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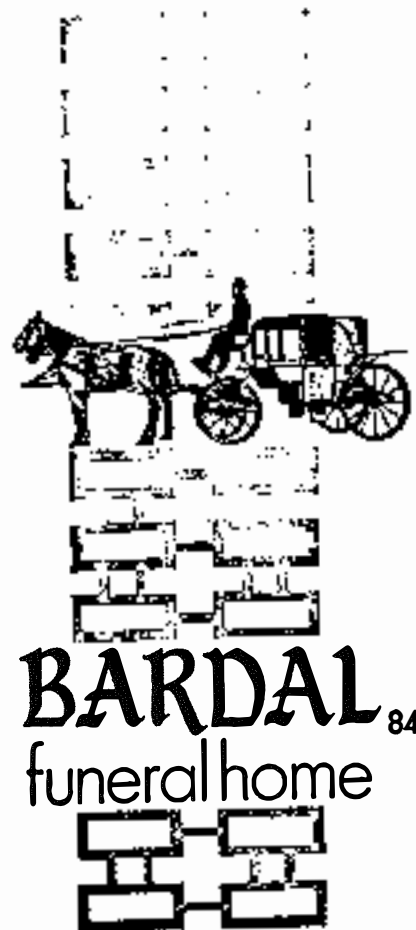
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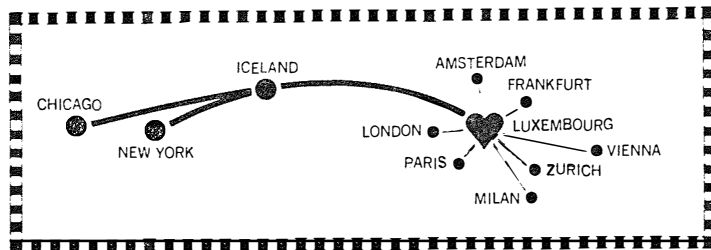
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The Icelandic Canadian

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Seated (left to right) Axel Eyolfson, Gunnarsteinn Einarsson, G. M. K. Björnson, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, Geiri Sigurdson, Bjósti Sigurdson and Vítur Eyolfson.

EDITORIAL

ROSSEAU CENTENNIAL

by Arilius Isfeld

"Your friends say 'hello' and so does Baldvin to his foster parents, Steini and Gudny".* This is the concluding sentence of a letter sent from Rosseau, Ontario. It did not travel by air jet delivery route nor was the sender surrounded by the myriads of modern conveniences that bring the comforts and contentment that these casual comments seem to infer. No! The letter referred to was written on September the first, 1873; one hundred years ago! The receiver at best would see it some thirty days later after it had travelled some two thousand miles across the ocean on a rather slow steamship. This letter was sent by Bjorn Kristjansson of Rosseau, Ontario to Steini Kristjansson of Akureyri and Kristjan Kristjansson of Stóragardi in Iceland.

A very brave and optimistic group of people had left Iceland on August 5, 1873, and arrived in Quebec, Canada, twenty days and five and one-half hours later. Eventually a half dozen families from this group located at Rosseau, Ontario, "where a small but permanent settlement formed". This was the first group of Icelanders to settle in Canada, Sigtryggur Jonasson having come to Canada as an individual in 1872. They could well

have decided not to settle in Canada because at this time Pall Thorlaksson, who had previously settled in Wisconsin in the United States, was waiting at Quebec and was anxious that they should come to Wisconsin where he had arranged employment for some forty immigrants. However, this brave group was already committed to go to Ontario. Actually one hundred twelve went on to Ontario, while some forty-three went to Wisconsin with Pall.

This is the hundredth anniversary of the group's forming a settlement in Canada and it seems fitting that we should reflect upon the courage, patience, perseverance and bravery of these people who faced the rigors of a slow stormy voyage and the unknown frontier so vastly different from their homeland so far, far away.

They left their home land on August 5th on the Steamship "Queen" which they humorously dubbed "Walker's Stable" because some 250 horses were their companions on board and crowded off some twenty or thirty members of the party till a later trip. However they bid farewell to "The Stable" at Granton, Scotland and later at Glasgow boarded the "Manitoban", which took them to Quebec.

This voyage had taken months of negotiations and organization work mainly by Olafur Olafsson from Espi-

(*Kunningjarnir biðja að heilsa og Baldvin fósturforeldrum sínum Steina og Guðnýju.)

holi, Fridjon Fridriksson and Baldvin Helgason. The shipping contractor was the Allan Line Steamship Company.

The renowned poet Stephan G. Stephansson was a member of the group on board but did not settle at Rosseau. Skapti Arason, in an account in "Landnamsaga" by Thorleif Jackson, names some of the members he could recall when writing a summary of happenings from 1850 to 1889, these members being Fridjon and Arni Fridriksson, Olafur Olafsson, Fridbjorn Bjornsson, Thorlakur Jonsson, Baldvin Baldvinsson, Pall Johansson, and Stephan G. Stephansson.

Let us try to enter into the atmosphere created by their feelings, thoughts, hopes and suffering as revealed by the following crude translations of comments found in Bjorn's letter: "As soon as the ship was well on its way everyone had bedded down but it was difficult for some" . . . "the following morning many woke up seasick" . . . "it was extremely windy" — August 6 — same rough sea and all are seasick except a few diehard sailors" . . . August 7 — the women and children are so seasick that their bodies receive no nourishment . . . stopped 4 hours at Hjaltland* . . . bought some medicine for the seasick . . . August 12 — came to Aberdeen — the horses were unloaded — seven of them had already dropped dead — you can imagine the air we were breathing — when some of the horses died from lack of air on the bottom deck." At Glasgow many people of different nationalities came on board . . . left Liverpool August 14 "to, in God's name, start the long ocean trip over the broad Atlantic Ocean . . . August 16 — breakfast was coffee and a slice of bread — lunch was soup with

* Shetland Islands

meat and potatoes or beans — supper, tea and a slice of bread with some butter — some thought breakfast and supper were not sufficient in content. . . . Sermons were read on each deck every Sunday . . . August 18 — trip smoother, people generally healthier but fog so thick one could not see . . . August 21 — several icebergs around the ship . . . August 22 — distant land like shadows in the sun . . . An English baby died in the morning.

August 23 — some of the sick feeling better — my wife and four other women were sick in bed all the way but my children were not seasick after we left England . . . August 24 — baby belonging to the Jacksons passed away . . . by 6:00 p.m. land was visible on both sides . . . travelled up the St. Lawrence at night . . . August 25 — arrived at Quebec and touched land again! . . . were received well — men and women ran after us offering fresh milk for sale — goods were very expensive. . . Arrived at Toronto 8:00 a.m. August 27 . . . left August 29 — reached Rosseau August 30. . . . If you are contemplating coming to Canada I advise you to contract with a sailing company — preferably Allan Lines. . . . When you go walking in the cities in England go in groups, not alone, and do not loiter or you will fall foul of pickpockets . . . and in other cities as well — and be sure to have aboard a good interpreter — preferably the one we had, Peter Benesen, Liverpool, England . . ."

Hail to these brave souls. They deserve to be remembered and respected not only during the Centennial of their coming to Canada but for all time. Such self determination to succeed and prosper would be a welcome injection into our modern and seemingly sick society.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

A COURT OF CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP

A Court of Canadian Citizenship was in session at the Legislative Buildings, Winnipeg, on May 16, 1973. Judge Peter Taraska presided. A special guest was His Honour, Lieutenant-Governor J. W. McKaeg.

The ceremony was impressive. Thirty-one newcomers to Canada received their Canadian citizenship and thirteen special presentations were made to persons representing native Canadian Indians, Lord Selkirk Settlers, Senior Citizens, and Canadian students who have recently attained their majority.

The newcomers hailed from 22 different countries: Belgium (1), Czechoslovakia (2), China (1), Denmark (1), Dutch East Indies (2) France (1), Germany (2), Greece (3), Holland (2), Hungary (1), Indonesia (1), Italy (1), Mexico (1), Paraguay (1), Philippines (1), Poland (1), Portugal (2), Spain (1), Sweden (1), United States (2), U.S.S.R. (1), Yugoslavia (2).

It is noteworthy that the newcomer whose country of birth is Mexico bears the name of Heinrich Neustaeter and the person from Paraguay is Hans Thiessen. Obviously these men are descendants of the Mennonites who left Manitoba for Mexico and Paraguay in the 1920's. The Canadian students were represented by Miss Lori Gay Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Sigurdson, of Winnipeg.

Judge Peter Taraska stated that in 1972 he admitted over 2,000 Manitoba

people from 53 different countries of origin to Canadian citizenship.

It was mentioned that our various national elements are being made, not more uniform but more harmonious. Such is the picture of our evolving Canadian people.

* * *

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

This week is set aside across the country as Citizenship Week — a week during which, it is hoped, Canadians will take a look at themselves, count their blessings, admit their failings and perhaps make a silent promise to be better citizens in future.

No one has yet unerringly placed his finger on the Canadian "identity". Indeed, if there is such a thing it is made up of the contributions of many lands and many peoples. This is as it must, and should be. The words of the Queen when she visited these shores two years ago are worth recalling in this respect:

"No one expects or demands our new citizens to desert their heritage, to reject their past, or to deny their identity. It is a serious commitment to choose a new country, to translate one's life into a new context. Yet no one can take this courageous leap of the heart without a backward glance. It is quite impossible to shrug off the heritage of generations and the culture of the ages and it is not expected."

* * *

All of which having been said, it cannot be denied or ignored that

many newcomers to Canada, who will one day become Canadian citizens, have their problems settling down in a new land and to a new way of life. Here in this province such people have been and are being greatly helped by the Citizenship Council of Manitoba, a voluntary non-governmental organization that works to strengthen Canadian unity, to promote good citizenship in the community, and is concerned with the well-being of immigrants to this country.

One of the council's most effective tools is the International Centre in

Winnipeg. Housed in the heart of the city, it has 280 individual members and 86 member organizations of which 47 are ethnic groups. Here newcomers are helped to adjust to their new country in a wide variety of ways — reception, counselling, translation services, education, social and recreational activities. Truly the centre fills a tremendous need and is a potent force in stimulating and promoting good citizenship.

—Winnipeg Free Press
May 17, 1973



THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL SCHOLARSHIPS

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba is offering two sets of scholarships, one set for Grade XII matriculation students proceeding to a university, and one for students who have already commenced study at a university. These scholarships are for \$125.00 and \$75.00, respectively, in each category. They are tenable at one of the universities in Manitoba: University of Manitoba, University of Winnipeg, and Brandon University.

The following is the basis for selection:

- Icelandic or part Icelandic descent.

- A first class "A" academic standing is desirable; a "B" standing is the minimum.

- Participation in extra-curricular activities, in school or community.

Applications for these scholarships with relevant supporting information, including age, the name of school or college attended, and a transcript of marks, are to be forwarded by September 30th, to the Executive Secretary of the Festival Committee:

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REMINISCENCES

Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927)

FOREWORD

Stephan G. Stephansson, the Rocky Mountain poet, generally regarded as the "Poet Laureate" of the North American community of people of Icelandic descent, was also a prolific writer of prose. A series of books entitled "Letters and Articles" (Bref og Ritgerðir) published in Reykjavik, 1948 contain his prose writings. This article consists of a translation of excerpts from a section entitled "Reminiscences" (Litið um öxl) of Volume IV of the series. Parts of this section are omitted. In the opinion of the translator a number of details, while no doubt of interest to the writer's contemporaries, are probably of little or no interest to the majority of present-day readers, whose knowledge of the background is scanty, perhaps non-existent, nevertheless the article may reveal to the reader not only some interesting aspects of the life of this extraordinary man, but also glimpses of the life style of a bygone age.

PART I.

An Autobiographical Sketch

I was born October 3, 1853, at Kirkjuhóll (Church Hill) in Skagafjörður, Iceland. At the age of 15 I was hired as a laborer by my uncle, Jón Jónsson, at his homestead, Mjóadal (Narrow Valley), in the district of Bárðardal. (The ancestral habitat of the well-known Bardal family of Winnipeg and elsewhere.)

My parents along with my sister, Sigurlaug Einara, and myself, emigrated to the United States in 1873. We settled near Staughton, in Dane County, Wisconsin, about 20 miles south of Madison. During our stay there I worked as a hired man on various farms. At that time I did my utmost to teach myself English and Norwegian, but never attended school. In 1874 we homesteaded in the wooded country of Shawano County, Wisconsin. That winter I worked as a lumberjack about 50 miles north of our home, and as a hired man on a farm 75 miles south of our homestead the following summer, remaining at

home during the in-between seasons. The only means of transportation for me was walking. My wages on the average were \$18 per month, the working day being from sunrise to sunset.

On August 28, 1878, I married my cousin, Helga Sigríður, the daughter of Jón Jónsson of Mjóadal (Narrow Valley) and Sigurbjörg, my father's sister. At that time I nominally owned 160 acres of land, 148 acres being virgin forest and twelve acres cleared, also a fairly good house and 3 or 4 cattle. The minister, the Rev. Páll Thorláksson (an uncle of Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson of Winnipeg), who married us, adamantly refused to accept the customary fee in view of the fact that this was the first time he had married an Icelandic couple.

In 1878 we moved from Wisconsin to Gardar, N. Dakota. That summer I worked on the railway and with a threshing gang. The remaining 9 years of our sojourn there I spent my time in farming with indifferent success. In 1888 we moved to Markerville, Alberta, where I worked on the railway for a number of years. Subsequently my occupation has been farming.

PART II.

The Formative Years

My parents, Guðmundur Stefánsson and Guðbjörg Hannesdóttir, were my main source of inspiration. My father was intelligent, articulate, serious, magnanimous, industrious, loyal and honest. Never did he spare himself in helping those in need. In fact his lavish zeal in the implementation of his "I-am-my-brother's-keeper" philosophy undoubtedly shortened his life. In his youth he had acquainted himself with Icelandic literature, ancient and modern, spiritual and worldly. In the few spare moments he had he endeavored to keep abreast of recent developments and modern literary trends. My mother was goodness itself. No one could be more conscientious in the discharge of her household duties. In her later years in the United States she taught herself to read English and Danish.

Due to the poverty of my parents the only books we had were the Bible and a few religious treatises, but I read everything I could lay my hands on, good or bad, depending largely on the kindness of our neighbors. As I have stated before. I became at the age of 15 a hired man to my uncle, Jón Jónsson in Bárðardal. It was my good fortune that he had a well-stocked library of which I took good advantage. At the present time I have a goodly supply of books, mostly English, gifts from my friends, amongst them the well-known Chicago electrician, Hjörtur Thórðarson, but the only one of the Icelandic sagas in my possession is the Sturlunga Saga. I have read many books and can truthfully say that I have no favorite author. From some authors I have garnered some gems, also some dross from each and every one of them. I was impress-

ed with the writings of Herbert Spencer and Darwin insofar as I realized that to a considerable extent they have shaped modern thought. I have endeavored to study the works of famous authors, English as well as French, German and Russian, in English translation of course, and have always felt that the concepts contained therein at times did not conform to my way of thinking—even Homer, although parts of the writings of some of them are almost faultless.

