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a day in spring

springtime, here's my hand!
quicken'd thoughts expand,
FLEET as children in the sunLight straying,
Life at rising tide
seeks thy PORTALS wide,
- GRANT TO youth ITS heritage OF maying,

realms OF song untold
to my soul unfold,
SERVE ONCE more thy wine OF glowing hours,
LET thy teeming Light
put my years to FLIGHT,
- CROWN my LIFE with sunshine through thy showers.

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TRANSL. BY JAKOBINA JOHNSON



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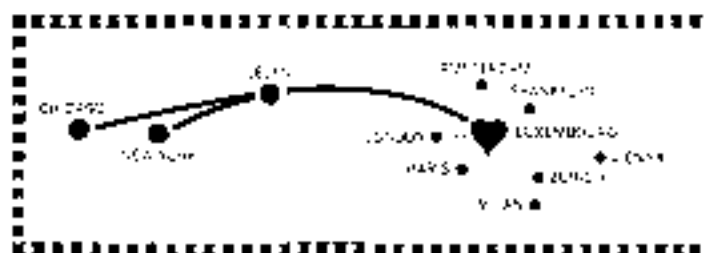
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EDITORIAL

The Bicentennial of the United States of America

Bicentennial greetings to the United States of America, our next-door neighbor, to a people speaking the same language as we and cherishing the ideals.

Close to the hearts of both peoples is the ideal of peace. We have lived at peace with each other for over a century and a half, while wars upon wars have scourged the lives of most European peoples, with lands devastated and populations decimated. The only military association of the Canadian-United States border is provision for our common defence. Symbolic of this are the Peace Gardens on the Manitoba-North Dakota border and the Peace Arch on the British Columbia-Washington border. We have been preserved from a Maginot line, a Siegfried line, and Berlin Wall.

We share the ideal of democracy, with "government of the people, by the people, for the people". Power of wealth there is, but no feudalistic class distinctions. Our country knows a road from log cabin to White House; the other a road from a pioneer's pebble shack to the Prime Minister's office on Parliament Hill, Ottawa.

There is a link between the two countries through reciprocal migrations. Canadians in large numbers have moved to the United States and Americans in much smaller but sizeable numbers have settled in Canada, especially in Western Canada early in

the century. At the present there are about one million Canadian-born people living in the United States and 300,000 to 500,000 United States-born people living in Canada.

Influences cross the border as easily as the winds blow north or south or the streams flow either way. Each year Canada welcomes some forty-million visitors from 240 different countries and geographical entities; 38 million of these come from the United States and 34 million Canadians visit the United States (counting all crossings).

The United States has made a significant cultural contribution to the Canadian way of life, in the field of literature and journalism, music, films, television, and others. Mark Twain, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, and William Faulkner, the last two Nobel Prize Winners, and many others are well-known to Canadian readers. This omits mention of poets and dramatists. American magazines are widely read, including *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Time*. Among the newspapers, *The New York Times* is known as "the bible of the world's foreign ministers".

Trade between the two countries reached about \$3 billion in 1973, or two-thirds of Canada's foreign trade in that year.

The value of United States investment in Canada is about \$50 billion. The value of Canadian investment in

the United States is about \$5.6 billion, which is more per capita than the U.S. investment.

The two countries have joined forces in projects of major importance, including the St. Lawrence Seaway, with its power development; the Dew Line, and Norul. The St. Lawrence Seaway made a highly important interior section of North America accessible to ocean going vessels. The total cost of the dual purpose undertaking was over \$1,000,000,000.

Canadians and Americans have been through the fires of war together, in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. In World War I, when the allied resources, human and economic, had become sadly drained, American manpower and huge loans and credits tipped the scales. In World War II—the Hitler War—the United States was the chief arsenal of democracy and U.S. forces were engaged on land, on sea, and in the air, in Europe, in the Pacific, and in the Far East. In the Korean War, a United Nations defence operation against Soviet-backed aggression, the United States made the major contribution, with 58,000 killed and 100,000 wounded. The other allies lost 1,700 killed and 11,000 wounded.

Following World War II, large areas of European industrial areas lay devastated and the industrial life of whole nations had to be resuscitated. The United States came to the rescue with its magnificent and enlightened Marshall Plan. In the years 1945-52, the United States contributed \$14.8 billion to Marshall Plan and other aid to Western Europe and by July 1, 1961, \$80 billion in foreign aid. Today, the United States is the main bastion of defence of the Western democracies.

There is a special link in our two countries between Canadians and Americans of Icelandic descent. In the late 1850's, people from New Iceland formed a settlement in North Dakota and in the early years of the present century a sizeable number of Icelandic people from North Dakota moved to Morden and Arborg districts in Manitoba and the F'los, Mozart, Wyanand, Duroc districts of Saskatchewan. People of Icelandic descent from Canada are to be found in various parts of the United States, in New York, and New Jersey, in Chicago, in Minnesota, and North Dakota, in Washington State and California. Contact north and south have been maintained on the basis of kinship and friendship. The Icelandic language weeklies and the Icelandic Canadian magazine, published in Winnipeg, have long had and have readers across the line.

There have been differences of opinion and disagreements between the two countries and sharp voices raised in Canada about American domination. Such disagreements, however, shrink in significance when viewed in perspective with the other incomparable more important and fundamental relationships between the two countries.

Arthur Mayse in the *Victoria Times* says: "You're a good neighbour, U.S.A. I'm glad of your large and reassuring presence across the border we share, and from long association through peace and war, good times and bad I esteem you as a personal friend."

Bicentennial Greetings and Best Wishes to the people of the United States of America, our friends, and allies in times of great stress.

—W. Kristjanson

PROVIDENCE and PIONEERS

by REV. VALDISMAR J. EYLANDS, D.D.

A sermon delivered in the Church Pavilion, Guelph, Manitoba on the occasion of the Icelandic Centenary Celebration, August 3, 1975.

This morning I am proposing to speak to you on the subject "Providence and Pioneers". I have selected a text from the book of Genesis, chapter 12:1-4, where we read, "Leave your country, and your kinsfolk, and your father's house, for the land which I will show you, I will make a great nation of you, I will bless you, so that you will be a blessing."

This text emphasizes both aspects of my theme. Providence is clearly shown by the fact that God called Abraham, and Abraham became the first known pioneer of faith, leaving everything behind that up to then had been dear and familiar, and starting out on a great adventure, not knowing where he was going, when he would arrive at his destination, or what fate would await him there. We are not told how this prophesy manifested itself, nor the manner of the voice that spoke to Abraham, whether it was a day-dream, a night dream, a vision, or by actual person-to-person encounter. The important thing is that Abraham was convinced that God had spoken to him, given him a directive for his life. This was long before men in their sophistication started to doubt the existence of God as the creator of heaven and earth, or to deny his creative power, his guidance of the affairs of men, and his love for man whom he had created. It was also a long time before any split in the com-

munity of God's people. It was long before the Arabs, the Israelites, the Mohammedans or the Christians appeared on the scene. It was at a time when all men were brothers, as we indeed are to this day, according to the will of God, in spite of the fact that men have continuously since broken the bonds of brotherhood, and fenced themselves in all kinds of nationalistic and religious camps, and frequently faced each other in bitter hostilities. Of course, the future course of human events was not hidden from the knowledge of Almighty God, and so he sent Abraham that he should become the father of the faithful, the founder of a nation from which, in the course of time, the Prince of Peace would come, who would heal the wounds of men, and call them back to the Father's House.

"Leave your country—go to the land which I will show you . . ."

This vision and this voice has come to millions of men and women in various parts of the world, and at different times in history. And they have obeyed the voice, they have come, people of all lands and of all religious groups to the shores of this great continent, they have founded and built this nation, and they have learned to understand each other and to live together in brotherhood and harmony. Like Abraham they have come in faith, making a thankful confession of God's presence,

and with an unconditional trust in His providence and love.

Today, we are reminded to remember the landing on these shores of a small group of pioneers. Love for land, who valued the value of providence even as Abraham did of old. Like Abraham, they came from an obscure and a far, unproductive country where conditions were difficult, both economically and socially, and their future uncertain at the time. But they loved their homeland with its crystal clear atmosphere, its mighty waterfalls, its majestic mountains, and its verdant pastures lands. Many of them left with a heavy heart. These people had lived in that distant homeland for some thirty generations and had long since come to love their classical language, their songs, and their cultural and religious heritage. Going to this new land they could not discard these things like an old coat that is hung up in the wardrobe as one enters a house. They brought all these things with them, and hoped to retain them for themselves and their descendants in perpetuity. Therefore they sought a site for a colony where they might live together, and work together as they had done in the homeland. After several unsuccessful attempts at colonization, they were attracted to this area and the first group among them came to these shores a century ago. They brought with them no skills, no men or prominence, no material wealth, and not even a great reputation. In fact there were people in leadership in this country at that time who expressed serious doubts as to whether these people from Iceland had the necessary initiative, and enthusiasm for the type of pioneer life they wanted them. Not only were they met with doubt concerning their character and abilities by some of the people who

had preceded them as settlers and colonists, but they were met with apparent hostility on the part of the land itself. Landing on the shores of Lake Winipeg in the late fall of 1875 they soon felt the rigors of a winter season of such severity as they had never known before. They dug in and decided to stay, they had no other choice, because they had come to a point of no return. Some of them had to live in tents for a part of the first winter, others built primitive huts, such as people of our day would not consider a shelter for domestic animals. They did not expect poverty, a sense of complete isolation and loneliness. Many of them died from a plague. They suffered from mosquitoes, some of them were drowned in floods and storms, they got stuck in the white ice-like clay, or got lost in the interminable brush and woods of the virgin land. Was this really the Promised Land in which God had led them? Was this the place where he was going to bless them and make them a part of a great nation? It appears that they must have believed that, because they named the place Gimli, a name given by Norse mythology, for the spacioussark in classical mythology in the world to come, where men would enjoy endless delights when their sojourn on earth had ended. One marvels at such a name. Was it given in irony? Were these people materialistic dreamers, or unpractical idealists? Or were they naive investors and real estate agents like the Red, who in the year 982, gave the massive land of Iceland and Greenland on the north east of this continent the false name Greenland, for the declared purpose of attracting settlers? I think they must have given this place the name Gimli, in the evening of some summer day, when the lake is like a mirror, and the sky is in-

deed like a golden canopy, in the reflection of the setting sun. Or was it a name of prophecy? These pioneers knew that the settlement would never be like heaven to them, but it might become such for their children. And it was on their account that they had left their native land, in the hope that they might have a better and more abundant life. At any rate, the name was, is, and will always be Gimli, recalling the faith, the hope and optimism of the early pioneers, and their confidence that they would providentially be led through all their tribulations and granted ultimate victory over adverse opinions of men, and material surroundings.

