,
My swift one, my sharp one,
Dilli-dilli-do.

She replied:

It never trod in dirt,
My devil, you're evil,
Korri-korri-ro.

The voice at the window:

Day dawns in the east,
My swift one, my sharp one,
Dilli-dilli-do.

The girl replied:

Stand alone and turn to stone,
But do no harm to anyone.
Korri-korri-do.

With that the evil wight fell from the window, but when the people returned from church the next morning, a huge rock stood in their path, and there it stands to this day. The young woman related all she heard during her lonely watch. She had seen nothing, for she never glanced toward the voice, and the wight at the window had been a night troll.

GOOD WISHES FROM THE CANADA PRESS CLUB TO W. J. LINDAL

"On the eve of Judge Lindal's departure from Deer Lodge Hospital, Winnipeg, to Col. Belcher Military Hospital, Calgary, Alberta, Mr. H. H. Roeder, President, Canada (Ethnic) Press Club, Winnipeg, sent the following telegram to Judge Lindal.

We want you to know how much we appreciate all you have done for the ethnic people during the last thirty years and we are sure that the move to be near your family is a happy choice. All good wishes."

ARILIUS ISFELD

Good Citizenship Award presented to Wilhelm Kristjanson

The following address was delivered by the Lt. Governor Jack McKeag upon presenting the Good Citizenship Award to Dr. Wilhelm Kristjanson on October 18th, 1972

Last evening, at the University of Winnipeg convocation, our next Good Citizen was given an honorary Doctor of Law degree, so I may now address him as Dr. Wilhelm Kristjanson.

In reading over the areas of service in which this man has served Manitoba, I was impressed with the variety of interests he has pursued in his lifetime here.

Primarily an author and educator, he has also been associated with church, civic, military and ethnic organizations, and served in an official capacity on several of them.

Dr. Kristjanson was born in Otto, near Lundar, Manitoba. He received his schooling in Winnipeg however, first at the Jon Bjarnason Academy and then at Wesley College. Always a keen sportsman, Dr. Kristjanson competed in track and field and set three records during his university years.

The First World War broke out, and after three year's service to his country, he attended Wesley College in Winnipeg. After graduating from the University of Manitoba (Wesley College) he proceeded to St. Catharines, Oxford University on an I.O.D.E. Overseas scholarship. It was here that he won his Oar as a member of the St. Catherine's eight-man rowing team in an all-university event.

From this distinguished institution, Dr. Kristjanson went to Graduate

School at the University of Chicago, where he received his collegiate teacher standing in 1927.

This training launched a teaching career which spanned some 45 years at Hodgson, Baldur and Linwood Collegiates. For eight years he was principal at Manitou Collegiate, and then took on a post as a teacher with the Correspondence Branch in the Department of Education in Winnipeg.

Again war interfered, with over four years active service. A man with great community consciousness, Dr. Kristjanson has served on many associations—some of the more notable being President of the Man. Government Employees Ass'n.; the Canadian Council Government Employees Association, and The Icelandic Canadian Club. He was a member of the Central Y.M.C.A. Board, Winnipeg, and Chairman of the Adult Education Committee, and a longtime member of the Royal Canadian Legion, The Canadian Authors Association, the University of Winnipeg Alumni Association, and since 1965 a member of the Canadian Authors Association. He also served as a Board Member of the Unitarian Church, and has been a member of the Manitoba Historical Society since 1947.

In addition to his work as a private citizen, Dr. Kristjanson has published writings which include—"Glimpses of Oxford" (1935) and "The Icelandic



Lt.-Gov. Jack McKeag, presented Good Citizenship awards to six Manitobans on Wednesday, October 18, at a Manitoba Tourist and Convention Association banquet. The six, left to right, are: Dr. Paul Hiebert, humorist; Dr. Will Kristjanson, educator; Mrs. Margaret Featherstonhaugh, music festival organizer; Mrs. Helen Thomas, homemaker; Dr. Frederick Bird, Boissevain doctor; John Lane ornithologist. A committee selected the winners.

People in Manitoba" (1965). He presently serves as Editor-in-Chief of the "Icelandic Canadian" quarterly.

Over the years, Dr. Kristjanson received many honors and awards: a Fellowship in the Manitoba Historical Society in 1947, a Coronation Medal and Efficiency Decoration in 1953 for military service, and a Centennial Commemorative Medallion in 1970. But perhaps the finest tribute comes from his eldest daughter: "His honesty and integrity as a person, and the quiet courage with which he has faced a number of difficult situations in his life, are qualities that have served as ideals for us. These qualities I know, have been important in his relationship with other people".

The Good Citizenship Award included a plaque with the following inscription:

**GOOD CITIZENSHIP AWARD
PRESENTED TO
WILHELM KRISTJANSON**

for exemplifying a way of life that helps make Manitoba a better place for all in which to live.

Presented at the Thirteenth Good Citizenship Awards Banquet by the Tourist and Convention Association of Manitoba, Inc., at Winnipeg, Manitoba, October 18, 1972.

W. J. McKeag
Lieutenant-Governor

A. B. Finnbogason,
President

Iceland 1941 - A Fragment

by A. M. Pratt

Composed by Major A. M. Pratt, on the occasion of an ascent of Mount Esja, near Reykjavik, Iceland, in the course of his service overseas in World War II. —Editor

Alone —
so bare the peak
the ptarmigan
is startled by the unwonted sight
of man, and wings with shrill protesting cry
as I
infringe his ancient realm.

I would not harm you, little one —
How proud your plumed head!
For you are free,
and we still fight for freedom!

What is this freedom?
Is aught of truth in that rich dream
which from the womb of time has urged men on
to its fulfillment?
seer's vision? poet's dream?
Holy Grail or enthean Will?
just "a tale of little meaning
though the words are strong"?

Shattered
by cosmic force
the vast rock fragments lie
upon the mountain flank. Nor moss
nor lichen draws a kindly tender cloak
over their nakedness,
primaeval.
Athwart the barren vale looms high
a mighty bastion
show first faint trace of life
where at their feet
whose pearl-grey, lead-grey, sable slopes
the eager mosses creep —

an opalescent mist,
as if the hand of God
had lightly brushed
and at the touch
Life had begun.

Warm life — — — —
so lately had I held
Death in my arms,
pressed his cold cheek to mine.
E'en yet the shudder of that chill embrace
pa'sied my soul —
for I had seen
the age-old product of man's craftmanship,
a heap of debris,
and rich blithe blood of happy childhood
spattered
upon its stones —
for freedom!
What is this freedom?
Speak, you barren crags
whereon the foot of man has never trod,
can aught there be to justify
To man, the way of God?

