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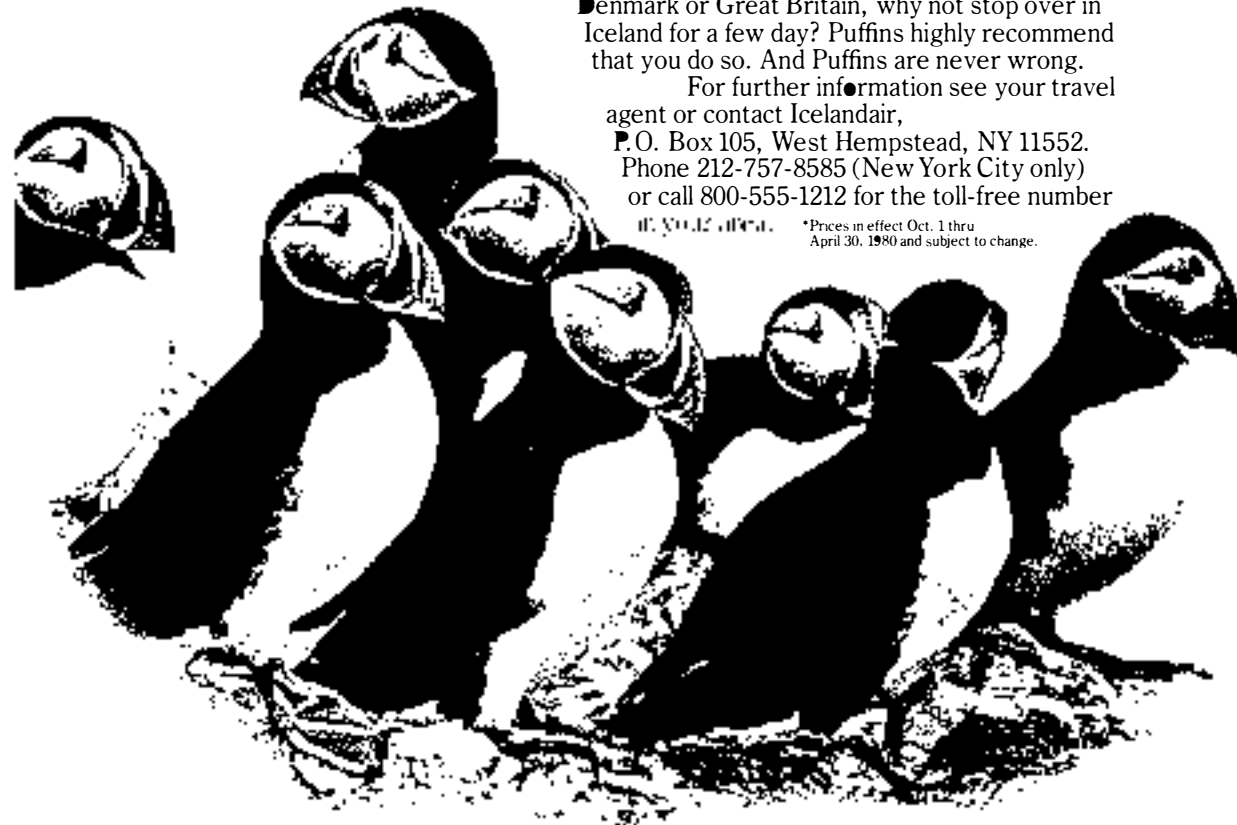
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GUEST EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

by Freyja Thomas

It is now approaching the Christmas season once again and as happens so often, one thinks back to other years and other places where one has been at this time of the year.

I found that it took me many years to become accustomed to Christmas in Africa, in mid-summer. It was so hard to believe that the showy red poinsettias were really growing and flowering in the gardens for all to see and enjoy, instead of the pictures printed on the cards received from friends. Both in the sub-tropical areas of Natal and northern Transvaal the trees, shrubs and flowers are in full leaf and flower, with colours of all shade of yellow, red and blue catching the eye and filling one with wonder at the bounty of nature.

As in every land, the warm weather usually means holiday time for most people and this is the order here in South Africa. The schools in all parts of the country close at the beginning of December and re-open during the latter part of January. Many families with school-going children take their holid days over this period, some spending the free time at home, but most travelling to the mountains, nature reserves, inland resorts or taking their choice of the Atlantic or Indian Ocean sea side resorts. To add to the general holiday atmosphere all factories and businesses employing labour close for the annual holidays on the 15th December and work begins again about the middle of January. Thus, except for essential services and retail outlets, everything is at a standstill. Christmas bonus pay is added to the wages of the staff that have holidays at this time, so much is spent on Christmas shopping, laying in food supplies and at the bottle stores. The shopping is all done during the day, as no stores are open in the evenings, so the towns and cities are all very busy at this time.

Over the years that I have lived in Africa, I have been very interested in seeing how the different population groups react to the Christmas season. While we lived in Ethiopia, my husband and I tried to learn a little about the customs and religion of the Ethiopians. This is a very old race and they belong to the Coptic Church, which is based on the old Testament. They do not celebrate Christmas, but their festival is the 12th of January — the Epiphany. After we had been in Addis Ababa for a year, we were invited to attend this ceremony, which seemed to be held only for the men of the community. The function was held in a large open area beside a big ornate pool, starting at 7 a.m. with an assembled crowd of men quietly waiting for the ceremony to begin. After a short time the Emperor, Haile Selassie and his retinue arrived, short speeches were made and then he appeared to bless the water. This was the signal for what seemed to be a general baptism and all the Ethiopian men, who had been waiting, plunged into the pool. We had not known what to expect at this function, so this was a bit of a surprise. The Emperor did not join the throng in the water, but walked away with great dignity.

In South Africa there are many population groups and they all have their religions and their customs that they remain faithful to. The large Indian section are mainly members of the Hindu or Moslem faith and they do not take part in the Christmas festivities. The Coloured Community is a large one, living in most areas of the Republic, but the greatest number resides in the Cape Province. They are all Christians, belonging mainly to the Protestant church and, of course, look forward to and celebrate Christmas with great joy. They follow the old Cape traditions in food, using Malay

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recipes for dishes of curries, sosoties, ba-bootie and all the delicacies that have been handed down to them over the 300 years of their stay in the Cape. The great day for the Coloureds is New Year's Day and they hold their main celebrations at this time, so much so that the Cape province always keeps the 2nd January a public holiday, along with the 1st. On New Year's Day the city of Cape Town is simply taken over by the Coloureds and they stage a Carnival, with floats, bands, costumes and people, the culmination of many weeks of work and preparation. They probably really need that extra holiday.

As is well known and much talked about, there is a very large black population in South Africa. This group is made up of many different ethnic groups, with their own language, beliefs and traditions. With the large cities that are developing now there are many thousands that have been born and brought up in urban areas and have no contact with the rural districts, where the tribal beliefs are still strongly held. These city people have had a great deal of Christian influence over the years and their way of life and customs during the Christmas season differs little from any other urban folk, no matter what their colour.

Living in a farming area in Natal for many years, I have been able to get to know the unsophisticated rural Zulu better than any other group. Some of them, in this area belong to the Catholic Church as there is a very active Catholic Mission with a school as well as a Clinic and small hospital. All these Zulus celebrate Christmas, some know and believe the Christmas story and the others know that it is a holiday. It is essential to have new clothes, lots of food and plenty to drink. It is sad that so often these celebrations end in fighting, with injuries and death. Many of the farmers expect to do their own chores and milking as a routine at this time, as work would only interrupt the festivities in the kraals. It is

surprising that many of the rural natives still believe in the Witch doctors and place their faith implicitly in them. Many of these strangely attired men and women are seen in the village and along the roads here. They have to undergo several years of study and apprenticeship before they qualify and are able to practise.

I will always remember one Christmas day in Pretoria, many years ago and the scene that my husband and I watched from our kwela — coming along the street and we waited to see what was happening. Along came a group of about ten native men and women, all dancing what must have been the original rock and roll and enjoying every minute of it. We could not, for a few moments see where the music was coming from, until we noticed that one of the older women dancers had a portable gramophone on her head. This she kept sedately level while she carried on with the rock and roll and the music blared forth for all to enjoy. When the record was finished, everyone had a short rest while the old gramophone was wound up again, ready for the next dance.

With the white people the traditional Christmas dinner is still the favorite, turkey, plum pudding and all the trimmings, served either hot or cold. There are several concessions made to the hot weather — salads, cold wine and ice cream served with the hot plum pudding, but there are many people that prefer to spend the day outdoors. They enjoy a braai (barbeque) of mutton chops, boerwos and salads, with all the delicious fruits that are in season at this time. The hotels and restaurants do very well serving Christmas dinners and tables are booked from one year to the next for folk who enjoy this type of entertainment. Many churches celebrate mid-night services on Christmas Eve. These are always well attended.

So, once again I look forward to the Christmas Season and hope that it brings peace and blessings to this beautiful adopted country of mine.

ICELANDIC CHRISTMAS SERVICES CONTINUE IN SEATTLE

by Eric H. Sigmar



The Rev. Eric H. Sigmar

As far as I know there are only two places on the North American continent where Icelandic worship services are still conducted at Christmas — in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Seattle, Washington! Since Dr. V. J. Eylands' retirement as pastor of First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg, Icelandic Christmas worship services have been led there by the Rev. Ingthor Isfeld.

In Seattle, we have the unique situation of having four pastors of Icelandic descent in the area — the Revs. Kolbeinn Simundsson, Erling Olafson, Harald Sigmar, and Eric Sigmar. Accordingly, there's no problem in arranging for an Icelandic service sometime during the Christmas season. Usually the service is held on the Sunday between Christmas Day and New Year's Day. Last year's service was attended by over 75 persons in the Calvary Lutheran Church of the Ballard area of Seattle. Over one-third of Calvary's members are still of Icelandic

descent. In its early history the congregation was called "Hallgrim's sofnudur".

The annual service is co-sponsored by Calvary Church, the Eining Ladies Aid of Seattle, and the Icelandic Club of Seattle. At last year's service pastor Olafson, now retired in Seattle, and who served for many years as Superintendent of Schools in Aberdeen, Washington, read the Scripture lessons. Pastor Harald Sigmar, Senior Pastor of Our Redeemer's Lutheran Church, Seattle, conducted the liturgy, and Pastor Eric Sigmar, Senior Minister of Messiah Lutheran Church, Auburn, Washington, preached the sermon. Pastor Simundsson, who celebrated his 90th birthday this year, was not able to attend. In years past he has frequently participated in these Icelandic services either as the preacher or liturgist. A 15-voice choir, led by Tani Bjornson, sang the full liturgical responses of the service. Svava Sigmar, and Dr. Edward Palmason sang Icelandic solos. Organist was Kathryn Arason Björnson, a former organist of the Vikur Church, in Mountain, North Dakota. Following the service, coffee and refreshments were served by the ladies of the church, and the Eining Ladies Aid.

Several years ago there was special excitement at the Christmas service as it was being televised by the Scandinavian department of the University of Washington. Portions of that service have been shown on many television stations in various parts of our country and, indeed, also in Scandinavia. This summer at our Icelandic Club's 17th of June banquet I visited with a former Seattle resident, Gudridur Bergvinsson, now Mrs. Bernhard Franzem of Gothenberg, Sweden. She excitedly told me — "I saw you on television in Gothenberg last

Christmas Day!" The televised service at Calvary Church of three years before had reached Sweden! Gudridur (Gulla) had often attended those services when she lived in Seattle.

Plans are now underway for this year's Icelandic Christmas service. We hope they can continue for years to come. For we in Seattle join with you of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN in a desire to maintain as much of our Icelandic heritage and culture as long as possible.

THE COVER PICTURE

In planning the cover of this issue of our magazine, the writer consulted with Gissur Eliasson, professor emeritus of Art at the University of Manitoba and a member of our Magazine Board. We agreed that not only is this picture a typical and an applicable portrayal of the more attractive aspects of winter, but also it depicts so delightfully the spirit of the **Year of the Child**.