"Leave your country, go to the land which I will show you, and I will bless you so that you will become a blessing."

This promise has been fulfilled in the case of our pioneers. They were blessed, and in turn became a blessing. The benediction of God is visible everywhere upon the face of this community, and it came through many rivers. They brought with them the love of learning, and transmitted it into their children, as is seen in the many men of letters and of learning who have come from this community. They brought with them the love of God, and respect for the church and its work in its cause. They built the first schools and the first churches. They brought with them the best of their talents. This is being continued in the language of their children. They brought with them the love of liberty

and political freedom and institutions. They built our first roads through the country, and the first boats to ply the waters of this lake. In the course of time they built the first Old Folks Home anywhere among our people, a home which has been very popular from the beginning, and has become the model and inspiration for many such homes in other districts, and even in the motherland itself. The present generation may build better than the pioneers, but the fact of the matter is that you stand on the shoulders of these people, and you are building on the foundations they laid. Above all they brought with them the example of how to work hard and work without which no community can prosper, and the spirit of sacrifice and cooperation.

They became a blessing to their adopted country. In the beginning of their history they wanted to live by themselves as an ethnic group, and they named their colony New Iceland, which designation denoted the entire area including, not only Gimli, but also Ashby and Riverston and vicinities. But they soon broadened their base, and expanded their vision and enterprises. They became the founders of other prosperous communities in the City of Winnipeg, in Dakota, and the Municipality of Argyle, and the Lake Manitoba at Landis and vicinity. They soon discovered that there had much to learn from other ethnic groups, fellow immigrants from other lands who had varied experiences in agricultural pursuits. They welcomed them into their midst, and proved to

be good neighbors, and generally good citizens as they joined the mainstream of Canadian life.

Contrary to the expectations of many people on both sides of the Atlantic they became a blessing to their home land. They learned, and taught their descendants the basic truth of life, that although a man is married he does not let his reason have to disregard or disregard his neighbor. While they were invited to Canada in a manner of speaking, they still loved their motherland, and by their love and the love of his traditions enhanced her to a name among the nations of the world. This attitude has been perpetuated among their children to this day, and you are better citizens of Canada for that reason. No nation is so great that it does not become greater by its friends. His Excellency, Sveinur Björnsson, the first president of the modern Republic of Iceland, made a noteworthy remark concerning this matter after his first visit to Canada, many years ago. I quote: "I never

knew how big Iceland was, until I had visited the settlements of the Icelandic people in North America."

"I will make you a great nation". What is a nation great? There are different standards. Some say: A nation is great when it has a large population, when it has great material resources, when it has great military strength. The Canadian nation measures up in respect to all of these. But the greatest measure is not in the quality of her citizens, in their ability to live in peace with one another and with the world. Great is the nation whose God is the Great Lord, God that has made us mighty, made us merciful, yet grant us unity in our diversity, and loyalty to your precepts, and abiding love for one another.

We thank God for the providence with which He has guided the footsteps of our pioneers, from many lands, and prospered their labors. We pray for His continued providence and beneficence upon this community in years to come.



BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCANDINAVIAN CHOIRS IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Scandinavian Male Voice Choir of Winnipeg has members of five Nordic nationalities: Danes, Finns, Icelanders, Norwegians and Swedes. The first Icelandic church group in Winnipeg, founded in 1880, was named the Húsipt. They had an ever-existent group in 1886. Then, prior to 1913 two Icelandic churches held choral concerts once or twice each year. In 1929 there was an Icelandic Choral Society which on one occasion included sixty members. Conductor was Halldór Thordarson. An Icelandic Male Voice Choir was organized in 1929 with Ragnar H. Ragnar as conductor. Later, Paul Randal became conductor, and he was followed by Gunnar Erlendsson.

The Norwegian Glee Club was organized January 11, 1912 with 22 members. The first Director was O. Halten, followed by Adm. Høines who conducted the choir for 35 years, until 1972. They have been singing with Norwegian Singers Association of America with 50 and up to 100 voices.

The Swedish Male Choir was founded in 1913 with 31 members. The first Conductor was V. Andersson. Later on Arthur A. Anderson took over and

was Conductor for many years, followed by his son Jan O. Anderson, Gunnar Ekenbomson and Eric Roos. They have participated in singing with the American Union of Swedish Singers of which organization they were members.

The Danes had a choir in the late 1920's to the early 1930's. The Conductor was Christoffer Christoffersen of the Danish Brotherhood.

The Finns had a small choir in the 1940's, members of the Finnish Club.

The Scandinavian Male Voice Choir was founded October 15, 1973 with 18 members. The first President was Gunnar Erlendsson. Present President is Reidar Christwick, and now has 27 members.

The Choir sings at its annual Spring Concert the latter part of April, at the Scandinavian Annual Ball and Laili Linkson Festival, The Swedish Lutheran Pageant and at Senior Citizens Homes. The Conductor is Eric Roos and vice-Conductor Väinö Piironi is Ella Du Gack. Vice President is Mundi Myrdal, secretary, Chris Schubert; Treasurer Asger Ekelsted and Marshall Gunnar Nisum.

—Chris Schubert
from Scandinavian News



THE TEACHING OF ICELANDIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE ON THE COMMUNITY LEVEL

by Haraldur Bessason

The settlers who came to New Iceland centuries ago left Iceland behind but brought their language with them. In spite of the hardship they had endured there, the old country and their mother tongue were very close to them, but they had to justify their move, which explains the harsh comments they sometimes made about the motherland. Centuries later, immigrants from the native land have no doubt been felt by all immigrants. And we know that even though Iceland has maintained a firm hold on her traditions in North America, she is lacking in such qualities as mild climate and attractive environment. An elderly Manitoba Icelandic once told me that Iceland was the last place on earth he ever wanted to visit. Only a few months later I met the same gentleman in the streets of Reykjavik. Had he let me go, would he have summed up his feelings towards his land of origin. The Icelandic language, on the other hand, does not appear to have evoked the same conflicting feelings as the country which so long has fostered it. We may claim that Iceland, the country itself, has certain shortcomings but we would be most reluctant to attribute any flaws to our old mother tongue. Some people may know little else about this language than that it has certain divine attributes. An old man from rural Manitoba once told me that the two divinities, Þór and Freyja, had

appeared in his dream and addressed him in Icelandic. The natural conclusion was that they had indeed been speaking in the language of the gods. I fully agreed with this man. After all, I was in no position to disagree, since I am a native speaker of Icelandic and thus not in a position to judge its qualities objectively. It is nevertheless obvious that the Icelandic settlers in Canada felt close to their ancient gods as they began to give names to their homes in the new world. They started with *Gimli*, *Bifrost* and *Baldur* came later. And it is not at all surprising that Icelandic people should reserve an elevated place for their language. Books are almost the only cultural artifacts which have withstood the erosive forces of Iceland's long history, and books were the most highly prized possessions the New Icelanders brought with them to this country, and from New Iceland some of these books found their way to other settlements. Only recently I discovered a manuscript from 1525 of the *Saga of King Olafur Trygvason* in Linnéok, Saskatchewan, and in another town in the same province a priceless illustrated manuscript, written in 1796, of the *Sanna-Edda*. These manuscript discoveries are a tribute to the tenacity of the Icelandic language in this country. However, it goes without saying that during the first century of Icelandic settlement in Canada the territory of spoken and written Ice-

landic has shrunk considerably. A number of people now take comfort in the knowledge that Icelandic must be a good language even though they no longer speak it, and among these people there are many who now wish to acquire some of the native language skills of their forefathers.

