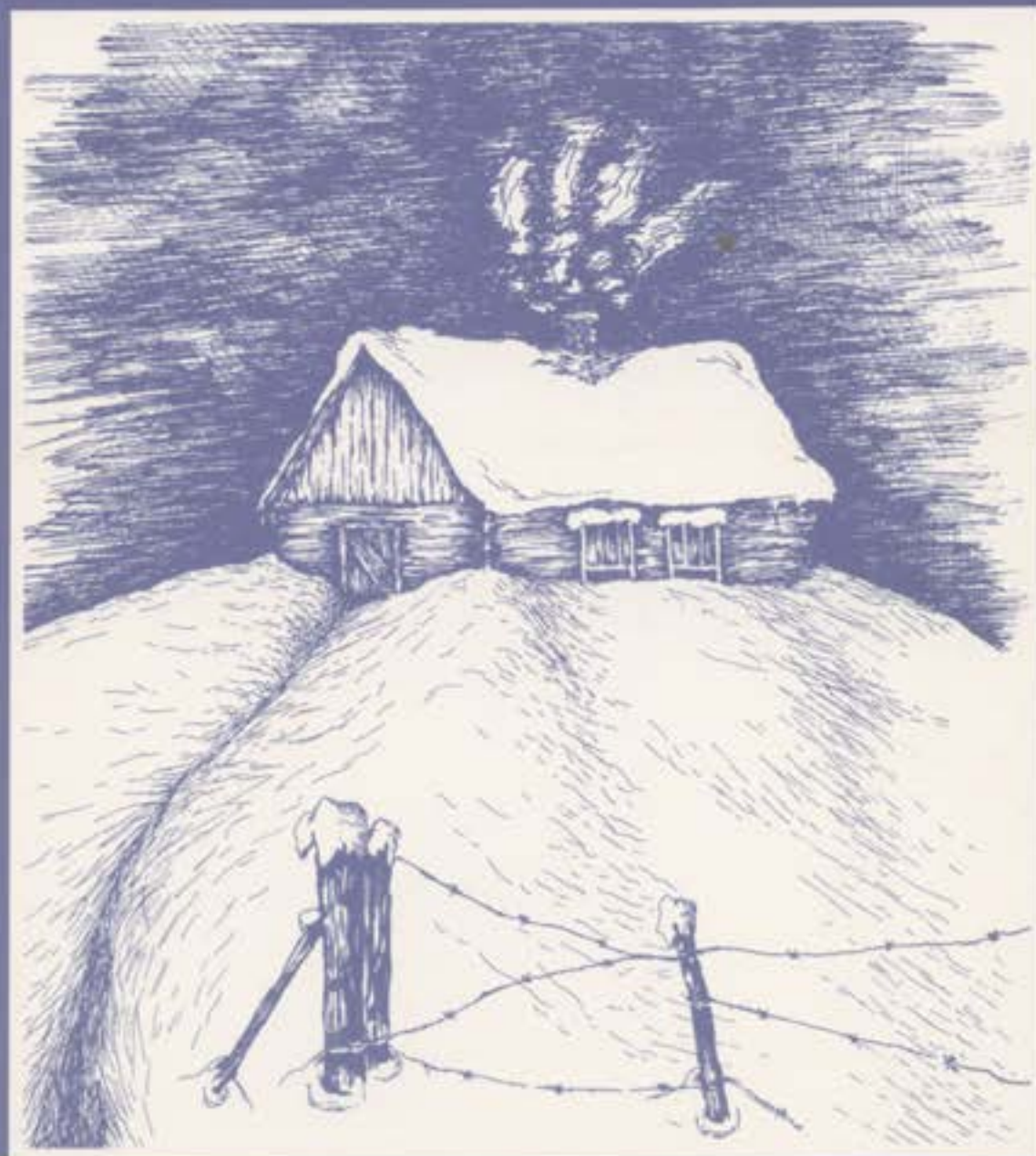


WINTER, [DECEMBER], 1983

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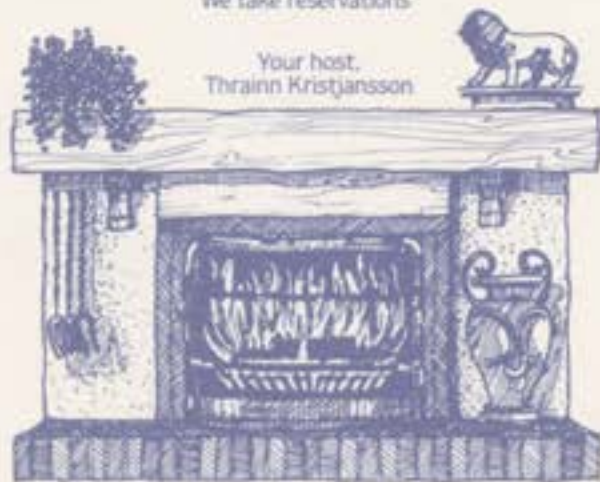
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The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XLII, No. 2

Winnipeg, Canada

Winter, 1983

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A North American quarterly published in Winnipeg, Canada,
dedicated to the preservation of the Icelandic heritage.

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In one of his poems Tennyson says:

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid, the night is still,
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist".

The world, unfortunately, has too many mists that tend to obscure the essential goodness and kindness of the human heart and the basic soundness of human nature.

A friend of ours, somewhat of a philosopher, calls the daily papers "daily sad- deners". He selects certain sections to read, and omits the rest, because, he maintains, they are full of reports of crime and cruelty, greed and graft, selfishness, seaminess, suffering and sorrow. He says that otherwise he may adopt the attitude of the gentle, sensitive Roman poet, Virgil, about whom Tennyson says, "Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of humankind."

Once every year through the dark, silent mists of these negative, destructive forces ring the joyous bells of Christmastide, and the bright, penetrating light of good will disperses the mists. Humanity seems transformed. "Gone are the sorrows, doubts and fears". Smiles replace frowns. Friendliness takes the place of enmity and hatred. The miracle of Christmas began with a message which the world will long remember with reverence and gratitude.

Shepherds long ago heard the first Christmas message as they watched over their flocks one winter's night under the starlit sky of a far eastern country. They were huddled together for warmth, for even in a Mediterranean country the nights can get cold. They were unhappy, for what had they to be happy about during their long, lonely vigil? A proud, haughty nation ruled

over their land, a people that did not understand them and despised the customs and the religion of their fathers. In nearby Bethlehem people from the far corners of the country were gathered together to pay tribute to a far-off, tyrannical Caesar. In the moonlight they could discern roads, winding over the distant hills. They knew that these roads were bandit-infested, and death lurked in the shadows. Far away, dimly outlined against the skyline, could be seen the holy city of Jerusalem. There, money-changers daily desecrated the Temple of Solomon. There were rumors of wars, cold and hot. Life seemed to them to be like "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." "Then suddenly there appeared before them a heavenly host singing, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men". Instantly their hearts became transfused with a transcendent joy. They caught "the vision of the world and the wonder that would be". In place of strife and war, peace, and instead of enmity and hatred, good will.

Across the dark abyss of time which separates that far-off era from ours, echo and re-echo the ringing and challenging tones of that first Christmas message: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Christmas! A beacon light, shining brightly across the dark and troubled waters of human relations, beckoning, summoning mankind to sanity and to good will.

May the spirit of Christmas abide with us throughout the coming year, bringing in its wake the incredible joy which is ours for the asking.

A.V.

PEOPLE

A DISTINGUISHED CAREER



Thor Stephenson
Native of Winnipeg

A Winnipeg native born to Icelandic parents and proud of his Icelandic heritage, Mr. Stephenson was president of the turbine engine manufacturer Pratt and Whitney during a strike which began January 7, 1974.

It lasted 19 months and 21 days, the longest strike in Quebec's post-war history at the time.

To Mr. Stephenson, the strike was a power struggle with the United Auto Workers Union (UAW) over whether management would retain its absolute right to manage without any participation by workers in decisions affecting their work schedules and overtime.

"Who is going to run the place?" was the way the cigar-chomping Mr. Stephenson put the situation to one interviewer. "No way are they going to run it."

During the strike, there was a hostage-taking, sabotage of machinery and numerous court clashes.

"We'll never have another one like this, that's for sure," Mr. Stephenson remarked

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GOOD-NIGHT

by Guttormur J. Guttormsson
(Translated by Jakobina Johnson)

*Peace of heav'n on all descending
With this stillness softly blending
Here abide. — Our thoughts ascending
In a fervent prayer unite:—
From the pain of wounds relieve us,
From the dread of cold reprieve us.
— May the joyous sun receive us
When the morning breaks. — Good-night.
All in peace await the radiant
Angel of the dawn. — Good-night.*

to a UAW official at the signing ceremony ending the strike in August, 1975.

He left the company in 1977, later serving briefly as a consultant with Canadair.

He spent six months in the Philippines in 1979-80 as a consultant to the Philippines Aerospace Development Corp. under the sponsorship of the Canadian Executive Services Overseas (CESO).

After his return, Mr. Stephenson became western hemisphere co-ordinator for CESO until September, 1982.

*Gleðileg Jól og Farsælt Nýtt Ár!
Season's Greetings!*

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READERS' FORUM

From Helga Gerrard, Strathclair, Man.
We had a mini-Folklorama, sponsored by the United Church for their outreach project on October 16, 1982. My daughter, daughter-in-law, and I had an Icelandic booth, displaying Icelandic knitting, stamps, coins, books, and pamphlets, e.g. Icelandic Review, Lögberg-Heimskringla, and *The Icelandic Canadian*. We had about sixteen booths. No one had a magazine like *The Icelandic Canadian*, which makes it rather special.

Best of luck in your endeavours.

* * *

From J. Eyford, Vogar, Man. I am quite satisfied with the format and contents of *The Icelandic Canadian*. I have kept every issue since it first came out.

* * *

From Mrs. August Sigurdson, Gimli, Man. Lögberg-Heimskringla and *The Icelandic Canadian* are doing an outstanding job in preserving the Icelandic tradition in North America.

Our Viking statue at Gimli is beautiful, just as if it had stepped ashore from the lovely lake. The delightful green space behind it provides peaceful rest for the aged and others out for a walk. The sea-gulls hover about it, or are seen in a huddle — perhaps on a special mission.

I agree with Leigh Syms when he states that Hagar, the Horrible, has no place in our Icelandic tradition.

* * *

From Dennis Stefanson, Winnipeg, Man. I think that the magazine's content is good, especially when we consider that the members of the Magazine Board serve gratis.

Keep up the good work.

From J. O. Gudmundson, Regina, Sask.
I would like to see one story per issue which would appeal to children, so that they would become involved. Otherwise we will lose the next generation.

I see very little content pertaining to Saskatchewan. Why is this? Nor have I seen a deliberate call for such material. Is my perception wrong?

* * *

From Paul Magnusson, Spy Hill, Sask. I would like to have you put in articles from the *Icelandic Almanak*, such as stories about the early settlers. This would be of interest to many people, who, like myself, are unable to read Icelandic.

* * *

From Thelma Gudrun Whale, Winnipeg, Man. I would like to congratulate the Board for publishing a magazine which has been steadily improving over the years. I realize they must give freely of their time and energy to keep it alive. I hope they will continue to receive the support of the Icelandic community here and elsewhere.

Could we have some reviews of books written in the Icelandic language? As one who is trying to improve my knowledge of Icelandic by reading Icelandic novels, I would appreciate knowing what is available.

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THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE



GEORGE J. HOUSER, Ph.D.