This is the Year of the Child.

Children share the joy and promise of

Christmas with their elders.

Children are vibrant, dynamic.

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The cover picture is that of eight-year-old Tracy Lynn Vopnford of Bellingham, Washington.

(See the article in this issue A Little Bit of Iceland — on Ice)

Photo by Judy Hammond, Sun Valley, Idaho.

CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS

*Philip M. Petursson,
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IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

THE PAST

As one looks back upon the thirty-seven years that have elapsed since the Icelandic Canadian came into existence, one's mind conjures up the names of a few people without whose dedication our quarterly would in all likelihood not have continued to exist. Laura Goodman Salverson, Holmfridur and Hjalmur Danielson, Walter Lindal, and Will Kristjanson. But there are many others, contributors, supporters, and well-wishers who have played an important part in our progress throughout the passing years. Suffice it for the time being to name three of them, Gwen (Magnusson) Lindal, Mildred Storsater, and Jona Kristjanson. These are people who have received no recognition, no plaudits, no headlines, none of which they ever sought.

Judge Lindal, as is well known, had a multiplicity of interests and activities. Without Gwen's support, moral and otherwise, how well would he have functioned? The Icelandic Canadian owes a debt of gratitude to Gwen.

A lady of Norwegian descent, Mildred Storsater, our business secretary and formerly long-time secretary for Viking Printers, has been associated directly or indirectly with the Icelandic Canadian since its inception in 1942. In her efficient, self-effacing manner she is still giving guidance to neophytes whose understanding of the complexities of distributing a publication has hitherto been limited. Their contribution will be of great value in the future.

We all know how well Will Kristjanson performed in his exacting duties as editor-in-chief. It may be that only the members of the Magazine Board realize how much of the credit for his success was due to Jona's unflagging interest, enthusiasm, and pride in her Icelandic heritage, which matched

Will's. Brought up in a home in Winnipeg's West End noted for its hospitality and with parents who were held in high regard by the community, she kept herself abreast of the changing pattern of life in Winnipeg's Icelandic community. Her musical talents are well known. She was honored in 1966 by being chosen Fjallkona (Maid of the Mountains) at the Islendingadagurinn at Gimli.

It can be said with conviction that her contribution to the Icelandic Canadian, and to the community as a whole, was substantial. The loss of both Jona and Will within seven months leaves a gaping void in our ranks.

THE PRESENT

Due to the escalating costs of printing and mailing, we have for some time been bedevilled with financial problems. But there has been some improvement lately. As a result of a campaign initiated by Nelson Gerrard and Paul Sigurdson, there has been an increase of nearly 10% in our subscribers. The Canada-Iceland Foundation has subsidized us this year in the amount of \$1000. We need more subscribers, however, to meet the ever increasing costs of publication.

In Minneapolis Valdimar Bjornson, former State Treasurer of Minnesota, has launched an intensive campaign to substantially increase the number of our subscribers. This has, indeed, been a sizable project. He has sent letters to 300-400 individuals. AT THE BOTTOM OF EACH LETTER HE WROTE PERSONALIZED NOTES! The following is a replica of excerpts from his letter:

Dear Friend:

The Icelandic Canadian is a cultural medium, presenting in good English varied aspects of the Icelandic heritage and news about descendants of the country on both

sides of the international boundary here on this side of the Atlantic. The Reverend Philip Petursson, long-time pastor, and parliament member in Winnipeg, described the magazine well in a recent letter:

"It is and will become one of the valued publications among the Icelanders as time goes on. It will stand comparison with some of the earlier magazines that the Icelanders here have produced, and will have equal value as a source of information in the years to come."

There are original poems in the publication now and then, and good translations of Icelandic poetry. The historical and reminiscent articles are both informative and enjoyable. Accounts of noteworthy developments and unusual achievements in coverage of folks of Icelandic background both in the United States and Canada.

There's no doubt about it you will never regret becoming a subscriber, and a gift subscription for a friend or relative would be one of the finest of birthday or Christmas reminiscences. Staff members who unselfishly perform their "labor of love" in Winnipeg have provided the enclosed subscription blank for your convenience. As one with a long-time journalistic background and an unabated interest in all things Icelandic, I unhesitatingly recommend that you help swell the ranks of subscribers!

Med vinarkvedju,

Valdimar Bjornson

On behalf of each and every member of the Magazine Board, and all people who have the interests of our publication at heart, the writer wishes to express deep gratitude to Valdimar for his "labor of love".

Not only from Minneapolis have come assurances of support and encouragement. They have come during this period of transition by word of mouth, by telephone, and by letters from such far away places as the Pacific Northwest, Arkansas, and South Africa. Such expressions of support and

good-will are harbingers of the shape of things to come.

THE FUTURE

The Icelandic Canadian has survived crises in the past. It will surmount problems in the future. Its foundations have been built solidly by our predecessors. Its mission continues as one of the two main media — Lögberg-Heimskringla is the other — maintaining the tenuous links binding together widely dispersed Icelandic communities and people of Icelandic descent scattered throughout the North American continent, and fostering the warm relationship between us and our cousins in the land of our ancestors.

WITH YOUR HELP IT WILL CONTINUE ITS MISSION FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.

A.V.

* * *

VALDIMAR'S GESTURE OF SUPPORT AND GOOD WILL

The response to Valdimar Björnson's appeal for additional subscribers to the Icelandic Canadian has been gratifying, indeed. So far it has resulted in the acquisition of 100 plus new subscribers, and more are being received daily.

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CANADA

by Stephan G. Stephansson

(Translated by Thorvaldur Johnson)

Men long have believed, on their storm-beaten strand,
With its tempests unceasingly railing,
That far in the west there existed a land
Where sunshine and calm were unfailing,
Where seasons were kindly, and winds were at rest,
And men free and gentle — and all was for best.

Though failing a passage, with high-running hope
They stood on the ocean-shore dreaming,
While through the blue sea-mist they saw the sun slope
To the west where their dreamland lay gleaming,
And thoughts loosed by longing and hope they set free
To speed o'er the sunlit and wide-bosomed sea.

Though still foams the sea between far-distant lands,
It frights not now those who go faring,
And Canada, Markland of old, holds out hands
To all who have mettle and daring,
To Hellenes of old it was myth for an ode,
To the Icelandic sea-king it pledged an abode.

Still, hopefully, men turn their weary eyes west,
Of your bounty and affluence dreaming,
For well have you served them that loved you the best,
Your promises to them redeeming,
And all that Man's spirit conceives as the best
May root in you firmly and there come to rest.

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CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION

The following is a transcript of a portion of an imaginative and inspirational article entitled THE SHAPING OF THE NEW CANADA by Paul H. T. Thorlakson, M.D. that appeared in the spring issue of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN, 1961. The republication of this part of the article is timely. In the hustle and bustle of the work-a-day world in which we live, it is easy to forget that dedicated people, such as the directors and supporters of the Canada-Iceland Foundation, are devoting their time, energy, and money in their endeavor to preserve and perpetuate the inheritance that the Icelandic pioneers bequeathed to us.

The concept of preserving our inheritance and diffusing it into the mosaic of our common Canadian culture is embodied in the nine objectives laid down in the Charter Agreement of the Foundation. Perseverance and repetition is the price we must pay to ensure the success of this venture. Quoting Sir Isaac Newton: "An object remains in a state of rest unless impelled by an outside force to change that state." Who knows but that the impact of the republication of this portion of the article will activate an interest and an urge on the part of the public to change a state of rest into a state of perpetual motion?

It is our hope that Dr. Thorlakson's inspired rendition of the launching of "THE VIKING SHIP" that appears in this article will stimulate a surge of financial support for the Foundation. Donors will be issued a receipt for income tax purposes.

We need not be reminded that the ideals and traditions that sustained the Icelandic immigrants in their time of trial and tribulation, and led them to victory over almost insurmountable obstacles, must have been built on solid foundations. We, their descendants, can still draw inspiration from the heritage they cherished. A.V.

The most recent ambitious venture into the field of cultural interests has been the formation of the Canada-Iceland Foundation. This organization has had a modest but significant beginning. Eventually it could become a great rallying point for all those organizations and individuals who aim to foster an interest in the great cultural heritage which belongs to the people of Iceland and which will, for an unpredictable period, continue to make its contribution to Canadian life.

His Excellency, The Right Honourable Vincent Massey C.H., the first Canadian to represent the Queen of Canada as Governor General, and His Excellency Asgeir Asgeirsson, President of Iceland, were the first Grand Patrons of the Canada-Iceland Foundation. In an address delivered at Gimli on May 21, 1955, Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey encouraged and stressed many of the ideals subsequently embodied in the Charter Agreement of the Canada-Iceland Foundation. He in part said:

"Somehow, Gimli and this region catches my imagination. Here, some eighty years ago a small band of settlers arrived from Iceland. The story of their journey here and their early privations which included an epidemic of smallpox that killed over a third of the group, has all the drama and tragedy of those magnificent Icelandic Sagas of a thousand years ago. The ingenuity and resourcefulness of the first settlers in establishing themselves, starting farms, organizing the fishing industry on Lake Winnipeg shows the type of men and women they were.

"I was most impressed to learn of some of the things which were given priority in this new community. As this area was then in unorganized territory, a constitution to fill local needs was adopted which provided for the election, by almost universal suffrage of those over 18 years of age, of a

audience, the cultural life of Winnipeg and of Manitoba is being developed and supported by individuals of many nationalities. The University of Manitoba represents on its staff and student body a veritable League of Nations.

This great diversity of national origins and cultural backgrounds will, in the long run, result in something new and distinctive. During the long process of development and integration difficulties and conflicting viewpoints may arise which call for tolerance, good-will and understanding based on a clearer knowledge of the background and aspirations of many different peoples.

No longer is this area isolated and inaccessible. Winnipeg is now within two hours distance, by jet propelled planes, from the city of Toronto and seven to nine hours from London, England. We can travel north by air or by rail* to Churchill on the Hudson's Bay. By automobile, we can travel on broad paved highways to any destination on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast. Radio and television have brought the news and the events behind the news into our living-rooms. The Queen of Canada and of the Commonwealth speaks to us from her fire-side in Buckingham Palace in London and in that very same instant we hear her voice in our homes.

*The C.N.R. completed its route to Churchill on the Hudson's Bay in 1929.

Even though our constitutions of government and our courts of justice are traditionally British and our official languages are English and French, it is now obvious that the Canadian citizen of the future will reflect the cultural influences of many other lands.

From the isolated settlements of the pioneer days there has been a steady expansion and coalescence of these areas and a gradual integration of people of many origins, resulting in the emergence of a distinctive Canadian consciousness.

Canada ultimately, therefore, can be compared to a mighty river which has drawn its strength, its size and its importance from the confluence of many converging streams. The course that these separate national tributaries follow determines their influence and impact on the main stream of Canadian life. In the process of merging and gaining strength from many national sources, there is bound to be a change and gradual but perceptible loss of original identity.

In the fullness of time there will evolve an indigenous culture based on the experiences, traditions, ideals, sacrifices and struggles of the Canadian people. This distinctive Canadian culture will continue to be enriched in having its roots deep in our collective and diverse heritage.

SIGURHLIF

by G. Bertha Johnson

(Continued from the Autumn Issue)

THE AUTHOR



Gudbjorg Bertha Johnson was born and grew up in the Swan River Valley. There she received her elementary and high school education, then attended Normal School to receive a Manitoba First Class teacher's certificate. She taught both in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and attended the University of Saskatchewan to acquire a Standard Certificate in that province.