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF WINNIPEG MEETING

The Icelandic Canadian Club held its first general meeting of the new term on October 18th, 1972 at the First Lutheran Church Parish Hall.

The new president, Dr. John Mathiasson, was heartened by the good turnout, and explained the Club's plans to have this year more such gatherings than heretofore, with a short business meeting followed by entertainment.

Lara Sigurdson led an ovation for Will Kristjanson, who was recently honored with a doctorate by his alma mater, the University of Winnipeg.

Hrund Skulason was elected by acclamation to fill the executive position left vacant by the recent death of Ed Sigurjonsson.

The meeting expressed a preference for The Fort Garry Hotel for our annual dinner-dance next April.

The evening's entertainment was supplied by a group from St. Stephens Church. This consisted of songs and dances prepared for last summer's Folkklarama, which was enthusiastically received.

Coffee and doughnuts supplied the physical nourishment for a very pleasant evening. —H.S.

FRAMFARI

FROM "THE STORY OF THE ICELANDIC RIVER SETTLEMENT"

by S. O. Thompson

A remarkable development in the New Iceland colony was the founding of the newspaper **Framfari** in the second year of settlement. The founding of the paper reflects the truly optimistic mood of the pioneers and their enterprise.

Early in January, 1877, Sigtryggur Jonasson of Lundar, in the Icelandic River district, advertised throughout the colony that a meeting would be held at Gimli on January 22nd, to discuss the possibility of establishing a periodical to serve the New Iceland settlement. The meeting was well attended and support for the idea was general and enthusiastic.

A canvass of the whole district was arranged by a chosen committee to find out what capital support might be expected, and what subscribers would be willing to enroll. A second meeting was held on February 5, 1877, and here the report of the canvassers was so encouraging that it was decided to set the project in motion at once.

Jonasson had given his estimate of the possible cost as \$1000.00 in capital, to be divided into 100 shares of \$10.00 each. At this meeting, 110 of the settlers had expressed interest and support and actually \$500.00 was raised at the meeting from 50 shares fully paid. Eventually, according to the records, 78 shares were fully paid up and another 32 were half paid. The stock company was away to a good start; the by-laws were drawn up and agreed to and arrangements were made to set the organization on foot at once.

The executive directors chosen at this meeting were: Fridjon Fridrikson, of Gimli, and Sigtryggur Jonasson and Johann Briem from Icelandic River. The headquarters and the printing press would be at Icelandic River, for that was the home of the proposed editorial staff. The drawback of this location was the absence of a post office, so that all deliveries to outside points would have to be from Gimli, where a post office was located.

The Company directors immediately set to work to build a printing shop, which was a log building, the first built in the townsite which is now the village of Riverton. It was a well built structure 25x18 feet, with a peak roof and shingles, and inside there was a rough lumber floor. The total cost of the building was actually \$286.64. Next they arranged to buy a printing press, using the services of the Rev. Jon Bjarnason, who learned of one for sale in Minneapolis. The cost of the press amounted to \$430.00 on the spot, to which would have to be added the cost of freight. These transactions did not take long but when the press arrived on June 10 it was found necessary to buy the extra type lettering suitable for the Icelandic language and this had to be obtained from Iceland. As a result of this delay the first edition of Framfari, the name agreed on by the directorate and in Icelandic means Progress, was not published until September 10, 1877.

The first Editor was Sigtryggur Jonasson, who served until early in

the following year when the position was taken over by Halldor Briem. Johann Briem contributed several articles, containing statistics of interest on the development in the colony.

The paper had some 600 subscribers on the mailing list, approximately one-half in Iceland and the others in Canada and the United States. With so many subscribers, if they had been prompt in paying their dues, no later financial troubles would have arisen. The \$1.75 yearly subscription rate was high not only for the local people but out of reach for most people in Iceland, and when default in payment became general, bankruptcy was inevitable. The last issue was printed on January 30, 1889, and therein was a financial statement showing that not only all the capital of \$944.00 had gone into expenses, but there was also owing to the editor and printer and others for incidentals an amount of \$428.00. There was therefore no money to purchase paper or pay postage or make delivery. In other words they had reached the end of the tether and operations would have to cease. They mentioned, too, that subscribers had contributed over the period of operation a total of \$815.00 but at the time of writing \$1117.00 was owed in dues.

It would appear from these figures that the project might have survived if the public had been willing or able to add this little sacrifice to their other burdens. On the other hand it is well known that economic pressures on the general public was such in those days that extra outlay was impossible. The project was premature by a few years. When a few years later a similar enterprise was set up in Winnipeg, not only one Icelandic weekly could maintain itself but for most of the time two have managed to exist.

Thirty-six issues were published in the first year of operation from September 10, 1877, to a year later, and 38 in the interval between September 1878, and the final issue in January 1880. Fortunately copies of all these issues have been saved for posterity and can now be perused on request in the Provincial Library in the Legislative Buildings. The librarians there are particularly proud of this possession and they never fail to warn those permitted to handle them to be extra careful to avoid damage as they are extremely precious and though they may have little idea of the contents, they instinctively feel they had acquired something of great value, which will steadily increase in value with the passing years.

Framfari was the first Icelandic publication to serve people of that race on the American Continent and examination of it today in the Provincial Library shows that it has merit and quality beyond what one might expect of that day. It has four printed pages, each considerably smaller than those we find in the modern weekly periodicals but all the contents are meat and substance because no space is allotted to advertisement or light humor. The printing has evidently been done by expert craftsmen because it is clear and accurate.

Much of the world news had been gleaned from Winnipeg dailies and needless to say it was up to date and instructive to people in the outlying parts of Manitoba. In addition, there was a great deal of interesting news from other parts of Canada. There was also a rather insignificant part-column devoted to local affairs in the New Iceland settlement with greatest emphasis on the Icelandic River, the home of the journal. The editorials were unsigned so that one had to guess

the author but as only two men were involved that should not be too difficult.

It was about the time of the first issue that the religious controversy erupted in the settlement and as Framfari was extremely partisan on that issue the articles and editorials were from the pen of Halldor Briem. His opponent, the Rev. Pall Thorlakson, was given space to reply. And as both men were well educated and capable of defending their views, the writings were of the first calibre.

