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The Icelandic Canadian

XLIII, No. 1

Winnipeg, Canada

September, 1984

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EDITORIAL

WHY BE CONCERNED ABOUT THE VIKING STEREOTYPE?

by Dr. E. Leigh Syms

"Viking men were warriors called berserkers."

"A Viking groom bought his wife from her family on their wedding day . . . All the women encouraged their men to fight."

These quotes are from the recent Canadian Edition of *Human Heritage A World History* (1983) which has been accredited by the Manitoba Department of Education for use as a social studies text in the junior high school grades in Manitoba schools. While this book does have more extensive coverage, i.e. 12 pages, on Vikings than many such texts, it suffers from 3 major flaws: a) there are many factual errors or distortions; b) there is a pronounced emphasis on fighting even to the extent that this theme is worked into paragraphs where it is inappropriate; and c) all of the illustrations portraying people or ships are erroneous, e.g. two are based upon pre-1880s fanciful reconstruction and a third of "Leif Ericson" shows a man with a Viking sword but wearing other accoutrements that are either from a different period or of different groups such as the Franks.

Does it matter that at least one more generation of school children, our children and grandchildren, will learn an erroneous distorted stereotype about Vikings? While visible minorities such as American Blacks and Natives lobby, often successfully, to have negative and erroneous stereotypes replaced in Education curricula, should "visible" minorities such as people of Scandinavian descent be concerned about doing the same? Is the study of Vikings merely a study of old irrelevant events that are not important today?

The topic of correcting erroneous stereotypes and the methods by which it can be done require much more space than is

available here. However, a few general thoughts are worth raising. Detailed understanding of the Viking Period, ca. A.D. 800 - 1000, is more than merely learning about an ancient romantic period. The direction of European history was altered considerably in those 200 years. Also, I would argue that the values of this period have continued to be part of the cultural legacy of Icelanders and other Scandinavians who immigrated to North America, and continue in the present generations.

The Viking legacy for Europe included new improvements in maritime travel, vast new trade networks, explosive growth in merchant trading centres, establishment of new countries such as Iceland, and the reorganization of existing countries. For countries such as Ireland, Viking centres were the foundation of later towns and cities such as Dublin, Waterford, Wexford (Veigsfjörður), Wicklow (Vikingalo), and Limerick (Hlymrekur). Much of northern England was under control of the Viking ruler and merchants at Jorvik for 98 years, and Normandy, France was colonized by Norsemen. In many countries, regional rulers united under single kings in response to Viking raids which, in turn, centralized European political boundaries and political power.

Among the Viking traits that have persisted throughout the intervening generations and which Western Icelanders brought with them were a love of reading and an intimate awareness of the old literary heritage, fierce individual independence, high

regard for individual self-worth, an insistence on being able to express alternative views, and equality of women. These traits have been expressed in many ways. The production of two newspapers since the early days of New Iceland demonstrated the determination to maintain some of the values. The Icelandic women, unlike homestead women from many other European countries, brought a heritage of self-reliance and became part of the earliest suffragette groups. It is likely more than coincidence that in the recent Miss Universe Contest, Miss Iceland was the only participant to respond to one question by stating that self-reliance, "being able to stand with both feet on the boards", was an important message for contestants to pass on to the world. Dr. John Matthiasson has recently argued that a tendency of many Icelanders to form co-operatives and to be concerned with social issues may be traced back through a long tradition including the development of the hreppa, farmers' mutual aid associations which were formed among the early settlers in Iceland. These associations were both self-help groups and alliances to reduce the power of the chieftains. One should not underestimate how deeply and how distant lie the roots of some of the Western Icelandic heritage.

There are many who consider the Viking contribution to be important. For example, numerous archaeologists have been digging sites throughout Europe, in Greenland, in Newfoundland, and on several islands of Canada's High Arctic. Parks Canada has built a park at L'Anse aux Meadows on northern Newfoundland, including reconstruction of Viking buildings, an interpretive centre, and a roadway to the site. Extensive reconstruction has taken place in European sites such as Denmark's New Hedeby and the Roskilde Viking Ship Museum. The opening of the Jorvik Museum in York, England this April in order to show the Viking roots of York,

was developed at a cost of 2.8 million pounds (ca. 4 million dollars) with support of both the British and the Danish governments and people.

Despite the abundance of research and publications on Viking roots, there appears to be a dearth of knowledge reaching many North American Scandinavians. For many, remnants of the homestead era knowledge is still often the basic source of information. Knowledge of the sagas dwindles rapidly with each generation. When the current state of knowledge is not studied, the pre-immigrant stereotypes with the fictional illustrations persist. It is not that there is a shortage of recent literature. A few of the recent well-illustrated works in the English language include: Howard LaFay's *The Vikings* (1972), Bertil Almgren's *The Vikings* (1975, 1980), Ian Atkinson's *The Viking Ships* (1979), Magnus Magnusson's *Hammer of the North: Myths and Heroes of the Viking Age* (1976) and *Vikings!* (1980), David Graham-Campbell's *The Viking World* (1980), and *The Vikings* (1980) by David Graham-Campbell and Dafydd Kidd. Given the abundance of these works and the slow rate at which the new insights are spreading throughout Icelandic communities, one cannot help harbouring the suspicion that Western Icelanders may have lost one of the traits of their Viking heritage — the deep love of books and knowledge of their roots.

Books are one of several ways of raising awareness and knowledge. Magnus Magnusson's 10-part BBC television series, *Vikings*, is another. A third source is museum exhibits. A variety of European museums are available for travellers. One extensive temporary exhibit travelled to several American centres including New York and Minneapolis-St. Paul, and a smaller exhibit was shown at the National Museum of Man, Ottawa and the Chicago Museum of Science and Technology. The

Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg, is developing two travelling exhibits, one on Viking accomplishments, and one on recent Scandinavian immigration. These temporary exhibits, plus classroom teaching kits, will hopefully open in August 1985 and will be able to travel throughout many communities that contain clusters of Scandinavian people. The greatness of Viking roots and Scandinavian accomplishments can be developed and carried widely by means of artifacts, text, and illustrations.

If our children and grandchildren are to escape the erroneous stereotypes portrayed in school texts, cartoons and other sources, and are to appreciate the much more comprehensive, realistic, and exciting image based upon recent research, a variety of authoritative works and exhibits will need to be available in the schools, Scandinavian centres, and home libraries. If Scandinavians and the rest of the public are to be able to distinguish the clownish caricatures bearing homed pots, a potpourri of garish garments and snarling grimaces,

so often exhibited at Scandinavian centres and celebrations, from the real Vikings of their heritage, they will have to begin from an informed level. Our children and the public at large are at a crossroads — they can develop a fascination, admiration and pride in the Viking accomplishments or they can mock and joke about the fictional cartoon stereotypes. Which direction do you as an Icelander want to see develop?

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AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

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PEOPLE

A VERSATILE YOUNG MAN



Ian Johannes Thorlakson

Ian Johannes Thorlakson was awarded the Governor-General's Medal at the St. Paul's High School graduation exercises on June 10th, 1984. The award, presented to the student who graduates with the highest standing, was instituted in 1873 by the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada (1872-1878).

During his four years at St. Paul's, Ian received the Father Rector Gold Medal for highest marks in Grades 9 and 10, and the Board of Directors' Silver Medal in Grade 11. He was class president in Grade 9, and vice-president in Grades 10 and 11, serving on the student council for these three years.

In his final year, Ian received the Father Pungente Spirit Award presented to the Dramatic Society student best exemplifying school spirit. He was pianist for eight presentations of St. Paul's biannual stage productions.

In his spare time, Ian plays the synthesizer and enjoys tennis.

Ian's grandparents are Dr. and Mrs. Paul

H. T. Thorlakson of Winnipeg and the late Dr. and Mrs. (Runa) J. O. Olson who were also of Winnipeg. He is the youngest of four children of Dr. and Mrs. (nee Lorna Olson) T. Kenneth Thorlakson. Carla is in the Canadian Foreign Service and has returned to Ottawa following postings in Rome and London. Patricia is a court reporter with the Provincial Government and is engaged to be married in September. Derek is married and is in 4th year Medicine at the University of Manitoba.

Ian enters the University of Manitoba this fall in the Faculty of Science.

* * *

A PROMISING ATHLETE



Derek Laxdal

In the annual 1984 draft of junior hockey players, Derek Laxdal was drafted by the Toronto Maple Leafs of the National Hockey League.

Raised in Stonewall, Manitoba, Derek received his education and hockey training there. For the past two years he has played junior hockey in the Western Hockey

League. During the 1982-83 season he played with the Portland Winter Hawks who won the Memorial Cup that year. In 1983-84 he played with the Brandon Wheat Kings. During that season he was granted the most improved player award of the team. He will be playing in Brandon again this coming season.

Parents: John and Kristine Laxdal, Stonewall; Grandparents: Laura Laxdal, Winnipeg, and the late Jon K. Laxdal; Hrund Skulason, Winnipeg, and the late Jonas Skulason formerly of Gaysir, Manitoba.

* * *

GUDMUNDUR KJAERNESTED RETIRES



After forty years of service with the Icelandic Coast Guard, Captain Gudmundur Kjaernsted took the bridge of patrol vessel *Tyr* for the last time before retiring at the age of sixty, having become what he jokingly described as "a legally certified geriatric".

Captain Kjaernsted is best known for the leading part he played in the Cod War, winning not only national fame but also a fearful respect from the crews of British frigates. For him, retirement will not mean idleness — he intends to spend his time pursuing "noble sports, golf and horse-riding".

Courtesy of Lögberg-Heimskringla

ARTISTIC SCION OF A FAMILY OF ARTISTS



Bjarni Thomas Bjarnason

Bjarni Thomas Bjarnason, son of the late Gudmundur and Halldora Bjarnason, is a native of Winnipeg, Manitoba. As a youth, he attended night classes at the Winnipeg Art School and then moved on to Windsor where he attended the Meinzingers Art School in Detroit. In the mid 50's he joined TDF Advertising Artists in Toronto.

Tom loves to travel. From the late 50's to 1970 he travelled, extensively, in Europe, and Scandinavia "on location". Once back in Canada he continued travelling across the country, doing research for clients such as *Weekend Magazine* and the Department of National Defense.

Tom has been a free-lance illustrator for 25 years, working in a varied median such as Harlequin covers, hockey posters, stamps, North American and European magazines, Readers Digest illustrations, advertising art and his newest discovery, porcelain plates. He is presently working on a four-plate series, based on *A Child's Garden of Verse* by Robert Louis Steven-

son. His first two plates, *The Land of Counterpane* and *The Hayloft* are soft pastel presentations of the poems. Plates three and four, to follow, are entitled *My Shadow* and *The Swing*.

