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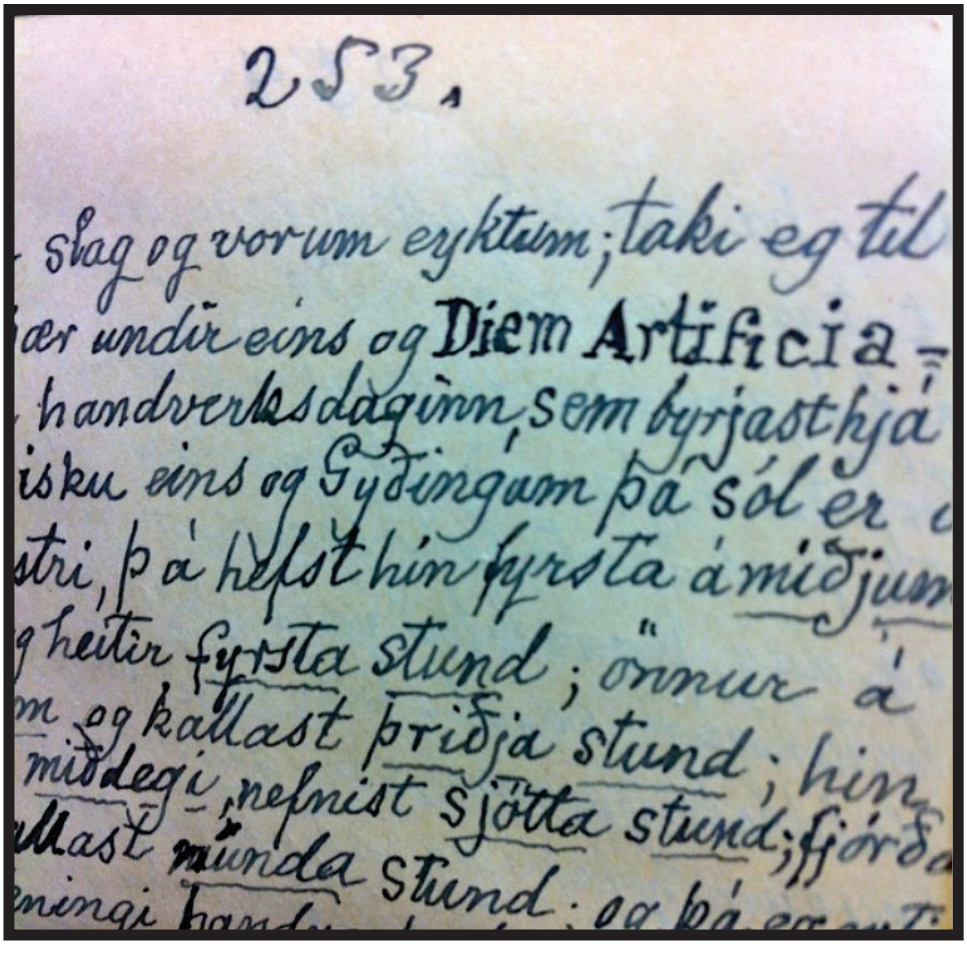

