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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

DR. WILHELM KRISTJANSON

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WILHELM KRISTJANSON

December 28, 1896 — March 30, 1979

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE — Rev. Philip M. Petursson, D.D.

As friends and loved ones came together on a late winter's day to pay tribute to the life and memory of Wilhelm Kristjanson, a dearly beloved and highly esteemed friend, memories rose in the minds of all, from the days long past.

Each one had his own memories, both from earlier as from later times, and all would have agreed that a poem once dedicated to another and read by the side of another coffin would have been more than equally suited, to this occasion as we gathered by the coffin of our friend, ''Will'' Kristjanson. In this poem entitled ''An Epitaph'' it was said:

Here lies a truly honest man!
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither church nor king;
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any;
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o'er again;
His inner sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear;
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness nor the length;
Peace which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end;
When age and death called for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for!
Death tore not, then, but without strife,
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains, friend, but that thou
Write these lines upon thy brow,
And by his fair example's light
Burn in thy imitation bright?
His better epitaph shall be
His life, still kept alive in thee!

Richard Crashaw.

My earliest recollections of ''Will'' date back to the fall of 1914 when he had come to Winnipeg from Lundar. While in Winnipeg he took a class in the Sunday School of the Unitarian Church on the corner of Sargent Avenue and Sherbrook Street. In later years I suggested to him that it was his early influence on me that led me into the ministry, inasmuch as I had been a member of his class.

However, his objective was in a different direction, beginning with studies at the Jon Bjarnason Academy and continuing later at the Wesley College. Later he was awarded an I.O.D.E. scholarship and studied at Oxford. On his return home in the fall of 1926, he registered at the University of Chicago in the Faculty of Education.

It was in Chicago that I met ''Will'' again after a lapse of several years. I was studying for the Unitarian ministry. ''Will'' was registered in the Faculty of Education at the University of Chicago. My wife and I were delighted at the opportunity of inviting him to our quarters for Christmas dinner. It was our first Christmas away from home, and meeting ''Will'' there and having him as a guest was almost like being at home again.

''Will'' graduated from the Faculty of Education the following spring and he returned to Winnipeg to take up again his career in the field of education which spanned the years from that time until 1969.

During his earlier as well as his later years ''Will'' was deeply involved in athletics, particularly in track and field events in which he excelled. He set a record for the mile in 1920, and in 1923 he won the individual track and field championship. His

interest in athletics never waned. Even into his closing years he continued a daily regimen of walking in order, as he said, "to keep in shape." Every one of Will's friends — and they were many — has recollections of his manifold activities and interests, whether during the years of his involvement in the Department of Education, or in his leisure hours which he devoted to the editing and publishing of such periodicals as the **Icelandic Canadian** besides writing many articles of interest and worth. Through the pages of the **Icelandic Canadian** much has been preserved of the story of the early Icelandic settlements in Canada and the United States that might otherwise have been lost. The names of men and women have been preserved, where otherwise they might have been lost and forgotten as the dust of the years settled over their memory.

From the days of his early youth "Will" was an ardent Canadian patriot. He loved the land in which he was born and grew up. Thus it was that he considered it to be his duty as a good Canadian citizen, both at the time of the outbreak of the First World War and also at the outbreak of the Second World War, to offer his services to the armed forces. During the First War he was wounded during the Vimy Ridge engagement. On his recovery he joined the R.A.F. as a cadet. Later he became a Training Officer and continued, after the war as a Reserve Adjutant.

The imprint of his military training followed him even into old age. He bore himself like a military man, straight and stalwart all his years. But his greatest contributions were in the literary field and in his activities with such varied organizations as The Manitoba Historical Society; The National Club, a small group of men with common interests; the Royal Canadian Legion; the Icelandic Festival; the Icelandic Canadian; the Icelandic National League; the Y.M.C.A.; the Manitoba Government Employees Association; the School Masters' Club; the Retired Government Employees' Association; the 44th Battalion Association; The Fort Osborne Masonic Lodge, No. 144; and the Unitarian Church, of which he was a life-long member. Anyone who had association with Wilhelm Kristjanson in any or all of these activities will readily attest to his loyalty, his dedication, his consecration to every cause to which he gave of his time and effort. His friends and associates will attest to his oneness of mind, — his purposeful concern with everything to which he gave himself, and his unswerving loyalty to every cause that he chose to support. But now he is gone and his friends and loved ones suffer a grievous loss, and all pay tribute to his memory.

There are none who live who do not suffer loss. In his day Will experienced what it means to lose loved ones. His first wife, the mother of his children, — Verda Treble Kristjanson died in 1948. Prior to that loss his father Magnus Kristjanson died in 1944. More recently his mother, Margret, at a great old age, died in 1968. At a much earlier date his sister Lara, died in 1925 and his brother Daniel in 1930. Surviving him is his wife, Jona, whom he married in 1950. She is confined to the hospital, suffering a difficult illness. He is also survived by his daughters, Evelyn, Mrs. Downey, of Winnipeg, and Dorothy, Mrs. Purchase of Toronto, and his son, Dr. Ronald Kristjanson. Besides these he is survived by his step-son, Dr. John Matthiasson, and a step daughter, Mary, Mrs. Crosby Rampton of Chilliwack, B.C. In addition to these, there are fourteen grandchildren who were all dear to their grandfather's heart, as he was to them. There is also his sister Fjola Johnson of Winnipeg, and an aunt, Mrs. Salome Johnson of Vancouver, who survive him, and remember him in love.

In recognition of his untiring efforts in many directions, his literary works, his scholarship, his contribution to knowledge, his spirit of dedication, the University of Winnipeg, — his Alma Mater — conferred an Honorary Doctorate of Laws on him in 1972.

Remembering how "Will" made the utmost use of every moment, — every hour, — every day, — it seems fitting that these words of tribute to his memory should close with a small poem from the Sanskrit which recognizes how valuable Time is as it goes quickly by. It is titled an "Invocation of the Dawn."

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INVOCATION OF THE DAWN

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities,
All the realities of existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is already a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived,
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!

Kalidasa

Appended to these words of tribute is the following brief statement in honour of the memory of Wilhelm Kristjanson, written as a last farewell by an associate and friend with whom he had worked in the production of **The Icelandic Canadian.** His passing will be a great loss, but his memory will live in the minds and hearts of those to whom he was best known as Editor-in-Chief of a publication that has been held in high esteem.

THE LAST FAREWELL

Will Kristjanson is gone from us. His physical presence is here no more, but the memory lingers, and will be with us for many years to come. A full life of dedication to his high ideals is ended, but the memory of his notable contributions to the community will endure throughout the passing years.

Needless to say, his devoted wife and family are the major losers. To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Losers too are his many friends and associates.

The **Icelandic Canadian** is deprived of its editor-in-chief. For years he struggled — sometimes against odds — to maintain a high standard of journalism. His success in doing so is an enduring memorial to his name.

We cannot help but feel that Mark Anthony's tribute to Brutus dead applies aptly to the departed gentleman:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World: This was a
man."

Farewell, gentle scholar. Wherever your questing spirit now dwells, we know that you are performing the tasks that fates have wished upon you with the same serious purpose, the same steadfastness, the same modesty and absence of display that you exhibited on earth, and that the only reward you want is the satisfaction of a job well done. You must have been conscious of that reward during your last days on earth. Farwell, and again farewell!

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TO W.K.

A gentleman and a scholar,
A good man through and through,
Stood head and shoulders taller
Than any man we knew.
Stood like a rock of ages
On guard as soldiers do,
The guardian of these pages,
The editor to you.

Historian and a teacher,
A man of Oxford mold.
A prince but not a preacher,
As Vikings were of old.
A gentleman and a scholar,
Could not be bought or sold.
Gave more for every dollar
Than all his weight in gold.

Gus Sigurdson

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE EDITORSHIP

The writer is endeavoring to step into the esteemed shoes of Dr. Kristjanson. In so doing he wishes to acknowledge with appreciation the assistance given him by the members of the Magazine Board. Their dedication to the objectives of the magazine is essential to the continuation of the journalistic excellence which the late editor-in-chief maintained throughout the years.

TÓ ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED

The foregoing is the title of an article written by Paul Sigurdson in the winter issue 1978 of the **Icelandic Canadian.** It was written for the purpose of soliciting financial support for our magazine. Due to the escalating cost of printing and mailing the magazine, we had realized that our financial position was not sound.

The following are excerpts from Mr. Sigurdson's article:

"Here is where you come in, be you a full-blooded Icelandic, one-half, one quarter, one eighth, or less. No matter — you are claimed herewith. We need your support. We are undertaking a drive for new subscribers, and we hope you'll be one of them. The **Icelandic Canadian** is a quarterly magazine, a neat 6½ x 8 booklet of about 48 pages. It contains articles of general interest, mainly on Icelandic subjects. It contains short stories, poetry, news, etc. It is a constant reminder of the richness of Icelandic culture.

"We live in a lonely world. We live in times of stress and alienation. As we learn more about ourselves and our roots we can rediscover those values of the past which have lifted man's spirit and have given him self-pride.

"Take a look at our heritage. Subscribe to the **Icelandic Canadian** now. We have only about 1,000 subscribers. We need an additional 200. Please accept this offer. Please help keep our Icelandic heritage. We need your help. We know you won't let us down."

The response has been gratifying. We have approximately 80 new subscribers. The Canada Iceland Foundation had given us a grant of $500 for this year. The Gimli Chapter of the Icelandic National League has donated $50 in memory of Will Kristjanson. To the foregoing people and organizations the Magazine Board expresses its appreciation.

Nevertheless, it is imperative that we explore ways and means of establishing a firmer financial basis for the continued publication of our magazine.

THE VIKING INFLUENCE LINGERS ON IN YORKSHIRE

By G. Kristjanson

Not much more than a long stone's throw from the lofty edifice of York Minster Cathedral is a large excavation which will some day become the site of an office tower to cater to the needs of the citizens of this historic old city of York. This will not occur, however, before archaeologists have sifted carefully through the earth here to a depth of about thirty feet. For this is also the site of Britain's most important discovery of the Viking settlement ever to come to light in this country.

As I stood on the brink of the excavation on a cold February afternoon not long ago, I thought of the Scandinavian adventurers who came to these shores, as to many other shores in days gone by. This was the site of the Viking city of Jorvik (the name was later shortened to York), in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, one of the most important trading centres in western Europe. In 866 a Viking army captured the city, and in 876, when a part of the army decided to settle down as farmers, they came back to Northumbria and made York their capital. This is the same year, incidentally, that we associate with the beginning of the settlement in Iceland. A succession of independent kings — of both Danish and Norse descent — ruled in this kingdom of York between 876 and 954. The founder of the kingdom was named Halfdan. The last ruler was the exiled Norwegian prince, Eric Bloodaxe, who was expelled by the Anglo-Saxon king, Eadred.

To quote some of the literature available to tourists when they visit the site of the excavation: ''In Viking Jorvik was a really constructive side to the settlement which is far removed from the usual reputation that these people had for being invaders, robbers and heathens. For example, the existing coinage was taken over and extended in use, quantity, and quality. Trade with Dublin, Scandinavia, the continent and beyond, was developed, encouraged by the establishment of a merchant population, attested by archaeological finds of worked iron utensils (pins, brooches, buckles), glass (beads) amberware, leather goods (shoes, laces, belts, bags), antler bone items (combs, knife handles, pins, needles), cloth garments, wooden vessels and pottery.''