It has been claimed by some who witnessed and lived in the period of this heated and divisive disputation between the religious leaders of the colony, that the extremely biased views proclaimed so vehemently by the editor of Framfari had served to destroy the paper by alienating the support of Rev. Thorlakson's men. Such could not possibly have been the case, as records show that 78 of the 110 capital shares at \$10.00 each were fully paid and the other 32 were half paid. Default in payment by the subscribers was the main fault and half of them were in Iceland unaffected by the dispute and in that direction the response was the poorest. Knowing too the intense interest that such controversies and duels by pen stir among Icelandic people, it is more likely that instead of cancelling subscriptions the result would be that they would be more anxious to see that their own was paid if that were possible, for they would not wish to miss any of the shafts and thrusts directed at one another by such high class opponents.

One fact, however, stands out with greater clarity today than ever before: had it not been for the strong, no holds barred stand of the paper the whole colony might have been completely liquidated in the hubbub

and vanished from the scene. The Rev. Pall Thorlakson was definitely out to destroy the colony if it was in his power, for he felt very strongly that they had been mistakenly placed here along the shores of Lake Winnipeg by one whose judgements were unsound and truly uninspired.

Framfari with Sigtryggur Jonasson in the background, fought tooth and nail to preserve the colony and through Framfari, made bitter and slashing attack on those who would abandon it. He charged these men with dishonorable conduct and ingratitude for the kindly and helpful treatment extended to them by the Canadian Government by running away from obligations duly contracted in the loans advanced to them in the preceding months. To act in such a manner would be an inexcusable denial of their heritage as honorable, dependable and trustworthy men.

There can be no doubt that this spirited attack in Framfari, though it alienated and antagonized many who were determined to evade their obligations, consolidated behind them in the Colony the men and women to whom integrity and honor meant more than the questionable gains promised to them in the U.S.A. This becomes clear when one studies the figures for the departures from the Colony in the exodus years of 1878, '79, and '80. After the exodus by 1880, it is on record that only 12 families were left in the Gimli settlement out of a high mark of 85 in 1877. Whereas on the Icelandic River where the paper was most influential, 25 families remained out of a record of 57. From these figures, I think it can be accepted as a fact that the power and the influence of Framfari did much to preserve the Colony. Without its support there might have been obliteration and an-

nihilation of the Icelandic River settlement. Sigtryggur Jonasson has always received full credit for the part he played in those difficult years to preserve the Colony from the destructive hands of those who sought to destroy it, but without Framfari, which reached every home and caused people to think of their obligations and their duties to the Canadian people who had been so generous to them, the structure that he had placed so much hope on would surely have collapsed. The site of the old Framfari building is well known today and in view of the part it played in the history of the settlement it is deserving of some marker in recognition.

It is appropriate, therefore, that the summer of 1972 saw the unveiling of a memorial cairn on the west side of the Icelandic River, and almost directly across from where the printing press was located. It bears an inscription which reads:

"This cairn has been erected in honor of the founders of the first Icelandic language newspaper printed in North America, **Framfari**, published at Lundi, (Riverton) in a log structure on the east side of the Icelandic River, September 10, 1877 to January 24, 1880.
Sigtryggur Jonasson..... 1st Editor
Halldor Briem 2nd Editor
Jonas Jonasson Printer
Fridjon Fridrikson Promoter

The foregoing account of this short lived Icelandic publication brings into sharp relief the outstanding position of the settlers on the Icelandic River in relation to those of the rest of the Icelandic settlement. Here were more men to be found with special talents and leadership qualities than could be found elsewhere in the Colony and the leader who stood high above the others for his initiative, enterprise and drive was Sigtryggur Jonasson, who came to Canada September 12, 1872, and settled on his homestead, Moðruvellir on the Icelandic River in 1876.



The first instalment of "Down Memory Lane With Solveig Sveinsson" ends with a poignant account of her pioneer mother's homesickness and heartsickness in "this god-forsaken country", while the ten-year old daughter finds the country a beautiful place. She loves the country and does not miss the things she had never had.

Now begins her school career and the glimpse of a new world for Solveig.

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH SOLVEIG SVEINSSON

SCHOOL DAYS AND A GLIMPSE OF AN OUTSIDE WORLD

That summer Reggie and I helped Dad a lot with his haying and all the other work on the farm. With the increasing stock and a garden there was more work than one pair of hands could do, no matter how willing.

Berries were plentiful that summer and had to be picked, for mother had started to make jams and other preserves. With Colin on my back I picked and picked, though the river and a swim called, as well as the new boat father had just made. I knew by now that we kids would have to help all we could. All of us, and especially I, "I was the oldest!"

That fall a big event came to pass, when Reggie and I started going to school. I was eleven years old and he was ten in Ju'y. It was like a new world opening for us. Coming in contact with so many children in one place, even with more adults than we had ever seen on the farm, for people came to the school to talk to the teacher about their children, about the books to get them, and so forth.

Father was still on the school board and had to attend meetings, usually he'd at the school just after school let out. I felt a glow of pride seeing my father laughing and talking with the other men. I felt sure he was one of the greatest men in the world. I was also amazed how many people

there were in the world, and I had known nothing at all about them.

From the start I loved school. Loved the contact with so many children. The teacher was very pleased with what mother had taught us, and said that Reggie and I were away past the "cat and the rat" stage so at the end of the year we were moved into second grade. I was very happy and studied my lessons faithfully.

That winter and spring passed pleasantly enough, at least as far as I was concerned. In the early summer an event of note took place in our little community. My father bought the first mowing machine that was seen in that part of the country.

With pride we kids clustered about while Dad showed admiring neighbors how his miracle worked. Even mother thawed a little bit towards this country when she saw the marvels it performed. Even if we kids knew very little about our neighbors, it came easy for us to feel that now our Dad was a leading farmer in the community.

That summer passed with summer's usual activities. I was very anxiously looking forward to school starting again the first of September. I do not recall ever looking at it as a drawback that we had two and a half miles to walk to school or that Reggie and I

had to milk two cows a piece before we left for school.

The narrow path through the woods to the highway was really a very lovely walk. That is when the weather was dry; but when we had a rainy season it was something else again. In winter we waded through snow up to our knees, that is on the stretches to and from the highway. The highway itself was most of the time kept passable. But over such hardships we kids never lost any sleep.

We learned that nothing comes to us free. Be it just a little bit of joy or the necessities of life, in some way we must earn it. I am afraid we did not come to this conclusion at once. We just took things as they came, not asking why. A happy time!