Her husband is Bodvar Johnson. He was born and grew up near Lundar, Manitoba, where he fished on Lake Manitoba and played violin in a dance orchestra. After moving to Northern Manitoba, he fished many northern lakes, including Reindeer Lake, where he both fished and freighted his catch on his tractor train 250 miles to the railway at Flin Flon. Later he fished Sissipuk Lake until his retirement six years ago. They have resided in Flin Flon since 1944.

Her father was Jonas Danielson from Borgum at Skogarströnd in Snaefellsnessysla, Iceland. Her mother was Johanna Johannsdottir from Laxardal, at Skogarströnd in Snaefellsnessysla. They first settled in North Dakota. She is their only Canadian-born child.

★ ★ ★

Resume of first installment:

Christmas Day in 1887, Jonas and Johanna, with their children, Hannah, Juliana, and Sigurhlif's, rode their Iceland ponies to the church for Sigurhlif's christening. There Johanna met her beloved sister, Karitas. She hoped for news from America,

but Karitas had received no word from Johanna's mother, Ingibjorg and their two brothers, Gudmundur and Johann.

On their return home, Arni Bjornsson, a gaunt and weary rider from the coast, brought the long awaited letter. Jonas announced his intention to emigrate, and in the spring of 1888 he and his family with others of their countrymen prepared to depart on the first tramp steamer of the season.

The harbour was crowded with people, those emigrating, and their kinfolk bidding them a sorrowful farewell.

"Yes, a lifelong farewell," Johanna thought. "For never in this world will we meet again."

PART II

The first departing tramp steamer of the season loomed like a giant beside the dozen fishing boats that rocked at their moorings. Never before had Johanna seen such a ship. She gazed in wonder at its huge steel-hulled bulk, its black-painted sides, white derricks and ventilators, and the two tri-colored funnels from which black coal-smoke belched. She heard its throbbing engines, and realized that unlike the accustomed sailing vessels, this monster would not be at the mercy of winds and weather.

"Foolishly, I expected a sailing ship, not this floating palace belching smoke," she said.

They walked slowly down to the sea.

Johanna watched with interest as brawny stevedores, like laden slaves from some Arabian Nights' tale, loaded bales of dried fish, sheep's hides, and enormous bundles of hay.

Shepherds arrived driving a small flock of sheep. They manoeuvred them along a high-

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slatted gangway, and the sheep added their frightened bleating to the hum of human voices, and the captain's crisp commands.

A dozen horses, too, were led onto the ship.

"Dear Iceland ponies that carry Icelanders on all occasions from the cradle to the grave," Johanna thought.

"A cargo for Scotland," Arni Bjornsson explained.

The passengers were embarking. Jonas shouldered their heavy wooden koffort (chest) and Johanna followed him, the two little girls, Hanna and Juliana close by her side, and the little one snuggled in her arms.

There were no tears, and no time to mourn deserted kinfolk and friends. Only the quiet dignity of determined action.

"God will surely be with us in America," Johanna comforted her sister, and the thought eased her own qualms.

Karitas kissed little Sigurhlif's cheek fondly.

"The child is much too young to go on such a journey," she sighed. "Leave her with us. We could give your lovely one every advantage our ample means can afford."

"I cannot part with her; nor can I think of depriving her father of his little one."

"He has his two daughters from his first marriage," Karitas argued.

"Be patient, my Karitas, you will have a little daughter," Johanna comforted. "It must be good-bye for us all, beloved sister."

They took ship and descended to the lowest deck. As they made their way to their cabin, Johanna glimpsed firemen in grimy dungarees climbing out of the fiddley, like dirty demons, to relieve their bursting lungs with a breath of air. Farther along she gasped in terror as they passed the gaping holds into which the cargo was stored and the animals driven.

"Hanna, hold your little sister's hand," she directed urgently.

But already Jonas had stowed his chest and other luggage, and came to relieve her fear for the two little girls.

"Come," he said. "We'll stand on deck and bid our land farewell."

They gazed mutely while the crew hove anchor, and the ship put out to sea. Slowly the shores receded, and Johanna knew that never again would they see their native Iceland, with its gleaming glaciers, lava landscapes, verdant valleys, heather-strewn hills, and tumultuous waterfalls.

Johanna laid a gentle hand on her husband's arm. She sensed that his heart was heavy like her own even while the new world beckoned with hope for them and their children.

The weather was calm; the sea unruffled. Each day Johanna and her family sought the outdoor sight of the ocean and the salt sea air to escape their overcrowded cabin and unpleasant animal smells from the holds below them.

On the third day Hanna exclaimed excitedly.

"Mamma! Mamma! I see America. Look, that coast away off."

Johanna's eyes followed the child's pointing finger.

"An Island, perhaps," she ventured.

"Not America!"

Johanna smiled at the evident disappointment in the childish voice.

Johanna laughed.

Joining the group Baldvin Baldvinsson spoke, "the Faroe Islands," he informed. "We are now about halfway to Scotland. It's not such a trying voyage for folks whose ancestors were bold Vikings riding out storms in open rowboats and square-sailed dragon ships."

The ship headed directly towards the islands that rose abruptly out of the ocean. As they drew nearer, Johanna marvelled at the lush green color, contrasting strangely with the sombre basalt ice-capped peaks of Iceland. Their vivid color was a brighter hue

than the grasslands of the upland valleys and the cultivated hay-plots of her native land.

Hundreds of guillemots soared in protest from their craggy heights as the ship threaded its way down a channel between two islands that rose a thousand feet on either side. The ship turned sharply left into a very narrow inlet where it came upon a tiny fishing village.

"Someone is coming aboard," Johanna exclaimed.

She heard the man speak in perfect Icelandic.

"Everything will be brighter in America, Lovisa dear," he smiled, and Johanna listened in surprise to the woman's low reply. She could understand the tongue so similar to Icelandic, but in a strange dialect that sounded to Johanna as though the woman had some strange speech defect.

The ship headed back and past the longest island where another village clustered along the shore.

"That must be their capital, Torshavn," Jonas said.

Then the steamer sped directly across the ocean. Two days later the coast of Scotland appeared in view to the southwest.

Presently the ship approached a town. Johanna with the other emigrants from the island on the rim of the Arctic stared in amazement at the large buildings, and tall smoke stacks of industry such as they had never seen before.

By evening they had reached the wider estuary of a river, its banks scarcely discernible in the dusk. Later Johanna, standing beside her husband, looked up into the dark blue heavens where stars twinkled as brilliantly as they did in Iceland's winter.

"And this is early June. In five days we have left Iceland's bright summer night," Johanna said.

It was now becoming so dark that land was no longer visible. They were fast approaching an unbelievable city. Johanna saw she was not alone in her awed staring at

the rows of lights: all colours, white, and red, and green.

"This is Glasgow," Baldvin Baldvinsson announced. "Here we leave our tramp steamer to board the Britannica which is scheduled to leave for Canada in two days."

From the outset the Britannica plowed through heavy seas. As the days wore on, Johanna thought wearily that leagues of seemingly endless ocean still lay between them and America.

Time dragged dismally. The little girls became restless, and Sigurhlif toddled about pale and quiet. In the afternoons while the child slept Johanna sought the deck. There she sat beside her husband, knitting and taking stock of her fellow passengers.

"Sigrid looks worn out. There are blue circles under her eyes. Poor woman! God pity her! Her time is near. She may give birth at sea," she observed to Jonas. "Ingrid and Helga, too, droop wearily."

Heavy seas and high headwinds continued to retard their voyage. Already ten days had passed since the Britannica left Scotland. Each weary day the tired, and often seasick, emigrants stood on deck gazing ahead in the hope of seeing land.

One day Johanna observed the men leaning tensely over the deckrail for a better view of a gleam they saw on the tossing billows. The gleam became a white streak, appearing to drift slowly towards the ship.

A hush fell upon the watchers, disturbed only by the faint bleating of sheep in the hold beneath. Everyone fixed their eyes upon the approaching object in abated anxiety.

"What is it, Jonas? A ship?" The man was slow to answer. Finally he said: "No. An iceberg."

"In June?"

"Yes."

Mr. Baldvinsson spoke up quietly.

"Summer is the time for icebergs in the North Atlantic," he said.

"When warm weather comes they begin

SETTLERS IN MIKLEY (HECLA ISLAND) 1878

Compiled by Nelson Gerrard
(Continued from the Autumn Issue)

THE AUTHOR



Nelson Gerrard was born in 1951 near Strathclair, Manitoba and raised on a farm on the north end of nearby North Salt Lake. His parents are George Gerrard, the son of Scottish settlers in the Menzie district, and Helga Olafson from Riverton. After graduating from the University of Manitoba with an honours degree in fine arts in 1973, Nelson studied at the University of Iceland for three years on scholarship, graduating with a degree in Icelandic philology in 1976. He is presently teaching at Arborg, Manitoba.

16. Halldor Thorgilsson — Kirkjubol: from Hundadalur in Dalasysla, born there in 1831, the son of Thorgils Halldorsson and his wife, Solveig Helgadottir. Halldor came to Canada in 1876 with his wife, Malfridur Tomasdottir and two sons Thorgils and Kristjan. Halldor planned to have a church on his land and therefore named his farm,

Kirkubol (church-abode). On his land is a cemetery where about 30 smallpox victims were buried. From Mikley, Halldor moved to Mountain, N.D. where he died in 1919. Malfridur died in 1900. Their three sons all farmed in the Mountain area. Halldor's son with his second wife, Olöf Kjartansdottir, was Fridrik Theodor, also a farmer at Mountain. (Dalm III, 332; ThJ II, 117; et al.)

17. Jon Jonsson — Laekjarskogur: from Svarfholl in Myrasysla, born there in 1846, son of Jon Halldorsson and Helga Jonsdottir. Jon emigrated from Uppsalar in Borgarfjörður in 1878 with his wife, Sigridur Jonsdottir and three children, Thorbjörg, Jon and Kristin. It is said that the family spent the first winter at Furubrekka (nr. 19), then occupied by Stefan Jonsson. A daughter, Helga Jorunn was born in Mikley on March 26, 1879. Shortly after coming to Mikley, Jon must have chosen land where he intended to settle and named it Laekjarskogur, although the survey shows he did not have a house on the land by the end of 1878. This seems to be the same land that later became known as Hlidarhus as it is stated that Jon gave his claim on this land to Halldor Halldorsson who also arrived in Mikley that year. Jon and Sigridur later moved to Grund on Gull Harbour where they lived for many years before moving to Gimli. Their children: Jon H. Johnson at Amaranth; Thorbjörg, married Johannes Sigurdsson at Hnausa; Stefania; and Olafia, married Rev. Eyjolfur Melan. (ThJ II, 134; L 16, Feb. 1928; et al.)

18. Halldor Halldorsson — Kirkjubol: from Bjargarsteinn in Myrasysla, born 1832. Halldor emigrated in 1878 with his wife, Gudrun Gudmundsdottir and seven children: Elin, Halldora, Johannes, Ingibjörg, Sigridur, Gudrun and Sigurlin. This

appears to be the family that lived with Halldor Thorgilsson (nr. 16) at Kirkjubol during the winter of 1878-79. This couple had lost some children on the journey as a daughter born in Mikley on Nov. 7, 1878 is named Sigurlin after the youngest child born in Iceland. Halldor took over the land first taken by Jon Jonsson (nr. 17), called Hlidarhus. Gudrun died in 1880. Halldor lived in Mikley until his death in August 1910. Of eleven children, six reached maturity: Elin, married a Dane in Moose Jaw, Sask.; Johannes lived at Hlidarhus after his father; Sigridur, married Bjarni Stefansson at Grund; Gudrun; Thorsteinn, Toronto; and Sigurlin, married Jon Sigurgeirsson at Sandar in Mikley. (ThJ II, 132; L 12, May, 1927; et al.)

