WINTER 1976

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

CHRISTMAS EVE

No more probing now —
I have struggled too far,
And thought too deep;
Kant has no star for me,
And Proust's horizonless.

Tonight I turn back
To straw and tallow-light,
to uncloven timbers
Sound and true as parables,
And a gentled cow,
Odouring sweet cream.

Faintly,
I hear it;
Only a gurgling,
Mocking all philosophies —
Here's no more hungering;
Defrocked I rest,
And breathe with peace again.

Paul A. Sigurdson

courtesy **Manitoba Moods**

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN, SECOND CLASS MAIL—REGISTRATION

No. 1909 — PRINTED AT 358 ROSS AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN. R3A 0L4

The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XXXV, No. 2 **Winnipeg, Canada** **Winter, 1976**

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian, Winnipeg, Manitoba

MAGAZINE BOARD:—

EDITORS: W. Kristjanson, Editor-in-Chief and Chairman of the Board, 1117 Wolseley Ave., Winnipeg R3G 1G9; Arilius Isfeld, Assistant Editor, 896 Palmerston Ave., Winnipeg R3G 1J6; David H. Bergman, 532 Lindsay St., Winnipeg R3N 1H6; Prof. Haraldur Bessason, 38 Greyfriars Rd., Winnipeg R3T 3J3; Gustaf Kristjanson, 8 Selwyn Pl., Fort Richmond R3T 3N1; Kristin Olson, 207-33 South Park Rd.; Axel Vopnfjord, 1206 Dominion St., Winnipeg R3E 2P7; Anna Marteinsson, 712 Holiday Towers South, 160 Hargrave St., Winnipeg; Thora Cooke, 164 Elm St., Winnipeg.

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD: Mrs. Kristine Perlmutter, 877 Strathcona St., Winnipeg.

BUSINESS MANAGER: Harold Johnson, 868 Arlington Street, Winnipeg, R3E 2E4

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR: Mrs. Jean Reykdal, 310 - 3 Donald St., Winnipeg R3G 2P6

Phone 452-5858

Editorial and news correspondence should be addressed to the Editor-in-chief or to the Editor concerned. Subscriptions and business correspondence to the Business and Circulation Manager.

REPRESENTATIVE IN ICELAND: Bjorn Sigurdsson, Longuhlid 25, Revkjavik.

Subscription Rate: $5.00 per year. Single Copies $1.50.

Second Class Mail Registration No. 1909, Post Office Department, Ottawa

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS, 1976

Thora Cooke

As we celebrate the festival of Christmas we are reminded this is the most sacred and hopeful day in our civiliza-ation. On this day we commemorate the miraculous birth of a child born nearly two thousand years ago By His example and teaching He has been the guiding light which has changed the lives of all those people who have learned His message of love and charity. It is the day we dedicate our thoughts to others and are reminded that mercy and compassion are the enduring attributes.

The first Christmas came during a time when the world was threatened with division and despair as indeed our world is today. Man against man. Christ's simple message of love turned the world upside down then and has continued to do so ever since. The threat of violence and brutality have alsways been near and in times of danger it is difficult to remember that it is our relationships with one another that is all important.

If we are fortunate we will gather together with family and friends to share in the festivities of Christmas and each of us will celebrate in our own particular way. It is interesting to note how this day was spent in this part of the world some one hundred years ago. In an account written in one of our newspapers in Fort Garry we recall:

> "After morning service at St. Andrews Parish Church we assembled at Fort Garry where we lunched and spent the afternoon socially.
>
> At six o'clock the dinner bell rang which assembled all hands. The long table was covered with spotless linen and had a candelabra throwing brilliance over an array of huge platters of roast goose, sirloin, hams, venison, buffalo hump. beaver tail, and Lake Winnipeg whitefish browned in buffalo marrow.
>
> After doing justice to the feast and drinking the Queen's health we repaired to the sitting room. Absent friends were always warmly remembered at the Christmas season in the Red River Settlement. Later we adjourned to the men's quarters where dancing was in progress."

That world does not sound too different from the one we are familiar with but I wonder what kind of world our children and grandchildren will be living in forty or fifty years from today. We cannot possibly tell what that world will be like but we do know that our thoughts and deeds will shape their lives and the world they inherit from us. Hopefully they will have the ability to cope with their environment in a humane and generous way. It is our responsibility to pass on the values that will enable them to deal with that unknown world.

Together we can create a free and considerate society.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Gleðileg jól og farsælt nýtt ár

FROM THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN TO ITS READERS

A DRY SPELL

Einar Hjorleifsson Kvaran

Translated by Jakobina Johnson

It had rained for a fortnight — not heavily all the time, but a fog had sullenly hung about the mountain tops, clinging to the atmosphere and rendering the whole of existence a dull gray color. Every little while it would discharge a fine drizzle of rain or a heavy shower down upon the hay and everything else on earth, so that only the stones would occasionally be dry — but the grass never.

We were tired of the store — indeed I should like to know who would have enjoyed it. It dated back to the beginning of the century, a tarred, coal-black, ramshackle hut. The windows were low and small, the windowpanes diminutive. The ceiling was low. Everything was arranged in such a way as to exclude the possibility of lofty flights of though or vision.

Just now not a living soul looked in — not even those thriftless fellows who lived by chance jobs in the village and met in daily conclave at the store. We had often cursed their lengthy visits, but now that they had hired out during the haymaking, we suddenly realized that they had often been entertaining. They had made many amusing remarks and brought us news of the neighborhood. And now we cursed them for their absence.

We sat there and smoked, staring vacatly at the half-empty shelves, and all but shivering the damp room. There was no heater in the store at any season, and the one in the office, is used, emitted spurts of smoke through every aperture except the chimney. It had not been cleaned since sometime during the winter, and we were not ambitious enough for such an undertaking in the middle of the summer.

We tried to transfer our thoughts from the store to the world outside. We made clever comments to the effect that the farmers were now getting plenty of moisture for the hay-fields, and that it would be a pity if rain should set in now, right at the beginning of the haying season. We had nothing further to say on the subject, but this we repeated from day to day. In short, we were depressed and at outs with things in general. Until the dry spell.

One morning, about nine o'clock, the bank of fog began to move. First there appeared an opening about the size of your hand, and through it the eastern sky showed a bright blue. The another opening, and through it shone the sun.

We knew what this was called, and we said to each other: "Merely a 'morning promise' " — implying nothing reliable. But it was more. The fog began to show thinner and move faster along the mountain ridge opposite. Then it gathered in a deep pass and lay there heaped up like newly carded, snowy wool. On either side, the mountains loomed a lovely blue, and in their triumph ignored the fog almost completely. When we ventured a look through the doorway of the store, there was nothing to be seen overhead save the clear, blue sky and the sunshine.

On the opposite shore of the fjord the people looked to us like the cairns out on the moorlands, only these tiny cairns moved in a single file about the hayfields. I seemed to smell the sweet hay in the homefields, but of course this was only my imagination. I also fancied I could hear the maids laughing, especially one of them. I would willingly have sacrificed a good deal to be over there helping her dry the hay. But of this subject no more; I did not intend to write a love story — at least, not in the ordinary sense of the word.

The dry spell lasted. We, the clerks, took turns at staying out of doors as much as possible, and "drinking deeply of the golden fount of sunshine."

In the afternoon of the third day, I dropped in at the doctor's. I felt somewhat weary with walking — and idleness — and looked forward to the doctor's couch and conversation.

"A cigar?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, a cigar," I told him. "I have smoked only six today."

"Beer or whiskey and water?" queried the doctor.

"A small drink of whiskey," I replied.

I lit my cigar, inhaling deeply of its fragrance in so doing — then exhaling through mouth and nostrils. I sighed with contentment; the cigar was excellent.

Then we began to drink the whiskey and water at our leisure. I reclined against the head of the couch, stretched out my feet, was conscious of a luxurous sensation — and sent my thoughts for a moment across the fjord, where they preferred to remain.

The doctor was in high spirits. He talked about the Japanese and Russians, the most recently discovered rays, and the latest disclosures on how it felt to die.

My favorite pastime is to listen to others speaking. I never seem able to think of any topic worthy of conversation myself, but I am almost inclined to say that my ability to listen amounts to an art. I can remain silent with an air of absorbing interest and once in a while offer brief comment, not to set forth an opinion or display any knowledge — for I have none to spare — but merely to suggest new channels to the speaker and introduce variety, that he may not tire of hearing himself speak.

I felt extremely comfortable on the couch. I thought it particularly entertaining to hear the doctor tell how it felt to die. There is always something pleasantly exciting about death — when it is reasonably far away from you. It seemed so beautifully far away from the perfume of the tobacco-smoke, the flavor of whiskey, and the restfulness of the couch; and when my mind wandered to her across the fjord — as wander it would in spite of my studied attention — then death seemed so far off shore that I could scarcely follow the description of how it felt to others to die.

In the midst of this dreamy contentment and deluge of information from the doctor, the door was somewhat hastily thrown open. I was looking the other way and thought it must be one of the doctor's children.

But it was old man Thord from the Bend.

I knew him well. He was over fifty, tall and large-limbed, with a hoary shock of hair and a snub nose. I knew he had a host of children — I had been at his door once, and they had run, pattered, waddled, crept, and rolled through the doorway to gape at me. It had seemed as hopeless to try to count them as a large flock of sheep. I knew there was no income except what the old man and woman — and possibly the elder children — managed to earn from day to day. My

employer in Copenhagen had strictly forbidden us to give credit to such — and of course he now owed us more than he would ever be able to pay.

"He does not even knock — the old ruffian," I said to myself.

From his appearance, something was wrong. His face was unnaturally purplish, his eyes strangley shiny — yet dull withal. It even seemed to me that his legs shook under him.

"Can it be that the old devil is tipsy — at the height of the haying season — and dry weather at that?" I mentally queried.

The doctor evidently could not recall who he was.

"Good-day to you, my man," he said, "and what matters have you in hand?"

"I merely came to get those four crowns."

"Which four crowns?" asked the doctor.

Thord raised his voice: "The four crowns you owe me."

It was now evident that it was difficult for him to remain standing.

I felt assured that the old rascal had been drinking like a fish. I was surprised. I had never heard he was inclined that way. He lived out there on the hillside a short distance above the village. I began to wonder where he had been able to obtain so much liquor — certainly not from us at the store.

"What is your name?" asked the doctor.

"My name? Don't you know my name? Don't you know me? — Thord — Thord of the Bend. I should best of all like to get the money at once."

"Yes, that's so — you are Thord of the Bend," said the doctor. "And you are up? But listen, my good man, I owe you nothing. You owe me a small sum — but that does not matter in the least."

"I care nothing about that, but I should best of all like to get the money at once," repeated Thord.

"May I feel your hand for a minute?" said the doctor.

Thord extended his hand, but it seemed to me that he did not know it. He looked off into space, as if thinking of other things — or rather as if he had no thoughts whatever. I saw the doctor's fingers on his wrist.

"You are a sick man," he said.

"Sick? — Yes — of course I am sick. Am I then to pay you four crowns? I haven't got them now."

"It makes no difference about those four crowns, but why did you get up like this? Have you forgotten that I ordered you to remain in bed when I saw you the other day?"

"In bed? — How the devil am I to remain in bed? Tell me that!"

"You must not get up in this condition. Why, you are delirious!"

"What a fool you are — don't you know that there is a dry spell?"

"Yes, I *am* aware of the dry spell." It was evidently not quite clear to him what that had to do with the case. "Have a chair, and we will talk it over."

"A chair? No! — Who, then, should dry the hay in the homefield? I had some of it cut when I was taken down — why do you contradict me? And the youngsters have made some attempts at it — but who is to see about drying it? — Not Gudrun — she can't do everything. The youngsters? — what do they know about drying hay? — Who, then, is to do it? — Are *you* going to do it?"

"Something will turn up for you," said the doctor, somewhat at a loss.

"Something will turn up? Nothing has ever turned up for *me.*"

Cold shivers passed through me. His remark rang true: I knew that nothing had ever turned up for him. I felt faint at

looking into such an abyss of hopelessness. Instantly I saw that the truth of this delirious statement concerned me more than all the wisdom of the ages.

"Do I get those four crowns you owe me?" — Thord asked. He was now trembling so that his teeth chattered.

The doctor produced four crowns from his purse and handed them to him. Thord laid them on the table and staggered towards the door.

"You are leaving your crowns behind, man," said the doctor.

"I haven't got them now," said Thord, without looking back and still making his way towards the door. "But I'll pay them as soon as I can."

"Isn't there a vacant bed upstairs at the store?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," I answered. "We will walk with you down to the store, Thord."

"Walk with me? — Be damned! — I am off for the hayfield."

We followed him outside and watched him start out. After a short distance he tumbled down. We got him upstairs in the store.

A few days later he could have told us, if anyone had been able to communicate with him, whether they are right or wrong, those latest theories on how it feels to die.

—But who dries the hay in his homefield now?

from **Icelandic Poems and Stories**
—Translations from modern Icelandic Literature — edited by Richard Beck. Permission granted by the American Scandinavian Review.

CLASSES IN ICELANDIC MAY BE INCLUDED

Minister of Tourism, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs in the Manitoba Government, Hon. Ben Hanuschak, has announced that up to $45,000 will be used to fund the Linguistics Support program intiated two years ago by the Department.

The program provides support for the teaching of ancestral languages other than English outside the public school system. Qualifying organizations are eligible to receive a grant per student. To qualify for a grant, a class must have ten or more applicants fourteen years of age, or older.

A class will be established for Gimli area at the Gimli Composite High School, providing the mentioned requirements are met.

GULL HARBOR TOURIST RESORT.

The $3.4 million Gull Harbour tourist facility on Hecla Island, 25 miles north of Winnipeg, is nearing completion and will be ready for use in Mid-January. Besides 60 guest rooms and convention facilities, the resort will offer a swimming pool, a gymnasium, and a games area. In the summer there will be an 18 hole golf course, tennis, boating and other activities. Rooms in two accommodation wings of Gull Harbor Lodge will overlook the 10th green of the Hecla Island golf course, with a view of Lake Winnipeg and Black Island in the Background. The Gull Harbor resort has been designed for year-round recreation. The resort is funded jointly by the federal and provincial governments and wil be operated by the Manitoba Department of Recreation andTourism.

THE CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC OF GREATER WINNIPEG

Evelyn Downey

Note for readers of the Icelandic-Canadian

To the knowledge of this writer, there are three people of Icelandic descent currently involved in work at the Clinic — Dr. Keith Sigmundson, Head of Psychiatry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marino Sigmundson, affectinately known as Sigmund Freud; Miss Karen Kristjanson, clinician in School Psychology, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Baldur Kristjanson; and Mrs. Evelyn Downey, clinician in School Social Work, daughter of Dr. and Mrs Wilhelm Kristjanson.

The Child Guidance Clinic of Greater Winnipeg is a joint education and mental health project administered by the Winnipeg School Division No. 1. It is financed by contributions from the Provincial Departments of Youth and Education, Health and Social Development, and local school districts. Any child attending a public, private or parochial school in the Greater Winnipeg area is eligible for referral. There is no direct charge of any kind for service rendered. A child may receive service from any of the five clinical disciplines (Reading, Speech and Hearing, Psychology, Social Work or Psychiatry), either singly or in whatever combination is indicated by the child's particular problems. Referrals are made by parents, school personnel, other agency workers, family physicians or other professional persons. Self-referrals are accepted from older children.

The Child Guidance Clinic, as an institution, is unique on this continent and perhaps in the world.* In an integrated fashion, it provides the services of a number of different specialists to the children, their parents and the teaching staff in the 10 school divisions of Greater Winnipeg. Clinicians in the above-indicated disciplines work in unit teams to assist children who have behavioral, learning, communication or personal problems. In other communities one characteristically finds a separate child guidance clinic which is essentially a psychiatric service or some of the services provided in the community or under the aegis of a particular school division. In Winnipeg the services operate out of a central clinic at 700 Elgin Avenue. The administrative aspect of the work is centralized but the services are de-centralized. The actual clinical work is done mainly in the schools and homes in the local community.