Coming home from school one day, I was quite surprised to find that one of the youngsters from upstairs had been moved downstairs, where things had been shoved about to make room for it. Mother explained why. A man and his wife and three young sons had arrived in the district, hoping that a cousin of his would give them shelter till he found a place for himself and his family. But this cousin had only a cabin about the size of ours but with no upstairs and he had a wife and four children so it was impossible for him to take in the newcomers. These newcomers had tramped from farmer to farmer for two days without success. The man was helpless. "The poor man was stuck", mother said. "He could not stay and he could not go back. There was nothing for us to think about, just let him have the room upstairs," she said. So the family moved in and stayed all winter in the room upstairs.

In the spring they moved to another settlement quite far away. There the man had promise of work on a big farm and the use of a small two-room-

ed house to live in. I heard my parents talking this over and rejoicing at this stroke of luck.

"Imagine," said mother, "what a thrill it will give her to have two rooms all to themselves after being cooped up in the little cubby-hole upstairs."

So we were all glad for them, since father and mother saw it that way so did we children. And since mother did not mention it, no one else thought of her difficulty in managing with six children in the one small room downstairs.

Sitting upon my hill of years today, I become confused. Which am I; the old lady viewing the events of the days of long ago or am I the little girl that half resented having her bed pushed back into the corner of the room, behind the stove, and yet because of the stand her parents took, realizing that this was the only thing—the right thing to do. Still perplexed, I realize also that gone are the cramped pioneer cabins from the face of our fair land. There is no lack of room today in our seven or nine room model houses . . . but, as well as the cabins, has not something else gone from amongst us — from our hearts? Have we let affluence kill something precious? Something that hardships and heartaches nourished and kept alive?

But my mind is wandering. Back to the story.

With the people upstairs gone, we children—and a lot of other stuff — were moved upstairs again and life went on the same as it had been before. Except that slowly but surely life was getting easier. Dad now had a small flock of sheep and about sixteen head of cattle, half of them milking cows. And of course there were chickens and that meant eggs.

I must not forget to mention fish, because from the beginning it had been the mainstay for us and many of the settlers in our neighborhood. All the year around we had fish to eat — and to clean. The cleaning of fish was a special job in the fall; then Reggie and I worked hours daily cleaning fish. Washing it in cold water, salting it and packing it in barrels ready to be taken to market. That meant either Winnipeg or Selkirk. A long haul.

After going through all the trouble of getting it to market Dad would get only three dollars for a barrel of fish. He would also occasionally take a young steer to sell for beef and for that he would not get much more than for the barrel of fish. That would be all the money Dad had to pay for all the necessities he could not raise on the farm.

Flour and oatmeal was a must; coffee and sugar when there was enough left over to buy these luxuries. Material for mother to sew clothes for us came last, and sometimes not at all. As for our parents — I don't remember them ever buying anything for themselves. If they did it was so seldom and so little that I forget.

As for money, that was something we children never saw. To us it was an unknown quantity. A little incident when I was about ten years old proves beyond a doubt the scarcity of money among the settlers in the 'eighties and well into the 'nineties. Like everything in these memoirs this is not exaggerated, just the truth.

A neighbor boy about fifteen years old, a strong, husky lad, came over to help Dad to do something he could not manage by himself. After the work was done he was called in for coffee. No one ever came to our place who was not invited in for coffee—and a little chat with my parents.

As the boy stood up to leave father reached up to the shelf just under the ceiling for his old leather purse to pay the boy for what he had done. I'll never forget how his face lit up as father handed him his pay. Two silver quarters and a shiny new dime! A fortune.

I felt so proud that my dad could do so well by those who did work for him, but I would not have remembered these details if it were not for the tragic events that followed.

About an hour and a half after the boy left he was back again, his face grim and pale. He had lost the money! There had been holes in his pocket. Dumbfounded we listened to his story. He had been almost home when he discovered his loss and promptly came back the same way in the hope of finding the money. But, no. Neither the dime nor a quarter did he find, so he thought maybe he had lost it as he left.

All of us came out to look, even mother with a baby in her arms. The older boys and I went all the way back with him but found nothing. I could have cried for the boy. Dad would have made it up to him if he could, I doubt he had that much money left in the house.

Only a few years later it would have been unbelievable that the loss of sixty cents could cause a near panic, but such was the scarcity of money in those days that five cents were guarded like a hoard of gold.

I feel that I must record here a little episode that came to pass a few months later. A bad fire came up in one of the neighbors' cabins, doing some damage to the cabin and destroying some of the family's belongings. The men had already got together to repair the cabin with what material they could scrape together, but there

were things that had to be bought. As usual there was no money.

The family was without clothes and bedding. Definitely something had to be done and a new-born Ladies Aid decided to do it. They planned a get-together in one of the settlement's biggest houses. They scraped the countryside for talent for there was to be a program that people would not forget.

A "big-shot" from Winnipeg who happened to be around would give a speech; two men from farther north would sing solos and duets. After the program there would be a dance with excellent music, a noted violinist and two mouth-organ players! Admission would be (15) fifteen cents and refreshments free.

Everybody was urged to come. Everybody that could possibly do so, as it was for a good cause. Mother said she would have liked to go. It would be a treat to hear somebody sing after all those years, no matter how badly. But of course for her to go anywhere was impossible with all those babies.

My brother Reggie and I wanted to go, and no "buts" about it. We thought about it and talked about it very seriously, but without much hope of ever being able to get all that money. I'll never know exactly what emotions were working in my father that day but one afternoon he came to us with his old leather purse he had brought from the old country in his hand, and handed out the money. Fifteen cents a piece! We could go to the concert.

Reggie at once looked to his pockets; there was going to be no loss that way this time. I tied my money in the corner of an old handkerchief and hid it, of course, under the hay mattress in my bed. And now to wait without "busting" for the great night to come.

Reggie too, sang and skipped all over the place.

Knowing how scarce and precious money was I wondered what had come over my father? Had Reggie and I become of some importance now that we were in our third year of school in this new country — or had my father just remembered some foolish fancy of younger days. Remembered that which youth wants so badly, so intensely — and so understood for us.

The day before the party a neighbor girl my age came over on some errand for her mother. Reggie and I were so full of joy about the prospect for tomorrow night that we spoke of nothing else. Asking Lily, the neighbor girl, if she was not going, she started to cry; said her dad could not raise the money. She was so woe-begone that we kids almost cried with her.

We fell silent and heartsick. Here was a chance of a life-time to see and hear something wonderful and — and poor Lily could not come with us. Then my father reached up to the shelf beneath the ceiling for his old leather purse and handed Lily fifteen cents. We were all struck with surprise and joy.