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ICELANDIC CONNECTION

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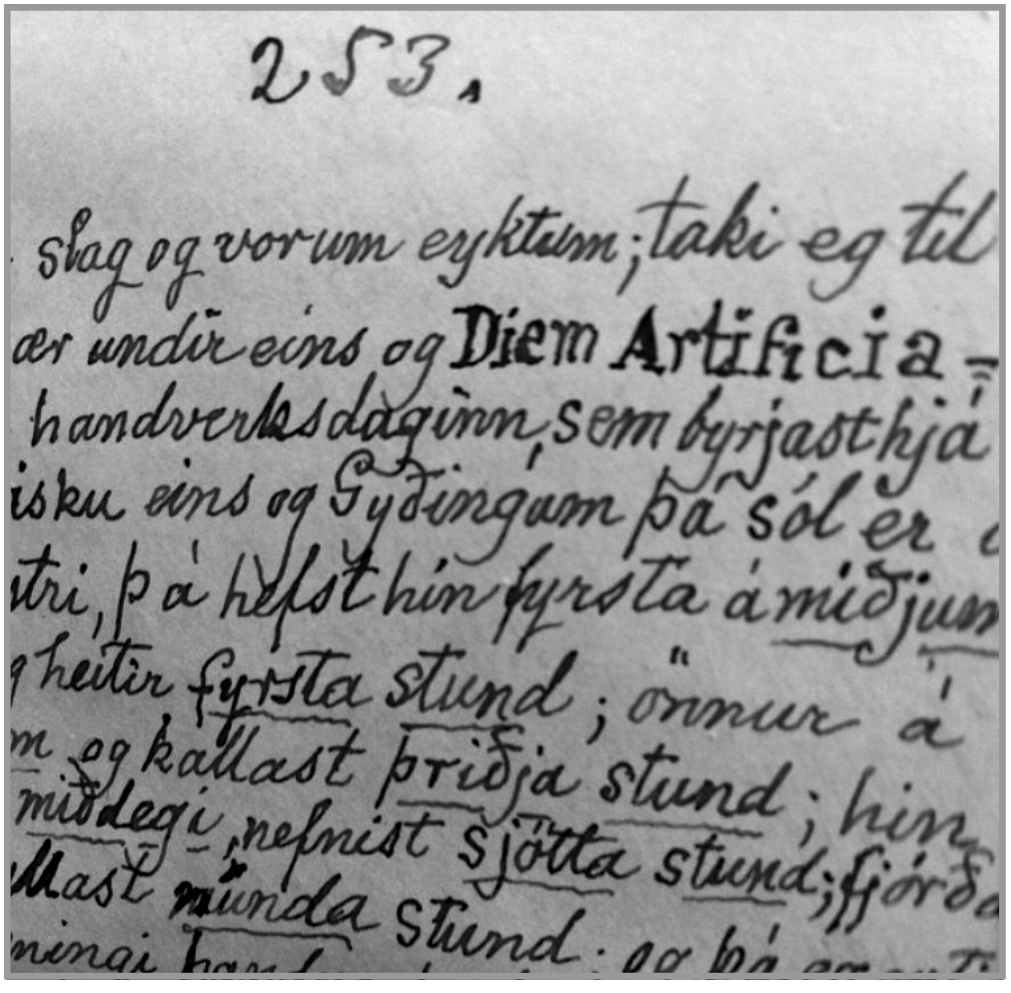


PHOTO: ELIN THORDARSON

Page 253 of Jón Árnason's *Fingra-Rím*, or *Dactylismus Ecclesiasticus*. *Fingra-Rím* is a mnemonic guide to the religious and secular dates of the Gregorian calendar using finger counting and rhymes. The last few pages of the text, found at the University of Manitoba's Icelandic Collection, had fallen out and so a conscientious penman transcribed the rest on the blank pages still bound to the book.

Editorial

The Future of Icelandic Research

by Katelin Parsons

For most Icelanders who came to Canada and the US in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the idea of living and working between two continents was an impossibility. The ocean separating them from their birth country might be crossed again for a once-in-a-lifetime return visit, like that made by the group who sailed to join the national celebrations for the millennial anniversary of the founding of the Alþingi in 1930. However, maintaining a life between countries separated by the Atlantic was simply not an option.

By the early 2000s, when I first came to Iceland to study, things were changing fast. Even on a meagre student budget, I could come home to Winnipeg twice a year: Christmas and summer holidays. Given how expensive housing was in Iceland, it was actually cheaper to fly home for the summer months than to stay in pre-Airbnb Reykjavík for three months, so it felt fair enough to fill my parents' basement with one set of belongings and keep the other stashed away in Iceland for the rest of the year. Having two homes gradually became a normal part of life.

The pandemic changed everything. The travel we took for granted was suddenly impossible. Our connection to Canada became a digital one. Our books and other treasures in Winnipeg continue to take up parental storage space (sorry, Mom!) but haven't seen much use over the last three years. On the other hand, we're spending more time virtually in Canada than ever before now. We still live between two countries, only one of them has become flat and screen-shaped.