The reason, incidentally, that even organic artifacts have been so well preserved lies in the fact that the site is hard by the confluence of the Foss and Ouse rivers. Frequent flooding has kept the soil in a waterlogged condition. As a result they have found even the remains of wooden buildings. The sodden oak beams have been dated back to the Viking period and are the first such intact remains of Norse buildings unearthed in Europe. As one looks down into the excavation, one is able to see portions of walls and other construction reflecting not only Viking occupation but the later period of Norman and medieval life as well. These are in the higher layers of exposed earth. The site is located in an area called Coppergate. Many streets in central York have names ending in 'gate'. We know, of course, that the Old Norse word for street is 'gata'.

Settlement at York goes back to prehistoric times. The Romans built a fortress here — they called it Eboracum — in 71 A.D., and it soon became a vital centre for them and their headquarters for all of northern Britain. There was an archbishop here as early as 625 (the very early years of Christianity in the country). At that time a small wooden building served as the original minster. The present cathedral was started in the thirteenth century and completed in 1472. It is the largest Gothic cathedral in England, ornate in design and imposing in style. I found it to be most impressive. The stained glass windows alone make it a sight worth seeing. The section of the city in which York Minster is located is surrounded by the old city walls, still standing from Roman days. I would like to have walked along the top of the wall — this is normally permitted — but some repair work was in progress and barriers had been put up that prevented this. Perhaps it was just as well. The chill wind blowing across the plain from the North Sea would have made it anything but a comfortable experience.

My host for the day (a headmaster in a school in the town of Wetherby, roughly half way between York and Leeds) drove me through the Yorkshire countryside, attractive and varied despite the blanket of snow that covered it at the time. We stopped by a pylon that marks the spot where the battle of Marston Moor was fought — just a few miles to the west of York. Here the Royalist forces under Prince Rupert were routed by Oliver Cromwell and the Roundheads, marking a turning point in the Civil War.

The area abounds in historic sites, a few miles to the east is Stamford Bridge. At this spot in 1066 the army of King Harold of England defeated his brother, Tostig, and King Harald Hardraada (Haraldr Hardradi) of Norway, both of whom were killed in the battle. It turned out to be a hollow victory, since immediately afterwards news reached York of the landing of William the Conqueror on the south coast of England. King Harold was forced to make a hasty march to meet him, only to lose his crown and his life at the battle of Hastings.

The Danish and Norse who settled to become farmers in what is now Yorkshire mingled and intermarried freely with the English and their influence has continued, notably in such things as place names ending in -by, -thorpe, and -holm are quite common. When the Vikings set up their kingdom in the ninth century, they divided it into thirds or 'Thriddings'. This is the basis of the word Riding. Yorkshire has been divided into the East, West, and North Ridings and they have strong historic associations, although recent re-organization of the counties in England may soon make them obsolete. Scandinavian influence persists in other place names. The east coast seaport and resort town of Scarborough was founded in 966 by the Dane, Thorgils Skarthi (hare-lipped), and takes its name from the founder. Even Leeds, the booming industrial metropolis of West Yorkshire, has its 'Scandinavian connection'. There is a public house there called the original Oak Inn. Tradition maintains that it stands in the place of assembly of the Danish freemen who would meet in this area a thousand years ago.

Most of my stay in Yorkshire has been spent in Leeds. I took the opportunity one weekend to pay a visit to the village of Haworth, near the Lancashire border, to see the old Bronte parsonage there. It is now maintained as a museum devoted to mementoes of the famous sisters who wrote such novels as 'Jane Ayre' and 'Wuthering Heights'. It is a striking spot, very old and very English, very much dominated by the moors that lie on all sides.

On the day I visited York my host and his wife took me to their home where I was regaled with good conversation, good music (he plays the piano), and a sumptuous dinner of roast lamb. It was Yorkshire hospitality in truth, and why should we wonder about that? There are not only plenty of sheep in Yorkshire, but a goodly measure of Scandinavian blood coursing through the veins of the people there as well.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON: THE LAST VIKING

The year 1879 was one of importance in the annals of arctic exploration. The first International polar Conference was held in Hamburg, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka completed an extended sled trip across arctic tundra and ice, and in the small community of Arnes in what was then New Iceland, a child was born on Nov. 3 who was to become known in his future life and very likely for posterity as the "Ambassador of the North." Vilhjalmur Stefansson probably did more to publicize the presence of people of Icelandic descent in North America than anyone else. He did so by his monumental achievements in arctic exploration and scientific studies during a long life which he himself characterized in his autobiography as one of discovery. He made the world aware of the richness and great potential of that vast geographical region of the world surrounding the North Pole which, in the title of another of his numerous books he called "The Friendly Arctic." His life was one of achievement and controversy. It was indeed a life of discovery. His death on August 26, 1962, just after the completion of his autobiography, marked as well the end of an era. Stefansson was the last in a line of courageous explorers and scientists who opened up, for the world to examine, the last frontier.

Icelanders in Canada and the United States both claim Stefansson as one of their own, as they vicariously identify with his accomplishments, and both are right to do so. Born in New Iceland, he and his family moved to North Dakota, then Dakota Territory, while he was still a child. Damaging floods and the loss of two children prompted the move to a homestead two miles from Mountain, where Stefansson's formative years were spent. It is interesting to note that in his autobiography he claims that the first event which he could recall vividly from his childhood was an eclipse which occurred while he was recovering from a bout of measles. This, the year of the centenary of his birth, was also the date of the last total eclipse of the sun for this century, most dramatically viewed in the inter-lake area of Manitoba surrounding his birthplace of Arnes.

Like many children of Icelandic immigrant parents of that period, Stefansson learned to read from an itinerant teacher. Soon he was devouring any and all books he could lay his young hands on. A youth of considerable self confidence, he early decided that whatever career he chose as an avenue in life, he would strive to be the best at it. When he enrolled at the University of North Dakota he initially aspired to become a great poet, probably inspired by the importance which poetry held in the Icelandic communities in which he had grown up. After reading the poems of published poets of his own age he decided that he would never be 'a great' poet, and so turned his interest to biology, and then, fatefully for the future of northern exploration, to anthropology.

Stefansson never completed his studies at the University of North Dakota. Active in student affairs, both politically and socially, he in time came to be regarded as a fomentor of student unrest by the administration, and was expelled. Never one to accept adversity meekly, he quickly looked about for another university, and selected the University of Iowa. After his admission, he took a series of "make-up" examinations which allowed him to pick up the threads of his formal education where he had left them at North Dakota, and soon graduated, three days before his former classmates in Grand Forks.

During his undergraduate years he had

decided on a career in anthropology, but had also become deeply involved in Unitarianism. He wanted to go on to graduate studies in anthropolgy, but funding was unavailable. However, the American Unitarian Association was actively looking for new recruits for its ministry, and they awarded him a fellowship to study theology at the Harvard Divinity School. He accepted with the proviso that he be permitted to concentrate on folklore, a branch of anthropology of that time which he argued was actually the study of religion. Modern anthropologists who view myth as a form of symbolic representation of deep-seated societal beliefs would agree with him. Fortunately, so did the members of the community which awarded the fellowship.

During his years at Harvard Stefansson made his first anthropological field trip when in the summer of 1903 he visited Iceland to examine folk medical beliefs and patterns of nutrition. (It should be mentioned that although nutritional studies are commonplace in modern anthropology, the young Stefansson was in this, as in so many other matters, well ahead of his time.) His interest in Iceland and his own heritage continued throughout his life, and at Harvard he was soon recognized as the resident expert on northern peoples. After transferring to Harvard's Peabody Museum, where the Department of Anthropology was housed, he set his sights on becoming an Africanist. The field of African studies lost a potentially major member and field worker when the University of Chicago offered Stefansson the position of anthropologist on the Anglo-American Polar Expedition. It was too good an opportunity to turn down. His decision to accept it changed the course of arctic exploration, and in 1906, after travelling by boat up the Athabaska River to the Mackenzie, the man who was to become known as the ambassador of the north first entered the North American arctic. His life of discovery had begun.

It is difficult in a few pages to summarize Stefansson's exploits during his time in the arctic. However, two items stand out. He demonstrated, because of fortuitous events on his first major expedition, that the best way to survive in the arctic is by following the example of the native people. He learned to "live off the land." It is very likely that several earlier expeditions would not have met with disaster if the members had done the same. Later he and an assistant showed under controlled medical supervision that a diet of meat, if the entire animal is eaten, can sustain human life. I have lived with the Inuit myself, and returned forty pounds lighter but also probably healthier than I had ever been. By his example Stefansson demonstrated that the arctic is not the forbidding environment that had been portrayed, and that leads me to the second major conclusion about his life. He saw tremendous potential in the arctic, and by doing so he wrote in prophetic terms. I can recall as recently as fifteen years ago talking with arctic scholars who regarded him as only a visionary whose dreams would never be realized. Since then huge amounts of oil have been discovered, nickel and zinc have been mined, and what was considered the last frontier has become the new frontier.

Writing as an anthropologist, I doubt very much that Stefansson discovered the "Blond Eskimos," whom he thought represented a migration of people of Icelandic descent from Greenland to the area of Victoria Island. Like every visionary, some of his visions had little place in reality. His ideas on the topic embroiled him in controversy which unfortunately detracted from the importance of his real contributions. He had a keen interest in his own Icelandic background, and a curiosity about the fate of the Greenland settlement. In this instance his interest led him astray. It should in no

way take away from his valid contributions to our understanding and knowledge of, until his writings, a most misunderstood region of the world. It took a man of his stature to open to us, by his own experiences, that region.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson loved Iceland. He was a living image of Laxness's "independent people." I recently learned that early in his career he translated Icelandic poetry into English. He was critized for these translations, and that seems to have been a mark of his life. Always controversial, but also a man who helped us all to understand the last to be explored part of this planet which we share in common. To me, he was the last representative of the Viking tradition among Icelanders, a people who have always sought to be independent and explorative. I hope that he isn't the last, and that the chauvinism which pushed our ancestors to try to make a living on that small island in the Atlantic will continue to motivate us. On this, the year of the centennial of his birth, we can be proud that Vilhjalmur Stefansson was one of us. His memory should press our young on to make new discoveries.

by John S. Matthiasson
Department of Anthropology
University of Manitoba

SANDY BAR

By Guttormur J. Guttormsson
Translated by Gus Sigurdson

It was late one summer evening
Murky skies, with fire cleaving
Clouds to burst — the water heaving
In my foot prints near and far,
In lee of aspen trees I slowly
Walked, until I saw the lowly
Mounds, that now are faintest landmarks
Made by men at Sandy Bar —
Campsites of the long departed
Pioneers of Sandy Bar.

Nameless heroes here are hidden,
To their watery graves were bidden.
By a flood the land was smitten
From the northern winds afar.
On the wicked waters gleaming
Shades of death filled all their dreaming.
'Twas as if this winged angel,
Hovered over Sandy Bar.
Shadow-black, his falcon feathers
Falling over Sandy Bar.

Hardy men, when health is ailing —
Premonitions fill their failing
Hands, to hinder all their sailing,
If they do not feel at par
With their souls, to make the mission,
Crossing o'er the Great Division. —
As on pointed needles were they,
Nervous men at Sandy Bar —
As on needles of the fearful,
All the men at Sandy Bar.

All their troubles now besought me,
Aspen hills and valleys taught me,
Each their end of road, befrought me. —
Death had waited near and far.
As each lightning flash uplighted,
Many a burial mound I sighted.
Pioneer man and pioneer lady
Lost their lives at Sandy Bar —
People life had not allotted
Hopes to live, at Sandy Bar.

Homesteaders who came here early,
Settled here, to battle burly
Obstacles, that few men surely
Can survive without a scar.
Many died, but left this token
Pledged by will, though never spoken:
Mainroads of our destinations
Mark we out from Sandy Bar —
Roads to victory and valor,
Charted out from Sandy Bar.