Lily jumped up and threw her arms about my father's neck and kissed his wrinkled cheek. I am sure he must have thought the joy in her tear-filled blue eyes was well worth the fifteen cents, even at that time.

As for me, I could not help wondering how could father have all that money? And after giving us our admission fee. I felt he must be one of the greatest men in the world. Not only because he had all that money, but also because he could be so kind a man as to be sorry for that little girl who was crying. I almost burst with pride. The winter sun shone brighter than ever on our cabin and a snow-covered world.

At that time I childishly thought that having a lot of money would solve all problems. Through the many stages of life that I have travelled I have often wondered which is worse — too little of it, or too much!

The next fall a lady came from Winnipeg to teach at our school. She was young, dressed well and always gave me the impression that it was wonderful just to be alive. I remember her best in a gray, woolen skirt and a red waist with gold buttons. She wore her hair in two long braids hanging down her back, or sometimes wound about her head like a crown. She was beautiful. I could never look my fill at her.

Somehow she made our lessons come alive, and it was pure joy to listen to her tell about what she had seen or what she had read. I think all the children liked her but I loved her and from watching her I first decided to become a teacher, then perhaps I could become in some way like her. Just as soon as I had any money I would get myself a gray skirt and a red waist.

She had important-looking books and papers on her desk. Books she read at lunch time while we children played outside. Sometimes I made up excuses to go inside so that I could watch her, hoping she would notice me and talk to me. Sometimes she did and sometimes she did not.

Once she called me to her desk and showed me her books. Then she drew my attention to a paper magazine she had been reading and said it was just the paper I should have to practise reading English.

"This little paper has everything," she said. "Nice short stories and long serial ones. It tells how to cook and all about the latest fashions. It has pictures of people and places of inter-

est. It comes monthly and only costs (25) twenty-five cents a year."

She let me have the paper she had been reading and told me to read a short story in it. With a little help from her I found the story fascinating. The name of the paper was Good Literature. I knew right then that I wanted that paper. Or rather, I had to have that monthly paper.

There was a girl at school I had chummed with since my first day there. Her name was Dawn and she was the cleverest girl in school; I enjoyed every minute of her company. Together we studied that paper whenever we could get it and soon she wanted it as much as I did. But neither one of us had the necessary quarter.

Her prospects for getting the twenty-five cents were no better than mine, so we decided to go into business together. Even at that we had to wait — wait and see what happened.

Whenever we were together we talked about everything under the sun. Since attending school an outside world had been beckoning to us. Thirst for knowing more about that unknown world consumed us both. Lately I had begun to suspect that the settlement was not all there was to life and I wanted to know what else there was.

Reading the old sagas and the Bible held no lure for me anymore. All that was so unconnected with life here in the settlement that it almost sounded silly. Where were we to find a lion's den to throw a Daniel into? Where were we to find anyone that could walk upon the waters and turn a few loaves of bread into hundreds of them?

No. That was alright in the long long ago but not for now. The short story in Good Literature was much more interesting. A story about a young girl in a big house, with a lot of

lovely clothes and a horse of her own and — oh, well, that was about life as it was now, and that was what I wanted to know about.

My girl friend at school and I we thought a lot—and talked a lot about all this but we had a problem on our hands. So far we had seen no way to raise the money needed to buy Good Literature, we were getting pretty tired waiting.

When neighbors came over now I sometimes listened to them talking to Mother and Dad, was interested in what they were saying. From their talk I gathered that life was a lot easier than it had been when first they started homesteading. I supposed that was so but one certainly did not pick up twenty-five cents just when one thought of it, especially when you wanted it for something foolish; something you could neither eat nor wear. So we just had to wait and hope. That, at least cost nothing.

So wait we did. The school term was finished and our lovely teacher was gone. Summer activities came on with a rush and we older children were busy from early morning till late at night. Especially was that so in having time. With increased stock enough hay to see him through the hard winter months was an important matter for my father. I heard him say that Reggie and I saved him the wages of a grown man. Even if we were tired we were proud to hear that.

More than once after a long day I heard my mother remonstrate with my dad; he should use discretion how he worked us.

"Their bodies are immature, their bones unhardened", she said. "You could cripple them with some of this work."

"But," my father replied, "this work

has to be done if we are to survive, and I cannot manage it alone."

That summer (1889) I was twelve years old and in July Reggie was eleven. I never felt that Dad was abusing us and I am pretty sure Reggie felt the same. I was sorry for my dad for having so much to do, but later I saw the wisdom of mother's remarks. Dad was kind but he was also very strict. He had to be.

After haying things became easier. We children got in more swimming, more playing in the river. Then berry-picking came and with Colin on my back I picked berries endlessly. Those years I usually had a young child on my back whatever I was doing or playing.

Once I heard a woman say that she thought "this poor girl would be driven nuts trying to mind all those children". I was quite surprised. Only once in a while did I find it hard. I knew mother had to get the younger children from under foot when she was working, sewing, mending and doing so many things. She had to have me help her. And of course, I was the oldest.

Thinking about it later — and always afterwards I could never feel my parent's attitude towards all their children had been anything but kind and just. Always bearing in mind what was best for us, never thinking about themselves—their personal longings or needs. In their dealings with others it was the same. Integrity in the deepest sense of the word came to them naturally. They were born that way. When I was young I loved them. Now I still respect them.

"All things cometh to him that waits", I remember from my Bible readings, and sure enough so we found it to be. Between us, my girl friend and I got the twenty-five cents needed

so that we could send for "Good Literature". We were so excited and elated about the prospect of getting the paper that I forgot whatever it was we had to go through to obtain the quarter.

Once every two weeks mail was delivered at the Post Office two miles from our place. But the day it brought our paper was a red letter day in my life.

It was in the fall, and the first week of school. That was fortunate for us, for at school we could be together five days a week and could read the paper and discuss whatever we read or saw in it, to our hearts content.

We read it avidly and faithfully. Not an inch was left unread. It revealed a world hitherto hidden from us. All through the winter I waited anxiously for the next number to come that I might hear more about this fascinating world I had known nothing about before.

Abruptly, yet so clearly, its stories, and even its advertisements and pictures opened my eyes to the lack in my life of so many pleasant things of which there seemed to be no lack once you got out of this settlement.

Gradually life would have done just that but Good Literature did it suddenly and effectively. Stories about modern life and about modern people. Stories about a way of life so different from our existence here in the settlement that it was almost unbelievable. Big houses, all kinds of furniture, nice clothes and parties where you danced and sang and — and even girls learned to play the piano.