The situation for students and researchers isn't much different. Before the pandemic, travel was an important part of work and study: from regular bus rides to the library to road trips across the Prairies, ferry rides and international flights. Going virtual-only was our only option, and actually getting to browse the shelves of our own local library in person felt like a major achievement. Despite the frustrations and obstacles, digital libraries and archives have been a lifeline, not least for those of us trying to graduate and start our research career mid-pandemic. Efforts to make historical collections available in digital form have made a vast difference for keeping us connected with our material.

Being able to bounce virtually between libraries in different countries has transformed research. Gone are the days when morning coffee and manuscripts were a recipe for disaster together, and anyone who wants to flip through an ancient Icelandic codex can head over to

https://www.arnastofnun.org/ or https://handrit.is/. Long before COVID-19, having access to complete digital copies of *Lögberg*, *Heimskringla* and *Lögberg-Heimskringla* from 1886 to 2016 (https://timarit.is/) was an invaluable resource for our work on The Fragile Heritage Project. There are over a thousand digitised recordings from Icelandic communities in North America on the online database Ísmus (https://ismus.is/tjodfraedi/), the oldest of which were made by Finnbogi Guðmundsson in 1955 and include everything from choir performances to conversations with Icelandic-Canadians and -Americans. Recordings made by Hallfreður Örn Eiríksson and Olga María Franzdóttir in 1972–1973 and Gísli Sigurðsson a decade later can also be found in the same database.

The pandemic years have been full of important milestones for the future of research on Icelandic-Canadian and -American literature, history and culture. In 2020, Dr. Birna Bjarnadóttir became the Stephan G. Stephansson Research Specialist at the Vigdís Finnbogadóttur Institute. Also during the pandemic, Katrín Níelsdóttir was hired as the new Icelandic Special Collections and Rare Books Librarian at the University of Manitoba and has transformed the Icelandic Collection.

Home is people, not just stuff in boxes. This is as true for research as it is for everyday life. Access to documents is important, but a friendly, supportive and welcoming community is what will bring us through difficult times. Community may sometimes be screen-shaped, but the connections forged are stronger than our wi-fi signals.

Icelandic Manuscripts in North America Palaeography and Codicology in Iceland

by Ryan Eric Johnson

History of Manuscript Production

Manuscripts have been an integral part of Icelandic culture for at least 900 years. Some of the first vernacular writing in Iceland took place during the latter half of the 11th century and the first half of the 12th century. It has been suggested that the initiation of the tithe may have been recorded in writing in 1096, and Ari Þorgilsson the Learned reports in *Íslendingabók* that laws were first written in 1117 at Hafliði Másson's farm.[1] Ari's own work, known as *Íslendingabók*, is itself the first historical writing extant in Iceland, written sometime between 1122 and 1134.[2] When the printing press rolled onto the island just before the Reformation, things changed, but not considerably enough for manuscripts to disappear completely. In fact, it may be that the printing press helped manuscript culture grow, as more people had access to books, but not access to a printing press themselves. An even more literate culture developed in the Icelandic *baðstofa* where not only manuscripts and books could be read but written as well, by many more people who had learned to read from the now readily available printed books and write using available paper and the developing cursive scripts. That tradition continued to develop from the Reformation on, and today we are realizing more than ever how valuable paper manuscripts can be. At times they preserve copies of older manuscripts now lost, for example *Trójumanna saga* (The Saga of the Trojans) which has been published by Jonna Louis-Jensen twice, the second publication preserving an older version of the saga, and where this second version came from paper manuscripts once thought to merely contain a later translation from Danish of the epic tale.[3]

Palaeography

The term *palaeography* refers to the study of handwriting and all the things related to it, such as its history, the procurement of the tools needed to perform it, the cultural context its creation was practiced under, the dating of the resulting products, and the history of the locations it was practiced at, known as *scriptoria*.

1 Halldór Hermannsson, *Icelandic Manuscripts*, 5; Jón Helgason, *Handritaspjall*, 10; There were also other minor writings attested to in the early 12th century, shortly after Hafliði's Scroll was committed to writing. Many of the early manuscripts are related to Church activity. Hreinn Benediktsson, *Early Icelandic script*, 13, 17.