*Dr. Houser has been living in Winnipeg since 1975. He obtained his B.A. degree from Sir George Williams (now Concordia) University in Montreal and M.A. in medieval literature from McGill University. While teaching at Sir George Williams he was awarded a grant for post graduate studies in ethnology and folklore at Uppsala University in Sweden. Funding for research for his doctoral dissertation was provided by the Icelandic Science Foundation and the Danish-Icelandic Fund. This dissertation, written in Icelandic under the title *Saga hestalaekninga a Islandi* (Folk Veterinary Tradition in Iceland) was published in 1977 by Bokaförlag Odds Björnssonar at Akureyri.*

*Dr. Houser has lectured in Icelandic at the University of Manitoba and is licensed by the Department of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs of the Republic of Iceland as a translator of official documents from Icelandic into English. He has contributed articles to the Yearbook of the Icelandic Archaeological Society, *The Icelandic Canadian* and *Lögberg-Heimskringla*. Several chapters of his doctoral dissertation were published in the Icelandic periodical, *Heima er best*. Dr. Houser's book, *The Swedish Community at Eriksdale, Manitoba*, based on extensive research in that small community some 80 miles northwest of Winnipeg, was published by the National Museum of Man, Ottawa, as No. 14 of their Mercury Series, in 1978. Since then he has edited the Pastoral Records of the late Rev. Pall Thorlaksson in Iceland, with an English translation, retaining the pagination of the original mass. In 1982 Queenston House in Winnipeg brought out Dr. Houser's translation of the memoirs of the late Helgi Einarsson, one of the pioneer Icelandic fishermen on Lake Manitoba and creator of a chain of trading posts along Manitoba waters. His most recent contribution to Icelandic and Manitoba history is a translation into English of all 75 issues of *Framfari*, the first newspaper in the Icelandic language published in North America, printed at Riverton, then known as Lundur in the District of Keewatin, between September 1877 and the early spring of 1880. Dr. Houser is a member of both the Manitoba Historical and Manitoba Genealogical Societies.*

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FRAMFARI

by George J. Houser, Ph.D.

Two years ago the writer undertook to translate into English the 75 issues of *Framfari*, the first Icelandic newspaper published in North America, three times a month between September, 1877 and the early spring of 1880.

It is virtually impossible to imagine this translation ever having become a reality were it not for the magnificent contribution of two men engaged in the printing and distribution of fine books in Reykjavik, Iceland, Arni Bjarnarson and Heimir Br. Johannsson.

The extant bound volumes of *Framfari* had become brittle and both the paper and ink discoloured from age so that they could be read only with extreme difficulty. They had, of course, been microfilmed, but the microfilm copies were equally difficult to read because of the lack of contrast between brown ink on brown paper. Messrs. Bjarnarson and Johannsson, however, through a miracle of modern printing art, succeeded in giving out a handsome photographic edition of *Framfari*, on heavy paper, with perfect contrast between paper and print. This edition was published in 1977 to commemorate the centennial of the paper's publication.

Printed and published at Riverton, Manitoba, at that time known as Lundur in the District of Keewatin, a remote settlement about 100 miles north of Winnipeg, whose principal connection with the outside world was Lake Winnipeg in summer and its ice cover in winter, *Framfari* was by no means parochial in its news coverage. With the exception of Utah, there were correspondents in all the Icelandic settlements in Canada and the United States and, on one occasion, a letter from an Icelander residing at Curitiba, Brazil. The proceedings

of the United States Congress in Washington, the Dominion Parliament in Ottawa and the Provincial Legislature in Winnipeg were covered through translations from eastern papers and the *Manitoba Free Press*. News from Iceland was frequently very late, as the Danish mail boat made no more than eight trips a year to Iceland and none at all during the four winter months.

Frequent reference is made to Norwegian language newspapers from both Norway and the United States. These, together with the New York and London press would appear to have been the principal sources for reports from Britain and the continent, not only sensational news such as assassination attempts, the Paris Exposition and the opening of the Suez Canal, but analyses in depth of the political developments in the major countries, the rise of Nihilism in Russia and the progress of the Russo-Turkish War as well as British difficulties in South Africa and Afghanistan.

Framfari's readers were kept abreast of the latest scientific developments and inventions, the telephone, telegraph, undersea cables, the use of electricity to illuminate homes and cities, and the earliest attempts to heat buildings with steam produced at a central plant. Despite their unfamiliarity with the language of the country in which they had made their homes, the remoteness of these homes and the impassability of the roads on account of mud, the residents of New Iceland were not completely cut off from civilization and a knowledge of what was happening throughout the world.

For today's historians and ethnologists the principal value of *Framfari* resides, however, in the depiction of life on a far more intimate and humble scale as recorded in the reports of activities at New

Iceland, editorial comments and letters to the editor from both local residents and correspondents in other Icelandic settlements. As space precludes a discussion of these matters in complete detail, a few examples will have to suffice.

Following the smallpox epidemic of 1876-77, there was an outbreak of diphtheria and scarlet fever at New Iceland. At the time, these diseases were considered to be similar. In one of the early numbers of *Framfari* Johann Briem mentions that there has been some talk in the colony of resorting to an old Icelandic superstitious practice of lancing the uvulas of infants with the point of a sharp knife to prevent them from contracting these diseases, but points out that such a procedure is discountenanced in North America and serves no purpose whatever. He recommends instead the use of a patent medicine of which he has read, "sulpho-carbonate of soda," the discovery of a "Dr. May of New York," and "successfully used by him" in the treatment and prevention of both scarlet fever and diphtheria. Elsewhere in *Framfari* is reported a "scientific" English treatment, which consists of forcing an infant to inhale the fumes of sulphur burned on a spoon!

Among the burning theological issues were the form for administering absolution of sins and the controversy over whether man was made for the Sabbath or the Sabbath made for man. Curiously enough, the latter view was held by a clergyman always criticized for the "strictness" of his views, while the more "liberal" of the two clergymen at New Iceland scolded people for wasting their time visiting each other on Sunday to drink coffee (*Framfari* II, 4 & 5). In March of 1879 the residents of New Iceland were edified by a public theological discussion over, among other pressing issues, whether the vowel points in Old Testament Hebrew were as "divinely in-

spired" as the consonants, and by a learned debate in which the concepts differentiated in English by the words "justification" and "righteousness" are called in Icelandic by the same name, i.e. rjettlaeti.

To a limited extent *Framfari* served as an outlet for original verse and prose fiction, the former, for the most part, expressions of patriotic sentiment for New Iceland, the latter of pious moral fables by one who signed himself "T," implausible and frequently self-contradictory. The editor, Halldor Briem, appears to have looked upon himself as a literary critic and book reviewer. One of his most cogent contributions in this respect is a statement of his disapproval of Vigfusson and Powell's *Icelandic Prose Reader* (Oxford 1879) for not having included any examples of Icelandic poetry! Briem's editorial style is frequently verbose, pompous and patronizing in the extreme. He seems to have assumed an inability on the part of his readers to comprehend the simplest concept unless it was repeated, sometimes even twice, "in other words." Although he was capable of producing a straightforward news report, his editorials are ridden with clichés. Some of them, moreover, contain sentences which run to more than 20 lines of print.

Icelanders have always delighted in the give and take of intelligent controversy, especially in journalism, and as the first and only Icelandic language newspaper in North America in its day, it would have been strange indeed had *Framfari* not taken full advantage of this proclivity on the part of Icelanders to keep interest at so high a pitch that they would await with impatience the appearance of the next issue. In the long run, however, this tactic can succeed only with the observance of elementary courtesy on the part of both correspondents and the editorial board when the members of the latter do not take advantage of their position to besmirch reputations in print,

but confine their comments to the merit of the issues in question, giving forthright answers to queries instead of impugning the motives of those making them.

As an agent of the Canadian Government, it was Sigtryggur Jonasson's responsibility to persuade Icelanders to settle in Canada in preference to the United States. Since *Framfari* was distributed in Iceland as well as in Canada and the United States, Sigtryggur occasionally contributed editorials to further this purpose. Some of his editorial efforts no doubt caused the raising of eyebrows even in the 1870's. Having lived and worked in Ontario and been familiar with the problems faced by the Icelandic immigrants at Rosseau and Kinmount in that province, he nevertheless wrote in *Framfari* II, 16, of "the millions of fertile acres to be had in northern Ontario," i.e. on the bedrock of the Precambrian Shield! In

the same issue he asserts that if a line were drawn from the southernmost tip of Lake Winnipeg south to the Gulf of Mexico, all the territory to the west of that line south of the 49th parallel (i.e. the U.S. border), with the exception of the Red River Valley, a small corner of Texas, a few river valleys and a narrow strip along the Pacific coast constituted an arid region incapable of supporting a substantial population. So much for the American midwestern corn belt! In Canada, on the other hand, he stated, the farther north one went, the better the climatic conditions for the production of grain crops!

Framfari provides not only a window on the past, but a window with a panoramic view. A reading of it today will no doubt shatter some cherished illusions, but at the same time bring into sharper focus aspects of a heritage of which every western Icelander has just cause to take pride.

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'CHILD OF POLITICS' RISES TO GREAT HEIGHTS

(Courtesy of Barbara Huck in the *Winnipeg Free Press*,
October 13, 1983)



Janis Gudrun Johnson

— Courtesy of Henry Kalen

If there is anything surprising about the appointment of Janis Johnson to the position of national director of the Progressive Conservative Party headquarters in Ottawa, it's that anyone is surprised.

Since the age of 13 her life has revolved, and evolved, around politics and the PCs.

"I was a child of politics, a student of it. I married into it and I've made it my career," Johnson, 37, said, typically mixing politics and pleasure during a flying visit to Winnipeg recently. "The only thing I haven't done is run. And that will come."

Yet in Ottawa the raised eyebrows and the questions continue ad nauseum, inevitably with "what's a beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this" overtones.

The sexual issue is irrelevant, she feels. But it's one she has repeatedly been forced to confront since assuming the job two months ago.

"Politics has never been an easy place for a woman. And obviously I represent women. But I represent many other things . . . years of politics at all levels, an ethnic minority, the west and the Atlantic Provinces . . . more than 20 years of political involvement."

All began in Gimli

It all began in Gimli during the mid-1950s, with political opportunity, in the robust form of Duff Roblin, knocking at the door.

The second of six children of an Icelandic Canadian doctor and his wife, Johnson remembers vividly her father's political awakening. And the family upheaval that followed. On the heels of the Conservative victory in 1958, the family moved to Winnipeg where George Johnson served as health minister and later as education minister for the next decade.

During those years, the large, rambling family home in River Heights was continually filled with government people and political talk. Almost inevitably, Janis got involved in student politics and the Young Conservatives. In 1966, she went as a delegate to the Young Conservative convention and the following year, served as vice-president of the Canadian Union of Students, organizing what turned out to be the last national CUS seminar in May 1968.

Her deep involvement with the students' union was her one real departure from the Tory party. "I went through a period of philosophical change and became very involved. But by 1968 I was becoming disturbed by how the leadership was becoming so committed to Marxism."

Still, she was entrenched enough to

consider seriously an offer to become a field officer with the union after graduation. It was one of two she got in the spring of '68. The other was as research co-ordinator under former PC leader Robert Stanfield . . . at the national party headquarters in Ottawa.

"I agonized all that summer," she recalls, "and finally took the job with the Conservatives."

The decision set her on the path she has travelled since. "Fifteen years to the day" later, she took over as national director under Brian Mulroney, something she regards as "simply coming full circle".

In between, she learned politics from the ground up.

Working for Stanfield, she criss-crossed Canada in the late '60s. She spent time in British Columbia, Ontario and, in 1970, was sent to Newfoundland.

Frank Moores had just been elected president of the provincial Conservative party, but Liberal Joey Smallwood was still entrenched in the premier's office, the embodiment of Newfoundland and the only surviving Father of Confederation.

Grand opportunity

Rather than being discouraged by the situation, Johnson looked upon it as a grand opportunity.

"It allowed me to get involved in planning the whole campaign from start to finish, something I'd never done before."

It was done well, for Moores won in 1971, edging an incredulous Smallwood 21 seats to 20. The former premier contested the victory and though the courts upheld the Conservative victory, Moores went back to the polls in March of '72, sweeping 35 of the 42 seats.

"I was highly involved in both those campaigns and also worked on policy development. Frank and I worked very well as a team politically and professionally."