At times I have been enchanted by the reading of passages that I considered beautiful or profound. Although I do not consider myself as a conformist as far as religion is concerned, I must admit that one such source of inspiration was a well-known religious treatise by Jón Vídalín, which was read periodically at our family prayer sessions. It impressed me greatly, not because the author's religious doctrines influenced me to any great extent, but because of the trenchancy of his arguments and the beauty and forcefulness of his language. I well remember once in my boyhood that my mother, we two being alone at home, read Vídalín's "Sermon on the Second Sunday in Advent", the topic being "The Day". Seldom have I been more enraptured. Such power of imagination! Such exquisite language!

My mother taught me to read and write. I had read fairly extensively by the time I left home to work for my uncle in Bárðardal; had even started to learn the Catechism in preparation for my confirmation. Somewhat later my father summoned me home for the purpose of ascertaining how well prepared I was for what was then considered a momentous milestone in a person's life, confirmation. Being bashful I dreaded this ordeal. I knew my Catechism thoroughly, but performed

poorly, at times forgetting my lines, and mispronouncing some words rather ludicrously. My apparent failure riled my father. He told me that it would appear that I would likely bring discredit to my family which was considered to be intelligent. To my great relief he vowed that never again would he repeat his examination of my progress in learning the Catechism, a promise he scrupulously kept. At the confirmation, however, I did not disgrace him or my family, as far as I remember.

There was a time when I became intensely desirous of attending school. One autumn, when I happened to be out in rough weather, I espied three men riding from Arnarstapa to Vatnsgarð to attend school for the first time. I recognized among them Indriði Einarsson, a comrade of mine. On seeing them I became aware of a strong emotion — grief, not jealousy — then

rushed sobbing to lie down in a hollow between two small mounds. Having missed me, my mother called, but I did not answer, as I did not want her to see me in this depressed state. Finally I relented. Many years later I heard her relate this incident at a time when I thought it had long been forgotten. She added that never had she deplored our poverty as she did then. I have no regrets, however, that I was deprived of a formal education. Had I later undertaken the arduous task of "working my way through college", I would not have been able to render assistance to my parents in their old age. It may have been my good fortune that the halls of learning were closed to me. I am quite content now that circumstances have unfolded as they did.

(to be continued)

THE CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

The Canada-Iceland Foundation is offering scholarships of from \$100.00 to \$200.00 for the 1973-1974 academic year, from its own funds and on behalf of certain trust funds.

Scholarships may be awarded to: —

1. High School students of Icelandic descent.
2. University students of Icelandic descent or married to persons of Icelandic descent,
and
Studying towards a Bachelor's, Master's or Doctor's degree in Arts.
3. Any university student taking courses in Icelandic or Icelandic literature.

Scholarship awards shall be determined by academic standing, leadership qualities and financial need.

Studies may be carried on in any Canadian university or in the University of Iceland.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community by September 3, 1973 to:

**Professor Haraldur Bessason,
Chair of Icelandic,
University of Manitoba.**

TOAST TO CANADA

by Gus Sigurdson

Green are the fields and blue the sky;
Bright is the sun in the heavens high.
The earth, that yields, is in bloom today,
And proud is the one, who has room to say
"All this is mine. I keep it free.

Canada truly belongs to me."

White is the snow on the highest peaks
Of the Rocky Mountains and Lo! it speaks
In the silvery glow of a waterfall
Through a bluish haze. Maintains to all —
This is my land. Oh! keep it free!

Canada truly belongs to me.

Swift are the rivers that run below;
Thick are the woods where the wild deer go
Grazing, with never a sound—unheard—
All understood is the song of a bird
That merrily sings on the branch of a tree.

Canada truly belongs to me.

Wide is the sweep of the open plains;
Fresh is the smell of summer rains,
That bury deep in the roots of wheat
Growing well in the summer heat.
Breathing this breath to a full degree—

Canada truly belongs to me.

Peaceful the beach on lush lake shores;
Quick be the fish to sense the oars
As fishermen reach for net or bait
To capture a dish to delight the mate,
Such is the life in a land most free—

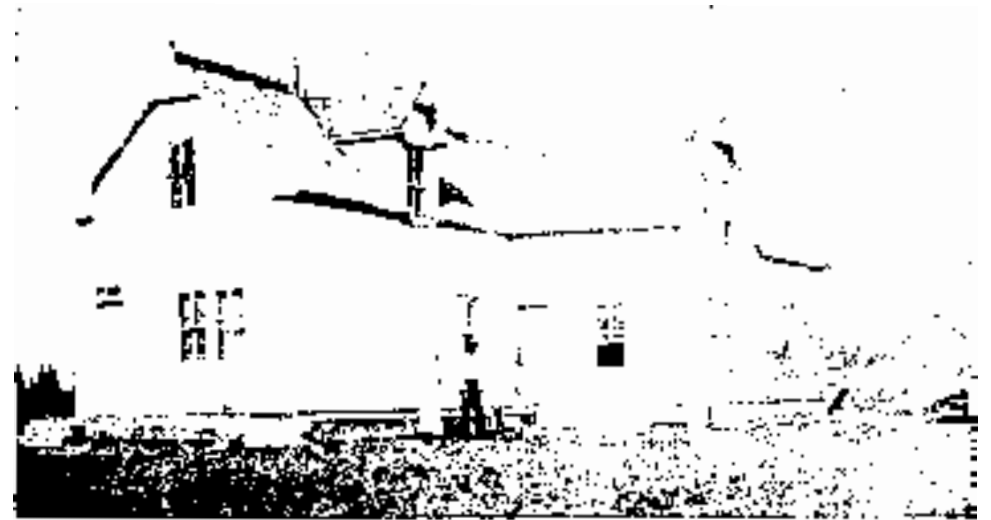
Canada truly belongs to me.

Canadian woods in early years
Were wild, but brave were the pioneers
Of Icelandic blood, who wrote one page
At Gimli, and gave a heritage
To each their sons for time to be.

Canada truly belongs to me.

The Tomas T. Jonasson Stopping Place

by Nelson Gerrard



The Tomas T. Jonasson Stopping Place At Engimyri, Icelandic River (Riverton)

The original stopping place at Engimyri was a log house, built by Tomas Jonasson (a brother of Sigtryggur Jonasson) shortly after his arrival in 1877. A part of the present building was built in 1899, a part in 1904.

The lumber for the building came from the Kristjon Finnson saw mill, close by. The main building is 32 by 16 feet; the family room addition 24 by 16 feet. The overall length is thus 56 feet.

One point I have discovered regarding the Tomas Jonasson "Stopping Place" is that it was almost a tradition in Tomas's family and this may well have been the reason why Engimyri at Icelandic River became a stopping location for travellers.

Tomas's father, Jónas Sigurðsson, lived a great part of his life at Bakka-sel, the outermost farm in the Öxnadal in Eyjarfjörður. This farm, originally settled by Tómas's grandfather, the father of his mother, (Egill Tómas-son) was a mountain dairy or "sel" up until 1894 or so, when Egill homesteaded up there, moving from one of the largest, most productive farms in

Öxnadal, Bakka, to which this "sel" was connected by lease. Egill was quite a character and is described as a man who liked to follow his own inclinations rather than follow in the footsteps of other men. He is always characterized as a very intelligent man, always willing to help when the need was foremost, kind to indigents and hospitable or "gestrisinn". Probably the tradition started when Egill moved to Bakka; but possibly guests were accustomed to stopping at Bakka when Egill lived there. Bakka, if you know the Öxnadal, is located on the route to Akureyri, right under the eastern edge of Öxnadalshéiði, over

which the main road north passes. If you know the spot you will understand why it had never before been home-steaded. Just down off the "heath" it is absolutely the last leg of the valley, which at this point is extremely narrow, high, gravelly and not at all that inviting from a farmer's point of view. Although the farm includes a vast amount of land none of it is much good, heath marshes, thin grass or clumps of moss and everywhere the reddish-purple lava rock and gravel on which the first traces of Öxnadal's grassy bottom appear. Öxnadal's cuts a deep gorge into the valley bottom by Bakkasel coming out of an off-valley, Seldal. Although Egill had been relatively well-off, he lost most of his property in the divorce from his wife and it is then that he moved to Bakkasel. As can be expected he lived in dire poverty for a while, but Egill, having a knack for making money, prospered better than would be expected and gradually his circumstances improved. Bakkasel, located in this strategic position with regards to travellers became a stopping place for weary travellers who had either crossed Öxnadalshéiði or found their way along the long road from Akureyri. In either case Bakkasel was a kind of outpost, the last stop, or the first one.

One of Egil's daughters, Helga Egilsdóttir, married Jónas Sigurðsson and after living at Bakka, Engimýri, in Öxnadal (birthplace of Tómas Jónason) the couple, Jónas and Helga, moved to Bakkasel after Egil's death in 1864 and here the family was raised, at least the younger members. The children were not so few and Bakkasel offered a meagre livelihood as

might be seen from the year 1859, when Egill had lived there. A bout of unfavourable weather resulted in Egill having to slaughter half of his sheep while many died from starvation. Bakkasel was situated on the outer fringe of habitable land and more likely, little beyond, as it has not been lived in for a long time. Despite the hardship, the home at Bakkasel was always a popular and busy stopping place and this is well described in a poem "Jónas í Bakkaseli" by Jón Stefansson in a book of poetry called "Ljóð og Sögur", or something like that, by Jón Stefansson. It describes Jónas's hospitality and no doubt all the children were familiar with the life of the stopping place. No doubt this is a reason why Tómas Jónasson came to have a stopping place at Engimýri at Riverton. Jónas died in 1895, I think, and afterwards Bakkasel was built up as an official stopping place by the government and that building stands there now although no one lives there — apparently the farm farthest up Öxnadal which is now inhabited is Engimýri, a long way from Bakkasel. This shows on what slim means these people lived on when they had to; the farms have long since been abandoned as unfeasible.

The poem I mentioned sheds a lot of light on the kindly character of the couple at Bakkasel, Egill and his second wife, and the very strong Icelandic tradition of hospitality which was carried on at the Stopping Place at Engimýri in New Iceland. The name of the book is "Ljóð og Saga" and "Ljóð og Sögur" by Jón Stefansson and was published in Winnipeg.

HAROLD STEPHEN SKAPTASON

by Mattie Halldorson

In the Icelandic Canadian magazine, in the summer issue 1961, Judge Walter J. Lindal wrote: ". . . that a descendant of the Vikings should chose costume cutting as a profession and designing is very unique."

Since that time Stephen Skaptason has found his niche in his chosen field and has become a chief cutter and designer for the wardrobe department with the National Theatre in London, England, and has been with that theatrical organization since September 1962.

His talent was evident at an early age. When he was thirteen he designed and sewed a jumper dress for his sister Holly, who was nine. It fitted perfectly and was greatly admired by her family and friends. He also made a beautiful gown in greyish blue brocade for his mother.

When he was fifteen years of age he designed and cut costumes for The Manitoba Theatre Centre productions, under the direction of John Hirsch.

At Rainbow Stage costumes were executed by Stephen for "South Pacific", directed by R. Moulton; "The Lady is Not for Burning", an Elizabethan play, and "The Boyfriend", under the direction of John Hirsch, as well as others.

Stephen was with the Stratford Theatre in Canada for a season. While there he had the opportunity to work with the head cutter, Mr. Ivan Alderman, costume supervisor of the National Theatre, London, England, who was so impressed with his work



Harold Stephen Skaptason

that he urged Stephen to go to England. In 1962, at nineteen years of age he set out for London and has been there ever since.

He soon caught the attention of the film stars and has designed costumes for Ingrid Bergman, for a film to be released in America, Lord Olivier and Claire Bloom. He designed and cut costumes for Miss Bloom's role in the film "A Doll's House" by Henrik Ibsen, now being shown in London. While Stephen does some designing he works in the main from patterns of various designers.

Mr. Kenneth Tynan, literary consultant of the National Theatre and noted art critic, requested Stephen to make for his wife a copy of a tinselled

robe, which had been designed for Greta Garbo in 1932. A picture of Mrs. Tynan wearing the gown appeared in the British Vogue magazine in 1971. The photographer was Lord Snowdon.

A year ago the BBC/TV presented a twenty episode production of the play "War and Peace" by Tolstoy. It was one year in the making. Stephen made all the costumes for the leading female stars, Natasha and Sonya, the daughters of the principal family of the characters in the play.

In his spare time Stephen and his wife Jean (Eames) have cut costumes for Rudolph Nureyev, of the Russian Ballet. In 1967 he was sent to Milan, Italy, to fit a costume for the artist. This is apart from his work of chief cutter with the National Theatre. Mr. Nureyev is rather difficult to please but has always been very appreciative of Stephen's work.

In his column in the Winnipeg Tribune, Mr. Gene Telpner told of a couple who had been to London and while there attended some of The National Theatre productions, who said that "Stephen Skaptason is making a name for himself in London. He cut all the men's costumes for "Long Day's Journey Into Night", "A Flea in her Ear", which was shown in Winnipeg in 1967 with Lord Laurence Olivier,

"Lone for Love", and "Dance of Death".

Lord Laurence is the director of the National Theatre. He wrote to Stephen saying: "Dear Stephen, I have been meaning to write to you for some while to say how every much I have appreciated your splendid work on everything you did for me. My most sincere thanks. I hope we will be together for a long time to come."

Stephen, who was born in Winnipeg in 1942, is the son of Johanna Zoega Johnson, and the late Marelius (Marl) Skaptason, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Skaptason. Marelius served in World War II.

Stephen feels, his mother told me, that he is indeed fortunate to be working at something he gets so much satisfaction from and also in his wife's understanding support in his endeavours. His wife Jean, of Sussex, England, is a creative artist herself.

He has very fond memories of his many friends in Canada and is most appreciative of all the assistance and encouragement he has received in the profession and from his friends and relations in Manitoba.

The Icelandic Canadians wishes Stephen Skaptason continued success in his chosen profession, which must be richly rewarding for him.

—Mattie Halldorson

"An Oldtimer's Tale" was written by a sixteen-year old high-school student as an essay for an Icelandic Festival historical essay competition. An interesting feature of this entry is that it is written by a non-Icelandic student whose sole reference was a history of the Icelandic people in Manitoba in the school library.

Part I. and II. of the essay are being published as a sample of the work done. The main part is omitted because the story is well-known to most of the readers of the Icelandic Canadian.

—Editor

'AN OLDTIMER'S TALE'

The History of New Iceland, the first Icelandic Settlement in Manitoba

by Jule Nazeravich

PART I.

"There it is down below, that's Gimli. We'll land at the airstrip."

I live in Winnipeg now but this is where I was born and raised. I came to see the festival and my Grandfather who is getting kind of old. It was three years ago when Grandpa died. Grandpa get's quite lonely so I try to visit him as often as I can.

"This town is so beautiful. I really love it. Hello, Grandpa?"