Tom "works" seven days a week taking some time off for cycling. He is so busy that he rarely finds time to travel. But, he loves his occupation . . . "I don't consider it work," he admits. This attitude plus a great deal of talent, explains why Tom Bjarnason is such a success in the tenuous world of illustrating.

* * *

A LIFE OF SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY



Neil Ofeigur Bardal

Born: February 16, 1940, son of Njall Bardal and Sigridur (nee Johnson), in Winnipeg. Grandparents, Arinbjorn and Margaret Bardal, Helgi and Asta Johnson.

Educated in Winnipeg, attending St. James Collegiate, United College. Graduate from Canadian School of Embalming, Banting Institute, Toronto, National Foun-

dation of Funeral Service, School of Management, Evanston, Illinois.

Career profile — Owner and President of Neil Bardal Inc., Family Funeral Counsellors. Registrar, Board of Administration, Embalmers and Funeral Directors Act, Province of Manitoba. Registrar: Manitoba School of Mortuary Practice, Winnipeg.

Other activities — President, Icelandic Canadian Fron; President, R.C.C.O., Winnipeg Center; Immediate Past President, Winnipeg Lutheran Council; District Deputy, First Masonic District, Grand Lodge of Manitoba; Organist, Bethesda Chapter Rose Croix, Scottish Rite, Winnipeg; Treasurer, Viking Association, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Coordinator, Scandinavian Pavilion, Folklorama.

Family situation — Wife Annette and two sons Jon and Eirikur, 39 Lakeside Drive.

Greetings

from

A Friend

READERS' FORUM

From Dr. Charles Scott, 7 Queen's Gardens, St. Andrews, Fifi, Scotland. KY16 9TD. Your journal has maintained an excellent standard of interest and production throughout the years. Congratulations!

Dr. Scott's article "Considering the Translations into English of Hallgrímur Petursson's Passion Psalms" was published in the spring issue, 1984 of *The Icelandic Canadian*.

* * *

From Violet Olson, Lundar, Manitoba. We, Bill (A.V.) and I, have always enjoyed *The Icelandic Canadian* so very much. We read it from cover to cover.

I, being one of the three editors of the *Lundar and District History Book*, enjoyed doing research work in past issues of *The Icelandic Canadian* for which I am very grateful.

From Bob Asgeirsson, Coquitlam, B.C. I have been assembling slowly a library of heritage material — Icelandic and English. We have been able to help a variety of students from Iceland and Canada with reference materials for their essays, etc. The reading also has brought to me a personal kinship with the best of the minds of my forefathers. I am grateful for that bonding — that gift.

One of the best resources is, of course, *The Icelandic Canadian* magazine. I admire the quality of the publication and as well the dedication of all the editors including yourself. The task of producing a monthly newsletter has fallen into my lap and I was wondering if there was any problem with using some excerpts from past issues. We would, of course, credit the source — in fact we would like to promote the magazine in one of our coming issues.

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WHAT IS HERITAGE?

by Marlin J. G. Magnusson

Heritage is a word that has come alive in Canada during the last decade or more. Young people have become curious about what heritage is, because our population is made up of so many different nationalities, and each sector has its own heritage, with some recorded far back in history. This still leaves the question of what Canadian heritage is, and that is what the younger generations want to know about — and should get to know about.

There is now emerging out of the diverse complexity of multinational heritages in Canada the merest formation of what is becoming an identifiable Canadian heritage, and hopefully it will comprise the finest spirit of each race of people who populate Canada. All have valuable contributions to make.

There is a great deal more to heritage than is indicated generally. It is a subject that begs philosophical analysis. Heritage is what makes us what we are, individually and collectively, through inheritance of spirit, traits, sense of values and inclination for social objectives and culture. These elements have formed our character for generations and through centuries, and even thousands of years.

In the commonly accepted poetic sense, heritage is an old broken wagon wheel laying beside a faintly discernible pioneer trail. Right?

Wrong. The wheel and trail are only material evidence of a phase in history — an indication of the trials and tribulations which our immediate forefathers experienced, which in turn they inherited from their forefathers, which is our true heritage. Perhaps we should rather say foreparents, because that is what it really is.

Heritage is of the soul, the mind, the true temper of character passed on through

inheritance from generation to generation, century after century, and this applies to all people of all races. Heritage has continuity in the same way as spiritual faith — it is part of the soul and being, and is shared.

It is precisely because of the essentially mutual experience and basic spirit of perseverance of the pioneers that there is now emerging a recognizable Canadian heritage forming an overall national citizenship, and reaching out for national character and culture. This is taking place because of the ever-growing majority of Canadian-born citizens educated in Canadian schools and the association of teachers, parents and students providing the melding influence.

We in Canada have come a long way from the relatively recent beginning of our nationhood. Compared with so many other countries, our country is merely a teenager. We are still growing up and we are still learning, and the future is certain to be what we, individually and collectively strive to make it.

No others will, or can, do it for us.

—Courtesy of the Newsletter of
the Icelandic Canadian Club
of British Columbia

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A STORY WELL WORTH PRESERVING

by Emil Bjarnason

It is just over fifty years since I made the acquaintance of Gudridur Jones, and although she was seventy years my senior, few people have been more firmly retained in my memory.

I grew up in Wynyard, or as we Icelanders called it Vatnabygd. Because a significant part of the population consisted of first generation immigrants with little, and sometimes no knowledge of English, even those of my generation, i.e. third generation Canadians, had to know enough Icelandic to communicate with them. In addition, some few of us had the benefit of Saturday morning Icelandic classes conducted by Steinthor Gunnlaugson and Tobias Tobiasson.

Just before my fifteenth birthday, the family migrated to Vancouver where it was obvious that we would rarely if ever hear the language spoken again. However, we soon made Gudridur's acquaintance. She was a lady of 85, a bedridden invalid, who, like my maternal grandmother, had been born in Vopnafjord, and had known her when they were children.

Gudridur spoke no English, and this is what attracted me to her. For the next seven years, I made a point of visiting her nearly every Sunday afternoon since then I would be forced to use my small fund of Icelandic words and phrases and prevent my knowledge of the language from deteriorating any more than necessary.

Like others of her generation, Gudridur had had no formal schooling — just parental drilling with a stafrofskver, and whatever one learned from the visiting pedants who would teach the children something in the way of arithmetic and Bible studies in exchange for a night's lodging and meals. Somewhere along the way, not surprisingly, she picked up a love of poetry.

In our Sunday afternoon sessions, she always began by reciting a poem. Often it would be something she had learned as a child. Just as often, remarkably, it would be a new poem from Lögberg or Heimskringla that she had memorized the previous week.

When Gudridur was 92 I left Vancouver to attend University in Ontario. The last Sunday of April, 1940, she said to me "This is likely the last time we will see each other, and I have been saving something special for this occasion". She then produced a jar of beans and a bowl, and declared that as she recited today's poem, each time she finished a stanza she would transfer a bean from the jar to the bowl. There were 105 beans in the jar, and if it was empty when she had finished reciting, she would know that she had left nothing out. And she did indeed empty the jar.

The poem was a medieval ballad, and I asked her where she had learned it. It seems that her grandmother had taught it to her when she was a child, using the same memory device of beans and jar. That was all she knew of its origin.

I learned later that after my departure from Vancouver, my father and Halldor Fridleifson, having heard the story from me, visited the old lady, had her perform her recitation for them, and wrote down the words. Then Halldor sent the poem to scholars in Iceland seeking to have it identified. The reply he received was as remarkable as Gudridur's feat of memory. Iceland's scholars were aware of the poem, a "district poem" of the fifteenth century which had long been considered lost except for a few fragments which had survived a fire somewhere or other. The astonishing thing was that those fifteenth century fragments were a letter-perfect match for the corresponding parts of Gudridur's version.

It is evident that it had been handed down, by word of mouth, through her family for five centuries. This perhaps provides a clue to how so much Nordic literature and history, dating from centuries before our ancestors had learned the art of writing, was carried to Iceland by its first settlers and eventually committed to paper.

After returning to Vancouver at the end of the war, I tried to document these events by retrieving the text of the poem and the correspondence. However, neither family had preserved them, so they now are, I suppose, irretrievably lost.

Gudridur died at the age of 94. When her daughter had died, there was nobody to look after her, and the authorities placed her in a nursing home. This she regarded as equivalent to confinement in jail. One night she attempted to escape from her second storey room by making a rope from her bedclothes and attaching it to a radiator, for the purpose of climbing out through the window. The "rope" however came loose

from the radiator with the result that she fell to the ground and broke her leg. She was then hospitalized, but died a few days later.

THE WITCHES NIGHT

(Written for Halloween, 1983)

Tonight the witches raise the dead
While the people are asleep in their bed.
Tonight the ghosts and ghouls
Dance and call humans fools.
Tonight they all live
And what a fright they give!

Tonight they gather deep in the wood
And sing like no one else could.
Tonight they rob a tomb
Until daylight spells their doom.

by: David Jon Asgeirsson
Age 9, 1983.

Greetings

from

A Friend

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ICELANDIC IMMIGRATION FROM GLASGOW TO TORONTO — 1879

SS. WALDENSIAN

by Donald E. Gislason

Introduction

By 1879 the federal Department of Agriculture under John Lowe was responsible for promoting and assisting immigration to Canada as well as forwarding intransit passengers to American destinations. However, the recently disbanded 'Immigration Department of Ontario' was allowed to function on a local level in order to facilitate the transfer of Ontario bound and transient immigrants from the port-of-entry (Quebec City) to the city of Toronto. These migrants were temporarily hosted in large 'sheds' until they could be placed on farms, in domestic service, railway construction, as day labourers, and so on.

Government Responsibility and Assistance

Incoming passengers at Quebec were customarily met by agents representing both the federal and provincial governments. Among other duties they gave advice and arranged transportation for those who did not have inland tickets. Passengers often arrived without firm destinations beyond Quebec and therefore, were subject to 'inducement upon arrival'. Consequently, they could find themselves and/or their families in unsuitable work environments.

There were always a number of immigrants who required assisted inland passage. They depended initially on government for job placement or travel costs to their various destinations within Ontario and points westward. Certainly, this was the case in 1879 for a sizeable number of financially destitute non-English speaking people including some from Iceland who arrived in North America with no specific

final destinations in mind and were willing to defer their onward journey to the Western States or Manitoba in order to take employment in Ontario. With the exception of those wishing to join relatives or friends in the settlement of Hekkla in the Muskoka District or their compatriots at the lake port of Parry Sound, most Icelanders who remained temporarily in the province came into an established society that viewed them with indifference. Their immediate concern was gainful employment and a modicum of security in the new land.