Almost inevitably, they were married in 1973. But the move from party organizer to provincial chatelaine was a difficult one for Johnson.

"We went back to the polls in 1975 and immediately afterward I had (their son) Stefan, so an independent career was next to impossible. And you're always under scrutiny."

Eventually, it was too much. She and Moores separated in 1979 and she returned to Manitoba.

But she has fond memories. "I loved my Newfoundland experience and I have wonderful friends there." And important political connections, among them Brian and Mila Mulroney, who had been staunch Moores supporters and who became close friends when the Moores supported his first run for the leadership in 1976. Mila, in fact, has called Johnson her "only political friend".

It seemed natural then that Johnson should head the Manitoba campaign when the Conservative leadership went on the line last spring. And it should come as no surprise that her experience and support have been translated into the national directorship.

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EXCERPTS FROM A RÉSUMÉ OF THE CAREER OF JANIS JOHNSON

Professional Experience:

Consultant and Lecturer
Faculty of Continuing Education
Dept. of Professional and
Technical Studies
University of Manitoba,
1982 to present

Position entails developing credit and non-credit courses and programs in the field of continuing adult education; consultative work with government, business and private organizations utilizing the expertise of the Department in planning conferences and seminars for professional groups; advising faculties at the University on their continuing education programs; Department consultant on women's issues.

Offered a promotion to permanent position within the Department (Assistant Professor level) in June, 1983.

Freelance Writer and Political
Consultant, Winnipeg, Manitoba
September 1979 to December 1981

She held the following positions during this period: Campaign Organizer in the 1981 Manitoba provincial election and the 1980 Federal election, working in rural and urban constituencies; Organizer, 1980 Premiers Conference held in Manitoba; policy advisor to Government of Manitoba during constitutional talks between the provinces and the Federal Government, 1981.

Political wife, mother and activist
St. John's, Newfoundland
1973 to 1979

As Premier's wife, she had tremendous political and social obligations and gained experience and insight afforded to very few in the realm of politics.

She was also active in a variety of areas and undertook a number of specific projects as follows: initiated and produced party publication on a quarterly basis; worked for the creation of new family law legislation (passed in 1979); promoted the restructuring of the home crafts industry in rural Newfoundland; the creation of the Department of Rural Development, and the upgrading of facilities for mentally handicapped individuals; wrote major speeches for Frank Moores and spoke at political and non-political functions; campaign strategist, 1975 provincial election.

Political Advisor to the
Government of Newfoundland
and Labrador, 1972-1973

This position involved working on the transition from Opposition to Government and overseeing Part Headquarters in St. John's.

Campaign Organizer, Strategist
and Writer, P.C. Party
of Newfoundland and Labrador,
Toronto and St. John's, 1970-1972

The position entailed working on the overall campaign organization and strategy for the successful 1971 and 1972 Newfoundland provincial election campaigns: specifically, constituency organization, candidate recruitment, speech writing and policy development.

Research Coordinator
National Headquarters
P.C. Party of Canada, Ottawa
1968-1970

The position entailed the development of policy and research in conjunction with the positions of the national party and the priorities of the National Leader, the Honourable R. L. Stanfield; also, speech writing for M.P.'s; media releases on policy statements; and advisor on youth affairs.

Other Political Involvement:

President, Federal Women's P.C.
Caucus of Winnipeg (since January
1982)

President, Women's P.C. Association
of Manitoba

Executive Committee
P.C. Association of Manitoba

Campaign Manager
Mulrone Leadership Campaign
February to June, 1983

Community Involvement:

Board of Regents
University of Winnipeg
Chairperson: Status of Women
Committee

Board of Directors
Manitoba Special Olympics
Chairperson: Public Relations
Committee

Advisor: "Focus on Women '83"
Conference to be held in Manitoba
in November (sponsored by NACSW)
Chairperson: Fund Raising Committee
Member, Manitoba Coalition on
Maternal and Child Health,
Brock-Corydon School Parent Support
Committee, River Heights Community
Club and the Icelandic Lutheran Church

Parents: Dr. George and Doris Johnson.
Grandparents: Jonas (Jack) and Laufey
Johnson, Dr. Agust and Gudrun Blondal.

**THE MILLENNIAL HYMN
OF ICELAND**

by Mattias Jochumsson

(Translated by Jakobina Johnson)

Our country's God! Our country's God!
We worship Thy name in its wonder sublime.
The suns of the heavens are set in Thy crown
By Thy legions, the ages of time!
With Thee is each day as a thousand years,
Each thousand of years but a day.
Eternity's flow'r, with its homage of tears,
That reverently passes away.

Iceland's thousand years! (Repeat)
Eternity's flow'r, with its homage of tears,
That reverently passes away.

Our God, our God, we bow to Thee,
Our spirits most fervent we place in Thy care.
Lord, God of our fathers from age unto age,
We are breathing our holiest prayer.
We pray and we thank Thee a thousand
years
That safely protected we stand.
We pray and we bring Thee our homage of
tears —

Our destiny rests in Thy hand.
Iceland's thousand years! (Repeat)
The hoarfrost of morning which tinted those
years,
Thy sun, rising high, shall command!

Our country's God! Our country's God!
Our life is a feeble and quivering reed.
We perish, deprived of Thy spirit and light
To redeem and uphold in our need.
Inspire us at morn with Thy courage and
love,
And lead through the days of our strife!
At evening send peace from Thy heaven
above

And safeguard our nation through life.
Iceland's thousand years! (Repeat)
O, prosper our people, diminish our tears,
And guide, in Thy wisdom, through life!

**ADDRESS BY GLEN JAKOBSON TO
THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE
April 16, 1983**

This is the English portion of a speech given at the Annual Meeting of the Icelandic National League. At the time it was presented, it was preceded by an introduction in Icelandic, which is not reproduced here.

* * *

I am sometimes asked for what reasons I went to study in Iceland, and when I accepted the offer to speak here tonight, I was given to understand that that was one of the things which you in the audience might want to hear about. Well, my reasons were various, but they were quite natural ones, I think. First of all, like most people, I had a longing to travel. I wanted adventure, which to me is associated with far-away places. I wanted to meet new people, with different viewpoints and experiences. I wanted to see new faces and places and do things that I had never done before. These things, though, are almost instinctive desires and attractions, and I wanted to travel to Iceland specifically for other reasons as well.

In this day and age, perhaps even more so than in others, people are looking for their roots and turning to the past for wisdom, the traditions and values by which to live their lives, guide their actions and establish their identities. This curiosity about origins and this search for the past were definitely also a part of my desire to go to Iceland. And I was not disappointed. We look to the future with hope, but also with fears and uncertainty, yet all that must remain unknown. We look to the past with regrets, but also with pride, and from this there is much to be learned. From the proud moments of our past we gain an example and an inspiration, from the sad moments we gain the lesson of experience and a

warning. Someone who wants to look to his past can hardly find a more obliging place than Iceland in which to do it. What other country can claim such a complete record of its history, extending to an accurate list of its first settlers, their places of settlement, and even the goods, slaves and animals that came with them?

I also wanted to broaden my understanding of the world, economically, politically, geographically, linguistically. These were all expectations for what a stay in Iceland might help me achieve, and I think that all these expectations were fulfilled. However, my major reason was that I wanted to learn the language. I grew up in a home in which both parents had belonged to Icelandic-speaking families. We were not an Icelandic-speaking family, but one in which the language was often heard, especially when the parents were talking about something we were not supposed to hear. Of course, this only made the language more mysterious and interesting. Later I developed an interest in literature and poetry and I soon learned that Iceland had one of the richest traditions in prose and poetry of any nation. I found that my grandfather himself had written a lot of poetry, and I wanted to understand that poetry, as well as the whole world of Icelandic verse and story. I had read many of the sagas in English, and found them some of the most fascinating reading I had ever done. Still I probably would not have made it to Iceland had I not received the offer of a job as editorial assistant with Lögberg-Heimskringla and the encouragement to apply for a scholarship from Professor Haraldur Bessason, and to him I am grateful.

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I think of my stay in Iceland first and foremost as a learning experience. For one thing, I learned what it is like to try to learn Icelandic from scratch and, if I were to sum up that experience in one word, I would have to choose "bewildering". I went blindly into the fray, expecting simply to build a vocabulary and then speak the language. However, I soon found, to my utter amazement, that in learning a language as complex as Icelandic, building a vocabulary brings you about as close to mastering the language as learning where to place the pieces on the board will bring you to becoming a chess champion in Reykjavik. It is the first step in a 10-mile hike and if you wish to go any further, you have to become involved with the grammar of Icelandic, from which more than one would-be speaker of the language has fled in terror. I found to my horror that no noun which I learned could be used in speaking before I had selected (not to mention learned) the correct form — masculine, feminine or neuter. From these possibilities, I had to select the correct case (nominative, dative, accusative or genitive) and then, of course, the form would change depending upon whether the word was singular or plural. In the end I was left with twenty-four possibilities to choose from. Of course, the choice had to be made several times during the course of each sentence. When we moved on to adjectives, though, I found that they were still worse since there is a form of the adjective corresponding to each of the noun forms but also a strong and a weak declension, making forty-eight possible forms in all. But, when I had resigned myself to these facts of life and had decided to continue on in the face of horrible odds against my ever being able to speak Icelandic, I found that nouns and adjectives were just a warm-up for the real test in Icelandic grammar — verbs! Of course there is an infinitive form of each verb. Unlike English, though, this form changes

in each of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd person singular and 1st, 2nd, and 3rd person plural. For these six forms in the present, there are a corresponding six forms in the past. Then, there is the past participle. But these fourteen forms are not enough. You may well have to use the subjunctive, the dreaded "vidtengingarhattur," if your sentence expresses some uncertainty (and when starting to use this language, what sentence wouldn't?). In that case, all of these forms will undergo a mutation. The problem here lies not so much in making the mutation as in deciding if it has to be made since the rules regarding the use of the subjunctive are almost impossible to determine and much more difficult still to explain. But "so far, so good" says the student, "this is not more than twice as hard as the nouns were. But what pattern does one follow in going from infinitive to present, to past, to past participle?" The instructor then looks at you apologetically and says "Well, for weak verbs there are four patterns you

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could follow and for the strong verbs there are seven." It is at this point that many potential speakers of Icelandic disappear from the university and return to their native lands, either to convalesce or to set more reasonable goals for themselves, such as becoming nuclear physicists or brain surgeons.

The way the number of students steadily diminished was remarkable but, to me, it was more amazing to see how many had begun in the course and from how many countries they came. When I attended my first classes, I expected to find ten or fifteen students enrolled, since the university is small and the language is used by relatively few people. I found instead that no less than fifty-five people enrolled from all the Scandinavian countries including Finland, and from Holland, from the U.S., from England, from Germany, from France, from Switzerland, and from as far away as Chile, Japan, Argentina and Australia. Amongst all these were two students from Manitoba, yours truly and Suzanne Thompson, who had an unfair advantage over me, since she had already spent more than six months in the country (much of it baby-sitting children, who, as we all know, are the best teachers).

The students were divided into two groups because of our numbers and then we began the two-year course of studies known as "Islensku fyrir erlanda studenta," or Icelandic for foreign students. The first term, from September to Christmas, consisted of Icelandic grammar and conversation with instruction given in English. By the time we were ready for our exam in January, our numbers had decreased from fifty-five to twenty-five, largely because of the fact that many of those in the course were not there specifically to study the language but because they had married an Icelander or found work in Iceland, such as playing with the symphony orchestra, etc. When they found out what the course

entailed, they knew they were not that serious about it. In the second term, we continued with language study and added classes in Icelandic literature, history and culture. This time, all instruction was in Icelandic. By the time classes had started for the second year of the course, only nine of us remained and we were obliged to take not only our own Icelandic language courses but three full courses from the regular B.A. program for Icelandic students. That meant classes in Icelandic, writing essays in Icelandic, and reading heaps of plays, poetry, short stories and novels in Icelandic, at the same rate as the Icelanders. This was especially hard to keep up with since most of us were working part-time along with school. My job was from 8 - 12:30 each morning, which worked out very well except for the fact that I had to choose from the afternoon classes, while the course in saga literature that I most wanted to take was offered only during the mornings. Maybe it was for the best, though, since I heard that there was so much reading for that course that even the Icelanders had a hard time keeping up with it. In the end only one of the fifty-five who started managed to complete the whole course in the suggested two years, and I was short one half-course. I arranged to complete that through the University of Manitoba, along with my Certification in Education, this winter. By the end of this month, at least four of us should be finished. It was a long haul, but it has been well worth it.