19. Stefan Jonsson — Furubrekka: from Holar in Reykjadalur, Thingeyjar-sysla, born at Einarstadir in 1831, the son of Jon Jonsson and Gudbjörg Markusdottir. Stefan sold his farm in Iceland in preparing to emigrate to Brazil but these plans never

materialized. He and his wife, Björg Kristjansdottir, emigrated from Gardur in Adalreykjadalur in 1878 with three children: Jonina, Sigurlaug and Kjartan. Stefan is recorded as being at Furubrekka during the winter of 1878 but is said to have lived at Bordeyri (vacated by Sigurdur Jonsson in 1879) for the next two years before moving to Selkirk. After two years at Selkirk he returned to Mikley and settled at Jonsnes which had then been vacated by Gudbjörg Gudbrandsdottir, (nr. 41). Stefan and Björg lived at Jonsnes for many years until the death of their son, Kjartan. They then moved to Ingolfsvik where Stefan died in Feb. 1910. Björg died at the home of her daughter, Helga Davidsson in Winnipeg in 1923, aged 93. Their daughter Sigurlaug married Lyman Edminster, Grand Forks. Jonina married a man named McDonald in Duluth. Kjartan married Vilhelmina, daughter of the Rev. Oddur Gislason. (ThJ II, 133-134; L 10, March, 1910; L 16, Aug. 1923; et al.)

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20. Tryggvi Ingimundsson (Hjaltalin) — Laufstadir: from Nöf near Hofsos in Skagafjörður, Northern Iceland, born 1847, the son of Ingimundur Eiriksson from Raudara near Reykjavik and Margret Jonsdottir. Tryggvi emigrated in 1876 with his father, who died near Mountain, N.D. in 1898, and Kristin Jonatansdottir, a widow with five children: Hreggvidur, Tomas Sigurdsson (farmer at Geysir), Holmfridur, Elin and Sigurdur Jön. They settled in Mikley where their daughter Margret Kristin Anna was born on Aug. 3, 1878. The family moved to Mountain, N.D. c 1881. Tryggvi died near Mountain in May 1927. He and Kristin had three children: Margret married Jon Christianson, Wynyard; Nanna Margret; and Sören. (L 23. June, 1927; Alm 1950, 66; et al.)

21. Petur Bjarnason — Sandnes: from Harastadir in Dalasysla, born 1854, the son of Bjarni Björnsson and Helga Thordardottir who lived at Kolbeinsstadir near Reykjavik. Petur emigrated from Harastadir in 1876 with the family of Johannes Jonason (nr. 14) as well as his future wife, Johanna Hafliadottir from Kotholl in Myrasysla, and one son, Eyjolfur. The first year in Canada was spent at Gimli. In 1878 he moved to Mikley where a daughter, Audbjörg, was born in July of that year. On Feb. 7, 1879, Petur married Johanna. During the winter of 1878, Petur is registered at Sandnes at the home of Petur Bjarnason (nr. 22). Petur is said to have settled at Flugumyri, the next farm to Sandnes, during his first years in Mikley. From there he moved to Winnipeg where Johanna died in June of 1882. After two years in Winnipeg, Petur once again moved to Mikley, living at Holl (Fagurholl nr. 30) for three years, then moving to land on the west shore of the island named Skogarhöfði (Höfði). In Mikley he married his second wife, Holmfridur Josefsdottir from Hrisar in Helgafellssveit. About 1891, Petur moved to the mainland, naming his new home Isafold. This name

became used for the district north of River-ton. Around 1902, due to flooding, Petur moved to the Lundar area. He died at Arborg at the home of his son, Bjarni in August 1921. Petur was a well-known doctor among the settlers.

22. Pall Bjarnason — Sandnes: from Kambsstadir in Thingeyjarsysla, born c. 1833, son of Bjarni Palsson and Gudrun Brynjolfsdottir at Vididalur in Fjöll. Pall lost his wife, Ragnheidur Halldorsdottir, before coming to Canada in 1874 with their six children, Bjarni, Arni, Adalbjörg, Palina, Stefan Gisli and Steinvör. With them came Sigridur Jonsdottir, born c 1826, daughter of Jon Sveinsson, a widow with one daughter, Gislina Gisladottir who later married Gudmundur Olson of Gimli and Glenboro. Pall and Sigridur were among the first Icelandic settlers to land at Gimli in 1875. They may have lived in Arnesbyggd in 1877. On Feb. 7, 1879 Pall and Sigridur were married in Mikley and one son, Thorsteinn, was born to them in Mikley on Dec. 15, 1878. The family must have moved to Winnipeg during the exodus years as Pall died in Winnipeg on Sept. 5, 1884. His son, Bjarni Paulson married Olina Schaldemose in Winnipeg in 1886, later living in Calgary and Selkirk. Arni Palsson farmed near Glenboro. Adalbjörg married a wealthy Corsican named Frank Mariaggi and moved to Corsica with him in 1906, returning to Canada after his death. She then married Valdimar Thorsteinsson of Gimli. (SIV, IV, 195-6; Alm 1926, 51; Leif. 12. Sept. 1884; et al.)

23. Bjarni Petursson — Thingvöllur: from Leysingjastadir in Dalasysla, born in 1842, son of Petur Helgason and Thuridur Halldorsdottir. Bjarni emigrated to Canada in 1876 with Valgerdur Sigurdardottir, born in 1854, daughter of Sigurdur Arnason and Kristin Thorlaksdottir at Skerdingsstadir in Dalasysla. They settled at Thingvöllur in Mikley about 1877. They were married in Mikley on January 4, 1878 by Rev. Jon

Bjarnason. A daughter, Helga Kristin, was born in Mikley on March 5, 1878. Bjarni and Valgerdur have moved to Mountain, N.D. in 1879. There Bjarni died on Dec. 25, 1879. They had only two daughters, Helga married Sigurdur J. Sturlaugsson near Elfros, Sask., and Petrina died young. In June 1884, Valgerdur remarried. Her second husband was Petur J. Hillman, a farmer at Akra. Valgerdur and Petur had seven children: Steinn, Akra.; Petur Bjarni; Una Margret; Beena; Halldor; Gerda and Egill. Valgerdur died at Akra on May 26, 1929. (L 1. Aug. 1929; Dalm III, 282, 469; et al.)

24. Benjamin Einarsson — Helgavatn: from Thverarhlid in Myrasysla, born in 1842, the son of Einar Einarsson and Ingibjörg Olafsdottir at Örnolfsdalur. Benjamin emigrated in 1876, with his wife, Gudrun Arnadottir, born in 1847, daughter of Arni Egilsson and Gudrun Jonsdottir at Refsstadir. Gudrun was a sister of Gudmundur Arnason at Harastadir (nr. 25). Benjamin and Gudrun brought two children

from Iceland, Gudbjörg and Maria. A third daughter, Marta Maria Gudrun was born in Mikley on Jan. 31, 1877, one of the first Icelandic children born on the island. She has been named after her older sister who must have died en route to Canada. Nothing is known of Benjamin and Gudrun after they left Mikley but their two daughters, Gudbjörg and Marta lived in Winnipeg. Marta married Olafur Eggertsson, the actor, in Winnipeg in 1902. Her sister, Gudbjörg Einarsson is listed as a witness to the marriage. (Bf I, 266. et al.)

25. Gudmundur Arnason (Anderson) — Harastadir: from Refsstadir in Borgarfjörður, Western Iceland, born in 1845, son of Arni Egilsson and Gudrun Jonsdottir. Gudmundur was a brother of Gudrun, wife of Benjamin Einarsson at Helgavatn (nr. 24). He emigrated from Iceland in 1876 and settled in Mikley. On Feb. 7, 1879, Gudmundur married Gudrun Thordardottir, born c 1854, daughter of Thordur Thordar-

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son and Gudlin Gudmundsdottir at Stafholtsey in Borgarfjörður. Gudrun had a son, Haraldur Marius, later a merchant at Winnipeg Beach, born in Mikley on Nov. 2, 1877. The father is registered as Gudmundur Danielsson, then deceased. Gudmundur and Gudrun lived in Mikley for about two years, moving east across Lake Winnipeg to Sand River about 1879. After one year there, they moved to Winnipeg for three years, then to the Gimli area where they lived at Somastadir until c 1891. From Gimli they moved to Selkirk where Gudmundur died July 5, 1912. They had five children of which three lived: Ingibjörg married Wm. Thompson, merchant at Winnipeg Beach; Haraldur, merchant at Winnipeg Beach; and Jon in Selkirk. The brothers went by the name Anderson. (H 8 Aug. 1912, Bf III, 192; et al.)

26. Jon Sigurdsson — Bakki: from Saurbaer in Dalasysla, born in 1831, son of Sigurdur Gudbrandsson and Gudlaug Ormsdottir. Jon emigrated from Krossarbakkin in Bitra, Standasysla in 1876 with his wife, Hallbera Hjaltadottir from Steingrimsfjörður, born c 1833, and one son, Sigurdur. They lived in Mikley for three years, moving to Pembina Co., N.D. in 1880 where they lived near Mountain. Jon died there in 1882. Hallbera spent the remainder of her life at the home of her son, Sigurdur Reykfyrd Jonsson. She died at Mountain on Feb. 3, 1896. (L 26. March, 1896; Dalm III, 375; et al.)

27. Helgi Sigurdur Tomasson — Reynistadur: from Hermundarfellsselin N-Thingeyjarsysla, born 1847, the son of Tomas Jonsson. Helgi emigrated in 1876,

then newly married to Margret Thorarinsdottir, from Vesturland in Axarfjörður, born in 1841. Their daughter, Kristin, was then three years old. Helgi and Margret were amongst the first settlers to land in Mikley, spending the first winter at Helgavatn. In 1877 they were registered at Bakki and at the end of 1878 they lived at Reynistadur. Over the next years they are said to have made their home at Sandar, Steinnes and Skogar. On April 18, 1883 they moved to Reynistadur which became their permanent home. Thorleifur Jackson states that Margret named Reynistadur after a bough of mountain ash which she found there. Helgi and Margret had four children, Kristin, married Vilhjalmur Sigurgeirsson; Rosa; Kristjan, merchant and postmaster at Reynistadur; and Gunnar at Reynistadur. (ThJ II, 130; et al.)

28. Fridbjörn Stefansson — Birkiland: from Eyjafjörður, born c 1833. Fridbjörn emigrated from Bakkagerdi in Eastern Iceland in 1876 with his wife, Gudny Danielsdottir, born c 1825. They settled at Birkiland in Mikley before the end of 1877. Gudny must have died a few years after their arrival in Canada and Fridbjörn married Gudrun Kristjansdottir from Dunkur in Dalasysla, born in 1829, a sister to Tomas Kristjansson at Hvammur (nr. 15). Fridbjörn died in Winnipeg on May 4, 1893. Gudrun, his second wife, was living at the West Coast in 1912. Fridbjörn's son, Stefan Fridbjörnsson, lived in Mikley for several years, moving from there to Winnipeg and then the West Coast. (L 6. May, 1892; ThJ II, 126; et al.)