It was important for the agencies to facilitate the business of immigration, job placement and intransit forwarding with utmost efficiency and speed. The federal Department of Agriculture and the Immigration Department of Ontario cooperated in this work. An Ontario agent, along with an interpreter, usually accompanied Icelandic immigrants from Quebec City to Lachine Junction and on the 'sheds' in Toronto, a trip which could take two or three days depending on when the ship disembarked at the port-of-entry. The Ontario agency in Toronto had to be notified of arrival times so that accommodation could be arranged. Two men in particular, L. Stafford and R. M. Persse, were associated with Ontario bound Icelanders. J. A. Donaldson was responsible for reception, liaison with employers, clearing the sheds and dispersal of the on-going flow of immigrants who passed through the city. It was the responsibility of the provincial agency to host immigrants.

Although some Icelanders held tickets, for example from Vopnafjordur to Winnipeg or Minnesota, it was possible that

they might stop off in Toronto or other parts of Ontario for a few days, weeks or longer. In most cases they stopped just for a third night enroute to places in the Canadian and American prairies.

Two rather interesting official letters have survived concerning part of the Icelandic consignment from the S.S. Waldensian that landed July 19, 1879 at the port of Quebec. The writer, J. A. Donaldson, reported regularly to the Dominion immigration authorities. It is important to realize that unemployment was a problem at the time. Agricultural prices were low, therefore farm work was difficult to obtain and railway construction was uncertain. However, there was always a brisk demand in the city for domestic servants.

Toronto, 22nd July, 1879.

To: DOMINION OF CANADA
IMMIGRATION OFFICE

My dear Sir:

Nearly a 100 Icelanders among other immigrants are arrived this a.m. 2 o'clock. My men have had only three hours sleep the last two nights and I was here this morning before the bell told six and have succeeded in placing most of the English portion.

Some 38 families of Icelanders are remaining here and haven't employment. I will send them to the C.V.* if I find they can do with them.

Perhaps you will run up through the day. There are some good looking women among the Icelanders with Tassels in their hair.

Truly yours in haste,
J. A. Donaldson
(Immigrant Agent)

*Credit Valley Railway
Source: Ontario Archives,
RG 11, Series A,
No. 8247, 1879.

Toronto, 24th July, 1879.

My dear Sir:

We have got rid of most of the Icelanders — the few that are left leave at noon for Brampton to work on the C.V.

Then we will be ready for another batch, next week.

Yours truly,

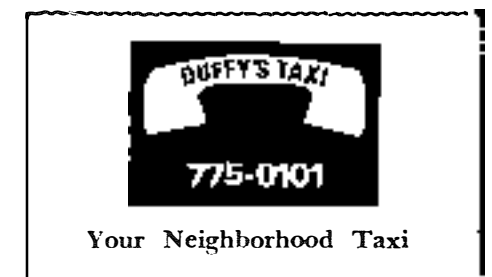
5 a.m. this morning . . . Donaldson
(Immigrant Agent)

Source: Ontario Archives,
RG 11, Series A,
No. 8250, 1879.

S.S. Waldensian Passenger Manifest — 1879 (Comments and Analysis)

The problems associated with this ship's manifest are mainly legibility of script, clarity of the micro-film reproduction, frequent misspelling of names and confusion in designating correct patronyms for accompanying children. Evident irregularities are identified by a question mark and likely corrections are given within parenthesis. However, where there appears to be no firm identifying information in terms of passenger relationships, or accurate spellings, the names are left 'as is'. For example, see nos. 54, 55, 209 and 240. In several instances the ship's purser has not parenthesized every apparent family grouping such as nos. 102-105, 132-136, 147-151, 245-247 and so on.

Closer examination of the list shows that 57% of the Icelandic passengers are male and almost a third of these are under the age of twenty with the bulk being children. This could reflect an anticipated demand for agricultural workers in Minnesota and homesteads in New Iceland, or just an increased emigration from Iceland of families as opposed to a higher percentage of single men which was the case during the early and mid part of the decade.



S.S. WALDENSIAN (Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.)

(Sailed from Glasgow, July 10, 1879, arrived in Quebec
on July 19, 1879.)

Ship's Master: John G. Stephenson

Name	Occupation	Age		Destination
		M	F	
1. Arni Metusalem Sveinsson	Labourer	19		Minnesota
2. Matusalem Arngusson? (Arnason/Arngrimsson)	Labourer	22		Minnesota
3. Olafia Arngusson? (Arnadottir/Arngrimsdottir)	Domestic		20	Minnesota
4. Stefania	Domestic		18	Minnesota
5. Ingibjorg	Domestic		15	Minnesota
6. Sigurbjorg	Domestic		13	Minnesota
7. Sigurjon Arngusson? (Arnason/Arngrimsson)	Child	1 1/2		Minnesota
8. Gudrun Kristjansdottir	Wife		42	Minnesota
9. Sigundin? (Sigridur) Sigmundsdottir	Wife		62	Minnesota
10. Bjorn Ashbjarnsson? (Asbjornsson)	Farmer	30		Minnesota
11. Steinnun Johanssesdottir	Wife		29	Minnesota
12. Bjorg Ashbgardottir? (Bjornsdottir)	Child		4	Minnesota
13. Sigridur Bjornsdottir	Infant		—	Minnesota
14. Josef Ashbjarnsson (Asbjornsson)	Farmer	28		Minnesota
15. Olof Rafnsson? (Rafnsdottir)	Wife		26	Minnesota
16. Johanniner? (Johanna) Valdimarsdottir	Child		3	Minnesota
17. Valdimar Valdimarsson	Child	1/2		Minnesota
18. Olafur Rafnsson	Farmer	59		Minnesota
19. Ragnhildur Thorwaldsdottir	Wife		44	Minnesota
20. Einar Olafsson	—	23		Minnesota via Toronto
21. Gudrun Olafsdottir?			22	Minnesota via Toronto
22. Elizabet Johnsdottir ^s (Jonsdottir)	Wife		18	Minnesota via Toronto
23. Stefan Olafsson	Family Labourer	18		Minnesota via Toronto
24. Oddny Olafsdottir	Girl		8	Minnesota
25. Gudmundur Olafsson	Boy	5		Minnesota
26. Einar Sigurdsson	Farmer	28		Minnesota
27. Jonina Emmasdottir? (Einarsdottir)	Infant		1/2	Minnesota
28. Jon Sveinsson	Farmer	54		Quebec
29. Solveig Magnusdottir	Wife		50	Quebec
30. Sigurdur Sigurdsson	Farmer	52		Minnesota
31. Arnfridur? Jonsdottir	Wife		54	Minnesota
32. Sigurdur Sigurdsson	Labourer	23		Minnesota

Name	Occupation	Age		Destination
		M	F	
33. Ingibjorg Sigurdsdottir	Family		21	Minnesota
34. Sigridur Sigurdsdottir			25	Minnesota
35. Sigbjorn? Sigurdsson (Sigurbjorn)	Farmer	26		Minnesota
36. Thuridur Benediktsdottir	Wife		21	Minnesota
37. Jacobina Benediksdottir? (Sigurbjornsdottir or Sigurdsdottir)	Family		2	Minnesota
38. Benedikt Benediksdottir? (Sigurbjornsson or Sigurdsson)		1/2		Minnesota
39. Gunnlogr? (Gunnlaugur) Gudmundsson	Farmer	44		Minnesota via Manitoba
40. Thiveig? Thorun? Solveig? Johnsdottir? (Thorey Jonsdottir)	Wife		33	Minnesota via Manitoba
41. Pjetur Gunnlaugsson	Family	8		Minnesota via Manitoba
42. Thorarinn? (Thorun) Gunnlaugsdottir			3	
43. Katrin Gunlogsdottir? (Gunnlaugsdottir)			1/2	Minnesota via Manitoba
44. Gudlaug Gunlogsdottir? (Gunnlaugsdottir)			12	Minnesota via Manitoba
45. Jon Solvasson	Farmer	58		Quebec, then Toronto
46. Kristbjorg Stefansdottir	Wife		56	Quebec, then Toronto
47. Benedikt Jonsson	Lad	15		Quebec, then Toronto
48. Sigurdur Sigurdsson	Farmer	33		Minnesota via Toronto
49. Onding? Jonasdottir	Family Wife		32	Minnesota
50. Thorbjorg Sigurdsdottir	Child		1	Minnesota
51. Jonas Olafsson	Lad	11		Minnesota via Manitoba
52. Margret Olafsson? (dottir)	Family Girl		8	Chief's chil- dren — paid
53. Lillias? Olafsdottir	Girl		4	thru passage, Minnesota via Manitoba
54. Fridrik Rambdt?	Farmer	57		Quebec
55. Soly? Rambdt?	Wife		50	Quebec
56. Fridrik (Fridriksson)	Family	13		Quebec
57. Valgerdur (Fridriksson)		12		Quebec
58. Agusta (Fridrikdottir)			10	Quebec
59. Hallgrimur Thorkelsson	Lad	13		Minnesota
60. Thorey Olafsdottir	Domestic		?	Minnesota
61. Fredbjurn? (Fridjon) Fridriksson	Labourer	18		New Iceland

Name	Occupation	Age		Destination	
		M	F		
62. Olgeir Fridriksson	Labourer	16		New Iceland	
63. Kristjan Gudmundsson	Labourer	?		New Iceland	
64. Hans Bjaring? (Bjerring)	Family	33		Quebec	
65. Fridrikka Bjaring (Bjerring)		—	29	Quebec	
66. Hans Bjaring? (Bjerring)		6		Quebec	
67. Malfridur Bjaring? (Bjerring)			4	Quebec	
68. Sveinn Bjaring? (Bjerring)		Infant	—	Quebec	
69. Johanna Ingaldsdottir? (Ingjaldsdottir)	Wife		50	New Iceland	
70. Palina Ingaldsdottir	Domestic		25	New Iceland	
71. August Ingjaldsson	Boy	12		New Iceland	
72. Sveinbjorn Ingjaldsson	Boy	7		New Iceland	
73. Sveinn Jonsson	Farmer	70		Nebraska	
74. Einar Jonsson	Farmer	27		Toronto	
75. Olof Jonsdottir	Domestic		22	Minnesota	
76. Vilborg Magnusdottir	Domestic		44	Minnesota	
77. Magnus Jonsson	Labourer	26		Minnesota	
78. Stefania Sigurdardottir	Wife		27	Minnesota	
79. Anna (Magnusdottir)?	Child		4	Minnesota	
80. Jon Stefansson	Labourer	24		Minnesota	
81. Grimur Gislason? (Gislason)	Labourer	48		New Iceland, stop in Toronto.	
82. Thordys Gudmundsdottir	Domestic		28	Quebec — assisted by Mr. Persse and stop in Toronto.	
83. Sigurbogi? Sigurdsson (Finnbogi or Sigurdur)	Farmer	42		New Iceland	
84. Bjorn Sigurdsson	Wife?	52		Minnesota	
85. Bjorg Ittlangsdottir?	Domestic		22	Minnesota	
86. Sigvaldi Jonsson	Labourer	58		Minnesota	
87. Bjorn Gisslason? (Gislason)	Farmer	52		Minnesota	
88. Adalbjorg Gislason? (Jonsdottir)	Family		43	Minnesota	
89. Olof Gislason? (Bjornsdottir)		Wife		12	Minnesota
90. Thorvaldur Gislason? (Bjornsson)			9		Minnesota
91. Jon Gislason? (Bjornsson)			7		Minnesota
92. Bjorn Gislason? (Bjornsson)			5		Minnesota
93. Ingibjorg Gislason? (Bjornsdottir)			6	Minnesota	
94. Halldor Gislason? (Bjornsson)			3	Minnesota	
95. Arni Gislason? (Bjornsson)	Infant	—		Minnesota	
96. Sveinn Magnusson	Lad	13		Minnesota	
97. Sigvaldi Gislason	Farmer	50		Minnesota	

(Continued in next issue)



THE SAGA OF REDHEAD

by Lawrence Millman

This article is both a send-up and an affectionate variation on the Icelandic folktales.