"Hello Paul! Oh I'm so glad to see you son. Oh, come on Paul, please sit down for me. Tell me what you've been up to."

"Nothing at all Grandpa. I'm just lazing around these summer days."

"Would you like to go see the parade?"

"Yea, I really would."

"I can still remember my young days in the old settlement, Paul. I was born in the summer of 1890, but I had my first taste of life in 1895. That day in spring my mother let me roam away from home. I ran right to the lake where my father was fishing and he heaved me up and looked me straight in the eye. Then he started laughing because he knew he scared

me It was four years later that he told me how he came to New Iceland. Iceland was beautiful but his hardships were too numerous, so he came to Canada. About 150 Icelanders came altogether and they settled in Ontario at Rosseau. They found the land poor, so some tried Nova Scotia. The government there offered 100 acres of free land to any person over fifteen. The soil was impossible to work and when these unfortunate settlers heard of New Iceland, they moved here."

"My father came here with the first settlement just before freeze-up in 1875. They sailed from Sarnia to Duluth by steamer. From Duluth they took the train to Fisher's Landing on the Red River, and another steamer brought the Icelanders down the Red to Winnipeg. In Winnipeg the settlers put their freight on flat-boats and sailed down to Gimli."

"My father told me of John Taylor, who pictured himself as Moses leading his people to the promised land. He wasn't Icelandic though. Sigtryggur Jonasson, the first Icelandic settler in Canada, was another great man playing a large part in the colonization of New Iceland."

"The winter of 1875-1876 was a cold

one. These new Canadians had no clothes for such rigorous winters. Thirty log houses were built and two or three families were crowded into each. December came and food was running short. Attempts at hunting failed. The Indians helped the situation by bringing in dried moose meat and frozen milk. Later, when starvation seemed frightfully possible the government sent in additional supplies. Scurvy came and affected mostly women and children. A few died. Through that first year of hardships, though, the Icelanders established a government, a school, and built new homes."

PART III.

I shall proceed now with the sad section of New Icelandic history.

The "Great Flood" came in November of 1879. This was the last straw for most of the settlers. They had suffered numerous hardships already and many felt it was time to move. There were other determining causes though. Restlessness, curiosity of conditions elsewhere, and factionalism were a few of the numerous causes. Many agreed that the damage of the lake caused only a small minority to leave. Nevertheless, the settlement at one time numbered 1500 and after this episode 250 remained. Most of the settlers headed for the Argyle settlement in

the Tiger Hills. Seven hundred Icelanders fared well in this area, but I must continue the story of New Iceland.

The critical period for the settlers who remained in New Iceland was from 1881 to 1886, but the sawmill at Icelandic River tided the colonists over this crucial era. The sawmill provided employment year round and brought ten to fifteen thousand dollars into the colony annually. Immigration into New Iceland resumed in 1883 and the population increased until a census in 1894 revealed 1557 persons. One settler who returned made the remark that New Iceland was excessively praised for awhile, but that it had also been decried to excessive amounts. In this period the economy of the colony flourished. There was a great spirit of enterprise, trade, travel, and culture. Many settlers built new houses, bought new equipment, and cleared more land. Another sawmill was built at Gimli. Agriculture developed slowly, but only because the settlers concentrated on the fishing industry. The colony was finally secure.

Today the New Iceland settlement still exists at Gimli. Sigtryggur Jonsson's dream of a separate Icelandic colony didn't last the years. I'm not sorry though. I feel that all ethnic groups of Canada must eventually give up their identity to the stronger Canadian identity which overcomes us all.



From Icelandic to English

SVANASÖNGUR Á HEIÐI

Steingrímur Thorsteinsson

Eg reið um sumaraftan einn
á eiðilegri heiði;
þá styttist leiðin löng og ströng,
því ljúfan heyrði eg svanasöng,
já, svannasöng á heiði.

Á fjöllum roði fagur skein,
og fjær og nær úr geymi
að eyrum bar sem englahljóm,
í einverunnar helgidóm,
þann svanasöng á heiði.

Svo undur blítt eg aldrei hef
af ómi töfrast neinum;
í vökudraum eg veg minn reið
og vissi ei hvernig tíminn leið
við svanasöng á heiði.

SWANSONG ON THE MOORLANDS

Transl. by Jakobina Johnson

Alone, upon a summer's eve,
I rode the dreary moorlands.
— No more the way seemed bleak
and long
For sudden strains of lovely song
Were borne across the moorlands.

The mountains glowed with rosy light
— From far across the moorlands
And like a sacred interlude
It fell upon my solitude,
That song upon the moorlands.

It thrilled my soul with sweet
response,
That song upon the moorlands.
As in a dream I rode ahead —
And knew not how the moments fled,
With swans upon the moorlands.

Steingrímur (Bjarnason) Thorsteinsson (1831-1913) was one of the three great national poets of Iceland in the nineteenth century and one of the greatest translators among the Romantics.

"Already, as a youth, the poet was captivated by Icelandic nature in various moods and many seasons. As a nature poet he loved to make excursions to the scenic haunts of his native district (Snæfellsnes) into the vast and little known upplands" — (Stefan Einarsson: *A History of Icelandic Literature*, 1957)

Steingrímur Thorsteinsson translated into Icelandic *Arabian Nights*, Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Tegner's *Axel*, and H. C. Andersen's *Fairly Tales*.

For an account of Jakobina Johnson see Gustaf Kristjanson's biographical sketch in the Autumn 1972 issue of the Icelandic Canadian.

FEIGUR FALLANDASON

Hjálmar Jónsson (Bólu Hjálmar)
1796-1875

Mér er orðið stirt um stef
og stílvopn laust í höndum,
í langnættinu lítið sef,
ljós í myrkri lítið hef,
kalður titra krepptur gigtarböndum.

Húmar að mitt hinza kvöld,
horfi eg fram á vegina.
Gröfin móti gapir köld,
gref eg á minn vonarskjöld
rúnir þær, sem ráðast hinumeginn.

FEYMAN'S FATE

transl. by Gudmund J. Gíslason

'Tis growing harder rimes to write,
Fast my strength is waning,
Sleep forsakes me in the night,
Darkness reigns, I have no light,
Cold I quake and crippled limbs are
paining.

Through death's lowering gloom
I gaze;

Straight my way is wending
Toward gaping tomb apace.
On my shield of hope I trace
Runes, that will be solved beyond
Life's ending.

Guðmund J. Gíslason was born in Iceland, but came to America at the age of five. He studied at the University of Manitoba, the University of North Dakota, and the Illinois Medical College. He also studied in London and Vienna. He became a practising physician in North Dakota.

Hjálmar Jónsson (Hjálmar of Bóla) "was endowed with great poetic genius, which the most adverse circumstances tended but to strengthen. His life-long struggle with poverty, and the lack of understanding on the part of his contemporaries embittered

him, however. His poems, therefore, often take the form of laments and denunciations of his age." (Richard Beck: Icelandic Lyrics, 1930).

"He was happily married and had seven children, but his life was an unrelenting struggle against harsh nature and the callous indifference of more prosperous brethren. To be sure, his lot was no worse than that of many of his other fellow sufferers, but he was different being endowed with a poet's sensitivity, the temper of a Viking and Icelandic word artistry at its best. . . . He was among the greatest folk poets that Iceland has had." (Stefan Einarsson).

TIL ÍSLANDS

Sigurður Júlíus Johannesson

Ef drottinn gerði að gulli tár
sem geymir hugur minn,
þá vildi eg gráta öll mín ár
til auðs í vasa þinn.

TO ICELAND

Transl. by Christopher Johnston

If God would turn to gold the tears
With which my mind is blessed:
Then would I weep through all
my years
To fill thy treasure-chest.

● The translations of poetry from Icelandic to English in this issue are from *Icelandic Lyrics*, edited by Dr. Richard Beck. (Ed.)

THE LAND IN THE MIDDLE

The Icelandic Canadian has received by courtesy of Eric Stefanson, General Manager (Manitoba) Interlake Development Corporation, a very attractive and informative publication prepared at the request of the Development Corporation. It is a 76-page 11 by 8½ inch publication, with a colorful glazed-paper cover, high-grade paper, and copiously and imaginatively illustrated.

The optimism regarding the future of the Interlake district, which for a long time has awaited a much greater development of its potentialities than it has had in the past, is reflected in the caption on the cover: "The Interlake—lies between two great freshwater oceans, a shaft of land pointing north to form a natural corridor along which development of Manitoba's north must flow". And this, "It is a blend of the beautiful, the rugged, the rich and not so rich".

Generally, the contents include a description of the land and the ocean-sized bounding lakes; the population, varied national-ethnic origins; industries and occupations; towns and rural districts; social conditions; recreation and tourism, and the impressive development under way.

Industrial development is impressive. To mention a limited number of enterprises, at Gimli there is Saunders Aircraft, Alwest Marine luxury aluminum houseboats, Misawa-Greenwood prefabricated houses and Calvert's 18-million dollar distillery. At Selkirk, not to mention the long established

Manitoba Rolling Mills, Universal Woodwork, with its customs woodwork has jobs brought them as far afield as Saskatchewan and Ontario. Selkirk has a 4½ million dollar comprehensive school. Teulon has the first hosiery mill to be established in Western Canada. Arborg has a modern cheese plant capable of producing 7 million pounds annually. Riverton has the well-known boat works that builds steel fishing boats and barges.

Tourism, from Matlock to Hecla Island, is being strongly promoted. A million dollars has been allocated to revive and rebuild Winnipeg Beach and Hecla Island is being turned into "Manitoba's show piece recreation spot."

By way of land adjustment, 35,000 acres have been purchased under the FRED program, to be converted to its best use, recreational, wildlife, forestry or forage crop production.

Riverton and Lunder have been declared eligible for provincially assisted sewer and water development under the Manitoba Water Services Act.

Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba are noted for their fisheries production.

Members of the 19-member Board of Directors of the Interlake Development Corporation with Icelandic names are: Eric Stefanson, Arborg, Manager; Dr. Baldur H. Kristjanson, Chairman Manitoba Economic Advisory Board; J. S. Sigurdson, Lunder, Vice President, and Dori Holm, Gimli.

—W. K.

Members of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba — 1973

The following are the names of the members of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, who had a group picture taken and which appears on the opposite page:

Back row (left to right): Art Kilgour, Hannes Kristjanson, Gord Peterson, Mort Larsen, Ken Kristjanson, Ken Einarson, John Kresock, Helgi Johnson, Eric Stefanson, Gord Arnason, Len Vopnfjord.

Middle row (left to right): Keith Sigmundson, Steini Jakobson, Tom Stefanson, Will Kristjanson, Ken Kristofferson, Haraldur Bessason, John T. Arnason, Kardy Geirholm, Dave Solmundson.

Front row (left to right): Rudy Bristow, Terry Tergesen, Ernest Stefanson, Dennis Stefanson, President, Ted K. Arnason, Harald Goodmanson, B. Valdi Arnason, Mattie Halldorson.

Missing from the picture — Dick Arnason, Birgir Brynjolfsson, Dori Holm, Kristine Jakobson, Brian Jakobson, Ron Johnson, Ralph Magnusson, Fred Sigmundson, Stefan Stefanson.



Brian Jakobson — Immediate Past
President of the Icelandic Festival.



Brian Jakobson

ANNUAL ART EXHIBIT

THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA (Íslendingadagurinn)

It is with pleasure again that we invite you to submit your art works to the Annual Art Exhibit (5th) to be held at Gimli on August 5th and 6th, 1973.

Awards will be made by purchasing outstanding works from various art forms, paintings, pottery, ceramics and sculpture, etc. Thanks to Investors Syndicate Limited for their contribution to help make these awards possible.

1. Artists must be of Icelandic descent.
2. All work submitted must be of the original and unaided work of the artist, not previously exhibited at Íslendingadagurinn.
3. Participants may submit three (3) works.
4. All works must be delivered to Tergesen's General Store, Gimli, Manitoba, before or on August 4th, 1973.
5. A label with name, address, title, must be attached to the back of each work.
6. Paintings must be suitably framed, ready for hanging, with wire kept back one inch from top of frame.
7. All works must be removed after the show on August 6th.
8. This entry form must be filled in and returned to the following address, not later than July 20, 1973.

Mrs. Lorna Tergesen,
Box 154,
Gimli, Manitoba
R0C 1B0

PARTICULARS OF ENTRY

No.	Title of Work	Medium	Price	Value for Insurance purposes
1	_____			
2	_____			
3	_____			

Artists Name (Surname first)

Address Phone No.

FORGOTTEN FOOTSTEPS

by Guðrún Finnsdóttir

Part I.

Spring had arrived with warmth, growth, and singing, and a youthful spirit was manifest everywhere.

The trees spread out their branches with the young soft green foliage that trembled in the soft southerly breeze.

The sun sparkled on the lake that rested like a shining mirror in the morning stillness. The fragrance of the forest and songs of birds filled the air. It felt as if spring and youth would reign forever.

Ingólfur of Vík saw and felt the beauty of spring, but still his heart felt heavy today, and he had not slept well last night. All night he had wrestled with the surveying of his past life. The weary and distressful footsteps stood out clear. One such step and not the easiest he would take today. It was the wedding day of his daughter, Ragnhildur, and she was marrying an Englishman, a medical doctor who lived in Winnipeg.

Her father had expected her to continue being the mistress of Vík, marry some good-looking man, — an Icelander. But those daydreams had all collapsed.

For many years Ingólfur had prepared himself for handing over his life's work as well done as possible to his daughter. He had taken pains improving and enlarging his land, meadows and fields; also beautifying and improving the house. But what good was it all now?

Ingólfur looked at his farm, as it stood here today. The farm house, large and impressive, of light-grey concrete, with a red roof. A well-cared-for garden all around it and a wide avenue of trees extending to the highway. Behind the farm house was a good sized thicket and in a clearing to the west stood a granary, a barn, and a tool storage. Everything showed evidence of cleanliness, orderliness, and good means.

Level fields and meadows spread north and west of the farm. And the lake, teeming with fish, lay a good hundred feet from the house. It had kept them alive in the long ago, in their first pioneer years, while he was raising livestock and breaking the land.

He remembered the first log cabin he had built at Vík, small and low with an earthen floor and clay packed into the cracks where the logs did not fit. Now it would not be considered a decent shelter for cattle.

What little was bought for the household, he had carried on his back over long distances. For two years they had not tasted any other meat than wild fowl and game he shot every now and then. They could not slaughter any of their few cattle. Then he managed to raise oxen for draught and plowing. He himself built the first oxcart and that was quite an improvement. But the oxen were a bit slower than the cars nowadays. There

was no choice but to work and skimp to keep body and soul together.

The only plentiful commodity was firewood. The forest was dense and tall all the way to the lake's edge. It had to be cut and cleared before one could plant potatoes, let alone think about growing grain. Where there was no dense forest, there were sloughs and bogs that had to be drained.

Now Ingólfur marvelled at the foolhardiness and courage his wife, Thordís, and he had manifested when they settled there. Had he suspected half of the difficulties that awaited them, he doubted that they would have dared establish a farm there.