Historical Highlights

The Child Guidance Clinic of Greater Winnipeg on July 1, 1976 celebrated its 25th Anniversary. The creation of the Clinic in July of 1951 was, however, actually a consolidation of services which had their beginnings many years before that. During the 1920's some of the first special education programs and school psychological testing in North America were commenced here in Winnipeg. The main foundation for the present comprehensive service was laid in 1935 when the Winnipeg School District established a 'Mental Hygiene Program' which was gradually expanded. That year a trained psychometrist was appointed 'to study the acute problem of retardation throughout the system'. In 1937 a speech correctionist was engaged. This was the beginning of a speech and hearing program, something which was unheard of at the time in other large school systems. By 1938 a 'Visiting Teacher' program was established which was subsequently to become what is now School Social Work. This program had grown out of an earlier truant service begun in 1928 when one teacher was released from her classroom for part of her time to work with truant children. The formal organization of the Child Guidance Clinic in 1941 brought together these services as well as those of public health nursing and part-time psychiatric consultative services, the first school psychiatric services outside of Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. The old Normal School, later destroyed by fire, housed in 1946 the beginning of the Reading Department. Clinical assistance in reading, however, actually began a couple of years earlier when a school psychologist began work in the area of diagnosis and remediation of learning disability.

During the 1940's there were a number of proposals to extend the services of the Clinic. Concern was expressed publicly about the problems of 'juvenile delinquency and academic retardation' and the need to consolidate and combine child guidance services in the Winnipeg area so as to meet tne needs of youth. Dr. T. A. Pincock, in his role as Provincial Psychiatrist and as a member of a committee with the Council of Social Agencies was a prime force in moving for the coordination and consolidation of services. The Reavis Report, a self-directed study of the Winnipeg School Division came out in strong support of the work of the Clinic with its emphasis on preventative measures and the focus on the classroom teacher as the vital factor in a guidance program. The extension of clinic services was approved and in July of 1951 the Child Guidance Clinic of Greater Winnipeg began official operations under the auspices of the Winnipeg School Board and the Provincial Department of Health and Public Welfare through the division of Psychiatric Services and with the cooperation of the Winnipeg City Health Department. Dr. J. Asselstine, who was to guide the fortunes of the Clinic for the next 22 years was its first director. There was a staff of 20 people. The Clinic was organized into six departments: Psychology, Social Work (Visiting Teacher), Reading, Speech and Hearing, Psychiatry and Clerical. It provided services to 13 school divisions and had a budget of $35,000. The services moved from their quarters in the old School Board Building on William Avenue to 'sumptious Quarters' in the basement of Victoria Albert School and from there to its present location on Elgin Avenue.

Current Operations

The Clinic currently employs 190 people: 16 administrators, 19 reading clinicians, 44 speech and hearing clinicians, 33 school psychologists, 45 social workers, 9 psychiatrists and 24 office and technical workers. The province supports the administrative, supervisory and medical services and local school divisions in the metropolitan area arrange with the Clinic for the

provision and financing of professional services in their own districts. The Clinic operates on a budget of about $3 million.

During the 1974-75 school year the Clinic provided direct assistance to 8,927 children, their teachers and families. Approximately 120,000 children attend school in greater Winnipeg.

A re-organization of the Clinic was carried out in 1973-74 whereby the departmental structure was abandoned to be replaced by a unit system. The purpose of the change was to promote further de-centralization of services and to encourage the involvement by shcool staffs and other groups in the school districts with clinic personnel in determining goals and priorities and in trying out new approaches in service delivery. In the new system members of each professional discipline work together in a unit along with an area service director who is responsible for the administration of service to a school division. A small research department has been established to assist in evaluating treatment techniques and service procedures and to improve data gathering, recording procedures and to provide more useful information for staff, administration and clients.

In June of 1972 a Clinic Advisory Committee was formed. It is comprised of a superintendent (or his designate) from each of the school divisions in Greater Winnipeg, 2 school trustees from each division, a representative each from the Departments of Youth and Education, and the Provincial Health and Social Development Department, and Clinic representatives. Its purpose is: to provide input into the formation of policy and the operation of the Clinic; to be a vehicle for the discussion of concerns between the divisions; to be a consultative body to the administration and to provide the opportunity for the sharing of information concerning specific projects or Clinic services.

Goals

The main goals of the Clinic are: to promote healthy growth in children in the areas of learning, communication, behavior and interpersonal relationships; to establish programs that prevent problems from occurring and to alleviate problems impairing healthy growth through the direct service of clinic personnel and the utilization of other community resources.

The Work of the Clinic

The service unit for each school provides the services of a member of each discipline to that school. A child who is experiencing difficulty is referred to the team.

The actual clinical work in each of the disciplines is divided into three phases: diagnosis, treatment and evaluation. Each clinician brings to his or her understanding of a particular problem a body of knowledge and particular techniques of assessment. The methods of treatment will vary according to the needs of the child and the particular expertise of the clinician. Treatment is carried out in conjunction with the parents and teachers or with other persons who are involved with the child in his or her daily life. Clinicians also work in cooperation with various public and private agencies and individual practitioners who also serve school children.

In addition to their primary work as clinicians, personnel at the clinic are involved in in-service training programs in the schools and in various community education projects. They help school personnel, parents and others to be aware of early indications of potential problems by developing methods and techniques for identifying problems. For example, during the years 1968-1971, an Early Assessment Project was carried out by clinic personnel in conjunction with the school staff at St. George School in St. Vital. Its purpose was to identify children who might have emotional, social or special learning difficulties and to help in the remediation of these problems.

Personnel in the Winnipeg School Division No. 1 are currently engaged in a similar project. Clinicians are also involved with other personnel in their own or related professions in the community in trying to develop alternate methods and programs for helping children. A committee, operating under the auspices of the Manitoba Medical Association and involving representatives from the Provincial Government, the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg, the Child Guidance Clinic, paediatricians and child psychiatrists has recently been struck to examine the problem of hyperactivity in children.

General Criteria for Referring a Child for Clinic Service

The speech and hearing clinicians see children who have problems in oral communication: non-talkers, articulation (production of speech sounds). language (comprehension and expression of connected speech), rhythm (non-fluency and stuttering), voice production and speech problems connected with cerebral palsy, cleft palate and hearing difficulties.

The clinical reading service sees children who show a serious discrepancy between their achievement and their anticipated rate of learning. The child's chronological age and his ability to profit from suitable classroom instruction is taken into consideration.

Children may be referred for psychological service when problems in temperament or development seem to be interfering with his ability to cope adequately with the learning of intellectual, emotional or social tasks.

Referral to the clinician in School Social Work is indicated when the child is experiencing problems in his social relationships or environmental circumstances such that it severely interferes with his ability to learn or to get along with others in his environment.

Problems that suggest a relatively total organic or functional breakdown with regard to the social, emotional or intellectural health of the child are referred for psychiatric service.

The Child

Where does the child fit into all these figures and statistics? When I think back over my 8 years at the Clinic and the hundreds of children I have seen (between 80-100 each year), many faces crowd my memory, each with his or her special story. Some I have been able to help and with others my efforts, for various reasons, have been frustrated. I think of Bob (not his real name) who fought a super-human battle against drug addiction and won. I recall the poem of a silent, confused young girl reaching out for help .

The Suicide Note

Life is the most precious thing you have
and yet most people want to lose it.
People that try to take their own life
are supposed to be calling for help.
Well, I am calling!
I know I won't be answered
Why should anyone want to help?
They have to think of their own
little life.
No one can bother with other lives . . .

With the support of a therapy group and a very sensitive and supportive school staff she blossomed. She completed her high school, obtained employment and is happily married. I remember the young woman of 15 who had run away from a father who had turned brutal only to have her mother walk out and leave her on her own. She recently graduated from University (Dean's Honour List) . . .

The Future of the Child Guidance Clinic

Twenty-five years ago, the Child Guidance Clinic was almost the only resource available for children who needed special help in school. Such developments as individualized programming, continuous progress, continuous evaluation, guidance counselling and resource room facilities for exceptional children have reflected a shift in emphasis in the entire educational system toward a pupil-centred program. All the facilities of the school system, including the Child Guidance Clinic have become resources for the child. Clinic services are being modified to concentrate on the assessment, remediation and follow-up of the more complex problems and the provision of supportive and consultative services to the classroom teacher and parents.

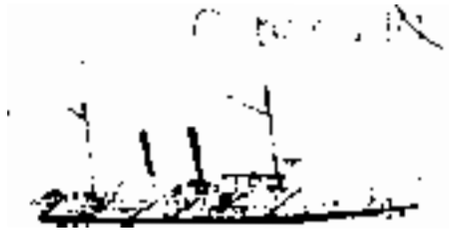
As society changes and becomes more complex, the nature of the stresses on people and institutions in our society such as the school system also change. Any institution, be it the family, the school or the Child Guidance Clinic needs to be adaptable to meet such changes. Hopefully we shall have the acumen to penetrate, the at times seemingly impenetrable and make changes and reforms that are of a beneficial nature.

TOM BJARNASON DESIGNS CANADIAN STAMPS

The Canadian Post Office will issue two stamps on November 19, depicting 19th-century vessels which at one time plied Canada's inland waters. The designs are by the Toronto artist Tom Bjarnason of the passenger vessels Chicora and Athabaska. He has designed two others.

Tom Bjarnason — Thomas Bjarnason — was featured in **The Icelandic Canadian,** Autumn 1969 issue. He is the child of the late Gudmundur Bjarnason and Halldora Bjarnason, formerly of Winnipeg, subsequently of Betel Home, Gimli. Tom attended evening sessions at the Winnipeg School of Art, and in 1951 he graduated from the Meinzinger School of Art, in Detroit. He has been highly successful in the field of commercial art.

Tom's mother, Halldora Bjarnason, is a well-known artist.



ACORUS CALAMUS

(THE INDIAN ROOT)

BY ROSS MITCHELL

INDIAN ROOT this was the subject of an interview with an 87-year-old Icelandic poet. It arose from a letter written by him, from his home near Riverton, Manitoba, in beautiful flowing Icelandic script. The translation is by Haraldur Bessason, Professor of Icelandic Language and Literature, University of Manitoba. The specimen of the plant which accompanied the letter was sent to the University Department of Botany where Dr Jennifer Walker reported: "This creeping stem (rhizome) appears to be that of the Sweet Flag, *Acorus Calamus* L. It grows in swamps and shallow water in the southern three-quarters of the province. The rhizome is aromatic and the leaves and aerial parts give a pleasant aroma when bruised."

The Icelandic poet, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, who died some six months after our interview, was a tall spare man of gentle manner and bearing. His voice was husky, his English faultless. Only once during our talk was his voice raised; that was when he exclaimed: "It was a terrible mistake to let the Indians have alcohol." Apart from his mother's instruction, he had little formal schooling. Missionaries visiting the farm home on Icelandic River, left books to add to the home library which the boy read avidly. He had three months tuition in the Central School, Winnipeg, where he did the work of Grade VII. Yet, his poetry is of such excellence that he twice visited Iceland to read his poems. Once, assistance for the expenses of the journey came from the Government of Iceland, on the other occasion, jointly by the Government and a group of Canadian Icelandic friends.

He was born in 1878 on his father's farm on Icelandic River near Riverton. His parents had emigrated from Iceland first to the Muskoka district in Ontario, then in 1875 with a group of 285 compatriots to the "Republic of New Iceland" on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg about sixty miles north of Winnipeg.

Here is his letter received in summer 1965, by Doctor Thorlakson, who has kindly given permission for this publication:

In this letter I shall attempt to sum up the information which I gave you yesterday about the "Indian root". Moreover, I am enclosing a specimen of it for you.

I was hardly more than four years old when I first learned about the "root". This was some eighty years ago. At that time one could truthfully speak of an Indian culture in the northern parts of New Iceland situated on the west shores of Lake Winnipeg in the District of Keewatin and north of Boundary Creek (Winnipeg Beach) which was then the northern boundary of the Province of Manitoba. These regions were in fact an earthly paradise for Indians. There was abundance of game in the woods and the lakes and rivers were teeming with fish. From time immemorial the Indians had been accumulating knowledge about the land in which they were living. Therefore, they were better equipped to cope with many of the difficulties which occurred from day to day than the Icelandic pioneers who, in this respect, were sadly lacking in experience. The Icelandic pioneers learnt many a lesson from the Indians, whereas, the Indians did not learn anything from the Icelanders.

The Indians in New Iceland belonged to the Cree tribe. They were big, healthy, strong, and vivacious people. They could run with their dog teams all day long without ever turning a hair. Heart diseases were unknown among these people who in the coldest of weather in midwinter did not hesitate to lie down to sleep out in the open beside their fires. This they did without ever catching a touch of pneumonia or even a cold. It also verges on the incredible that they were never disturbed in their sleep, no matter how cold the weather.

These Indians were truly honest people in every respect, and even though they often fell victim of the fraudulence of unscrupulous traders, they never stole anything from anybody.

Very few of the Indians knew any English. They spoke the Cree language which possesses a peculiarly sweet and soft rhythm.

Before further discussing the "root", I want to emphasize that the Indians did not have any medicine men or magic healers among them. If they wanted to consult a physician, they had to go as far south as Crossing (now Selkirk). This, of course, applied to the Icelanders as well, even though they had two self-educated homoeopaths in their midst.

In summer the chief diet was deer meat which was dried in the sun, but never smoked or salted. Other kinds of food were fresh fowl and fresh fish. The Indians always ate their meat so rare that it still retained some of its reddish colour.

Among their beverages was the juice of "Indinante", a now extinct plant which used to grow among various types of moss in the tamarack [larch] woods. Ordinary tea was one of the daily beverages. On the other hand, the Indians never drank coffee and rarely milk (all babies were breast fed).

It is assumed that a great number of Indians were wiped out by the epidemic of smallpox which hit New Iceland in 1876, and that the death-toll was even heavier than among the Icelanders. Twelve Indians were buried in one grave at Sandy Bar. Many of them were buried on the banks of Icelandic River, and on my own property there are quite a few graves dating from the time of the epidemic. (The Crees erected a birchbark shelter over the graves. Under the shelter were placed the red sashes which the dead had worn.)

With the exception of some potatoes the Indians did not live on vegetables, and they never used a recognized brand of flour, known as "Strong Baker". Even though poverty sometimes compelled them to buy it, the Ice-

landers called the bread which was made from this cheap brand of flour *hundamatur* (dog food). Instead, they used XXXX or "Super Fine".

When I was a young boy, I never met an Indian who suffered from either consumption (T.B. of the lungs) or even a common cold. When typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria struck in the Iceland district, the Indians headed for the woods with great haste.

Besides the berries which I have already mentioned, the Indians, particularly the younger people, ate nuts, especially hazelnuts, but strangely enough they only ate the shell of the nut which had a very sour taste to it. The nut itself, they threw away.

In the spring or the early summer the Indian families went into the woods to gather the bark of the poplar tree of which they used the inner layer for food. At this time of the year, the poplar is full of sweet juice and the bark has a sweet taste to it. When the outer layers had been peeled off the tree, the inner layer was scraped off into containers from which the Indians ate it with the greatest of relish.

Would it, perhaps, be logical to assume that it was the vitamins of the bark that protected the Indians against scurvy and other diseases? Unfortunately, this gift of nature is offered but for a short period of time each year, since the juice of the poplar bark, of which there is such abundance in young trees, gradually dries up as the summer wears on.

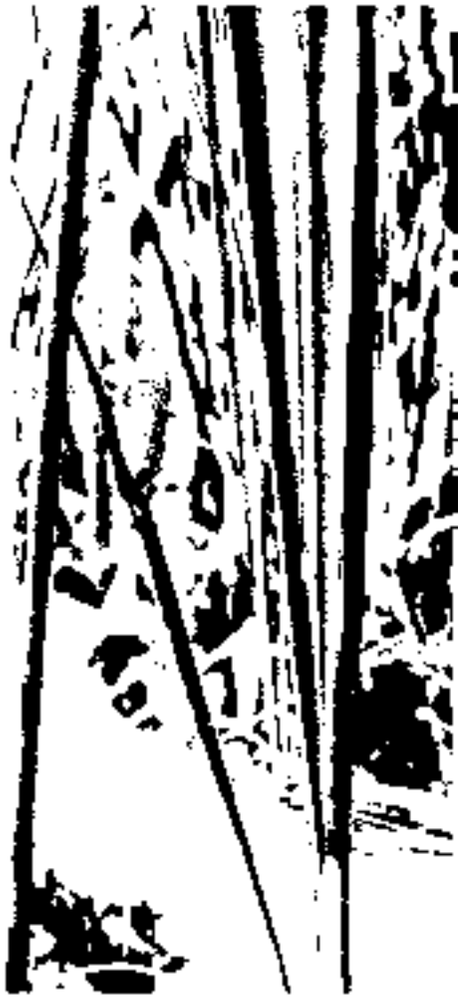
The Icelanders used extremely potent brands of tobacco which they either chewed or smoked. The Indians never chewed tobacco, and when they smoked, they used dried dogwood bark mixed with ordinary leaves. This mixture contains deadly poison and has the same effect on those who smoke it as tobacco. Two Icelandic children met their death after eating berries which grow on the dogwood. [Mr Guttormsson said that the moose eat dogwood berries with impunity.]