The teaching of Icelandic on the community level is a topic which has been much discussed in the North American Icelandic communities. First, let us remind ourselves that from the outset the private homes have been the only institutions of learning that could possibly preserve Icelandic as a living language. It was in the private homes that the *Kvæðvækur* were regularly observed as periods set aside for the reading or reciting of Icelandic literature. One of the distinguished members of the Winnipeg City Council still knows almost the entire *Náunnarrimur* by heart. He does not recite this work like poetry at council meetings. But his skill in verse reflects nevertheless his high quality instruction in Icelandic, used to have in the community level here in Manitoba. According to this old method beginners had their first reading lessons from the stanzas of *Baldur þór Valdim* and the *Nýja Saga*. But this system collapsed long ago under the weight of technological advancement and educational planning of the school system. The good old times are no longer with us and we can do no more than to mope about them with a feeling of nostalgia. People in North American Icelandic settlements realized a long time ago that new methods would have to replace the old ones, and without government support they decided their own educational systems. The teaching of Icelandic was begun at Wesley College in Winnipeg in 1901 and continued for about a quarter of a century. The Chair of

Icelandic Language and Literature was founded at the University of Manitoba in 1951. Instruction in Icelandic was given in Winnipeg at the Jón Bjarnason Academy from 1913 to 1940 and mention must be made of the Icelandic classes organized and taught by the Icelandic churches, the Winnipeg chapters of the IOGFC, the Icelandic National League, the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg and many other clubs and societies.

One may now ask what these institutions I just mentioned hoped to achieve by offering their young people this special training. It would have been easy for them to point out the intrinsic values and the importance of Icelandic for studies in comparative literature and philosophy. However, no such explanation was needed. During the first and second quarter of this century, students who availed themselves of systematic instruction in Icelandic came, as a rule, from Icelandic speaking homes and had, at least in part, native command of the language of their parents. This language was part of them, and therefore it was only natural that they should want to study it. Wherever Icelandic was taught, the classroom was an extension of the students' own home. This old system had a legitimate purpose and served to enrich the cultural life of the North American Icelanders.

As the Icelandic language base in private homes has weakened, new approaches and methods of instruction have been considered. To give an example, measures have now been taken here in the Province of Manitoba to introduce Icelandic as a foreign language option in five public schools serving the area of the original Icelandic settlements. This decision was made on the initiative of the school districts themselves. In compliance with

their wishes some work has already been done to draw up new plans for an effective programme of studies. At a short notice, text materials have been produced and enthusiastic individuals have volunteered to teach the 250 young people who will be studying Icelandic during the current school year. It is significant that, in part, the preparatory work for this new programme has been financed by the Icelandic National League of North America, using a special grant from the Federal Government in Ottawa, and by the Manitoba Provincial Government whose specialists have given useful directives and provided supervision. It is also most gratifying that both governments have indicated their willingness to give continued support. Although the grants in question are not substantial, they reflect new attitudes on the part of governmental authorities. Indeed, this is the first instance in which a federal grant has been received for the promotion of the teaching of Icelandic in this country. This support has already brought some results in the form of elementary language tests, a few samples of which you are welcome to inspect at the close of this meeting. Our governments wish to promote a sensible policy of multiculturalism in this country, so this is the proper moment to contemplate distinctive contributions to the national network of education. It is also the right time for us to pause and ask ourselves if our new plans for the teaching of Icelandic are well formulated and if our young students are likely to benefit from their Icelandic studies and have a sufficiently strong motivation to go beyond the elementary stage. First, we should keep in mind that although instruction in Icelandic still reflects certain ethnic interests, it no longer is a natural extension of

language skills the students have previously acquired at home. Despite their awareness of an Icelandic background, many of them will regard a programme of studies in Icelandic as a foreign language course and wonder more about the purpose and objectives of such studies than did their parents and grandparents whose native tongue was Icelandic. Thus the schools have to provide answers and justification, and once more it may be tempting to emphasize Iceland's literary classics, the unique history of Iceland and New Iceland in Canada, North American-Icelandic authors, and other literary assets. Young people might, however, regard such elaborate listings as superfluous. No doubt it is more important to try to build in our schools a meaningful context for the teaching of Icelandic. One would expect, for example, that a school with 100 pupils learning Icelandic should include some Icelandic and North American-Icelandic works as part of its courses in literature. In our public schools, departments of English require their students to read a few of the world classics in translation. Njáll's Saga, *Sigrún Edda* and other Icelandic works of distinction might well be considered for inclusion in this category in schools where there is interest in Icelandic. I realize, of course that even though some students may acquire the necessary skills to be able to read selections from Icelandic literature in the original, both teachers and students would have to rely heavily on English translations. This comprehensive programme of Icelandic or Icelandic-Canadian Studies should also extend to the teaching of history. Books and articles on Icelandic-Canadian history are easy to obtain, and the Icelandic chapter in the history of Canada reaches far beyond the con-

lines of ethnic territories. The *Vínland Sagas* no doubt mark the beginning of Canadian history, and much of the early history of this province is contained in the Icelandic Canadian newspapers, books and periodicals. Students in Manitoba must remember that knowledge of Icelandic provides them with an important key to the study of the history of their province. New Iceland has its own *Book of Settlements in Icelandic*. And the Constitution of the Republic of New Iceland was composed in the language of the pioneers, and it was this document that gave Icelandic in this part of the world a semi-official status. Although I am not competent to judge the public school programme in home economics, I suspect that the study of New Iceland's famous recipes and of other related literature could be considered for the comprehensive programme I have suggested. Teachers of physical education in the Interlake area in Manitoba might also find the Icelandic *glima* a good sport for inclusion in their physical fitness classes. Further enumeration of subjects is not necessary. What I wish to make clear is that the teaching of Icelandic as a living language depends on a wider context of Icelandic or Icelandic-Canadian culture. In this way the student will gradually discover the intrinsic value of their studies themselves.

This conference will address itself to the subject of multiculturalism, a concept with clearly positive overtones. Therefore, we must not regard the teaching of Icelandic in our public

schools as merely a favour to an ethnic group from government authorities; rather, we must see it as an Icelandic contribution to public education. On the occasion of this centennial the people of Iceland have shown strong interest in the Icelandic settlements in Canada. New avenues of exchange have been created. One of them will hopefully be travelled by the young people. Exchange of students between Iceland and Canada would greatly facilitate instruction in Icelandic in our public schools and elsewhere. I suggest that one of the reasons why students in our fields decide to study Icelandic is that they secretly hope to be able to visit Iceland some day and put their language skills to good use. An exchange of teachers between school districts where Icelandic is taught and Iceland should also be seriously considered. The government of Iceland would certainly give their support for the promotion of any sensible exchange programmes we may suggest. The ties with Iceland must remain strong, and by whatever means we decide to strengthen the Icelandic strand in the Canadian multicultural fabric, we must remember that the Icelandic language will always remain our most important resource although we cannot hope to recover it as a living language of communities. Our centennial celebrations give reasons for optimism. Let us remember that the pioneers whose achievements we now commemorate were quite optimistic when they pondered the future of their own heritage. In 1875 one of them recommended Al-

asked as a suitable site for an Icelandic settlement, adding that 15,000 Icelanders would settle there within the period of ten years and double in number over the ensuing quarter of a century; they would reach the one hundred million mark in less centuries, at which time their language would have spread to nearly eight across Canada and over a portion of the United States as well.

As we celebrate the centennial of this generous forecast, we must accept it as somewhat unrealistic. Although the Vikings always came to conquer, they eventually had to adjust to the communities around them. In the spirit of multiculturalism it is this accommodating adjustment rather than the conquest that we shall be discussing in the remainder of this conference.



THE MURDER

By Guðtotaður J. Guðarsson

Translated from the Icelandic by
Art Reykdal

God found it so, so why did the fatal
Fate visit all murderous men,
And why did it on his very mortal
Memento man had fixed his seat,
Ruled by his wife, parents' guidance,
Revered of man's crowded throng,
His courage but the strength
Of his will and soul?

Had but one in his existence
Shewn affection or concern,
Kindled in him a resistance
To on the path or wrong to turn,
To develop his potential
To vindicate the good and right,
Nurtured in him the essential
Courage for the moral fight?

Why would God have seen it thus that
You released from vice's sway,
Why could man with such compassion
Of his fellow man and pray
To be open to all his needs,
To be of use to each,
For he had committed murder,
Whose crime was the real fault?

Why his hand had struck in bloodshed
His better self had long been slain,
Why did man that should have moved
him
Never could appear again,
Thus from guilt the Lord absolved him,
Cleared his sullied name from shame,
Society had long betrayed him
And itself must bear the blame.

EXCURSION TO THE EAST —

IMPRESSIONS OF FIVE CITIES

by Guval Kristjánson

The writer of the following article and his wife spent some time last summer on a trip that took them, among other places, to Turkey, Afghanistan, and India. Here are some impressions of five of the cities they visited.

Ephesus

About half way down the Turkish coast of the Aegean Sea, beside the present day village of Selçuk, are found the ruins of a once mighty Roman city. These broken columns, broken pillars and crumbling walls are far more impressive in their ruined state than many a modern city that throbs to the pulse of 'life'. When it was founded (some three thousand years ago) it was located on what was then the seaboard. The silt from the river that flows by has long since pushed the coastline farther west so that it is now a full three or four miles away. This was one of the great cities of the ancient world. This was Ephesus.

In very early days the city paid tribute to the Median King, Croesus. Later it was forced to submit to Cyrus and became part of the Persian Empire. When Alexander the Great marched through Asia with his Macedonian army in 334 B.C. he was hailed as a liberator by the Greek inhabitants. Its period of greatest prosperity, however, was in the first century or two of the Roman Empire. It is said that Cleopatra may have visited the city. Certainly it was one of the great religious centres of the early Christian period.