Bio notes: I have many connections with Iceland. Two years ago I had a Fulbright Fellowship to teach at the University of Iceland, in Reykjavik. Right now I'm writing a non-fiction book on Iceland for the American publisher Random House. In addition, I've written a novel, "Hero Jesse" (St. Martin's, 1981), and a non-fiction book on Ireland, "Our Like Will Not Be There Again" (Little, Brown, 1977).

* * *

There was a man named Svein, son of Eyjolf the Grey, from Hraunhrepp in Sudurnes. Svein could boast of a kinship with the outlaw Eyvindur, who harried farms in the Hornstrands and all along the Westfjords. The family also included Einar Finnbogason, who impaled on a halberd the High Sheriff of Reykholt, saying, "The man was a fool, so I killed him." This Einar was a wild man, and highly regarded. Svein's grandfather was Thorgeir Hairybrecks, the well-known sheep-thief, celebrated in many *rimur*.

Svein took as his wife a woman from Melaberg in the parish of Hvalsnes. This woman, Gudrun, daughter of Magnus, was not so lucky in her ancestry. Only avalanches and the thrashing sea seemed to celebrate her people. Despite a raven's warning, her sister wandered into a rockslide at Olafsvik. And there were three uncles drowned whose ghosts made a practise of clambering up the rocks at Hellnar, their oilskins dripping with seawater. Gudrun herself saw them more than once. But after the first time when they appeared to her with skulls for faces, she

was never the same person. Her thoughts began to take only the darkest of turns. She did not see a sign or omen but that she'd read in it some fresh disaster to her family.

And when Gudrun was with child, there was no shortage of bad signs for her to read. Black rains fell one morning and they fell only in Sudurnes. Then, of a sudden, the bellwether went blind. A cow bore a fish-headed calf. And that calf looked up and in a human voice spoke these words: "Oh my sorrow! I am a doomed soul." Gudrun remarked to Svein that she feared the child she was carrying would differ in some manner from other children, and it would be a mercy if it did not turn out some deformed monster. Svein told her not to talk about it. He knew that many a monster was first conceived by a woman's tongue.

And then Gudrun gave birth to a son. The boy seemed no different from other children. His mother checked his body carefully, but she could find no deformities. If anything, he seemed too strong, too healthy for a normal child. He will be a warrior young, Gudrun thought, and die in battle.

"Bring him to me, woman," Svein said.

According to custom, Gudrun placed her infant son on the floor and waited for Svein's decision: whether the baby was really his and should get his love and protection, or whether it should be left on a mountain-top for the eagles or whoever wanted a foster-son. Even if he had been capable of choosing the mountain-top, Svein Eyjolfsson would not have done so in this case, for he saw with great satisfaction that the baby had the face and perchance the nature of its great-grandfather, Thorgeir Hairybrecks. So he gave it the name of Thorgeir. And it had such a mass of red

hair curling over its head that he gave it the nickname of Redhead.

As the boy grew to speech and understanding, his father took it upon himself to tutor him in the ways of the world. He told his son of the mountains that were really giants, of the dwarfs who held up the sky, of women and their connivances, and of a raven's wisdom. Svein had many tales of foraging, and he told of Vikings who descended on unknown lands, where they burned homes to the ground and slaughtered all menfolk worth the effort.

The boy also learned to harden his body swimming in glacial tarns or wherever the cold waters might bring a thrill to his skin. He was no stranger to the River Jökulsa, for instance, or even the sea. He became so adept as a swimmer that it was said that no one, not even Grettir the Strong himself, could have bettered his powerful strokes and he was yet only a lad of fourteen winters.

"This lad will surely bring fame to us," said Svein.

The mother replied: "You see in this churn? The ewe's milk has turned green. Bad luck will follow . . ."

And bad luck did follow. Svein took to his bed the next evening after supper. He complained of a stomach that was like a cushion of spears and of limbs that would not move however he plied them. By morning he was dead. The boy went out and published his father's death. Svein Eyjolfsson's kinsmen came from far and wide to mourn him. It was the general opinion that he had eaten bad *hákarl*, shark's meat that had not been left to ripen long enough in the ground. Petur Eyjolfsson, a brother to Svein, mentioned an entire family near Vik in Mýrdal who had succumbed like this and the shark was later found to be tainted. Petur said that there would be many more digging up unripened meat if the current fashion for long winters persisted.

And now Thorgeir Redhead became the sole support of his mother. He was a boy of great diligence. He said: "I am now father and son, both."

Until this Thorgeir's time, Hraunhrepp was not reckoned a good holding. The land was harsh and poor. It was said to be fit only for sheep-thieves, such as old Thorgeir Hairybrecks, for they were men who could get their gain elsewhere. But young Thorgeir would not content himself with this. As much work as the farm demanded, twice that much would he perform. Soon he had turned stone and lava into grassland. Soon, too, there were farmers in the South who thought he might make a good match for their daughters. And those daughters themselves regarded his red hair as an indication that he would keep the fires of love well lit during the night.

Now it was habit for the man of Sudurnes to venture out to the Geirfugla Skerry to take auks and their eggs. Such visits were fraught with hazards and they could be made only in the right weather. That is because this skerry is some distance from land and surrounded by a heavy swell and likewise pounded by breakers which have snapped the ties of many kindred. And these dead kindred are said to become sea-birds themselves, screaming from the lorn rocks of the Geirfugla Skerry.

One summer day, as before, a boat went out from Sudurnes to this skerry. And on this boat was Thorgeir Redhead. The chief of the bird-hunters, a man named Steinar, asked him to join them. He had often seen the boy in search of missing sheep, a sheep himself, on the hills behind Hraunhrepp. He thought that the boy, being so spry, would be able to get to the more difficult birds. So Thorgeir informed his mother that he would be hunting firewood on the strand, else she would not let him go to such an unsafe place.

After the boat managed to effect a landing, a few of the men stayed on board

to keep an eye on the sea, while the others climbed along the northern face of the skerry. Ahead of them all was Thorgeir, leaping from pinnacle to pinnacle, a mountainy ram among old ewes. He was the first to reach the bird-cliffs. Soon he was shinning down them and taking his spoil from the rocks and ledges. He could grasp the rock and break a bird's neck with his free hand. The others had to rely on ropes and winches, as the cliffs were of a hundred fathoms or more.

Then came a cry from the boat urging the men back. The seas had become quite rough, so it was necessary to pull away at once.

The men boarded the boat again with some difficulty, all but Thorgeir. He had climbed the farthest. And he was still busily breaking birds' necks. They called after him again and again, but apparently his hearing was not so great as his cliff-scaling. They were at last obliged to leave without him.

Said Steinar: "Either he remains behind or all of us remain behind. But he is very resourceful, this redhead. He can eat auks and their eggs, and scurvy-grass, till we return."

One of the men laughed. "And I've seen lovewort there as well, growing on the ledges," he said. "The boy will surely have bedded down an auk or two by the time we come back."

They took the matter rather lightly. As it was summer, they did not expect him to be stranded for more than a few days. But Aegir chose this time to unchain his great white horses and day followed day and still no boat could be sent to retrieve the boy, owing to the turbulence of the sea.

Guðrun could find no sign the reading of which might tell whether her son still dwelled among the living. Long hours she would stand by the sea and tear at her hair. Finally, with the first snows of winter, she retired to her bed and would neither knit or

take food. An old woman, Nina, daughter of Bjarni, was dispatched by the parish to look after her, to see that she did not do away with herself.

Time now passed until early the next summer and once again the men of Sudurnes headed out to the Geirfugla Skerry for birds. As they approached the north face, they observed a figure resting on the rocks.

"If he is a poacher from Keflavik," said a certain Starkad, "he will bite the grass under my blade."

Said Ketil, son of Skapti: "Let him be an egg-poacher. Worse things far have been sighted in this cold troll-haunt."

The figure came to meet them and they were more than a little surprised to see that it was Thorgeir Redhead. They expected to find his bones picked clean by the sea-birds. But here was the man himself, as cheerful as could be. He said that he had not suffered in the least from exposure during the winter, that he had been warm, very warm indeed. There was about him something very strange. His cheerfulness was not in keeping with a year alone on the Geirfugla Skerry. Nor would he answer their questions, but asked only of his mother and how she fared. His eyes seemed to dance in different directions at once. And he had put on much weight, which is not customary from a diet of auks and scurvy-grass.

Nonetheless, when he was brought back, Guðrun greeted him with all of her lost joy. She was grateful as would be any mother that her son was still alive. If he was not himself now, this would give her the chance to nurse him back to health. Night and day she tended him. She gave him horse ribs to gnaw on, and rich puddings. She fed him mulled wine. And he would just sit there in front of the fire, though it was yet only summer, warming himself as though he was Egill Skallagrimsson in his old age. When it came time to bring the sheep down from their upland pastures, he

had become so sluggish in all his person that he could scarcely climb out of his chair, much less scale the hills behind Hraunhrepp.

Then one Sunday when service was held at Sudurnes, there occurred an incident which caused great wonder.

There was as crowd of people at church, among them Thorgeir Redhead. Gudrun had pried him loose from the hearth to attend the funeral of her half-brother Eirik, who had been thrown from his horse into the River Ölfusa, there to drown as was the family custom. When these people came from the church with the coffin, they were greeted by a little cradle over which lay a coverlet, very beautiful and delicately worked, and woven of some unknown material. And at the foot of this cradle was a slip of paper with these words written on it: "He who is the father of this child will see to it that it gets baptized."