(To be continued in the next issue)

AGRICULTURAL SURVEY

NAMES OF SETTLERS	NAMES OF FARMS	persons in house		house		cellar			well	cleared land	cultivated	fence	ditches	hay	roads	potatoes	(bushels)	wheat (bushels)	oats (bushels)	barley (bushels)	flat beans (bushels)	round beans (bushels)	corn (bushels)	root crops	livestock				boats	nets	fish lines	whitefish	other fish		
		length	width	height	length	width	depth	depth	acres	acres	fathoms	fathoms	40 kg. units	length	width	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	cows	oxen & huls	calves	chickens	number	capacity	fathoms	hooks	number	number
16. Halldor Thorgilsson	Kirkjubol	9	22	14	10	14	12	5	—	4 1/8	3 1/2	250	30	150	—	9	120	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	2	—	—	1	100	1	8	60	—	500	5000
17. Jon Jonsson	Laekjarskogur	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18. Halldor Halldorsson	Kirkjubol	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19. Stefan Jonsson	Furubrekka	3	12	12	7	—	—	—	—	1 1/2	1	120	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	20	1	8	30	—	210	600	
20. Tryggvi Ingimundsson	Laufstadur	7	13	11	7	9	6	5	—	2	1 1/2	300	—	75	—	5	35	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	1	—	1	20	1	8	50	—	400	1900
21. Petur Bjarnason	Sandnes	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1/2	100	—	40	—	5	40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22. Pall Bjarnason	Sandnes	7	16	12	9	8	5	5	—	1	1	20	—	90	—	5 1/2	70	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	1	—	2	25	—	—	—	—	—	—
23. Bjarni Petursson	Thingvöllur	3	16	12	8	10	6	4	—	1	1	100	12	75	—	6	64	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	1	—	1	25	1	10	40	—	190	820
24. Benjamin Einarsson	Helgavatn	4	14	11	8	9	6	5	—	2 1/2	1 1/2	150	12	60	—	7	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	1	—	1	30	1	10	60	—	180	600
25. Gudmundur Amason	Harastadir	3	15	12	8	10	8	6	—	2	1	200	—	40	—	6	40	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals (1 - 25)		112	16		10			5	39	30	2910	160	2005	1	114	1302	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	88	27	—	27	610	14	125	259	—	6100	—	

MY MOTHER, HALLFRIDUR

by Lillian T. Sumarlidason

Whenever I am asked to spell my long Icelandic surname, I eagerly rise in defence of its length, its pronunciation, and its spelling.

The suggestion that it could be simplified, or shortened provides me with an opportunity for explanation. Usually my own enthusiasm creates a respect for the names of our forefathers who came from Iceland and added strange words to the western world. We, Canadians with Icelandic surnames, inherit a reflected glory as the story is told of their incredible victory over circumstances. The story of their courage in leaving a homeland they loved, to sail over the sea to an unknown future, is a dramatic, heart-breaking tale of determination and endurance during those first unbelievable years in the 1870's.

In the mass immigration from Iceland, they transported the roots of our ancestors. Now they are all departed but the family names remain as tokens of their courage in adversity, their nobility of mind, and the will to persevere and to conquer. The success which eventually came to them has provided their children with a luxury of life unequalled anywhere in the world.

They gave up their homes in Iceland through the quirks of nature. The volcanic upheavals, loss of crops and stocks, frost and ice in the fjords, and loss of fish brought on famine and distress. They came to the new world full of hope only to find hunger, cold, poverty, illness and ridicule for their customs, language and inexperience. Yet, their sense of law-abiding responsibility remained firm. As time passed the bountiful rewards of their adopted land eased the memories of the miseries and homesickness they had suffered.

One can feel a sense of pride in the manner that the women adjusted to the discom-

fort, the inadequacy and the hopelessness of homemaking. Much ingenuity and inventiveness were required, but more important, a cheerful acceptance; and a strong faith in a divine power must have bolstered them in the discouraging problems of settlement.

Our mother was one of these first daring travellers. She lived through pioneer days in Kinmount, Ontario, for two years, then to Markland, Nova Scotia, for almost seven years, then to North Dakota until her marriage to our Dad, Thorarinn Gudmundson. As a bride, she moved to Alberta, Canada, with her mother and my Dad. Later, moving to a farm in Saskatchewan, she hoped for improvement in the health of her soldier son. In 1944 she was laid to rest in Forest Lawn cemetery in Vancouver, B.C.

By spanning the continent, she learned to be an ardent Canadian, and her loyalty was sorely tried when her teen-age, only son endured the poison gas attacks in the battlefields of France, in the first world war, only to return home with indifferent health and to linger for a few short years.

I do not recall that Mother ever moralized, nor scolded nor punished us, yet we felt her sweet personality demanded proper behavior. She valued an honorable name above wealth; and education for her children was an obsession. She filled her days with concern for the home and community. An excellent seamstress, she was a successful fund raiser for St. Luke's Church, in Red Deer, as Dorcas secretary, and was a life-member of the Icelandic Ladies Aid in Elfros, Sask. The Icelandic Ladies Aid 'Vonin' formed in Calgary in the 1890's was moved to Markerville and is still in existence though none of the charter members are alive.

When troubled or disappointed with the antics of her children, her beautiful, dark

violet eyes would look quietly, and her gaze would penetrate deep into one's conscience.

When she was pleased, or even proud of her children her chin would lift, and her left eyelid would blink, involuntarily, and one felt that it was approval of the greatest kind.

During the first year of our marriage, my husband, Henry, and I made our home in the little village of Elfros, Sask. During the cold winter months, my parents came in the four miles from the farm to live with us. In spite of the wind, snowdrifts and freezing temperature we enjoyed a comfortable sociable time, for we had as next-door neighbors the late Mr. and Mrs. Johann Magnus Bjarnason. Mr. J. M. Bjarnason had been decorated by the government of Iceland with the Order of the Falcon for his writings, his novels, poetry, and articles written during his school teaching days, and retirement. All were written in flawless Icelandic, and did much to raise the spirits of the Icelandic readers with his wholesome philosophy. He had come as a child to Nova Scotia where he and mother had their first schooling, and the bond of friendship had not weakened with the passing of time. Elfros has gained distinction as the burial spot of the novelist and his wife. A very impressive headstone marks their graves.

Mother and Dad had arrived in Alberta a few years after the Riel Rebellion had created mistrust of the Indian population, yet by their honest acceptance of each human being, they gained the friendship of the native brotherhood.

One incident will illustrate how Mother led me into the appreciation of all of God's creatures, no matter how unfortunate, unkempt or illiterate. It was on a cold January night in Elfros. Henry and I had returned from a train ride and were hurrying home because of the wind which penetrated even our fur coats. Scarves covered our faces so that we did not notice the sleigh in the yard. Eager to reach the warmth of the home, and the welcoming supper, we burst into the

back door, aided by the blast of wind, and as quickly shutting out the cold. As we greeted our parents, I noticed in the dim winter light a pile of blankets and furs in a corner of our large kitchen. I looked in amazement as I detected a wrinkled old, brown-skinned squaw sitting cross-legged on the floor. Her beady dark eyes shone as she rocked to and fro in excitement at my unwelcome stare. "Mother!", I exclaimed, "What on earth?" Mother had returned to the stove preparing supper, and her reply was typical.

"Lil, dear!" she said, "there's a blizzard outside". Her voice was gentle. After years of living with her, I knew whose side she had taken: so I shrugged and hung up our coats.

Our new friend remained a few days until the storm subsided. I grew to like her toothless grin and our comical attempts at conversation.

By many gestures and finger pointing, we discovered that our self-imposed guest was a Cree Indian, from a northern reservation, travelling south to the Punnichy area, to welcome a new grandchild. Her son-in-law was in jail, and her mother-love showed in disgust for him but joy in seeing her daughter again.

Dad had found shelter for her pony, and fed it daily. We found her sleigh interesting. She had fashioned it herself, made from wood, box-like, roomy, shoulder height and well padded with hay, blankets and an assortment of clothing. Around the rim, she had placed short spindles of poplar or willow branches, which added a decorative touch. Each day she fared forth into the cold, going from door to door in Elfros, begging for "OI' Close" (clothes). She would return to our house with her collection, pack them carefully in the sleigh, and start out again, coatless, and cold. Such a sight prompted much generosity.

When she left, laden with food, and our good wishes we knew she had a strong

character, in her own way, independent, resourceful, and facing the odds bravely.

Mother had demonstrated to me that we can find hidden qualities if we care to look for them. She was no racist. She regretted the condition of the native tribes, and reacted with kindly consideration.

It may be that in her lifetime she had witnessed and experienced such hardships among her fellow countrymen, hardships suffered with remarkable courage.

When medical help was non-existent, Mother was known as the district nurse; and she received love and affection from many a student who learned to read or who lived in our home while completing high school, because of her persuasions. Though so often without worldly wealth, she made birthdays, holidays, and Christmas special occasions. Her modesty was genuine, for she did not regard as extraordinary the adventures which unfolded with each year of her

life. Certainly, her conversation was not overburdened with her many achievements.

As is true of the first groups of immigrants in those by-gone days, their self-sacrifices provide much material for future novelists, experiences of a powerful, compelling drama, of deepest emotions.

As the names continue in the stream of life, they remain as reminders, as an identification, or a symbol, a badge of courage of the remarkable qualities shown by the intrepid settlers who dared to tame the wildernesses of America.

We must not forget the fortitude of these young women of frontier days, raising their little ones, giving encouragement to their husbands, and understanding the promises of the future.

By the richness of their character, we learn much; and like our Mother, it was good to be in their presence.

Blessed be their memory!

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A LITTLE BIT OF ICELAND — ON ICE

Tracy Lynn Vopnford* an eight-year old Icelandic Canadian,** has spent a good part of her life on ice. At the age of four she felt at home on skates. At that time she skated with the Sun God Skating Club, North Delta, B.C. in the Mother and Toddlers group, and took part in the annual skating Carnival-on-Ice. Noting Tracy's talent, people encouraged her parents, David and Julie Vopnford, to give her private lessons.

When Tracy was six, the family moved to Bellingham, Washington. She performed her first solo during an intermission in a Bellingham Blazer Hockey game. The team considered her their mascot. She also began skating in ISIA competition in Freestyle 4 and 5. In five competitions she placed first in four, and second in one. One of her solos was televised.

Last summer Tracy received lessons from Lorraine Borman in Lynnwood, Washington. Ms. Borman specializes in training national competitors. Having seen Tracy perform, she offered to make a place in her busy schedule to work with Tracy. The following are Ms. Borman's comments regarding Tracy's progress:

"I have been training Tracy since April, and she is definitely going to be one of my future skaters. In a few short months she has accomplished a lot — from single axel to double flips, which is four double jumps. She has excellent concentration on her figures, and enjoys working on them. This is not common for skaters of her age. She has entered four competitions since spring, and placed no lower than second. She came first in United States Figure Skating Association Inter-Clubs competitions prelimin-

See cover picture.

Her grandparents — Wally and Sigrid Vopnford, Mount Vernon, Washington; great-grandparents — Jakob and Dagbjort Vopnfjord, long-time residents of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Blaine, Washington.

ary rounds, and ended up second over all. (This included 59 skaters in Preliminary Ladies, and 474 skaters from many of the states, including Alaska, also Canada.) She competed in Sun Valley, Idaho last summer and came in second in Preliminary Ladies. Tracy shows a lot of talent, which I hope will take her far."

David and Julie, and her two sisters, Lisa and Julie, and brother David, all hope that they can keep Tracy skating, and help her to become a champion. It means a lot of sacrifice in time and money for the whole family, but since Tracy is willing to work so hard, the family will do all it can to help her. In the meantime just watching Tracy skate and compete with ever-increasing skill and grace makes it all worth while.

DR. G. KRISTJANSSON

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ICELANDIC SETTLEMENTS IN NORTH AMERICA

by Eric Jonasson

THE AUTHOR



Eric Jonsson was born 17 November, 1948 in Winnipeg, son of the late Victor Otto Jonasson and Eileen (née Dipple) Jonasson. Educated in Winnipeg, he has been involved in the mapping industry since 1968, and until recently, was a partner in the firm of Carto Graphics in Winnipeg. In 1976 he founded The Manitoba Genealogical Society and served as its first President. He is the author of numerous articles on Genealogy and of two books TRACING YOUR ICELANDIC FAMILY TREE and THE CANADIAN GENEALOGICAL HANDBOOK (1976, 1978). Recently he was invited to present two lectures on GENEALOGICAL SOURCES IN WESTERN CANADA at the World Conference on Records to be held in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1980. He and his wife, Elizabeth, have one daughter, Erin Dagbört.