It was a pagan religious centre before that. The temple of Artemis (or Diana) at Ephesus was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. Artemis was worshipped as the deity of the city. She was looked upon as the goddess of productivity—the virgin mother of all life. When, in later centuries, the Apostles Paul and John came to Ephesus, the latter brought with him another Virgin Mother—Mary, the mother of Jesus. At least, this is the tradition that is held by the inhabitants of the locality. The House of the Holy Virgin, about a half dozen miles from Ephesus, is popularly regarded as the site of the home where the Virgin Mary spent the last years of her life.

On a sunny day last June, my wife and I visited the little chapel at the House of the Virgin Mary in the company of our hosts, Gungor and Nerda Nish and their two boys, having driven down from Izmir (known in Greek times as Smyrna) earlier that morning. A service was in progress in the chapel conducted in German. I believe for a small group of tourists. Moderns also pay to the Mother Mary, so our hosts were most eager to have us see the shrine.

Then, later, as we walked down the streets of Ephesus—past the ruined temples, the worn pavements, the

erms, long Kashmiri bathis, and the vast amphitheatre that could hold as many as forty thousand people, one could not but think back to the time when hundreds of thousands of people lived here. What processions must have marched down these streets? Was perhaps Chhatra carried on her royal litter up these silt-laden roads? Does the voice of St. Paul still ring through the ropes strung on the hillside? What does the future hold for this land?

The city was too wild to visit and we had to leave it to stay behind for a while and follow the hosts of a stupor-stricken meal at an Indian restaurant in the neighbourhood of Connaught Place. A woman in a sari, a young man in a Nehru shirt, and a young girl in a dress, all were agreeable that night. But as we drove back to Delhi, past the coffee shops and big restaurants, it was the presence of the crumbling monuments of an empires-old that were etched on our minds.

Delhi

Right from the time of one's arrival at Delhi's airport there is an impression of stifling humidity. A long row of restaurants offers a wide variety of foods, but the breakfast appears to be a "do-it-yourself" affair. The city is hot and humid. Although the monsoon season has already begun, there is no rain at the moment. July is not the best time of year to visit India.

The city is a rich study in contrasts. Cars and "buddies" (motor vehicles) zip by with motorized traffic on all kinds of roads, while on the main thoroughfares the ancient belief that sight is more important than hearing has led to a mad procession of honking horns. The "buddies" with their staccato

to see a man, his saris-clad wife, and one or two children, all perched astride the same motorcycle. Pedestrians in modern western clothes mingle with those who wear the traditional dhoti (a garb which we characteristically associate with Mahatma Gandhi). Modern office buildings and apartment blocks stand darkly and coldly in juxtaposition with tents, and the most sophisticated of housing. Many people of course are not housed. They sleep on mats on the streets. As one walks along the city streets, beggars, especially young children, are taken around the corner and forgotten. In the few parks of a city where life can flourish.

New Delhi is a planned capital, with its wide streets radiating from the Connaught Place. Connaught Place is the main shopping and business district, the President's Palace, the Temple of Humayun, several of the Moghul Empires, the India Gate, the Parliament, the District National Museum, the Birla Temple, and a number of other monuments and many more. A most interesting sight is to see the southern outskirts of New Delhi, is the Qutub Minar, a tall sandstone tower. The stories high that has stood for over seven hundred years. Beside it is the Iron Pillar which has somehow managed to remain free of rust though the air is rich although it is about a thousand years old. On the bank of the Yamuna River the skyline of the city is the Raj Ghat, where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated, and pilgrims still come to pay homage to his memory.

The real spirit of India, however, comes to life in the old city of old Delhi. Here, on the banks of the Yamuna, is situated the Lal Kila or Red Fort, a large walled structure that has survived for five hundred years. The Red Fort is a fine example of Mughal architecture. It is the largest

and most impressive mosques in the world. Both the Red Fort and Jama Masjid were built by Shah Jahan, the Moghul Emperor who was also responsible for the famous Taj Mahal at Agra. Nearby, also runs the street known as Chandni Chowk, the Commercial heart of the old city. Our son, who was with us at the time, thought we should have the experience of negotiating these streets in the same way as the common rickshaws. Accordingly, we climbed onto a small, unpowered vehicle together with a huddle of the less prepossessing natives of the city to make our way from Ajmeri Gate to Chandni Chowk. The "rickshaws" all seemed to be in the same spot. The result was a traffic jam of pedestrians, auto rickshaws, "rickshaws", motorcycles, carts drawn by bullocks and water buffaloes, and the odd rickshaw that would not get through the streets, were all piled up in one spot. It soon unraveled itself, however. A cow lady, looking bored, climbed up on the rickshaw in the middle of the street so the traffic was able to move on again. Making our way through the little side streets that fan off from Chandni Chowk, where the street-outlets and living quarters are jammed together in a kind of human rubber warren, was an experience not easily to be forgotten. The heat, the congestion, the poverty, the "Rickshaw" and "rickshaws" has been seen by me.

As we walked through the "rickshaw" warren with Dr. Sarvee Dutt, P. Singh of the Central Institute of Technology, that night, we could see the city from the air. It was a sight to be remembered. At the time of our visit, the city was in a state of chaos. The government was unable to build a new bus system. The city was in a state of

Shimoga

A number of years ago novelist James Hilton conceived the idea of a kind of earthly paradise hidden away from the world in a protected valley in the mountains of Tibet. He called the place Shangri La. Unfortunately, there is no Shangri La, but until something better comes along, the Vale of Kashmir will serve as a substitute. At least that was our feeling as the Indian Airlines plane filled us from the hot plains of northern India, took us over the first range of Himalayan mountains, and deposited us at the airport at Shimoga, capital and largest city of Kashmir. When our taxi took us to the edge of the still-filled Dal Lake, where we were conveyed in a rickshaw-like cart to the luxurious hotel, our first impression was, the feeling departed.

From the after deck of the house boat, mounted permanently to one of the islands that dot Dal Lake, one could watch the pleasure craft and sail boats make their way up and down the Venetian-like network of canals, or view the lofty summits jutting above the green mountain sides that slope downward to the rice fields at the base of the valleys. On these same mountain sides park areas have been laid out. These commemorate the past glories of the Moghul empire. They are called the Moghul Gardens. Another garden, that of the British Raj, is being laid out when one views the setting and surroundings of the public garden, one sees the Shah Mahal, the "Shah Mahal" of the Moghul Empire. The Moghul was a great builder of the city. The Moghul was a great builder of the city. The Moghul was a great builder of the city.

Amritsar

On the flat dusty plains of the Punjab, just a few miles from the border of Pakistan, lies the city of Amritsar. It is hardly a prepossessing place, although it is the commercial centre of a productive farming area. Its streets are panted with motor traffic, bullock carts, and all manner of people on foot. Its market places are colourful, but unexciting. In short, it is India.

But at the heart of all this is an oasis—a man-made oasis where the world of commerce and the cares of material life are left behind. Here is situated the Anand Sarai (the "pool of Nectar" from which the city derives its name). Built after the murder of a vast five hundred foot square swimming pool, its sides are flanked by a pavement of white and black marble. In the centre of the pool, entirely encircled with gold leaf that reflects the summer sunlight to dazzle the eye of the beholder, is the Golden Temple. Amritsar is the holy city of the Sikhs, and the Golden Temple is their tabernacle.

Thousands of devout Sikhs flock daily to bathe in the sacred waters of the pool, to taste the holy water, and to eat in the vast kitchen that feeds the faithful free of charge. Pots of wheat, potatoes and rice are carried from the huge cauldrons to feed all comers. My wife and I were shown through this kitchen area by our guide—a local Sikh who was also our taxi driver and an employee of the hotel when we stayed.

No shoes are worn in the pool, even within the holy precincts. One has the choice of going barefoot, or washing one's feet at the entrance or wearing clean socks which are provided by the Temple authorities. I chose the former and was most glad of it. May all the governments around any bathing pool

—sacred or otherwise—tend to be quite simple. I found it pleasant enough, on a hot summer day, splashing along in my bare feet, but my wife, who had chosen to wear socks, found it rather uncomfortable. A small covering is also required within the precincts of the temple. I had no objection to wearing the kerchief on my head provided for the purpose, although I am sure its appearance was much less engaging than that of the turbans worn by the bearded Sikhs who surrounded me.

A causeway leads from the edge of the pool to the door of the temple itself. When we reached the door, our guide knelt and touched his forehead to the sill. We moved ahead with the large but orderly crowd that was seeping through the building. The walls of the ground floor of the Golden Temple are inlaid with precious stones or various columns. The walls of the upper storey are a glittering mass of gilded copper, the floor is paved with marble. Here the holy book, the Adi Granth, is on display, resting on a dais under a canopy studded with jewels. The Ragis (chanters) recite aloud the verses from the book continuously. On the third storey of the Temple stands the gorgeous gold dome, a dazzling symbol of a religion which has withstood persecution—both Hindu and Muslim—for centuries, and thrives more than ever.

Kabul

Tucked away in a fertile valley, amid the stark steeparts of the Hindu Kush, is situated today the city of Kabul, capital of Afghanistan. On the very hills that crown the older part of the city, one can still see the remnants of a high sand wall, with remaining rows of towers showing at intervals. This seems appropriate. Fortification was an im-

integral part of the way of life of these peoples, for this is the cradleland of conquerors. Darius of Persia was first; Alexander the Great passed through here some twenty-three centuries ago. The Mongol hordes of Ghengis Khan and the army of Timurlane moved through these passes on their way to the riches of India that lay beyond. A direct descendant of both Timurlane and Genghis Khan later made Kabul his base of operation. This was Babur, who launched his attack from here and became the first of the Mughal Emperors of India. Babur is buried in Kabul.