The priest lifted the coverlet and saw inside a baby with a rich cropping of red hair. He asked whether any knew of cradle or child, or had brought them there.

No one admitted of any knowledge, though many eyes fell on Thorgeir, for the infant was the very image of him.

The priest said: "Do you know aught of this, Thorgeir?"

Thorgeir replied: "I know nothing of the cradle. And as for the baby, I wish it strung from the rafters of the nearest smoke-house!"

As he uttered these words, a woman appeared there with them. She had raven tresses down to her knees and was tall and stately, but somewhat stern of favor. A hum went through the crowd, since no one recognized her face from any known family in Sudurnes or even the South of Iceland.

The woman pointed to Thorgeir and said: "This is your child, Redhead, and you promised to have it christened if I brought it to church."

"I made no such promise," Thorgeir said.

"Do you not acknowledge this child as your own?"

Thorgeir had backed away, trembling. His hands were raised as though to keep off some power. He said: "I acknowledge nothing in your presence, you hag!"

"And you say this after I saved you from your death, after I tended and cared for you?"

"I say that, and more. Get away from me and take your foul elf-spawn with you!"

The woman regarded him with eyes that seemed to bulge wider and ever wider. She said: "I told you that you would pay dearly if you did not have the child christened. And now, indeed, you will. Because henceforth, my fat fool, you will be the most monstrous, the most vicious, the most infamous whale in all the sea, and many" — she swept her hands all around her — "many will die on your account!" And

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with that she snatched up cradle and child, and vanished.

Now the people forgot all about the burial of Eirik, son of Magnus, and fell to talking about this incident with the strange woman. Ketil said: "I have not seen the world, but I have been to Hrisey and this woman has the eyes of the women there."

Another man said: "Better the thieves' eyes of Hallgerd than the eyes of that woman!"

Someone remarked that perhaps this was the widow in Myrdal with whom Thorgeir was said to be keeping company just before he was marooned on the skerry. But others held that the widow in question had since died and that, in any event, she was long past the age of child-bearing.

But it was the opinion of most that this woman with her raven tresses and evil eye was an elf-wife; that she came from the race of *huldufolk* which is known to occupy all the desolate places, from Eldey to the Hornstrands, from Froda in Snaefellsnes to Njardvik in the East, and likewise the Geirfugla Skerry; that, furthermore, these Hidden People liked nothing better than to mingle their own squalid, elfish blood with the blood of Icelanders and that the red-haired child was the result of just such a mingling.

Nina, the housekeeper at Hraunhrepp, said she couldn't help but overhear Thorgeir as he mumbled in his ale stupor by the fire. At such times, yes, he was wont to refer to the folk who looked after him on the skerry and to some bond he had made with them.

Gudrun said she knew something like this would happen. The day before, churn as she might, the butter would not come. There had been a trout aswim in the drinking well. And a lone raven she had seen, hovering over the farmhouse. She said: "That raven was the woman who stole my poor son!" And, so saying, she tore at her hair.

As for Thorgeir himself, he seemed unmindful of this talk. His face was sunk in his hands for a long while. Then a shudder took hold of his body, and he rose up and ran as best he could from the church. Nor did he stop at Hraunhrepp, but rushed on like a madman.

A few gave pursuit. They did not want him to do harm to himself. They followed him all the way to Stakksdynpa, a high cliff jutting into the sea. He was standing there at the edge as though he was getting ready to jump. The men tried to coax him back. But Thorgeir had grown so large and ponderous from his mother's care that the rock split under his feet and a piece broke off from the cliff, carrying him into the sea with it. One man who gave pursuit said this: that the moment Thorgeir hit the water, he changed into a huge finback whale. This whale, the man said, had reddish color all over his head. He had never seen a bigger whale in all his life and he had been often in the whale-filled seas beyond Reykjanes.

And soon a whale fitting this description had taken up its abode in the bay of Faxaflói, and much destruction did he wreak there, harrying both men and boats without cease. Word spread: Beware of the red-headed whale. Aegir was a dainty maid by comparison. Not even the Sea-Kings, with all their mastery of treacherous waters, would have been safe in the same sea with him. Rhymes were quickly made and distributed about him; they told of how he would come up beneath a boat and topple it with his great back and then he would thrash the water with his great tail until every mariner was drowned or battered to death or frequently both. Shoals of fish fled at his approach; seals crept onto the land. And often he was seen lurking not far from that land, as though, in his blood craving, he wished to emerge from the sea and do away with landsmen as well.

Later the whale confined himself to the fjord between Akranes and Seltjarnes, and there he drowned eighteen boatloads of men. Among them, he drowned the son of the priest of Saurboe on Hvalfardarstrand and the second son of the priest on Kjalarnes. These two priests decided to join forces, as they took the loss of their sons very much to heart. And so they sprinkled holy water in the fjord and made numerous incantations. They entreated the whale, in the name of Jesus Christ, to give up his vicious ways. And they recited the Our Father backwards, by which method Bishop Thorlak the Saint was known to have driven away all evil spirits from Latrabjarg in the west country.

But none of this did much good. In fact, the red-headed whale seemed more vicious than ever after the efforts of the two priests to subdue him. He drowned three little girls at Hvitanes and toppled a boat belonging to the chieftain Bjarni, with Bjarni in it.

Said the priest of Saurboe: "Perhaps we should seek the assistance of Gudrun Magnúsdóttir."

"Who is Gudrun Magnúsdóttir?" the other asked.

"They say she is the mother of the whale . . ."

"The mother of the whale? Have I heard you correctly, my friend? What would our good Bishop Gudmundur say about such nonsense?"

"I wouldn't have believed the story myself if I hadn't heard it from Heimar Askuldsson, the priest at Sudurnes and a very reliable man. Sera Heimar says this woman thinks she is the whale's mother. I tend to doubt that. But it does seem that the whale will do no harm to any boat on which she is a passenger. Rival fishing boats in the South have taken to vying with one another for her use. For her own part, she only wants to be near him whom she takes to be her son, however loathly his manner."

And so the two priests journeyed to Sudurnes to pay a visit on Gudrun, now a bald, half-demented crone who argued all the time over genealogies with her drowned uncles. She was at first unwilling to let the men install her on a boat in the fjord. For that morning she had read death in the flight of a tern; and family custom or no, she did not want to drown just yet. But they explained to her that any mother whose son ruled the seas as her son did, that mother is as safe on the water as she is beside her own hearth. This satisfied the old woman. And she did desire to see her son again. "Oh yes, my Thorgeir Redhead," she said, "How he has changed since the old days."

They set off in calm seas from Saurboe. And they had hardly reached the mouth of the fjord when they saw a coal-black streak pushing toward them like a shoal of fish. Then it drew alongside them and they were able to see the object of their hunt, the biggest, most infamous whale in all of Iceland. Gudrun leaned over the gunwale and greeted him; and even the priest from Kjalarnes thought he saw the whale respond to this greeting with a nod. Soon the old woman was reeling off a mixture of farm gossip and genealogies, and the whale moved opposite, as though attending to her words.

"We are leading him straight up the fjord," said the priest of Saurboe. "He is a mere lamb on account of this woman."

The whale followed them past the rocky finger of Thyrlisnes and into the shallows of Botnsvogur, where the fjord ends and the River Botnsna enters it. All the while Gudrun carried on her talk with him. She discussed Ketil Skaptason's adulteries and likewise the high cost of mutton. She said: "I hope you are keeping well, my Thorgeir, despite all."

The priest of Kjalarnes whispered to his companion: "In my parish, we turn loose

such madwomen as this to wander the upland heaths."

"Yes," said the other, "But it is because of her that we now have the monster in our thrall."

And just as he said this, there came an ungodly roar such as the demons make inside the crater of Hekla. The sound came from the whale when he found out that he was stuck in the shallows. He began to flop and turn and turn about, yet his struggling only brought him closer to dry land.

The priests drew out their ram's horns and blew them loudly. Of a sudden an army of men with spears and halberds was standing on the shore. They emerged from behind rocks and boulders, and from all along Botnsvogur. And now they were advancing toward the water. The son of the chieftain Bjarni yelled for vengeance in his father's name. Then he leaped from a rock onto the whale's back, and proceeded to hack away wildly with his battle-axe. The others were not far behind. They shouted and plunged their weapons again and again into the whale. So much did they stick in him that the rest of his body quickly became as red of hue as his head. And the more blood they saw, the harder the men worked, striking as far as their spears would reach. The whale roared and slapped at the water with his great tail, but he could not fight them off.

It was said that during this battle Gudrun had the strength of a berserk and that she tried herself to stop the kill, falling on one man, then another, yelling and pulling their hair, seizing at spears and all else. But no berserk, not even one driven by motherly intent, was ever a match for twice one hundred men. And try as she might, the old woman could not prevent them from making a spear-cushion of her son.

And even before the whale had breathed his last, the men had begun to talk of boiling the oil and taking the blubber.

"Oh my dear son, my Redhead," cried the old woman, "I knew you would come to a bad end."

AUTUMN LEAVES

by Elma Gíslason

Leaves are falling, each a dream of summer,
sunny days and rain-washed fields of grain;
wrapped in drifting flakes of gold and

umber,
scent of roses in their folds remain.

Leaves are running 'cross the windswept
meadows,
like little children running down the lane—
laughing, singing, free from care and
sorrow,
fleet as deer — light as mists of rain.

Leaves are swaying, soaring through the
heavens,
born on teasing winds that toss and play;
curving, twisting, under gray skies laden,
caring not what fortune brings their way.

Leaves are dropping golden tears of sorrow
for the lovely summer days are o'er;
withered flowers winter covers borrow
gleaning warmth, and strength to bloom
once more.

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Looking Back . . .
**PROMINENT ICELANDIC CANADIANS
 OF YESTERYEAR**



(1) Thos. H. Johnson, (2) H. G. Hinriksson, (3) ● S. Thorgeirsson, (4) J. Baldwin,
 (5) W. A. Albert, (6) J. B. Skaptason, (7) Skuli Hansson, (8) John Davidson, (9) Arni
 Anderson, (10) H. B. Skaptason, (11) Leifur ●ddson, (12) H. M. Hannesson.

**THE ROBBER
 (SHAKESPEARE)**

by **Stephan G. Stephansson**

(Translated by Paul A. Sigurdson)

He wasn't a Viking who ravaged the shores,
 He wasn't for pillage and fire;
 And yet with the deft of his quick-thieving
 hand,

He mesmerized Europe's entire.

We complain of his bias, his word-stealing
 way,

His rhyme and his inconstant styling;
 Yet we give him honor, forgiving him all,
 So rare was his theft, and beguiling.