FOREWORD

The following transcript contains excerpts from the author's publication TRACING YOUR ICELANDIC FAMILY TREE which was reviewed by Nelson Gerard in the autumn issue, 1979 of the Icelandic Canadian. It is published with the

permission of the author. An example of the detailed account of each settlement reads as follows:

1. Spanish Forks, Utah.

Settlement: A few settlers arrived here in 1850 although there was no major influx until 1855. From this time until 1862, 16 Icelanders settled here. Direct settlement from Iceland ended by 1892 although some people moved here after this time from other American settlements.

Location: Around Spanish Forks in Utah County, south of Salt Lake City.

Departures: Some family migrations to Washington State, California, and Alberta.

However, as the limitation of space in this issue precludes the publication of a detailed account of each of the settlements. Accordingly, the transcript is limited to an enumeration of the settlements including the date of their founding, and the two maps showing their location.

* * *

After their arrival in North America, the Icelandic people tended to band together in a few large, well defined areas. However, as time passed, the desire for better land or greater opportunities resulted in small groups breaking away from the larger settlements to establish settlements of their own. In time, as these smaller settlements grew, the process was repeated. As a result, it is not impossible to find that a settler may have lived in as many as four or five widely separated places in the period from 1875 to 1900.

To aid the researcher, a list of the major settlements of the Icelandic people in America follows, arranged chronologically. All settlements are numbered for easy reference, each number corresponding to those included in Maps 1 and 2 to aid in placing each settlement geographically.

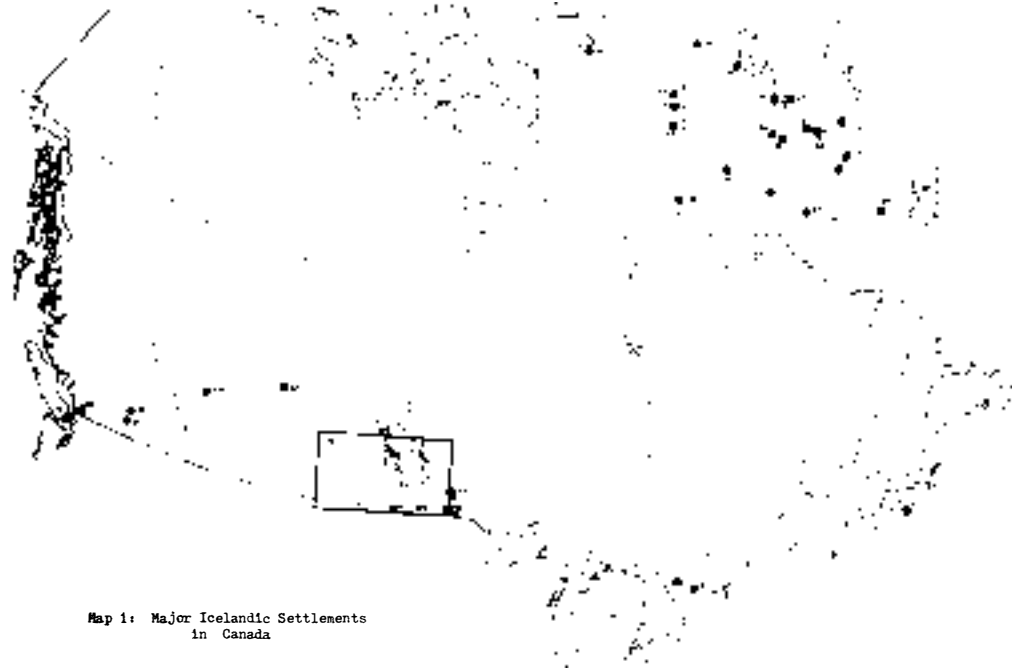
1. Spanish Forks, Utah, 1850.
2. Brazil, 1863.
3. Washington Island, Wisconsin, 1870.
4. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1872.
5. Muskoka, Ontario, 1873.
6. Shawano County, Wisconsin, (Ljosvatn), 1874.
7. Nebraska, 1875.
8. Kinmount, Ontario, 1875.
9. Markland, Nova Scotia, 1875.
10. Minneota, Minnesota, 1875.
11. New Iceland (Nyja Island), 1875.
12. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1877.
13. Pembina County, North Dakota, 1878.
14. Argyle, Manitoba, 1880.
15. Brandon, Manitoba, 1882.
16. Victoria, B.C., 1883.
17. Selkirk, Manitoba, 1880-85.
18. Churchbridge, Saskatchewan (Thingvalla), 1885.
19. Mouse River, North Dakota, 1886.
20. Keewatin, Ontario, 1886.
21. Swan Lake, Manitoba (Alptavatsnylenda), 1887.
22. Tantalton, Saskatchewan (Holar and Vallarbygd), 1887.
23. Markerville, Alberta, 1888.
24. Blaine, Washington, 1888.
25. The Narrows, Manitoba, 1889.
26. Calder, Saskatchewan, 1890.
27. Shoal Lake, Manitoba, 1889 (Grunnavatsbygd).
28. Pipestone, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 1892. (Logberg)
29. Lakes Settlement, Saskatchewan (Vatnabygd).
 - (a) Foam Lake, 1892.
 - (b) Kristnes, 1903.
 - (c) Leslie, 1903.
 - (d) Mount Hecla, 1904.
 - (e) Hola, 1905.
 - (f) Elfros, 1903.
 - (g) Mozart, 1903.
 - (h) Wynyard, 1904.
 - (i) Kandahar and Dafoe, 1905.



Map 2: Major Icelandic Settlements in the United States

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 30. Big Point, Manitoba, 1893. | 42. Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1876. |
| 31. Roseau County, Minnesota, 1893. | 43. Chicago, Illinois, 1876. |
| 32. Point Roberts, Washington, 1893. | 44. New York, New York, 1876. |
| 33. Vancouver, British Columbia, 1895. | 45. Duluth, Minnesota, 1881. |
| 34. Winnipegosis, Manitoba, 1897. | 46. Grafton, North Dakota, 1882. |
| 35. Piney, Manitoba, 1897. | 47. Gloucester, Massachusetts, 1885. |
| 36. Swan River, Manitoba, 1898. | 48. Sayreville, New Jersey, 1886. |
| 37. Brown, Manitoba, 1899. | 49. Grand Forks, North Dakota, 1887. |
| 38. Big Grass, Manitoba, 1900. (Marshland). | 50. Bellingham, Washington, 1888. |
| 39. Northwest coast of lake Manitoba, Manitoba, 1900. | 51. Okanagan, British Columbia, 1890. |
| 40. Osland Island, British Columbia, 1913. | 52. Vernon, British Columbia, 1890. |
| 41. Hunter Island, British Columbia, 1915. | 53. Warrenton, Oregon, 1890. |
| | 54. Sheridan, Oregon, 1890. |
| | 55. Portland, Oregon, 1890. |
| | 56. Seattle, Washington, 1893. |
| | 57. Los Angeles, California, circa 1900. |
| | 58. San Francisco, California, circa 1900. |
| | 59. San Diego, California, circa 1900. |
| | 60. Maidstone, Saskatchewan, 1907. |

The following settlements, while by no means insignificant, were of lesser importance than those mentioned previously, primarily because the Icelandic people were greatly outnumbered by people of other ethnic groups.



Map 1: Major Icelandic Settlements in Canada

I REMEMBER LONI

by Lillian Olson Lane

Mrs. Lane shared first prize — \$50 — in the Islendingadagurinn Reminiscences Contest at Gimli, Manitoba, 1979 with Hallgerdur G. Schneider. Mrs. Schneider's story will be published in a later issue of the Icelandic Canadian.

In my memory of Loni, the old family homestead, the sun is always shining.

Granted, night must have fallen regularly, even in summer: I recall grandmotherly warnings of the dangers of the "night air", invoking visions of evil spirits which might attack the unwary child who ventured outside. I even remember rainy days spent among books and other treasures in the roomy attic. There were times, too, when the wind swept through the trees and churned up waves on the lake.

Nevertheless, like the constant sun in a child's drawing, whatever the scene depicted, an aura of warmth and light bathes the recollection of that early childhood period.

The Sveinsson farm was situated on the lakeshore north of Gimli, on the long shallow bay defined to the north by the rocky treed point which hid from sight the neighbouring farm of "Birkinesi". The name "Loni", meaning an inlet of the sea, would be far more relevant to the home our grandfather left in Iceland than to this lakeside property; however, as a child I always thought the "lon" was the stream which wound through the pastureland to the west, fed by artesian wells, passed behind the barn and widened into a deep pool when it reached the sandy beach. This pool, reedy, red with mineral deposits, full of tadpoles and frogs in season, emptied slowly — helped or hindered as dammed or redirected by childish hands — through the sand into the lake.

In the early twenties the hard pioneer years — though not the lifetime habits of hard work — were well in the past for our grandparents, Gisli and Margret Sveinsson. They had achieved a measure of prosperity, their property extending westward from the lake — beyond where a small child might ramble — over pastureland and grain fields, probably to the northern road, where they had donated land for the town cemetery. There were also haylands to the south of town, at Willow Point.

By this time, I believe, grandfather had long since stopped combining fishing with farming, and concentrated on his herd of dairy cattle, horses and poultry, with all the associated activities of mixed farming. Small sections of his land were sold from time to time to "city people" for summer cottages — a process now, it seems, complete — and these cottagers (or "campers", as they were called) became customers as well as friends, arriving on warm summer evenings with their jugs for fresh supplies of milk and perhaps some new-laid eggs, and stopping to chat.

The house "afi" had built a good many years before was a spacious frame structure, three storeys and a cement basement. There was a big screened-in porch at the front, with a sleeping balcony over it, overlooking the water. Downstairs there was a small parlour at the front, separated by sliding doors from the central dining-room. There was a winter kitchen and a big summer kitchen at the back, each with an adjoining pantry. A small bedroom opened off the dining room, but of course the main sleeping quarters were upstairs.

There was a wall telephone in the winter kitchen, and a sink with a pump to draw up water from the cistern in the basement. I

think the water drained directly outside from the sink, and this was the extent of our indoor plumbing. As for electricity, that was more than a decade away for the Gimli area. The cellar opening from the kitchen was dark and mysterious — and out of bounds.

Adjacent to the house at Loni was the well-house. Here the artesian water was piped, flowing constantly into a large wooden box and emptying out into the stream running to the lake. This was the family refrigerator, where milk, cream and butter was chilled and kept fresh in the cold, clear water.

Across the farmyard to the north was the big, red barn, with a lovely, big hayloft. On the south side was a carpentry shop, smelling fragrantly of sawdust and full of interesting tools. It was here that grandfather made a beautiful playhouse for my sister and me — large enough to walk about in and to hold child-size furniture and all our dolls' things.

The spacious kitchen at the back of the house was the family-room in summer: here was the big cook-stove, the work and play areas, and the table where we usually ate, under the row of windows overlooking the farmyard, the road and wooden sidewalk, and the cottages across the way. The front parlour and the dining room were used for formal callers, but the casual visitors who were the more numerous usually stopped in the kitchen.

There always seemed to be people coming and going at Loni. Besides the family there were campers, local friends and tradesmen, relatives and other visitors, some stopping only for coffee or a meal, others staying as house-guests, especially during the Icelandic Festival.

But most important to us, along with our parents, were our grandparents: Gisli, slight of frame but strong, skilled, quick in thought and action, public-spirited, devout and generous; Margret, dignified in carriage, with a straight back and warm, ma-

ternal bosom, well-read and house-proud, cook and poet, and an excellent story-teller. However, in the egocentricity of the young, we saw them simply as our "afi" and "amma", who, in the ageless way of grandparents, were wondrously indulgent and endlessly tolerant of such childish misdemeanours as tracking sand all through the house and leaving the doors ajar for flies. Following the working adults about, we were never told we were in the way: all they were firm about with us was that we should care for each other, and that we should cherish the language and traditions of our ancestors.