Our first impression of Kabul was the width of its streets and the relative lack of crowds. The wide streets and lack of congestion order a certain reverence to simplicity which frequently have their beds of sheep or goats past them. In the old section of the town there are some narrow streets, and the weather hazards are colourful and interesting.

Despite the fact that this is a city that is rapidly modernizing itself, much of the old Afghan culture lingers on. No one, for instance, saw the native women so modestly veiled. Fishermen, farmers and others are usually seen in the presence of their knee-length shirts, which are pulled up around their heads. The most traditional element of the dress is the "chitri" (the apron worn by both men and women) which is a pocketed, belted, loose-fitting tunic. Some women wear the traditional vestments of the "chitri" over another, regardless of the weather. The "chitri" may be a simple representation of the "sari" of India, or the "jilbab" of the Middle East, or a garment that covers the wearer, not calling her face from head to ankle. Many of the professional and

"white collar" classes, however, wear western dress.

We were fortunate in that we happened to be visiting Kabul at the time of "Jashn"—the annual Independence celebration. This is a festival of music, parades, games, fireworks and exhibits, that is a kind of Canadian National Exhibition. Tournament of Roses parade, and patriotic songs all rolled into one. The streets are bedecked with lights in a manner that has, I think, not our cities achieve even at Christmas time. One of us was able to obtain tickets for us to sit in the covered grandstand that is reserved for government officials and their wives and to watch a parade of athletes from U.S., Turkey, India, Soviet, Russia, and Afghanistan, and an exhibit of acrobats and precision drill that is truly impressive.

Afghanistan is a country that has developed a culture that Lord Ahmad, who is in charge of the building of new schools for the Ministry of Education, showed me with pride the extensive plans they have for educational and health facilities for the Afghan children now growing up. The country is winning a final victory of a newly being exported to Russia and returning resources are in evidence.

Lord Ahmad has a "Zahir" room and boys while we were in Afghanistan. To stay in their home, a woman's was a fascinating experience, especially since the other members of the house had to follow the system of non-interference. Lord Ahmad and I were invited to a "Zahir" room with its furniture, or furniture, or a "Zahir" room.

So, I was in Kabul, amidst the excesses of its distant land. The extreme of Afghan society, as it is, the end of its people. The family who lived next

door to our hosts happened to get into a casual conversation with us one evening. This was followed by an invitation to come into their home and meet the other members of the household, then an urging to stay and have dinner with them. This was typical. We had many other such invitations. Although we declined their invitations to stay to dinner we did stay to chat and see members of this family spoke

English, so she had to act as interpreter and to eat fruit with them. An incredible variety of fruits are grown in Afghanistan. But nothing can compare with their melons. The delicate flavour and texture are beyond description. The food of the gods is not melonsia. It is surely Afghan melons. When we departed from Kabul, we took with us many memories. But alas, we had to leave the melons behind!



CURLING LOSSES ONE OF ITS TRUE GREATS



Leo Johnson

Death has claimed one of Canada's greatest and popular curling personalities with the passing of Leo Johnson.

On November 17, 1973, Leo was honored at a memorial dinner at

the International Inn to mark 50 consecutive years as a member of the famed Stratton's Club. On that occasion, he received tributes from all across Canada.

Leo won the Brier, emblematic of the Canadian curling championships in 1951. He went through the competition undefeated, the first time it had ever been done.

Leo's final major success came in 1953. He came out of retirement to win the East Canadian Seniors championship at Thunder Bay and became the only former Brier winner to accomplish that feat.

So now Leo has gone. But the memory of a class guy will remain with all those who were fortunate enough to have known him.

BORG MEMORIAL HOME CELEBRATES 25TH ANNIVERSARY

The 25th anniversary of the founding of Borg Memorial Home, in Mountain, North Dakota, was observed with an open house at the Home on September 29, 1975.

As far back as 1914, Dr. B. J. Brantson, a noted Winnipeg surgeon and professor of surgery, whose original home was at Mountain, was influential in creating an interest in building a home for the aged in the Mountain community. Also, he was instrumental in giving the project such financial aid as he was able to furnish.

The seven congregations in the parish agreed to support the project. Subsequently, a board of directors was named to represent each congregation with Dr. H. Sigurd, the parish pastor as member at large. The board was composed of: F. M. Einarson, Vikar (Mountain); J. L. Peterson, Vidlin; Allie Magnuson, Fjall; Victor Sturlaugson, Peters; Asmundur Benson, Upland (all now deceased); also G. J. Jonsson, Thingvall (Eykoed); Alvin Melsted, Gardar; and Finn Einarson, Hillson.

When plans were finalized, Jordan Construction Company was awarded the contract for building the home. The cornerstone was laid by Gamaliel Threlson (Gandur), Sunday, October 19, 1918, with fitting ceremonies at which four mayors state and county officials were present. October 23, 1919

the building was completed and dedicated. Rev. Egil Fatnes was then the parish pastor and contributed his talent to the program for this function.

Borg Memorial Home, with accommodations for 48 residents, has been operated successfully for twenty five years under each succeeding administrator who have been: Mrs. Gudrun Olgeirson, R.N.; Mrs. Gudrun L. Eriksen, R.N.; Mrs. Jarna Lohse; Mrs. Barbara Beatrice Gerardo Thordarson; and Mrs. Leona Larsen, R.N. The present administrator is Mr. Eric Hoverson.

The board of directors at this time is chaired by Everett Hillson (Peters); Orville Bernhof (Vikar) is treasurer; Fred Olson (Gardar) is acting secretary; Alred Bruen represents Hillson; Orval Hallulax (Thingvall) a vacancy exists at present (Vidlin); Eileen Olgeirson is the member at large.

The Open House program took place in the afternoon. Dr. V. J. Evland, chaplain at the Sunset Nursing Home in Grandin, gave an address. The Edinburg School Band and the Dakota Old Time orchestra contributed to the program.

A coffee hour followed the program, at which the public was cordially invited to share this fellowship gathering in observance of this important anniversary in the history of Borg Memorial Home.

CHURCH - HILIL

From the Icelandic of Guðmundur Guðmundsson

My grandmother thus cautioned me: "On Sundays never go
To play in yonder church-hill, when the sun is sinking low,
You might disturb the service when the gentle ladies pray,
Then church is up in yonder knoll and in its vaulted choir
Is held at home the choir boys' singing out at sunset.

My grand'father believed in duty and I could never doubt
The method of what he did, and the soundness of his thought,
I'd watch him in a skiff-like boat on the sea's edge and I'd see
And never wavered there in play when ever tide was in,
I would be in a skiff-like boat on church at sunset.

But when my years had not as yet reached the age of passion,
We'd be going to a church when I had barely entered,
And once a Sunday I'd follow them in the Sunday school,
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
We'd be a knoll in a garden where the hills are seen.

And when I came upon a path some while ago I'd see
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
My old step on the rocky bank and I'd be out there all
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
With a hill and a sea and a sky and a sun and a moon.

And when I came upon a path some while ago I'd see
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
My old step on the rocky bank and I'd be out there all
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
With a hill and a sea and a sky and a sun and a moon.



A zealous church interior - And passing to and fro
Were never to sharing part with what they seemed to come and go,
An aged, latched old door, we passed and at the door bowed,
And over all a gaze like haze - Yet through a peeling lead
The old mag' self in music called to church at sunset.

A narrow road of stony walls appeared to me at the door,
- And I was seized with tremor unknown to me before,
The narrow lane and gods' wall surrounded me to go,
As the old mag' self in music called to church at sunset,
The old mag' self in music called to church at sunset.

And when I came upon a path some while ago I'd see
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
My old step on the rocky bank and I'd be out there all
I'd be a child not taken part in other ways and steps of life,
With a hill and a sea and a sky and a sun and a moon.

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With a hill and a sea and a sky and a sun and a moon.

Translated by Jakobson Johnson

A FLIGHT FULL OF SURPRISES

FROM SWAN RIVER TO DAUPHIN, MANITOBA

by Björn Jónsson

Frank and I had bought the '78 Cessna 170, CF-RVA, the year before, just after getting our Pilot's Licences. We were told about 60 hours total each under our seatbelts, and were stalling for better luck. This was Father's Day, early in June, and there was a fly-in at Dauphin, Manitoba, about 90 SM from Swan River, S.L. My family had already left for the lake, S.W. of us in the Duck Mountains, and I was expected to join them for Father's Day dinner. There should be no problem here; Frank would come back with some of the other Flying Club members, and I would fly the hypotenuse of the triangle to Kamsack, Saskatchewan, about 90 SM west of Dauphin, after taking in the breakfast and air show.

"Just right enough, Doc," Les Alderson had told me shortly before, when I asked him how firmly the new sparkplugs should be seated. After cleaning the old plugs in the fall I had screwed them in so tight that we had trouble removing them. So this time I had used a smaller screwdriver in the socket wrench to tighten the new ones.

"Just right enough, Doc." I kept hearing this sage advice now and then, even in bed.

The day dawned in flaming copper! High scattered stratocumulus in the south, and distant cumuli clustering near the western horizon. We topped off, did our preflight check and took

off in guttingling, light-hearted anticipation of adventure.

Frank's speed for navigation, since I had a bit more cross-country flying in my log. However, she was to do the flying and navigating, and I was to see that we did not get too far off course, but no line, instant corrections.