As fast as I could I got through the work I had to do so that I could read the paper. Every night I read in bed; would have read all night if my father's voice had not come up to me in tones not to be mistaken: "Blow out that

light at once."

What fascinated me most was the parties — festivities at Christmas and the parties on birthdays. The beautiful presents on so many occasions. The dolls — I had never owned a doll. None of us ever had a Christmas or a birthday present. Once when I was reading a story that featured a gay birthday party I was quite surprised to feel the hot tears running down my cheeks.

I could almost feel myself holding the doll I read about. Holding that blue-eyed flaxen-haired doll. Dancing with it in my arms, laughing and singing to it, myself in a frilly pink dress.

I would be thirteen this winter. Old enough to crave so desperately the beautiful things I read about, but also young enough to feel so keenly my helplessness — my inability to do anything about it.

That Christmas my mother found me hiding in a corner crying. She put her arms about me and I am afraid she was crying too, as she whispered

"What is the matter, darling?"

"This is no Christmas," I blurted out, trying to stop crying.

"I know it", she said trying to look brave. "But come and eat with us. I have raisins in our rice pudding."

Instantly I thought, and felt for my mother. Raisins in the rice pudding! Her feeble attempts at making a Christmas feast for us! I thought of her gorgeous national dress — of father's frock coat. Doubtless they had had a very different life of their own before they came to pioneer in the wilderness of Manitoba. For the first time now I seemed to understand fully about my parents heartaches and loneliness. Bravely I suppressed my own feelings and went back with mother to have my rice pudding.

To Be Continued

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BOOK REVIEW

An Excellent English Translation of THE BOOK OF SETTLEMENTS (Landnámabók)

Translated with Introduction and Notes by Hermann Pálsson and Paul Edwards. Edited by Haraldur Bessason and Robert J. Glendinning.

The University of Manitoba Press, 1970.
Price: \$12.00, Bound.

It is always a matter of gratification to us Icelanders in particular, when an important historical or literary Icelandic work appears in a successful translation into one of the major languages. This is specially true of such a basic work in the history of Iceland as *The Book of Settlements* (Landnámabók), which, in the new and excellent translation under review, has been made available to the worldwide English reading public.

I had the pleasure and privilege to read this translation in manuscript and compare it carefully with the Icelandic original, and otherwise evaluate it critically. I, therefore, knew what to expect, when it appeared in print, and wholeheartedly rejoice in its publication. A renewed critical reading of the translation has further strengthened my high opinion of it in every respect.

In view of the foregoing statement I can truthfully attest that the General Editors, Professors Haraldur Bessason and Robert J. Glendinning, of The University of Manitoba, have, indeed, done their work very well. Their concise foreword draws attention both to the basic significance of Landnámabók and to the need of a new English translation of it, appealing to a wider reading public than previously has been the case. "It is hoped", they say, "that this will be a public comprising not only students and scholars with

a professional interest in Scandinavian antiquities, but all those whose interests encompass more than the modern world."

I fully share their hope in that respect, and there is every reason to believe that this translation will achieve that purpose, admirable as it is in itself, along with its other attractive features.

The translators, Herman Pálsson and Paul Edwards, both of the University of Edinburgh, set the stage for their translation with a splendid Introduction, characterized by scholarship

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This new translation is, as noted in the Introduction, based on the latest and most authoritative edition of the original text, the one by Dr. Jakob Benediktsson (1969). The well-rounded penetrating and informative, Introduction draws, as also indicated, heavily on his brilliant introductory essay. Here is, therefore, included much new source material as well as new interpretations, which, along with the translation itself, constitutes, indeed, a significant contribution in its field. The following quotation from the Introduction is particularly important, as it draws attention to fundamental characteristics of **The Book of Settlements**, some of which are often overlooked, notably, its human aspect:

"The genealogies of the **Book of Settlements** show the continuity of Icelandic life from the beginning of Icelandic society down to the author's own times. In this situation, the immigrants were more than merely settlers, they were the very progenitors of the Icelandic people, so that genealogies took on a particular significance for this society. Many of the settlers were rebels against the dominion of the new, increasingly centralized power of the kings of Norway; and even those who were not specifically rebels were nevertheless people who had chosen to venture from their original homes, and had founded settlements in the British Isles. Thus the early settlers of Iceland were people who, by breaking away from their original societies, had shown themselves to be more than averagely independent. The individual was in fact important to them, and this is reflected in the emphasis which the **Book of Settlements** gives to common events in the lives of ordinary people. As a historical document, it appears

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at first sight rather monotonous, and, indeed, is bound to appear so, as must any genealogical work. But a surprising amount of human detail shines through the lists of settlers and their descendants and the places settled. Even the names themselves go beyond arid documentation; by the time this work was written, the old names would already have acquired an exotic and often grotesque flavour, and are often strongly suggestive of personal characteristics."

The translators support this contention with a number of convincing illustrations from the **Book of Settlements**, which add color to the Introduction.

A line-by-line comparison with the Icelandic original reveals that the translation is very faithful, and at the same time rendered into fluent and idiomatic English, free from the archaism, which has so frequently in the past marred English translations from Old Icelandic literature. In a work of such magnitude, naturally, the translation of individual words and phrases can be a matter of choice and taste. All in all, however, the translators have succeeded remarkably well in rendering the text accurately into present-day English, retaining at the same time in a marked degree the flavor of the original.

Wisely, doubtless with the general reader especially in mind, the translators have made a free rendition of the intricate verses in the original, retaining, however, the meaning faithfully as well as much of the pictorial quality.

As noted in the Introduction, this is the third translation into English of **The Book of Settlements**. Neither of the earlier ones has, however, been consulted for the present translation

any comparison with these is, therefore, outside the limits of this review.

The succinct footnotes are a valuable addition to the translation, as are the Index of Chapters and the Names of the Settlers.

The book is very attractive in appearance, and the excellent colored illustrations and maps of various localities concerned, add greatly both to the attractiveness of the book and its general value.

As already indicated, the uniqueness and the historical importance of **The Book of Settlements** are amply attested both in the Foreword and the Introduction, but, of course, in a still greater and impressive degree in the translation itself.

This notable translation of **The Book of Settlements** is the first volume of a series to appear under the general title of "University of Manitoba Icelandic Studies", under the editorship of Professors Bessason and Glendinning; and it augurs well for the future volumes now in preparation. They are: **Íslendinga saga (A History of the Icelandic Commonwealth)** by Jón Jóhannesson. Translated by Haraldur Bessason; and **Grágás (The Old Icelandic Book of Laws)**. Translated with Introduction and Notes by Peter G. Foote and others.