I was like a swan in sorrow,
Felt as if I had to borrow
Rain for tears to face the morrow—
Heavens weeping near and far.
Anger slashed the grove in flashes,
Tops of trees came down with crashes,
As by wishes of the buried
Clearing land at Sandy Bar —
Clearing ways to life and honour
The pioneers at Sandy Bar.

The wishes of the dead, inspire
In their fellowmen a fire,
To be worthy and aspire
To whatever goals there are.
Hopes and yearnings of the dying
Cause the living, urge for trying,
By anyone at all connected
With settlements at Sandy Bar.
Hero trails blazed out before them
By the dead at Sandy Bar.

Here the work was partly started
By these heroes, now departed.
Grasses grew though frozen hearted
Grew in clusters near and far.
Every blade with soul and sinew
Helped by human hands, continue.
I find green the grass, once blighted,
Still grows here at Sandy Bar,
Now contented highly scented
All around at Sandy Bar.

I felt warm in all my being,
And my inner man was seeing,
Will-o-wispen lights, out-fleeing
From each grave, to fall afar.
All their gold was buried with them —
Sturdy muscles — strength bequeath them
This their all, that never never
Overpowered Sandy Bar,
All that does not live forever
Buried deep in Sandy Bar.

Clearing up, the heavens hover,
Hanging starry-bright all over.
Comes the southern breeze, the rover,
Guided northward star by star,
Chasing lightning-flash and thunder,
Far towards horizons yonder.
Starlit bright the clear blue heavens,
Hover over Sandy Bar —
Heaven, homestead of the settlers,
Shining over Sandy Bar.

In the poet's true endeavour —
In his shades of meaning, many,
Filtered into thoughts that are
On the wings of inspiration —
We must translate on a par.

I have tried, but fear my failing
Hands are limited to sailing
Another's craft, my own prevailing,
Though but little, sails afar.
Others sailed his ship, and stranded,
Awkwardly in port they landed.
None have made the shore in safety
Through the obstacles there are.
Nor have I, in truth, I grant you,
Conquered all of Sandy Bar.

—Reprinted by permission from
The Canadian in Me, the complete Verse of Gus Sigurdson.

* * *

✦ ✦ ✦

Translator's Note:

Need we, friends, an explanation
To another new translation
Of a tale that thrills a nation,
In the poem Sandy Bar?
No, but it shall live forever

Some poems are such that they arouse instantaneous sympathetic response. One of them is Guttormsson's classic **Sandy Bar.** A recognition of its enduring appeal is the fact that several translations of it have been published throughout the passing years. We thank Gus Sigurdson for permitting us to publish his translation.

THE HULDA-FOLK OF WHITE ROCK, B.C.

By Kristiana Magnusson

If, on a summer's night when the moon is full, you should by chance, hear the faint sound of singing coming from the big white rock on the beach, listen carefully. The little ''huldu-folk'', or hidden people, who inhabit this great rock, are having a summer revelry.

Many hundreds of years ago, the ''huldu-folk'', or hidden people, inhabited a large grey rock in the mountains of Iceland. Here they danced and played at night. However, sometimes the women trolls, who were called ''grylas'' also lived up in the mountains. They could come out and terrify the little ''huldu-folk'', who greatly feared these trolls.

Finally they decided to hold a big Council Meeting to decide what should be done about the wicked troll women, who were so strong and cruel.

''We cannot fight the trolls,'' said Lopi their leader. ''What can we do?''

''Let us call on Thor, the mighty God of thunder,'' answered Kol.

''He will help us, I am sure,'' added another.

Lopi and Kol, the two wisest of the ''huldu-folk'', were sent up one night to meet Thor, who lived in a castle at the top of the mountain.

''Oh mighty Thor,'' Lopi asked as he looked up at the great God Thor, standing there so tall and powerful. ''How can we fight the trolls who come around at night to bother us?''

Thor lifted his hammer up and a roar of thunder split the air. Setting his hammer down he said,

''In my travels over the heavens and Earth, I have seen a great country where the western sun lies. There, in the farthest southwest corner of this immense land, is a beautiful place. There the sun-kissed beaches stretch for miles along the golden sands; there the waves lap softly against those distant shores; there, beyond the hills, the white-capped mountains reach up to the heavens; there you will find no ''grylas'' to disturb your joyful dance. I shall take you there if you wish.''

''But,'' added Thor solemnly, ''first . . . first you must make me a promise.''

''What is that promise, O mighty Thor?'', asked Lopi.

''You must promise,'' answered Thor as he looked at both Lopi and Kol, ''you must promise that you will always wash and keep this rock white. Guard it well. It is a messenger of good-will from this country of ours.''

Lopi and Kol agreed to this.

Thor added, ''When next the darkness closes in with a great roar of thunder, I will take you all across the western sea.'' With that he turned and walked quickly back to his mountain castle.

Lopi and Kol hurried back to tell this wonderful news to their people. They all prepared for a long journey. At last, one dark night, as the thunder roared across the land, the mighty grey stone was lifted up . . . up . . . up, on Thor's hammer. As the heavens shook with the thunder they were taken over a vast sea, then across a great spread of land. With a stupendous final clap, the stone was set down along the shores of another sea.

How beautiful everything looked when the morning sun broke through! The glowing rays danced and shimmered on the waters, while the waves gently lapped the golden sands.

''We must keep our promise to Thor,'' Lopi said. ''When the full moon shines

next, we will clean this great rock, and keep it forever white.''

True to their word, when the next full moon shone, the ''huldu-folk'' came out of the rock. They scrubbed and scraped it with sand until it shone white and gleaming in the moonlight.

''We shall call our new home ''WHITE ROCK'', said Lopi, as the ''huldu-folk'' danced around their new home.

So, if on a summer's evening, when the moon is full, you should hear strange sounds coming from the white rock, remember it is the ''huldu-folk'' singing as they keep their promise to the mighty God Thor.

If, on a Christmas night, you should perchance see dancing figures, decked out in velvet clothes adorned with precious jewels, it is the ''huldu-folk'' of White Rock, celebrating their Christmas festivities.

If on a New Year's Eve, you should see a beautiful woman, dressed in blue satin, riding a white horse, she is the ''huldu-folk'' queen, riding out to cast her magic spell over the city of White Rock.

A FINE KETTLE OF FISH

by J. Ragnar Johnson, Q.C.

On March 7th, 1979 there was delivered to a sizeable audience at the University of Toronto, a lecture by Dr. Gunnar Schram, Dean of the Law School in Reykjavik.

The speaker who is tall and handsome with a winning smile was introduced by Dr. Anne White, a director of the undergraduate programme in environmental studies at Innis College and an Associate of the Institute for Environmental Studies, a research and graduate teaching centre. She explained that the Institute and Innis College were jointly sponsoring this lecture under the auspices of the Bissell Distinguished Lecturers Programme.

She said that Dr. Schram was a leading world authority on the law of the Sea, that he was born in Iceland and lives there, one of the greatest fishing nations of the world. Following graduation from the University in Iceland he pursued his legal studies at Heidelburg in Germany and then was awarded a Doctorate by Cambridge in England. His doctoral thesis examined the ''Conservation of High Seas Fisheries as a Problem in International Law.'' Besides being dean of law at the University of Iceland he is national advisor to the United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea, Chairman of the Icelandic Environment Protection Committee, and has been a legal advisor to the United Nations and to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Iceland. He also has been and is the Deputy Permanent Representative for Iceland at the United Nations and has enjoyed distinction as a journalist.

Following the introduction by Dr. Anne Whyte, Gunnar Schram delivered his lecture in excellent English, interspersed with humorous references, stating that in any Icelandic group the chief topics of conversation used to be the weather, poetry and fishing. Nowadays on similar occasions, the topics are still three, namely fishing, the weather and fishing.

The speaker observed that oceans cover about 75% of the earth's surface and Iceland was the first country in Europe to claim a 200 mile fishing zone. This was in late 1975 and by the beginning of 1977 Canada and the United States had played major roles in shaping international opinion. The result of this was that the United States gained a new jurisdiction over more than 2 million square miles of sea area and Canada's jurisdiction increased by 1.3 million square miles. While these are extensive increases the speaker observed that it should be remembered that while certain coastal states have a de factor 200 mile zone there is still no consensus on the effect of coastal state competence within such zone and Dr. Schram pointed out that it is precisely the issue now being vigorously debated in the Law of the Sea Conference.

The first steps to extend the coastal state jurisdiction beyond the traditional 3 mile sea were precipitated in 1945 by the late president Truman's ''Presidential Proclamation with respect to Coastal Fisheries in Certain Areas of the High Seas.'' The Truman Fisheries Proclamation did not constitute a claim to extend United States jurisdiction into the ocean, but rather to express as a policy of the United States the desirability of establishing international conservation zones to protect areas under heavy fishing effort.

The Truman Proclamation was soon followed by a variety of Latin American 200 mile claims. In El Salvador a 200 mile territorial sea was made a part of its constitution. Argentine and Mexico had the concept of a 200 mile ''epicontinental sea'' that included both the continental shelf and the

superjacent waters. Chile, Ecuador and Peru made similar claims to a 200 mile "maritime zone." These various claims over all natural resources within the specified zones were justified on the basis of economic and ecological reasons.

In 1958 a Conference on the Law of the Sea was held at Geneva which produced four Conventions of the Law of the Sea. The conventions on Fishing and Conservation of the Living Resources of the High Seas affirmed the right of all nations to fish freely on the high seas which in turn were stated to be the area beyond the national jurisdiction as provided in the Convention on the Territorial Sea and Contiguous Zone. This latter convention acknowledged the right of the coastal state to establish a contiguous zone of not more than 12 miles, but it failed to define the breadth of the territorial sea.

At a second Geneva Conference in 1960 the United States and Canada abandoned their "three plus nine" positions to co-sponsor a proposal calling for a 6 mile territorial sea plus a 6 mile contiguous zone in which foreign fishing would be phased out over a 10 year period. This joint proposal failed by a single vote to get the necessary two-thirds majority.

In the same year there commenced the lobster, tuna and cod "wars" which influenced expansionist trends in North America. The Canadian Parliament passed the **Territorial Sea and Fishing Zones Act** in 1964 and this established a 3 mile territorial sea and a 9 mile fishing zone to be measured from straight baselines drawn from headland to headland, thereby enclosing some rich fishing areas as international waters. The United States State Department protested the Canadian action but found it difficult to oppose the trend toward larger areas of coastal state jurisdiction. Under domestic pressure the United States Congress in 1966 passed the **Bartlett Act** which created a 9 mile fishing zone. It provided for the continued existence of traditional fishing within the 9 mile zone and did not rely on straight baselines. Canada tried to negotiate agreements to phase out traditional fishing but was not successful.

Later the proponents of extended fishery jurisdiction in Canada and the United States were assisted by a series of unrelated but fortuitous events.

In a 1967 speech to the United Nations General Assembly Ambassador Pardo of Malta called for a new Law of the Sea Conference to determine a special regime to govern the deep-ocean floor. By 1970 the Sea-Bed Committee which had been established to prepare for the Conference, began discussing the agenda and was greeted by Latin American requests to include the 200 mile zone concept.

In Canada the appearance of the S.S.Manhattan through the Northwest Passage in 1969 led to new demands for assertion of sovereignty in the north. The Canadian Parliament passed the **Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act** which, according to the speaker, unilaterally established a 100 mile pollution prevention zone in waters north of the Arctic Circle. Parliament also amended the **Territorial Sea and Fish Zones Act,** widening the territorial sea from 3 to 12 miles thereby enclosing the eastern entrance to the North West Passage within the Canadian territorial sea. A further amendment authorized the Governor-in-Council to prescribe fishing zones by publishing an order in the Canada Gazette. This authority was quickly used to draw fishery closing lines and to designate the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Bay of Fundy and Queen Charlotte Sound as Canadian fishing zones, enclosing over 80,000 square miles in the process.