I can still remember the times when the Indians came sailing in their bright-coloured bark canoes into the mouth of the Icelandic River where they used to go ashore, pitch a number of white tents, and hang their famous Hudson's Bay blankets up on clothes lines.

I remember well one particular instance when the Indians, during one of their journeys up Icelandic River, selected the river bank across from our house as a suitable camping area. This time they had brought with them great quantities of various goods which immediately aroused our curiosity. No sooner had the Indians unloaded their bark canoes than my parents decided to row across the river for a visit. I and my elder brother Fusi were allowed to go with them. Such visits were customary in those days both for the sake of pleasure and for the purpose of doing some business with the Indians.

Arrived at the camp, we were greatly impressed with the many beautiful things which the Indians had brought with them. Everything bore witness to happiness and prosperity. All kinds of ornate and colourful garments were hanging on the clothes lines, and a group of women and youngsters were at work scraping and washing roots of plants, a huge pile of which had been placed on one of the Hudson's Bay blankets.

My mother, who had worked for more than a year at Gravenhurst in Ontario, and learnt English to the extent



Sweet flag, the Indian root, is a member of the arum family. It was also used medicinally by the Ojibwa to the south who considered it a quick physic and a cure for cold in the throat or cramp the stomach.

that she could easily converse in it, found out that one of the men, a big and handsome gentleman, knew English well enough to get by in it. This gentleman told us that the roots had been dug up out in the marshes and that they were now in the process of being cleaned and dried for the market at Crossing (Selkirk). Otherwise, the Hudson's Bay store at Stone Fort (Lower Fort Garry) was the main trading place of these Indians, and there they used to sell their furs in winter. Moreover, we were told that the root was the best known medicine among the Cree Indians. Roots from water lilies were used by them to heal wounds. They were cut in slices which were then placed against the wounds.

The Indians had no terms for the different organs, and to them all internal diseases fell into the same category,

i.e. "sick inside". Under this category came illnesses such as kidney diseases, stomach ailments, diseases of the liver, and many others.

The method by which all these ailments were treated was always the same inasmuch as the root was the only medicine to be used by the patients. Sometimes the root was eaten by them in the form of thin slices or fine powder. Some patients would prefer to boil the root and then drink the juices from it. Others would chew on it and swallow the juice.

In the case of lung diseases, common colds, and sore throats, slices of the root were wrapped up in flannels and the patient treated with hot fomentations. The application of the powder from the root was recognized as the most effective method of treating toothache. Finally, it was generally believed that eating of the root would stimulate the blood circulation and increase the growth of both beard and hair. It was also felt that moderate doses of it would give the hair a desirable sheen.

That is the end of Mr Guttormsson's letter. He invariably pronounced the name of the root as cala′mus, with the accent on the second syllable. He said that the plant was a favourite food of the muskrat. Mr Guttormsson was never without the root. His father had used it as a remedy against "farmer's lung" which he acquired from inhaling the dust from mouldy hay.

His attitude to the Crees of his boyhood recollections is much the same as that of Captain William Francis Butler, an Irish soldier, who was sent in 1870 by Colonel Wolseley to Fort Garry as his intelligence officer. After peace was restored, he was sent by Manitoba's first lieutenant governor, Adams G. Archibald, to travel to the foothills of the Rockies to study the Indian situation and assist in stopping an outbreak of smallpox among the Plains Indians. On his return, he wrote of his experiences in *The Great Lone Land*, and summed up the Indians: "This wild man who first welcomed the new-comer is the only perfect socialist or communist in the world. He holds all things in common with his tribe the land, the bison, the river, and the moose." And, ". . . his speech becomes the echo of the beauty that lies spread around him. Every name for lake or river, for mountain or meadow, has its particular significance, and to tell the Indian title of such things is generally to tell the nature of them also."

Butler admired their way of life but deplored their treatment of their sleigh dogs. Mr Guttormsson made the same reservation. The disparity between the Indians of his early memories and those of the present day, explains the vehemence of his remark about Indians and alcohol.

It was a moving experience during our interview, to hear him recite his vivid impressions of the meeting of two cultures in circumstances which can never be repeated. That moment, was to him, the morning of the world where all was fresh and clear and the Indians lived in a veritable Eden. ◆

Dr. Mitchell was long interested in the medical history of the West. A past president of the Manitoba Historical Society.

Reprinted from the Beaver magazine of the North, Spring issue, 1968, by permission of The Hudson's Bay Company.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB PRESIDENTS

Ingi Stefanson

A list of Icelandic Canadian Club Presidents with a brief account of each appeared in **The Icelandic Canadian,** Automn 1975 issue. To this list of presidents the name of Ingi Stefanson is to be added.

1940, Ingi Stefanson.

Ingi Stefanson was one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

"Ingi selected banking as a calling He showed great promise and would have made a name for himself in that field if death had not overtaken him so soon. He had won commendation from his employers, the Royal Bank of Canada . . . In the course of a course in banking that he took through Queen's University he stood in second place for all Canada in the Associates course and in fifth place in the Fellows Course."

"Bruarfoss" calls at Halifax

The Icelandic cargo vessel "Bruarfoss" made Halifax, Nova Scotia, a port of call last July. "It is to be hoped that this will develop into a regularly scheduled call into Canada", says G. A. Gillespie, Regional Director, Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce of the Manitoba Government.

ICELANDIC SETTLEMENTS IN DAKOTA

(continued)

From the Almanak of O. S. Thorgeirsson, 1902

by THE REV. FRIDRIK J. BERGMANN

Translation by Axel Vopnfjord

XI. THE BEGINNING OF THE PARK SETTLEMENT

In June the following men decided to explore the region adjacent to the Canadian border: the Thorlaksson brothers, Botolf Olsen, Jon Bergmann, and Sigurjon Sveinsson. That evening they came to swampy ground thickly covered with grass. There they espied a host of Indians who upon becoming aware of the white men mounted their horses, and rode towards the intruders. Remembering that the Indians had murdered two white men recently for no reason whatsoever, the Icelanders became apprehensive. Botolf, a veteran of the Civil War, recommended that they continue their journey as if nothing had happened, otherwise the Indians would think that they were fleeing from them. Both parties continued on their way, the Indians southward, the Icelanders on foot northward. The latter had Paul's trusty steed, Ulfar, whom they used in turn whenever one of them became tired. They then tied up Ulfar in a grove, and hid in the tall grass until 2:00 A.M. At that time they realized the Indians had departed, having undoubtedly never had sinister intentions.

Partly as a result of the foregoing episode the settlers came to the conclusion that the expansion of the colony should be southwards. They — Jon Bergmann in particular — envisioned as large an area as possible settled with Icelanders, as they knew that people of other ethnic origins would be flocking in to claim land (Translator's comment: they evidently had a second New Iceland in mind, an Icelandic island in which their descendants would for all time preserve the language and traditions of their homeland). Subsequently Sigurjon Sveinsson and Benedikt Johannesson homesteaded land south of the Park River. Both sides of the river were thickly wooded. South of it was excellent agricultural land, and the scenery was pleasing. This settlement became known as the Park District. Sigurjon and Benedikt were ideal settlers in virgin territory, hardworking, enterprising, and courageous.

XII. THE SUMMER OF 1879

In the Pembina district the settlers soon realized that they must depend on agriculture as their main source of livelihood, but coming from Iceland, their agricultural experience was very limited. It was indeed, amazing, however, how quickly they learned from their neighbors. They also were cognizant of the need of increasing their herds of cattle, and, accordingly, spent much time in haying. Nevertheless, many of them were forced to seek work elsewhere in order to provide themselves and their families with means of livelihood.

The Thorlakssons were not idle. They plowed seven acres on Jon's land. Thorlakur plowed ten acres. Haraldur raised so much hay that he was able to feed thirty head of cattle belonging to Mr. Bechtel, the German, for the whole winter. He charged $6 per head. That autumn thirteen Icelanders travelled 140 miles south to a large farm called Grandin where they spent two months harvesting. Their wage was $1 per day. Paul had a house build on a hill where the view was attractive. It was 24 feet in length and 18 feet in width, and was considered quite a mansion. He had two oxen, Bock and Bright. He moved into the house that autumn with his mother who did the housekeeping for him.

Sigurjon Sveinsson had raised a great deal of hay during the summer. That autumn a prairie fire raged all the way to Cavalier. Sigurjon's hay was completely destroyed, also his Sunday clothes which he had stored in one of the haystacks as he had no other storage space. That autumn Paul went to a Norwegian settlement at Goose River, 50 - 60 miles north of Fargo, for the purpose of acquiring seed grain for the Icelandic settlement. He was able to get only a limited quantity, freely donated by the Norwegians. He then sent word to his father and Gisli Egilsson to bring two ox-drawn vehicles to transport the grain. At Fargo they sold the grain as distance made it impossible to convey it to the settlement. The following spring he used the proceeds of the sale to purchase seed grain for the farmers.

XIII. THE WINTER OF 1879-80

By this time the Rev. Pall Thorlaksson reckoned that about 50 settlers had arrived in the area adjacent to the Pembina Hills. They had left New Iceland destitute, their possessions having been confiscated by federal authorities, who had loaned them money on the understanding that they remain in Canada. Not only had the government discouraged them, but also had the settlers in New Iceland discouraged them as they were afraid that the colony would become denuded. The majority were forced to walk the 160 miles to their Dakota destination. Weary, listless and disheartened, they finally arrived in 'the promised land'. Most of them were forced to live in tents until the early part of winter. With little to work with they hastily built make-shift shacks, poor accommodation, indeed, for the ensuing winter, which proved to be abnormally long and bitterly cold. It is impossible to imagine a more frustrating, heartbreaking situation.

The disillusioned, depressed settlers in Dakota faced a situation far more precarious than the one that initially confronted them upon their arrival in New Iceland. They had left Iceland with eager anticipation, healthy, vigorous, and enthusiastic. On their mental horizon the future beckoned with rosy expectations. At that time 'Hope with her gentle persuasion whispered her comforting word'. But hopefulness can under certain conditions turn into hopelessness. Who can envisage conditions more heart-breaking than the ones that awaited them in New Iceland? The flooded land, the unaccustomed heat in summer, the bitterly cold winter spent in poorly constructed huts, the mosquitoes, the near starvation, and finally the smallpox epidemic during which they were forced to witness the loss of those nearest and dearest to them, these were their Gethsemane. Yet so appalling was the situation in their North Dakota settlement, that many of them wished they were back in New Iceland!

One can readily understand Thorlaksson's anxious state of mind. He had encouraged the exodus from New Iceland. He had selected Pembina County as the region for re-settlement. Now he had on his hands poverty-stricken, hopeless people, and he could understand that, unless something were done, they could die of hunger and cold that winter. All the people looked upon him as a father, spiritually and otherwise. They expected that he would provide them with spiritual as well as daily bread.

It is impossible to have any concept of how the people survived that winter.

Turnips and beets were bought from non-Icelandic neighbors near Hallson. At Thorlaksson's instigation his brother, Haraldur, went to Pembina in order to try to purchase food on credit. He was able to obtain provisions worth about $400.00 but was forced to pledge all his cattle as security. Early that winter a calamity befell him. His house and much of the food burned down. Later that winter he was able to replenish the supply in a deal with the same merchant.

When disaster befell New Iceland, Thorlaksson had besought assistance from Norwegians in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and they had been helpful. Their assistance had enabled many people to come to Dakota. For this he had been severely criticized by ill-informed people. They claimed that charity was not needed, furthermore that it was belittling to Icelanders as a whole to ask for it. Attempts were made to discredit Thorlaksson among his Norwegian friends in order to dissuade them from rendering assistance. But there cannot be the least doubt, as all impartial people will agree, but that his motives were totally unselfish, and that no Icelander on the North American Continent has ever been — and probably never will be — as diligent in the performance of his labor of love as this man of good will. No calumny mouthed by insensitive, small-minded men can to the minutest degree besmirch the reputation of this remarkable man.

Once again faced with the tragic situation in the colony, Thorlaksson approached the Norwegians for aid. Many people were completely destitute, and they looked to him to solve their problems. Some assistance did come from the well-established, non-Icelandic farmers of the district, but Thorlaksson had to pledge that payment be ultimately made. According to Thorlaksson the settlers lived as frugally as they could, stretching the meagre food supply to the utmost. Thorlaksson remained in the district throughout that bitterly cold winter. Jon Bergmann was often with him engaged in building sleighs and other essential equipment. It was becoming evident that Thorlaksson's health was beginning to fail. He had contracted T.B. which would ultimately cause his death at the early age of 33, but his ardor and determination to ensure the survival of the colony remained unabated.

XIV. THE REV. THORLAKSSON'S STRUGGLE ON BEHALF OF THE COLONY

Early that spring Thorlaksson went to visit a Norwegian merchant, Haraldur Thorisson (Harald Thoreson in Norwegian) in Northfield, Minnesota, for the purpose of soliciting supplies for the settlers. He had very little money. While there he read an article in a Norwegian publication disparaging to himself, written by a man in New Iceland undoubtedly for the purpose of discouraging the continued exodus from that colony. The article had no effect on Thorlaksson's firmness of purpose. In fact he showed the article to Harald. So persuasive was he that the merchant let him have 100 barrels of flour and 40 head of cattle on credit! Somehow he was able to persuade the railway officials to provide free transportation for the foregoing to St. Vincent. From another merchant he obtained an additional nine head of cattle on credit. Once again the railway officials provided free transportation to the colony. He himself and two Norwegians took care of the cattle until they arrived at their destination. The settlers rejoiced greatly when Thorlaksson arrived. They believed now that the worst was over, that 'the Rubicon had been crossed' but in the meantime a great many destitute newcomers had arrived from New Iceland, and the supplies were insufficient to provide all the people with adequate provisions.

It was obvious to Thorlaksson that more cattle were needed to ensure the survival of all the immigrants during the ensuing winter. He was, accordingly, convinced that the colony could survivie if more cows were obtained. He, therefore, offered to continue his quest for additional supplies. In July he visited several Norwegian colonies, other than the ones he had visited before, and was able to secure 85 head of cattle and 65 sheep, some as an outright gift, others bought on credit to be repaid over a three-year period interest-free. He returned to the colony in October. Now it appeared that the colony might be able to eke out a less precarious existence throughout the coming winter than during the previous winter.

XV. CONTINUED EXODUS FROM NEW ICELAND

During the spring and summer of 1880 a large number of people migrated from New Iceland to North Dakota. Due to continued flooding and other adverse conditions people on the shores of Lake Winnipeg were becoming more and more convinced that living conditions in that region were unendurable. Opposition to the exodus had abated. Unfortunately, a complete list of those who migrated is unavailable but the following homesteaded in the neighborhood of Johann Hallsson's farm: Indridi Indridason, Sigurjon Kristjansson, Bjorn Jonsson, Johann Johannsson, Solvi Solvason, Sigurbjorn Bjornsson, Jon Petursson, Sigurdur Rognvaldsson, Johannes Sigurdsson, Hallgrimmur Holm and Jon Hjalmarsson.

The following settled in the Vik (Mountain) District: Gudmundur Gudmundsson, Halldor Fridriksson, Halldor Thorgilsson, Johannes Johannsson, Elina Jonsdottir, Tryggvi Hjaltalin, Gudmundur Skulason, Hallgrimur, Johnsson, Bjorn Einarsson, Jonas Kortsson, Sigurdur Arnason, Jon Sigurdsson and wife, Hallbera, Sigurgeir Bjarnason, Bjorn Illhugason, Gudmundur Gislason, Sigurdur Kraksson and Olafur Olafsson.