And still — there was not much to pick from in those days, they did not have a choice. In the north-western part of the country was a virgin forest and uninhabited prairie, but the immigrants had settled in small groups here and there. Ingólfur thought gratefully about his neighbors; they helped each other in respect to work and necessities of life. Their generosity to each other was just as great as their poverty. He had often looked over the district and marvelled how much those people had achieved with their bare hands. Most of them had passed away or moved; those who had settled and broken the land were now forgotten — others had replaced them and now reaped the fruits.

Yes, it was beautiful and prosperous in Vík nowadays. Ingólfur looked at his hands, knotted and gnarled from grind and toil. He himself had indeed been victorious in his dealings with poverty, singlehanded farming, and all the difficulties only the pioneer knows, but that was all. He had lost everything else.

Thordís, his wife, died young, a little over thirty years of age. She

developed consumption from poor living conditions. And what proved fatal to her was losing the children, one after another, for lack of nursing and medical care.

Vík had been costly; and what had he gained? Lost to him also was Ragnhildur, the apple of his eye, on whom he had built all his hopes. He felt that some of the blame rested on himself. If he had kept her at home with him and not thought about educating her, his dream would have come true and she would have stayed with her inheritance.

It was in the city that she had first become acquainted with this future husband of hers. Then when her studies were finished and she had come home, there was no let-up on the flow of visitors from Winnipeg. Every weekend the house was full of young people, Icelandic and English, that came to visit Ragnhildur and for a rest in the country over the weekends. And the group was seldom without the doctor. To be sure Ingólfur had found the rest these young people sought somewhat strange. There were car trips back and forth in the district, boating and sailing on the lake, baseball and then dancing and singing until morning. He noticed that Ragnhildur amused herself well, and he was happy for her because there had not been much recreation at Vík while she was growing up.

Ingólfur had watched her with amazement among this group of strangers; sometimes he found her strange too. His little girl, the farmer's daughter, brought up by him in isolation and practically in a wilderness — she not only held her own, but rather excelled in beauty, intelligence, and graciousness. And he was deeply happy and grateful that such a daughter could be his.

One Sunday evening late in the summer Ingólfur had walked west to the meadow to look after his livestock. Having found everything in order, he walked leisurely home. It was bright moonlight and dead calm; pinkish-white light spread like a magic veil over everything. In the forest everything was alive — a world of its own that came alive in the evening. The trees stood like sentinels, quiet and calm and cast long shadows. It was one of those charmingly beautiful evenings that often follow hot days. It feels as if the earth takes all living things, tired after the brunt of the day into its soft, cool arms, like a gentle mother.

Ingólfur had reached the pavement in front of the house. Involuntarily and from an old habit he stopped and looked out over the lake that trembled and glittered in the moonlight. He happened to look south along the beach a little way south of the farmhouse. There they came walking, Ragnhildur and the doctor, — and held hands.

Ingólfur stood petrified — overwhelmed — with pain — disappointment — rage. One feeling succeeded the other.

So this was the business the doctor had come to Vík for — not rest. Some rest this was! What a damned fool he had been. And Ragnhildur, she had betrayed him — deliberately betrayed him — for the first time in her life, and for an Englishman at that, she, his only child.

There they came holding hands.

He was not prepared to meet them now. Had to gain some time to think, try to pull himself together.

He had better walk, walk away the tumult and the rage as he had often done before. He hurried away from

the farm — away from Ragnhildur and the doctor — away from everything, out into the quiet night. He was alone — all alone. He walked a long distance along the beach — back and forth — back and forth.

He had often longed that Thordís had been allowed to live, but never as mournfully as now. His loneliness screamed at him. He wished for the power to retrieve her from eternity — see her, — find her, — win her sympathy and help. One could always depend on her even after she took sick.

Suddenly Ingólfur stopped short. What had been Thordís' last and only request. Didn't she entrust little Ragnhildur, then in her second year, to his care? He had tried to be worthy of her trust.

He felt that he owed to Thordís in her grave the youth and joy of life that she had been deprived of so soon. This debt he had tried to pay to Ragnhildur. Until now it had been a pleasure to him. But now the time had come when one of them had to give in to the other.

Ragnhildur was not fickle-minded — nobody knew her deep feeling and firm disposition better than he. He understood now, why she had often looked at him with worried, earnest eyes lately.

Ingólfur suddenly felt tired — mentally and physically. He sat down on the sand and rested his chin in his hand.

His thoughts were clearing — they had settled.

The memory of Thordís — her presence, the murmur from the lake, peace and tranquility of the night, — all this touched his tired soul as the soft hands of a loved one.

The lake had often before been a companion and friend to him when he had been almost overcome by the storm and tumult in his heart.

Here he had knelt in solitude and loneliness. Here he had prayed passionately and earnestly. Here he had also questioned the existence of a God. Life seemed to be a relentless aggregate that crushed those who happened under the merciless wheels of chance. Here he had wept the bitter tears of a grown-up man whose will seemed almost conquered. Here he had also found peace, peace after the overpowering of his feelings. Just the same way as the waves of the lake calmed down after the storm, so he had also gradually found inner peace, as the years went by, learned to be grateful for God's smile in the sunshine, His tear in the rain, learned to be grateful for life itself.

It was young Ragnhildur who mainly brightened and warmed his soul, ever since she was a child and came running to meet him with her open arms, happy face, blue beaming eyes, and her golden hair and clear child's voice. It was she and nobody else who had spread light, hope, love, and faith in life all around him.

He had therefore built all his future dreams around her. She would enjoy everything that Thordís and he had done without. Now she had failed him for the first time! But was it fair to look at it this way? It was her good right to marry whomever she chose to, and nothing was more natural than she would marry. But he had hoped, — actually expected — it to be an Icelandic.

What could he do? Put his foot down and simply forbid her to marry the doctor! No, those days were long gone. He could not do a thing — could not say a word. He knew that he would

have to give in in the end even though he resisted it now. But he was the father after all and had brought her up. Did he not have a right to demand that she respect his wishes in those matters? Surely she knew that he objected to her marrying into an English family.

Should he repay Ragnhildur all her affection by depriving her of happiness? Did he dare? What good had it done her mother to get mixed up with him, to become his wife? It brought on dire poverty, poor health, sorrow, and death. He had not managed his own life well enough to dare to overrule others.

He had to put up with this just like the other Icelandic parents this had happened to. And he had blamed them for not preventing such marriages.

The feeling that Ragnhildur was lost hurt most, not only lost to him but to the Icelandic community in which she was born and brought up and to the Icelandic social life. It was the same story with most of the Icelanders who married into the English majority. They were lost to the Icelanders and vanished into an English ocean of people.

Old Ingólfur sighed and wished that the Icelanders had been as wise as the Jews, making it a breach of religion to marry into another ethnic group. Because of this they had remained a nation through the centuries, even though they had been scattered throughout the world and had endured persecution and disregard.

Ingólfur rose. A cold gust blew from the lake. He looked east and saw the red of a new day dawning.

A new day — a new generation, that must make its own history, find its own calling, and make its own experiences. Ingólfur had conquered him-

self — his egoism and overbearing. Ragnhildur would decide her own affairs.

All these memories had crowded him during the night; and now he had come out into the joyful spring morning to shake them off.

Today was Ragnhildur's wedding day, and it was supposed to be to her joy and pleasure; no expense would be saved. No disagreement, nothing but heartfelt prayers and wishes of happiness would accompany her from the patrimonial farm.

Ingólfur looked over his farm and land again. Yes, it was beautiful at Vík and he had exerted himself to make it that way; but now he felt that he had done it all in vain. The property at Vík did not mean much to him any more, except to rest his bones if he would be allowed to be buried at the side of Thordís and the children.

The wages of the foreigner are usually meagre and always the same: he is given land to be sure, but in return he gives his whole life, his health, and all his abilities. Yes, the land engulfs him, body and soul, and his children for a thousand generations.

— Transl. by M. Geppert

About the Author:—

GUÐRÚN HELGA FINNSDÓTTIR

Guðrún Helga Finnsdóttir (1884-1946) was born of a family of poets, in the eastern part of Iceland. She arrived in Winnipeg in 1904 with her husband, the printer and poet Gísli Jónsson. Having raised her family, she began writing short stories for newspapers and for *Tímarit* of the Nation-

al League, whose editor her husband was for many years.

Her stories were published in *Hill-íngalönd* (Enchanted Lands), in 1938 and *Dagshríðar spor* (Episodes in the Struggle of Life, or Tracks of the Day's Struggle), in 1946. Some of her essays and talks were published in *Ferðalok* (Journey's End), in 1950, a memorial volume published after her death by her husband.

Her stories deal with the American scene, from the point of view of the immigrant still rooted in the old country. She is loyal to her new home but cannot help feeling that there is an uneven bargain for the immigrant, who for the new land gives himself body and soul. This inexorable fate is always at the back of her mind. In some of her latest stories she voices her heartfelt belief in the heritage of the race, a heritage passing from parent to child, whether the parties approve of it or not.

* * *

The above write-up is based on Dr. Stefan Einarsson's account of Guðrún Finnsdóttir in his *A History of Icelandic Literature*. It may be in order to suggest here that the great majority of the Icelandic settlers in America, while cherishing their Icelandic heritage, embraced their new homeland and gave it their unreserved loyalty.

Part I. of "Fýkur í sporin" (Forgotten Footsteps, or Obliterated Footsteps) was included in the Anthology *Vestan um haf* (From West-over-the-Sea, or From America), in 1930. A Part II had been virtually completed in part and the rest of it was in draft form at the time of the author's death, in 1946. Part II. was prepared for publication by her husband and appeared in *Dagshríðar spor*, in 1946. —Ed.

Canadian Bantam Speedskating Champion



Gillian Kristin Johnson

Gillian Kristin Johnson, ten-year old Winnipeg girl, won the dual titles of Canadian Indoor and Canadian Outdoor Speed Skating Champion in various distances in meets held in Saskatoon and Winnipeg in February and March, 1973. Skating at the

Bantam level, Gillian competed against skaters from New Brunswick to British Columbia, winning seven gold medals and the grand aggregate trophies.

Locally, she captured the Silver Skate Outdoor championship; the

Manitoba Indoor and Outdoor Meets and the Manitoba International competition, attended by many United States skaters. In Minneapolis she gained two silver awards, and at the 500 metre handicap in Winnipeg won a pair of Viking Skates.

On May 15th at the annual Awards ceremony sponsored by The River Heights Club, Gillian was presented with the Maureen Johnstone Memorial Trophy, given to the Club skater accumulating the greatest number of points in meets held during the skat-

ing season. She also received the Manitoba Outdoor Bantam trophy and the City of Winnipeg pin, presented by Uni-city councillor William Norrie.

During the 1972-73 skating year Gillian established 16 new records in her age class: 6 Canadian records; 6 Manitoba records and 4 Manitoba-International records.

Gillian has also been active in Intermediate swimming, piano, and hobby-art.

Gillian is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Johnson, of Winnipeg.

ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA ESSAY CONTEST

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba is sponsoring an essay contest, open to contestants 18 years or under, on the subject:

MY FAMILY

"My Family" may be interpreted to include not only the immediate family but also grandparents and great-grandparents.

The essays are not to exceed 2000 words.

Two thousand words do not leave much room for development, but an account of family background, including country of origin—Iceland—is suggested. The approach may be limited to such topics as "interesting events" or to the more general "way of life". The following sub-topics are mentioned to trigger the imagination: employment and income, buildings, food, clothes, cultural interest, education, church, and involvement in community life.

The following rules apply:

- Entries not to have been published previously.

- Manuscripts must be typed or legibly written, and on one side of the paper only.

- The writer's pen-name only to appear on the manuscript; the writer's name and address to be given in a sealed envelope accompanying the essay, and on the outside the pen name and the name of the article to be shown.

- The essays not to exceed 2000 words.

There will be three prizes, unless in the opinion of the judges there are not three essays of sufficient merit to qualify — \$100.00; \$75.00, and \$50.00.

Closing date for submission of essays is October 1, 1973.

Entries are to be mailed to:

Miss Mattie Halldorson,
Executive Secretary,
748 Ingersoll Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3G 2J6

RICHARD EIRIKSSON'S ROTARY ENGINE

by Peter Carey

Staff Aerospace Writer

INVENTIONS SOMETIMES OVERLOOKED

One of the Santa Clara Valley's natural resources is the imaginative mind of inventors, often men who spend spare time tinkering with pet projects that never see the light of day.

The plight of the man who wants to introduce a new aircraft engine, or an improvement on existing ones, is particularly bad.

After all, a handful of major corporations have the market cornered, and listen with deaf ears to the few men that get through to them.

Meanwhile the Pentagon — which often filters new research — is tied in with large laboratories and seems to have come to depend exclusively on those major engine makers.

It seems sad to waste such a resource. But the complaints that nobody seems to be listening come in steadily from men with skill and expertise in their fields.

No man with a new engine could be more unique than Richard Eiriksson, an Icelandic electrician now living in San Jose, though.

He has proposed a rotary engine (like the Wankel that's finding its way into European cars and the engine which powers the Japanese Mazda) with an elegant twist.

And it has been sitting on the shelf for more than 20 years.

Back in 1951, Eiriksson submitted his proposal to the U.S. Air Force base

in Keflavik, Iceland. He was shunted to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio.

"They were very enthusiastic about it, the engineers that is," he said. Eiriksson remained at the field for three days before he learned that the research budget had been blown on an unsuccessful project.

"They told me they were broke. They didn't have a nickel," he recalled last week.

Then, the undaunted inventor went to the University of Toronto's engineering department. There, he was told that he had an engine. "They said 'You build it and it will run'."

Since then, the 51-year-old electrician has been to the Pentagon (his souvenir: a parking ticket) and Mitsubishi International Corp. in New York.

Eiriksson's engine began in a novel way back in the Iceland tundra.

He used to putt around town in an old 1924 Chrysler. "It was good for short trips, but when I took it 30 miles out in the country someone would have to push me back."

At that point, he hit on the idea of building a small rotary engine in the hub of a spare tire.

"I figured that when the engine conked out, I could change tires and putt back at about five miles an hour."

The engine was never built, but its design laid the foundation for the trips that took him to America, Canada and eventually the San Clara Valley.

The engine is even more elegant than other rotaries now hitting the market place, and Eiriksson claims a variety of uses for it.

It consists of two rings, one fixed and the other rotating around the inside of the other.

Between the two rings is a "secret gimmick" that compresses air and sets up compression he claims is far more effective than that of a piston engine.

"There is no limit to the revolutions per minute and it will explode all of the fuel so that emissions will be so completely burned that it won't produce smog."

A third stage goes onto the basic engine to produce jet applications.

On jets, it would mean that you could have full thrust while sitting on the ground, rather than waiting to pick up speed in the air to produce maximum thrust.

"It will take off on shorter runways than any other type," he said. "You'd

think they would be interested for short-take-off and landing (STOL) applications."

Also, you could introduce a "dial your compression ration" component in the cockpit which would give greater control over thrust and the like, he says.