We climbed slowly to 1000 feet as we crossed the Duck Mountains of 2000 feet elevation, which are a part of the Manitoba Escarpment and form the southern boundary of the lovely Swan River Valley. There was some turbulence, especially over the broad slope of the mountain, but Frank kept on course without prompting. Ahead lay the marshes and bush-bounded by the Riding Mountains to the south. We passed the midpoint and headed for our destination over the alluvial waste-lands east of Herbert, moats and shores of receding old Lake Agassiz. Our altitude was now 2000 feet, or 100 feet over the deck. Ahead lay the marshes and bush-patches with scattered pastures, but no real farmland. About 20 minutes to go, and all is well.

BRAINING: A terrific explosion! A metallic clang, a convulsive shudder of the aircraft, like an epileptic seizure! And the engine running as tough as a Model T on low-grade francium with the sparkplugs crossed. The eyes dropped to 1100, half of normal, and a

violent vibration of the fuselage persisted, in a coarse, side-rocking twist.

What was it? we both asked, startled, but neither panicked. Gauges were ok., except the R.P.M.'s were down. I suggested that a sparkplug wire had come off, and Frank agreed that we should keep her running. We throttled back a bit and the vibrations became less aggressive. Speed dropped, so we began a slight descent, put on one notch of flap, and kept her at 80 mph indicated. We scanned ground for landing spots. A farm with a small pasture was passed up, and so was a feet-looking grassfield farther on. But about two miles ahead there seemed to be a bigger and better pasture with marshes and bush only beyond that point. We approached the pasture, made a short downwind sweep, and came in for landing, just clear of the trees. Ahead was a fairly long pasture, but pocked with holes and studded with small rocks and occasional tree-kills. A shallow trench ran across it near the far end. We landed with full flaps, managing to miss most of the obstacles. I gave her a flap-lift over the trench, and we stopped in high grass and tufts about fifty yards from the trees, speed a bit shaken, but somewhat proud of our handling of ourselves and the aircraft, in this our first low-alt. dismount and dreaded situation aloft. Now we could contribute with the reserved concern of confidence to the hanger talk, and did not have to take second place of "Oh's" and "Ah's" among the boasting or the close-call artists in the club.

To the left of us, about 100 feet, there was a hermit's shack, and the owner was there close to the fence, reading paper. He was an old grey-beard with heavy glasses, dressed in woolen long-johns and rubber shoes. He paid no heed to us, and indeed

was not aware of us at all. Our hollering did not make him turn, so we climbed over the fence and tapped him on the shoulder. "Hi", we said. "Yes it is a fine day", he replied. We pointed to the aircraft but he did not see it. Near blind and deaf too. "How far is it to Dauphin?" "Dauphin? Ya, I len there once. Had this operation on my good eye, you see, but it did not do much good. Never came back". We asked for water and he showed us a trough and a dipper. But the stuff was dark brown with a greenish tinge and we robotically spilled it on the ground. The old man kept on with his long story. We bid him goodbye a few times, but that did not slow him down any, so we left, and that had no appreciable effect either.

We had opened the top cowling and found oil wicks in place, and decided to let the exhaust cool off, while we cleared a better runway. Then I could probably replace the one without removing the lower cowling. We walked right back to our "batter", and selected a runway. Rocks and small boulders were pushed aside, used to fill the holes, and low cairns were made to mark the sides.

During this activity a herd of heifers led by a mean-looking bull, was coming slowly toward us from a small clearing where they had been out of sight. Frank has a thing about bulls, from an early childhood chase, in which she jumped into a barrel, and the bull pummeled and hurled it into a creek, and she nearly drowned. In face of this peril she sat screaming to the aircraft, carrying a football-sized boulder, and she is only 72" and 105 lbs., jumped into the cockpit, three feet off the ground, and slammed the doors. I decided to play it cool, since my childhood experiences with bulls had

Diamond Jubilee of Canadian Confederation

An oration by MAGNUS PAULSON

In 1927, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Canadian Confederation, Magnus Paulson, then aged 27, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, won first prize in the Manitoba Oratorical Contest held in June of that year. To commemorate the occasion, Magnus was then a student at the John Brannstrom Academy, in Winnipeg.

Written at a Joint Canadian in 1960, with its title and stanza, will appear in the fine collection of young students Magnus collected.

Popular: Is one of the brightest jewels of the human soul.

"But this there's a man with soul
and ideal"

When they're, the soul is still

"That's my own native land"

Yes, you are are celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of our fair nation, a nation of which we are so proud and so dear, and which you will surely all love, respect, honor, and adore. You are celebrating the love of the earth, love, a nation, a love so far beyond their coming that we, so it affords me great pleasure to mention the most outstanding achievements of this wonder of Canada's youth.

During the sixty years which have passed since Confederation, numerous changes have taken place. Five new provinces have been added to the original four, making us the do nearly half the continent. At the time the federal government was born, there were a few hot air balloons and a few telegrams, but now we have the finest of great airplanes, the finest of great communications, the finest of great cities, and the finest of great people. We have the finest of great universities, the finest of great hospitals, the finest of great roads, and the finest of great ships.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the largest single system in the whole world, and this gigantic enterprise is proudly owned by another system, the nationally owned. The vast unutilized resources have been converted into vast enterprises so that the Canadian people have become a nation out of a land, the remaining millions of the world are being left. The national resources have yielded huge returns and enormous success in mining and industry. In fact, with the growth of the national industry, the manufacturing industry have also developed, and a new industry, now employing 800,000 men, and with capital and annual production exceeding a billion dollars. Besides this, foreign trade has amounted to a height beyond the most sanguine hopes of the optimistic. The progress of the whole financial and commercial activities is nothing short of phenomenal.

In education Canada has made remarkable progress. She has evolved a stable and enduring system which owes its credit to the great statesmen of the past. The system has been developed to the point where it is now the finest of great systems in the world. The system has been developed to the point where it is now the finest of great systems in the world. The system has been developed to the point where it is now the finest of great systems in the world. The system has been developed to the point where it is now the finest of great systems in the world.

processing. Already, in her young nationhood, our country numbers among its writers, historians, novelists, and poets of no mean ability. She also lays claim to several artists of great merit including the distinctly Canadian group of painters known as the "Ten artists", who are now laying the foundation of a national Canadian art.

The political development of the country has kept pace with the educational and economic. The Inuit Nation, people by every race and no one manhood is fast being welded into a distinct Canadian nationality. Education is making its own contribution to the national progress and all are making in love and loyalty to this new land.

The Dominion has found its place in the world's history, as evidenced by the World Conference of 1926, and has taken its full share in the peace-making and building up the great world. For the United Commonwealth of Nations, the Dominion was a member of the British and the connection was considered undesirable by Canadians and British alike. Now this connection is looked upon as most desirable by all concerned. Except in France and Britain, at Confederation the country was scarcely known to Europeans, even in name; now, the name "Canada" resounds respect and admiration throughout the civilized world. This reputation was won, and this debt, on the battlefields of Europe. The great Canada played in the war, has done more than anything else to give her a standing among the nations. The Canadian boys in khaki were immortal, for all that, the name of Canada on the pages of the world's history.

The land of the great sentimentality, the land of the sacrifices of the great, has a name on the battlefields.

has been a great force working towards unity, and has proved stronger than political dissensions. Varying and conflicting interests have threatened to divide us, but geographical conditions make the interests of the East and West inseparable. We may count as one of the greatest achievements of Canada since Confederation, the fact that our national unity in spite of these differences, has remained unshaken.

Men and parties have differed in their policies and their principles, but they have all been sincere in their desire to promote the best interests of the Dominion. The Conservative party has advocated high tariff, while the Liberals have always believed in the freedom of their well and ultimate happiness. No political system could be ever devised, however, that the interests of both nations have been most anxious to preserve the country honest, and uprightly. They have been ready to sacrifice to conserve the national resources of this land and to control the economic and business life of the people so that the greatest good might be done to the largest number.

So proud of the achievements of the Dominion, but, after all, the true greatness of any nation does not depend mainly on its material resources, its manufacturing returns, or its constitutional efficiency, but on the moral and spiritual character of its citizens. The greatest asset of any nation is men.

High minded men, men who regard their conscience as their king, men who feel more noble men. In the words of the poet this young nation is asking for more such men.

Men who, in the words of the poet,
Give us, give us, not only gold,
But a Phœnix, a Phœnix,
A man who is a man,
A man who is a man,
A man who is a man.

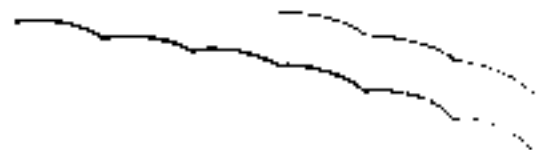
We need exactly this type of men. Men with ideals lofty as the great Canadian Rockies, and with sympathies broad as the western plains in which you and I are privileged to live.

Yes, the past achievements of Canada are glorious, but it is when we look towards her future that our hearts swell with pride and confidence. We have written but our first pages of history. We have tilled but the first few furrows of our virgin soil. We can safely say that the natural resources of Canada have scarcely been touched by the hand of man. Millions of acres of arable land still remain uncultivated. The latent wealth found in our lakes and forests, as well as the vast amount of mineral deposits is beyond our powers of comprehension. Canada can easily become the wealthiest nation in the world if she properly makes use of her resources and seizes every opportunity of developing them.