From whatever landlocked prairie town we came that year, our arrival at Loni seemed always the same. After the hugs and kisses all round, it was a happy scramble over the long grass of the yard, through the swinging gate, and on to the sandy beach to see the Lake, which we had been looking eagerly for, all the way from Winnipeg Beach. Next, to the well, for a drink of the matchless Gimli water. Only after that was it back to the house, a good meal, and the comfort of the kitchen.

What luxury to go to bed on the screened-in balcony, seeing the stars above and sometimes the moon making a path on the water; then in the morning to wake with the sunbeams sparkling on its surface, and grandma bringing in a tray of cookies and chocolate as a pre-breakfast treat! After breakfast, there was a tour of the farm, renewing friendship with the old dog, Coalie, and the cat, Kisa, visiting the barn and the chicken enclosure. Our favourite horse was an old mare, who, after many years of faithful service, was enjoying an honourable retirement — an early lesson in the humane treatment of animals.

Much of our holiday time at Loni was spent on the beach. Barefoot, dressed in light cotton frocks or play-suits, we built elaborate sand castles with ramparts and moats, and shells for windows. We wan-

dered treasure-hunting along the beach, and waded among the minnows and waterweeds near shore. Afternoons we put on bathing suits — dark, long-skirted and of cotton which clung awkwardly when wet, but no matter: we paddled and splashed in the water, wading out to the sandbars and digging holes in the wet sand. After bathing it was wonderful to come back to the house for hot chocolate and fresh "kleinur" or rolled pancakes.

In the meantime the work of the farm went on — but it was all fun to us. Whatever troubles afflicted our elders did not touch us, and the days passed happily in and around the area, with an occasional excursion beyond. It was always with sadness — and a collection of stones and shells as souvenirs — that we left Loni in September.

1925 was the last of these carefree Loni summers. Death, financial distress, vandalism and eventually fire brought destruction. Time, and the proliferation of cottages, seems to have swallowed up every trace of the old homestead. The very name "Loni" has become Loney Beach, so that a visitor might casually wonder what unknown Irishman had left his mark on the resort area.

Yet the spirit survives physical destruction. The benefits of a happy childhood, insofar as it was in their power to provide it, the forbearing love — suggestive of the grace of God, yet human in its family pride — these were enduring gifts of an earlier generation. These, and the sense of a great heritage in language, religion, and culture.

So in memory the sun forever shines over the beloved scene of our childhood summers. The heat shimmers off the baking white sand beach, the light sparkles on the blue water, and in front of the big old house stand Margret and Gisli Sveinsson, with their warm smiles and outstretched arms, welcoming their grandchildren back for another summer at Loni.

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SKARPHEDINN NJALSSON

by Haraldur Bessason

Skarphedinn Njalsson was the eldest son of Njall Thorgeirsson at Bergporshvall (Bergthorsknoll) in southern Iceland the protagonist of the famous 13th-century work Njal's Saga. In 1011 Skarphedinn and a number of other members of his father Njall's household perished as their enemies besieged them and set fire to their home.

In history this tragic event is known as The Burning of Njall. In Njal's Saga, which is first and foremost a literary work, the Burning has a deeper meaning in that it marks the very end of a heathen society whose code of ethics claimed revenge as a sacred obligation.

Only a decade before the Burning of Njall the Icelandic nation had been converted to a new faith which preached humility and compassion leaving no margin for time-honoured heroic conduct. Love for the enemy and forgiveness were novel concepts and created the social tension which is carefully examined in Njal's Saga. In the concluding chapters of the saga heroic intrasigence gives way to Christian humility.

In Njal's Saga Skarphedinn Njalsson represents archaic heathen values. Engulfed by flames his father Njall, a recent convert to Christianity, sees the Burning as purgatory and asks his people to "be of good heart and speak no words of fear". In his words the Burning is "just a passing storm" and he reminds his people that God will not let them burn "both in this world and the next". Bent on revenge, Skarphedinn says to Kari Sölmundarson as the latter makes his escape from the fire: "I shall laugh, brother-in-law, if you escape, for you will avenge us all". Njal's Saga's account makes one wonder if Skarphedinn's brief stay among the flames sufficed for his salvation.

In Hannes Hafstein's poem presented here in Dr. Gudmundur Gislason's English translation this question receives the poet's careful attention. At the beginning of the poem the destructive power of the Burning is stressed. Then the emphasis gradually shifts to its purgatorial effects. In the end the flames mark the sign of the cross on the chest of the dead hero. The poem therefore goes beyond the confines of the saga account by implying that Njal's prediction noted above held true for everyone concerned, even his intensely heroic son Skarphedinn.

The poet

Hannes Hafstein (1861 - 1922) was, in his day, one of Iceland's leading literary and political figures. In 1904 he became Iceland's first cabinet minister.

The translator

Dr. Gudmundur J. Gislason () of Grand Forks, North Dakota, was a physician and surgeon as well as a man of letters. Several of his English translations of Icelandic poems have appeared in journals and anthologies.

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SKARPHEDINN AMONG THE FLAMES

Hannes Hafstein

Translated by Gudmund J. Gislason

Booming and quaking,
Cracking and breaking,
Down crashed the rafters
And roofbeams sturdy.

Torrent of flames burst forth seething and vicious,
On rushed the fire-demons, raging, malicious.
Smoke-columns blazing rose up from the holocaust.
The gable alone stood like rock in an ocean vast.

Then both were dead
Njall and Bergthora.
Gone was Kari,
Cremated Grimur,
Hewn down Helgi.
Hedinn remained
Pinned at the gable
And scornfully grinned.
Orange-red embers
Glisten and crackle.
Blood-tinted lightbeams
Play on the hero.

They shine on his teeth and pale sharp-featured countenance,
Changing in hue, while the blaze billows leap and dance,
Twisting from fire-tongues a flamewreath all fluttering,
Encircling the warrior, brilliantly glittering.

His hands were holding
Battle-Ogre.
"How art thou, my ax!
Heating somewhat?
Thou wouldst not be
So blue and arid
Were there aught else
Than flames to sunder."
Red-rays prophetic
Of future bloodsheds,
Glowed on the ax-head's
Trenchant edges.

Skarphedinn grinned at the shining steel: "I know thee,
Ax of mine, out from the flames bring regards from me."
Swinging the vengeance-filled weapon with power, he
Buried it deep in the core of the gable-tree.

A LIST OF ICELANDIC SETTLERS IN NORTH DAKOTA 1878 - 1887

As recorded in the narrative LANDNAM ISLENDINGA I NORDUR DAKOTA (Icelandic Settlements in North Dakota), by the Rev. F. J. Bergmann, published in the Almanak of O. S. Thorgeirsson, 1902.

Compiled by Axel Vopnfjord

1878 (Hallson District)

Magnus Stefansson, Sigurdur Josua Björnsson, Johann Hallsson and son, Gunnar, Benedikt Jonsson, Gisli Egilsson, Jon Hörgdal, Jonas Jonsson, Gudni Tomasson, Fridrik Bjarnason.

1879 (Hallson District)

Gudmundur Johannesson, Jon Bergmann, Jon Hallgrimsson, Jon Arason, Dr. Jon Jonasson, Samson Bjarnason, Palmi Hjalmarsson, Jon Einarsson, Benedikt Olafsson, Jonatan Halldorsson, Josef Schram, Hallgrimur Hallgrimsson, Bjarni Jonasson, Jason Thordarson, Olafur Gudmundsson, Jakob Jonsson, Johann Breidfjörd, Einar Scheving, Arni Scheving, Gudmundur Thordarson, Pall Johannesson, Bjarni Dalsted. (According to the original narrative a complete list of the settlers was not available).

1878 (Vik — now Mountain — District)

Thorlakur Jonsson, Haraldur, Jon, and Björn Thorlaksson, Sigurdur Sveinsson, Benedikt Johannesson, the Rev. Pall Thorlaksson, Sveinn Sveinsson, Gudmundur Johannesson, Gudmundur Gudmundsson, Indridi Sigurdsson, Sveinbjörn Johannesson, Sigurdur Jakobsson, Jon Jonasson, Sigurbjörn Hansarson.

1879 (Park District)

The following men re-settled here: Sigurdur Sveinsson and Benedikt Johannesson. This was the beginning of the Park Settlement.

1880 (Hallson District)

Björn Jonsson, Johann Johannsson, Sölvi Sölvason, Indridi Indridason, Sigurjon Kristjansson, Sigurbjörn Björnsson, Jon Petursson, Sigurdur Rognvaldsson, Johannes Sigurdsson, Hallgrimur Holm, Jon Hjalmarsson.

1880 (Mountain District)

Gudmundur Gudmundsson, Halldor Fridriksson, Halldor Thorgilsson, Johannes Jonsson, Elina Jonsdottir, Tryggvi Hjaltalin, Gudmundur Skulason, Hallgrimur Jonsson, Björn Einarsson, Jonas Kortsson, Sigurdur Arnason, Jon Sigurdsson and Hallbera, Sigurgeir Bjarnason, Björn Illhugasón, Gudmundur Gislason, Sigurdur Kraksson, Olafur Olafsson.

1880 (Park District)

Jon Bergmann and Magnus Stefansson (re-settled), Aldis Laxdal, Eirikur Bergmann, Fridrik Petur Bergmann, Thorey Olafsdottir, Einar and Hallgrimur Thorlacius, Kristinn Olafsson, Jon Brandsson, Haflidi Gudbrandsson, Kristjan Samuelsen, Gudmundur Jonsson, Arni Thorleifsson, John Hallgrimsson, Benedikt Bardal, Grimur Einarsson, Olafur Jonasson, Magnus Magnusson, Johannes Melstad, Sigurgeir Björnsson, Jon Hallgrimsson (Hall), Hallgrimur Gislason, Jon Jonsson, Gudmundur Stefansson, and his son, Stefan, Gudmundsson, (Stephan G. Stephansson, the Rocky Mountain poet), Grimur Thordarson, Gisli Dalmann.

N.B. The following names are recorded in connection with the formation of a congregation in the settlement, but there is no record of the year of their arrival:

Hans Nielsson, Hreggvidur Sigurdsson, Thorsteinn Thorlaksson, Halldor Reykjalin, Johann Schram, Olafur Johnsen.

1881 (The Northern Part of the Settlement)

N.B. The author of the original narrative regrets that the names of all the settlers was not available. As a result the following list is incomplete.

Thorkell Bessason, Thorleifur Joakimsson, Bjarni Petursson, Sigurdur Petursson, Eyjolfur Kristjansson, and his three sons, Gisli, Jon, and Thorsteinn, Björn Skagfjörd, Sigfus Bjarnason, Benedikt Bjarnason, Einar Gudmundsson, Eggert Gunnlaugsson, Petur Hillman, Thorsteinn Asmundsson, Kristjan Kristjansson.

1881 (Vik — Mountain — District)

Sigfus Jonsson, Bjarni Benediktsson, Jon Gislason, Gisli Eiriksson, Fridbjörn Björnsson, Johann Stefansson, Olafur Olafsson, Bjarni Bjarnason, Jon Nielsson, Jon Björnsson, Thorgils Halldorsson, Johanna Skaftadottir, David Gudmundsson, Jon Jonsson, Vigfus Sigurdsson, Sigurdur Björnsson, Kristjan Björnsson, Niels Steingrimur Thorlaksson.

1881 (Eyford District)

Jakob Eyford, Bjarni Olgeirsson, Sigurdur Sigurdsson, Asvaldur Sigurdsson, Johann Geir Johannesson, Job Sigurdsson, Jon and Asmundur Asmundsson, Sigurbjörn Gudmundsson, Magnus Snowfield.

1882 (Eyford District)

Albert Hansarson, Kristjan Kristjansson, Armann Stefansson, David Jonsson.

1883 (Eyford District)

Olafur Olafsson, Björn Jonsson, Anton Möller, Johann Sigurdsson, Sigurjon Gestsson.