His right to this thieving we frankly admit,
 Though statutes and rules he did sunder;
 For the world has been thrilled by the
 treasures he left,
 The best of his fabulous plunder.

His phrases are gilded, distinctive and rare,
 And each with his magic is glowing;
 And others who trifle or play with his loot,
 Are fooled with their shortcomings showing.

He didn't conform to old customs and
 ways,
 Nor statutes, not stories in fashion;
 With man's naked passions he candidly
 played,

Transcending the laws of the nation.

To him all the world was a fantasy place;
 The power of storms in his thinking;
 With his flash he can lift you to mountainous
 heights,

Or join you with gods in their drinking.

He so overwhelms you, you're hardly
 prepared,

His art can beguile with its magic;
 Thus Brutus reflected his soul, and
 Macbeth,

And all that was comic or tragic.

His character always in tune with
 themselves,

When least it's expected we wonder,
 That landsliding violence erupts on the
 stage
 And volcanic bursting and thunder.

The stuff of his work was unique to himself,
 And shows what man hates or he praises;
 The poet affirming the right to explore
 And measure man's souls with his phrases.

The honor of nobles, its curse and reward,
 He amply received for his art,
 And choosing the lot of a magical thief
 With kingliness stole from each heart.

MOMENTS OF KRISTJAN

by **LaDonna Breidbjord Backmeyer**

You watched a leaf today,
 Tumbled by the wind,
 (That breath which whispers of goblin's
 tales).

And three squirrels scrambled up,
 Then down the trees,
 Across the lawn of summer-fresh grass.

You wore bib-overalls,
 With a blanket on your head,
 And life's-love in your heart,

While I watched you,
 Watching this world
 That passes within the circle of our lawn.

I watch you, knowing
 That the bib-overalls of today
 Will tomorrow be outgrown,

That you, my son, will be confined too soon
 Within the limits of a man's clothing;
 Tomorrow will bring that,
 The inevitable decay of innocence.

But today — today you dance to the music
 of bird-song

And taste the new-fresh smells of earth;
 How bright this moment,
 This genesis.

water waiting for me, for the boys had run home to tell of my misfortune. While on the farm I also went on a tour of the Agricultural Research Institution, their cheese factory, a fertilizer plant, fish nursery and then to a plant nursery. The language on the tour was all in Icelandic, but luckily there was a lady on the tour who used to be a stewardess and spoke English.

From Toftum I went to Vestmannaeyjar. I took the ferry across which was breathtaking, but thank God I did not get seasick like so many others. Coming up to the island we were rewarded with an indescribable view, green, with caves scattered here and there, and hundreds of puffins lining the cliffs. Coming closer the volcano we were greeted by was a breathtaking sight — for in the midst of all this greenery on the island is this giant who threatened to destroy all this beauty. Although it did cover a lot of the town, it did make the harbour better for the islanders. They fought the lava with cold water trying to stop it from totally covering their town, but with the help of nature, they did succeed. While there I was taken up onto this hardened lava. Even though the volcano erupted 10 years ago, steam still rises in many places. It was the island's 10th year celebration since the volcano erupted so they had a boat tour that went all around the island. There were a few houses up on the cliffs which climbers stay in while hunting for the birds called puffins. The hunters have to be put up there or climb up as there are not any roads or paths. They are just on top of the cliffs.

Having been flown back to Reykjavik, we were taken on a small tour. We went to a place called Krysvik where there is steam rising many feet up in the air and water bubbling up from the ground. I was told to stay on the paths and not to wander as the ground in spots won't hold the weight of a person. Some people have

fallen through and badly burned their legs from the water and steam under the ground. Later we stopped by a river and watched the salmon swimming by, wondering where a fishing rod was when one needed it.

My next stop was a camping trip to Thingvellir which I found the most beautiful and interesting spot in the whole of my trip to Iceland. This was partly because this is where the first Parliament of Iceland was located in 930. To stand on that very location on Lögberg gave me a sense of pride. I, Lori Johnson, stood on the same spot as many lawmakers of old had stood. Its beauty is difficult to explain. The earth separated years ago and we climbed the steep sides (quite a feat if you're afraid of heights like I am!) and once down I felt like I was in another world. Everything was so green, with a waterfall coming down, high cliff walls on both sides and a stream so clean and clear that it was unbelievable!

I went on a bus to Akureyri, the capital of the north, which took 9 hours to drive 436 kilometres, which gives you an idea how rough and narrow the roads were. Like elsewhere the scenery is lovely but unfortunately I was only able to walk around for a short time as it started raining. My next stop was a beautiful place called Egilsstaðir with small lovely hills which were very, very green. From there we drove to Höfn, a drive up and down mountainsides. It was a great experience but I was very glad that I was not driving. Fortunately we had an experienced driver. The bus stopped by a great glacier. It was fascinating to view huge chunks of ice breaking off and drifting off to the ocean.

One of the last highlights of my two month stay in Iceland was a trip on a bus which my uncle's relatives hired for the day. The bus held 22 of us and was the same bus which had been used for Grace Kelly during her visit, also for Prince

Charles on his fishing trip to Iceland. We travelled from the city all the way to Vik at the southern tip of Iceland, and were able to stop and sightsee wherever we wished. Our first stop was at Hveragerdi where hot springs erupt all over the place. Greenhouses there grow all fruits, bananas, grapes and other tropical fruit. Next we stopped at Selfoss, a thriving industrial centre. We saw many beautiful waterfalls but the most spectacular was Skogafoss. At another waterfall we climbed up the side of a hill and walked under the waterfall which was an experience I will not soon forget.

No story would be complete without a brief mention of the food. Breakfasts were varied — on the farm porridge every morning, other places it was eggs or cheese with various crackers, or Cheerios served with a type of sour cream and sugar. When one went visiting for coffee the table was

laden with sweets and pastries. Icelanders use a lot of cream fillings, all were delicious. Coffee and coke are served as beverages, and in spite of coke being so expensive it was obvious even over there that "Coke Is It". Some unusual foods I ate were whale meat, and though it tasted fishy, it really wasn't like anything I was familiar with. Skyr I loved. Icelanders eat a lot of fish which I expected, but I surprised myself by liking fish soup which is made by boiling fish and prunes.

Having made this trip and having experienced meeting relatives and seeing all the beauty of Iceland, I feel certain that I will be there again.

* * *

Lori is the daughter of Eric and Lil Johnson and granddaughter of Bill and Violet Olson and the late Larus and Olla Johnson, all of Lundar.

MY WILL

by Freda Björn

I leave you my love of beauty
Unfolding vision of dawn,
Far reaching view of the light rays
Until the shadows are gone.

I leave you my love of nature
To live by and understand;
Towering strength of the forest
Down to the passive sand.

I leave you my love of rhythm
Wherever the waters flow,
Soul stirring sounds will awaken
The spirit to live and grow.

I leave you my love of living
Incarnating your own kin;
Awareness of recognizing
The wilderness of sin.

I leave you my love of worship
The faith of the leading light,
In seeking the cliffs of wisdom
Inspired by inner sight.

I leave you my love of guidance
On rapid river of youth,
The cushion for years of aging
Under the blanket of truth.

I leave you my love of freedom
The voice of the human cry.
Mind soaring flights to uplift you
Beyond the tent of the sky.

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AGENTS FOR AUTOPAC

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

by Kathryn Freeman Leonard

(from the letters of Thordur Arnason and Gudrun Grimsdottir)

Thordur Arnason was sad, but excited, too. "Now we are saying goodbye to our wonderful Iceland," he wrote to his friend from the ship, *Pera*, in the port of Reykjavik. It was June 22, 1873. My great-grandparents — Thordur, 57, his wife Gudrun Grimsdottir, 46, and five of their six children ranging in age from 22 to four were beginning their journey to a new world.

"Now we have our tickets. They are in English and translated into Icelandic. They are issued all the way to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, because that is where we are going. We will put them in the big trunk which has our name on the top."

In his letter Thordur perhaps recorded the thoughts and plans of a typical emigrant of his time. Still, it seems extraordinary to me that several of his and Gudrun's letters eventually found their way to a library in Iceland. Almost 100 years later they were discovered there by a distant relative who sent copies to American cousins. Later, my aunt Gudrun Thordarson Freeman translated the descriptive accounts of their adventure into English. Now, because of her work, the enthusiasm and toughness with which these two spirited people faced life are very much apparent, even to my non-Icelandic speaking or reading generation.

"We are taking nothing with us," continued Thordur, "except our clothes and books. We have two books with which to study the English language and a map of the United States. By having a map we will know where we are going. On this map are written laws we must follow in the new country. The map shows the whole country from ocean to ocean including where the railroads are located."

Aunt Runa included an introduction to the letters explaining that, in Iceland, Thordur had been a tenant farmer of church-owned land. Whenever a new minister came to take over the residence, the family had to move on. They were constantly uprooted — something they were bitter about. Finally Thordur decided, at what was considered an advanced age, to emigrate. He travelled a route taken by many of his countrymen before and after. His and Gudrun's experiences were the same as many others, but like the others, they were uniquely individual.

On July 1, 1873, he posted a letter to his uncle from their first stop — Granton, Scotland. "It took us six days and nights to get here. The ship was a small iron one and we felt it was so cramped; there was not enough space on which to walk. When it was windy the ship went faster because the sails were used. The bedroom on the ship was dark and small and very hot as little air came in. The ocean seemed calm, but the ship rocked a lot. That didn't help people who were seasick."

The city of Granton impressed him greatly. "This city is big. I am sure it is twice as big as all Iceland in population."

On the next lap of their journey, overland from Granton to Glasgow, the "steamtrain" ride gave him opportunity to describe a modern wonder never seen by countrymen he left behind. "It looks to me the railroad track is made from dark red gravel to make it higher than the ground. On top it is level; then there are two straight iron rails on top of the gravel. This is so the train wheels cannot leave the rails. The steam-engine either pushes the coaches ahead of it or pulls them behind with so much speed, just like a flying bird."

A short time later Thordur with his penchant for detail began logging the voyage of the ship, *Manitoba*, which took them from Glasgow to Quebec, Canada. On board were ". . . 17 Danes, 48 Icelanders, 2 Swedes, 120 Scotsmen and 66 children. The children are being sent to Canada; that land belongs to Britain, north of the U.S.A. Most of these young people were taken from the streets and slums of cities by a charitable organization. They are orphans and were hungry. This organization helps them attend school and learn to work so they can take care of themselves when they are older. The girls wear red dresses and the boys red scarves."

Thordur kept consulting his map. "Now we are going west. That takes us to Northern Ireland and after that to the wide Atlantic Ocean, to the west and the south." Days later he continued, feeling some anticipation, "We looked far ahead and saw land. That was Newfoundland which is about as big as Iceland. On the map we can see a straight line from Glasgow to Quebec. Now we know we are getting closer."