But the actual course I took was only a small part of the total learning experience of being in Iceland; most of the learning was done out of school. I learned about so many things there that there is no way I can do justice to them in the short time I have tonight, but perhaps I can give you an idea with a few examples. I learned, for example, how to cook and how good fish can be. I did all my own cooking in Iceland which I hadn't done at home, and I found

that not only was it possible to get delicious fish that was absolutely fresh, but that it was one of the few things sold in Iceland that we would consider a bargain here. I learned about inflation, and what it is like to live with high inflation. When I had just gotten settled into the country they changed the currency so that the former 500 kronur/U.S. dollar became 5 kronur/dollar. When I left Iceland last May, that had risen to 10 kronur/dollar and I understand that it now stands at 18 or 19 kronur to the dollar.

I also learned what effects such an economy can have on the consciousness of a people as a whole. I think that it tends to make them more aggressive, more driven, more eager to spend and to borrow. It is very difficult to determine exactly what the effects are, but living in Iceland brought home to me the message that inflation, interest rates and economic forecasts are not only expressed in figures; they are expressed in a hundred ways including people's actions and personalities, in prevalent political views, and in the general spirit of the times.

In regard to political views, I learned how limited the scope of our politics is when compared to that of Iceland or many other European countries. Not only are there a greater range of political views, from a Communist viewpoint which is by no means rare, to a stance which is still further to the right than our right wing views or those of the States. These various views are expressed clearly in newspapers which support the various parties, so that at a time when we in Winnipeg have two newspapers expressing similar views (and were recently in danger of having only one) to serve this city of 600,000, Reykjavik, a city of 100,000, has at least six daily newspapers, which express the whole range of political opinion. Also, I learned that young Icelanders seem both more politically aware and more politically

active than young Canadians, perhaps because they are better informed.

Another thing I learned was the difference between Icelandic Icelandic and Canadian Icelandic. For instance whereas we "bruka ordid bruka," they "nota ordid nota". Of course we often use an English word for such new developments as cars, helicopters, grain dryers, whereas they have created new words for these things in Iceland. Still, we have created a good number of our own words, and Icelanders are often intrigued to hear these inventions, which sometimes appear to be an improvement on the words that they have developed.

One other thing I learned regarding the language was how important a language can be to a smaller country. We, who use English, would never talk about the language; it is just not a topic of conversation, since it is used so widely and we are in no danger of losing it. I think we tend to think

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that all nations regard their language in the same way. But in Iceland columns in the papers discuss the language, a weekly T.V. show discusses it, and the people discuss it, since it defines them much more so than English defines us, and since they have to protect it.

Now I would like to talk not about Icelanders and Iceland but about Manitoba and Vestur Islinga (Western Icelanders), because the language is in even greater danger here. Now I have to ask how many here understand Icelandic — but twenty-five years ago that question would not have been necessary — seventy years ago a better question would have been "How many people understand English?" There is a good likelihood that most would have understood Icelandic better than English. But cultural characteristics, language among them, change with time, and we are now in a completely different era, one in which we are in danger of losing the language which has, probably more than anything else, held us together for so long as a people. My going to Iceland was in part a reaction to this, a desire to learn the language and by doing so keep it alive in this country. But, of course, that was basically a futile exercise, like trying to stop an avalanche with a snow shovel. It is true that there are a few young people here and there who are still speaking the language, whether they learned it at home, went to Iceland to learn, or have come to Canada from Iceland, but they are very few. Though I don't like it, there is no escaping the fact that with the departure of your generation, the Icelandic language in this country will, for almost all intents and purposes, also depart from us.

There will still be place-names, there will be family names, and given names and possibly token words like "elskan," "bless," and "goda nott," such as I grew up with. But the normal use of Icelandic as a language of communication in the ordinary sense cannot withstand the counter

current of the popular culture of this country and it will disappear in the flood of English language and Canadian and American life-styles and culture in which we are all immersed. I am sure that exactly the same fate awaits other heritage languages, Polish, German, Ukrainian, Vietnamese. It is part of a process and subject to forces which are really beyond our control. Yet, though we are distressed to see such a vital part of our heritage disappear, the process which is responsible for it is one which we should really welcome and take pride in, and that is the process by which Canada acquires its own cultural identity and forges a unique personality and a unique whole from the multitude of peoples, immigrants, rich and poor, hopeful and desperate, learned and ignorant, who came together here to settle a new land. We are Canadians and in many ways we are much like those who left Norway and established a new nation in North America, halfway to Canada, called Iceland. We are a people who have made a long journey to an unknown place in order to build it up and live freely in a country which has more opportunity than those which we left behind. The journey to and settlement of Canada was only a natural extension of that ancient migration to Iceland, an extension which was foreshadowed by the trips of Leifur Heppni and Thorfinnur Karlsefni to Greenland and America so long ago. If we look back at the first three centuries of Iceland's history, wherein the Althing was formed and most of the great sagas written, we see what a task and a challenge lies before us in the near future if we are to equal such achievements and give this country the same kind of energetic start which has kept Iceland going through 1100 years of turbulent, precarious history.

However, there are differences between the settlement of Iceland and the settlement of Canada, the major one being that not one homogeneous group with its well-defined

culture settled Canada, but diverse peoples from the world over, with an equally diverse array of languages, customs and beliefs.

For this reason it is necessary here, as it never was in Iceland, to relinquish many aspects of our former culture and adopt those of the new land. The question is, what is the culture of the new land, this culture for which the peoples of a hundred nations are giving up their own? How will it evolve, and what will be its ideals? I said that I believe we should embrace the process of releasing some of our cultural traits, whether Icelandic, Polish, or Filipino, in order to acquire a cultural identity of our own, but I do not believe that this new culture should be merely an idealized reflection of American culture as presented by Hollywood, by movies, video, magazines, records and the mass media in general. That is not what we want or need. What is more desirable is to develop a lifestyle which incorporates and preserves as many of the worthwhile and valuable aspects of our respective cultures as possible, though each will inevitably lose much of its distinctiveness as that of Canada itself becomes more distinct. What then are these most beautiful, valuable and worthwhile things which can be preserved of our Icelandic culture? What is the future of the Icelandic community here in Winnipeg, in Manitoba, in Canada? And what can young people like myself do to keep that culture alive and make sure that it is one of the vital ingredients for producing the flavour of this province, once the language has ceased to be spoken commonly? I think that there are several things that we can do. We can promote interest in and understanding of that language through courses in and out of school as much as possible. We can keep alive the knowledge of the Icelandic literature through reading of the many good translations that are now available, so that our history and our art remain a part of our consciousness. We can

come together to celebrate on occasions such as the "Islendingadagurinn" and the popular "Thorrablot," which is really as appropriate to Canada as to Iceland, since it is a celebration of the approach of spring after a long winter.

We can encourage travel and exchange between Iceland and Canada — for pleasure, as in the case of the charters which come and go here each summer, for work, as in the case of the large number of young people who went to Iceland this fall to work in the fish industry, and for education, as in the case of the half dozen or more Icelanders who are attending the University of Manitoba, or those Canadians who will be benefitting from the generosity of Eddie Gislason and going to Iceland to study in the future.

Finally, and most importantly, we can try to nurture in ourselves and encourage our children to nurture the best qualities of the Icelandic people, both the settlers of Iceland and the settlers who led us here. Those are the qualities of honesty, fairness, concern for each other and for other peoples, a respect for higher learning and good government, a high degree of literacy, a penchant for and a skill in producing both poetry and prose, integrity, hardihood, imagination, resourcefulness, and adventurous spirit, bravery, a strong tendency to use words in place of weapons, and a sense of humor. If we can pass these qualities on within the Icelandic community, not only will the true essence of that community remain vital and prosper, but it will be a positive influence on the province, the country as a whole, and the kind of culture that we ultimately develop here.

Sayings by Abraham Lincoln

Forgive others often, yourself never.

It is better not to see an insult than to avenge it.

JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

by Kristiana Magnusson



Deana Moller

bers of this class. There has perhaps never been another nation, which in comparison to its numbers, had so many distinguished and noble families as the Icelandic nation during the first centuries of the country's settlement."

After Ingibjörg Jonsdottir's death, her genealogy chart was found on a high shelf in the home of her daughter, Johanna Jorunn Evanson, in Taber, Alberta, by granddaughter Edna Evanson Bennett. Today, this genealogy chart has been further developed by another of Ingibjörg's granddaughters, Deana Evanson Moller of Surrey, British Columbia. Deana Moller has by now compiled a large hard-cover album, *A Book of Remembrance on the Evanson Family Pedigree*, which, with its many historical maps, genealogy charts, stories and illustrations, is a work of art.

I have had the opportunity of studying this remarkable album of 82 pages with a complete index, and of speaking with Deana on her interest in genealogy. I herewith quote from her foreward:

"I have always been interested in my ancestors and remember many of the stories as they were told to us by our parents and grandparents.

"Always I wondered about their world, especially about Iceland, this island of ice and fire up in the remote regions of the north.

"I listened to stories told by my maternal Grandma Johnson and vivid pictures would come to my mind of places and of people of the past.

"I attended genealogical meetings with my sister Edna and I remember the first picture shown on a huge screen by Archibald Bennett, president of the Genealogical Society in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was a picture of a large bug with a long stinger.

"Be proud of who you are for you are descended from many kings and queens."

These words, spoken by Jon Skulason to his daughter Ingibjörg at Skagafjörð, Iceland, in 1864, marked the beginning of a tremendous family interest in genealogy.

In 1876 Ingibjörg Jonsdottir moved to Utah where she met and married John Johnson (Jon Jonsson), who, during his life in Utah, fought the Blackfoot Indians. Several years after his death she received a pension from the government because of his war service. With her first cheque of \$500, which seemed like a fortune to her, she decided that she would find out if she was indeed descended from royalty. She therefore, engaged Peter Zophoniasson to research and compile her genealogy.

Professor J. E. Sars has said, "The early settlers of Iceland were members of the ancient Norse aristocracy. They were the most aggressive and strong-minded mem-

He said that it was the genealogy bug and if we were bitten by it we would love the work.

"This bug must have taken a big bite out of me because I have loved genealogy work ever since then. I have enjoyed travelling down that magic road leading to the past and becoming acquainted with the people I have met there.

"The ground work has been laid for me by Grandma Johnson, by my sister Edna who, ever since she found the genealogy chart has walked that magic road before me, and by my brother Ray who gave me copies of pedigree lines and stories that he had researched in Volume 18 of the Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine.

"Through priceless books and pictures made available to me by Lil Sumarlidason of White Rock, B.C., I have been able to close my eyes and to travel with the speed of thought to Iceland. I can see the melting glaciers gleaming like mirrors in the summer sun; the vivid green of the hills; the black mountains; the tumbling waterfalls and the wild crashing of the ocean waves against the cliffs.

"I have found a land of the midnight sun; a land where many volcanoes erupted simultaneously; a land where children are now planting thousands of trees from Norway, Alaska, Canada and the United States.

"I can see in my mind people gathering from every corner of Iceland to a beautiful valley called Thingvellir — Valley of the Parliament, for three weeks of courts, judgements, games of skill, and people listening intently as the Law Speaker recites one third of the law from memory.

"Often I seem to hear the movements of the swift and deep Herodsvatn River where Grandma Johnson's father drowned."