2 Sverrir Jakobsson, "Narrating History in Iceland," 77.

3 Phrygius, *Trójumanna saga*, 9:xi–xii.

The largest scriptoria in Iceland up until the Reformation were likely at the monastic foundations of Benedictine monks and the canon houses populated by Augustinian canons regular.[4] The canons regular and the monastic monks led similar lives with vows and duties to their communities. With a vow of communal wealth, they agreed to share everything and own nothing themselves. Everything they had went to the growing estate of their house or monastery. One of the duties of both the monk and regular canon was scribal in nature. At the Helgafell canon house (*kanokasetur*) in West Iceland it is thought that they may have functioned to some degree like canon houses in Northern France where an *armarius* (literally cupboard keeper) acted as a librarian who not only distributed the books to all who required them but also assigned the scribal duties mandated by the abbot.

Helgafell in West Iceland was a canon house that also shows signs of scribal work, where texts such as history bibles (Bible translations with explanations), law books, books of world history (sometimes referred to as pseudo-history), and the sagas of the apostles can be traced. At Helgafell, we see connections to lay aristocrats at Skarð and Barðastrandasýsla where scribal work had also been performed.[5] There is evidence for a network of scribal workshops connected to Helgafell, including the priest Ólafur Ormsson who worked at Geirröðareyri (now Narfeyri).[6] He is the author of the best extant example of *Leiðarvísir*, a guidebook to pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem.[7] Þingeyraklaustur in North-West Iceland was a prominent Benedictine establishment that is known to have produced many manuscripts. Works such as homilies, history bibles, world pseudo-histories, and early kings' sagas have been traced back to this monastery. Fragments of Icelandic Family Sagas and the renowned Codex Regius of Eddic Poetry have also been linked to this establishment. In addition, the monastery produced the greatest works in connection with the creation of indigenous saint cults in Iceland with the ultimate goal of canonization for Jón helgi Ögmundarson, Þorlákur helgi Þórhallsson, and Guðmundur góði Arason.[8]

But the days of the monastic scriptoria were numbered. The trend even before the Reformation of the 16th century moved the scriptorium into the large estate farm of the aristocracy. The written word sprouted from Christian soil but could not be contained within a religious setting. In the beginning we see a connection with lay legal documents. These types of connection to the aristocracy found more

4 Guðvarður Már Gunnlaugsson höfundur, "Voru scriptoria í íslenskum klaustrum?," 187.

5 Drechsler, *Illuminated Manuscript Production in Medieval Iceland*, 230.

6 Drechsler, 123.

7 Vídalín, "Óláfr Ormsson's Leiðarvísir and Its Context."

8 Gottskálk Jensson has written on the local beatification of Saint Jón and Saint Þorlákur. It is a certainty that St. Jón's saga was written by Gunnlaugur munkur Leifsson, but Gottskálk argues that he also wrote the original Latin vita of Þorlákur as well. Jensson, "The Lost Latin Literature of Medieval Iceland: The Fragments of the Vita Sancti Thorlaci and Other Evidence". The creation of a cult dedicated to Guðmundur Arason has been granted a full-length study. His saga is known to have been written by Arngrímur Brandsson, one of the abbots of Þingeyrar. Skórzewska, *Constructing a Cult*.

and more expression as time progressed. In the 13th century there was a movement of texts between the aristocratic farmer and the monastic foundation. The most well-known of these aristocratic farmers, Snorri Sturluson, was a pupil at the estate of Oddi á Rangárvöllum, the seat of power for the Oddaverjar. An agreement was struck between his father, the original Sturlungar patriarch, and the chieftain priest and nephew to the king of Norway, Jón Loftsson. The original instruction at Oddi would have been primarily in connection to the priesthood, as Iceland required these early estate schools to train priests to populate the increasing number of churches.[9] Another estate in Iceland known as a *menntasetur* (educational centre) was located at Haukadalur, and run by another powerful family, the Haukdælir. As a scribe and compiler of texts, Snorri must have seen the value of the canon house as a textual production centre, attested by his role in the foundation of the *kanokasetur* on Viðey. Later this trend outward from the monastic foundations moved to the small farmer and his family in every corner of the country. We see this expressed in the *baðstofa* culture of later Iceland.