XVI. EXPANSION OF THE PARK SETTLEMENT

In the spring of 1880 three people homesteaded two miles south of the farms of Sigurjon Sveinsson and Benedikt Johannesson. They were Jon Bergmann, Magnus Stefansson and Jon's sister, Aldis Laxdal, widow of Grimur Laxdal, bookbinder from Akureyri, Iceland.

A man named Eirikur Bergmann, nephew of Jon Bergmann had emigrated from Iceland in 1873. He had at first settled in the Icelandic colony in Shawano County, Wisconsin, then sold his homestead to a Norwegian. He then acquired land in Lyon County, Minnesota, which in the summer of 1879 he sold to a wealthy farmer, Bjorn Gislason. That autumn he left on an exploratory trip to Pembina County where, having become impressed with the prospects, he decided to settle. In May he left for his destination with his wife and son, Fridrik, his mother-in-law, the latter's sister, Thorey, Einar Thorlacius and son, Hallgrimur, Kristinn Olafsson and family, Jon Brandsson and family, Haflidi Gudbrandsson, Kristjan Samuelsson, and Gudmundur Jonsson. Their means of transportation were ox-drawn vehicles. The journey lasted four weeks. They all homesteaded near the farms of Benedikt Johannesson and Sigurjon Sveinsson. The men made haste to build cabins on their farms. In the meantime the women and children dwelt in wagons, over which a canopy had been erected. Eirikur owned 20

cows, 10 sheep, and 3 pair of oxen.

The following homesteaded along the banks of the Park River: Arni Thorleifsson, Jon Hallgrimsson, Benedikt Bardal, Grimur Einarsson, Olafur Jonasson, Magnus Magnusson, Johannes Melsted, Sigurgeir Bjornsson and Jonas Hallgrimsson (Hall).

That autumn all those that had remained in the Icelandic settlement in Shawano County, Wisconsin, homesteaded in the Park District. They were: Hallgrimur Gislason, Jon Jonsson, Gudmundur Stefansson, his son, Stephan G. Stephansson, the poet, and Grimur Thordarson with his mother, sisters, and brothers. The women and children had travelled by train. The men had walked the 450 mile distance, covering 25 miles per day, arriving in October. Another arrival was Gisli Dalmann from Milwaukee.

Because the Park District was settled by people from Wisconsin and Minnesota who were more affluent than the people from New Iceland, it became the prevalent opinion that this area was the most progressive of the Icelandic settlements in North Dakota.

XVII. THE SUMMER OF 1880

Most of the settlers tried to plow a little land though on a small scale. The Thorlaksson brothers abandoned the plot on Jon Thorlaksson's farm, as they had discovered that it was poor agricultural land. They however, plowed 20 acres on Bjorn Thorlaksson's farm, but this plot proved to be even poorer. Eirikur Bergmann plowed 20 acres. Sigurjon Sveinsson had 60 acres plowed. This was considered an immense accomplishment. Some of the settlers, however, showed no interest in agriculture. They were more interested in raising cattle, hence spent most of their time in raising hay. At first the only instrument they had was a scythe, but in the course of tiem a mowing machine was bought. A young lad named Daniel Laxdal became so adept in operating the mowing machine that he was considered a seven-day wonder, and people questioned that anyone could ever equal him in expertise. This machine was used by many people thus contributing to a good crop of hay. The Rev. Thorlaksson's horses, Ulfar and Kapp, also his oxen, Bock and Bright, were used frequently to bring supplies from St. Vincent.

Sigurjon Sveinsson and Benedikt Johannesson got 200 bushels of wheat from their 8-acre plot, which they had plowed jointly. This was the first crop of wheat harvested in the Gardar district. It was threshed by non-Icelandic neighbors. They sold it to their fellow countrymen for seed to be sown next spring. The Thorlakssons had bad luck with their crop. In the Hallson district the crop harvested by 5 farmers was 196½ bushels.

XVIII. THE ICELANDERS BECOME AMERICAN CITIZENS

Upon registering their claims to homesteads the settlers were required to pledge their firm intention of becoming American citizens as soon as feasible, and to renounce their allegiance to King Christian IX of Denmark, which most of them sooner or later did, but, as was to be expected, few of them fully understood what was involved in becoming American citizens.

On July 5, 1880, as July 4 happened to fall on a Sunday, they celebrated their first Independence Day as prospective American citizens which was held on the farm of Jon Jonsson a short distance from 'The Vik'. On Jon's farm happened to be ideal level land for sports. There were indications that Indians had held their war dances on it prior to the arrival of the Icelanders. Thorlaksson made a

short speech welcoming the people to the gathering, but it was evident that he was a sick man, hence the brevity of his remarks. Various athletic activities took place, and people thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Refreshments were served by the ladies, coffee and bread, Icelandic pancakes, and Norwegian 'lepsur', also excellent lemonade.

XIX. RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

During the summer of 1880 The Rev. Thorlaksson conducted religious services in the three areas of the settlement. On Sunday July 4, he confirmed 4 boys and 3 girls at Vik (Mountain). On November 4, harvesting having been over, he called a meeting at Park for the purpose of forming a congregation. He acted as chairman, Stephan G. Stephansson as secretary. At that meeting the Park Congregation was formed. Most of those present agreed to join, but asked leave to peruse the constitution more thoroughly before making a firm commitment. Sigurjon Sveinsson was appointed choir leader, and Jonas Hall as his alternative. It was unanimously agreed that the Rev. Thorlaksson be appointed as pastor. Jon Hallgrimsson agreed to set aside a portion of his farm as a cemetery. To pay the pastor's salary a total of $50.00 was pledged and by some a bushel of wheat and another of oats.

A second congregation was formed at Vik on November 30. The Rev. Thorlaksson acted as chairman, his father, Thorlakur, as secretary. A large number of people attended. Jon Thorlaksson was appointed choir leader and his brother, Haraldur, his alternative. The feasibility of building a church was discussed. Thorlaksson stressed the urgent necessity of having suitable accommodation not only for religious services but also for social and other functions. The reception to his appeal was disappointing. It was pointed out that people were very busy and that money was scarce. To pay the minister's salary a total of $95.00 was pledged by some, wheat and oats by others.

The Tongue River Congregation was not formed until January 2, 1881. At the meeting, held in the home of J. P. Hallsson, the Rev. Thorlaksson presided with Palmi Hjalmarsson as secretary. $55.00 was pledged towards the minister's salary, also potatoes, wheat and oats. Gunnar Johannsson (Hallsson) was appointed choir leader.

—to be continued.

THE SAGA OF MAGNUS F. BJORNSON

W. Kristjanson

Among the group of Icelandic settlers who arrived in the Muskoka district of Ontario in 1873 were Fridbjorn Bjornsson and his wife of ten years, Anna Sigridur Arnadottir.

The party left Toronto for Rosseau, a place to which they had been directed by the immigration authorities, on August 29. The land at Rosseau and around Lake Muskoka was found to have been settled. After some exploration, a few members of the party attempted settlement about six miles to the east of Rosseau, in a locality they named Hekla.

The country there was rocky, thickly forested, and covered with water both spring and fall. Only a half dozen families located there permanently, while the others sought employment elsewhere in the region. Employment, however, was scarce and wages were very low.

Fridbjorn Bjornsson, in his youth, had attended what seems to have been an agricultural school in Denmark. He had a good mind and was well-versed in Icelandic literature and is said to have spoken several languages.

A third son, Magnus, was born to the Bjornsson's on December 16, 1873. He has been termed the first Icelandic child born in Ontario. Actually, an Icelandic child was born on the train near Cobourg, Ontario, as the 1873 group travelled from Montreal to Toronto, to a couple proceeding to Milwaukee. This child was Jon K. Olafson, son of Kristinn and Katrin Olafson. Magnus Bjornson, however, retains the distinction of having been the first child born to the Icelandic settlers in Ontario.

In 1875, 285 of the Icelandic settlers in Ontario, including a few from Milwaukee, moved to the Canadian West. They formed the New Iceland Colony on the west shores of Lake Winnipeg. Among the group were Magnus Bjornson and a brother. They settled near Gimli, at a place they called Nyhaga (new place) as opposed to their home in Iceland, called Fornhaga (Old Place).

At the time of the exodus from New Iceland to Dakota Territory, about 1880, Fridbjorn was one of those who moved. He settled at Mountain, in 1879.

The story now turns to Fridbjorn's young son, Magnus. When the family moved, he was not quite seven years of age. Walking with his father from Pembina to Mountain, a distance of over 50 miles, he was initiated early to the hardships of pioneer life.

Magnus attended the local school and then proceeded to the university of North Dakota. He taught school at Gardar and Mountain for several years, but subsequently turned to a combination of farming, insurance, and the implement business.

"I'd say that the outstanding thing about my father was that he was so civic-minded", says his daughter. Mrs. Ann Halldorson, "He had a deep affection for the Mountain community and he made sacrifices for it. He was instrumental in many improvements such as getting water piped into Mountain. Before that could be done, the town had to be incorporated. He was very happy about getting that through and would refer to Mountain as the smallest city in the United States. The town had barely enough people to meet the population requirement of 200 for incorporation. The cost of the waterworks project was about $20,000, $16,000 of which was borrowed from the people in the community.

"There was a small fee paid to the mayor and town board. My father always turned his check back into the water fund.

"Most of the town meetings were held at my parents' home. There the old Icelandic custom prevailed: coffee was always served at the close of the meetings.

"Near the end of his term in office he decided not to be a candidate for re-election, but a majority of the people disregarded the names on the ballot and wrote Magnus Bjornson's name in. He was mayor of Mountain for eighteen years."

Magnus Bjornson's participation in community life was not limited to his duties as mayor of Mountain. His interest in his fellowmen never wavered. He served on the local schoolboard and Township Board; for many years he gave faithful service in several offices of the Ancient Order of United Workmen; he was a member in good standing of the University of North Dakota Half Century Club, and he was a loyal member of the local Lutheran Church. In politics he was a staunch, life-long Republican, being Presidential Elector in 1956, Precinct Committeeman for 50 years, and County Chairman.

In appearance he was tall and he had a forceful personality.

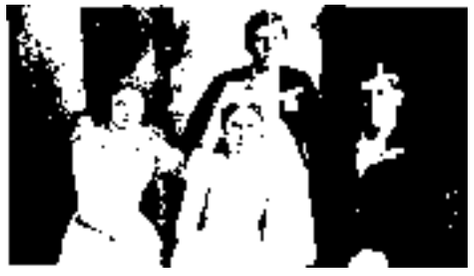
"We all spoke Icelandic but my father told us not to speak Icelandic if there was someone around who didn't understand the language."

He viewed the present in the light of the past.

In the Bjornson's master bedroom there were two pictures on the wall, by the bedside. One was a picture of Christ, together with a Verse from Scripture; the other a picture of President Eisenhower, together with a standard of the Republican party. These pictures symbolized polarizations in the life of Magnus Bjornson: religion and politics.

He was married to Gudbjorg Gudmundson, December 3, 1898. She was born at Gimli in 1880 and had come to the Mountain district with her parents in 1883. She was a woman of fine and steadfast character. The Bjornson's had four sons and one daughter.

Magnus Bjornson died on October 22, 1959 and his wife Gudbjorg died on July 23, 1964.



BRIAN LAXDAL, VICE-PRESIDENT, EATON'S WESTERN REGION

Brian Laxdal didn't have the slightest inkling he'd succeed Greg Purchase when word leaked out that the latter was moving to Toronto to become the Eaton's senior vice-president for Toronto stores and Ontario.

"It came as a complete surprise when I was told I'd be senior vice-president for the western region," Mr. Laxdal said in an interview. For the past three years he has been general merchandising manager for the department store's western region. But some thought his age might count against him: he's only 38 years old.

However, he has spent all his working life with the T. Eaton Co. Born in Bissett, where his father was working underground as a miner with the now-closed San Antonio Gold Mine, Brian moved with his parents into Winnipeg in 1939. He went through Daniel McIntyre Collegiate (he was student president in his last year) and on to the University of Manitoba to take a degree in mechanical engineering. When he was graduated in 1959 he joined the Eaton's catalogue division here.

Wasn't that a job a bit remote from mechanical engineering? Mr. Laxdal, a short, friendly, enthusiastic type of man, laughed.

"In fact, it was a very useful training," he replied. "I was in the methods research department which operated along the lines of an industrial activity."

Mr. Laxdal took leave of absence in 1961 to take a Master's degree in business administration at the University of Western Ontario, returning to Eaton's in Winnipeg to head up the catalogue methods research department. Two years later he was made catalogue merchandising manager here and in 1970 was moved into the downtown store as manager of merchandising services, the next year moving up to group sales and merchandising manager for fashion accessories and children's wear.

In 1973 he was made the general merchandising manager for, the region, which stretches from Thunder Bay to the British Columbia border. There are 18 Eaton's stores (including the big Warehouse Bargain Centre in Winnipeg) in the region and about 5,000 employees, the payroll peaking to 7,500 during the Christmas season.

What would be his style of management, now that he was in charge of the vast region?

"Well, the new job will involve a lot of my time being out in the stores in Winnipeg and the rest of the region," he answered, "talking to management and seeing how things are going. It's very important to gain first-hand knowledge . . . you can't really appreciate how things are going until you actually see the stores and meet the people.

He's no paper-pusher

"But I'm a firm believer in delegating work and I'm certainly not going to become a paper-pusher.

"The really important thing is to watch over your strategic position in each market area, so you can judge what expanion or change should take place or what special promotional and merchandising efforts should be made.

"Also, I'll be spending much more time involved in the general community."

Mr. Laxdal insisted, however, that he wouldn't be a slave to his job. He and his wife Donna have four children, girls aged 12 and 10 and boys aged eight and six. Although he works nine or 10 hours a day he tries to keep his weekends free for family life. For recreation the family does cross-country skiing in winter and cycling during the summer. He also curls at the Winter Club.

Mr. Laxdal gave a brisk rundown of the retail sales situation in his region. In Alberta sales are booming along, reflecting that province's strong economy. Sales in the Thunder Bay area had been a bit depressed due to recent strikes there but are now starting to pick up.

Retail sales in Saskatchewan and Manitoba "were fairly buoyant until mid-August, when they softened a bit. But in the last two weeks they've picked up again. There seems to be a resurgence taking place."

He reports sales at the new Eaton's department store in the Garden City Shopping Centre "are running considejbly in excess of what we'd expected, and the distribution of those sales within the store is well balanced."

Mr. Laxdal is particularly delighted at how well that store has got off the ground as he was deeply involved in the store's "profile . . . the fundamental scheme, the fashion orientation and the natural look of the store." It may serve as a model for many of Eaton's other new stores, with local variations to suit local tastes.

Mr. Laxdal said now that the "ball and chain" of the money-losing catalogue operations is cast off, there has been a strong revival of confidence within the Eaton's organization. "There has been a lot of discussion and soul-searching in the past couple of years regarding a forward strategy for the department stores. That strategy is now complete except for a few finishing details."

Part of that corporate strategy seems to be advancing to senior management positions young, aggressive knowledgeable merchandisers such as Greg Purchase — and now Brian Laxdal.

—The Tribune.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

Subscription rates shown in the Autumn 1976 issue were incorrect.

The correct Special Christmas Gift Rates are—

3 or more yearly subscriptions at $4.00 each

A Gift Card will be sent to announce your Gift.

Single Subscriptions $5.00 each including Gift Card.

ART SHOW AN OCCASION OF HONOUR TO DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN

Gustaf Kristjanson

October 10, 1976. It is a special occasion at Winnipeg's attractive, modern Art Gallery. Officially, it is only another exhibition of paintings. But to the considerable number of people who have thronged to see the show, it is more than that. This is something of a social occasion. One recognizes, almost as soon as one enters, many familiar faces. A sizeable portion of the Icelandic community of Winnipeg has come out to honour one of its own.

Over forty paintings are on display — paintings by Gissur Eliasson, Professor of Art at the University of Manitoba. This, then, is the occasion. There is an air of conviviality about, almost a sense of celebration. One of the paintings, appropriately enough, bears the title "Celebration". Others reflect the artist's obvious involvement with the world of nature: "Prairie Horizons", "The Azure Fjord", "Tree Angles", "The Snow Flower", and many more. A variety of moods are represented, and the artist has been willing to experiment with a variety of styles, methods, and materials. Many of the viewers are particularly attracted to a seascape that shows a solitary figure, seated on a crag that overlooks the sea, a lone witness to the immensity of sea and earth and ocean, of which he is a part. The artist calls the painting "Födurland, vort halft er hafid" ("Half my island is the sea" — freely translated). The painting is inspired by a poem by Jon Magnusson, "Liknargjafinn thjadra thjoda", which hangs beside it.