Both are works of first importance in the realm of the history of Iceland and its culture, and will be awaited with much anticipation by scholars and others interested. All of these, and not least we Icelanders, are greatly indebted to the University of Manitoba for having undertaken the publication of this highly significant series, and no less so to the editors and translators. As a long-time co-laborer in the field, though primarily specializing in Modern Icelandic Literature, I salute them!

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sity of Winnipeg, Fall 1972)
Certificate in Education, (Bran-
don University, Spring, 1972.)

Brian Algot Josephson, B.A., Bran-
don University, Spring, 1972.

★

TOP PHARMACY GRADUATE AT UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Judy Lynne Eyolfson, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Eyolfson, of
Leslie, Saskatchewan, received her
Bachelor of Science degree in Pharm-
acy with great distinction at the an-
nual spring convocation at the Uni-
versity of Saskatchewan, May 19, 1972.

Miss Eyolfson won the Robert Mar-
tin Prize for the top graduate in the
College of Pharmacy.

Besides the Martin Prize, she also
won the Saskatchewan Pharmaceutical
Association Gold Medal and the Frank
Wyeth Horner Memorial Prize for
highest standing in subjects related to
pharmacology.

Previous awards include a Birks
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Parke Davis book prize, a major University continuing scholarship and a University undergraduate scholarship.

Judy is a graduate of the Foam Lake Composite High School and maintained a high academic average during her four years of university classes. She was also active in the student pharmacy show.—Foam Lake Review

★



Michael Skafel, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Einar J. Skafel of Brandon, Man., in October received the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Cambridge in England. His doctoral thesis was based on research in applied mathematics and theoretical physics.

Mr. Skafel attended Brandon College, and from the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon received a bachelor of arts degree, bachelor of science in engineering science and a master of science. He worked with the department of national defence in Ottawa for two years.

Through the British department of trade and industry he was awarded an Athlone Fellowship which was provided for Canadian students by the Earl of Athlone, former governor-general of Canada. This permitted his enrolment the the university of his

choice in England for two years. A National Research Council bursary was granted to complete the research.

Mr. Skafel is now working in the hydraulics division of the Canadian Centre for Inland Waters at Burlington, Ontario, where they are striving to clean up pollution.

He really liked England. Despite his full agenda, along with other students he found time to visit several countries in Europe and Asia. He is interested in architecture, art and antiquities, but his greatest pleasure was derived from his contact with people.

Mr. Skafel is a keen sportsman and skied in Scotland, Switzerland and Austria. While at Cambridge he was a member of the university hockey team, but his favorite sport is curling. While in Ottawa he skipped his rink to victory. He curled in Hamilton and continues to curl in Burlington. More recent'v he has become a yachting enthusiast.

His paternal grandparents were Magnus Jonson and Karitas Einarsdottir who came from Iceland to Canada after the turn of the century. They lived for five years at Selkirk, Man. and then moved to Mozart, Sask., where they lived for 50 years.

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IN THE NEWS

WHEAT SALE TO CHINA WORTH \$150 MILLION



R. L. Kristjanson

The Canadian Wheat Board today announced the sale of 62.7 million bushels of wheat to China. The sale is worth about \$150 million.

It's the first big sale by Canada at the new high in wheat prices, which will bring a much greater return to farmers. According to this deal, the wheat is being sold at about \$2.40 a bushel (including the cost of transportation in Canada), the highest prices in several years.

Only last June, Canada sold 58 million bushels of wheat to China at a value estimated at \$100 million. At that time the price was about \$1.70 a bushel including transportation to the west coast. So in the space of five months, the price has increased by about 60 cents a bushel.

Farmers, who have been complaining about the low price of wheat, are expected to be jubilant over the new sale. It reflects the unprecedented demand in the world market. Normally China does not renew its contract until the new year.

But because of the shortage of world stocks of wheat China negotiated several months earlier this time. A Canadian Wheat Board team headed by commissioner R. L. Kristjanson has been in Peking during the past two weeks arranging the sale.

The sale means also that every effort will have to be made to ship all available supplies still on farms to meet the China order and other commitments.

The Canadian Wheat Board has already stated that every bushel stored on farms will be required to meet its commitments. It made this statement with the China sale in mind.

The China sale means that Canada is pretty well booked up for wheat sales for almost a year ahead—right to the end of October. The wheat board does make some reservations for traditional customers and this is included in the bookings.

—Val Werier, Wpg. Tribune
November 10, 1972



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ICELANDIC SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY IN TANZANIA, EAST AFRICA

Early in 1970, the government of Tanzania set on foot a governing body for operations associated with the textile industry in that country. An Icelandic superintendent, Ingi Þorsteinson has been appointed.

The government organization known as NATEX, is to control pro-

duction and the marketing of all textiles produced in the country, supervise imports and exports, set prices, maintain a standard of quality, set production quotas, and control distribution.

N.B. The above is a translation of a news item in Morgunblaðið. Yfirmaður is translated as superintendent and vefnaðarframleiðsla is translated textile production.



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Christmas . . . a time of happiness and a time of hope. The management and staff of Simpsons-Sears Polo Park & Garden City take this opportunity to wish you and your family a very Merry Christmas and much health and happiness for 1972.

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WINS TWO BEAUTY QUEEN HONORS

Regina Gudmundina Helgason of Surrey, British Columbia, this year has won two beauty queen honors, the title of Miss Surrey last spring and more recently beauty queen of the Pacific National Exhibition in Vancouver. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geir Jon Helgason of Surrey. She has completed her high school studies and is presently attending Douglas College in New Westminster. She plans on taking up nursing studies in February.

* * *

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE 1972 ICELANDIC FESTIVAL ART DISPLAY

The following is a list of the winners of the purchase award prizes and those who received honorable mention at the 1972 Icelandic Festival Art display.

Purchase awards were:

Mrs. Sigridur Candi, Willowdale, Ontario, for a wall hanging in Icelandic wool titled—A Saga.

Nelson Gerrard, Strathclair, Man.,
acquaint etching titled —
Anastapi, i Vatnsnes.

Erroll Jonasson, Inwood Manitoba,
casserole pottery.

Best in show:

Blaka Jonsdottir, Reykjavik, Icel.,
acrylic — Desert Storm.

Honourable mentions:

Helga Miller, Winnipeg,
— water color.

Sharon Tergerson, Winnipeg,
graphics

Doris Sveinsson, Gimli, — oils.