What does he want to use it for? You name it: Airfoil flying cars, industrial flying cranes, saucer-like vehicles for air or sea, vertical take-off and landing airliners, and sports cars.

All he needs now is a buyer.

"You know, the possibilities for this engine are unlimited. It could be the size of a wrist watch or enormous."

What's an electrician doing designing engines? "I like them," Eiriksson explained.

He's one of many still trying to make the big time in an epoch of mega-corporations.

—San Jose Mercury-News
November 28, 1971

THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA

[ISLENDINGADAGURINN]

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba held at Gimli, will be on August 4, 5, and 6 this year. The three-day program promises to be of a high order, varied and interesting, with an appeal to the older and the younger.

Items on the Monday: the Parade; the Fjallkona address; toast to Canada, by Dr. Albert Kristjanson of the University of Manitoba; toast to Iceland, by Mr. Pétur Pétursson, member of the Icelandic Althing; vocal solo, by Robert Publow and folk

songs, by Miss Norma Jean McCreedy; a Fine Art display, together with music and poetry, a repeat from Sunday, and community singing in the evening.

A play, Galdra Loftur, will be presented on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Over the weekend there will be dances, an open ten-mile road race, a bicycle race, bingo, sports car races, a goldeye supper, an archery demonstration, a parachute and a helicopter demonstration, and a sailing display.

SIXTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Mr. and Mrs. V. Stefanson

Mr. and Mrs. Valdimar Stefanson, of Gimli, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on April 15. They were married on April 12, 1913, at the home of Dr. Runolfur Marteinsson, in Winnipeg. Over 225 relatives and friends were gathered at Minerva Hall for this occasion.

Valdimar Stefanson was born in the village of Gimli in 1889, but his

permanent home has been on the family farm north of Gimli. In 1915 he was appointed county court bailiff and provincial policeman, a position he held for almost twenty years. He was provincial returning officer for the constituency of Gimli from 1922 to 1968, and he was reeve of the Rural Municipality of Gimli for two years.

PART III — of Solveig Sveinsson's story tells of the determination of a young girl to do well at school and to "become a part of the world" she had read about. To Winnipeg she must go and attend collegiate.

To Winnipeg she proceeded to a friend of the family, with a dollar in her purse which her Dad gave her. She obtained a place where she could work for her board and attend school, and in addition receive a dollar a month.

At school she was at first derided for her clothing and worn shoes, but she showed spunk. With her first dollar earned she bought a "beautiful pair of shoes". Presently derision changed to respect and she came to be accepted by her fellow students.

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH SOLVEIG SVEINSSON

Time passed and did not hang too heavily on my hands with a little childish fun snatched here and there valued the more because it came so seldom. I studied hard and really lived for the time that I would be through, at least that far that I could get a permit to teach at one of the schools in our district. I was sorely in need of so many things. My dollar a month could not be stretched further than I did manage to stretch it. The older I got the more keenly I felt the lack of so many things that all the other girls seemed to have.

The time came sooner than I expected. One day in November I was instructed to stay in after school. Trembling, fearing that something had gone wrong, I appeared at the teacher's desk after school. Smiling she told me she had good news for me.

The man who had been engaged to teach at my home school found it necessary to leave, so the school board, which consisted of my father and two neighbors, had written to the Department of Education in Winnipeg, requesting that I be granted permission to teach at their school to finish the other teacher's term.

"The Department got in touch with us this morning asking for your qualifications. If you are interested I will go down with you in the morning to see the Department and get your permit," the teacher said, smiling at me.

If I was interested! I could not believe my good fortune. When I undressed that evening I felt that I was also shedding my privations and hardships like an old stocking. I was on my own! I realized, of course, that I was still very far from my goal, but — but from now on it was up to me! I had been given my start. That night I fell asleep with tears of joy and gratitude wet on my cheeks.

Although the teacher who had left was to have thirty dollars a month and I was to have only twenty-five dollars, I could not have been happier. Of that amount, I would give father eight dollars a month for my room and board. Not that he asked for it; I knew that was what teachers at nearby schools paid for their room and board. I would still have to walk two-and-one-half miles to school.

I looked forward to teaching; looked forward to having a chance to handle books, read and study along

with my job. I was also looking forward to being able to buy some materials for mother and help her sew clothes for the children. I saw a busy time ahead. Five days a week at the school, and on evenings and weekends there would be plenty for me to do helping mother at home.

There was no mistaking the change that had taken place in the settlement during those three years I had been away, except for brief holidays. The pioneering look was fast being wiped out. Of course there was no appearance of plenty, but the people had better housing, nicer clothes and were more relaxed and cheerful.

The older folks gave themselves more time for a little enjoyment, and there was a dance somewhere nearly every weekend. And I loved to dance.

Mother helped me make some clothes to wear to school and also a lovely pink dress trimmed with white lace for dances or any get-together the winter might have to offer.

Sometimes we would go to a dance with a group of young folks in a big sleigh when one of the young men or a father owned a team of horses.

This turned out to be a really busy winter for me. At the school all went well in spite of the fact that I was not the 'oldest', which scared me stiff at first. I called on all the diplomacy I could muster and somehow was able to make the children feel that though young myself I was in command and they had better behave and do as I wished.

At the school concert at the close

of the term I was presented with a ring. It was the first present I had received in my life and I almost cried with joy. I loved that ring and kept it till it was worn through.

At that time the schools in our settlement closed earlier than schools elsewhere. This was not only because of impassable roads in the spring, but most of the farmers needed the help of their older children when summer activities began, for there was more work ahead of them than one pair of hands could do.

The end of the school term marked the end of the social season of the year, if social season it could be called. There was a gathering in the biggest house in our neighborhood with a dance and refreshments, of course. The music was excellent, a violin and chording on an organ. All the young folk were there for their last fling till sometime next fall.

And what a good time we had! At least I did. I had many compliments on my pink dress; the girls could not believe I had made it mostly myself. I knew that many of them envied me mostly for Johnny dancing attendance on me all evening. He was the best dancer there and so handsome to boot. We had danced till after midnight and the strains of "After The Ball" filled the silence about us as it had been played for the last dance. Even if I looked forward to the challenge of my future I still felt a little sad to leave this winter behind.

The stillness of the night was loud

with music that still lingered on our ears and blended softly with the feeling of spring — spring everywhere under our feet, in the air we breathed and in our young hearts. There was no moon; dark clouds hid the stars.

* * *

I have lived a long life. I have known poverty without letting it destroy me. I have also had plenty, or what I regard as sufficient for gracious

living. I have known sorrows and the bitter disappointments that come into most normal lives. I have also known contentment and a few, scattered joys that have given me a taste of heaven. From time immemorial parents have felt anxious — worried about the future of their children. True to form I too am anxious — worried about the future of my children and grandchildren. I am worried about the future of the world.

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR** — "Solveig Sveinsson was born in Iceland and as a child she came with her parents to settle in the wilderness on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba, Canada. Since then she has made her home in many different places but the longest in Chicago, Illinois. She was married to an American, Simon Sveinsson, and with him had four children, a daughter and three sons, all residing in the United States.

She has written several novels in book form as well as many short stories and articles on various objects but all under an assumed name except the two, **Life's Many Moods** and **The Tangled Web**. Mrs. Sveinsson has travelled extensively in the States and Canada and has visited almost every country in Europe. She now makes her home, at least for the most part, in the border town of Blaine, in the beautiful State of Washington. She has been a widow since 1943".

—Biographical Sketch on the cover of Life's Many Moods

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It was my privilege to meet with Solveig Sveinsson last winter, at the Stafholt Home, in Blaine, where she now makes her home. Her room number is 10. "Come to Number 10 Downing Street, London, England. Churchill may not be in, but I'll be there", she said.

She celebrated her 96th birthday last January. Her "Down Memory Lane" story she wrote at the age of 91.

Solveig Sveinsson's maiden name was Sveinsson. Two brothers with a permanent home in Manitoba have both been well-known for their inventions: Kelly Sveinsson of Winnipeg (now of Selkirk, Manitoba) and the late Helgi Sveinsson, of Lundar, Manitoba. —Ed.



The European Economic Community and Canada

by W. Kristjanson

I. Post War Conditions

At the end of the second world war the economics of most of the European countries were in ruins. It was felt imperative that war-torn Europe should be organized in such a way that war between the Western European countries could not recur. This feeling found expression in the formation of several international organizations for defence, economic, social, cultural, and political cooperation. There was the Western Union (1940) the Council of Europe (1949); NATO (ultimately with sixteen members (1949); the European Coal and Steel Community (1950-52); the Western European Union (1954); and the European Atomic Energy Community (1957).

There was achievement, as in NATO, but generally progress until now has been difficult, halting, and limited. The Coal and Steel Community was to have some supra-national characteristics but "turned out to be something of a disappointment, especially to the high-minded founders of it". Nevertheless, direction was maintained. "Against this background of increasing stability in Europe and defence cooperation through NATO

the economies of Western European nations were fast recovering."

The European Economic Community Community Formed

A broader approach to a European Community with supernational powers was realized in the formation of the European Economic Community (EEC) in 1957. Six countries participated: Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and West Germany. The basic objective was the improvement of working and living conditions, and the initial steps were to be the establishment of a customs union, with the abolition of internal tariffs and barriers and a common external tariff, a common policy for agriculture, and the introduction of measures to establish the free movement of labor, capital, and services.

The new organization was subjected to serious difficulties in the early 1960's. From July 1965 to February 1966 France did not participate in Community meetings because of a decision taken by President de Gaulle. But the Community survived and was established on a firm basis.

The European Free Trade Association

Seven countries: Austria, Britain, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, and Switzerland, formed a European Free Trade Association (EFTA) in

May, 1960, in which the members would progressively dismantle barriers to trade on industrial goods between themselves. Finland joined in March, 1961, and Iceland in March, 1970. It was hoped that terms could be arrived at with the EEC, with a view to establishing a wider European market.

The governing body of the EEC

The headquarters of the EEC are in Brussels, Belgium. The community institutions are: a Council of ministers, a decision making body, whose decisions on all matters affecting national interests are made on the basis of unanimity; a Commission of fourteen members, at present appointed, who propose policy to the Council of Ministers and may take certain legally effective initiatives, and who are pledged to act in complete independence of national or sectional interests; a Court of Justice which interprets and adjudicates treaties and Council and Commission measures and whose rules are binding; a Parliament, representative of the member states, which is a consultative body but passes on the community budget; permanent Representatives of ambassadorial rank, and an Economic and Social Committee, which represents employers' organizations, trade unions and other groups.

A Common Market—and other important developments

The spotlight at the present moment is focussed on the EEC tariff. Agreement is in effect for the progressive abolition of all internal tariffs and the adoption of a common external tariff by 1977. Envisaged, too, are trade agreements with EFTA countries who

have not joined the EEC, namely Austria, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Portugal, Switzerland and Iceland (provided an agreement on fisheries can be arrived at).

Furthermore, an economic and monetary union is envisaged. A monetary union will mean a common currency with control from the centre. This will simplify international exchange and eliminate the danger of devaluation and other monetary fluctuation as far as the EEC is concerned. Envisaged also is integration of transportation. The BOAC is now a European airline, with the longest airways network in the world. Interfile is an organization with a computer system for storage and communication of market intelligence. Already 25,000 businesses have subscribed. Above all it will not be possible for one country in the EEC to make war on another.

The enlarged Community of nine has a population of some 253 million people (as against 207 million in the United States and 245 million in the Soviet Union) and accounts for two-fifths of the world's trade. The far-reaching, indeed world wide, effects of this development challenges the imagination.

The effect on Canada

"The effect of Britain's entry into the European Common Market" was the theme of a seminar sponsored jointly by the British Canadian Trade Association and the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce, in Winnipeg, at the Fort Garry Hotel, April 3.

Speakers at the seminar were A. F. Maddocks, Minister (Commercial) with the British High Commission, Ottawa; Lord O'Neill of Maine, prominent London merchant banker and

Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1963 to 1969; Kenneth Joyner, British Management Consultant and former General Properties Manager for British Airways (BOAC); Geoffrey Knight, C.E.B., vice-chairman British Aircraft Corporation; Richard Taverne, Q.C., Independent Labour member of the British Parliament and former Minister of State in the Treasury, and John R. Gorman, Manager for Canada for BOAC. Richard S. Malone, publisher and editor-in-chief of the Winnipeg Free Press, was the moderator of a panel discussion.

The speakers were of a high calibre. "The British speakers at the seminar were a delight to listen to—articulate, witty, well-informed and enthusiastic". the appropriate description by Harry Mardon of the Winnipeg Tribune.

The development of the European Common Market, the world's largest trade bloc, is bound to have important effects on Canada, which means the Canadian people. The Canadian economy more than any other depends on foreign trade. Britain is still Canada's biggest trade customer after the United States and now our preferential tariff agreement of 1937 with Britain is to be abolished.

At the seminar, the Common Market tariff was downplayed, that it was not a harsh one and a good deal lower than the U.S. tariff. Because of Britain's heavy importation of grain, her influence will be for levelling down

the tariff on grain. Britain's permanent interest is in free trade. Furthermore, Canadian exports to the Common Market have already been expanding at a considerable rate, especially Canadian textile and fashion products.

One suggestion made for Canadian business was to take advantage of liberal subsidies offered by Britain to new industries; and thus establish subsidiaries there which could compete in the other Common Market countries. Since the end of the last war 2,000 U.S. companies have been established in Britain, but fewer than 100 Canadian firms have done so. The Canadian speakers took a dim view of this, considering that Canadian money was needed for industrial development in Canada.

Canadian trade expansion in the Pacific and other non-European markets was duly noted and Canadians were urged to seek alternative markets. Yet the words of Lord Thomson of Fleet which were quoted bear repetition: "The reluctance of Canadian businessmen to see beyond their own frontiers and invest in Europe may well prove to be the biggest problem arising from Britain's membership in the European Economic Community".

Canada depends on its exports to survive and to prosper and the EEC market of 253 million people offers great possibilities.



GRADUATES - SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA GRADUATES 1973

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

JAKOBSON, Kristine Infa

Bachelor of Commerce (Honours)

SWANSON, Grant Stefan

THORLAKSON, Carla Gaye

Bachelor of Arts

ARNASON, Cameron Ross

EINARSON, John Stephan

EIRICKSON, Dennis Gary

EIRIKSSON, Margaret Jo-Ann

ELIAS, Victor James

GANGE, William Sveinn

JOHNSON, Joan Valdina

JOHNSON, June Haroldina

JOHNSON, Lilja Ingibjorg

KRISTOFFERSON, Kristine Gudrun

OLAFSON, Maureen Lenore

SIGURDSON, Eric David

STEFANSON, Patricia Ella

STEFANSON, Stefan Mark

Master of Science

GISLASON, Gordon Stephen, B.Sc.
(Honours)

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours)

BJARNASON, Patricia Lynne

Bachelor of Science

ANDERSON, Brian Alan

EYJOLFSON, Thorstein Unvaldur

OLSON, Harold Harvey

Bachelor of Home Economics

EINARSON, Linda Colleen

Diploma in Agriculture

HANNESON, David Michael

JOHNSON, Wayne Johann

THOMASSON, Gordon Kenneth

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil)

KJARTANSON, Kelly John Thorkel

MAGNUSSON, David Sigursteinn

THORSTEINSSON, Mark Roy

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Geological)

ERLENDSON, Edward John

Bachelor of Education

ISFELD, Verna Valdina B.A. (Wpg.)