Deana Evanson Moller has indeed trod a magic path and her unique pedigree chart is beautifully illustrated with pictures, shields, maps and charts from Adam, through the

Genealogy of the Chosen Line, Aud the Deepminded of Roeskilde, Sigurd Ring, Rolf the Walker, Harald the Fairhair, the Ynglings Royal Race of Sweden, the Reykjanes line, Sera Björn Thorleifsson line, Melkorka, Saemund Sigfusson, Snorri Sturlusson, Egil Skallagrimsson, and down to her own family line.

In her album Deana Moller has included a chronology of the Western Voyages, write-ups about Viking findings, maps of Scandinavia 1000 A.D., of Viking raids and settlements, Norse settled areas of Greenland circa 1400, and numerous pictures of famous people, family pictures and historic sites of Iceland. These are all encased in clear 8 1/2" x 14" plastic and set in a hard-cover album. The family pedigree sheets have been duplicated many times over and are now held by family members who are spread all over. The album owned by Deana is a memorable family heirloom in her home at Surrey, B.C.

Genealogist Walter C. Clay of 131 East Wine Street, Mullins, South Carolina, wrote:

"This is a very fine and clear line. Although there are naturally exceptions, the standard rule of thumb is that old pedigrees of this origin are based on "truth and trustworthy tradition" from about the 4th or 5th century to about the year 1000. From about the latter date they can be generally considered accurate. This is remarkable when it is considered that for centuries all records were kept by the bards in the form of genealogical poetry passed down by word of mouth. More and more these records are proving true to a fantastic close check, to the red faces of stuffed-shirt experts."

Deana Moller's research books have also included "Heimskringla" by Snorri Sturluson, translated by Lee M. Hollander; "The Book of Settlements" and the Sagas. Some of these reference books were purchased from the Heritage Resource Centre,

Box 26305, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 55426.

Deana expressed her thoughts on her Remembrance Book thus:

"I hope that all who read this book will walk down these paths with me, back through time to see the world as it was; to meet the people who lived then and to be thankful that they walked before us and

gave us life.

"To the posterity of those recorded within these pages I would like to say, "Come and walk through this book with me so that you too may be bitten by this delightful genealogy bug. Please teach your children of the priceless heritage of this royal line, that we may all draw nearer to that Great King of Kings, our Saviour."

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A LIFETIME OF LOVE



The Thorwaldson Family
(Picture taken 1919 — Cavalier, N.D.)

Back row (left to right): Olafur K., Björn S., Stigur, Wilmar K., Thorwald (Valdi). Front row, Jennie E. Thorwaldson, Thorbjörg Hjalmarsón, Thorun (Björnsdóttir) Thorwaldson, Pauline Shield, Aleph S. Johannsson.

Stigur Thorvaldsson, the son of Thorvaldur and Vilborg Stigsson of Kjeldustöðum (Marshy Woods) in the county of Berufjord in Iceland, was born on 20th of December in 1853. He was the oldest of a family of fourteen children and consequently by the age of six he was required to take on many responsibilities in the home. His early acceptance of duty served him well throughout his life.

His father, Thorvaldur, was an industrious able man, skilled not only in husbandry but also in various handicrafts. Although he had no formal education, he schooled himself in mathematics, learned to read Danish as well as his native tongue, and developed his penmanship to a high degree. He became a leader in his community and expected Stigur to follow his example of responsibility. As a father, he

was said to be cool and aloof, but set high goals for his children.

Stigur's mother was generous with her love and encouragement, and a deep emotional bond developed between mother and son which endured to the end of their lives. She contributed much to his education, teaching him prayers, poems, reading and mathematics. Eventually he taught himself to read Icelandic, Danish and some French and German. Later when he dreamed about going to America, he began to learn English.

Stigur was a tall, slim man, with wavy brown hair, blue eyes, even features and a broad forehead. He was bright and affable and made and kept many friends.

It was his friendly association with the local pastor which led to his meeting the girl he would eventually marry. The

pastor's wife invited her niece, Thorun Petursdóttir, to visit the parish for some homemaking experience. Thorun and Stigur soon met and a courtship began. The year was 1874.

About this time the fever to emigrate to North America was spreading in Iceland. Thorun's older brother Pall, and maternal uncle Jon Olafsson, had already settled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Through correspondence they were now encouraging Thorun's father to bring his family to America. Her mother and four sisters were reluctant, and Thorun was even more reluctant to leave because of Stigur. They were now deeply in love. But Thorun's father decided to risk the venture and the lovers had to part.

The plan was that Stigur would eventually follow. Circumstances prevented him from going with them, but he vowed to join them as soon as possible. So Thorun with her family left for Canada, with Manitoba as their destination, in June of 1876.

Stigur immediately began to plan for his departure. His father accepted the news stoically, but his mother grieved at the thought of separation from her son. It was Stigur's plan to leave the following spring for Copenhagen. There he would learn a trade in fine carpentry and then leave for America. However, fate decreed otherwise.

Late that fall Stigur's father, Thorvaldur, became ill. The illness was diagnosed as cancer, and the doctor advised him to go to Copenhagen for consultation and surgery. There were no boats leaving for Denmark until spring and by that time the disease was too far advanced and he died shortly after reaching Copenhagen. Now the responsibility of providing for his mother and nine small siblings fell on Stigur's young shoulders, and his plans for going to America were delayed.

Letters between them flew back and forth. Though separated by thousands of miles Thorun and Stigur remained devoted to one another. Every word in their letters was carefully chosen so there would be no misunderstanding. They both felt their feelings had been so bruised that they feared it would take very little for either of them to give in to hopelessness. In spite of their frustrating predicament they tried to keep their spirits up. Thorun was unflinching in her courage and sympathy; and Stigur, in one proud moment to show his optimism, and to demonstrate his progress in English, began one of his letters with "My Dear Female Friend".

Once more Stigur made arrangements to go to America. As the time drew near, his mother became increasingly despondent. Early in 1881 she asked him to consider taking the entire family with him. Stigur was stunned, but gave it careful thought. Finally they discussed it in detail. With Thorun's council he accepted his mother's request and feverishly set about to dispose of the farm and belongings to finance the family's emigration.

In spite of bitterly cold weather he drove himself to complete all the arrangements. After one particularly arduous journey, he became ill and was bed-ridden — his natural strength had been stretched to the limit. By spring, however, he had recovered; and on August 8th, 1881, Stigur and his family set sail for America.

They left from Djúpavogur on the ship *Cameus*, bound for Halifax. From there they went by train to Montreal, and then to Duluth by ferry. From Duluth they reached Fisher's Landing via the Red River and then Pembina, North Dakota. In September, 1881, after five years of separation, of waiting and of yearning, Thorun and Stigur were finally reunited.

Because of flooding and generally unsatisfactory conditions Thorun's family had left New Iceland, in Manitoba, and had

homesteaded, first in Pembina County, and then near Milton, North Dakota. In the meantime, Thorun had been working for a Canadian family in Winnipeg as a maid. But in 1881, when Stigur arrived, she was working in the home of an army officer in the Pembina military post. She had grown and matured in these years; had adapted easily and gracefully to the ways of the new country and spoke English fluently. She and her sister had taken homestead rights in their own names in Pembina county.

Thorun and Stigur lost no time in making plans and building dream castles. They were married by the Reverend Pall Thorlaksson on December 8th, 1881, at Mountain, North Dakota.

By now Throun's sisters were married and had settled near Milton; and Stigur who wanted to live close to them, took out three homesteads near Milton, one for Thorun and himself, one for his mother, Vilborg, (she still had seven of her children with her,) and the third for Stephan Gudmundsson, a relative in Wisconsin. These locations were in the district known as the Pembina Mountains, in Cavalier County. The land was rather isolated and not planted nor settled. They heeded advice not to take up residence there at that time of the year. Stigur, not wishing to lose valuable time, began making log houses using the oak and poplar he found on the property to conform to the regulations of homesteading.

For the winter, he rented a log house in Akra county some distance away. In the spring, his relative arrived from Wisconsin. Together they continued preparing the houses Stigur had begun in the fall on the homestead sites, and they soon completed them.

Unfortunately Vilborg was delayed because of the illness of one of her daughters, and missed the date of the settling in the cabins. When she did come to fulfill the homesteading requirements, she found to

her dismay that two men had jumped her claim. They, brandishing guns, refused her entry. They did, however, eventually agree to pay a reasonable sum for the house and the work done on the land, but Stigur and his mother felt the disappointment keenly.

That spring the ailing daughter died. Stigur moved his mother and the girls to the farm he had taken, hoping to find another homestead for her. However, all the surrounding territory nearby had been staked.

He then made a deal with the owner of a piece of property he had been renting in Akra Township. He purchased the 440 acres and the home for \$800 in exchange for the farm near Pembina that Thorun had homesteaded. For the first time in his life Stigur was faced with a mortgage. It took many years to pay the debt, but he and Thorun optimistically accepted the new responsibility. They soon established a home that was to become the centre for their family and their community for the next forty years.

Ljóðakorn now available

Ljóðakorn, a collection of poems and verses by Mr. Lúðvík Kristjánsson, is now available at the Lögberg-Heimskringla office. Price: \$15.00. If you bring in **one new** subscriber to Lögberg-Heimskringla the price will be reduced to \$10.00. If you bring in **two new** subscribers you get the book free of charge.

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Remember: Only one book per customer as supply is limited.

The house, made of logs, had been built by French Canadians, on land at the edge of a deep ravine down to the Tongue River. A bridge across the river led to heavy growth of timber, various shrubs and berry bushes. There were pincherries, plums, chokecherries, blueberries, cranberries, blackberries, and strawberries. The soil was sandy but was well adapted for hay and fodder. The property was on the main thoroughfare to markets, and happily was surrounded by many other Icelandic families.

Not long afterwards, Stigur proved his initiative by starting a general store in the front room section of his log house. Also for the next few years he farmed two properties, his own and Vilborg's. His brothers were now old enough to help support their mother but, three of the sisters had died; a heavy burden of sorrow for them all. Eventually, Vilborg came to live with Stigur and Thorun.

In the fall of 1882, Stigur and Thorun welcomed their firstborn, a daughter, Aleph Sigridur. In the next five years two sons, Thorvald and Bjorn, and a daughter, Palina, were added to the family. They were happy in their Tongue River home in spite of the many problems and setbacks of pioneer life. Stigur conducted a 'home service' on weekends, using the Bible and song books, and Thorun who was well versed in poetry assisted him admirably as her forebears had been scholars, ministers and poets. Visitors were frequent, both family and friends, and Thorun was a gracious hostess to all. Evenings of fellowship were spent with nostalgic talk of the old world blended with optimistic stories of the new.

Stigur, eager to get ahead next, invested, (in partnership with another farmer, Einar Olafsson,) in a horse-operated threshing-machine. He continued not only with the store but also with the farming of his own and his mother's land. To ease Stigur's load, Thorun took charge of the home and the children. She was a skillful housewife

and adapted herself to the ways of the new country, adopting minor improvements over the old ways. In 1889, Thorun gave birth to their fifth child, Wilmar Pjetur.

Early in the morning on Wilmar's first birthday, another tragedy struck. While the family was at breakfast, a man rushed in to tell them their house was on fire. Thorun was alone with the children so she sent eight year old Aleph and little Valdi to the nearest neighbor for help. They were so out of breath when they got there they could only point in the direction of their home. But their effort was to no avail. The house quickly burned to the ground. Although furniture and some household goods and merchandise were saved, the greatest loss was the irreplaceable heirlooms from Iceland.

While the new house was being built, Thorun sent Aleph and two of the smaller children to be with her aunt in Hallson. The rest of them made themselves comfortable in the granary.

Thorun gave birth to another daughter that summer, Gudny Thorbjorg. The grocery store was now installed in the front half of the downstairs of the new house, and Stigur, because of his desire to progress, applied for, and received, a permit from the Federal Government to establish a post office. This post office came to be known as AKRA. He became its first postmaster. Fittingly this post office served the community for eighty-six years until it was replaced by rural delivery in 1976.