Suddenly a hush falls over the crowd. The formal part of the afternoon's proceedings is about to begin. Mary Elizabeth Bayer, Assistant Deputy Minister of Tourism and Culture, pays tribute to the painter's skills as an artist. She dedicates a sonnet which she has written to him — "To the Artist" (the poem is reproduced herewith on the page opposite. Lloyd Axworthy, M.L.A., Director of Urban Studies at the University of Winnipeg, adds his words of appeciation for a citizen, that is to say a person who serves his or her community without any thought of reward other than membership in that community. It is noted that artists and teachers do not always receive the recognition they deserve. The artist then thanks the *speakers for their warm wishes and the assembled crowd for their interest and encouragement. The formal part of the proceedings is over. There is warmth, good feeling, vinarterta and coffee and the wealth of paintings that hang on every hand.*

This, then, must be a moment of triumph for the artist, the culmination of a lifetime devoted to a career in painting. Here in the midst of friends and well-wishers, and surrounded by the works that attest to his achievement, this is surely the moment to bask in the glow of success. Are these the thoughts that are going through his mind at this time?

The role of the artist, it is said, is to express a fragment of his own unique experience in such a way that it becomes a universal experience; to reveal something of the world around him — to lift the veil, and in lifting it reveal the "veil upon veil behind". Approbation, so-

called "achievement" or "success" are empty terms for the true artist if he has not lifted a veil and given us a glimpse of the truth that lies beyond.

Sitting in his office at the University of Manitoba's School of Art a few days after the exhibition of his paintings, Gissur Eliasson mused about these questions which confront the serious artist in any age. As he pointed out, quoting the great Leonardo Da Vinci, "He only moves toward the perfection of his art whose criticism surpasses his achievement". The greatest quality an artist can possess is integrity. There is no place for pride, or arrogance, or even complacency. It is not "success" that matters, but the eternal quest for truth, the striving to discover something of what lies behind the veil. In the program notes that Mr. Eliasson had set down to accompany his exhibition he had expressed the view that:

"Before the creative work becomes a reality, it has been many things and gone many places; the eternal search for the appropriate form is fundamental to all the expressive arts. Creative compositions have to evolve through incredible, often frantic fluctuations before finding rest, and they are always in the state of becoming and never seem to arrive at a settled state. There is always the risk of this creative process overpowering the product to become empty rhetoric, the language of hollow men, where the medium is the message or worse still where there is no message and the medium must go it alone."

Gissur Eliasson was born in Winnipeg, the son of Elias Eliasson and his wife, Gudbjorg Saemundsdottir. They moved to the Arborg district of Manitoba where Gissur grew up and received his early education. In 1938, two years after graduating from the Winnipeg Art School, he joined the staff of that institution. A dozen years later the Art School became part of the University of Manitoba. He has been an instructor with the School ever since — a total period encompassing nearly forty years.

Professor Eliasson is able to look back on his life and activities with a large measure of satisfaction, and feels that the support of his family — his wife, Elvera, and their four children — has been of inestimable value to him. The children, in turn, have all acquitted themselves with distinction in their respective lines of endeavour. Gary is Executive Director of the Management Committee for the Cabinet of the Manitoba Government. Glen is Assistant to the Principal at Earl Grey School in Winnipeg. Hugh, who graduated as a Master of Business Administration, is with the Department of Tourism, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs. Melva (Mrs. Terry Wright) is an honours graduate of distinction in History.

Although Gissur Eliasson will soon be arriving at a stage in life when he officially "retires", we can be sure that — as was said during the official ceremonies at the recent exhibition of his paintings — "we can look forward to further contributions from him as artist, teacher, and citizen."

Corrections for the Autumn Number

pp. 39 and 42: For George T. Houser, read George J. Houser.

P. 49: For Bus Sigurdson, read Gus Sigurdson.

P.50, Line 12: for beight, read bright.

LUNCHEON IN HONOUR OF CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

LUNCHEON IN HONOR CAROLINE GUNNARSON RETIRING EDITOR OF LOGBERG HEIMSKRINGLA

The Board of Directors of **Lögberg-Heimskringla** publishing company held a luncheon in honor of Caroline Gunnarsson, retiring editor of **Lögberg-Heimskringla,** on October 22, at the Paddock, Winnipeg. Dr. Larus Sigurdson, President of the Board of Directors, was Chairman.

Over 60 people were present, including a contingent from the **Winnipeg Free Press** who were her associates during her years with that paper. Present were Bruce McDonald, farmer editor of the **Free Press Weekly,** Peter Kuch, cartoonist, Julie Dale, Free Press artist, and Edith Paterson and Gloria Wilson, Free Press writers. Anna Marteinsson represented **The Icelandic Canadian.**

Dr. Sigurdson thanked Caroline for her contribution to **Lögberg-Heimskringla** and Bruce McDonald spoke appreciatively of Caroline's friendship and of her work at the **Free Press.** Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson addressed the guest of honor, speaking in warm terms of her as a person and as a journalist. He stressed her excellent command of Icelandic as well as English; also the amount of work she had accomplished. He gave rather a comprehensive biographical sketch. Caroline thanked all those present for their friendship and good wishes for the future.

A part of Dr. Thorlakson's address follows. "Our guest of honor", he said, "was born in Iceland and came to Canada with her family in 1914. They settled in the Bredenbury-Churchbridge district of Saskatchewan. In the early 1920's she came to Winnipeg, where she attended Business College and found employment in the business field.

"However, it soon became apparent that she was headed for a career in journalism. From 1930 to 1942 she was a free-lance writer for the Winnipeg Free Press, the Winnipeg Tribune and The Icelandic Canadian Magazine.

"In 1942 Caroline enlisted in the Canadian Women's Army Corps and served until 1945. During this period of service she was Editor of the monthly magazine, C.W.A.C., printed in Ottawa by the King's Printer and distributed to the Canadian Women's Army Corps in Canada and overseas.

"Caroline subsequently became the Editor of the Shaunavon Standard, a weekly news paper published in the Town of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan. This period was from 1949 to 1952.

"In 1952 Caroline became Editor of the Women's Section of the Winnipeg Free Press Weekly, The Prairie Farmer. Later she became Feature Editor of the Magazine Section of the paper. During her many years of association with the **Winnipeg Free Press** she travelled across western Canada as an agricultural news reporter, for the most part covering conventions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

* * *

"Caroline has visited Iceland four times: in 1955, 1960, 1970 and 1974.

* * *

"All this activity and much more certainly illustrates the fact that our guest of honour has enjoyed an active life with a great diversity of interests and broad experience. Over the years, she has acquired a host of friends and admirers.

"Caroline came to **Lögberg-Heimskringla** in March 1971. She has now chosen to retire in order to allow herself more leisure, more freedom and an opportunity to do the many things she has been unable to do because of virtually being tied to an Editor's desk for so many years.

"Fortunately for us, she will continue to reside in Winnipeg. Her dedication and interest will continue to be felt as a writer and co-worker.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I know you all join me in wishing Caroline health and contentment in the years ahead."

FRIDA BJORNSDOTTIR, EDITOR OF LOGBERG-HEIMSKRINGLA

Frida Bjornsdottir, of Reykjavik, Iceland, is the successor to Caroling Gunnarsson as Editor of **Logberg-Heimskringla.** She arrived in Winnipeg in mid-September to assume her new position and to explore possibilities of a permanent appointment.

She has been a journalist on the staff of the Reykjavik daily **Timinn** for many years and has a wealth of journalistic experience. She is a fluent writer in both Icelandic and English.

Her eight year old son, Valur, accompanied his mother and her husband, Bergsveinn Johannesson, arrived more recently.

DOCTORS NAME SNIDAL HEAD

Dr. Dan P. Snidal of Winnipeg has been elected President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba for 1977.

Dr. Snidal will also chair the executive committee of theCollege, of which Dr. George Johnson is a member.

ATLANTIC AND ICELAND REVIEW

Atlantica and Iceland Review, an English language quarterly magazine, was founded over ten years ago. This magazine is truly "informative, attractive, and colourful, and it is bountifully illustrated, the paper is high-grade gloss.

The publishers now offer a special introductory bonus. The regular subscription rate for 1977 is ten dollars; new subscribers will receive all the 1976 issues as a bonus.

STONY'S ELFIN VISITORS

by K. Magnusson

Papa, when deep in thought, had a habit of walking back and forth along the kitchen floor, twirling his hair with his fingers. This was a sure sign that we were not to interrupt his "train of thought" as Mama used to say. Usually, then, we were sent outside to play, or else hustled off to bed. In our large farm home, which was on the edge of a small Icelandic Interlake town, grownups had to have their "talks" and we children were not allowed to listen to these talks, if it was past our bedtime.

How we loved to creep down the stairs at night, as far as the bend in the stairwell, and try very hard to sit quietly there as we listened to "grown-up talk". Our curiosity was always aroused by Mama's and Papa's "forbidden talk", and especially Old Man Stony's "talk". Stony, who lived alone next door, was in the habit of coming over every night, and always with a lantern in his hand to chase away the evil night spirits.

Old Man Stony had been born in Iceland, and knew all about the terrible trolls who dwelt in the mountains. These trolls hid behind rocks and boulders and attacked and ate people as they travelled the lonely roads alone at night.

We were terrified by these stories and huddled together as shivers would shake us at the thought of a troll eating us up. Sometimes we dreamt about the night trolls, and especially after hearing about the "skessas" and "grylas", who were the troll women of Iceland. A certain "gryla" was always teasing a farmer who lived in Oxnadalur, in Iceland, and made a very nasty remark to him. However, the farmer refused to listen to her and just laughed at her. This enraged her so much that she pushed a stone from the cliff above, into the farmyard. Today, Stony said, this stone stands alone in the middle of the farmyard at Oxnadalur.

We loved to hear Stony's stories about the elfin people or "huldu folk", who lived at "Alfaborg", the dwelling place of the elves. "Huldufolkskirkja", which was a large stone, was the church of the elves, and sometimes, Stony said, people had heard singing coming from these stones, while passing by them at night. The elfin visitors would clean up the houses of people, and around Christmas they would decorate them with gold and silver garlands. Then, dressed up in their silks and velvets, and with all their precious jewels on, these elfin visitors would dance around the room and have a wonderful Christmas Ball. As Old Man Stony told this story, he would jump up and dance around the room and sing an elfin ditty. By this time we had crept further and further down the stairs to see Stony dance like the elves, and were sent up to bed at once by Papa, who looked very stern, as it was long past our bedtime.

One particular night in the late fall, we were sent up to bed earlier than usual, because, as Mama said, "we needed to catch up on sleep after the excitement of going out on Hallowe'en the night before". However, Gene, Red, and Bernie had seen, from the window in their room, Old Man Stony coming up the path to our house with his lantern in his hand. As Gene, Red and Bernie crept noiselessly down to the stairwell, we followed behind.

"Come in Stony", called Mama, as she heard his knock at the door.

"And how was your day, Stony?", asked Papa. "Were you able to finish piling your wood for the winter?"

"Everything went wrong today", answered Stony gloomily, as he turned down the wick of his lantern and set it down.

"I believe the trolls must have been around last night. When I got up this morning, the first thing I noticed was that my outhouse had been upset. It must have been some night trolls — who else could it have been"?

"Oh Stony", said Mama laughingly, as she set a cup of coffee on the table for him. "This isn't Iceland — there are no trolls here. Some of the boys must have upset your out-house. They seem to get enjoyment out of that on Hallowe'en, although why it's so I'm sure I don't know."

"Well", answered Stony as he sipped the steaming hot coffee. "If I find out who did that I will really give the switch to them."

As we were listening to these words by Stony, Red pinched Bernie and whispered, "I hope he doesn't find out that we were the ones who upset his out-house".

"Quiet, you two", hissed Gene. "It's not only Old Man Stony we don't want to find out. It's Papa, If he found out what we did, we'd really get a good licking."

"Have you any idea, Stony, as to what boys would do a crazy thing like upsetting your out-house?" asked Papa as he walked back and forth, slowly twirling his hair.

"I think it must have been some of those boys who hang around the pool hall and have nothing better to do. I'm sure it hasn't been any of the neighbour children", answered Stony, as he slowly and carefully wiped his nose with the back of his hand.

"I'll call the boys if they're not asleep already. Maybe they can tell us whether any of the gang from downtown was around the area last night", said Papa as he suddenly stopped, and walked slowly towards the stairwell.

Just as Papa said this, Gene, Red and Bernie turned quickly to run upstairs, Red's face grinning mischievously. As Paps looked up the stairwell, he spied the boys flying up the stairs.

"Just a minute", said Papa, "I just thought of something. Gene, Red and Bernie, come down here at once." Suddenly a strange suspicion formed in his mind. Now he remembered seeing Red and Bernie and Gene coming in past their usual bedtime last night.

"So you were the ones who upset Stony's out-house last night?" Papa said angrily, as he herded the boys, with us following, to stand before Stony.

"What do you boys have to say for yourselves?" questioned Papa.

"Gee, Papa, we though we'd just like to have a little fun on Hallowe'en. Everybody tips over out-houses then", said Gene as he sheepishly looked at Stony, who had a strange twinkle in his deepset blue eyes.

"Honest, Papa, all the kids do that on Hallowe'en", Bernie said hopefully as he looked up at Papa.

"That's enough of that now boys. No more excuses. Tomorrow, first thing in the morning after you have had breakfast and milked the cows, I want you boys to go over to Stony's and put his out-house exactly the way it was before you tipped it over last night", said Papa as he quickly shooed us all up the stairs again.

When the boys turned back to look at Old Man Stony he slowly winked at

[*continued on page 41*]

WHERE ELSE BUT IN ICELAND?

George J. Houser

In 1969, while a graduate student at the Institute for Scandinavian and comparative folk culture at Uppsala University in Sweden. I made my first visit to Iceland. Thorsteinn Jonsson's reply to an announcement I had placed in the personal column of a Reykjavik newspaper led to my spending the summer with him and his wife Aslaug, working with them and other members of their family on their farm, Ulfsstadir in Halsasveit, Borgarfjord, about two kilometers up the valley from Snorri Sturlason's farm at Reykholt, now the site of a district school.

When I arrived, my knowledge of Icelandic was limited almost entirely to reading, but in the congenial atmosphere of the farm it was not long before I could hold up my end of a conversation. In the course of that summer as well as the next few years, which I spent in research and the preparation of a dissertation on the treatment of horses before farmers everywhere in Iceland had access to the services of professional veterinarians. I became aware of facets of Icelandic life which the casual visitor to the country has no opportunity to see and which are disregarded by most foreign commentators.

In practically all western countries, exhibitions of paintings and sculpture are to be seen only in the major cities. In Iceland, however, such exhibitions are taken to the smaller centres as well and it is possible to view them in communities such as Akranes, Borgarnes, Isafjord and Selfoss. There is virtually no market in Iceland for calendar art. Reproductions of the paintings of Asgeir Jonsson are to be seen in farm homes throughout Iceland and it is not at all unusual to find there a few original paintings by contemporary artists.

Every afternoon Radio Iceland broadcasts a concert of symphonic music. One day at Ulfsstadir two farmers from farther up the valley dropped in to discuss community affairs with Thorsteinn. They were elderly men who had had but six or eight years of formal schooling. Upon hearing the radio playing in another room, one of them commented, "Jaeja, the second movement of the Brahms third." The other corrected him, "No, the third movement of the fourth."

One evening Thorsteinn and Aslaug invited me to accompany them to a subscription concert by the National Symphony Orchestra to be held in the local community centre, about seven kilometers from the farm. The roads were very muddy. The audience arrived in jeeps and land rovers, all wearing high boots, which they changed for more elegant footwear in the wardrobe just inside the entrance. The men were all well dressed and many of the women wore cocktail or dinner gowns. The orchestra of 75 members occupied one half the hall, the audience of between 200 and 250 the other. The conductor did not patronize the rural audience by regaling them with old favourites and light classics, as is so often the case when North American orchestras go on tour to smaller communities; the programme was identical to the one presented the

previous week in Reykjavik. The audience was as musically sophisticated and appreciative as that of any European capital.