Certificate in Education

EINARSON, Douglas Thorsteinn,
B.Sc.

EINARSON, Gary Raymond, B.A.

ERICKSON, Darrel Richard, B.A. Bachelor of Arts (General)

GUSTAFSON, Robert Walter, B.A. BJORNSON, Eric Grant

JOHANNSON, Douglas Richard, B.A. BRANDSON, Lorraine Edna
(Wpg)

JOHNSON, Shirley Gudrun Margaret, B.A. COMACK, Agnes Elizabeth

SOLVASON, Judith Ann JOHNSON, Harold Grant

WILSON, Francis Joseph Skaptason, B.Sc., (Hons.), M.S.c LEE, Ingrid Solveig

Doctor of Medicine SAMSON, Jeffrey Victor

THORSTEINSON, Valdimar James, B.Sc., (McG.) THORARINSON, Marlene Doris

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy BRANDON UNIVERSITY 1973

ARNASON, Jo Ann GRADUATES

Bachelor of Science in Medicine. Bachelor of Arts

THORSTEINSON, Valdimar James, B.Sc., (McG.), M.D. DINSDALE, Walter George Gunnar.

Bachelor of Social Work SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL 1973

HANNESON, Patricia Jane Bachelor of Arts

Associate in Education BLONDAL, Stephanie Patricia Joann,
daughter of Dr. Harold Blondal
of Toronto and the late Mrs. Patricia Blondal.

TOMASSON, Karen Kristine

VOPNI, Debra Helen

University of Manitoba Graduate Fellowships

SIGURDSON, Bryan Gestur \$2,300.00

THORKELSON, James Michael, \$3,300.00

Bachelor of Science

SIGVALDASON, Marvin Helgi

GRADUATE NURSES—WINNIPEG
GENERAL HOSPITAL, 1973

* * *

BRANDSON, Patricia Lynn,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

CHRISTIANSON, Karen Lee,
Selkirk, Manitoba

McDONALD, Nancy Sigrid,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

SIGFUSSON, Ellen Joan,
Lundar, Manitoba

THORVALDSON, Janice Arlene,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA 1903
Bachelor of Philosophy

STEFANSSON, Vilhjalmur

HARVARD UNIVERSITY 1903
Bachelor of Science

THORVALDSSON, Thorvaldur, of
Riverton, Manitoba.



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2,500	36 mos.	82.80	480.70

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EIRIKUR THORSTEINSON RECEIVES MASTERS' DEGREE

Eirikur Thorsteinson, of Calgary, Alberta, received his Master of Science degree in Geology from the University of Iowa in May, 1972. His Bachelor of Science degree he received at the University of Alberta, at Edmonton, in 1969. In 1966-1967 he studied languages at the University of Stockholm, Sweden.

Eirikur is the son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Thorsteinson (nee Jean Kristjansson).

★

PAULINE MARTIN WINS WOMEN'S MUSICAL CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

One of the three Women's Musical Scholarship winners for 1972 was Miss Pauline Martin, of Winnipeg. These scholarships were presented February 5, 1973, at St. Mary's Academy Concert Hall.

The following account of Miss Martin appeared in the Winnipeg Tribune, February 3, 1973.

Miss Martin's achievements include awards from the Jewish Women's Musical Club, Registered Music Teachers' Scholarship, Manitoba Music Festival, Jon Sigurdson Chapter IODE and the Walter Lindal Special Award. She is a student of Gordon Macpherson. She has appeared as guest soloist with the Brandon University Chamber Orchestra and was chosen to compete in the provincial competition of the National Festival of Music.

Miss Martin's program will include Mendelssohn's 17 variations Serieuses, and the Chopin Berceuses Opus 57 and 47 in A major.

60th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdur Johnson

Sigurdur and Thora Johnson of Höfn, Vancouver, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary, February 11, 1973. The couple were married at Tantallon, Saskatchewan in 1913.

Mr. Johnson was born in Iceland, at Bildhóll, Dalasyslu, and Mrs. Johnson in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Mr. Johnson (Sam) enlisted at the age of eighteen in the South African Constabulary for service in South Africa. After the declaration of peace, in 1902, the Constabulary was assigned police duty in Transvaal, a duty which included disarming Negroes and aiding Boers to re-establish themselves. In the course of their duties they were sniped at and for weeks they received no army rations. One assignment which Sam Johnson received was to follow a herd of stolen cattle which took him north to the Limpopo River, a dangerous ride of several hundred miles.

—Holmfridur Danielson

The Festival Opera Group Performance

Once again the Festival Opera Group, under the artistic direction of Elma Gislason, has given us an evening of enjoyment, with their singing May 24 and 25 at the Manitoba Theatre Centre.

This was a very ambitious undertaking for people who follow the satisfying work of acting and singing as an avocation, you might say, but on the whole it was most successful and artistically done. Here Elma has the assistance of Don S. Williams, as producer and choreographer, and Peter Kaczmarek, set and costume designer,

as well as some other well-known theatre workers.

This is not an attempt to write a "critique" on the musical effort, but rather to give the impression of one who enjoyed the performance thoroughly and took delight in the spontaneous abandonment displayed by these talented people who numbered about sixty.

The opera excerpts were well contrasted, and Elma chooses her principals to fit the roles both vocally and visually. Wayne Little had a busy time in his two leading roles as Alfredo, in

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Verdi's La Traviata and Lionel in Flotaws Martha. He is handsome and personable with a strong voice of pleasing quality, but he could perhaps have displayed a bit more flexibility in his acting.

Kathleen Smith and Alda Wingfield disported themselves with vim and vigor as the pseudo country maids in "Martha", and Alda's 'Last Rose of Summer' was beautifully rendered. The choruses, especially in Martha and the Verdi were excellent, and here we could feel the fine spontaniety of a large group well disciplined and enjoying their work together. The country maids in displaying their domestic excellence in "ich kann mahon" were completely delightful. The dancers lacked the polish and precision needed, but that is a very small point, considering these are not professionals thoroughly steeped in dance techniques for years on end, but had to learn the dances from scratch for these performances; but they were fun to watch. The best dance work, I think, was the Indian dance in Marius Benoist's La Legende du Vert.

The costumes were delightful to the eye, and the sets very imaginative, with just the right touches to stimulate the scenes. The simulated forest and the Indian costumes created a fine visual symphony. I thought the high chiffon drape to simulate a canopy over Violetta's bed was a dept touch, but I would have placed it a little lower, nearer the bed.

Donna Mackey as Lune Blue in La

Legende produced some lovely tones and other principals were effective in their roles.

I think most of us would agree that the undisputed star of the evening was Joy (Gislason) Antenbring, who looked and acted the part of Violetta with such sweet sadness, or on occasion with "put-on" gaiety. Her beautiful voice brought to us unerringly the theme of the tragic story and it never faltered in its exquisite rendition even when she lay almost flat on her back in the dying scene, which is no small feat.

The music accompaniment was for the most part adequate, consisting of two pianos, cello, harp, flute and oboe.

Aside from the enjoyment we get from watching such a performance, I think this highly creative and artistic effort of Elma Gislason's deserves our gratitude from another viewpoint. In this day and age when so many people are becoming merely onlookers, and do not try to develop themselves by fostering any creative talents they might have, it is good to see a large group of people working so hard to create something artistic for themselves and for the rest of us. Personally I would like to say a sincere "thank-you" to Elma and her talented and enthusiastic Festival Opera Group. I know this last effort of theirs was an expensive proposition, but I hope they find the resources and the support they deserve from the public to keep on with this good work.

From a Review by Ronald Gibson,
Winnipeg Free Press Music Critic

Joy Antenbring's Ah fors e lui was touching, and she was also impressive in Sempre libera. Wayne Little was inclined to be rather phlegmatic in O mio remorso, and his pitch was suspect on occasion, but in the final quintet, all the singers sang and blended well.

It was indeed pleasant to hear fragments from Marius Benoist's Legend of the Wind. For many years, Marius Benoist has occupied a ranking position in the musical life of St. Boniface; the theatre is not new to him. We remember some 40 years ago, his conducting of Grieg's music to a stage presentation of Peer Gynt.

It is difficult to assess a new opera from the brief excerpts we heard on Friday. The impression that it created was one of seriousness and much charm. The music shows the influence of Massenet and Debussy, and Donna MacKay's singing in the winter scene had a charming sound in its native simplicity. The composer acknowledged the applause at the end.

★

GIMLI CHAPTER NATIONAL LEAGUE ANNUAL CONCERT

The Gimli Chapter of the Icelandic National League held its annual concert in the local Lutheran Church, May 11,

The president, Mrs. Laura Tergesen, related some of the projects undertaken by the League during the past year, highlighted by the establishment of classes in Icelandic at the elementary schools in Gimli, Arborg, and Riverton of the Evergreen Division. In Gimli four classes in Icelandic were organized on a once-a-week basis, with an enrollment of 80 pupils, with ten volunteer teachers. The classes began

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in January. The interest and help from the staff and school division were much appreciated. Two members of the Reykjavík Band, **Gudmundur Nordahl** and **Vilberg Juliusson**, donated eight Icelandic textbooks, and Mr. Juliusson also presented two children's textbooks on his visit to the library last summer. Consul-General **Grettir L. Johannson** loaned two films on Iceland for use in the classes.

★

THORRABLÓT and THORRAMÓT

Porri on the Icelandic calendar is the month of the waning of winter. In the old Icelandic calendar, **Porri** is entered as beginning between the 9th and 16th of January; in the new style calendar, 1873, the first day of **Porri** is January 24th and the last day, February 22. In heathen times, **Porra-blót** was the great sacrifice marking the beginning of **Porri**. Today, **Porra-mót**

(**Thorrarmót**) is a gathering celebrating **Porri**.

* * *

The Icelandic Society in Montreal Celebrates Thorrablót

The Icelandic Society in Montreal observed Thorrablót with a dinner and a "get acquainted" evening, February 24, last. Icelandic viands were featured. The evening was well attended, some of the guests having travelled considerable distances.

President of the Icelandic Society is Mr. **Gudni Sigurdson** and the Secretary is Mrs. **Evelyn Thorvaldson**.

* * *

The Icelandic Club of Northern California celebrated Thorrablót with a dinner and dance in Oakland, April 5. About 200 were present. A variety of Icelandic foods were featured: **hangikjöt**, **rullupylsa**, **kæfa** and **harðfiskur**.

CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION



Grettir Eggertson, President
Canada-Iceland Foundation

The Annual Meeting of the Canada-Iceland Foundation was held on Wednesday, May 30, 1973, at the Parish Hall of the First Lutheran Church.

The officers elected were as follows:

Grettir Eggertson, President
Rudy Bristow, Vice-President.
Alec S. Thorarinson, Treasurer.
Freeman Skaptason, Secretary.

The Board of Directors elected by the re-organization of the Canada-Iceland Foundation are the following chosen from each of the eight Icelandic organizations as well as six additional directors:

Consul **G. L. Johansson**, Icelandic National League; Mr. **Alec S. Thorarinson**, **Logberg-Heimskringla**; Mr. **Timothy Samson**, Icelandic Canadian Club; Mrs. **E. W. Perry**, **Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E.**; Mr. **Stefan J. Stefanson**, Icelandic Cultural Corp.; Dr. **Wilhelm Kristjanson**, Icelandic Canadian Magazine; Mr. **Rudy Bristow**, Icelandic Festival of Manitoba; Mr. **Grettir Eggertson**, Canada-Iceland Foundation; Dr. **P. H. T. Thorlakson**; Dr. **Philip M. Petursson**; Dr. **Kris Kristjanson**; Mr. **Brian Jakobson**; Mr. **Freeman Skaptason**; Mr. **Bill Helgason**.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

This time the annual meeting was held in May 23rd, in the basement auditorium of the Monarch Life Building as the year before.

Vice-President Ted Arnason chaired the meeting, and read the president's report, in the absence of Dr. John Matthiasson who was then on an educational mission in the U.S.A.

Dr. Will Kristjanson reported on our efforts during the year to get a grant from Ottawa for publishing two anthologies in 1975. So far we have not been granted nearly all that we hoped for; but further efforts are to be made.

Treasurer John Johannson reported that our funds in the two bank accounts now total \$602—a drop of some \$225 from last year; but \$200 of that is accounted for by our gift to the Westman Island Disaster Fund.

A grant of \$50.00 was authorized to the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba (Íslendingadagurinn) also an honorarium of \$100 to our treasurer.

Will Kristjanson and John Samson reported on behalf of the Icelandic Canadian magazine. It appears that our magazine has achieved far-flung acceptance and popularity. Its finances, too, seem in a healthy state, due in large part to the good work of Valdi Reykdal, its advertising solicitor.

Three new books have been added to our library during the year: Landnámabók (in English translation), The

Story of Washington Island, and a biography of Arni Magnusson. These, and our other books, can now be borrowed at the home of Will Kristjanson, 1117 Wolseley Avenue.

It was decided to have our next annual banquet and dance at the Fort Garry Hotel on April 19, 1974.

After the election of a new executive, all those present were invited to the home of Ted Arnason, where they spent the rest of the evening with good coffee and good talk.

The executive for 1973-74 is as follows:

Past President—J. Tim Samson.

President—Dr. John Matthiasson.

Vice-President—Ted Arnason.

Secretary—H. J. (Dori) Stefansson.

Treasurer—John Johannson.

Other Members:

Caroline Gunnarson

Mattie Halldorson

Mrs. Hrund Skulason

Mrs. Lauga Sveinsson

Bill Helgason

Ken Kristofferson

Dr. Will Kristjanson, Editor-in-Chief of the Icelandic Canadian Magazine, and John V. Samson, Business Manager, are members ex-officio.

—H. J. S.

★

60th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, of Gimli, Manitoba, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary, at Gimli, May 6, 1973.

Mr. Johnson has an interesting story to tell about the silver watch presented to him by Sir Ernest Shackleton, in 1914. When Sir Ernest was preparing for his expedition to the South Pole in 1914 he commissioned the Hudson's Bay Company to obtain the sled dogs for his expedition. Mr. McNab, of the Hudson's Bay Company Winnipeg store, proceeded to New Iceland to carry out the commission. Four local New Iceland men, including Mr. Johnson, obtained one hundred sled dogs and they accompanied the dogs to London, England. Sir Ernest showed the five Canadians genuine hospitality and presented them with watches as a memento. The five returned home just before the outbreak of war, August 4, 1914.

★

DR. DAVID M. BJARNASON JOINS A CLINIC IN U.S.A.