Despite the fact that Iceland is a North Atlantic island quite far from the European continent, the continent has made its presence felt throughout Iceland's history. In the history of script used in Iceland, there is a convergence from England and the continent with some artistic dialogue forming between East and West Norway. The earliest Icelandic writings are typically a type of Caroline minuscule script with progressively marked insular features from Anglo-Saxon script (*insula* is Latin meaning island, specifically referring to the British Isles in this context). Caroline miniscule was the script adopted on the continent during Charlemagne's reforms of the 8th and 9th centuries that allowed for a more uniform style that would have been easier for more people to read. These Carolingian reforms of script were aided by Anglo-Saxon insular scribes, most notably Alcuin, and thus there is quite a bit of room for the two styles to mingle with each other.[10]

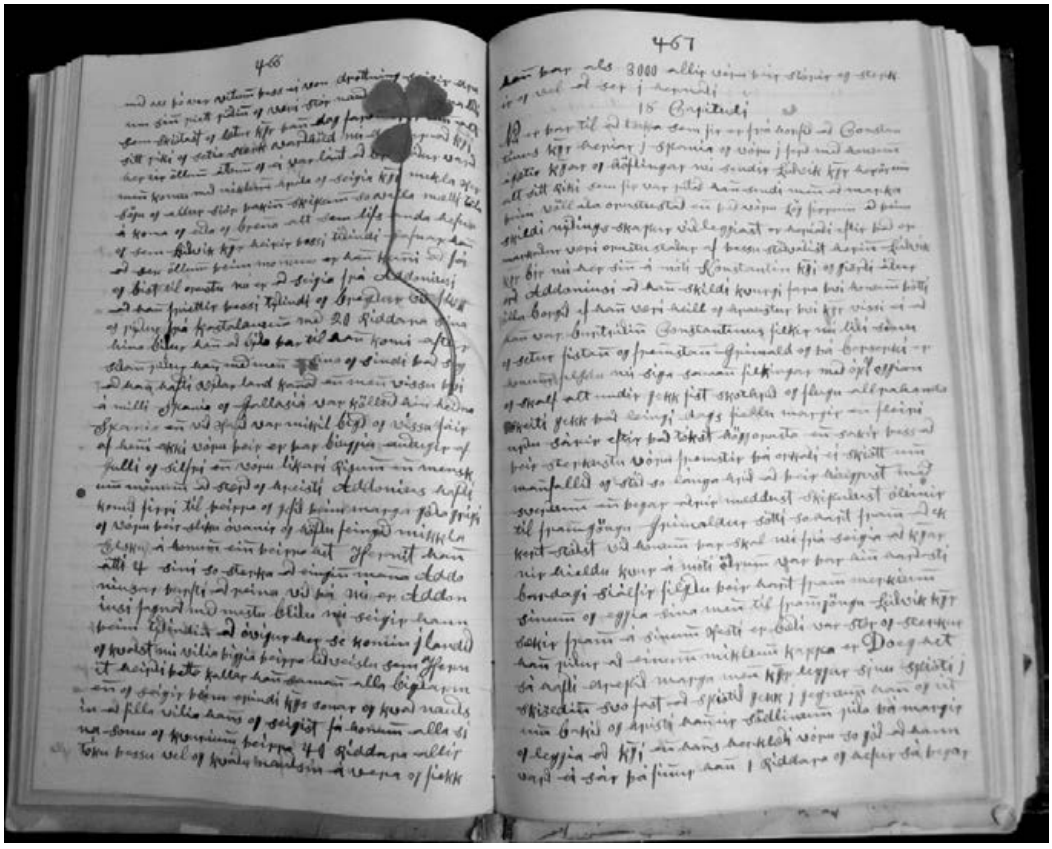
It is widely believed that Iceland did not adopt the insular properties of their script directly from England, instead receiving influence from East Norway, easily argued for in the early 13th century when the letter "ð" was first adopted by Icelandic scribes, probably from the influence of Norwegian scribes, and subsequently dropped again by the 15th century.[11] In the 13th century, Norway was still abundantly using the insular letters when England was moving toward increased usage of Caroline miniscule for Latin texts yet continued the use of insular script for works in the vernacular. It is then that Iceland also adopted a greater usage of the *f*, *v*, *r*, and *d* from the insular script.[12] Some argue that Icelandic scriptoriums catered to a Norwegian audience to some degree, since they exported the manuscripts to Norwegian