Stigur continued his mixed-grain farming as well as raising dairy herds. Because of the help of hired men and clerks in the store, he was able to take a large part in community affairs. He became the treasurer of Akra Township and held the post for twenty-three years; and he served as the treasurer of the new school district. He assisted in the building of the church nearby, and a school for the area. Most of the local meetings for these posts were held

in their home and Thorun willingly prepared meals and refreshments for the members, while also taking a keen interest, especially in school affairs.

In 1892, little Wilmar passed away. That same year, another son was born and was given the same name, Wilmar Pjetur. Within the next three years two more children were born, a son, Olafur, and a daughter, Jennie Elizabeth. Aleph, their first born, now thirteen, was beginning to learn the art of house-keeping from her mother. Stigur bought additional farming land and continued playing an important role in that flourishing community.

In March 1898, their tenth child, Anna, was born. Soon after, Thorun was stricken with an illness that the local medical facilities could not cope with. Her brother, a physician, brought her to Winnipeg for surgery and a lengthy convalescence followed. Meanwhile the infant, Anna, died at six months. Thorun was grief stricken and her recovery was delayed by her sorrow. The arduous years of childbearing, grief and toil had taken their toll, and in 1905 her health, complicated by arthritis, broke down.

Stigur's mother had died, and had been buried in a plot on their land. Stigur's brothers had branched out for themselves. Horace had gone into business on the West Coast. Elis was married and had opened a general store in Mountain, North Dakota. Thorvaldur had moved to Canada to marry and begin farming his own land; Svein had moved to California, near his brother Horace.

One by one Stigur's children began to leave home. Aleph married in 1906 and moved to Seattle, Washington. By 1918, Björn, Palina and Gudny were married and Oli and Wilmar enlisted in World War I; Valdi was working in Michigan for Ford Motors, and Jennie was in nurses' training. Palina and her husband, Egill Shield, returned from Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1918 and took over the heavy responsibility of

running the store and the farms. This was a great blessing for Stigur and Thorun, who were now both wearied by the burden of their years.

Palina (Polly) and Egill and their family stayed with them until 1921. They then decided to seek their fortune in California. Stigur followed some time later hoping the warm climate would give Thorun a measure of relief. He purchased land in Los Angeles on a street he was privileged to name "Fargo St." where he built a small house. Their son Wilmar, a police officer, and Jennie, now a registered nurse, lived with them in this new home.

Tragedy still followed them. On May 8, 1925, Wilmar was killed in an automobile accident. The loss of this son, struck down in the prime of life, severely tested the strength and courage which had been the mark of their characters through the many crises in their lives.

Stigur died the following year in December 1926 and Thorun followed him only three months later in March 1927.

So ends the love story begun in a remote part of Iceland in 1874, and so ends the story of their courageous endeavour to make their way with dignity in a new land.

It is a story of mutual love and devotion; it is the story of shared responsibilities; and it is the story of man and wife facing unflinchingly the many hard challenges of pioneer life. Even to this day this legacy of love, courage and devotion engenders respect and admiration in all the family, even unto the fourth generation.*

* From information submitted by Aleph (Thorwaldson) Johannson; Ruth (Thorwaldson) Hannula; Jennie Elizabeth Thorwaldson (now deceased). Edited by Paul A. Sigurdson.

Sayings by Abraham Lincoln

Ask your purse what you should buy.
 Hope is the dream of the losing man.

LOOKING BACK



The First Annual Meeting of the Icelandic Evangelical Synod of North America held in Winnipeg, 1885.

Back Row: Fridrik J. Bergmann, E. H. Bergman, J. Hall, B. Johnson, P. S. Bardal, B. Petursson, J. Stefansson, Ben. Petursson, St. E. Stephansson, B. L. Baldvinsson.
Middle Row: Magnus Paulson, Fr. Fridriksson, Sera Jon Bjarnason, Arni Fridriksson, Gisli Jonsson, Thorlakur G. Jonsson, Stigurdur Josua Bjornsson.
Bottom Row: Kristjan Kjaernested, Fr. Johnson, W. Anderson, J. Olafsson, Thorsteinn Johannesson, Olafur Gudmundsson.



Sigtryggur Jonasson



Rev. Pall Thorlaksson



Rev. Jon Bjarnason



Guttormur J. Guttormsson at Sandy Bar.



Rev. N. S. Thorlaksson

LOOKING BACK . . . 1942

by Jonas Thorstenson

In the last issue, if I remember right, my rantings ended with my arrival home from Alaska. It was September, still three months left of that infamous year 1942, and I had threatened to relate some of my experiences of those last three months.

Well, after visiting with my ailing wife and friends and relatives around Seattle, I made my way to Point Roberts where I found my 11-year-old daughter comfortably in the loving care of my true friends Bill and Helen. Up on the hill stood our house ghostly still and empty, so back to Bellingham to look for a berth on a seine boat. That did not take long for I met a former skipper, Vince Dulcich, on the boat "Leader." His engineer had quit that weekend, and he thought I was the only man who could satisfactorily run his engine. So, no arguments, no excuses, no more looking around; I was his engineer.

I had the most enjoyable and relaxing fall fishing season, an amiable crew, a good cook (Harry Einarson), plenty to eat, and a fun-loving, jovial skipper. We led a somewhat nomadic life. We fished at Point Roberts, Cherry Point, Lummi Island, President Channel, Stuart Island, Salmon Banks, West Beach, Deception Pass, Utsaladdy. At night we dropped anchor wherever we happened to be — South Beach, Birch Bay, Mitchell Bay, Roche Harbor, Friday Harbor, Griffin Bay, Kanaka Bay, and Utsaladdy.

Utsaladdy — that's the name that is known by all fishermen to the area between Whidbey and Camano Islands. There we, and several other boats, intended to finish out the remaining days of the season.

And finish we definitely did! We had hauled in our last set of the day; it was getting dark and as was customary, we

moved in toward shore and dropped anchor among several other lights and snuggled down for the night. I was just dozing off to sleep in my bunk below deck when I heard the scraping of a boat coming alongside and the domineering voice of someone telling our skipper that we were under arrest. I thought to myself, "Oh, oh, it's the Army again." I was commanded to start our engine and follow him to Oak Harbor. What a name, no oaks — and no harbor.

It developed that we and two other boats, the "Andrew Z II" and the "Iceland," had dropped anchors just inside a restricted area established by the Army. How they established that line and how they determined it in the middle of a dark night among a cluster of 20 or so anchored boats remains a mystery to me. Anyway, we three boats were escorted into Oak Harbor where the crews were loaded into a huge transport truck with two helmeted G.I.'s with bayonet rifles on each side of the tailgate. We were herded into a huge compound where each had to produce evidence he was not an undesirable alien bent on the destruction of the entire system. That took about two hours and by that time the wind had freshened from a breeze, to a strong wind, to a gale, whole gale and now a storm. So we were temporarily released to go and take care of our boats which were beating each other to pieces, and to proceed to Anacortes for a "hearing."

By now the wind had graduated from the category of a storm to a full-fledged hurricane — winds exceeding 70 miles per hour. We made it across the Sound to the shelter of Camano Island where the fleet were all huddled. Here the three skippers in conference decided, in fear of losing their boats to the unpredictable whims of the Army, we must make it to Anacortes. From

here to Deception Pass was not too bad; the wind coming from straight astern and the seas not too big.

But out through the Pass it was different. We were not in open water with the seas coming from across Juan de Fuca Strait. Anyone who has had any experience on boats will know that a following sea will give you the worst kind of rolling. I was down in the engine room trying to keep our little engine going when she took her last big roll toward the companionway to the deck. Here the water poured in like a waterfall. The engine quit, the lights went out and it left me floundering around among everything in the fo'c'sle that would float. For a fleeting moment the thought flashed through my mind, "So this is it, I've often wondered how it was going to happen." I imagined I could hear the sound of harps and the flapping of wings.

But, I guess the nature of the beast is to hang on to the last straw, this last straw being a ray of light coming from a small hatch, the cover of which had already washed away. I don't know if it was built into the forward deck for ventilation for our fo'c'sle or as an escape hatch for emergencies such as this. Anyway, I somehow made my way floundering through the flotsam of the fo'c'sle toward this rectangular ray of light which was just barely big enough for me to squeeze through into daylight.

When I emerged out of that little escape hatch the first thing I did was kick off my boots. I remember hollering at the skipper, who was struggling out through a window of the pilot house, "Let's try for the skiff," which was now half submerged on top of a fast-spreading pile of corks. Harry was already there trying vainly to get rid of the lead and other surplus junk.

I'm not going into detail about how we got away in the skiff. After having rolled the lead overboard, I with the deck bucket and Harry with a boot, got rid of enough

water so the crew could now scramble aboard. The first aboard was a raving, panic-stricken maniac who, when she first rolled over and Harry had shouted, "Joe is down there, we got to get him out," had replied, "Ta haal vid him, he's a gonner anyvay." He had, (lucky for us) lost his knife, but still waving his arms was hollering, "Cut!! Cut!! Cut!! CUT!!" (For a while I thought we'd have to shoot him to calm him down.)

Now all eight of us were in the skiff with Bill and the skipper manning a pair of oars, Harry and I with a bucket and a boot frantically bailing. We pulled away from the poor old "Leader" which by now was standing on end, only a part of her stern visible.

Driven by the force of the wind, the men on the oars were able to keep us running straight before it — if we had ever broached to it, it would have been our finish. Off to our starboard the breakers were hitting the rocks and the spray was flying clear over the tops of the fir trees. The air was full of flying salt water, impossible to face it and breathe, and to make ourselves heard above the roar we had to holler at the top of our voices. We were rounding the point, the entrance to a small bay — the name of which I can't recall — when we met the "Iceland" who had seen us capsize and had wisely not attempted to come about to pick us up. Instead, they sailed for the shelter of this little bay where they launched their skiff and dumped their seine in their hold and were on their way out to pick up survivors. They could not imagine all eight of us getting away in a small skiff.

Now we were safely aboard the "Iceland," and to Anacortes where we found out there was no "hearing." They didn't even know we had been arrested. They promised us that the sergeant who had taken us in would get a reprimand, (probably a slap on the wrist, when to our way of thinking he should have a swift, hob-nailed

boot in the lower antarctic region.) They did, however, transport us uptown where the owner of a clothing store turned us loose to pick anything we needed to get into dry clothes.

The next day, the wind having died down to almost calm, we were able, in a borrowed tender the "Merit," to find the "Leader" standing on end. We were able to drop anchor into her hold and thereby tow her into Anacortes, where we beached her and pumped her out and floated her at high tide not much the worse for wear, and towed her to Bellingham.

This incident naturally made the newspapers. To quote the Seattle P.I., "In the vicious storm that struck the area yesterday, it is reported the boat 'Leader' has capsized and sunk off Deception Pass. The fate of the crew is not known." Nice reading for friends and relatives of said crew.

I was invited to take on the job of cleaning up the engine and getting it going again, but I said, "No thanks." Instead, I went to Point Roberts and let anybody who may have read the P.I. know that the fate of the crew was now known.

COME INTO MY HUMBLE HUT

(Translation by Axel Vopnfjord of *Komdu Inn I Kofann Minn*
by David Stefansson)

Come into my humble hut to-day at eventide.
Ne'er will you begrudge the time you do with me abide.
Before a cheery fire we'll sit and dream of far-off lands,
And share adventure's golden cup with glee on foreign strands.

Turkish rugs await our whim and magic mirrors twain,
Norway's ships on seven seas and matadors in Spain.
Driven in a golden coach which Arab steeds propel,
In eastern orchards we will roam; in Iceland ever dwell.

Aladdin's lamp will waft us far where there is much to see.
Unbounded riches ours shall be in France's gay Paree,
Silken garments, jewelry, and stores of mellow wine.
The cheery fire will conjure up more treasures just as fine.