Dr. Schram observed that Malta's proposal argued that "a new international order for ocean space" must be constructed and then enumerated in detail the years of preparatory work by the Sea-Bed Committee.

The first session of the Third United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea was held in New York in December 1973, followed by a series of additional sessions held in different cities. Much of the negotiations regarding fisheries management took place in the Sea-Bed Committee before the Third Law of the Sea Conference began in Caracas in 1974.

A draft text prepared at Caracas would give exclusive rights to coastal states to fish in their adjacent territorial seas with a standard limit of up to 12 miles in width. The most highly disputed fishing rights are those proposed for the area between the territorial seas and the high seas, the exclusive economic zone extending out to 200 miles from shore. In this area the coastal state would have "sovereign rights" over the living resources, subject to the requirement that "the coastal state shall have due regard to the rights and duties of other states."

Dr. Schram regards this as a key article and states that it may be the foundation for the new rights of the coastal state in the economic zone. By it the coastal state is granted sovereign rights for the purpose of exploring and exploiting and managing the fishery resources of the 200 mile zone. He also adds that in this area the coastal state is not only to have sovereign rights over the living resources of the ocean, but also over all the mineral, oil and gas resources out to the 200 mile line.

The learned doctor feels that while the aforementioned provision might supply the answer to "Who owns the fish", he did not seem too optimistic about a consensus being reached in the foreseeable future among the nations involved.

While the ownership of the fish is important, Dr. Schram feels strongly that it is vital that the riches of the world's oceans be managed in such a way that their yields be at least twice what they are today as this is of great importance in a world plagued by hunger and malnutrition.

A TRIBUTE TO A HUMANITARIAN

DR. SIGURDUR JULIUS JOHANNESSON (1868 - 1956)

By Judge Roy St. George Stubbs

On one of the last occasions when I visited Dr. Sigurdur Julius Johannesson in his home, he was engaged in translating a medical book from English into Icelandic. It was a large book — at least six inches thick. It was a medical book meant for laymen, not doctors — one of those do-it-yourself books.

I tried to estimate the many hours of sheer drudgery it would take Dr. Johanneson to translate this book. Thinking the task was a pedestrian exercise unworthy of him, I suggested to him that he could put his writing talents to better use.

"No, you are wrong," he said. "In Iceland, there are many people who do not live close to a doctor. These people have fevers and other ailments. They suffer broken legs and other mishaps. This book will be a comfort and a help to them in emergencies."

These words were characteristic of him. They express his essence. In everything he did, in the writing of his poetry, in the editing of papers and journals, in the translating of books and poems, in his advocacy of human rights and social justice, in the practice of his profession, he never served for wages. His aims never began or ended with himself. He desired to serve humankind.

Nature distributes her gifts among her children in the most haphazard fashion. Dr. Johannesson received from her hand no trace of self-conceit, and a double portion of compassion. He was oppressed by the world's great evils and its wrongs. But, against the weight of evidence, he was an optimist. He always bounced back from defeat and disappointment. He had a vision of a better future in constant focus. He believed, ardently, that if man would but stretch his intelligence, would give more play to his imagination, all the problems which beset this sorry world could be solved.

He was a socialist of the Edward Bellamy - William Morris variety, which is to say that he came to socialism via poetry, not political science. But he had a vein of practicality. He saw no immediate future for socialism in Canada. On the theory that to refuse to support the good as against the bad because we cannot get the perfect is the way to get the worst, he joined the Liberal party in the days of Sir Wilfred Laurier, accepting it as the best immediate hope for a better society.

He was a pacifist. When men began to march in line and file to the strains of martial music, he remained a pacifist. He paid the penalty for not keeping in step with the herd.

He was a lifelong total abstainer. Alcohol to him was the great enemy and to fight against its great curse "one of the most important causes affecting the welfare of the human race." For many years he fought the battle of prohibition, a battle which, but for his great optimism, he would have known he was bound to lose. Because of his impassioned eloquence, he did make some small gains. Speaking on a Sunday evening, in the North-West-Hall, at the turn of the century, in the cause of temperance, as W. Kristjanson recalls, in 'The Icelandic People of Manitoba,' he persuaded some 20 persons to take the pledge to abstain from strong drink.

He was uncompromising in his attitude to the use of alcohol. Rev. Philip Petursson told me once, in a conversation about Dr. Johannesson, of a banquet which they both attended in honour of a visiting dignitary. A toast was proposed to the dignitary. When it was over, Dr. Johannesson asked this pointed question: "What satisfaction can it be to our guest to have his health drunk in poison?" With him, as Judge Walter J. Lindal suggests in 'The Icelanders in Canada', poison and alcohol were synonymous.

In the practice of his profession of medicine, Dr. Johannesson was the cup of strength to his patients. Like the good Sir Thomas Browne, he desired rather to cure the infirmities of his patients rather than his own necessities. When he came to Canada, from his native Iceland, in 1899, at the age of thirty-one, he was intending to study for the ministry, but he had a change of mind and went to Chicago to study medicine. In Chicago, he roomed for a time with Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He received his degree in 1907, and, in Arthur Reykal's words: "Now he started life's work of preaching the gospel with deeds instead of words. Money never entered the picture, his aim was to heal the sick and his payment lay in being able to help them."

Stories of Dr. Johannesson's good deed are legend. In a poem, 'The Doer of Deeds', a poem which he dedicates "to the ever living memory of a great humanitarian: Dr. Sig. Jul. Johannesson," Gus Sigurdson tells a tale which is one of my favourites. It suggests Dr. Johannesson's ever active desire to help a fellow human being in any way that he could. During the first World War, a mother of four children, who did not speak English, longed to know the words of the catchy tune her children were forever singing. The song was the old favourite 'It's a long, long, way to Tipperary.'

> "I wish" said she "I could understand
> The songs of this my adopted land."
> The doctor said "I can only try . . ."
> As he sat himself down a stump nearby.
> Took out some paper and a pen
> Translating the song of fighting men
> In a matter of minutes in tune, with ease,
> Her Icelandic ears to charm and please.

If you have not read Mr. Sigurdson's poem, these words should persuade you that it is time you did. It will bring you close to Dr. Johannesson.

Poetry was beefsteak and potatoes, not caviar and champagne, to Dr. Johannesson. In his view, it had to be able to answer the question: "What are you good for?" — a question which someone once said would defeat the rose but could be answered triumphantly by the cabbage. The answer which Dr. Johannesson would have made on behalf of the Muse is this: the purpose of poetry is to nourish the soul of man and strengthen his imaginative faculty so that he does not think that when his own door is shut against the cold, all the world is warm. In other words poetry is meant to serve a useful social purpose. It is a weapon in the battle for the betterment of humankind — perhaps, I should write for the betterment of all living things, because his compassion extended to all living things (witness his poem 'To a Mouse in a Trap'). Like Abbe Jerome Coignard: "He would not have signed a line of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, because of the excessive and unfair separation it established between man and the gorilla."

He had no patience with the poets who live in an aesthetic vacuum and dedicate themselves to the concept 'art for art's sake'. His own credo was 'art for life's sake'. The poems which he translated from English into Icelandic — e.g. Thomas Hood's 'The Song of the Shirt' and Edwin Markham's 'The Man with the Hoe' — illustrate his conviction that poetry has more serious work to do than to help pass an idle hour between tea-time and dinner.

I have read less than a dozen of his original poems in English translation but I have read enough to know something of the quality of his work. He wrote of Stephan G. Stephansson: "He is one of the few who will ever live, though they die." Barring some

mighty catastrophe that wipes man and all his works from the earthly scene, as a poet, he himself, will have a few select readers until the world runs out of time.

Several years ago, in a talk which I gave to a gathering of Icelandic Canadians, I spoke these words: "In all truth, Dr. Johannesson was a secular saint of humanity." I stand by these words. No other words fit him quite so well. There have been, many men and women whose paths crossed his, whose lives were made better and richer, for his having lived.

Postscript

My father was a friend and admirer of Dr. Johannesson for many years. They first met, I believe, when they were comrades-in-arms in the temperance cause. Shortly before he died, my father said to me that I should write a piece on Dr. Johannesson. I told him that I would, and I intend to do so. This brief tribute to Dr. Johannesson, which was requested by the acting editor of 'The Icelandic Canadian', is an earnest of the piece I hope to write. It is an instalment of the debt I owe my father.

SILENCE

There's beauty in the silence of a shaded glen
that seeps into the very heart and soul of men.

There's beauty in the silence of a rising dawn
when dew lies deep in forest glade, and darts the gentle fawn.

There's beauty in the silence of a cathedral bare,
when gilded domes pour forth chorales imbedded there,

There's beauty in the silence after a trumpet blare
stops in a sudden crash of drums in full fanfare.

There's beauty in the silence after a singer has sung,
when emotion's deeply felt that the song has wrung.

There's beauty in the silence of softly falling snow,
in a golden sunbeam — in a seed we sow.

There's beauty in the silence within the soul of man
list'ning for that "still small voice" the best he can.

There's beauty in the silence of a bowed head
dreaming dreams of yesterdays that long have fled.

There's beauty in the silence between a man and wife
who have no need of spoken word as they share a life.

Silence, when the loved one from this life has flown,
shouts in every corner — unyielding as a stone —

'til floods of mem'ries thronging ease the sea of pain;
then beauty in deep silence reigns — and heart is free again.

— Elma Gislason

HJÖRVARDUR HARVARD ARNASON

(Translation of article appearing in Morgunbladid
in Reykjavik, April 24, 1979)

By Valdimar Bjornson

Hjörvardur Harvard Arnason, now living right near that beauty spot, Central Park, at 4 East 89th Street in New York, is 70 years old, born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the 24th of April, 1909.

Sveinbjörn Arnason was Harvey's father's name, and he was born in 1867 at Oddsstadir in Lundarreykjadal in Borgarfjardarsysla, Iceland; Arni Sveinbjörnsson, farmer there, was his father, and the mother, Olöf Jonsdottir, from the same community. Maria Bjarnadottir, Harvey's mother, was born April 24, 1870, at Langholt near the river Hvita in Borgarfjördur, but she had family ties also with the farmstead Efstadal in the Laugardal section of Arnessysla.

When the couple moved westward from Iceland, they lived in Winnipeg until 1927, when they moved to Chicago, and there Sveinbjörn worked for the famous C. H. Thordarson, inventor and owner of the Thordarson Electric Company. Sveinbjörn was not only an artist with his hands when it came to carpentry, he had a fine artistic appreciation of poetry as well and composed many a beautiful stanza himself. Sveinbjörn died in Chicago in 1931; his widow moved again to Winnipeg, and there she died in 1956. There had been two daughters and four sons. Olga Maren Campbell, born in 1896, died in 1967, and Arni Allan Bjarki, building contractor, born in 1898, died in 1973 in Detroit, Michigan. Dr. Ingolfur Gilbert, born in 1901, still lives in Winnipeg, where he was principal of a junior high school for years; Angantyr, also a teacher for many years both in Canada and the United States, is next in the succession of brothers and sisters, and then comes Olöf Rannveig, born in 1904, the widow of Theodore Blöndal from Winnipeg, who lives near Detroit. Harvey is the youngest.

It may surely be said that Sveinbjörn Arnason had a high regard for many aspects of early history, not least so in names he chose to bestow. Arni had an extra name, Bjarki; Angantyr was just plain Angantyr, but that immediately became the nickname Tyri, and from that the English version, Terry, emerged, so that recorded as a resident of North Vancouver, B.C., is T. A. Arnason, with his wife, Elsa, a sister of Rev. Philip Petursson in Winnipeg. Hjörvardur Harvard is the full name of the 70-year-old, so it was not necessary to devise any added English name for him. Harvey's wife, Elizabeth Yard, died a few years ago, and the son, Jon Yard, is a lawyer in New York, the daughter Eleanor, in the writing field in Minneapolis.