Dr. David M. Bjarnason has joined the Marshfield Clinic in Wisconsin, U.S.A. The addition of Dr. Bjarnason brings to 117 the number of specialists at the Marshfield Clinic, which serves Wisconsin and Upper Michigan.

Dr. Bjarnason, who was born at Gimli, Manitoba, in 1942, graduated from the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., in 1967. He served his internship at Ottawa Civic Hospital, in Ottawa, and did his residency work at the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine in Rochester, Minnesota. He had a two-year Rheumatology Fellowship at USC Medical

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Centre, Los Angeles, California. His specialty is Internal Medicine and his subspecialty Rheumatology.

★

KAREN OLSON GOES TO TUNISIA

Miss Karen Olson, of Gimli, is presently in Tunisia, North Africa, where she is working with a youth group, under a plan called Canada World Youth. The purpose of this plan is to help people in the developing countries and it is financed half by the Canadian government and half by the government of the country to which the young volunteer goes. This year 240 young people from Canada, including twelve from Manitoba, were scheduled to go to various countries. Their age bracket is sixteen to twenty years.

The young people receive their board and room and a small allowance for other expenses. (Information Canada gives the address of the organization promoting this plan as being Box 1798, Edmonton Alberta).

Karen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Olson, Jr. of Gimli.

★

The Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia observed Thorra-blot, on February 16, with a dinner and dance in the spacious Legion Hall on Main Street, Vancouver. The program included beautiful "gymnastic" dancing by a group of young girls (of Icelandic descent) and songs by the musical Eyford family from Vancouver Island. About 300 attended, including a large number of former Winnipeg people.

★



Gary David Thorarinsson

Eighteen-year old Gary David Thorarinsson, of Regina, Saskatchewan, won the Gold Medal in wrestling at an All-Canadian meet at Thunder Bay, Ontario, last March. Gary David will be the Canadian representative at an International wrestling meet at Miami, Florida, this summer.

Gary David's parents are Kristman and Lillian Thorarinsson, of Regina. Mrs. Thorarinsson is the former Lillian Jonasson, of Riverton, Manitoba.

★

Mr. Rodney Isfeld, of Gimli, Manitoba, is the Manager of Duha Plastics of Gimli. The plant, which employs 12 to 14 people, manufactures a variety of products but its main product is dielectric heat-sealed plastic items, such as binders and coasters. Another important function of Duha Plastics is the production of 90 per cent of the paint sales aids for large Canadian paint companies.

★

WINS HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY STORE PRIZE FOR POSTER DESIGN



Larry Hunter

Larry Hunter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hunter of Vancouver, has won a \$300.00 prize for a poster. A cartoon depicting a mascot—an alley cat—to introduce all Loss Prevention and Security messages on posters and handouts.

Larry Hunter's maternal grandparents: the late Pordur Axdal and Jona Axdal, formerly of Wynyard, Saskatchewan.

★

Martin Keli McNicoll, of Winnipeg, received an Icelandic Canadian Club scholarship in 1968. He graduated with a B.Sc. in 1971, from the University of Manitoba. He is at present a Ph.D. student in the Department of Zoology at the University of Alberta. He has recently been awarded a scholarship from the National Research Council of Canada, and an Isaac Walton Kilham Fellowship from the University of Alberta, both of which are automatically renewable.

DR. T. A. NORQUAY

D.D., D.O.S.

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Martin Keli is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McNicoll of 1281 Valour Road, Winnipeg, and his maternal grandparents were the late Rafnkell and Sigridur Bergson, of Winnipeg.

★

MAJOR-GENERAL NORMAN L. MAGNUSSON DECORATED

Major-General Norman L. Magnusson, a native of Winnipeg, has been awarded the Order of Military Merit in the degree of Commander for his long and distinguished military career. He was decorated by the Governor-General.

Major-General Magnusson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ari Magnusson, of Winnipeg. Three of Ari's sons enlisted for service in World War II, two in the RCAF and one in

★

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG OWES MUCH TO ICELANDERS:— says Dr. Duckworth

The story of the University of Winnipeg owes much to the Icelandic community, university president, Dr. H. E. Duckworth says.

Speaking to the annual banquet of the Icelandic-Canadian Society, Dr. Duckworth told how the Icelanders contributed particularly to the development of Wesley College, one of the founding colleges of the University.

The university's familiar grey stone Wesley building, which faces Portage Avenue, was built by Wesley College in 1896.

Manitoba and Wesley Colleges, later to become United College, and St. John's College handled virtually all teaching of college courses in Manitoba until 1914, Dr. Duckworth said.

Wesley, first established by the Methodist Church in 1888, quickly drew a large contingent of Icelandic students. By 1909, 48 were enrolled.

In 1914 the college's development was shaken when it gave up the teaching of arts courses to the University of Manitoba and along with Manitoba College, limited itself to a theology curriculum.

The loyalty of its Icelandic students contributed much to the college's resurgence after the war, Dr. Duckworth said.

Teaching of arts subjects was resumed.

When the Methodist and Presbyterian churches united in 1926, Wesley continued teaching arts and sciences and Manitoba College assumed responsibility for all theology courses.

In 1938 they became the United College which became University of Winnipeg in 1967.

The University of Winnipeg president listed some of the noted Icelandic graduates of Wesley College.

Among the outstanding Icelandic students enrolled before World War I were: Thorbergur Thorvaldson, a 1906 graduate who became head of the department of chemistry at the University of Saskatchewan and the world authority on Portland cement; Walter J. Lindal, of the class of 1911, today honorary president of the University of Winnipeg's alumni association; Olafur T. Anderson, a 1913 graduate who joined the Wesley staff in remained with the school all his life, and was dean of United College when he died in 1958; historian Tryggvi Oleson of the class of 1935.

A member of the Icelandic-Canadian club, Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, founder of the Winnipeg Clinic, is currently chancellor of the University.

—Wpg. Free Press, April 9/73

JOHN CHRISTIANSON FOUNDER OF MINI-SKOOLS



Among the "problems" created for business by the rising number of working women is the question of who looks after the children if the mother is working full-time. A Winnipeg company, Mini-Skools Ltd., is trying

to provide a solution for the problem and at the same time make a profit through the free enterprise system. Mr. Christianson, with the backing from several Winnipeg businessmen, helped Mini-Skools become the first Canadian chain of day care centres, which started in Winnipeg in 1971 and has now spread to Toronto. Presently, seven schools providing places for 1100 pre-schoolers are in operation in Winnipeg.

Mini-Skool backers have already pumped about \$1 million into the concept and Mr. Christianson says the company is close to breaking even", says Susan Hoeschen in her article on Mini-Skools in the Winnipeg Tribune (15-9-72). Further expansion in Toronto and development in Vancouver are projected.

Mr. John Christianson, a veteran of World War II, is a former Minister of Welfare in the Conservative Government of Manitoba in the 1960's.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Arnason, of Gimli, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary at Gimli, January 14, 1973.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnason have lived all their lives in the Gimli area. They have ten children, 45 grandchildren, and ten great grandchildren.

Gudjon Valdimar Arnason was born at Espiholi, near Gimli, in 1891. Espiholl was the farmstead which his father, a pioneer of 1883, had acquired in 1886. In earlier years Mr. Arnason engaged in fishing and the transportation of fish, as well as farming; in later years he devoted himself to the farm.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HONORS MEMBERS

Two members of the (Icelandic) National League of North America were presented with Honorary Life Memberships at the annual convention of the League, in January, 1973: Professor Haraldur Bessason, Chairman of the Department of Icelandic at the University of Manitoba, and Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson. Professor Bessason has distinguished himself in the development of Icelandic studies at the University, and Mrs. Danielson is a long-time active member of the League, having been on the executive for seventeen years and secretary for twelve years. She has also for many years past performed notable service as adjudicator at drama festivals in Manitoba.

The following were made life members of the League: J. T. Beck, Paul Hallson, and Jon Palsson.

The National League Officers, 1973—

The following was the slate of officers for the current year elected at the annual convention of the National League, last January:—
President: Skuli Johannsson,
Vice-Pres. Dr. Philip M. Petursson
Secretary, Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson
Treasurer, Grettir Johannson
Financial Sec., Mrs. Kristin Johnson.
Archivist, Jack Bjornson.

★

SCANPRESENCE SEMINAR

Professor Haraldur Bessason, head of the Department of Icelandic at the University of Manitoba, and Mrs. H. F. Danielson, Secretary of the National League, were invited to participate in a conference at the University of Minnesota, May 2 and 3rd, called **Scanpresence**, and composed of representatives from all the Scandinavian

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groups. The purpose of the seminar was to discuss and assess the present efforts and future plans for preserving the ethnic cultures of the Scandinavian groups in America.

Leaders in the various spheres of Scandinavian culture, mainly professors and some ethnic press editors, from all over the United States, were in attendance, as well as the two Icelandic representatives from Canada mentioned above. K. Valdimar Bjornson, State Treasurer of Minnesota, was also a participant.

The seminar was sponsored by the University of Minnesota Centre for Northwest European Languages and Area Studies, and the Scandinavian Airlies, SAS. Officials from SAS were present as well as professors from Finland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, foreign service officers from the Scandinavian countries, and officers of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The total attendance was sixty-eight.

The seminar was a breakthrough in several ways, as this is the first occasion at which representatives from all the Scandinavian national groups in America were pooling their experiences in an attempt to solve their common problems as ethnic cultures. It is also the first instance of a major commercial, and a major academic institution in the Scandinavian Community pooling their resources to consider common concerns. Hopefully there will be some further news of beneficial results of this seminar.

★

THE WESTMAN ISLAND DISASTER FUND

The Canadian government has contributed \$100,000 to the Disaster Fund. \$37,500 of this amount has been earmarked for the Misawa Homes project,

the rest has been presented to His Excellency Harold Kröger, Iceland's Ambassador to Canada.

* * *

Ten prefabricated homes built by Misawa Homes of Canada at Gimli at the cost of \$112,500 are to be airlifted to Iceland. The Canadian Government is contributing \$37,500 taken from its \$100,000 contribution towards this project, the Manitoba government is contributing \$37,500, and Misawa Homes \$37,500.

A news item from Minneapolis-St. Paul states that Icelanders in The Twin Cities—all the 119 there—are contributing to the Disaster Fund. As of April 27, \$8,000 has been raised in The Twin Cities and the vicinity.

* * *

The Icelandic American Club in California has forwarded \$1,000 to the Red Cross in Reykjavik, for the Westman Islands disaster fund.

* * *

The school children in Toronto have raised \$100 for the disaster fund.

* * *

The Icelandic Club of Greater Seattle had contributed \$6,450 as of mid-April.

* * *

As of mid-March, the American-Scandinavian Foundation had collected \$28,000 for the relief fund. Included is the sum of \$500 from the Monterey Chapter.

* * *

The Westman Island Disaster Relief Fund, sponsored by the National League, totals to some \$44,000.

* * *

The First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg totalled May 10, some \$2,700.

★

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

The Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg is offering a scholarship of \$100.00 for the academic year of 1973-1974, to a student of Icelandic or part Icelandic descent who has completed his grade XII in Manitoba and is proceeding to studies at one of the three universities in Manitoba.

Qualifications will be based primarily on Departmental or Board examination results, but consideration will be given to qualities of leadership and community service and need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community by November 1st, 1973, to the Club Secretary:

Mr. H. J. Stefansson,
296 Baltimore
Winnipeg, R3L 1J1

★

WOLFE'S HOTEL — LAKEVIEW HOTEL

Mrs. Ethel Howard writes from Gimli with reference to the picture on page 31 of the Spring 1973 issue of the Icelandic Canadian entitled "The first premises of Betel Home at Gimli, Manitoba, formerly Lakeview Hotel, "The building shown was not formerly the Lakeview Hotel, but Wolfe's Hotel, built by a German settler at Gimli at the south-west corner of the townsite. He had about \$8,000 when he arrived here, I was told by Mrs. Kristin Johnson, from her father's memoirs, and he was unable to operate his hotel due to the advent of pro-

hibition, so sold it to Betel, and I think went broke. Betel bought it when their place in Winnipeg became inadequate, and moved their residents to Gimli to this building. The Gimli ladies worked hard cleaning and preparing the building for them. When the Lakeview Hotel was available for purchase the Home was moved there, and sometime later, the old Wolfe's Hotel burned to the ground.

● This correction regarding the identity of the building on our picture is appreciated. Further research in the Free Press of September 1, 1945, shows that the proper name of "Wolfe's Hotel" was Moose Hotel. —Ed.

★

Dr. H. H. Austman is Assistant Deputy Minister, Manitoba Department of Agriculture.

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STAFHOLT NEWS

The Stafholt news of April 11, 1973, reflects a variety of "doings" and interests at the Stafholt Home, in Blaine, Washington.

Stafholt is a home for elderly people and yet the first item in the paper is about "All those pretty hairdo's after Eleanor Blakely's visits". Why shouldn't pretty hairdo's be high on the list of interests? There are references to walking, card-playing and frequenting the library.

Gifts are acknowledged: food, cakes, candies, and other goodies; clothing and flowers. There are donations to the Home from over 65 persons (couples counted as one) and organizations to the extent of \$425.87, "and to the little robin who sits in the tree in the front every morning and gives a free concert of song."

April birthdays number seven, at least two of these being the birthdays of former Manitobans: Rev. A. E. Kristjansson (he is 96 and very alert) and Benny Brynjolfson. Benny used to operate a service station at Sargent Avenue and Maryland Street, in Winnipeg.

"Do you know how we figure what day is Sumardagurinn fyrsti? Well, we just look at the date of Runa Johnson and Benny Brynjolfson's birthdays and work from there, because they were both born on the "First Day of Summer."

"Birthday Sunday will be on April 8 and the cake will be decorated by a newcomer to our cake decorating volunteers."

Several visitors are mentioned, including visitors from Seattle, Victoria, British Columbia, Bellingham, California, and Gardar, North Dakota.

"Our activity director, we beg to remind you, has not gone mad—she is merely trying to locate good places for our planned Easter egg hunt at Easter time"

"Notice those little girls in green (Girl Scouts) bringing in sprigs of spring forsythia blossoms for their adopted grandmothers and grandfathers. Wasn't that sweet of them?"

Church services for the month of April are conducted by two Baptist ministers, a Methodist minister, and a Lutheran pastor (one to be announced later).

Music is provided by the Blaine Music Study Group, the Allen family and the ladies of the Birch Bay Mennonite Church . . . "who come every month to the Home, and their singers can surely sing."

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with a wearing of the green, a speaker with an Irish brogue, and a sing-a-long of Irish melodies.

There is traditionally a Resident of the month.