9 Helgi Þorláksson argues that the Oddaverjar avoided putting Snorri on a clerical education so that he could be of use in the lay legal matters from which the major clerical orders were being banned by the archbishop in Norway. "Snorri í Odda," 358–60.

10 Clemens, *Introduction to Manuscript Studies*, 139, 143.

11 McTurk, *A Companion to Old Norse-Icelandic Literature and Culture*, 259.

12 Halldór Hermannsson, *Icelandic Manuscripts*, 7–8.



IMAGES SUPPLIED BY RYAN ERIC JOHNSON

Image 1: ***Adonias saga*****. Written by Albert Jóhannesson on Hecla Island in 1906 or 1907.**

destinations.[13] The letter *porn*, also an insular letter and a runic symbol, was used by Icelanders from the beginning, with sporadic usage of the others.[14] From the late 13th through the 14th century, gothic types of script were then used,[15] a script that moved from France and the Low Countries west across Europe beginning in the 12th century. Icelandic script in the latter Caroline phase of the late 12th century and throughout the 13th is often referred to instead as protogothic script or in Icelandic *frumgotnesk skrift*.[16] The shift involves the use of denser text, more

13 Stefán Karlsson, "Islandsk bogeksport til Norge i middelalderen"; Stefán Karlsson, "Helgafellsbók í Noregi"; Drechsler refutes this claim in connection to Helgafell, see *Illuminated Manuscript Production in Medieval Iceland*, 235–36; however, he does go on to point out connections to Bergen where he claims Helgafell scribes would have worked, rather than to where they exported their work. 237.

14 Although it was a runic symbol known to Icelanders, its usage is thought to derive from insular script because the name *porn* derives from English instead of the Old Norse *purs*.