The Koran's precepts we will read, and Poe's weird works explore,
The art of Michaelangelo which all of us adore.
We'll share the Vikings' daring deeds once sung in every hall,
But worship at the Lamp of Faith which shines on one and all.

Come into my humble hut to-day at eventide.
The cheery fire will ever bid a welcome to my side,
But you must guess where I for you another gift did hide.
But you must guess where I for you another gift did hide.

ICELAND, A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

by Denis Taylor

A not unsympathetic observer remarked that the trouble with Iceland was that this nation of 230,000, living on a virtually uninhabitable island in the north Atlantic and until recently overwhelmingly dependent on catching fish, behaved as if the population was 20 million.

Iceland has all the features of a much larger state: a diplomatic service, a national airline (itself a merger between two companies), a university teaching such expensive subjects as medicine and engineering, and a television service covering the whole country. There is a National Theatre, a symphony orchestra and even a budding film industry. An opera company was recently launched in a converted cinema, and ballet is also performed.

Even Parliament (the Althing) with a total of 60 seats, has two houses, a legacy of the 1840s, which critics today argue should be switched to a single chamber. Inside that Parliament sit four parties, none of which has managed to secure an overall majority in a general election since 1931, when Iceland was still joined in a union with Denmark. The need to forge a working coalition every time the country goes to the polls makes for a high level of political intensity.

After the latest elections in December, 1979, it took two months, an unusually long time by Icelandic standards, to cobble together a government.

What happened then has left a painful legacy. When none of the party chairmen was able to form an administration, Dr. Gunnar Thoroddsen, supported by a small group from the Independence Party went into coalition with the Progressives, whose roots lie in the important cooperative movement, and the People's Alliance.

These seemed to be strange bedfellows,

and Icelanders are still arguing about what happened. The Independence Party did not formally split, but 17 of its 22 MPs are in opposition. Seating arrangements in the Althing present no problem. Members' places are drawn by lots, irrespective of party, at the start of a session.

Amazingly, both government and opposition MPs attend meetings of the Independence Party, although separate caucuses are also held. Party members who tried to force a clean break at the last annual conference were unsuccessful.

A motion to expel the Prime Minister and his supporters was withdrawn. Another, less extreme way, was found to try to heal the party's pride. By a margin of more than three to one delegates exhorted the three Independence Party Ministers to resign and the two other dissidents to stop supporting them, so that the party could unite in attempting to form a new government.

The Independence Party is, in effect, the Conservatives and the People's Alliance, the most left-wing group. Their enemies call them Communists. This is too sweeping. The alliance is a descendant of the Communist Party of Iceland, which gained momentum during the depression years of the 1930s. The alliance includes Marxists, but is a broader church than some of its opponents allow, and it now presents itself as Socialist.

The day martial law was proclaimed in Poland, PA protestors demonstrated outside the Polish Embassy in Reykjavik. The alliance was also quick off the mark to congratulate President Mitterrand on his election. An irony is that the PA is against Iceland's membership of Nato, while the Prime Minister and all the opposition sup-

port the commitment to the defence pact of which Iceland, a state without armed forces of its own, was a founder member in 1949. The programme issued when the present government was formed in February, 1980, omits any specific reference to Nato, and talks of emphasizing the implementation of an independent foreign policy.

But there is no suggestion that this implies a neutralist course. The manifesto simply talks of strengthening Iceland's "participation in the work of the United Nations and the Nordic Council . . .".

Icelandic politicians have developed the habit of being able to ride out contradictory policies. This is not the first time the PA has taken part in a government not committed to closing down the Nato base at Keflavik, near Reykjavik, which is operated by the United States.

Dr. Thoroddsen told *The Times*: "The People's Alliance has always been against our membership of Nato and against the Keflavik base. But this government will follow the same foreign and defence policies as before. In Parliament the great majority are for this policy. Our main objectives in this government are fighting inflation and ensuring full employment. We have had success with both these objectives."

The Prime Minister discussed his reasons for taking a rump of his party into government not just with the politically compatible Progressives but with the previously unacceptable PA. Referring to the two months delay, he said that if Parliament was unable to form a majority government, this could have led to the President appointing a non-parliamentary administration.

This would have been "a very great dishonour to Parliament. I thought it my duty to form this government so that the country could have a Parliamentary government, but my party rejected my proposal." He

said this had been a cause of great disappointment to him.

Outside, the cynical argument is heard that after a lifetime in politics, Dr. Thoroddsen, an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency in 1968, was set on becoming Prime Minister, with this probably the last chance. Nevertheless, the experience of the break with most of his colleagues, for someone who has been in the Independence Party for 50 years, seems to have saddened him.

The intensity of political life is one reason for not regarding Iceland as another Lilliput. The Althing may be tiny, but it is the product of a democratic tradition, admittedly dormant for centuries, older than that of Westminster.

Another reason for the outside world to take Iceland more seriously than its population and resources might first suggest is its strategic position.

Keflavik is a base for the American surveillance of submarine traffic in the north Atlantic. Controversy has been fuelled in the past by allegations that nuclear weapons are stationed in Iceland. Aircraft stationed there can carry such arms.

This claim was published in Washington in 1975 and subsequently repeated in Stockholm but not in Moscow. In 1977, Mr. Kosygin, the late Soviet Prime Minister, said in a speech made on the occasion of a visit to Moscow by the then Icelandic Premier that there were no nuclear weapons in Iceland, and expressed his pleasure at this.

Courtesy of the London (England) Times.

Sayings by Abraham Lincoln

It is wiser to err on the side of mercy.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

He who has lost freedom has nothing else to lose.

VIKING CITY TO BE RECONSTRUCTED

by Gregory Jensen

(Courtesy of the Winnipeg Sun, September 25, 1983)

YORK, England (UPI) — Just now it's an empty concrete basement. A year from now it may be the world's most exciting archaeological ride.

"What we're doing is making our imaginations leap back into the 10th century," said Peter Addyman, director of the York Archaeological Trust.

It will be some leap. At ground level, a spanking new shopping center and apartment complex. Below ground, a trip 1,000 years back through time into "a Viking city reborn."

Beginning in April 1984 the Jorvik Viking Center plans to load half a million visitors a year into four-passenger electronic "time cars" and whisk them physically back into the Viking capital called Jorvik.

First comes an alley of people and houses, full size and three dimensional, ending in a reconstructed harbor full of Viking ships. There will be all the sights, sounds and dubious smells of the Viking city that filled this site.

"We're hoping to give an extraordinarily detailed picture of what it was like to live, eat, work and sleep in Viking Jorvik," Addyman said when the project was unveiled.

Then the "time cars" slide into a mock Viking building and emerge from a modern wooden hut into the Jorvik the archaeologists uncovered.

"We want people to feel they're in the actual dig," Addyman said. So this area is just as the diggers left it, with the remains of Viking buildings replaced only a few feet from where the Norsemen built them 10 centuries ago.

Finally comes a room displaying the astonishing variety of small objects found

in a dig so important it helped change a view of history.

It began in 1976 along a street called Coppergate, laid out — like so many of York's streets — by the Vikings in roughly 870 A.D.

"What we found was a time capsule of every-day Viking life," said Richard Hall, the archaeologist in charge of the five-year dig involving 400 volunteer helpers.

The Coppergate dig at York, 188 miles north of London, overturned the old image of Vikings as nothing but bloodthirsty pillagers by revealing a sophisticated, bustling, smelly and peaceful city.

"We have recovered a toilet seat, silk and a wool stocking, skeletons, 15,000 objects, a quarter of a million pieces of pottery and 5 tons of animal bones," Hall said. "Above all we have some of the best preserved Viking-age buildings ever discovered."

The problem was, what to do with them?

"Either we burned them or put them on display," Addyman said. "But display meant a very large building, plus all the costly equipment you need to preserve a precise environment to keep the wood from disintegrating."

Sayings by Abraham Lincoln

Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Rust wastes more than use.

Make haste slowly.

"They say" is often proved a liar.

All doors open to courtesy.

PASSENGERS ON THE S.S. PHOENICIAN

(Sailed from Glasgow July 8, 1880, arrived in Quebec
on July 18, 1880.)

The ship's Master was James Scott; maximum passengers 200; 1493 tons, 3000 superficial feet (not including cabins). Out of a total of 142 passengers, the following Icelanders were heading for the Western States.

	Age	Sex	Married	Single
1. Elugun? (Illugi) Gunnlaugsson	26	M		x
2. Gudjon Jonsson	40	M		x
3. Sigurveig Einarsdottir	23	F		x
4. Gudny Jonsdottir	60	F		x
5. Jon Gudjonsson	21	M	x	
6. Katrin? Stefansdottir	22	F	x	
7. Kristin Johannsdottir	57	F		x
8. Margret Gudjonsdottir	20	F		x
9. Mikkin? (Mekkin) Gudjonsson	10	M		x
10. Sigfus Andresson	36	M	x	
11. Sigridur Johannsdottir	36	F	x	
12. Sigridur Johannsdottir	8	F		x
13. Julia? Johannsdottir	4	F		x
14. Oddur Johannsson	1	M		x
15. Thorsteinn Thorsteinsson	29	M		x
16. Gudjon Thorsteinsson	20	M		x
17. Fridjon? Joakimsson	20	M		x
18. Gudny Josefottir	30	F		x
19. Hallgrimur Josefsson	3	M		x
20. Eirikur Johannsson	24	M	x	
21. Thorda Asmundsdottir	21	F	x	
22. Infant				
23. Astridur Asmundsdottir	50	F		x
24. Jon Gudmundsson	40	M	x	
25. Sigridur Benediktsdottir	33	F	x	
26. Margret Benediktsdottir? (Jonsdottir)	10	F		x
27. Stefan Benediktsson? (Jonsson)	7	M		x
28. Gudni Benediktsson (Jonsson)	1/2	M		x
29. Bjorn Kristjansson	24	M		x
30. Kristin Arnadottir	47	F	x	
31. Jakobina Arnadottir	17	F		x
32. Baldvin Arnadottir? (Arnasson)	11	M		x
33. Sigurlaug Arnadottir	6	F		x
34. Jonas Bergsson	53	M	x	
35. Anna Magnusdottir	50	F	x	
36. Johanna Abrentz	22	F		x
37. Jon Jonsson	58	M		x
38. Anna Jonsson? (dottir)	20	F		x

	Age	Sex	Married	Single
39. Elizabeth Jonsson? (dottir)	32	F		x
40. John Lindal	29	M		x
41. Jon Jonsson — Lab.	32	M	x	
42. Sigridur Erickson (dottir)	35	F	x	
43. J. E. H. Jonsson — Child	11	M		x
44. Jon Jonsson — Child	1/2	M		x
45. G. H. Julius — Child	4	M		x
46. Frid (rik) Jonsson — Lab.	53	M	x	
47. Sigridur? Gudmundsdottir — Domestic	39	F	x	
48. S? Jonsdottir — Child	3	F		x
49. Kristinn Thorkils Lab.	20	M		x
50. Eyolfur Gudmundsson	29	M	x	
51. Kristin Ryansdottir? (Kristjansdottir)	22	F	x	
52. Gudmundur Eyolfsson	57	M		x
53. Maria Nedumndsdottir? (Magnusdottir) (Gudmundsdottir?)	52	F		x
54. Gudny Gudmundsdottir	18	F		x
55. Margret Gudmundsdottir	25	F		x
56. Infant Gudmundsdottir		F		x
57. Li Eyolfsdottir	1/2	F		x
58. Eyolfur Bjornasson? (Bjornsson)	30	M	x	
59. Gudrun Gudmundsdottir	29	F	x	
60. Peter Gudmundsson (called 'dottir' on list)	1/2	M		x
61. Solveig Engersdottir? (Einarsdottir)	60	F		x
62. Flo? Gudmundsdottir	11	F		x
63. Elizabet Jonsdottir	38	F		x
64. Solveig Jonsdottir	20	F		x
65. Tomas Peterson? (Petursson)	57	M	x	
66. Anna Annadottir? (Arnadottir)	59	F	x	
67. Gudjon Tomasson	19	M		x
68. Anna Tomasdottir	25	F		x
69. Gudrun Tomasdottir	22	F		x
70. Gudbjorg Tomasdottir	17	F		x

SUMMARY FOR ALL PASSENGERS

	Adults 12 yrs. & over				Children		Infants	
	Married		Single		M	F	M	F
	M	F	M	F				
Scottish	8	10	35	6	7	4	--	L
Icelandic	10	11	13	17	5	7	4	4
Totals	18	21	48	23	12	11	4	5

1. Icelanders — 70; 2. Scottish — 72; Total — 142.

3. Adults — 110; 4. Children (1 - 12 yrs.) — 23; 5. Infants — 9; Total — 142.

SUMMARY FOR ICELANDERS ONLY

1. Number of females — 38; Number of males — 32.
2. Number of married passengers — 21; Unmarried — 49.
3. Number of passengers 12 years or over — 53; Under 12 — 17.