So that Icelanders do not lose entirely the art of conversation there is no television on Thursday evenings throughout the year and during the entire month of July. Since commercials are restricted to two five-minute periods each evening, programmes are presented without annoying interruptions, and because it is not necessary to fit them into rigid time schedules, writers of plays for television have much more artistic leeway than is possible here. Despite its shortcomings, Icelandic television is truly cosmopolitan. Its fare includes some of the finest cinema productions of a number of countries in North and South America as well as western and eastern Europe. Debates on political and economic questions attract large audiences, as do the Christmas specials. One year, over Christmas and Boxing Day we enjoyed a gala performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, a full length opera sung in Icelandic and a performance of Galdra — Loftur.

Nowhere but in Reykjavik would it be conceivable for a university professor to deliver a public lecture on the afternoon of a holiday and expect more than a handful of auditors. Yet on the First Day of Summer (Sumardagurinn fyrsti) of 1973, the largest cinema in the city was filled almost to capacity for a lecture on the origins of Icelandic place names.

It has frequently been noted that Iceland produces each year more books per capita than any other country, yet it would be almost impossible for an outsider to envision the pervasive influence of books throughout Icelandic society. I cannot recall ever visiting a farmhouse where there were not shelves of well thumbed books, not only in Icelandic, but frequently in German and Danish as well. In Canada doctoral dissertations never make the best seller list, yet among books I have most frequently seen in farmhouse libraries is Dr. Kristjan Eldjarn's dissertation on the artifacts found in icelandic graves from pagan times.

In the spring of 1974 I worked for several months at the Cooperative Meat Packing Plant in Reykjavik. Most of my co-workers were former farmers from the north. During lunch and our morning and afternoon coffee breaks the conversation almost always turned to literature, a discussion of the current theatre season, the latest works of contemporary Icelandic authors, or the relative merits of the Manitoban Icelandic poets, Guttormur Guttormsson and Stefan G. Stephansson.

THE PLEASURE OF GROWING UP AS AN IDENTICAL TWIN

Gladys Wirth

Being a twin is kind of a glamorous life because you get that extra attention simply because there are two of you.

Statistics state that identical twins develop from a single fertilized egg which divides into two early in its development. The division occurs after fertilization, so identical twins have the same hereditary elements, are always the same sex and resemble each other very closely. One twin is the mirror image of the other. Fraternal twins originate from two separate eggs and tend to be hereditary whereas identical twins appear to be a biological accident without any known factor as to why the single fertilized egg divides into two. But so much for statistics; I'd like to tell you about the wonderful life of growing up as a twin.

We were born in a small town 60 miles northwest of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, on January 27, 1943. We were born one month premature, which is normal for the birth of twins. The temperature outside was about 40 degrees below zero and we were born at home and our grandmother assisted. We weighed three and a half and four and a half pounds. The doctor told our mother that the smallest one (I) would not live a week.

It was during the Second World War and everything was rationed. Whenever our father tried to buy two of anything, blankets, sugar etc., people at the stores thought he was lying just to get double the amount.

My first memory of when I was little was running in the wind and leaves with my twin sister. My sister and I are really identical, almost like one. A lot of people have commented that they have never seen twins so much alike. To this day our oldest brother still gets us confused.

I remember my mother saying that if my brother gave one of us a cookie, we would look at him as if to say, "What about my sister? We always shared everything, even now I get as much pleasure giving to my sister as to myself.

When we were young we had a language of our own that only we understood. My husband Doug still says that when I get to see my sister after a long time, he can't understand us because we get talking so fast. He says we really get our money's worth out of our long distance phone calls.

While trying to recollect memories of when we were very young, I think of something and I can't remember whether it actually happened to Gloria or to myself.

One early incident was in grade one when our teacher put one of us at the front of the class and the other at the back so as to tell us apart. I was sitting at the back and one day I had done something to upset the teacher. Gloria saw the teacher come raging from her desk to hit me with a ruler so she stuck out her foot and tripped her. The teacher was so flustered and embarrassed about falling (she thought she

had tripped on the desk) that she forgot to be angry with me.

When we were in grade three our aunt made us blouses with our names on the back and we would switch blouses and desks. The other kids in the class who knew us very well would try to tell the teacher that we were in the wrong seats, but she would think they were being smart and tell them to settle down.

We grew up in a great big happy family. Our poor brother who was two years older suffered through the most with us. One day he said, "Twins" (he thought of us as one), "Run upstairs and get my navy and white striped shirt." We said, "We'll get it, but it's not navy and white, it's brown and white." We ran upstairs and sure enough, he was right, but we came downstairs and said, "See, we told you it was navy and white." He said, "I said it was navy and white." "Oh no", we said "We did, and you can't argue two against one." He said, "you knotheads, I'm not going to argue with you; you had to share a brain anyway."

Today, different authorities say you should separate twins in school, dress them differently etc., to make them individuals. I think I'm a better individual for having such a close relationship with my sister. We dressed alike and were always together and I don't have any great hang-ups and we never had problems as teenagers. We could always confide in one another about anything and trust each other explicitly. I think this means a lot as we could tell each other the silliest things.

Some twins are very competitive and jealous of each other. I could never be jealous of my sister, nor could she be of me. I'm always happy for her when great things are going for her and she likewise for me.

Once a high school teacher left the room and all the students were moving about talking with one another. When the teacher returned he said, "Everyone sit in your own desk. No one can swith desks except Gloria and Gladys because I don't know who is who". One day the same teacher asked Gloria a question. It was our first class that morning and I could tell she was half asleep so I jumped up and answered it for her. The teacher knew something was fishy but he didn't say anything. After the class was over, Gloria said all she heard were the last two words of the question and him saying, "Gloria stand up". She was much relieved when I came through with an answer.

We always did our homework together which was a bonus as we could help each other and get it done faster. We took typing as an extra subject and I disliked it. Gloria was better at it than I. Every Friday we would have two tests and hand in the better one. Gloria would always hand in both of hers, one for me and one for herself.

When we were in high school we would all go to all the canteens. When we arrived we'd pick out the neatest guys there. During that time the twist was popular and we'd manage to be dancing around the area where the certain cool guy was or be joking it up in that vicinity and sure enough usually one of them would meander over. We didn't care who got to go with him as long as one of us did. We always had a good time and always double dated. It's funny, but if you went with a certain guy long enough so that he'd know the difference he'd say to me, "Why don't you switch with Gloria just to see if the guy that Gloria is with can tell the difference. I think they liked to get a laugh on the other guy just because they knew who was who.

Once I was invited to two graduation exercises at different places on the same night. Gloria went to one of them as myself. Speaking to her date she made a mistake referring to me by my name, Gladys. Her date said, "Do you call each other by your own names?" She laughed and said "Sure". That same night one of the girls in our class who always had trouble telling us apart came rushing over to her and said, "I think I can finally tell you apart. You're Gloria". Gloria felt badly because she had to say no, although the girl was right. The poor girl walked away baffled.

After we finished high school we stopped wearing identical clothes and it was great because then we had twice the wardrobe.

After a couple of years in the working world, we became stewardesses. We had a ball because we flew together all the time. I eventually did fly for another airline after I was married and moved back to Winnipeg. Gloria continued on with the same one in the U.S. There, we also had benfits as we did some promotion work with the airline. It was great flying together for when we got to a city we would have someone to go with to see the sights. As other stews told us that sometimes they would want to do something in another city and have no one to join them as the other stews would want to sleep or have other plans, etc.

We had to work only forty hours a month so we had a lot of free time. The pilots on the line told us we were silly to fly together as we could bid different flight schedules and so fly each others schedules and each could take a month off at a time.

When working together in flight we had a great system and really got the passengers served quickly as we didn't have to discuss who was going to do what as other steardesses had to because we always worked together. Passengers often commented on how fast and efficient the service was. One passenger wrote the company and said they should have a motto on our flights, "You are getting twice the service."

One time a passenger nearly had a heart attack because Gloria greeted her at the door and then when she came to the back she said, "My word, how did you get back here so fast?" "Did you come through the floor?" After that the company told us to both greet the passengers.

We literally had passengers refuse drinks because they thought they were seeing double. Once a passenger became angry when I asked him if I could get him a drink. He said, "I just asked you". Then he smiled when a minute later Gloria came with the drink.

Of course, every passenger had to ask the obvious, "Are you twins?" We got so tired of answering and smiling "yes". We had a nutty roommate and as soon as we got home she would greet us with, "Are you twins?"

One of our roommates could not tell us apart and was always confusing our phone messages. One time Gloria was out on a date and I was at home all evening. She though vice versa. Anyway when Gloria got home our roommate said, "By the way Doug called and wants you to call him when you get in." Gloria said, "I don't date Doug, Gladys does." "Oh", she said, "I thought you were Gladys." Needless to say I was a little perturbed after sitting home all evening.

Another advantage of being a twin was in the modelling field. In fashion shows a lot of times we'd wear the same dress in different colors. We also did some T.V. ads. In one television ad, we were supposed to wear raincoats. One was rain proofed and one wasn't. Gloria got all wet and I didn't. It was her turn

that time to get the unglamorous part because shortly before that at a salesman's conference I had to hold a box of detergent and come out all dirty and quickly run behind a screen and then Gloria came out bright and clean and said, "It really works".

My sister's husband is a professional football player 6 feet 7 inches and weights 280 pounds. When she was dating him, he would often take both of us out for dinner because my fiance was in Winnipeg. People would say to him, "You need two girls, eh?"

Another interesting point is that we met our husbands through each other. Gloria was dating a guy who was a good friend of Doug's. They were at a party and all night Doug kept dancing with Gloria so her date said, "If you want to go with someone like Gloria, she has an identical twin sister. So it was a blind date for me but not really for Doug. Gloria met Mike at a party where there were a lot of stewardesses and football players. Mike came over to dance with me and I don't know why but I said, "Dance with my sister, I'm engaged".

Our husbands had trouble only once telling us apart.

Once Doug came to pick me up for a formal. Gloria answered the door in her housecoat and rollers. Doug said angrily, "Aren't you ready?" Then a few minutes later Gladys came sauntering down all set to go.

When Gloria first started dating Mike, we were at a party with wall to wall people. Gloria was at the end of the room and I was at the front. I started talking to Mike and about a half an hour later someone came over and Mike introduced me as his girlfriend, Gloria.

We got married a month apart. I had a big wedding and Gloria helped me plan it. Then right afterwards Gloria eloped. She was supposed to have a large wedding like mine six months later but she said that it would be too much of the same thing over again.

After we were married, people asked us how we could stand to be so far away from one another. Of course, we missed each other but we each had a new experience ahead of us building a relationship with our husbands.

Now that we are married we see each other twice a year. Gloria comes up to Winnipeg for a month every summer while her husband is in training camp. Then every spring I go and spend some time with Gloria; my husband is a chartered accountant and busy during tax time.

My sister has two children 7½ years and 5½ years. I have one six years old and one 3½ years.

When my sister first became pregnant, someone asked me, "Are you jealous"? I said, "No, I'm very happy for her. I could never be jealous of my sister."

Her little girl and my oldest daughter are only six months apart. We hope they too will be close.

Gloria named her daughter's second name after me and I named my first daughter's second name after Gloria.

I just got back from visiting Gloria and her 18-month old always thought I was her mother and my two year old would say, "No, that's my Mommy". The previous summer when Gloria was home my little girl had a difficult time telling who was Mommy.

While I was visiting my sister in Houston, last spring, she and her husband flew to New Orleans for the weekend. I looked after their children and they didn't even miss their Mommy.

When we get together, we will say to one another, "You're looking good." My husband will say, "Oh quit complimenting yourself." The funny thing is Gloria always thinks I look better than she and I think she looks better than I.

My sister is very generous and loves sending me little gifts. She is a little more affluent than I am. My husband keeps saying, "Tell her to stop sending you things".

I'm always thinking of her when shopping too and love to do the same. One time Gloria sent me a framed picture of the poem "Children Learn What They Live" and I sent the same poem to her that I had clipped out of a magazine and they crossed in the mail.

One Christmas, I was shopping for a Christmas gift for Gloria and I spotted a rabbit fur vest. I liked it and bought it for her. I phoned her that night and told her I had bought her Christmas present that day. She said, "I have the funniest feeling it's a fur vest." I could not believe it!

Two years ago I visited with her and we had look alike shoes although they were bought in different countries.

Last summer we both bought her son the same birthday card. We have phoned each other long distance at the same time, both getting a busy signal.

Stony's Elfin Visitors

[*continued from page 34*]

them. They hadn't fooled him one bit. Why — he had even managed to fool Papa into thinking and figuring out who the real culprits were — not the night trolls who loved to do mischief, but instead, the very real pranksters next door.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON JOHN MASEFIELD AND THE ICELANDIC SAGAS

Richard Beck

The fructifying power of Old icelandic literature, in particular the Eddas and the sagas, is attested by the fact that it has not only kept alive a remarkable literary activity in Iceland itself down through the centuries, but has also been the source of inspiration for numerous poets and prose writers outside Iceland. English writers from Thomas Gray down to John Masefield, the recently deceased Poet Laureate, have, for instance, found in Old Icelandic literature themes for some of their significant works.[1] To the best of my knowledge, however, the relationship of John Masefield to Old Icelandic literature has not been dealt with in English before but is fully worthy of special consideration.

Among English poets none has been as deeply influenced by Old Icelandic literature as William Morris, who found in the sagas and the Eddas subject matter for some of his most notable works of poetry. It was through the influence of Morris that Masefield became deeply interested in the Icelandic sagas and, in fact, a wholehearted admirer of them. Fortunately, we have his own account of how this came about in his recollections:

> I had not read far in William Morris before I came to the *Saga of Grettir the Strong*, and through that, at once, to all the Icelandic sagas then done into English (Morris had done his lion's share in doing them.). The effect of the sagas upon me was profound. I found in them a reality touched with romance that seemed the perfection of storytelling. I learned that they had been written down in the middle ages, after being in the minds and mouths of story-tellers for over two hundred years. They were written down in a simple age, that respected the tradition, in a prose so plain that the events seemed to be happening before the reader's eyes.
>
> They were over-burdened with genealogies that tended to delay the start of the story proper: these one quickly forgave. One saw that the descendants of those stocks of heroes were the listeners when the tales were told, and the guards of the tradition. What would one give for an Arthurian tradition, so vouched-for, so guarded?
>
> For some years, all modern story-telling seemed thin and unreal compared with the sagas. That leisurely setting out of the pieces, that slow sure approach, then the masterly fury of the tale, the ebbing of the tide, and the quiet end, with nothing but the tidemarks left, all these things, put down in writing, yet based, so clearly, on the tales still told by word of mouth, seemed to me to be unmatchable, unbeatable. Good inventions had been added to the great traditions: there were prophetic utterances, dreams and some appalling ghosts. Poetry was not omitted: there were poems in nearly all the sagas: and though the poetry was of a kind that made Victorian flesh creep, being a Gothic Gongorism, it interested the reader. It was so literary a poetry, so

strange a product in a society so given to man-killings and piracies. It was a difficult poetry: it could never have been easy to follow, even to those accustomed to the method; yet quite clearly it had been followed. The poets had sung the songs to their society, and had been listened to with delight. The society must have been much more full of joy in art than any society known to the Victorians. All those who listened to such songs with pleasure must have been used from childhood to all manner of delicate and intricate art, gold-work, smithery, shipbuilding, wood-working, carving, the making of tools, weapons, sails, clothing, buttons, studs, jewels, oars, buckets: all that life made necessary to them. We Victorians, who came to know the sagas more through William Morris than through any other, understood why it was that Iceland meant so much to him.[2]

Masefield's admiration of the sagas bore fruit; it resulted in his finding in them the themes for two of his works. For his one-act play *The Locked Chest* (1906) he found his theme in *Laxdæla Saga,* more specifically in the account of the dealings between Ingjald Saudeyjargodi, an influential district chief, and Thord Goddi concerning Thorolf, a destitute outlaw, who had killed Ingjald's brother. Vigdis, Thord's wife, was related to Thorolf; and when he sought her help, she felt compelled to shelter him, overruling her husband, who felt he would get into trouble by letting Thorolf stay at their place. Ingjald, naturally, was bent on revenge, and suspected correctly that Thorolf had sought refuge at the home of his kinswoman, Vigdis. Through resolute action, she succeeded, however, in helping Thorolf escape although Ingjald had been successful in bribing her husband into revealing where Thorolf had temporarily been hidden in the sheep sheds on the farm. Thord, however, pays dearly for his cowardice. Not only does Vigdis succeed in driving Ingjald and his henchmen away and retaining the money with which he has bribed her husband, but she divorces him as well.