15 McTurk, *A Companion to Old Norse-Icelandic Literature and Culture*, 254.

16 Guðvarður Már Gunnlaugsson, *Sýnisbók íslenskrar skriftar*, 20–27.

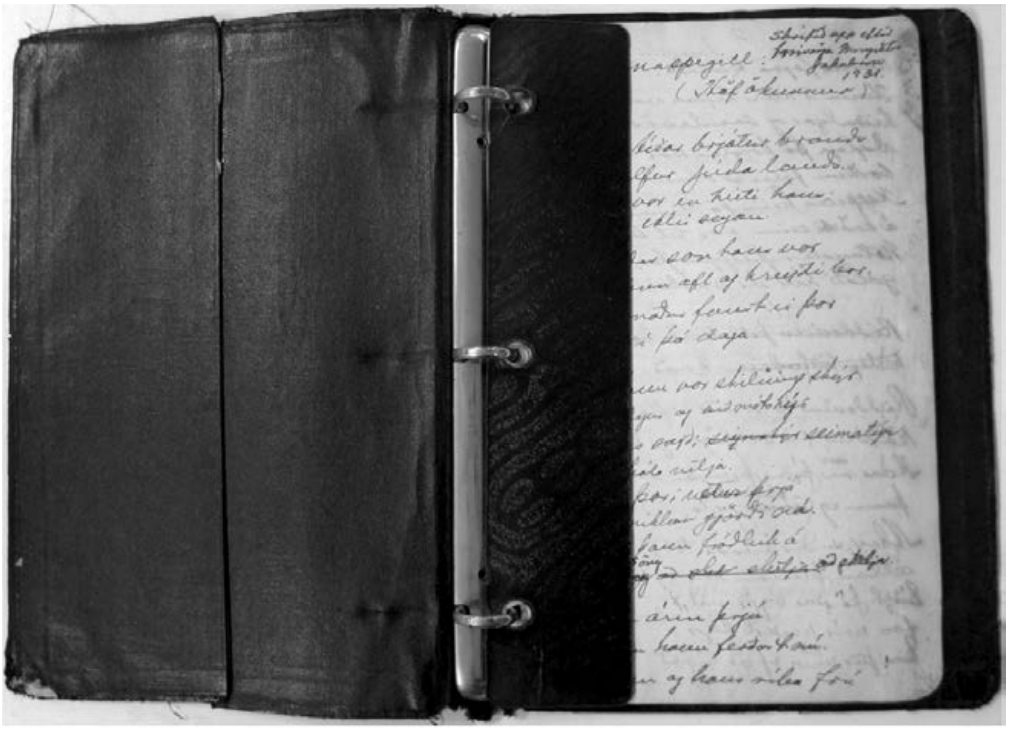


Image 2: poem recited by Margrét Jakobson from memory at the age of almost 97

angular features to the lettering, and more and more abbreviations that differentiate it from the original Caroline style.

Semi-cursive scripts were gradually adopted from the 13th century on, starting first as a variant of gothic. In the thirteenth century a variant of gothic called a documentary hand appeared in order to hasten production.17 During the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries fully cursive styles appeared, such as *fljótaskrift* (quick-script) and *latnesk léttiskrift*, later known in the 19th century as *snarhönd* (Italian hand).[18] Semi-cursive styles such as the style which is referred to as gothic semi-cursive (*blendingsskrift*) were continued to be used in the 17th century and early 18th for some works. Styles also became intermixed, titles and headings in a more careful book hand or court hand while the main body of the text in a cursive hand. The Latin or humanist cursive type of script, later known as Italian hand is what we are most familiar with, and subsequently the style of document in general that we are most likely to see in North America coming from Western Icelanders and their descendants. The manuscript shown in Image 1 which includes a pressed four-leaf clover shows a cursive hand, written by Albert Jóhannesson on Hecla Island in 1906 or 1907.[19] This manuscript is stored at the New Iceland Heritage Museum in Gimli.

17 Guðvarður Már Gunnlaugsson, 28–29.

18 Björn K. Þórólfsson, "Nokkur orð um íslenzkt skrifletur," 139–44, 150.

19 For more information about Albert Jóhannesson and his manuscripts see Parsons, "Albert Jóhannesson and the Scribes of Hecla Island."

The clover is found amongst the pages of *Adonias saga*, a type of saga referred to as a chivalric or romance saga. Image 2 is another example of a manuscript in possession of the museum in Gimli which is a modern cursive hand from 1931. It contains a poem called *Vinaspegill* by Guðmundur Bergþórsson. It was recited by Margrét Jakobson from memory at the age of almost 97. The manuscript is a transcription of this recitation.

Codicology

A manuscript is a handwritten document of any age and on any type of paper-like medium, from parchment (animal skin) or more particular for medieval Iceland, vellum (calf skin), up to and including our modern form of paper. This can include any handwritten document, including correspondence, and the product doesn't have to be exceptionally pretty. In the end, the contents of a document are what matters, not the design with beautiful illuminations or ornate lettering. The study of manuscripts or codices as objects or artefacts is referred to as *codicology*. There is a great deal of overlap in the two fields of palaeography and codicology. However, codicological research is particularly important for tracing connections between manuscripts and their *provenance* over time, and ultimately their *provenience*. Where the word "provenance" refers to the geographical movement of manuscripts, the term "provenience" refers to the original location and place of production.

It is also not uncommon to find diagrams referred to as stemma that trace the connections of one manuscript to another. The content of one manuscript is surely to be found in others, and these relationships can be visualized using these diagrams. Furthermore, the hand of one manuscript can lead to a connection to others and this can help locate their provenience. This has a great deal of overlap with palaeography. Codicology, as it deals with the manuscript as an artefact, looks at all the physical qualities of the manuscript as well, such as the material used for membrane, binding, and pigments.