Harvey Arnason is known in the western hemisphere, and beyond it, as director of art galleries, university professor, lecturer and author. During his stay in Iceland, his principal performance was as something of a publicist for the United States. His emphasis, however, was entirely on the art field. He got acquainted with Iceland's artistic life and in particular its oil paintings; he had close contacts with professors at the University and with teachers at other institutions. He delivered lectures at the University. He delivered lectures over the radio and he also had special programs there in English under arrangements made by American authorities with Reykjavik radio, before any "Keflavik radio" existed.

When Harvey was in ''joyous meeting'' among friends, it might occur to him to launch into lusty chanting of a 'rimur' (rhymed ballads) cadence which he likely learned from his father, or wade into an English cockney song — which his brother Angantyr knew as well if not better — one about how the rich got all the pleasure and the poor got all the 'blyme', winding up with the repeated catch-line, ''ighnt it all a bloody shyme?''

Some friends would kid Harvey a bit about how sensitive he was to anything smacking of the artistic and how he could practically deliver a lecture about some common, ordinary, unartistic object, showing how much of real artistry it might contain. One time, during the war, when a group of young men had gathered with Agnar Klemens Jonsson at his home in Tjarnargata, after it had been recovered from early British occupation, an interesting incident occurred. One of the group challenged Harvey to deliver an artistic explanation of the scroll-work on the back of the chair near him. That he proceeded to do in a remarkable and fascinating manner; he interpreted meanings the skilled wood-carver had wrought into just about every line and curve, explained trends in that type of art, almost century by century, and succeeded in making a remarkable lecture topic out of an ordinary, everyday living room chair. After that, no one there could possibly doubt Harvey's skill in teaching the history of art — and that's what he had done for a number of years before he came to Iceland and a number of decades after he left.

He was popular as a teacher and as head of the Art department at the University of Minnesota for several years just after the war, but that wasn't enough to keep his energies occupied. He was at the same time director of the Walker Art Gallery, the one the ''timber barons'' in the Walker family had established, and there was a leader in that school of art which he favored, the so-called modern art, in the main.

''The History of Modern Art'' is the best known and most widely read of the many books Harvey has authored — large page-size, 740 pages, 1,549 illustrations, printed in Japan — the established textbook in the field and in use now in more than 300 universities and colleges in the United States. On the jacket of that book, the author's biography is briefly presented, as follows:

''H. H. Arnason, noted art historian, educator and museum administrator, is currently a Trustee of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, which operates the Guggenheim Museum in New York; the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.; the T. B. Walker Foundation, Minneapolis; and the Adolph Gottlieb Foundation, New York. He is a member of the Executive Board of the International Foundation for Art Research. Mr. Arnason has been Professor and Chairman, Department of Art, University of Minnesota (1947-61), and Director of the Walker Art Center (1951-61), and has also taught at Northwestern University, the University of Chicago, and the University of Hawaii. He was educated at Northwestern and Princeton universities, served with the Office of War Information during World War II, and, after the war, was United States representative to the Preparatory Commission of UNESCO.

''Mr. Arnason's major books are: Modern Sculpture: The Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection; Conrad Marca-Relli; Alexander Calder; Jacques Lipchitz: Fifty Years of Sketches in Bronze; The Sculptures of Houdon; and Robert Motherwell. He has been a frequent contributor to important international art journals, and has written a score of scholarly monographs. France awarded him the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, and Norway the Order of St. Olav.''

ON READING ALOUD

By Helen (Mrs. L. A.) Sigurdson

This previously unpublished story was written by the late — she passed away March 6, 1979 — Helen (Page) Sigurdson during the depression when she, her husband and family as well as many others were having a hard time to survive. Helen wrote many short stories at that time, and earned several, much-needed thousand dollars by having a number of them published. In years gone by she was a member of the Magazine Board of the Icelandic Canadian, and made a number of valuable contributions to the magazine.

It is, indeed, appropriate that this story be published at this time as a tribute to a talented, gracious, unassuming lady who is no longer with us.

As a bride, I tried to maintain our old family custom of reading aloud. Even when we ran out of small talk in those days, it was a pleasure for each to hear the other's voice; we could spend little on amusement because my husband was still a graduate student in medical college; so on our evenings at home, we took turns reading aloud to each other.

Then we came to Winnipeg and he put up his shingle as a general practitioner. Now I had to stay home with the babies. Those were depression years, when even well-established doctors were living from hand to mouth and we found that the head of the family had altogether too much time on his hands and still less money to spend on amusements. So we continued the custom. That was the winter we went through ''Ulysses'', from which I emerged with a greatly enriched vocabulary and a realization that Homer in the original Greek might have been clearer to me than parts of James Joyce.

Times improved and my husband was so busy that our evenings at home were few and we were able to afford a radio. By then I had come to realize that he regarded reading aloud as something to fill in the time when there was nothing better to do.

I missed our hours of companionship, but the fact that the children liked to have me read to them was some compensation. I began on the Milne books and went on through ''Alice in Wonderland'', the ''Wizard of Oz'' and ''At the Back of the North Wind'' and I enjoyed them all. I was all ready to start on Dickens and Scott, when it dawned upon me that they, too, preferred reading to themselves or listening to the radio.

I was able to take advantage of one of our sons the summer he had polio and had to spend several hours a day in bed while I applied hot foments. I seized the opportunity to read David Copperfield aloud. He was very decent about it, patiently turning off the radio or laying aside his volume of ''The Boy Scientist'' whenever I appeared with the Dickens' book in my hands. Fortunately for him in a short time he made an excellent recovery and was playing baseball by the time I had finished the first volume. I doubt if to this day he has ever bothered to find out what happened to David Copperfield.

By then there was a baby brother in the family and I was able to start all over again on the children's classics. I was glad to learn that he shared my liking for poetry and remembered how as a child I had enjoyed the ''Lady of the Lake''.

I was well on in Scott's famous epic one evening when my eldest came into the room. ''What are you reading?'' she asked, looking over my shoulder, ''Sir Walter Scott! to that baby.''

"She can read what she wants!" he cried. Part of his indignation was from being called a baby, but there was also a hint of the feeling I had detected in the older ones. Mother was an odd ball, but they were fond of her and resented having her criticized.

When she had gone, I put down the book. "Don't you like it?" I asked.

"It's O.K. I've got a comic book about it. I know the story."

"It's not the story, it's the poetry I thought you would like."

"I said it was O.K."

I glanced down at the open book:

"The western waves of ebbing day,
Rolled o'er the glen their level way."

I could hear my father's voice, trained for court-room oratory repeating those words. I had memorized that description and used to repeat the lines to myself from the rock on the hill behind our house where I went to watch the sunset. I had grown up in the foothills of the Rockies. What could those lines mean to a child who had never seen anything but the Manitoba prairies?

So when I had re-read it to myself, "The Lady of the Lake" was returned to its place on the library shelf. Homework, radio and later television had put an end to my reading aloud to the children.

I did make one last-ditch stand over ten years ago. At the Christmas season, I had tried to establish the family tradition of reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol" aloud. Two or three weeks before Christmas, like my mother, I read this best of all Christmas stories to the family.

One Christmas they all clubbed together and bought me an expensive record album of John Barrymore reading the Christmas Carol, but even then I didn't take the hint.

So one Saturday early in December, I gathered my little brood about me in the light of the living room fireplace and began: "Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that." The telephone rang.

"I'll get it, it's for me." My eldest, Julie scrambled to her feet. For a few minutes I sat with my finger on the opened page and we all listened to a one-sided conversation from the hall. "Did he really say that?" "Isn't that just too too terrific?" "I don't believe it." "She would." punctuated by giggles.

The head of the family looked at his watch. "I wish that kid would hang up", he said, "I'm expecting a call from the hospital"; a minute later, "Julie, remember that this is a doctor's phone."

"All right, daddy", in a martyred voice. "I'll ask her" she lowered her voice slightly "this is her night to read the Christmas Carol aloud, and you know how it is." It was the tone of one who had suffered long and patiently under the tyranny of a senile, domineering old mother.

She came back into the living room, "Mother, Shirley wants me to come over. She has a new album of Frank Sinatra records. I won't be late, honest. Can't we listen to the Christmas carol some other night?"

The telephone rang again. This time it was for her father. I looked into her face and saw the conflict between a desire to please me and a longing to be one of the crowd. I could have rammed my idea of a pleasant evening at home down her throat. I couldn't make her enjoy it.

"All right", I said, "Only don't be late."

She threw her arms about my neck and kissed me, leaving a smear of lipstick across my cheek. "Thanks, mom. I'll remember."

My husband came back into the room. "Sorry, I have to go. It's an emergency." Could it be that he too looked relieved to be off the hook?

My eldest son, who had been lying in front of the fire sat up. "Mom, there's a hockey game tonight. Can I ask Dave to come over and listen? We'll turn on the radio in the office and play it softly."

"O-Kay".

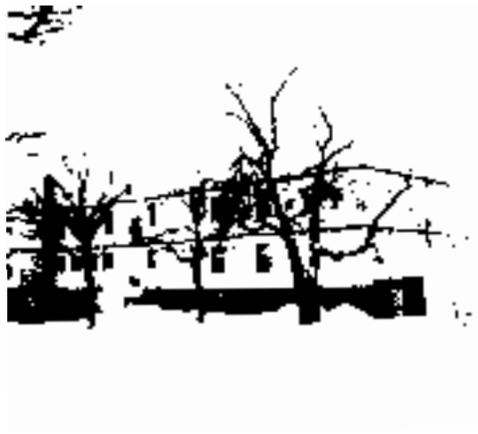
When he had rushed off to phone Dave, his brother said, "I have a Latin exam Monday and there won't be much time to study tomorrow."

When he had gone, I looked over to the chesterfield, where the youngest lay asleep.

After I had helped him upstairs and tucked him into bed, I returned to the empty living room. The copy of Dickens was lying face down in my chair. I closed it and walked over to the record cabinet. When I had found the album and turned on the player, I sat down with my basket of mending. This is the machine age and I might as well go along with it. Why read the Christmas Carol to myself when John Barrymore was there to read it to me.

BORG PIONEER MEMORIAL HOME MOUNTAIN, NORTH DAKOTA

By Sandra Becker and Lyle Hoverson



Borg Pioneer Memorial Home

Board of Directors (left to right): Lynn Bjarnason, Leslie Geir, Alfred Byron, Margaret Johnson, Bob Sturlaugson, Bjora Olgeirson (top), Orval Holiday.

Where do we put the old folks, who for so many years have worked to provide for us? The time has come for us to provide for them. And so it was in the year 1944 that B. J. Brandson, Winnipeg physician, had suggested to the pastor of the North Dakota Icelandic parishes, Dr. Harald Sigmar.

Gimli, Manitoba, had already provided for their aged. When it was known that another home was being built in the Icelandic settlement in Pembina County, the directors of the Gimli home graciously expressed their willingness to provide $15,000 to assist in the completion of this worthwhile project. The seven congregations in the Icelandic parish here soon joined Gimli in sponsoring a home that would soon be known as BORG. A committee was formed with one representative from each congregation in the Mountain Lutheran Parish, and one from the Icelandic settlement in Bottineau County. This committee sent out a survey to the people in surrounding areas to reveal that this would be a welcome project, but much more . . . a necessity.

Even during these difficult years, when the country was at war, the blessed people in the community and around the country dug deep into their pockets and even deeper into their hearts to find funds, supplies, and much needed labor to complete the dream. Individuals as well as organizations proved helpful in supplying materials, labor, and correspondence to get others involved in supporting this cause.