Thordur noticed the change in latitude. "Here the sun seems higher up in the sky compared to home. After sunset there are lights in every bedroom because the nights are so very dark."

He described the routine of days at sea. Meals were meager. The ship's crew were busy but passengers idled away the time. "Many read books, some play cards or enjoy a game of chess. Others visit with each other or walk around to look outside. Others sit and think about what is going on. Some write in their memory books. It has been a tiresome journey."

By July 24, 1873, Thordur and his family had reached Milwaukee. He wrote to a friend that the family was settled in a rented house and now had an address. At last their relatives and friends could correspond with them. Their trip south and

west from Quebec had been exhausting, but filled with new sights. Thordur had continued to use his map which was not entirely accurate. "Quebec is built on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, next in size to the Mississippi, but it has very little current. The St. Lawrence River flows to the north. All its tributaries also are from the north."

Again Thordur described his fascinating trip by railroad. "There was one town where the train went through the center. There were three sets of railroad tracks, all made from steel. This way the trains can go in different directions in this country. The first train we were on pulled seven coaches besides the coal-car which was next to the steam engine. The coaches had seats on both sides of an aisle wide enough for two people to sit. Some coaches were more comfortable with padded seats covered in red velvet with space for your legs to stretch. Those seats cost more than we could afford."

He didn't think much of North American wildflowers. "Some flowers look more sickly than those in Iceland."

Generally his letter from Milwaukee had a spirited tone. There was no hint of impending doom; therefore, the letter that followed was a sad surprise.

Dated March 11, 1874, from De Forest, Wisconsin, the letter from Gudrun Grimsdottir recounted events surrounding her husband's death and other hardships that had occurred. "We know you have heard some time ago that my husband died," she wrote. "If he had lived, he would have written you many interesting letters from this place. He was never very well after we came to America."

The same day Thordur died, Gudrun's son, Grimur, lay close to death from typhoid fever. Authorities removed him from the home and took him to a hospital whose location was unknown to the family. He was gone for weeks.

Gudrun's two daughters accompanied her to Thordur's gravesite. "No minister was present to speak or read from the Bible as this is not the custom here." Two Icelandic friends helped them. Another Icelander sang a religious song.

Surely Gudrun had a strong surviving spirit. Soon after, her younger daughter also contracted typhoid fever and was hospitalized for seven weeks. Her older daughter was able to find work, but Gudrun and her younger children were grateful to a well-to-do Norwegian who befriended them and another Icelandic family. "He was a generous man who had a house and a heater for us. We lived there all winter without charge."

Indeed, she seemed to have appreciated a Christian spirit among Norwegian pastors she found lacking in her landlords in Iceland. "The ministers have been so good to me since I came to this country. Much better than they were in Iceland. It was their fault we had to move so often."

In spite of all these difficulties, Gudrun's letter had an optimistic tone. "When summer comes there is plenty of work. A good working man can make \$40 to \$50 a month. The women get \$1 to \$2 a week."

She looked to the future. "In this part of the country, the land was all bought some time ago. To homestead we would have to go at least as far west as Minnesota."

Gudrun praised her new surroundings. "In this country we can have our own religion and are not criticized for it. The schools are free to whoever wants to go. There are so many people from different countries and each have their own language and religion. People are treated fair and the law is there to help."

She did not look back. "I am satisfied to be here. Sometimes I dream I am back in Iceland, but now I know I would miss America. That shows how quickly I have learned to like this country and my children like it here too."

That concluded the letters, but Aunt Runa added an epilogue on what happened to Gudrun's family later.

For a time her older daughter was employed in Chicago. Grimur, my grandfather, saved as much as he could working as a hired farmhand in Wisconsin. Within three years the family had enough money to start for North Dakota where land was available for homesteading. They reached Gardar township in the fall of 1879. That winter they lived with friends.

As soon as possible Grimur and Gudrun separately filed homestead claims, each 160 acres. This was the rich black loamed soil of North Dakota's Red River Valley. They felled the native trees to clear land and to build their first log houses — one on Grimur's acreage and one on Gudrun's.

I wish a letter had survived expressing Gudrun's feelings as she entered her own house on land registered in her own name. I can only imagine the fullness of satisfaction this proud, strong woman must have had that day. She lived to be old in the household of her son, Grimur. The two of them immeasurably helped many other Icelandic newcomers.

She never had to move again.

TAYLOR PHARMACY
Centre and Sixth — Gimli, Man.

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BOOK REVIEW

A Majority of One: by Lewis St. George Stubbs. 243 pp., Winnipeg, Queenston House. \$9.95 (paper).

* * *

Of all books of recent vintage that I have read, I can assert unequivocally that none of them has interested me as much as this grandson's vivid portrayal of an extraordinary man, his grandfather. In fact, I went to bed one evening at 9:00 p.m. with the book in my hand, and, as if entranced, could not stop reading until 4:00 p.m. Lewis St. G. Stubbs Junior, in emulating his grandfather, has made a substantial contribution to the rich and colorful history of Manitoba.

From the pages of this book emerges Lewis St. G. Stubbs, the son of an English expatriate residing in Turk and Caicos Islands, British West Indies. He was the product of the upper stratum of Britain's caste-ridden society.

At that time the ruling class of England believed in the God-given mission of the British elite to subjugate and rule "the lesser breeds without the law," which meant, of course, subservience to their so-called superiors. Their belief was that they were God's chosen people. Their function was to govern — possibly in conformity with their philosophy — for the benefit of ignorant, benighted people.

Having been sent to England at the age of thirteen to attend that country's prestigious schools to prepare him for his role in an imperialistic dream, Stubbs became disillusioned by the snobbery of his associates. It would appear that in due course he began to share Burns' indictment of the caste system as expressed in this stanza of the poem "A Man's a Man for a' That," by Robert Burns.

*Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares an' a' that:
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that
His riband, star, an' a' that.
The man of independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.*

Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, still imbued with vestiges of pride in the glorious destiny of the British Empire, he enlisted as a private in the British army to participate in the South African (Boer) war. Once again he became disillusioned with the imperialistic dream. He admired the Boers' heroic resistance against overwhelming odds in the defence of their homeland, faced as they were with the might of the most powerful military regime in the world at that time. Perhaps he subconsciously shared the sentiment of Kipling's prophetic utterance in one of the stanzas of his poem, RECESSIONAL.

*Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!*

How he shocked and alienated his father by saying that he felt as if he were fighting on the wrong side!

In 1902 Stubbs emigrated to Canada and in due course established a law practice in Birtle, Manitoba. It was inevitable that he would become interested in the political scene. He ran for Parliament as a Liberal in 1921. After his defeat he was appointed to the bench.

During his tenure on the bench, he eloquently spoke out against injustices and special privileges, insisting that there was

one law for the rich, and another for the poor. His humanitarian interpretation of the law resulted in bitter opposition from the establishment. Eventually his outspokenness and unorthodox methods resulted in his downfall. He was dismissed from the bench. But, as he avowed in his own testimony, "What I have done, I have done. What I have done I did because I felt conscientiously impelled to do."

In 1936 he was elected to the Manitoba legislature with the largest majority ever accorded a candidate in the history of Manitoba. In his maiden speech he affirmed that: "Some there are who consider me a rebel, others a renegade, and still more approve of my views. I have long ceased to worry over what people say or think of me, as long as I keep on good terms with myself, and am true to myself."

If any criticism can be levelled against Stubbs, it may be that he was too militant, and unrelentingly unforgiving of his antagonists, but he could not countenance dishonesty and insincerity, and had difficulty in enduring fools. These traits may have prevented him from being as effective as he might have been.

Lewis St. George Stubbs! Man of honesty and integrity, sturdy individualist, doughty champion of human rights, fearless fighter on behalf of the under-privileged. His name is firmly enshrined in Manitoba's turbulent history.

* * *

Wagons to Wings: History of Lundar and Districts 1872-1980. reviewed by Norman Sigurdson. 786 pp. Winnipeg. Inter-Collegiate Press. \$40.00 (plus \$3 for mailing).

* * *

In the grand sweep of history the average person's story is often forgotten. Most of the history that we get from books by pro-

fessional historians concerns itself with the stories of kings and emperors, great battles and momentous defeats. The Victorian essayist Thomas Carlyle wrote that "The History of the world is but the biography of great men." But there is also a value in preserving the stories of everyday lives of people who did not conquer empires or discover new worlds. Local histories, often put together by volunteers who donate their own time and resources, provide a way for common people to tell the history of their community to their own inhabitants. **Wagons to Wings** is a good example of this sort of non-professional history that allows people to better understand the heritage of the area where they live.

Lundar is a small town in the Manitoba Interlake, about 75 miles from Winnipeg. Most of its inhabitants are the descendents of Icelandic settlers who came to Canada less than one hundred years ago.

Wagons to Wings is a handsomely produced volume, with an attractive cover showing the Giant Canada Goose, Lundar's symbol. This book should be of interest to both former and present residents of Lundar and the surrounding districts. It is basically a reference book, and most of its 784 pages (which adds up to nearly the number of residents of the town of Lundar) comprises capsule histories of the families and individuals who settled the area and their descendents.

But apart from the family histories, which are usually the backbone of any local history, **Wagons to Wings** also has extensive sections that provide details of the facets of community life that make Lundar unique. There is a short history of every schoolhouse in the district (which should bring back a lot of memories, some fond, some not so pleasant), and also of each church; there is a remembrance of each of the prominent medical men in the district in the past; and descriptions of the various

AUTUMN THEME

by Kristiana Magnusson

As autumn bids a fond farewell
to mountainside and brook
the haunting call
of wild geese
is borne upon the wind,
and the season's filmy mist
is suspended
like a silver lining
over the utter solitude
of a lakeside camp,
now silently waiting,
waiting
for summer's rebirth.

MIND AND HEART

Keep fore'er your mind and heart from
aging,
Be the friend to twilight's glowing,
Son to morning's brilliant showing.



DID YOU KNOW?

English children's nursery rhymes are often inspired by historic events or people. For those of you who sang and acted out the activities of the ditty that begins:

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down . . ."

were very likely recounting the Viking adventure in which Olaf Tryggvason led a fleet up the Thames River about A.D. 1010, and toppled the London Bridge. According to St. Olaf's Saga, he built a wooden wickerhouse frame over his long ship, rowed under the bridge, tied ropes around the supporting posts and rowed downstream vigorously, causing the bridge to collapse.

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IN THE NEWS

THE VIKING ASSOCIATION OF MANITOBA NEWSLETTER

A Dream Come True!

At a meeting in August, 1982, members of the Scandinavian Centre decided to purchase the building located at 764 Erin St. It was done with the consent of all five cultural groups and with the idea of turning this building into a cultural and social centre — a home for all Scandinavians here in Winnipeg.