This month the Resident of the Month is Mr. Fred Fredrickson. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, to Ingibjorg and Gudleifur Fredrickson, and moved to Saskatchewan when 6 years old. There were no schools and transportation in those days, so his parents taught him how to read and write. At first they lived in a sod house, then after his father filed on a homestead they built a log cabin with a sod roof. He says that the sod house was very warm and comfortable. While his father worked on the railroad, Fred, being the oldest of a family of ten, took charge of the livestock and farming. This was the first railroad built across Canada. At the age of 19 Fred left home and moved into Regina 400 miles away so he could get more education. He taught grade school in summer and went to school himself in the winter. He attended University of Saskatchewan. He served 4½ years in the Canadian Army and it was during this time he was in Siberia caught between two Russian governments at the time of the revolution. He recalls the bitter cold weather and that they had landed without supplies so they lived for awhile on the run. After leaving the army, Fred went back to school teaching and while boarding at a Swedish home he met their pretty daughter and later married her. The

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children whom he taught spoke many languages and Fred learned to speak seven of them. After farming in Canada and working in St. Paul, Minn., they moved to Washington State where Fred went into Real Estate and Insurance. Fred is an ex Board Member of Stafholt and was the fifth man to be put on the Board. He came to Stafholt in November of last year as a very welcome resident, evn if he is so tall we had to get a special bed for him. Many happy years, Fred."

It is gratifying to know that the Stafholt Home maintains two subscriptions to the Icelandic Canadian.

—W. Kristjanson

★

NEWS SUMMARY

Professor R. A. Johnson has been appointed head of the electrical engineering department at the Univer-

sity of Manitoba. Prof. Johnson is a graduate of the University of Manitoba and has been a faculty member since 1955. In addition, he is a member of the board of governors and of the university senate.

Prof. Johnson is the son of Prof. and Mrs. Skuli Johnson, former head of the Classics Department of the University of Manitoba, and Manitoba Rhodes scholar in 1909.

★

John August Blondal, grade XII Kelvin School, Winnipeg, student has been awarded the Jubilee Scholarship and the DUX Citizenship award, presented by the school.

John is the son of Dr. Harold Blondal and the late Patricia Blondal.

★

Dr. Hallgrimur Helgason of Regina has since 1967 conducted the Regina Folksong Choir. Recently, December 4, 1972, and April, 1973, the choir

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performed at concerts in Regina and it has performed on several other occasions, to unreserved praise.

Dr. Helgason is a composer of note.

★

Mr. Alan Finnbogason, of Winnipeg, who is director of food sales of Eaton's of Canada for Western Canada, is presently director of the Travel Industry Association of Canada.

★

Dr. Philip M. Petursson of Winnipeg, is one of the two Vice-Presidents of the Canadian Mental Health Association, Manitoba Division.

★

Einar Arnason of Winnipeg has been re-elected President of the Mount Carmel Clinic.

—30—

IT'S A GEOLOGISTS' DREAM

by Linda Curtis

If you are looking for a place to escape from air pollution, I know just the spot . . . Reykjavik, Iceland.

In this city of 80,000 there are no smoke stacks. Everything's heated with hot water that gushes up from natural hot springs. In fact, the whole island was volcanic and geysers are still putting on their act everyday..

With so much hot water around, it's only logical that homes, greenhouses and other buildings should utilize it for heating.

Not so logical, however, is the name Reykjavik. It really means smoky bay!

I understand it got its name from an early explorer who saw it first with a mist rising from the water. It looked like smoke, so he named it Reykjavik.

And Iceland is not as icy as its name suggests.

It's warmed by the Gulf Stream and this winter has had little or no snow.

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Just to show how warm things can get up in that northern region, a complete new island rose from the ocean off the south coast of Iceland in 1963. Its arrival was accompanied by a magnificent fanfare of flame and smoke. A woman who witnessed this unusual birth was in Calgary a short time ago.

"I was in a boat when we heard the noise and saw the flames shooting up into the sky as this mass of black rock slowly emerged from the sea," said Mrs. Andres Bjornsson. "We called the island Surtsey".

"Scientists now have a wonderful opportunity to study how new life starts", added her husband. "In fact, all of Iceland is considered a real gem by geologists."

Mr. Bjornsson is director general of Icelandic State Radio and Television Broadcasting Services. He was speaking at the university Wednesday

in the course of a lecture tour of Canada and his topic was the modern historical novel in Iceland.

He has a university degree in literature and was brought to this country by the Icelandic National League of Canada.

Iceland is considered the most literary country in the western world.

According to Art Reykdal, one of our composers whose parents came from Iceland, "everybody in Iceland is a writer." There are five newspapers in Reykjavik.

"This is our first visit to America," smiled Mrs. Bjornsson, a tall attractive blond. "We started our tour in Winnipeg and go on to Vancouver from here. We'll be away from home three weeks altogether."

Her voice was soft but clear and her accent reminiscent of Norway. Although her English was very good, there were times when she looked to

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Art to help out with translation.

"Icelandic is the true Norse language," he explained. "From there it moves to Norway where it's been modified by outside influences."

"There are about 200,000 people in the whole country," continued Mrs. Bjornsson. "Fishing is our biggest industry . . . cod, lobster, salmon, and shrimp. So Icelandic women all have lots of good seafood recipes.

"There are no minerals but we're getting manufacturing plants now . . . things like aluminum, fertilizer and cement plants. But everything still really depends on fishing.

"We raise a lot of sheep and have very good wool. Perhaps you've seen Icelandic sweaters, with the designs. Our country is very mountainous, so we ski and we skate, of course."

"We know more about Canada than almost any other country because so many of our people have moved here.

I think you must have about half as many Icelanders as we have!" she laughed.

"In school the children learn English and Danish in the elementary grades and then take French, German, Spanish and Latin, as they choose, in higher grades.

Iceland was once a very remote part of the world but now there are more than 80,000 visitors a year from around the globe. There are two airlines serving the island, one goes from Luxembourg to New York to Reykjavik and the other takes in the British Isles, Oslo and Copenhagen.

Visitors to the country find a fascinating land of mountains, rivers, picturesque waterfalls, green hillsides and wondrous rock formations.

If their timing is right, they might even be on hand for the birth of another baby island.

GREETINGS TO THE ICELANDIC
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BOOK REVIEWS

BOOK OF SETTLEMENTS

(Landnamabok)

A translation of the Icelandic saga of the settlement of Iceland by Herman Palsson and Paul Edwards. Edited by Haraldur Bessason and Robert Glenning, University of Manitoba Press, 1972.

Reviewed by Wilhelm Kristjanson.

The *Book of Settlements* is an excellent readable translation of the Icelandic saga that relates the discovery and settlement of Iceland and the emergence of a self-governing Icelandic nation, about 874-930 A.D.

The principal source of information about the period is the Icelandic saga, *Landnamabok*, compiled in the 12th and 13th centuries, but based on earlier records, including information given by people born in the 10th and 11th centuries.

The translators, Hermann Palsson and Paul Edwards, are both of the University of Edinburgh. Their translation is characterized by a high order of scholarship and is at the same time very readable.

A feature of this Icelandic saga is the prominence of the names of the original settlers and numerous genealogies, all of which interested the Icelandic people at the time of writing and down to recent times, but would today interest chiefly the historically minded. However, these lists may be skimmed through at will. The reading of this book may be compared with placer mining where one pans the sand for the grains of gold. There is in this book a surprising amount of gold, interesting and valuable historical material, with a picture of the people and their way of life, and a wealth of human interest material.

The saga gives us a glimpse of the early Christian Irish hermits in Iceland, in the 8th century, before the arrival of the Norse. Proceeding to the permanent settlement, we learn about the migration, the type of settlers and the countries of origin, the cause of their number. The precise location of each settler in Iceland is shown on the several graphic maps at the back of the book.

The unification of Norway by King Harold Hair-Fine triggered the exodus

from Norway. "Harold conquered Rogaland. . . Geirmund Hell-Skin realized he had no chance but to emigrate (s-112)". However, there were other causes. Several went to escape the consequences of manslaughter and others were stirred to join the venture in a new land.

The migrants from Norway were joined by many Norse who had previously settled in Ireland, England, and Scotland; in Scotland such places as Argyll, Caithness, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys.

Life of Settlers. The settlers were of high and low degree. A few were born of petty kings, especially in Norway, Ireland, and Scotland. There were several chieftains with their retinue, including numerous freedmen and slaves. Some of these bondmen and bondwomen were of royal descent. There were a few Vikings.

A picture of the Icelandic land-

scape emerges, with extensive woods and pastures.

Farming was the universal occupation. Stock included horses, cattle, sheep, and swine. Cornfields are mentioned. Fish were taken from the rivers and the sea.

In religion, the majority were pagan and sacrificed, with Thor frequently specified. Some from the British Isles were Christian, or combined Christian and pagan beliefs. Thorkel Moon, the Law speaker, believed in the God who created the sun (s-16); some relied on their own strength, and there was Hall the Godless. (s-12).

There was a surprising amount of wealth. Ketilbjorn the Old was so wealthy that he could tell his sons to forge a crossbeam of silver for the temple they built (s-385), and several men were nicknamed "The Wealthy". "At the most magnificent funeral feast ever to be held in Iceland" there

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were 1440 guests.

It was an age of violence, with much fighting. Nevertheless, there were men of peace who deplored bloodshed.

The people were notably hospitable. Three instances are mentioned where a settler built a hall across the roadway, with tables always laid for travelers.

Clothes of the well-to-do were rich and colorful. The Hjaltasons arrived at an assembly so elegantly dressed that the people thought that the Gods had come. (s-207).

Women had a respected and often prominent position in the home and the community. At the lower end of the scale were some concubines and bondwomen.

A Commonwealth. An aristocratic-democratic commonwealth evolved. First after settlement there were district assemblies, then assemblies for each Quarter. Finally, in 930 A.D., a national assembly, Althing, was formed, with a code of laws and a law-speaker to preside, and a law-court. Political power was shared by 39 chieftains, but commoners were represented. Not an armed force but a common law and Althing gave the country cohesion.

The Icelandic people had a poetic imagination, as is revealed in the poetry and occasional verse quoted, and in the nicknames universally assigned, concrete, biting, descriptive; e.g. Ljot the Unwashed. There are numerous examples of clairvoyance, premonition, and second sight. Superstitious beliefs included sorcery, ghosts and omens.

The translation is true to the original. The style is natural, simple, concise. In appearance the book is beautiful, including paper, print, colored landscape and maps. It is a veritable work of art.

The Book of Settlements is a valuable addition to our Canadian literature.

The Book of Settlements was published to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the founding of a Chair of Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba. Its publication was supported by organizations within the Manitoba Icelandic community.

— The Alumni Journal, University of Manitoba

—30—

LIFE'S MANY MOODS

by Solveig Sveinsson

Vantage Press, New York, 1971

243 pp. \$3.95

"I glanced at the clock. It was quitting time. Thank goodness! I had no idea why I was so tired today. So anxious for the day to be done. As a rule I was not a clock watcher and I detested those who were. And why should I ever become one? Even if just for this one day.

"Everyone knew that I loved my job. Loved the school and all the children I patiently struggled with day after day and year after year. All my friends knew that I was born an old maid—a born schoolteacher that just loved teaching other women's kids, not caring in the least that none of them were mine.

"Oh, well. Most of the time I thought exactly that too . . . but this morning . . ."

The speaker of the opening words in the story was Katherine Haggard. Was she really a born old maid? Does the story as it unfolds show something else? We soon learn of her deep-felt love for a young man, "the young God to her simple heart". What caused the tragedy in her life? How did she face

it and how did it affect her whole life?

The story takes place in the small town of Hope, founded about 1880, in the fertile midwest of the United States. The time is approximately a decade before and a decade after the second world war. The people of the community came from different parts of Europe, including England, Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Norway, Sweden and Iceland.

There are several plots. Katherine, the story-teller, is at the centre of things and her life story is in a sense the central plot, with its early crisis and subsequent development, but in her circle of family, friends, and acquaintances there are several persons who encounter challenges and crises in their lives, whose stories constitute sub-plots, all of which affect Katherine more or less. "I live my life sort of entwined in the lives of others.

I grieve with them and I rejoice in their pleasures".

The characters in our story, of whom there is a variety, are people of our everyday world. There are the young, middle-aged, and older; good people (the majority) and people not so good; people successful in life and people who in some way have failed in life. A few of these people are specifically mentioned here.

Katherine Haggard is a sympathetic person, lives an active life, likes and loves people and is liked and loved, and has a strong sense of duty.

Mr. Haggard, Katherine's father, a Hope pioneer, was of British descent and proud of it. He showed his strong prejudices against other nationalities in the community. .

Mrs. Haggard, had died early. She was of part German descent but always stressed that she was American.

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Magnus "Mike" Magnusson was Icelandic born. He spoke several languages, and had a large library. He was a big man, with big shoulders. He demonstrated kindness and love, but, aroused, he showed strong indignation most forcefully.

Anna Magnusson was "now a motherly, lovely woman". She cherished her memory of Iceland and had faith that God would protect the people of that remote North Atlantic island. She insisted that everything she served be of the best and served in the nicest possible way. She and her husband 'Mike' were a kindly, hospitable couple.

Gunnar Magnusson, the son, appears first as a youth with his golden hair waved upon his broad forehead, with blue eyes aglow with light, "like a young God".

Dora Magnusson, the daughter was Katherine's best friend. She had blue eyes and a faultless complexion . . . "the most beautiful girl I have ever seen". As a young girl she was full of life and fun. The challenge of the years gave her maturity.

Tim Cameron, Katherine's brother-in-law, was hopelessly incompetent in earning a living for his family, but clever, well-read, alert to everything going on in the world. He was good to his family and to dumb animals and his family loved him and nearly everyone liked him.

"Life's Many Moods" is the title of the novel. This is a key phrase to a variety of moods, emotions, feelings manifested: love and hate, joy and sadness and heartbreak, fear, pride, excitement and quiet contentment, with an occasional gleam of humor.

As mentioned above, there are several plots. Racial prejudice — "the stinking foreigners" wrecks love's dreams and completely changes the lives of two young people deeply in

love. One mother's domination threatens the happiness of another couple. — — — "His mother has made up her mind to split them up". A selfish, irresponsible husband causes his wife much unhappiness. Another wife, stiff-necked, vinegar-tempered, drives her husband to seek a woman's warmth and love elsewhere.

The author has a philosophical vein. Iceland is seen as a country not very big indeed, but in other ways it seems to be truly big . . . "How come? why did not bigger and mightier nations show as good results?" "I remember my mother saying on occasions, 'It is not quantity, my child, it is quality that counts'."

Katherine says: "True. I had my room at Mrs. Fraser's boardinghouse and I lived there but it takes more than a room to make a Home."

Regarding Iceland, "the harder a taskmaster the country has been, the stronger a hold it has on the boy."

The pioneers of Hope, 1880, who named the town, were cutting away from the past—looking to the future.

There is appreciation of nature. "Gullfoss — that mighty waterfall thrilled me as nothing else has ever done before or since. Its beauty—its magnificence was something to remember as long as you lived." Also, "Vigorously I inhaled fresh air smelling of June roses, of grain, and growing corn".

Language is of the plain, everyday variety, but there are imaginative descriptive touches. "Just to hear Nancy talk was a lesson in music". In lonely old age . . . "Shadow men and shadow women were her company now". "Runners in my stockings and runners in my heart."

I have enjoyed my sojourn with the people of Hope in **Life's Many Moods**.

— W. Kristjanson

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