The Home was situated in the centre of the Icelandic communities, overlooking the Red River Valley on the south edge of Mountain. Here the "folks" could look out upon their homesteads, knowing that God would provide for their children as He had for them all these years.

We had the support, now the need was to find a strong-willed man to start construction. John B. Stephanson of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, was given the contract, and Carl Hanson of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was chosen construction foreman.

Two days before construction was scheduled to start a telegram was received that the cement order had been cancelled. Responding to the pleas of the committee and contractor, lumber yards in Walsh, Cavalier, and Pembina counties delivered some 2900 bags of cement in 36 hours.

On Sunday, September 19, 1948 a ceremony was held for the laying of the cornerstone by Gamaliel Thorleifson. A festive occasion was celebrated by a large gathering. Greetings came from a large number of places.

In January of 1949, just four short months after the building had been closed for the winter, a grievous loss was suffered by the community. Thomas Jordan, building contractor, was killed along with another man from the area, in an airplane crash just outside of Hensel, North Dakota. Through faith and determination the committee supervised construction in the spring.

Furnishings for the Home were provided by Ladies' Aids and other organizations throughout the community through contributions and gifts of furnishings.

Dedication ceremonies were held Sunday, October 23, 1949 bringing out over 500 persons. The Rev. E. H. Fafnis led the service. Dr. H. Sigmar of Vancouver, pastor during the completion of the project, was present to speak. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Einarson along with several others were honored for their dedicated part in seeing this dream become a reality.

The Home became a reality on January 1, 1950, when Gudridur Thorfinson, Helga Bjornson, Adalheidur Sigurdson, Kristin Halldorson, Osk Johnson, Una Sturlaugson, Gudbjorg Snowfield, Thorbjorg Eyolfson, Johanna Thorunn Johnson, John H. Bjarnason, S. K. Johnson, Ogmundur Swanson, Bjarni Peterson, and Sveinn Th. Gislason were admitted as the first residents of the Borg Memorial Home.

The original Board of Directors for the Home were: F. M. Einarson, Mountain, chairman; J. E. Peterson, Cavalier, treasurer; Victor Sturlaugson, Langdon, secretary; Alvin Melstad, Gardar; Alli Magnusson, Milton; Einar Einarson, Hallson; G. J. Jonasson, Eyford; Asmundur Benson, Bottineau; Dr. H. Sigmar, ex-officio member. P. S. Snowfield, Cavalier, was retained as attorney. To this year of 1979 two of the original board members still remain in the Mountain community; Alvin Melstad resides and farms in the Gardar district, and G. J. Jonasson has remained a farmer in the Eyford community.

Throughout Borg's early years of operation it increasingly became apparent that the Home fulfilled a vital need, not only to Pembina County, but also to neighboring counties in north-eastern North Dakota. Many winters found an influx of 50-55 people who decided to make their living quarters in the comfortable atmosphere of the Home. Not only Icelanders came to make Borg their home, but people of other nationalities shared Borg's hospitality throughout the years.

Although the Home was built in a modern three-storey design, there was no plan for the installation of an elevator at the time of construction. In 1948 an elevator would have resulted in a additional $12,000 debt and money was tight throughout the early years of Borg. Throughout the years many who lived and worked at Borg felt that an elevator would prove useful in mobility among the three floors.

In January of 1977 the Borg Board of Directors were presented with a special gift of $5,000 from the estate of Valdimar Bjornson to be applied to any major building improvements to be undertaken at the Home. This gift along with other building funds already on hand raised the building assets in excess of $10,000. The Board then moved to initiate a Fund-Drive Campaign. Within months the Home was the recipient of an additional $20,000 along with pledges from people who had long been faithful to the Home. The Board voted to begin

building plans in the spring of 1977, and contracted with the architectural firm of KBM of Grand Forks to provide the design and plans for the project. In July bids were let and Adamsen Construction of Grafton, N.D. was awarded the building contract with Minn-Dak Elevator Company of Fargo to provide the elevator and equipment necessary for its installation.

Construction began in late August and before freeze-up the new addition was completely enclosed. In February of 1978 the new addition was completed on the west side of the existing building.

The total cost of the project was $101,626.48, and at the time of this writing less than 20 percent of the debt remains to be paid. The new addition was completely funded from private donations as was the original building project in 1948.

To this day the Borg Home is noted for the compassion and quality of care that is provided to the Senior Citizens of our society. In reviewing our records since the time of Borg's incorporation to the present day, we have found that the Home has provided over one-half million patient days of care to the elderly, not only of this community but throughout the United States and Canada. To provide the names of all the people who have made their home at Borg would require the listing of over one thousand names.

And what of the future? The Borg Memorial Home in Mountain will long remain in the service of the elderly, and in this Icelandic Centennial year and the third decade of operation for the Home, we are looking to the future with optimism and excitement for another thirty years of operation.

ICELANDIC CULTURAL AND LANGUAGE CAMP

By Lorna Tergesen

In 1978 the camp was held at Sunrise Lutheran Camp at Husavik August 13 - 20. The weather was poor but camping spirit prevailed. Leaders and teachers were very well prepared. As a result the week at the camp was pleasant and productive.

A special feature was a generous grant from the Department of the Secretary of State which enabled us to go on an all-day tour through 'New Iceland'. Our feature theme was a mock Christmas celebration. It proved to be of great interest. The entire camp was structured around the Christmas Eve. Now the children understand some of the Icelandic customs still maintained in their Canadian homes. An Indian group joined us for a day showing us some of their cultural heritage.

Teachers at camp were Elva Simundson, Janice Arnason, Gudrun Jorundsdottir, Karen Vopnfjord, Nelson Gerrard, Omar Simundson, and Kent Bjornsson. Lorna Tergesen acted as co-ordinator.

This year's camp plans are well under way. Dates are set at July 28 - August 4 at Sunrise Camp again. It is hoped that the high level of interest will continue from both campers and staff. For further information write to Lorna Tergesen, 60 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 0C8. Phone 284-4518 or Elva Simundson, Gimli, Man. R0C 1B0, Phone 642-5053.

60th ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE

By Sharron Arksey

In a historic first, the 60th annual convention of the Icelandic National League of North America was opened with a short devotional period conducted in the English language.

Dr. V. J. Eylands, who gave the opening benediction at the convention held in Winnipeg April 6 - 7, said that the use of English, rather than Icelandic, was a "sign of the times, and a sign of a changing world, and most of all a sign of courtesy and recognition to those not fully conversant in the Icelandic language."

The loss of the Icelandic language was a recurring theme in the two-day convention, one of many changes noted in the 60-year history of the League. In his annual report, president Stefan J. Stefanson of Winnipeg said that the League's founders in 1919 would have been hard pressed to imagine the League and the Icelandic community as it is today.

The Consul-General for Iceland in New York, Ivar Gudmundsson, guest speaker at the banquet which closed the convention and newly-appointed honorary life member of the League, echoed the feelings of many delegates and guests when he said that, despite the gradual demise of the language in North America, the Icelandic cultural heritage shall continue to make itself felt in the minds of its inheritors.

His words were a replica, in content if not in form, of the sentiments expressed by the approximately 50 persons who braved un-April-like weather conditions to attend the convention.

Special guests included Arni Bjarnarson and Jonas Thordarson of Akureyri, Iceland, who attended the convention as representatives of the sister chapter in that city. Mr. Bjarnarson's gifts of a $1,000 cheque from the Akureyri chapter and a handsome, leather-bound edition of the collected issues of "Framfari" from himself and his wife, were warmly received by the assembly.

Gisli Gudmundsson of Reykjavik, Iceland, attended as the official representative of the Reykjavik society, which is associated, although not affiliated, with the League.

The League executive, under the chairmanship of Mr. Stefanson, was returned by acclamation for another year. Vice-president is Joe Sigurdson of Lundar; secretary is Sigurlin Roed, Winnipeg; treasurer, Hannes Thomasson, Winnipeg; and financial secretary, Lilja Arnason, Winnipeg.

The committee chairmen are Al Nelson, Winnipeg, finance; Marjorie Arnason, Gimli, membership; Norma Kristjansson, Winnipeg, cultural; Jack Bjornson, Selkirk, archivist.

The West Coast representative is now Robert Asgeirsson of Vancouver. J. B. Thordarson of Gimli heads the reforestation committee with Emily Hendry of Selkirk and Holmgeir Brynjolfsson of Winnipeg.

The assembly had earlier received with regret the resignation of Dr. Richard Beck of Victoria, both as West Coast representative and chairman of the reforestation committee. In a telegram sent to Dr. and Mrs. Beck, the delegates paid tribute to Dr. Beck's many years of outstanding service to the Icelandic community.

Reports were heard from nine North American chapters: Nordurljos (Edmonton), Lundar, Baran (North Dakota), the Leif Eiriksson Icelandic Club of Calgary, the Icelandic Canadian Club of Western Manitoba (Brandon), Esjan (Arborg), Bruin

(Selkirk), Gimli and Icelandic Canadian Fron (Winnipeg). The Brandon chapter is the newest in the League, having joined in December, 1978.

Other reports were heard from archivist Jack Bornson; Holmfridur Danielson on the sale of Icelandic lesson helps; Lorna Tergesen on the success of the 1978 Icelandic Language Camp at Gimli; and Jon Asgeirsson, editor of Logberg-Heimskringla.

Icelandic Canadian Fron held its annual concert and scholarship presentation on the Friday night of the convention. Following a short musical program at First Lutheran Church, scholarships were presented to 10 deserving students of Icelandic descent. The scholarships were awarded by the Canada-Iceland Foundation, the Icelandic Festival Committee of Manitoba and Icelandic Canadian Fron.

STORIES OF THE EARLY ICELANDIC PIONEERS OF NORTH AMERICA SOUGHT

It may have come to the attention of some of our readers that Elma Gislason is working on an anthology of the sagas of the early Icelandic pioneers of North America. This is an effort to get an over-all picture of history and human interest into one book. She has received some good material, but solicits additional unpublished or little published stories from any place interested in being included.

The guidelines are:

1. The stories may be a mixture of history and nostalgia, comic, sad, or of important events or accomplishments.
2. They may vary in length from very short to 2000 words.
3. They may include children of the pioneers. Stories by members of the third generation could be accepted, but must be within the story of the pioneers.
4. Decision to use any material submitted, and to perform necessary editing is the prerogative of the editor.
5. Icelandic manuscripts will be translated into English and returned.
6. A written permission to use the article will be needed.
7. Materials already published should be accompanied by a written permission from the publisher and author.
8. Black and white pictures may be sent.

Great effort is being made to publish this book within the year. Please act promptly.

Send your material to:

Elma Gislason, 320 Oak St.,
Winnipeg, Canada R3M 3R5
Telephone 284-8620

TWIN CITIES HEKLA CLUB

In the Autumn 1975 issue of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN there appeared an article on the "History of the Twin Cities Hekla Club, 1925 - 1975" by Frances Gunlaugson. That history indicated that the club had then been in existence for 50 years and was continuing to grow. The nucleus of the Twin cities Hekla Club was formed by women of Icelandic origin from Minneota, a small community in southwestern Minnesota.

Infiltration over the years has become an ordinary practice for Hekla — in 1932 a young couple arrived from Manitoba, Bill and Regina Erickson. One Sunday they were walking through Minnehaha Park when they overheard Icelandic being spoken. They introduced themselves to the group and discovered that this was indeed the Hekla Club on a picnic. Regina immediately became a member and she and her husband through many years made their home a home away from home for young students from Iceland who came here to study.