In his play Masefield follows in the main the account in *Laxdæla Saga,* but he has, at the same time, added some features, interpreting the subject matter in his own way as is a poet's custom and privilege in such circumstances. The saga does not, for instance, say that Vigdis rescues Thorolf from Ingjald and his followers by locking him up in the chest belonging to Thord, to which the saga makes reference and from which the play derives its name. Also, while the saga says that Vigdis divorces Thord, it nowhere states that she runs away with Thorolf although this constitutes the conclusion of the play. By his use of the chest episode as a high point in the action and by making Vigdis elope with Thorolf, Masefield has, of course, added to the dramatic effect of the play.

To be sure, *The Locked Chest* does not equal Masefield's best plays. Nevertheless, the subject matter is well handled. The play holds the attention of the reader; the story is simply told, free from digressions, with an undercurrent of genuine feeling. The poet has, in short, succeeded in retaining the naturalness of the saga style. The characterization of the principal persons, Thord and Vigdis, is convincing and in keeping with the saga background. As revealed in the saga, Thord was anything but a hero, and he has not grown in heroic stature in Masefield's handling. The saga describes Vigdis as a far more strong-minded person than her husband. Assuredly, she is not a less impressive

figure in the play where at crucial moments she dominates the action.

When Masefield wrote *The Locked Chest,* only two translations of *Laxdæla Saga* had appeared in English, one by Mrs. Muriel A. C. Press, The Temple Classics (London), 1899; 2nd ed., London, (1906), the other by Robert Proctor (London, 1903). While I do not know which of these two translations Masefield used as a basis for his play, I surmise that it may have been the first edition of Mrs. Press's translation, which, incidentally, is far better than Proctor's translation although both leave much to be desired.

Masefield found in *Gunnlaugs saga ormstungu* the theme of one of his most famous narrative poems, *The Daffodil Fields* (1912). In his preface to the collected edition *The poems and Plays of John Masefield* he says: "I found the plot of *The Daffodil Fields* story in a footnote to Sir W. Mackenzie's *Travels in Iceland.* It is there stated that the events described in the tale happened in Iceland in the Eleventh Century."[3] Mackenzie's book was originally published in Edinburgh in 1811 and appeared in three revised editions in 1812, 1842 and 1851. Masefield does not mention which edition was his source, nor does that matter in this connection. The foot note in question is a concise summary of the saga (pp. 30-32) in small print and is included in the section on "History and Literature of Iceland." At the conclusion of the summary, Mackenzie adds: "A sketch of this story is given by the elegant pen of Mr. Herbert, in the first volume of his poems. Were it less interesting, as a specimen of the manners and literature of the ancient Icelanders, the repetition of what he has so nobly done, would not have been attempted."[4]

In "The Daffodil Fields" only some of the main features of the Icelandic original are to be found: the two rivals who love the same woman and fight over her, and Hrafn's treachery towards Gunnlaug when the latter fetches the drink of water for his rival in his dire need. Masefield has greatly adjusted the borrowed material to suit his artistic purpose, added to it, and clothed it in a modern garb. The principal characters have different names from those in the saga; and what is of far greater significance, they are vastly different in disposition. However, Michael and Gunnlaug have this much in common that they are both imbued with a strong spirit of adventure. Further, Mary and Helga are alike in that they remain steadfast in their first love.

Perhaps we are not far afield in assuming that, besides the main features referred to above, Masefield retains in "The Daffodil Fields" some of the mood of the saga, in particular its fatalism. The following characterization of the poem by Cecil Biggane is pertinent on that point: "Over this poem, as over the *Widow in the Bye-Street,* hangs an atmosphere of doom that is of the very essence of tragedy. The catastrophe is fore-shadowed from the beginning; 'the dark invisible hand of secret Fate' is over all. The characters are felt to be pawns in the hands of inexorable power."[5]

In conclusion it may be observed that although there is no closer similarity between "The Daffodil Fields" and *Gunnlaugs saga* than has been indicated here, it is no less noteworthy that such a leading literary figure as the late Poet Laureate found in Old Icelandic literature the plot for one of his great poems.

From *Saga og sprok.* Studies in language and literature. Edited by John M. Weinstock.

(*See page 47 for Footnotes*)

SOUNDS OF EVENING

Skapti O. Thorvaldson

We wait and watch the sun go down
Behind a tree, or house, or hill,
We watch as nature seems to still
And shades of night grow golden brown.

The sounds of stillness fill the air
As songs of birds cease for the night,
By twos and threes they leave our sight
Till only beetles drone somewhere.

Then other sounds we seem to hear
To break the quiet of the night,
And as the moon comes into sight
We may hear crickets somehwere near.

We see a shadow passing by
So softly that it can't be heard,
A spectre — or perhaps a bird —
Glides thru the bright star-studded sky.

The sounds of night we almost see,
The peace and quiet almost hear —
Sometimes afar and sometime near,
Like sweet and gentle harmony.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Skapti O. Thorvaldson

We wander in the forest glades
Through pathways lined with stately trees,
While myriads of leaves drift down
In a soft and gentle autumn breeze.

Their arms once clothed in verdant hues,
Now turned to brown, and gold, and red —
Their mantles lie beneath our feet,
A multi-coloured feather bed.

No longer warmed by summers sun
But cool with dew from autumns chill,
They glisten in the morning rays
And then they fall and lie there, still.

By nature's will it's not the end —
'Tis but a pause before rebirth —
Before their lives they can renew
They must return to Mother Earth.

(*continued from page 45*)

FOOTNOTES

[1]See especially Karl Litzenberg, *The Victorians and the Vikings: A bibliographical essay on Anglo-Norse literary relations*, Contributions in Modern Philology, vol. 3 (Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 1947).

[2]*So Long to Learn* (London, 1952), pp. 114-16.

[3](New York, 1920) p. viii.

[4]See William Herbert, *Select Icelandic Poetry*, 2 pts. (London, 18 04-6).

[5]*John Masefield: A study* (Cambridge, 1924), p. 18.

"HAF STJARNAN" AT POINT ROBERTS, WASHINGTON STATE

We were delighted to receive some copies of a new paper from Point Roberts called "The Ocean Star", or "Haf Stjarnan." This was the name of the early literary society of Point Roberts. A great number of the early settlers were Icelandic. Many residents of Stafholt have relatives or friends at "the Point."

—Stafholt News, October 1

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

R. Beck

Again the Blessed Christmas Star
Casts, like a torch, its light,
Wondrously near, from heaven's depths
Shines through the wintry night;
Gathers the past and future years
Into its embrace bright.

LT-COL. A. K. SWAINSON

Lt.-Col. A. K. Swainson was one of the recipients of a degree at the University of Manitoba fall convocation held at the University on October 20, 1976. He received a degree as a Master of Laws.

Lt.-Col. Swainson has been a member of a legal branch of the Canadian Forces since 1956. He has held various posts in Canada and Europe, and is presently the Director of Law/Advisory, Office of the Judge Advocate General, in Ottawa.

This officer was born in Manitoba and obtained his law degree at the University of Manitoba. His parents are Ingolfur and Liney Swainson who live at 471 Home Street, Winnipeg. Lt.-Col. Swainson is married to the former Marion Olson, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Olson. Lt.-Col and Mrs. Swainson have three daughters, Catherine, Nancy and Signe.

✦ ✦ ✦

TED ARNASON APPOINTED TO HERITAGE MANITOBA

The Department of Tourism has recently established a group of prominent men from Manitoba to be on the board of Heritage Manitoba. This unique board meets several times a year to preserve historic buildings and historic sites that havesignificant value in the early history of Manitoba. On the Board with Mr. Arnason are W. Steward Martin, Q.C., Bishop Omer Robideux from Churchill, Nathan Arkin, Barry Buidney, Hon. Justice A. M. Monnin, John Palamarchuk, Arnold Sealy and Wendell Waddell.

—Lake Centre News

Dr. Carolyn M. Matthiasson, Anthropology, has two papers in process: one on Mexican-American role behaviour, coming out in the *Western Canadian Journal of Anthropology;* and the other with Dr. John Matthiasson (University of Manitoba) in the fall issue of the *Canadian Journal of Ethnic Studies* on the recent changes among Inuit from a racial minority to an ethnicly organized minority. She spent the month of July in Iceland doing research on women's participation in the Icelandic political process.

✦ ✦ ✦

Doreen Sigurdson Wins a $500 University of Winnipeg Entrance Scholarship

Thirty-three Manitoba high school students with outstanding academic and extra-curricular records have been awarded University of Winnipeg Alumni Association entrance scholarships valued at $500 each for studies in Arts and Science and Education at the University, tenable for the academic year 1976-1977. One of the 33 scholarship winners is Doreen Sigurdson, graduate of the Gimli Composite High School.

BOOK REVIEW

Je m'en vais à Regina
A voice of French-speaking Manitobans

By Tom Oleson

In his preface to the play, Je m'en vais à Regina, Quebec playwright Jacques Godbout says: "Roger Auger ne devrait pas exister" — Roger Auger should not exist — and there appear to be quite a few people in English Canada who wish — although not in any personal sense — that he did not.

Roger Auger is the author of Je m'en vais à Regina. He is a French-Manitoban and a playwright of some talent. His play was performed last year at Le Cercle Molière and has now been published by the Montreal firm Théâtre Leméac. Leméac also publishes such well-known writers — in the French-speaking world, at least — as Mr. Godbout, Marcel Dubé, Yves Thériault, Michel Tremblay and Gratien Gélinas, which indicates that Mr. Auger is keeping good company and which should do something to establish his credentials.

Je m'en vais à Regina deals with a family in St. Boniface and the loss of the French language and culture among French-Manitobans. It is a touching play, a sad play, well-written and well-crafted. Most importantly though, it deals with the problem that is the source of the emotion surrounding bilingualism today; the fears of French Canadians that they will lose their language and culture.

Mr. Godbout is surprised that Roger Auger exists because "it is quite unexpected, and seemingly impossible, that a good Francophone playwright could originate in a community in Western Canada today."

There are unfortunately, people in English Canada who, although not surprised, wish that Roger Auger did not exist, because they wish that the French language and French culture did not exist in Canada. It has recently become clear that hostility towards bilingualism, although it may originally have been a reaction against the way bilingualism has been implemented, has now become, in some cases, nothing less than hostility towards French itself. Whatever understanding for the goals of bilingualism and sympathy for the concerns of the French Canadians there may have been is fast disappearing, as the gap between the French and English widens and demagogues in both languages play on and cultivate prejudice and emotion.

Prejudice and emotion prevent sympathy, but it is sympathy on the part of the English-speaking majority in Canada for the genuine fears and concerns of French Canadians that is necessary if the two parts of the nation are to be reconciled. It is these fears that prompt the demands — not always reasonable — of the French for linguistic rights, even, sometimes, linguistic privileges. If these are misunderstood, no amount of reform in the way bilingualism is implemented can heal the division.

There can be few greater tragedies that befall a people than to lose their language and their culture, their sense of who they are. Je m'en vais à Regina deals with precisely such a situation: The loss of language and culture and a distinct sense of identity among the French in

Manitoba. The Ducharme family, around whom the plot revolves, are typical: the parents, whose French is larded with English words; a son who has become a fanatic for French rights; a daughter, married to an Anglophone, whose children speak no French and have English names; and the third child, Julie, the central figure of the play, who in the end leaves her family and the French milieu to go to Regina, the symbol of assimilation, to speak English and lose her heritage.

It is this story that speaks so loudly to a Quebecois like Jacques Godbout. In the Ducharmes, he sees the fears of French Canada for its language and culture realized. Roger Auger, he says, comes to writing "at the same moment that French Canadians in the West are disappearing." He arrives, in effect, just in time to record their disappearance. A small island of French in a great sea of English, they have no chance for survival; only in Quebec can French be maintained.

Mr. Auger's play shows that the fears of the French have a genuine basis. It should be played, says Mr. Godbout, in Quebec, as well as Manitoba, to warn the Quebecois about what the future holds for them in Canada.

It can also, however, offer something of value to English Canadians. If they could understand the theme of the play they might be better able to understand the plight of the French Canadian and be more sympathetic. French emotion over bilingualism — and French opposition to bilingualism in Quebec, as expressed by Mr. Godbout — has its roots in fear. English opposition to bilingualism has its roots in misunderstanding. Some of the resentment in English Canada is justified — bilingual policies have often been implemented in a heavy-handed and ill-considered way — but if some of the misunderstanding were removed, then perhaps not only would some of that resentment vanish but also some of the fear on the other side.

But Mr. Godbout's interpretation of the lesson of Je m'en vais à Regina — that only by cutting itself off from English Canada can Quebec survive as a French society — is not the only possible one. Perhaps it is inevitable that the French in Manitoba will be assimilated into the English culture, with only the occasional French surname to identify them among all the other ethnic groups, but it is not necessaryily inevitable. Mr. Godbout says that Roger Auger should not exist, but he does. French may be ailing but it is not yet dead in Manitoba, and in the fact of the existence of Roger Auger — and there are many others like him — can be found hope — hope not only for French Manitobans and the survival of their culture, but hope for all French Canadians that they can survive and flourish within the nation.

—Winnipeg Free Press

BOOK REVIEW

By Perry Nodelman

IN THE GUTTING SHED: by W. D. Valgardson, 71 pp., Winnipeg, Turnstone, $2.95.

In the Gutting Shed is W. D. Valgardson's first book of poems, but there is no sense of apprenticeship about it. The publication of this one small book makes it clear that Mr. Valgardson is an important voice in Canadian letters, and confirms his reputation his earlier collections of short stories have won for him.

These poems are confident and strong. They communicate the atmosphere of the bleak Manitoba landscape as well as anything I have read; and they deserve to be treated with respect. I intend to do just that, particularly because I am fascinated by the attitudes the volume as a whole seems to communicate.

Like many writers in these confusing times of ours, Mr. Valgardson seems to believe that numbness to human experience is a state of grace. Life is confusing to a lot of us, and perhaps never more so than when we confuse our characters with our confusion. To be alive is to experience things, to be able to think about them, and to be unsettled by them. Apparently we cannot be human unless our human consciousness confounds us in perplexity. An obvious way to avoid the perplexity is to avoid being conscious of it.

For Mr. Valgardson, living with other human beings appears to be a complicated activity. Children are annoying, and "there is no hope for it but abstinence." People are afraid of nature, and flee from it; they live where "forests have grown houses" and "relax/Where they don't hear the whine/Of wind on ice ridges." Their proper habitat is "A Missouri town square banging with mechanical rides" and they protect themselves from the dangerous oceans of reality in "rows of townhouses like square ships."

But paradoxically, an escape from the confusing implications of life with other people does not so much allow Mr. Valgardson to find himself as it does to lose himself altogether. He finds his escape away from cities and away from other people, in the silence of natural landscapes, and particularly the landscapes of the Interlake:

I am emperor of a new kingdom.
The ice bows and cries.
My every move is magnified.

But ironically, it is magnified into nothingness, as his consciousness dissipates and he becomes one with "an immovable land," and with the forces of nature itself. In one poem, he speaks of roses, an artificial product of man's meddling with nature, which "fill the air with their thick scent . . . until the mind is bent/To think of nothing else." His response is, "All this, now mine/I would change for one granite rock one jagged pine."

This is not simply a matter of preferring the bleak landscapes of Gimli to the lusher American ones symbolized by the rose. It is a preference for the purification of simplicity. "Here, there are only stones," and with nothing else to confuse him, Mr. Valgardson can feel the peace of the "slow relentless surge"

of things, respond to it and become one with it, and, thankfully, "be undone, by stars and gravity and sun." He does not want so much to be himself as he wants to be nothing very much at all.

It is a curious paradox of much recent writing that praise of nature is inextricably intertwined with condemnation of human living. The obvious, and rather disturbing, conclusion is that being human is not natural, and therefore not important.