The renovations were all made possible by clubs and individuals who persistently invested lots of time and a great deal of money into their new home. But most important of all, the project showed us that these five — in some ways quite different ethnic groups — can, with a *positive attitude* and a *brotherly feeling* toward each other, work and solve problems together.

That is, with no doubt, the reason for the excellent result we see here today. It will be that attitude that will ensure the future success of our Scandinavian Cultural Centre.

Our dream has come true with a beautiful grand opening of the centre on March 3rd. And on May 4th our new members' club Viking Room — opened its doors for business. Both something we have been waiting for since "we got off the boat".

Information on Scandinavian Centre Facilities:

The main floor banquet hall is one of the nicest halls in Winnipeg. It has a capacity of 156 people for functions with a liquor permit. Rental fee: liquor functions — \$300 plus corkage; non-liquor functions — \$150. On the second floor, rooms are available for parties from 10 to 50 people. Catering is also available for all functions.

For more information on the above, please contact our new manager, Alice Balsillie, at the centre or phone 774-8047.

Any time you are in need of facilities for

socials, weddings, birthday parties, meetings, etc. — CONTACT US FIRST!

* * *

Viking Room is our new members' club, managed by Viking Association and the facilities on the second floor is rented from Scandinavian Centre. The fully licensed clubroom seats 50 Vikings. It is a friendly atmosphere. For entertainment there are video games, a dartboard and soon to come, a pool table.

Memberships: All Scandinavians and everyone interested in Scandinavian culture are eligible as members. Memberships are \$25. With approximately 33,000 Scandinavians in Winnipeg, our goal of 500 members by the end of 1984 seems within reach. *We need your help to make this club successful!* Fill out form below and mail it with your cheque to: Viking Association, 764 Erin St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2W4.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Postal Code: _____

Investment Opportunity!

At the last Scandinavian Centre general meeting an idea was aired to make an attempt to assume outstanding debts of the centre. As it is now the first mortgage of \$111,000 is held by outside investors at a very high rate. In addition a considerable amount is owing to private Scandinavians and outside suppliers.

Scandinavian Centre Finance Committee would like to see all outstanding debts,

mentioned above, financed by Scandinavians. We therefore offer you, as a Scandinavian, the opportunity to invest in your own cultural centre.

A holding company will be formed to offer shares at an interest rate of 13% annually. A holding company is limited to **fifty** shareholders.

If you are interested in this good opportunity, please contact: Scandinavian Centre Finance Committee, 764 Erin St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2W4. Phone 774-8047.

* * *

ICELANDAIR WINS APPROVAL TO START SERVICE FROM ORLANDO

NEW YORK — Icelandair has won approval from the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board to make Orlando, Fla. its fifth American gateway to Luxembourg.

The CAB approval grants Icelandair authority to offer service on a non-stop or one-stop basis for a maximum of two flights a week. Initially, the airline will offer one flight weekly, with the date of the inaugural flight and fare structure to be announced shortly.

Sigurdur Helgason, Jr., Director — Western Hemisphere of Icelandair, welcomed the CAB approval and foresaw major growth in Orlando for the airline that pioneered low cost transatlantic service from New York in the 1950s.

Icelandair becomes the first airline to announce scheduled international service from Orlando.

Other U.S. gateways for Icelandair are New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, and Detroit. Service from the latter city started May 11.

Aside from its attractive transatlantic fares, Icelandair also offers its passengers complimentary roundtrip motorcoach service from Luxembourg to eight cities in West Germany, three cities in Belgium, and three in Holland. Additionally, the

airline offers a subsidized \$30 roundtrip train fare from Luxembourg to Paris or to any point in Switzerland served by the Swiss Federal Railway.

* * *

TONIC

Preparations are underway for the production of Richard White's third album — a collection of English translations of Stephan G. Stephansson's poetry which White has put to song.

Stephansson, an Icelandic pioneer who settled near Markerville, Alberta in 1889, wrote volumes of verse which many consider to be among the finest written in the Icelandic language. Until recently, however, translations were not readily available. The album will include the work of at least five different translators — most of whom are Canadians of Icelandic descent.

The research and preparations for the record are being funded by the Explorations Program of the Canada Council. The actual production is being funded in part by the Alberta Cultural Heritage Foundation and the Alberta Foundation for the Performing Arts; both foundations are supported by the Western Canada Lottery (Alberta Division).

Richard White will be performing this material on several Sundays this summer at the Stephansson House Provincial Historic Site near Markerville. More information on these performances can be obtained from Alberta Culture, Historic Sites, 427-2022.

* * *

Dear Mr. Vopnfjord,

I recently met with Paul Sigurdson to discuss some details of his translations and he suggested that I send you a note informing you of this project.

Richard White

* * *

More About Richard White

Born and raised in London, Ontario, **Richard White** moved west to Edmonton

in 1972. There, in the vibrant and eclectic folk music scene of the early 1970's Richard's musical career began. Over the years since then, in spite of a trend away from the "male singer-songwriter" in folk music, Richard has continued to write and perform songs at the few folk clubs and coffee houses that have lasted in western Canada.

Richard has released two albums of original songs which he distributes and sells himself. His first, "Down to Dreaming," was released in 1981 and is now sold out. His second, "Ladies and Gentlemen," was released in November of 1983 and has recently received several good reviews in national music magazines. Both records are occasionally heard on non-commercial radio stations across the country, including the CBC programs "Simply Folk" and "Morningside."

No longer really a full time musician, Richard lives in Edmonton and works as an educational writer of brochures, manuals and museum exhibits. He still goes on occasional performing tours, however, and is currently at work on his third album — a collection of Stephan G. Stephansson poems which he has put to song.

* * *

THE ARBORG HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Arborg area has a rich history which as time goes on, is rapidly being lost.

Settlement in the area began shortly around or after the turn of the century. This could be the last opportunity to record the recollections of pioneer years.

The Arborg Historical Society has now been organized to undertake the task of compiling a local history which will pay tribute to the early settlers and bring their story to life for generations to come.

This history will be published in hard cover form and is expected to include approximately six hundred pages of early

pictures, family histories and colorful stories.

This history, which will include the stories of local families and organizations, as well as hundreds of unique photos, is to cover township 22 - 2E, the east portion of township 22 - 1E and the adjoining two section-rows of township 23 - 1E and 2E with the possibility of extensions. Every family has a history of its own which will add colour to the story of our district, and the combined efforts of us all will produce a valuable keep sake of which everyone can be proud.

Persons having resided at one time at the above listed areas are asked to contribute an article of their family history, pictures included if possible. Pictures will be returned.

—Mrs. Marin Gudmundson
P.O. Box 61, Arborg
Manitoba ROC 0A0

* * *

S. O. THOMPSON MEMORIAL AWARD

The S. O. Thompson Memorial Award, established in 1976 for Riverton Collegiate graduates, was won this year by **Warren Ostirtag**. Other recipients, not previously announced, are — Dexter Roche, 1976; Laurence Johnson, 1977; Sharon Rundle, 1978; Stacey Thorarinson, 1979; Ronald Einarson, 1980; Bruce Wisnowski, 1981; Margaret Collins, 1982, and Ernest Eyolfson, 1983.

* * *

AUTHORS ASSOCIATION LITERARY AWARD

W. D. (Bill) Valgardson of Victoria, B.C., has won a five thousand (\$5000) dollar Canadian Authors Association Literary Award for 1984 in the category of radio play. Granite Point, the play which won Bill the honors, was aired in Vancouver. He is presently on more such radio shows. Congratulations!



"We're learning Icelandic: Sael!"

SCHOOL'S OUT

The Club's recent series of weekly Icelandic language classes ended on April 28th. Pictured above are some of the students and teachers who enjoyed that Saturday morning get-together. Joining students from the weekly beginners and intermediate classes were both telephone students and tutors.

Those who attended the weekly classes — held in the lower auditorium of the Lutheran Church of Christ — indicated they had furthered their education in Icelandic and were anxious to continue their studies. Plans are already underway for the weekly classes to start again in the fall. A grant from the federal Department of the Secretary of State has been applied for and will hopefully help to cover the financial expenses. It is planned to order more workbooks from Iceland, especially for beginning students. Join us next fall to learn and improve your Icelandic!

And there has been a very enthusiastic response to Oskar Howardson's method of telephone tutoring in Icelandic. Oskar now has a whole network of students and tutors paired together to work on their Icelandic over the phone using the Lögberg-Heimskringla lessons as a guide. Students in the network range from seven to seventy

in age! If you want more information, call Oskar 434-9513.



●our class teacher.

Pictured above is Lilja Osk Ulfarsdottir who acted as Icelandic Language Class teacher this spring. Lilja has now returned to her home in Reykjavik for the summer months but she will be returning to Vancouver in August to continue her studies in Music Therapy at Capilano College.

—Courtesy of the Newsletter of the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.
(Editor: Bob Asgeirsson)

SCHOLARSHIPS OFFERED

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION

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.

Emilia Palmason Student Aid Fund

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.**

Thorvaldson Scholarship

One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. This annual scholarship will be awarded to a student in University or proceeding into a University in Canada or the United States. The recipient must demonstrate financial need and high scholastic ability. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

Einar Pall and Ingibjorg Jonsson Memorial 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 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:

Canada Iceland Foundation
c/o M. Westdal, Secretary
40 Garnet Bay, Winnipeg Manitoba
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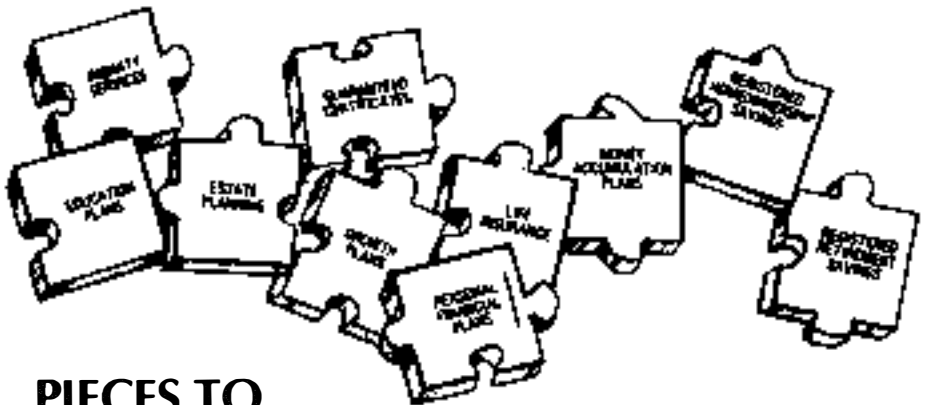
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