William Gullen Bryant was traveling in Switzerland many years ago and climbed one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps. From the summit he caught a vision of the Old World. He saw Athens with her proud array of poets, artists, philosophers and orators. He saw ancient Rome sending out her mighty legions, lifting high their imperial eagles to conquer the world. Dazed he took off his hat, waved it in the air, and shouted over the mountain peaks, "The glory of the

past, I salute thee". Then he turned Northwest and caught a vision of the modern world. He saw Germany, with her great universities, and men of phenomenal intellects. He saw the British Isles, the Motherland of an empire on which the sun never sets. He saw the Scandinavian countries where illiteracy and crime are equally unknown. He saw the two English-speaking countries of the New World, where every man is king, but no man cares to wear the crown. His enthusiasm now rose to its maximum. He waved his hat again, and shouted louder than before, "The glory of the future, I salute thee". Standing on the mountain peak of this Diamond Jubilee Celebration we can certainly say with the poet, "The glory of the past we salute thee". But the coming days will be still brighter and better than those which have gone before. With much greater enthusiasm we can shout to the tops of our voices, "The glory of the future, We salute thee".

Oh Canada! The true North strong and free. The land of hope and destiny. The land of infinite possibilities and boundless opportunities. We will live for thee! We will fight for thee! And, if need be, we will die for thee! We entrust thy future to Him, who is the Lord of the lands, the Creator of the universe, and the Father of us all. With Him thou art safe forever.



Thorleinn O. S. Thorsteinson

The Icelandic Canadian magazine lost a well known member of its editorial board with the passing January of this year of Thorleinn O. S. Thorsteinson. Thorli has been a member for more than twenty years. A veteran of both World Wars, he spent most of his career as a journalist for a number of years in the Western Manitoba and subsequently with the Winnipeg Free Press, where he was President of ILOA until his retirement. He will be missed and will be fondly and lovingly remembered.



Bjorn Edvald Olson

The Icelandic Canadian has known for a while another distinguished citizen whose name is associated with the early days of the Icelandic Canadian Club. He was Bjorn Edvald Olson, the first President of the Club when it was founded in 1938. Edvald was born at Gault, Manitoba, and graduated with B.Sc. from the University of Manitoba. He held various positions with the Federal Government, serving in the Executive Service in Ottawa, as a Scientist at the St. Wood Buffalo National Park in the Northwest Territories.



SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

CANADA-IRELAND FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

NELSON GERRARD — \$200 LOGGIE Scholarship — graduate, University of Manitoba. At present studying in Ireland, Modern Ireland's and genealogy and doing research.

GREGORY DOWNEY — \$100 W. J. Finch Scholarship, Graduate, University of Manitoba. At present First Year Medicine.

ELICASTLEIANSSON — \$100 Maud Johnson Memorial Scholarship, 11 Year Economics, University of Manitoba.

PAMELA DOWNEY — \$100 Harold Olson Scholarship, 1 Year Science, University of Manitoba.

MARGO MYRWYCHUCK — \$100 George Magnusson Scholarship, 1st Year Arts, University of Winnipeg.

GUDRON ARNADOTTIR — \$100 Canada-Ireland Foundation Scholarship, 1st Year Physiotherapy, University of Manitoba.

ALVIN LARLIFSON — \$100 Canada-Ireland Foundation Scholarship, 1st Year Agriculture, University of Manitoba.

VALLRIE MAGNUSSON — \$100 Canada-Ireland Foundation Scholarship, Graduate, Gimli High School.

ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA SCHOLARSHIP

JOVANN JOHNSON — \$125 Scholarship, 2nd Year Science, University of Manitoba.

NEIL JOHANSSON, B.Sc. — \$75.00 Scholarship, 1st Year Law, University of Manitoba.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

SIGURDUR (Sue) JOHNSON — \$160.00 Scholarship, 1st Year School

of Dental Hygiene, University of Manitoba.



86-YEAR-OLD LAWYER EXCITED OVER SUPREME COURT APPEAL

The familiar footsteps, muffled by rubber-soled shoes, moved almost soundlessly along the polished marble first-floor corridor at the Supreme Court of Canada.

They were quick steps, not as swift as at one time, but each planted with firmness. When they passed to turn right into the court clerk's office, they gave away a hint of excitement.

Inside, the excitement radiated from the intelligent, age-fissured face of the man who made them.

J. T. Thorsen, the Icelandic immigrant's son who took on five careers and did well in each, was back. This time he begged along a 141-page argument, backbone of a case he will plead in the spring, sometime after his 87th birthday.

He was excited by the prospect of becoming the oldest lawyer ever to argue before the high court.

The excitement remained days later when he learned he probably will miss, by weeks, surpassing the record of W. C. Bentley of Charlottetown who was 87 years, eight months when he stood before the court in 1960.

A win would cap Mr. Thorsen's legal career and allow more time for his latest occupation—writing books. He hopes to publish his second book, his memoirs, later this year.

He has a lot of living to pack between the pages. Since leaving his native Winnipeg on a Rhodes Scholarship 65 years ago, he has been teacher, soldier, politician and president of the Exchequer Court, now the Federal Court. Once, while in South America

in a convention, he was shot in the leg by bandits.

He was born Joseph Thorarinn Thorsen, March 16, 1889, two years after his parents moved from Iceland to Winnipeg, where his father became a school caretaker.

After he settled nicely into law, the First World War erupted and he shipped out to France with the 223rd Canadian Scandinavian Battalion. A captain, he was wounded by the British and became commandant of a German prisoner-of-war camp in France.

He returned to law in 1921 and was appointed dean of the Manitoba school of law. Five years later he discovered politics.

To the amazement of some, he won Winnipeg South Centre riding in the 1926 federal election.

In Parliament he fought for, and won, seniority and previous wages for postal employees fired, then rehired as new workers, during the 1919 Winnipeg general strike.

"This created much hostility toward me in Winnipeg. Anyone who had anything to do with the strike—well, that was it."

He was dumped in 1930 by Winnipeg voters. Finished politically there, he went to neighboring Selkirk riding and won easily as a Liberal in 1935 and 1941.

"This was the richest period of my life. I saw Selkirk as how I wanted my Canada to be."

He saw foreigners bringing their ethnic characteristics together to create one new country and he had a vision of "One Canada".

In 1951 Mackenzie King brought him into his wartime cabinet as minister of national war services, a job in which Mr. Thorsen felt unqualified. Fifteen months later King moved him to the Legislative Council, where he stayed until 1967 when he reached the mandatory retirement age of 75.

But he didn't just disappear into his vegetable garden in Ottawa's posh Rockcliffe district.

Late in the 1960's approaching 80 years of age, he exploded on the political scene again.

He challenged the Official Languages Act which created two official languages, and lost the preliminary battles. However, the Supreme Court later ruled that he had a right, as an individual taxpayer, to challenge the law.

He began to act for Leonard Jones, the Minister in charge. Mr. Jones and Mr. Thorsen fought the language act through the lower courts but lost when the high court upheld it.

"The legal battle relating to the Official Languages Act is gone," says Mr. Thorsen. "It's valid legislation. The whole question now is in the political courts."

As a he and Mr. Jones were being lauded publicly. Some people called them heroes for resisting to accept French as an official language.

These memories make Mr. Thorsen sit back and smile. His hands begin to

wave in explanation and his pale blue eyes flash and illuminate his rugged Icelandic features.

"Hell, how could I be against bilingualism when I've studied French school cases in French and written judgments in French. This is common sense."

What he is against, he says, is forced bilingualism which creates a dual nation.

He blames Pierre Trudeau, the man to whom he delivered Manitoba votes at the 1968 Liberal leadership convention.

"Trudeau is a menace to this country. And I don't care who bears the burden."

His last book, Wanted: A Single Canada, proposed a country in which all Canadians have equal status without reference to any component of the Canadian nation.

Life is quieter now. He works every day in his downtown law office, reading law cases. But the pace is slower.

He will argue an expatriation appeal at the Supreme Court this month. Then continue to prepare for the appeal case he is working on. Strangely enough, one of his chief opponents in that appeal will be D. S. Thorsen, Deputy Federal Justice Minister and his nephew.

By H. Wing Free Press

THE GAMLE SAGA

The Icelandic Canadian can a news item relating to the "Gamle Saga" and the cost of the booklet was quoted as \$10.00. It has now come to light that this was not correct. It should have

been \$1.50 per copy. Also the cost of the booklet has been changed to GAMLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE, P. O. Box 188, Guelph, Manitoba, R0L 1B0

THE MID WINTER CONCERTS IN WINNIPEG

The annual convention of the Icelandic National League was held in Winnipeg, February 27 and 28, at the Parish Hall of the First Lutheran Church.

Traditionally, the convention has featured two evening concerts, of the Iron chapter of the National League and the Icelandic Canadian Club. This year, the number was reduced to one, sponsored jointly by the two organizations.

Chairman was Mrs. Iris Tordsson, President of Iron, H. J. Stefansson, President of the Icelandic Canadian Club, was in charge of scholarship presentations.

The program was excellent. The Icelandic Centennial Children's Choir, conducted by Mrs. Elma Gíslason, with Mrs. Christine Björnsson the accompanist, sang a number of Icelandic songs to the enjoyment of everyone present. Next was a violin and viola duet by Laurie DePaw and Jane Hall. Coral Westlund, accompanied by

Sibbing Sigurdson, sang Icelandic and English songs. Guðbjartur Gunnarsson read a humorous Icelandic ghost story. All Icelanders are interested in the occult and Mr. Gunnarsson held the audience enthralled by his witicism and expressive reading.