Donald E. Gislason

BOOK REVIEW

by Kristjana Gunnars

Kristjansson, Ludvik. *Ljodakorn*. Winnipeg: Lögberg-Heimskringla, 1983.

* * *

Ludvik Kristjansson (1887-1958) was born in Vikurgerdi, Iceland and emigrated to Canada at the age of sixteen, spending most of his adult life in Winnipeg. He was active in the social life of the Winnipeg Icelanders and secured his popularity with a happy sense of humor, a good disposition and an ability to put them into verses that became a part of a new oral tradition. Lögberg-Heimskringla published a collection of these verses in the spring of '83 and for some of them Kristjansson's authorship can only be assumed since they travelled by word of mouth rather than manuscript. Other verses he wrote as letters to friends, and some were composed for occasional purposes such as social events or news happenings. The book is a hundred and fourteen pages long and contains an afterword on the author by Prof. Haraldur Bessason.

This volume, titled *Ljodakorn*, has two functions. One is as an example of West-Icelandic versifying at its happiest; the other is as a socio-historical document. For the moment it is perhaps the latter which makes the book interesting to a broad audience. Here we have a document of a certain form of communication. The West-Icelanders often communicated in verses

and this book shows what form they took and what they were concerned with. The main themes here are personal relationships, important events in the Icelandic community, and the position of West-Icelanders in Canada. As such, the book is a cultural document.

Rather than being a traditional book of poems, *Ljodakorn* may be seen more as a collection of verses by, for and about Ludvik Kristjansson. Other versifiers appear as correspondents of the author; these include Asgeir Gislason and Rosmundur Arnason of Saskatchewan and authors of poems penned on the occasion of Kristjansson's silver wedding anniversary in 1937. The afterword is brief but highly competent and informative, as is usual for Prof. H. Bessason.

Kristjansson's own verses do not vary much. They all show a polish while remaining casual. The tone is invariably smooth and the finish uniform, the spirit cheerful and vibrant. The author was clearly a popular personality and a glance at the book will show a group of people genuinely concerned for each others' welfare while willing to criticize where such was due. Above all, it was people like Ludvik Kristjansson ("Lulli") who were the glue that held together the community of Icelanders against the pressures of a larger, national, concern.

At their best, Kristjansson's verses are reminiscent of Robert Frost, if of anyone in North America, for his subjects are always clearly drawn and there is nothing blurry in what he has to say. Two poems show this affinity well: "Hinn aldradi, sjuki fadir" (p. 17), and "Brot ur brefi" (p. 18). The work as a whole is refreshing in the absence of vagueness and dreaminess, and in its sarcasm and willingness to indulge in self-ridicule, as when "Stebbi" in "Joladisin hans Stebba" inadvertently ends up in the Hudson's Bay on Main St. and cannot help falling in love with the mannequin in the window (pp. 19-20). The spirit of the poems is always genuine and we find ourselves dealing with a mind that cannot tolerate hypocrisy.

Kristjansson's motivation for composing these verses seems to have been social entertainment rather than a pretense at the art of poetry itself. His poem "Hve mikill er skaldanna somi" brings this out when he writes:

Eg skeyt' ekki um hros eda skaldkonga
spott
Thad skilur hver bandvitlaus madur,
Ad thad gerir litid, ef lagid er gott,
Thott ljodid se helvitis thvadur.

(Roughly translated, the stanza claims that "I don't care about a poet's reputation. Any fool can see that if the tune is good it doesn't matter though the lyrics are pure nonsense.") Some of Kristjansson's concerns manage to break through the humor. The most notable pre-occupation seems to be the view in which the Icelandic community is held by Anglo-Saxon Canada. At times, therefore, the verses display a sense of being on the outside simultaneously with a pride in the community he prefers.

On occasion the verses are fairly pedestrian, and all seem to be on one level beyond which the author does not go. Ludvik Kristjansson had a way with words he might have made more of. A man of

much poetic talent, he preferred to remain rooted in daily speech rather than turning it into a different art form. We see him here as a communicator of culture and good spirit rather than an artist, and in view of his dislike for all pretense, it seems he would have wanted to be remembered that way.

TAYLOR PHARMACY

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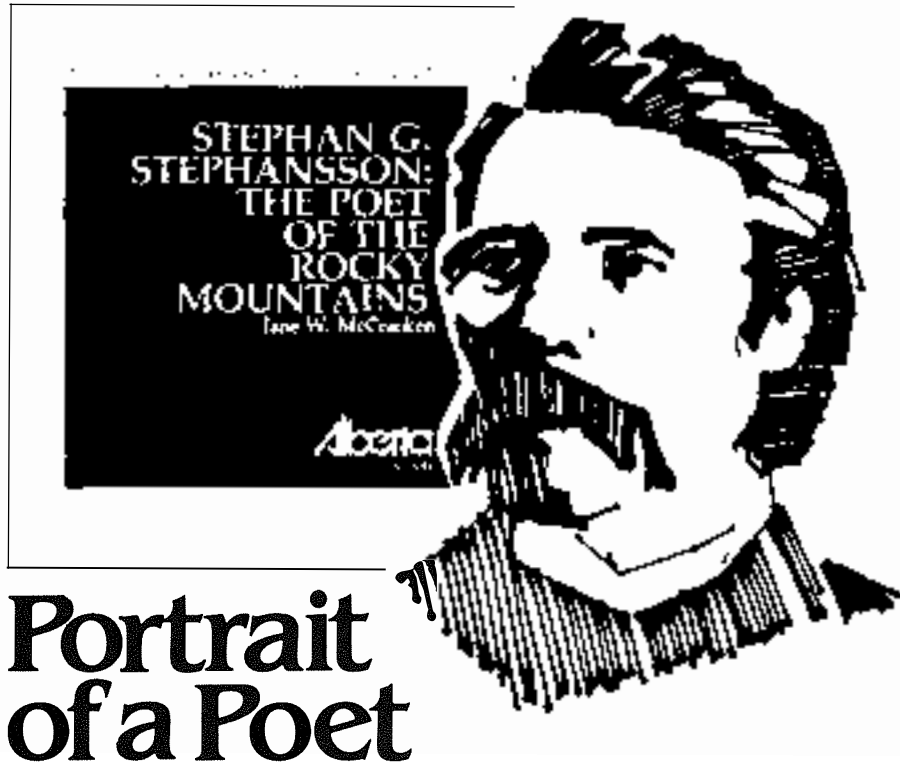
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BOOK REVIEW



Portrait of a Poet

Pioneer and poet, Stephan Stephansson arrived from Iceland in 1853. After living in Icelandic settlements in Wisconsin and Dakota, he settled with his family in Alberta. There, he farmed by day and wrote poetry of remarkable power by night.

One of Iceland's major poets, Stephansson wrote with a universality of thought that transcended his ethnic heritage and isolated environment.

Now, Jane McCracken's sensitive and superbly-researched portrait is available to all who wish to explore his life...to understand the cultural forces which left their mark on him.

Of particular interest to Icelandic readers and to interested specialists, **Stephan G. Stephansson: Poet of the Rocky Mountains** may be ordered by sending \$7.60 (Cdn.) in cheque or money order to
The Museum Bookstore
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12845 102 Avenue
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Alberta
CULTURE

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We invite students of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent to apply for the following scholarships which are offered or processed by The Canada Iceland Foundation.

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Two awards of \$500.00 each to be given annually. The recipients must be of good moral character, Icelandic descent, college calibre and primarily in need of help to continue their studies in high school, college or at University level. They are asked to sign a pledge that "somewhere along the highway of life" they will try to provide comparable help to another needy student. Closing date for applications **June 30th, 1984.**

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One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a High School graduate proceeding to a Canadian University or the University of Iceland. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

The Canadian Iceland Foundation Scholarship

One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a University student studying towards a degree in any Canadian University. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

Students wishing to apply are asked to submit applications with supporting documents indicating which scholarship they wish to apply for. Information and application forms are available by telephoning 475-8064 or contacting:

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IN THE NEWS

SCANDINAVIAN DAY PICNIC IN CHICAGO

On Sunday, September 11th, 1983, the Icelandic Association of Chicago participated in a Scandinavian Day Picnic in Vasa Park, RT 31, South Elgin.

The association had a hog dog stand with genuine Icelandic hot dogs imported from Iceland.

The Scandinavian Day is organized by the Scandinavian Day Committee, a non-profit organization with members from all the Scandinavian clubs in the Chicago area. Clubs representing all the Scandinavian nations participated with food stands and/or entertainment.

Ludvik Fridriksson

QUOTE

"No one knows my country, neither the stranger nor its own sons. My country is hidden in the dark and teeming brain of youth upon the eve of its manhood. My country has not found itself nor felt its power nor learned its true place. It is all visions and doubts and hopes and dreams. It is strength and weakness, despair and joy, and the wild confusions and restless strivings of a boy who has passed his boyhood but is not yet a man."

BRUCE HUTCHISON, journalist and author, "The Unknown Country" (1942).

* * *

QUOTE


Manitoba-born Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson mixed his political views with his love of the North when he observed, "The trouble lies in the fact that a Canadian Prime Minister has never been exiled to the Arctic."

SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

- 1) You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
- 2) You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
- 3) You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.
- 4) You cannot further the brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.
- 5) You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.
- 6) You cannot build character by taking away initiative and independence.
- 7) You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

* * *

Impossibilities recede as experience advances.



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CANADA'S DEBT TO STEFANSSON

by Alexander Gregor

(Courtesy of WE BUILT CANADA, Vilhjalmur Stefansson and the Arctic)



Manitoba Archives

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

From a bust by Antonio Salemme commissioned by the Icelandic National League, 1965.

Although Vilhjalmur Stefansson was a Canadian citizen for only a short part of his life, he was always concerned about Canada's future. Through Stefansson's speaking tours and writings, Canadians came to understand something more about their Northland; they began to see it not as a barren country of cold and desolate wastes, but as a beautiful area of challenge and promise. Canadians began to understand the importance that the North could and would play in the economic future of their society. Through his own adaptation to the Arctic Stefansson showed Canadians the possibilities the land held for full and enjoyable living.

More aware than most Canadians of the North's importance to Canada's future, Stefansson made an invaluable contribution by reminding her citizens of the need to assert and preserve Canada's Arctic sovereignty. We must remember that

Stefansson was urging Canada to assert her sovereignty at a time when most Canadians, including members of the federal government, were almost indifferent to what happened in the North. The fact that Stefansson persisted in this difficult uphill fight against public indifference makes our debt to him even greater.

Perhaps the most important message that Stefansson had for Canadians was that they must come to see themselves as an Arctic nation. By adjusting and taking full advantage of their north — rather than by huddling along the border in a mirror image of the northern United States — Canada can reach the great potential that Stefansson foresaw as her destiny. If Canadians took Stefansson's advice, and tried to become in fact an 'Arctic-minded' people, we might achieve a better understanding of what it is to be Canadian.

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