But Mr. Valgardson communicates these disturbing ideas in a powerful way. His magnification of natural things causes him to see them as sacramental, and that leads him to create some breathtakingly inventive images, in which simple actions become profoundly meaningful. A lawn mower handle becomes "a broken cross in the falling snow", boys fishing "hold their faith upon a stick."

Sometimes these images become a little silly, as when a man driving a snowmobile "settles behind the wheel of his life," but usually Mr. Valgardson succeeds in unveiling the mysterious quality of simple things and actions, and in getting a reader to see things as he sees them. That I am disturbed by what he sees only confirms that he successfully persuaded me to see them that way.

Published only a few months ago, In the Gutting Shed has already gone into a second printing. I am glad I do not have to recommend this book; obviously the strength of the poetry it contains is its own recommendation. W. D. Valgardson is well on the way to becoming a confident and important voice for the concerns and confusions of all Canadians, and in particular, of all Manitobans.

—Winnipeg Free Press

* * *

JOHN DOUGLAS SIGURDSON RECEIVES MANY AWARDS

At the Grade XII graduation exercises of the Kildonan-East Regional Secondary School in Winnipeg, October 26, John Douglas Sigurdson received the following awards:
River-East Scholarship Award,
University of Manitoba Alumni Medal, Staff Award of the Kildonan East Staff, Chartered Accountants Award.

Previously, in the academic year, he had received the Manitoba Basketball Coaches Association Award and the Chown Scholarship Award.

He was the Valedictorian at the Class Graduation exercises. He is presently enrolled in an Engineering course at the University of Manitoba.

John Douglas is the son of Alvin and Joyce Sigurdson, of Winnipeg.

BOOK REVIEWS

*A HISTORY OF THE OLD ICELANDIC COMMONWEALTH (ISLENDINGA SAGA)** BY Jon Johannesson, translated by Haraldur Bessason. University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 1974: 407 pp., including tables, pictures and map of Iceland, $14. Reviewed by W. Kristjanson.

This is the story of the unique Commonwealth of Iceland in the Middle Ages, portraying the life of the people, high and low, from the beginning of settlement about 870 A.D. to the loss of autonomy in 1262.

The appearance of this 407-page book bespeaks craftsmanship and the contents are up to the expectations thus raised.

There is an account of the discovery and settlement of Iceland, racial origins, an aristocratic-democratic society and government, law and justice, social classes, social-economic conditions, religious conflict, discovery of Greenland and America, contacts abroad (with glimpses of British history), the status and role of women, learning and literature, and, finally, intrigue and feudal strife and the loss of political autonomy.

Settlement

Documentary evidence indicates that Irish hermits lived in Iceland before 800 A.D. They would make their voyages in their skin coracles, the larger ones being made of two or three layers of skin and propelled by sails and oars. Relics of these hermits have been found, including books, bells, and croziers.

An influx of settlers from Norway began about 870 A.D. They were followed by many Norse from Ireland and Scotland, where they had been domiciled, some for several generations. Iceland, its inhabitable coastal regions, was fully settled by 930 A.D.

Racial Origins

The majority of the settlers were Norse, but there was a distinct celtic element. Many of the Norse in Ireland had married Celtic wives and their households included Celtic servants and slaves. The majority of the slaves in Iceland were Celtic and one chieftain, a large landholder, had 80 slaves. No doubt his was an extreme case. Today, the most common blood type in Iceland is the "O" group, indicating Celtic origin. The Norse type is the "A" group.

Althing

The founding of the Old Icelandic Commonwealth in 930 A.D. is considered an event of major significance in the Germanic world. The original settlers were used to regional assemblies of freemen in Norway, but in Iceland this system was developed a stage further. District and regional assemblies were formed and, in 930 A.D., a general assembly for the whole island. A local assembly was called a "thing" and the national assembly, "Althing."

Althing met once a year for a fortnight in June, at Thingvollur (also called Thingvellir), or the Plain of the Thing. Membership consisted of chieftains and freemen farmers (baendur). The chieftains were influential, but at the sessions each chieftain was accompanied by two freemen.

Althing had two distinct functions, a legislative and a judicial function. A comprehensive code of laws was formulated and these were recited at Althing by the Law Speaker once every three years. This code continued to be devel-

oped in reponse to the growing demands of a maturing society. After the introduction of Christianity, in 1000 A.D., a section of church laws was added. For almost two centuries these laws were preserved in memory.

There were originally four courts of justice, one for each Quarter of the land, which met at Althing. A fifth court was added, which served as a sort of court of appeal.

Althing played a very important role. It brought together people separated by great distance, checked the development of an unrestrained spirit of freedom, and gave a broader outlook and a nobler vision.

Icelandic society of the Commonwealth period may be termed aristocratic-democratic. Of the 317 settlers recorded in the Book of Settlements (Landnamabok) 38 were of the highest noble descent. At the same time, the freemen-farmers possessed a strong spirit of independence.

The Introduction of Christianity

Christianity was introduced in Iceland in 1000 A.D. The new faith of the White Christ was forcefully propagated by a militant Norwegian king and zealous foreign missionaries. The old heathen religion had suffered a decline but still had many staunch adherents. Matters came to a head at Althing in 1000 A.D. Although there were many on both sides who desired to preserve the peace, armed conflict and the formation of two states, one heathen and one Christian, was a stark possibility. However, a statesmanlike solution to the crisis was accepted when both sides agreed to abide by the ruling of a single arbitrator, the heathern chief and lawspeaker Thorgeirr. His was a compromise solution: "It will prove that if we divide the law we will also divide the peace." He ruled that Christianity would become the state religion, but heathen rites could be practised in secret.

Advanced Civilization

The Viking name is frequently associated with ancient times in Iceland, but actually only a small number of Icelanders sailed with Norwegian Viking crews. There was an element of brutality and fighting, not uncommon elsewhere in the Middle Ages, but another side of the Icelandic people emerges in our reading. There was a strong sense of law and order, a social conscience, respect for women, devotion to learning and literature, and abounding hospitality.

The End of the Commonwealth

In the first half of the 13th century there was much political strife. The Icelandic (Roman Catholic) Church strove to gain independent power, and there was a keen struggle for power among the chief families. Also, the Norwegian king carried on persistent intrigue for authority in Iceland, an intrigue that kindled and fanned flames. In the end, in 1262, the Icelandic people accepted the king of Norway as their overlord.

Summary Impression

The author of **The History of the Old Icelandic Commonwealth,** Dr. Jon Johannesson, was a professor of medieval history at the University of Iceland. Peter G. Foote, of University College, London, gives the book high praise . . . "an extraordinary range and accuracy of knowledge, and extraordinarily acute questioning mind, and an extraordinary gift of clear exposition." The excellent translation by Haraldur Bessason mirrors these qualities.

—Alumni Journal
University of Manitoba

DR. PHILIP M. PETURSSON TESTIMONIAL DINNER

Dr. Philip M. Petursson, member for Wellington constituency in the Manitoba legislature and former cabinet minister in Premier Ed Schreyer's administration, was honored at a testimonial dinner, hosted by the N.D.P. Wellington constituency association, on December 3, at Luigi Banquet Hall, Winnipeg. Dr. Petursson has announced that he will not contest the next election. Master of ceremonies was Skapti J. Borgford.

Guest speaker was Premier Ed Schreyer. He praised Dr. Petursson's "enviable record of public service". As Minister responsible for Manitoba's 1970 Centennial celebrations, he had represented the Crown with dignity.

Stanley Knowles, M.P. for Winnipeg North Centre and veteran member of the House of Commons, presented to Dr. and Mrs. Petursson a scroll with the names of 250 - 300 people present.

A greeting was read from the President of Iceland, Kristjan Eldjarn, and greetings were conveyed by Councillor Magnus Eliason, from Mayor Stephen Juba, together with a set of engraved cuff-links, and by Trustee Les Slingsby, from the Winnipeg School Board. All paid tributed to Dr. Petursson's public service, as did Andy Robertson, fellow member on the Winnipeg School Board, 1942-51. He referred specifically to the Reavis Report, for which Dr. Petursson is to be given credit, and improvements in hospital services promoted by him. Magnus Eliason spoke of his services as Unitarian Minister to the Unitarian Church in Western Canada and, as president of the Icelandic National League for several years, to the Icelandic people in Canada and the United States.

Skapti Borgford joined others in recognition of Mrs. Petursson — Thorey — in his tribute in verse to the Guest of Honour.

> "By now you can see we think you are great,
> But remember—you didn't do it without the aid of your mate."

Present on this occasion were six members of the Manitoba cabinet and several M.L.A.'s also the President of the National League, Stefan J. Stefanson.

Entertainment was provided by Gus Kristjanson with vocal solos, Icelandic and English, accompanied by Snjolaug Sigurdson on the piano. Magnus Eliason recited a translation of Guttormur J. Guttormsson's poem, "Sandy Bar".

Dr. Petursson has served the community in a wide variety of ways. He has been a member of the Legislature for ten years, having been elected first in 1966. He served as Minister of Cultural Affairs 1969-1971. He served nine years as Trustee with the Winnipeg School Division and six years as a member of the Municipal Hospitals Commission. He is Minister Emeritus of the Unitarian Church in Winnipeg and served the church for 35 years prior to his retirement in 1964.

Dr. and Mrs. Petursson have a son, Philip, a daughter-in-law, Helen, and four grandchildren.

W. Kristjanson

AN AMALGAMATION OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF WINNIPEG AND FRON.

Early this year, the members of the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg and Fron Chapter of the Icelandic Nationa League decided to amalgamate.

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and propose a name for the new organization.

A joint meeting of the two memberships was held in the old well-remembered I.O.G.T. Hall on Sargent and McGee, on November 17.

After some discussion, the choice of a name for the new organization was referred to an ad hoc committee for consideration.

The officers of the new organization are as follows:

President .... Dr. Gestur Kristjansson
1st Vice-President ... Mrs. Iris Torfason
2nd Vice-President .. Mr. Len Vopnfjord
Corresponding Secretary
..... Miss Sigrid Johnson
Recording Secretary
..... Miss Kristin Olson
Finance Committee Chairman
..... Mr. John Johannson

Theodore D. Einarsson, B.Sc. '56, University of Manitoba, is Vice-President in charge of marketing for world wide services, Geophysical Service Incorporated, Dallas, Texas.

AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF THE PEOPLES OF MANITOBA

An "Association for the study of the Peoples of Manitoba" was formed in Winnipeg last May.

The objective of the Association is "discussing ongoing research, circulating new literature, and promoting communication between professional scholars and the interested public." To begin with, six monthly seminars were planned, the speaker to present a half-hour talk, followed by a discussion. The topic for the first meeting, held in September, was "The Ethnic Identity in Winnipeg."

The meetings are held in Lockhart Hall, University of Winnipeg.

The founders of this organization are Dr. John Matthiasson, of the University of Manitoba, and Dr. Carolyn Matthiasson, of the University of Winnipeg.

Carolyn Matthiasson, Anthropology, has two papers in process: one on Mexican-American role behaviour, coming out in the *Western Canadian Journal of Anthropology:* and the other with John Matthiasson (University of Manitoba) in the fall issue of the *Canadian Journal of Ethnic Studies* on the recent changes among Inuit from a racial minority to an ethnicly organized minority. She spent the month of July in Iceland doing research on women's participation in the Icelandic political process.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA FALL CONVOCATION, 1976 GRADUATES

Master of Laws
SWAINSON Arthur, Kristjan LL.B

Bachelor of Science [Honours]
PETERSON Ross August

Bachelor of Commerce [Honours]
STEFANSSON Bjorgvin John Swain B.A.

Bachelor of Arts
GUDMUNDSON, Vernon Bert

Bachelor of Interior Design
MAGNUSSON, Diane Kristin

Bachelor of Education
ARNASON, Donna-Lee
EINARSON, Earl Howard, B.A. (Ottawa; B. Ed. (St. F.X.)
EINARSON, Gary Raymond, B.A.
EINARSON, Roy Alexander, B.A.; B.Ed. (Ott.)
KRISTJANSON, Kathy Ann
MARTINSON, Lezlie Ann, B.A.
STE. ANSON, Shirley Mary Ann, B.A.
THORLEIFSON, Allan Oliver, B.Sc. (Wpg.)

Bachelor of Pedagogy
HALMARSON, Janet Margaret

✦ ✦ ✦

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG GRADUATES, OCTOBER, 1976

Bachelor of Arts [General]
BARDARSON, Dennis Hernit
BJORNSON, Sveinbjorg Magnusina

ACADEMIC AWARDS, UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG
For the 1975-76 Session

Second Year Arts and Science
Board of Regents General Proficiency Scholarship
CRONE, Eric Edward

Entrance Awards, Arts, Science and Education
Entrance Scholarship
AUSTFORD, Jo-Anne Kristine Marie
WATSON, James T.

Robert Bruce Scholarship
THORLAKSON, Kenneth Einar

Entrance Scholarship
SIGURDSON, Doreen Hazel

Bursaries
Cragg Bursary
THORLEIFSON, Leonard Harvey

Deans Honour List, Fourth Year
CHRISTIANSON, Keith Eldon

CHRIS ODDLEIFSON WEARS "C" FOR CANUCKS

Chris Oddleifson, of Winnipeg, is the new captain of Vancouver Canucks hockey team. He was appointed to wear the "C" by General Manager-Coach, Phil Maloney to succed Andre Boudrais, who is no longer with the team. "Chris is respected and accepted by his teammates. He is an articulate young Man," says Maloney.

"With our team," says Chris, "we all realize we can't depend on any one player for leadership. I'm proud to be the team captain but, with us, leadership has to come from a lot of players, and we all know that."

He wears his "C" modestly.

He has a five-year contract with the Canucks.

Chris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Oddleifson, of Cordova Street, Winnipeg.

Ernest Stefanson, President of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba. Mr. Stefanson is proprietor of the Viking Pharmacy at Gimli, Manitoba.

ISLENDINGADAGURINN

THE ICELANDIC FESIVAL OF MANITOBA

Officers — 1977

Ernest Stefanson ..... President
Terry Tergesen ..... Vice-President
Maurice C. Eyolfson .... Vice-President
Thorey Cherney ..... Secretary
Harald Goodmanson ..... Treasurer
Ted K. Arnason ..... Past President

Honorary Members

John J. Arnason Eric Stefanson
Helgi Johnson

Board of Directors

Ted K. Arnason Gord Peterson
B. Valdimar Arnason Ernest Stefanson
John J. Arnason Maurice C. Eyolfson
Harald Goodmanson Terry Tergesen

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF B.C. NOTES

The Executive of the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C. for 1976-77 is as follows:

President . . . . . Bob Asgeirson
Vice-President . . . . . Laura Brandon
Secretary . . . . . Linda Asgeirson
Treasurer . . . . . Nina Jobin
Membership . . . . . Alda Steele
Assist. Membership Elizabeth Brandson
Publicity . . . . . Gustav Tryggvason

The Club membership, including 330 who have paid their dues and Life Members and Honourary members, is 350.

With an eight month financial drive, the club has paid off a $2,000 loan.

The Club is holding a Christman Party on Sunday, December 19, in the Markole Community Centre. The program includes "games for the Kiddeis, Carol Singing, Santa Claus, and Refreshments."

✦ ✦ ✦

Hannes Hallgrimson, B.S.A.. '51 University of Manitoba, invites all who may be travelling through Culbertson Montana, to stop at his Standard Oil Station on U.S. No. 2.

JUDY CONQUERGOOD, GRADUATE NURSE

Miss Judy Conquergood, whose parents reside in Neepawa, Manitoba, received her Bachelor of Nurses degree at the Spring Convocation of McGill University, on May 27. She has joined the staff of the Misericordia Hospital, in Winnipeg.

Judy is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Kolskeggur Thorsteinson of Winnipeg.

Kolskeggur (Cully) Thorsteinson served in World War I. He enlisted on August 4, 1914, and served on the Western and Murmansk, Russia, fronts. He was wounded twice.

✦ ✦ ✦

Kris Breckman, of Winnipeg, a member of the Manitoba Teachers' Society's professional development staff, is actively concerned in the field of curriculum development for Manitoba schools. He stresses that teachers should receive adequate time and support to engage in local curriculum development projects.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ross Maddin, B.Comm. '65, University of Manitoba, is head fabric buyer for the Bay and is located in Montreal.

Index to Advertisers