The film "Iceland 1100" was shown by Mark Thorarinnson, Icelandic Consul. The film presents well the history of Iceland from its beginning to the present; it is a unique film production. Earlier in the evening, Mr. Thorarinnson brought greetings from Iceland.

Scholarships awarded by the Canada Iceland Foundation, the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, and the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg were presented by Mark Thorarinnson, Treasurer of the Foundation; Ted Arnason, president of the Festival, and Dori Stefansson, president of the Club. The scholarship winners were called to the platform and were enthusiastically applauded by the audience.

THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE DINNER

The Icelandic National League Dinner, held at the Fort Garry Hotel, on February 28, 1976, closed the convention. The guest speaker was Dr. Kris Kristjerson of Great West Life Assurance and president of the Canada Iceland Foundation. He outlined the progress made in the teaching of the Icelandic language in Canada, making special reference to the contributions made by Professor Haraldur Bessason and Sigrid Johnson, Icelandic librarian. He also paid tribute to the spirit of the Icelanders that ruled their coun-

try by law and order instead of the sword.

Two musical numbers were on the program. An accordion solo by the young performer Billy Goldman was greatly enjoyed. He played some of the old and loved Icelandic tunes. The vocal duet Miss Mary Petruson accompanied by Judy Green, is an accomplished singer, was well received by the audience. A dance followed this excellent program and dinner.

—Harald Skulason

IN THE NEWS

FRIND SKJALASON RETIRES



Frind Skjalason

Frind Skjalason has retired from his position as Lecturer with the Department of Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba. A position he has held with distinction for 24 years. In their final students have expressed their appreciation of his knowledge of the work and his helpfulness.

Mrs Skjalason is former President of the Upper Icelandic National League and a long member of the executive of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

Her first acquaintance with the names of Iceland's Vikings would be in the form of the books, *Reverend Mikal and Astrid Thompson*,

TAKES OVER AS LIBRARIAN AT THE ICELANDIC LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Sigríð Johnson

Miss Sigríð Johnson is the newly appointed Librarian at the Icelandic Library of the University of Manitoba. Miss Johnson comes from Alton, Manitoba. She graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1971, where her courses included a Major in History and a Minor in Icelandic Studies. She then obtained her B.Ed. degree at the Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba, and her degree of Bachelor of Library Science at the University of Alberta. During her university years Miss Johnson received the Canada Iceland Foundation scholarship three years and the John Olafson Scholarship once. Her interest in Icelandic dates back to her early childhood in her Alton home.

A welcome donation to The Icelandic Canadian

A letter with an enclosure has been received from Mr. William Johnson, Treasurer of The Icelandic Association of Chicago. The first two paragraphs read:

"I would please find a cheque in the amount of \$200.00 as a contribution to The Icelandic Association of Chicago.

"I would want you to remember my conversation about the Lord Selkirk of last October on the 'Voyage of the Icelandic Pioneers' regarding your 'new publication'.

"I would interest to those who took part in the cruise on the Lord Sel-

kirk II on Lake Winnipeg 'in the wake of the pioneers' following the Canada Ireland Conference last October will be the following:

"I hope that you enjoyed our cruise as much as I did. It is something I will always remember."

This donation to the Icelandic Canadian magazine is much appreciated.

GLENN HAROLD GILLIES AWARDED BURSARY AND SCHOLARSHIP

Glenn Harold Gillies, of Theberge, Saskatchewan has been awarded the Saskatchewan Bursary of \$500.00 from the University of Saskatchewan, and a Saskatchewan Government General Proficiency Award of \$250.00. Recently he was one of two students to receive a \$200.00 scholarship awarded by the teachers and trustees of the Yorkton School Unit.

Glenn is enrolled in the Bachelor of Music course in the College of Education University of Saskatchewan, in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gillis and the great grandson of Mrs. Johanna Solvason of Golden Acres, Wynyard, Sask. Mrs. Johanna Solvason recently celebrated her 101 year birthday.

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SCANDINAVIAN CENTRE ANNUAL MEETING

The Board of Directors of the Scandinavian Centre Ltd. of Winnipeg, held their annual meeting at the Scandinavian Centre Building, 360 Young St., on December 18, 1975. This occasion calls to mind the establishment of the Scandinavian Centre, on Nov. 2, 1961, "to promote Scandinavian culture, dancing, music, fine arts, folk-dances, entertainment of Senior Citizens, most of all, to assist small groups and organizations to perpetuate their ethnic cultures."

Several members of the Icelandic community in Winnipeg took an active part in the formation of the Centre, and subscribed to the defunctum necessary for the foundation. All these defunctums have now been retired, with the exception of three. Two of these

three have not been retired because the owners have not come forward in response to the request, mailed in 1970, to do so.

Members of the Icelandic community have continued to take part in the activities of the Centre, but, perhaps due to the highly organized Icelandic community itself, not to the extent originally envisaged by the founders. However, there have always been some active members.

Representing the Icelanders on the Board of Directors this year is Steinn Sveinsson, who has been an active member for years past.

★

A NOTE FROM W. EINARSSON OF TORONTO

W. James Einarsson, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Toronto, has forwarded

in The Icelandic Canadian a copy of an editorial in the Toronto Sun on Ireland's "God War" with Britain. People of Icelandic descent will be interested in the sympathy expressed for Ireland. The first two paragraphs are quoted.

TORONTO SUN, Feb. 10 -

GUTSY ICELAND

Ireland is challenging the Royal Navy again in the continuing God War with Britain. No matter which side one takes, one has to admire the gumption of Ireland in scrapping for a 200-mile fishing limit which it feels it needs for economic survival, not to mention prosperity. Damn it, it would be encouraging if Canada had a fraction of Ireland's resolve.

Ireland feels it has right on its side, Britain too, but it has the power. Yet Ireland stands up and challenges Goliath. (Lucky for Ireland it's Britain she's confronting and not the USSR.)

James Einarsson used to do a little writing for the Winnipeg Free Press and the Winnipeg Tribune some forty years ago. Editor.

★

60th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. John Benson, former residents of Red Deer Point, now living in the town of Winnipegosis, Manitoba celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on June 19th, 1975. Following an open house for relatives and friends, there was a dinner at the Legion Hall for the immediate family.

John and Dora Benson were married in Groulx, in 1915. In 1917, they moved to Red Deer Point (near Winnipegosis) where Mr. Benson fished commercially.

★



Kenneth Andrew Jonas Davidson

Kenneth Andrew Jonas Davidson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Davidson of Winnipeg has been awarded a fellowship from the Transportation Development Agency, Ministry of Transport, Ottawa. Mr. Davidson has a B.A. degree from the University of Winnipeg and will be graduating in May from the University of Manitoba, receiving a Master's degree in Natural Resources Management.

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In Riverton, Mr. Sigurdson attends in the Riverton Village Office, between the
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ÞORRABLÓT

The third annual Þorrablót held by Fríða, chapter of the Icelandic National League, was a roaring success. This affair was a little more formal than the previous ones as it had a scheduled program.

The president, Mrs. Iris Tórlaus, addressed the gathering with a few well chosen words and then introduced a group of Icelandic students from the University of Manitoba. Mr. Melvin Melniss of Brandon was master of ceremonies. He explained that the original of Þorrablót had been started by a man named Þorri and that the account of this feast could be found in the last chapter of the Orkneyingis saga. He also gave a summary in English of the Icelandic songs sung by the Icelandic group. The soloist for the last song was Aðalgr Helgadóttir a student from Iceland at the University of Manitoba.

Mrs. Tórlaus introduced the Icelandic consul, Mr. A. S. Thotariason and he briefly addressed the guests. She also introduced the Norwegian consul, Mr. Landro. The Danish, Finnish and Swedish consuls sent their regrets as they had other commitments. The members of the Fríða executive were introduced and then Rev. Ingthór Isfeld was called to say grace.

All the food was excellent. Mrs. Margaret Simundsson from Arborg made some of the Icelandic food and Eðla Kristjansson made the "Flakbraun" a delicacy that has not been served before at any of our gatherings.

After the feast the program continued with the introduction of Ted Aronson and Stefan Stefansson and each spoke a few words.

Next was a solo by Eric Kristjanson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raynar Kristjanson. He sang two Icelandic songs and was accompanied by Mr. Donald

Benedictson. It was a delightful performance.

The Music Man, Bob Hunt, was in charge of the dance music and he also taped the Icelandic songs played during the dinner. Everyone was in a holiday mood and the whole evening was a delight to all present. A short intermission from the dancing was at 11:00 p.m. and Gunnar Simundsson and his daughter Erla recited Icelandic poetry, poems by Tómas Guðmundsson and Guðormur J. Guðmundsson. Their performance was excellent. Coffee was served at midnight and everyone went home in happy anticipation of next year's Þorrablót.

—Hrúnd Skulason

DR. R. W. KRISTJANSON, — Special Mature Student Project Director

Dr. Ronald W. Kristjanson, Student Counsellor at the University of Mani-

toba has been appointed interim director of the Special Mature Students Project at the University. He will continue to work in the Counselling Service on a part-time basis.

In September 1974 the University formally accepted the principle of special mature admissions to the University and to its professional faculties. Dr. Kristjanson prepares in consultation with appropriate deans, directors and other administrative officers detailed plans for all aspects of the Special Mature Students Project.

STAFFHOLT (Reine) NEWS

Congratulations to Stafa and William Ógmundsson on their 65th wedding anniversary on December 26, 1975.

Congratulations to Solveig Sveinsson who was 89 years young on January 20, 1975.

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