The Club now boasts members who were born and educated in Iceland, one of whom lives in Wisconsin, and others in Minneapolis. We also have members from North Dakota, New Jersey, and Manitoba, Canada, which is represented by women whose origins were Geysir, Arborg, Gimli, Selkirk, Lundar and Winnipeg. Twice our Samkoma has featured Canadian speakers; in 1975 Dr. Paul Thorlakson, and in 1977 Dr. Kristjan Kristjanson, both of Winnipeg. In both instances the men gave fine talks and at the same time renewed old friendships. Dr. Thorlakson's parents,The Rev. and Mrs. Steingrimur Thorlakson served the Minneota community from 1887 to 1895, and some of our members and guests remembered his parents and exchanged reminiscences with him; in Dr. Kristjanson's case he renewed friendships with former school friends and we all enjoyed hearing of the escapades of some of our members who had been raised in the Gimli district.

In 1978 we were privileged to have with us the Reykjavik Summer theatre players who presented a series of skits and songs they called "Light Nights". We all enjoyed their performance very much, and enjoyed meeting the actors. After the performance we served coffee and refreshments which gave everyone a chance to meet the actors.

The club is not large (approximately 75 members) but we do have two three-generation families as members — Mrs. Svana Athelstan Rossman; her daughter, Mrs. Gerry Legrand (Evelyn Athelstan) and Mrs. Rossman's granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Gary Athelstan (Helga). The other family actually has four Hekla members — Mrs. G. Gudmundson (Em); her daughter, Mrs. Bragi Magnuson, (Gail), who is going to be our president in 1979 - 1980; Em Gudmundson's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Richard Gudmundson (Lillian Matthews formerly of Winnipeg); and Gail's daughter, Loa Magnusson.

In 1978 the International Institute, which has featured ethnic dinners for its members over the years, invited the Hekla Club to participate in the presentation of an Icelandic dinner, and we were happy to take part. The Institute prepared the food, and the ladies wore their Icelandic costumes and served the meal of wine, cod, peas and

cauliflower, salad and cream cake. The film, ''They Shouldn't Call Iceland Iceland'' was shown, and some time later the Institute informed us that they had had many calls asking when another Icelandic dinner would be held as some members who have not made reservations had to be turned away at the door.

In early 1978 Geri Joseph, now U.S. Ambassador to The Netherlands, wrote a column in the Minneapolis Tribune concerning Sue and Stefan Laxdal; Stefan is a radiologist and Sue and Stefan are both very involved in the Institute of Cultural Affairs. This is an international non-profit organization which aids communities with their particular problems. Mrs. Joseph reported that everything which had been written about the members being volunteers and paying their own way to and from different communities was all true. The column mentioned that a group of five members had been in the community of Vogar, Manitoba, Canada, for a number of days. Vogar lies between Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipeg and its population of 300 consists of Canadians of Icelandic extraction and Metis Indians. We called and asked Sue if she would speak to Hekla and after she was introduced she started her talk — ''No, I am not one, but I am married to one'' which set the tone for the afternoon and we enjoyed her very informative talk. We discovered that the focus of the work in Vogar had been to attempt to launch a new economic venture for that community; the result was a quilt-making industry with the quilts being sold by Eaton's of Canada. A retail store was started in Vogar, and also a local economic development board to create economic stability in the community. It was a fine afternoon and the club sent a contribution to Vogar for the Christmas entertainment of the youngsters of that community.

We recently acquired a new member, Ann Kobin, whose husband, Bill Kobin, came here from Ridgewood, New Jersey, as president and general manager of the local public television station. Ann got us to take part in a fund-raising project for public television in December that involved giving about four hours of time. There was plenty of coffee and food, plus our appearance on tv as we answered the telephones (is that really a Hekla member?) and an announcement every half hour that the telephones were being manned by members of the Hekla Club. In May 1979 we appeared again in aid of public television, this time for the annual ''Action Auction'' which went on for two weeks with persons calling in their bids for items which had been donated. We got more publicity for the club and some good donations for our splendid television station.

We've had a fine year under the leadership of our president, Ethel Furgeson (Mrs. Elmer Furgeson). Ethel has urged us on in the different activities that have been available to us. Our Samkoma was excellent. Iva Magnuson paid tribute to fellow club member Christine Gunlaugson, former opera singer and longtime voice teacher. Consul Bjorn Bjornson read a very interesting letter from Bill Holm who is now in Reykjavik on a Fulbright scholarship. The letter had been published in the Minneota Mascot. Bjorn also arranged to have a print of the film ''On Top of the World'' for that evening and it was superb. Our ladies also participated in the Festival of Nations in May in which 45 ethnic groups took part. Exotic foods were served and there were cultural exhibits. The Hekla Club participated in these exhibits, showing Icelandic wool being spun and some of the garments made from the wool.

Should any readers be coming through this area of the great midwest, let us hear from you.

Vera Johannsson Younger

A NOTEWORTHY SCHOLASTIC ACHIEVEMENT

Geraldine Thorlakson

At the Convocation of the University of Manitoba, May 25, 1979, Geraldine Thorlakson received her Master of Education degree. There are very few women, indeed, who after raising four children, resumed their education in their early fifties. At that time she enrolled in a Grade XII programme at the Adult Education Centre in the Argyle School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In 1970 she was awarded an Associateship in Education. The same year she was accepted by the Department of Indian Affairs, and got her first teaching post at Peguis Reserve north of Hudson, Manitoba. In 1979 she was transferred to pine Creek Band at Camperville, Manitoba, where she is now vice-principal.

In 1974 she received her Bachelor Degree in Pedagogy: in 1975 her Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Education degrees. This year, 1979, represents the culmination of a 'noteworthy scholastic achievement'.

* * *

Mrs. Thorlakson is the daughter of the late Edward (Ed) and the late Halldora (Einarson) Breckman of Lundar, Manitoba. Her husband is Valgeir Thorlakson. Their children are: Alan Jon Halldor of Winnipeg, Gordon Edward of Calgary, Karen Valerie (Mrs. Len Vopnfjord) and David Gary of Winnipeg. They have eleven grandchildren.

LONG BEACH . . . VANCOUVER ISLAND

Here . . .
amidst the splendour
of the boundless sky
and pounding surf,
troubles and cares become
but pebbles in the sand,
washed and cast away
by the eternal rhythm of the tides.

here . . .
along the sun-kissed beach,
one can be a child again
and gaze with joy and wonder
at sea-lions basking
and dancing on the rocks;
at warm and glistening pools
shimmering in the noon-day sun.

here . . .
the breakers crash and roar,
crying and whispering on the wind,
behold how timeless
timeless . . .
timeless . . .

—Kristiana Magnusson

✦ ✦ ✦

FROG BAY . . . LAKE WINNIPEG

Across the awakening sea,
soft ripples stir
then sing and dance in dulcet tones
as they gently wash
the pilings of a lonely dock
leaning into the sea,
breathing new life
into its aging timbers.

The swaying lights
capture a sunbeam
in a lone fir tree,
as its branches suddenly
quiver with ecstasy,
at the symphony of dawn
which God alone creates.

—Kristiana Magnusson

"THE THORGEIRSON FAMILY; A PAGE FROM THE PAST"

One of the finest neighbors a man could ever have is Fred Thorgeirson. And this is a friendship that goes back to childhood. The Thorgeirsons who lived at 590 Cathedral Avenue saw North Winnipeg grow from prairie mud into a middle-class community.

As a tad I spent many hours at 590, peeking through the stable door, being careful to give Maggie, the ageless white pony plenty of breathing room. If she hankered for your friendship everything was fine. But if she was in a cross mood — look out for the flying hooves.

When dad built on Atlantic Avenue 70 odd years ago, the only stand pump was at Thorgeirson's. Everybody in the area depended on Thorgeirson's pump. My brother and I would go there to buy our Christmas tree for 25 cents. J. W. Thorgeirson had a yard full of them during the festive season.

J. W. had a connection with this newspaper. He had the job of moving the newsprint from a building on the east side of Main Street to the first location of The Tribune on Bannatyne Avenue when the paper began publishing in 1890. Actually he started out working for the Winnipeg Sun which preceded The Tribune. He became interested in printing from his brother O. S. Thorgeirson who published an Icelandic newspaper in his shop on Rorie Street.

O. S. Thorgeirson became the Danish vice consul and conducted a printing business. For many years Thorgeirson Printing Co., had an office on Sargent Avenue, long the heart of the Icelandic community here.

J. W. Thorgeirson went into the dairy business in North Winnipeg. There were no streets when he located in my old neighborhood in 1894. The McGregor Ditch in the spring was a wonderful fishing spot. He and my dad frequently caught fish in it.

Winnipeg was a mass of sloughs and creek beds. J. W. worked for the city when he wasn't tending his dairy herd, collecting ashes and dumping them into the slough around the old General Hospital on William Avenue. The Thorgeirsons were Lutherans in the beginning but Mrs. J. W. became an active Atlantic United Church in its early days and old J. W. and the kids trailed along, too.

In time, the horses were replaced by a truck. When I operated my first midget soccer team in 1932, Magnus, better known as Mike, provided transportation for games in other corners of the city at five cents a head.

As Lillian Gibbons, the noted historian, once mentioned, nobody has named a street for the family in North Winnipeg.

The house at 590 Cathedral, built in 1902, has hardly changed. Nor has the street from the days when I tramped to Ralph Brown school. The newer homes begin west of 590 around Arlington Steet and stretch beyond McPhillips Street.

In J. W.'s day that was all pasture land for his dairy herd. J. W. owned three hay racks and the kids often chased after them to steal a ride.

J. W. thought nothing of hitching up a buggy to take his wife to visit her mother in Selkirk. This was the era before the CPR built its Winnipeg Beach line or the electric cars ran to Selkirk and Stonewall.

He became rather interested when he found I had gone to work for The Tribune in 1930. He remembered such men as R. L. Richardson, P. C. McIntyre, Dave McNally, Sam Youhill, Billy Bell and that grand fellow who was The Tribune's first city editor, John Moncrieff. John who still was going strong in the 1930's working on the editorial page, remembered J. W. too.

Magnus was an athlete in the family. An exceptional baseball pitcher, he was in demand in sand-lot ball and tournaments. Fred wanted to join the army when the Second War broke out when all of his chums were enlisting but eventually wound up in the navy which is most fitting for an Icelander.

Lil, my old school chum, married Bob Page, one of the kingpins of rugby football in Manitoba for many seasons. I have lost track of most of the family members. Franklin also was a sportsman, my classmate at Ralph Brown, and a remarkable softball pitcher.

We didn't have too many Icelanders in our neighborhood. J. W. likely as not, would not have settled in North Winnipeg if he had not gone into the dairy business. The survivors of the dreadful smallpox epidemic along the western shore of Lake Winnipeg where the first arrivals from Iceland settled, either gathered around William Avenue or kept moving south to North Dakota. In any event, J. W. Thorgeirson played the dominant role in the beginnings of our little neighborhood on the prairie. If you wanted fresh milk, water, a Christmas tree or help in general, the word was "Go see Thorgy."

—Vince Leah in The Wpg. Trib.
March 17/1979

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

awarded at the Icelandic Canadian Fron Concert, April 6, 1979

The Icelandic Canadian Fron Scholarship — $100.00

EIRIKSSON, Patty

Miss Eiriksson's academic accomplishments have also won her the 1978 Chown Centennial Scholarship, the Jon Sigurdson Icelandic Scholarship, and the Royal Canadian Legion Branch No. 185 Scholarship. She is a first year Nursing student at the University of Manitoba and is the daughter of Eirikur and Isabel Eiriksson of Lundar, Manitoba.

The Mundi Johnson Scholarship $200.00

McINNIS, Melvin

Mr. McInnis, who speaks Icelandic fluently, is presently completing his second year in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Iceland in Reykjavik. He is the son of Gordon and Gudrun (Skulason) McInnis of Brandon, Manitoba.