1886 (Eyford District)

Magnus Benjaminsson, Gudmundur Gestsson, Gunnlaugur Jonsson, Einar Sigurdsson.

1881 (Park — Gardar — District)

Pall Dalmann, Hallgrimur Gudmundsson, Einar Bessason, Sigurdur Isfeld, Frikdrik Johannesson, Jakob Espolin, Thorsteinn Thorsteinsson, Kristinn Kristinsson, Jakob Lindal, Baldvin Helgason, Thorsteinn Hallgrimsson, Olafur Olafsson.

1882 (Park District)

Tryggvi Fridriksson, Sigfus Bergmann, Fridrik J. Bergmann (the author of this narrative), Einar Myrdal, Stefan Eyjolfsson, Geirhjortur Kristjansson.

1883 (Park District)

Halldor Armann, Sigmundur Jonsson, Josef Sigvaldason Walter, Albert Samuelsen, Bjarni Bjarnason, Trausti Kristjansson, Fridbjörn Fridriksson, Einar Grandy, Sigurjon Kristjansson, Asgeir Gudjonsson, Sveinbjörn Sigurdsson, Sigfus Hallgrimsson.

1884 (Park District)

Stefan Gudmundsson, Snaebjörn Hannesson and his sons, Hannes and Vigfus.

1885 (Park District)

Asmundur Bjarnason, Oddur, Helgi, and Gudjon Jonsson (brothers).

1886 (Park District)

Benoni Stefansson.

1881 (The Pembina Heights)

Stigur Thorvaldsson, Stefan Gudmundsson, Jon Jonsson, Petur Jonsson, Olafur Einarsson.

1882 (The Pembina Heights)

Gisli Benediktsson, Jon Gudmundsson, Jon Jonsson, Kristinn Hermansson, Johannes Thordarson, Jakob Jonsson, Björn Petursson.

1882 (District not specified)

Brynjolfur Brynjolfsson, and his sons, Skafti, Olafur, Jonas, and Magnus, Sigurdur Jonsson, Stefan Brynjolfsson, Gud-

brandur Erlendsson, Jon Rögnvaldsson, Jon Hillman, Jon and Sigurdur Einarsson, Kristinn Hermansson, Josef Gudmundsson, Johannes Arnason, Kristjan Bakkmann, Sigurdur Kristjansson, Johannes Jonsson, Thorfinnur Johannesson, Gudmundur Petursson, Jon Frimann, Gudmundur Eiriksson, Larus Frimann, Jon Jonsson.

1883 (No location indicated)

Sigurjon Johannesson, Sigurdur Gislason and his son, Eggert, Hannes Jonsson, Jonas Sturlaugsson, Bjarni Jonasson, Jon Gislason, Sigurdur Sakariasson, Vigfus Halsson, Finnbogi Erlendsson, Guttormur Sigurdsson, Dinus Jonsson, Johannes Thordarson.

1884 (No location indicated)

Metusalem Einarsson, Johannes Torfason, Johann Sveinsson, Nikulas Jonsson, Björn Halldorsson, Saemundur Eiriksson, Björn Sveinsson.

1885 and Later (No location indicated)

Jon Soldal (1885), Hjalmar Hjalmarsson, Hermann Hjalmarsson Hermann.



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THE HEKLA SINGERS — A TRIBUTE TO THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD



(From the left) Kristin and Erica Stewart-Hay, Kris Vopnfjord, Tristin Tergesen, Lindy, Karen and Len Vopnfjord. In the spring of 1979 a group of talented children called the HEKLA SINGERS was formed by Len and Karen Vopnfjord to record a new

Provincial Theme Song MANITOBA composed by Len and Karen. The children are all of Icelandic descent.

They were invited to perform at the Icelandic Festival of Gimli in the presence of the Fjallkona, Mrs. Olla Stefanson and His Excellency Governor General Edward Schreyer and his wife, Lily, also at the Scandinavian Pavilion of Winnipeg's multicultural festival FOLKLORAMA. They represented Manitoba in the province's most ambitious event commemorating the YEAR OF THE CHILD. They have appeared on T.V. and radio as well as on several programmes within the province.

They have made a contribution to the observance of the Year of the Child in Manitoba.

ICELANDIC REPORT

On August 19th an Icelandic gunboat seized a ship owned by the anti-whaling organization Greenpeace and towed it to Reykjavik harbour following the arrest of the group leader. The Rainbow Warrior had been interfering with an Icelandic whaling vessel in the Atlantic Ocean southwest of Iceland. On August 23rd, the Rainbow Warrior and its crew of 16 were released from detention after the crew appeared in a maritime court. This court will hear evidence on alleged unlawful actions on the whaling grounds and pass on its findings to the state prosecutor who will decide if charges will be brought. Several weeks later, after their arrival in London, Greenpeace spokesmen announced that the group will take legal action against Icelandic authorities for detaining their ship and confiscating its equipment.

Prince Charles was forced to cut short a fishing expedition to Iceland in late August

when he learned of the death of Lord Louis Mountbatten. The Prince has been a visitor to Icelandic rivers several times and has been quoted as being enthusiastic about the "fantastic" fishing opportunities in the country.

Thorir Baldursson, one of many Icelandic musicians who have made a name for themselves in foreign parts, has been selected to do the arrangements for all of the tunes on the next album of Elton John.

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the fertility of the land which attracted them. At that time grain could be grown without difficulty, and one of the most memorable incidents in the Njal Saga takes place at the moment when Hoskuld, the doomed but guiltless priest-farmer, is sowing grain in his in-field. The climate worsened a great deal in later centuries, and though it has again improved, the growing of grain is still not an economic pursuit. But agriculture does not totally depend on grain. There is a great deal of fertility in the soil of Iceland and during the warm months the main crop, grass, seems to spring out of the ground overnight: all livestock (except of course milking cows) are driven away to upland pastures and the grass on low-lying fields is heavily cropped for hay, silage or dried grass. The surplus animals fattened on the upland pastures are duly slaughtered, while the silage and hay are fed during the winter to the carry-over breeding stock.

"So Iceland is by no means barren in the agricultural sense. It is said to be barren of minerals, but here again one must look at such unique and economically valuable resources as geothermic heat, likewise the almost inexhaustible water-power, which fully compensates for the absence of fossil fuels.

"No: during my time as Ambassador, I could never bring myself to attach over-riding weight to the Icelandic plea **ad misericordiam**. At the height of the first Cod War, the Prime Minister in his New Year's Message to the people said: 'The Icelanders have probably never lived so well as now, and there are very few countries which can claim a standard of living higher or even as high as ours!'

"However, though the 'poor little Iceland' argument was weak in itself, the Icelanders were brilliant in the way they exploited it: most foreigners were so ignorant of Iceland that they took the plea at face value. I may say that I always found it quite impossible to convince any leader

writer on a British newspaper that the Icelanders were more affluent than we were; the igloo-and-blubber image was too strong for me to overcome.

"So much for the claim to special treatment because Iceland is barren."

Since it is generally conceded to be a prerogative even of the Devil to quote scripture for his purpose, one should, perhaps, not be too critical of Sir Andrew for having tried to prove a point in a serious twentieth century discussion over fishery limits with an illustration from a work of semi-fiction, composed in the thirteenth century about events purported to have taken place during the tenth. No one who has visited Iceland in summer would argue with Sir Andrew with respect to the lushness of the grass on Icelandic farms, but Sir Andrew conveniently disregards the fact that on account of the mountainous terrain, extensive lava beds and sand deserts as well as glaciers in the interior of the island, only 14% of the total land area is habitable. The grain sown by Hoskuld, moreover, is generally conceded to have been barley, the only one of the cereal grains that can mature in far northern latitudes. Even if cultivated in Iceland today, it would scarcely constitute a significant source of foreign exchange. Within recent years there has been a market for Icelandic wool in the Soviet Union and small quantities of Icelandic cheese have been sold to Japan, but the bulk of the meat from slaughtered lambs is for home consumption. Even within recent years the vagaries of Icelandic weather have so affected the hay harvest that many farmers were constrained to slaughter a good portion of their breeding ewes, as they had insufficient hay to feed them over the winter.

It is of course true and fortunately so, that Iceland has been particularly blessed with "such unique and economically valuable natural resources as geothermic heat, likewise the almost inexhaustible water power," which does not, however, as the

author would have readers believe, fully compensate for the absence of fossil fuels. In the first place, no feasible means has or is likely to be found to export them, nor can either be utilized to power an internal combustion engine.

The words of the Prime Minister, cited by the author, would soon give rise only to nostalgic memories, had the Icelandic Government not taken steps to extend its jurisdiction over coastal waters.

With respect to the relative affluence of the two countries, the Icelanders of today certainly live more comfortably than many members of the working class in Britain, but at the same time are subjected to currency restrictions and an even higher rate of inflation. It is true that many Icelanders and virtually all the Icelandic farmers own motor cars, but these are, for the most part,

Volkswagens, small Czech and Russian cars, jeeps and Land Rovers. Chauffeur-driven Bentleys and Rolls-Royces are conspicuously absent. It is also a far cry from Bessastadir, the official residence of the President of Iceland, to the stately homes of even the more impecunious members of the British aristocracy.

To paraphrase Sir Andrew's own summary dismissal of the Icelandic Government's 1952 statement to the United Nations: "So much for the claim of this book to constitute 'a serious attempt to explain and assess the British quarrel with Iceland over fishery limits.'"

* * *

This book can be obtained from Joan Parr, 102 Queenston St., Winnipeg, Man. Phone: 489-6862.

ROOTS THAT BIND

By Kristiana Magnusson
Trinity Press, Langley, B.C., 181 pages

Settle into your favourite reading place, make yourself comfortable and commence reading "Roots That Bind". You will be treated with nostalgia, entertained with stories, soothed with poetry, excited by numerous pictures, frightened by episodes telling of hardships and tragedies and astonished by how man's progress is determined by the natural elements surrounding him.

"Roots That Bind", is not just a listing of a family tree. No, indeed! It relates their joys, their hardships, their tragedies, their courageousness, their successes and rewards, their cooperativeness and their loyalty to the "clan".

"Roots That Bind", along with the genealogy, rewards the reader with contributions from the elderly who relate old experiences that they are able to recall. These selections have been dictated or spoken into a recorder.

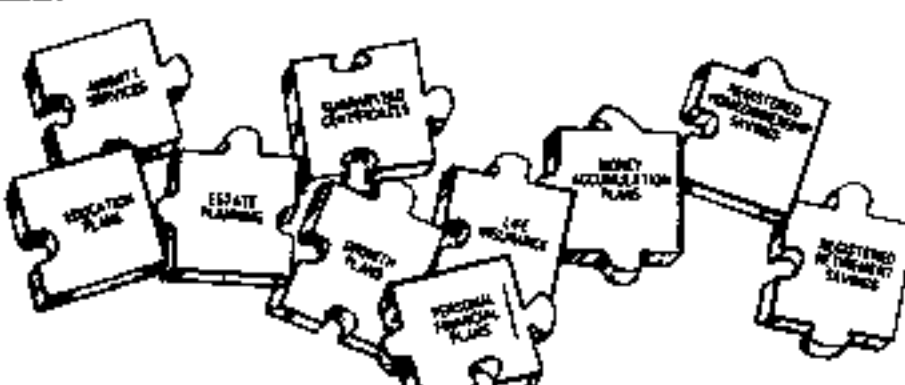
"Roots That Bind", includes comedy and tragedy, joy and sorrow, success and failure. It is indeed a record of historical events that now will be preserved. Let us hope that "Roots That Bind", will inspire others to contribute a piece of the historical puzzle that might otherwise fade into obscurity.
A. Isfeld



Who can identify the families on this photograph taken about 1895? Anyone recognizing these people is requested to write to the editor of **The Icelandic Canadian**.

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