Peter Wengel, Calgary, Alberta,
— pencil sketching.

Soren Tergeson, Winnipeg, Man.,
— ink on bone.

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ICELANDIC TAUGHT IN CALGARY, ALBERTA

A diverse group of people of Icelandic extraction and with Icelandic interests for some other reason gathers at the Rehabilitation Center in Calgary every other Monday night. There are people from all walks of life, ranging in age from eight years to well over seventy. They all come to learn Icelandic. Some have spoken it in their youth, some are beginners.

This is a pilot program here; the initiative idea of having such classes was put forth at a meeting of the Leif Eiriksson Icelandic Club here by Amy Macdonald who heads and teaches the group. Amy spoke the language in her youth and has lately been taking university courses by correspondence in order to review it, having been away from Icelanders for many years.

This is a volunteer, "help each other" program which promises to become quite popular. At a later date the group will have to be divided into at least three sections, although all seemed to benefit by reviewing pronunciation and other basic ideas of the language, as it consists of beginners or near beginners; young people who are capable of picking up the language very quickly from conversation; and grown-ups who can carry on a conversation in Icelandic and therefore need practice such as reading and discussing Icelandic writings, refining their grammar, and writing the language. Two Icelandic girls living in Calgary will assist with these groups.

Whatever comes of this program in the way of language knowledge, it will certainly make everyone more aware of that little island in the north Atlantic, familiarize us with the history of the Icelanders who emigrated

to Canada as well as the forefathers in Iceland, learn to respect and understand our precious heritage, study life and people in modern Iceland and thereby assist all those who intend to travel to Iceland in the near future.

—Margaret Geppert,
Public Relations

* * *

AN ICELANDIC SOCIETY IN MONTREAL

An Icelandic Society was founded in Montreal, March, 1972. Two meetings were held in the spring and enthusiasm prevails.

President is Gudm. Sigurdson; Vice-President, Baldur Sigurdson; Treasurer, Jon Thorleifson, and Secretary, Evelyn Thorwaldson.

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THE ICELANDIC STUDIES AT ARBORG, MANITOBA

The Icelandic studies in Arborg began with Mrs. Gudrun Gislason giving instruction to 14 children in her home the winter of '70-'71. Several others wished to join the class the following fall and the use of classrooms in Arborg Elementary School was allowed one-half hour a week after regular school hours.

The studies this last school term of 1971-72 were a joint effort of about 60 pupils, most of whom had previously spoken no Icelandic, parents who encouraged them and made an extra trip to town every week for the pupils from the rural area; and the teachers — Mrs. Gudrun Gislason, Mrs. Vordis Oddleifson, Mrs. Adalbjorg Sigvaldason and Miss Svava Simundson, who took time to prepare and give the lessons.

These efforts culminated in an Icelandic concert at Geysir Hall June 16, and a repeat performance at Gimli Lutheran Church July 14. The children entertained with songs, recitations, and a short play, all of which was very much enjoyed by the audiences. As an example, a group recitation by fourteen girls was "Litla kvæðið um Litlu Hjónin" by Davíð Stefánson, with Diana Skulason as Litla Gunna and Ivy Thorsteinson as Litli Jón, and the play "Rauðhetta", with Kathy Gislason as Little Red Riding Hood, Keith Johnson as the Wolf, Beverley Goodman as Mother and Miles Gislason as the Hunter.

In preparation for these programs, Mrs. Gudrun Vigfusson and Mrs. Geraldine Finnson assisted by teaching the songs to the class.

—Adalbjorg Sigvaldason

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ICELANDIC RADIO PROGRAM IN WINNIPEG

When radio station CFRW/FM disclosed plans to launch a series of ethnic cultural programs, the task of setting up the Icelandic series fell upon Holmfridur Danielson, working with a committee composed of Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson, Mrs. Elma Gislason, Professor Gissur Eliasson, Professor John Matthiasson and the late Heimir Thorgrimson.

The venture is now well into its second year and the programs have hit a happy stride of balanced variety. Besides vocal and instrumental music, they have included readings of poetry, informative talks and commentary. Commentaries and background information have been given by people with special knowledge of the featured programs—Professor Haraldur Bessason of the Department of Icelandic, University of Manitoba; Consul-General for Iceland, G. L. Johannson;

Pastor J. V. Arvidson of the First Lutheran Church in Winnipeg; Rev. P. M. Petursson, formerly minister of cultural affairs in the government of Manitoba; Jakob F. Kristjansson and others.

Choirs and individual artists from widely distant areas have been heard on this program. Records from Iceland were obtained by Mrs. Danielson from the Information Centre in Reykjavik, Iceland, for this program. The Centre expressed its pleasure at the opportunity to support this effort to introduce more widely Icelandic music and culture in Canada.

Through these programs, listeners have been able to enjoy choirs and symphonies from Iceland; choral groups in Canada, including the Saga Singers of Edmonton, the First Lutheran Church Choir in Winnipeg, and Elma Gislason's Senior Studio Choir, and many other items of Icelandic flavor.



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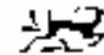
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DIAMOND WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Hakon Kristjanson of Vancouver, British Columbia, were honored by family and friends at Vancouver in August on the occasion of their 60th wedding anniversary when present were their children, Una, Mrs. W. A. Stewart of Ottawa, Gustaf from Winnipeg, Jonas from Regina, Marino from Edmonton, Lilja, Mrs. J. A. Hearn from Redlands, California, and Svava, Mrs. C. R. Robbins of Vancouver.

Mr. Kristjanson was born in Iceland in 1885, and came to North Dakota with his parents in 1893, moving to Saskatchewan in 1902. Mrs. Kristjanson was born at Big Island in Lake Winnipeg in 1890. They were married at Gimli in 1912 and over the years have lived at Wynyard, Saskatoon, and Regina, Saskatchewan, and Vancouver.

**ICELANDIC ARTIST'S DISPLAY
IN MALLORCA, SPAIN**

An Icelandic artist, Jónas Guðvarðsson, resident in the island of Mallorca, Spain, held last year a display of his art in the city of Palma. His display attracted considerable attention and has received an unusual amount of comment in the local papers. It is considered especially noteworthy how northern and southern influences are blended in his works.

* * *

A gold medal for overall general proficiency in honor of Dr. Edward Johnson is awarded at the graduation exercises for Psychiatric Nurses at the Hospital for Mental Diseases, Selkirk, Manitoba.

Dr. Johnson is a former Superintendent of the Hospital, and a former Provincial Psychiatrist for the Province of Manitoba.

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