The I.O.G.T. Scholarship $200.00

SIMUNDSSON, Anna Svava

Miss Simundsson is a second year student in the Diploma course in Icelandic for Foreign Students at the University of Iceland in Reykjavik. She is the daughter of Gunnar and Margaret Simundsson of Arborg, Manitoba.

The Einar Pall and Ingibjörg Jonsson Scholarship — $500.00

HEASLIP, Eileen

Miss Heaslip, of Vancouver, B.C., studied Icelandic for two years at the University of Manitoba and is currently completing her B.A. at U.B.C. She has been accepted by University College in London, England to begin a Master of Arts degree in Scandinavian Studies in the fall of 1979.

Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship — $100.00

ANDERSON, Susan

Miss Anderson, daughter of Ralph and June Anderson of Winnipeg, is currently working towards a Bachelor of Social Work degree at the University of Manitoba.

Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship — $100.00

WESTDAL, Carol

Miss Westdal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Westdal of Winnipeg, is enrolled in the third year of the exclusive Voice Performance program at U.B.C.

Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship — $100.00

JONASSON, Stefan

Mr. Jonasson, son of the late Victor Otto Jonasson and Eileen Jonasson, is enrolled in first year Arts (anthropology major) at the University of Winnipeg, with a view to carrying on graduate work in Norse archeology in North America.

Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship — $100.00

LECKOW, Ross

Mr. Leckow, son of Mr. and Mrs. (Lilja Thorsteinson) M. Leckow of Winnipeg, is a third year Honours Arts student at the University of Manitoba, majoring in history. Besides his academics, Ross is working towards his Grade X in piano and is the director of the Winnipeg Icelandic Saga Dancers.

Icelandic Festival Committee Scholarship — $100.00

EINARSSON, James Allan

A third year Electrical Engineering student at the University of Manitoba, Mr. Einarsson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Einarsson of Winnipeg. Besides his studies, he is also actively involved in sports and music.

Icelandic Festival Committee Scholarship — $100.00

THORLEIFSON, Roderick

Mr. Thorleifson is currently an Arts student at the University of Winnipeg. He is the son of the late Allan Olafur Thorleifson of Baldur and his wife, Thora Sigrun Johannesson Gunnlaugsson of D'Arcy, Saskatchewan.

—Kristine Perlmutter

TERENCE TERGESEN
President of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, 1979

Terry is the son of Sven Johan and Lara Tergesen of Gimli. He graduated from Architecture, University of Manitoba, in 1958. He is married to Lorna Stefanson. They have five children.

At the present time Terry is practicing solo in Winnipeg. He has designed numerous health care facilities throughout rural Manitoba.

In 1966 Terry joined the Festival Committee, the souvenir committee, and the patronage programme. He has also been a member of the Icelandic Cultural Corporation.

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IN THE NEWS

Professor David Arnason was elected President of the newly-formed Association of Manitoba Publishers at a recent meeting of the association. He is associated with Turnstone Press of St. John's College which publishes poetry. At the same meeting, Mrs. Joan Asgeirson Parr owner of the Queenston House Publishing was elected one of the vice-presidents.

ISLENDINGADAGURINN

Icelandic Festival of Manitoba

1979

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PAST PRESIDENT
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OF MANITOBA

Ernest Stefanson

✦ ✦ ✦

BLUE

I love the peace and quiet soft
in every niche when newly cropped
at evening when the sky has dropped
a pot of blue o'er field and croft.

And just before the stars on high
in the heavens twinkling vie
against the dark'ning night-blue sky
blue and purple shadows lie.

Elma Gislason

* * *

A MEMORY

From darkest winter, hope and beauty fare,
frost flow'rs may bear;
and on the lonely grave, the tears we bring
a rose may spring.

Elma Gislason
January 16, 1979

IN THE NEWS

OLAFUR JOHANNESSON HONORED

Gov.-Gen. Edward Schreyer, Iceland's Prime Minister Olafur Johannesson and Mr. Justice A. M. Monnin of the Manitoba Court of Appeal were among the six men who received honorary degrees at the University of Manitoba's 100th spring convocation.

Prime Minister Johannesson, who holds a teaching appointment at the University of Iceland, has been in government for 10 years and played a major role in bringing the last cod war between Iceland and Great Britain to an end.

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ICELANDIC CANADIAN FRON CONCERT

Icelandic Canadian Fron held its customary concert on Friday, April 6 at 8 p.m. in the Parish Hall, First Lutheran Church.

The club's second vice-president Al Nelson was in charge of the program. Scholarship chairman Sigrid Johnson was in charge of the scholarship presentations.

Len and Karen Vopnfjord of Winnipeg were first on the program, delighting the audience with three selections. The first was a translation by Axel Vopnfjord of ''Komdu inn i kofann minn''. The second two ''Once Upon a Life'' and ''Manitoba'' were original compositions. ''Manitoba'' has been recorded and will be released in the near future.

Joy Tennant played beautifully on the piano.

Elma Gislason, accompanied by Kristin Björnson, sang three well-known Icelandic songs.

Following the scholarship presentations, coffee was served in the lower auditorium of the church by Circle 2 of First Lutheran Church.

NEW BOOK RELEASED

A new book, **Macdonald of Kingston,** has just been released and is now available in Winnipeg. The author, Donald Swainson, was born in Glenboro, Manitoba and received his public school education there. He attended Daniel McIntyre Collegiate in Winnipeg and went on to obtain a B.A. in history from the University of Manitoba and an M.A. and a Ph.D. from the University of Toronto. He has held a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and a University of Toronto Special Open Fellowship. He is at present Associate Professor of History at Queens University in Kingston, Ontario. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingi Swainson of Winnipeg.

Macdonald of Kingston is a pictorial history with a preface by John Diefenbaker. In addition, Dr. Swainson has written and edited several other books such as **The Prime Ministers of Canada** (with Christopher Ondaatje), **Historical Essays on the Prairie Provinces, John A. Macdonald: The Man and the Politician,** and **Oliver Mowat's Ontario.**

—Kristine Perlmutter

NEWS FROM THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE OF MANITOBA

This year's Fjallkona at the annual Icelandic Festival in Gimli will be Olla Stefanson of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Stefanson needs no introduction to many of our readers. She has been active for many years in the Icelandic community. Her husband Stefan is the current president of the Icelandic National League.

Olla is known for her friendliness and hospitality and it is most fitting that she be chosen as the symbol of the Motherland at the 1979 Islendingadagurinn.

Einar Arnason, MBE, a Winnipeg engineer, will give the toast to Iceland, and Jon Asgeirsson, editor of Lögberg-Heimskringla, will give the toast to Canada.

It is expected that many people from Iceland will attend the Festival.

THOUSANDS GO TO NEWFOUNDLAND TO SEE WHERE VIKINGS ONCE LIVED

L'Anse Aux Meadows, Newfoundland — With the cold wind cutting inland from the Strait of Belle Isle, this flat meadow looks nothing like the Vinland mentioned in the sagas of Leifur Eiriksson, the site where Norse explorers first landed in North America.

Yet even without wild grapes, this is one of the most important archeological sites in the world, one that is known better overseas than in Canada.

There is little to see beyond low grassy mounds that form the outlines of eight buildings almost 1,000 years old. They indicate that this place was the earliest known European community in North America, and the oldest proved Norse settlement.

Some things remain as the Vikings who lived here on and off for 35 years would remember them. Salmon still run in the small stream that provided drinking water, and the bogs that contained iron deposits used in the first smithy in North America are still here.

By the fall, visitors in L'Anse aux Meadows National Historic Park (the name comes from a corruption of the French for Bay of Jellyfish) will have more than their imaginations to help them see how the Norsemen lived there. Here, at the tip of Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula, three sod houses are being built following methods almost 1,000 years old.

The largest house, 28 metres long and six metres wide, is almost finished. With its slightly curved turf walls — each more than two metres thick — the house, its wooden roof poles converted by plastic wrap for the minute, looks like an upturned boat.

The sod houses will cost $280,000, part of a $1.6 million program by Parks Canada that will see a road and new visitors' centre telling the story of Norse settlements. The program will be finished by 1985.

The site was found in 1961 through some historical detective work by Helge Ingsstad, a Norwegian author and explorer. He was looking for Vinland, where the sagas say, the Vikings first landed in North America and found grapes growing wild along the coast.

Mr. Ingsstad had a theory that the grapes mentioned by the explorers might have been large red berries instead. More significantly, for the time given for the length of the voyages, the Norsemen would have travelled only as far as Northern Newfoundland.

Mr. Ingsstad searched the rocky coast on foot, looking for signs that Norsemen had been here. Finally, a man in a small fishing village remembered some grassy mounds in

a meadow where his cows grazed and told Mr. Ingsstad about them.

The next year, Mr. Ingsstad was back with his wife, Anne, an archeologist. By 1968, excavations under her direction had turned up enough artifacts to show that people had lived here and used a smithy to make tools and perhaps weapons from the bog iron with skills unknown to the Indians living nearby at the time.

Inside the largest sod house, archeologists found a stone lamp similar to those used in Iceland and Greenland around the year 1000, as well as iron rivets, a needle and a Norse spinning whorl. Other artifacts, including a bronze pin of Norse design and part of a domesticated pig's shoulder (an animal not to be seen in North America again for 500 years) was found in another house.

Carbon-dating tests on pieces of wood, turf and bone gave a date around the year 1000, or the time of the Norse voyages to North America.

The Vikings didn't stay long and the settlement might have been little more than a seasonal camp to haul timber from the spruce forests nearby and to hunt the wild game in the area.

The harsh winters and hostile Indians — referred to in the sagas as Skraelings or wretches — probably forced the settlers back to the permanent communities in Iceland and South Greenland.

Still, there was a settlement in this little meadow open to the sea winds. That is enough to draw 4,500 visitors here each year. They come to stand near the hearthstones within the outlines of the turf houses and look up at the low hills where Mr. and Mrs. Ingsstad restored two Norse cairns that might have been used as navigational aids.

Many of the people who come here are serious students of Norse history or archeology, said Robert McNeil, the park superintendent.

Ironically, many of the 70 villagers living nearby refused to believe that the Norsemen settled here. Some of them have worked on the archeological digs, but they argue that the site is an old Indian village or the remains of houses built by European fishermen who visited Newfoundland after its discovery by Cabot in 1497.

L'Anse aux Meadows will never be Disneyland Norse, but its attractions are still powerful enough to draw thousands to this isolated place each year.

Malcolm Gray in the
Toronto Globe and Mail,
March 26, 1979.

SIX CCS FOOTBALLERS ON ALL-NORTHERN CALIFORNIA SQUAD

Defence

Line — Mike Taylor, Cordova (Rancho Cordova); Dennis Engel, Santa Clara; Lance Dodson, Vintage (Napa); George Achica, Hill; LB—Jerry Jones, Antioch; Greg Krajewski, Cordova (Rancho Cordova); **Arni Thorsteinsson,** Peterson (Sunnyvale); Backs—Vince Newsome, Vacaville; Lupe Sanchez, Mt. Whitney (Visalia); Mark Magee, Milpitas; Izzy Allmond, Foothill (Sacramento); Kicker — Jacques DeBra, Los Altos.

Novelty Awards

Nickname of the Year: Arni **"King Thor" Thorsteinsson,** Peterson.

Name of the year: Bryce Oglesby, Ponderosa (Shingle Springs).

Best-Looking Girls: Saratoga.

Note for all women: It can be assumed that the Cal-Hi team has the best-looking guys.

San Jose Mercury,
Thursday, January 4, 1979

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POISED BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Poised between two worlds
Who can know his place?
Envy him who asks no unbearable questions
For he is spared in part
The agony of living in a world
    where remorse for the Past
Co-exists with a Present
Whirling
In kaleidoscopic confusion
And a Future which
    reveals only her beckoning finger
To our hungry eyes.

Lorraine Bjornsson.

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