The Fragile Heritage Project

In Winnipeg, in 1994, Einar Gunnar Pétursson, now professor emeritus at the Árni Magnússon Institute in Reykjavík, made a list of Icelandic manuscripts at the University of Manitoba while searching for an otherwise unknown poem by Jón Guðmundsson the Learned. Again, in Winnipeg, in 2010, our project lead, Katelin Parsons, began research into Icelandic manuscripts as part of a research project led by Margrét Eggertsdóttir looking into poetry found in Icelandic manuscripts from after the Reformation. Then while in Aarhus, Denmark for the 15th International Saga Conference in 2012, Katelin gave a presentation on Icelandic manuscripts in North America and discussed the then current findings with international scholars, receiving a great deal of interest from these scholars. Academics from across the globe desire access to information about these manuscripts for their own research. Two years later in Reykjavík, the Honorary Council of the Icelandic National League provided their support to the Árni Magnússon Institute to give the Fragile Heritage Project a start, and the word began to spread. Later, in Manitoba, in 2015, the project received a Manitoba Heritage Grant to help fund the first stage of the project taking place in January through to April of that year. Icelandair also provided their support at that time. On May 20th, 2015, representatives from the Árni Magnússon Institute and the Eimskip Foundation signed an official agreement for a 3-year funding grant for project work.

In keeping with the history of the Eimskip grant which was established by Canadians and Americans of Icelandic descent,[20] and supports the work of PhD students at the University of Iceland; this funding allowed graduate students at the University of Iceland, like myself, to work on the project. In 2019 the project received a grant from the Áslaug Hafliðadóttir Endowment Fund (Styrktarsjóður Áslaugar Hafliðadóttur), a legacy fund at the University of Iceland. Currently through 2021-2022 the project is receiving additional support from the Ministry of Education, Science and Culture (Mennta- og menningarmálaráðuneytið) for cataloguing work to make the digital collection accessible to students, researchers, and the community.

The project has a bilingual name, in English it is called the *Fragile Heritage Project* but in Icelandic as has been suggested by Minneapolis's own Örn Arnar its name is *Í fótspor Árna Magnússonar í Vesturheimi* (In the Footsteps of Árni Magnússon in America). Árni Magnússon's 350th birthday was celebrated in 2013 and his lifelong efforts to collect and copy historical Icelandic manuscripts and documents make him one of the most important and influential figures in Iceland's history. A lot of that history would have been lost if it were not for his efforts during the late 17th, and early 18th centuries to preserve these pieces of cultural heritage. Several people have become involved in the efforts to follow Árni's lead in tracing manuscripts found in North America over the years, but the work of the late Svavar Gestsson was instrumental in getting the project off the ground. In addition, Dr. Guðrún Nordal's support has been unwavering throughout the project's lifetime.

Our project works in conjunction with the online project of the National Library of Iceland, handrit.is. This site stores information about manuscripts from Old Icelandic/Old Norse saga texts up to modern pieces such as Halldór Laxness' personal letters. The National Library intends to add its entire manuscript collection to this online catalogue. There are two major advantages to creating an online catalogue. First, the ability to provide universal, open access, and secondly the ability to add new material as it becomes available and to edit the material continuously. However, a potential drawback to this type of online catalogue is the practical issue of hosting and maintaining the catalogue over the long term. A lot can change in terms of technology and the internet. It is for this reason that the National Library catalogue is the best option, as a long-term commitment is a strength of handrit.is. Furthermore, the format of the catalogue, one provided by world recognized standards consortiums (e.g. TEI and W3C), is designed to make it as compatible as possible with similar projects around the world.

Our mandate is to collect information about collections, not to house a physical collection. That means that the objects can be located anywhere in the world and will allow them to be useful not only to a broader audience but their original owners and audience without geographical concerns. It is important that we all work together to preserve this heritage, make it accessible, and to keep it out of the trash receptacle. This catalogue is a way to share information freely and inspire new work and new research across the globe. Digital copies will never replace the original documents themselves. However, they are easier to share, easier to search, and often easier to read than the originals. Even though some research can only be done

20 Guðmundur Magnússon, *Eimskipafélag Íslands í 100 ár: Saga félagsins*, 1:207–8.

on the originals, having access to an online database will minimise the need to handle these unique documents. A good camera is the best tool for preserving images of old documents, and this is what is used for all the images on handrit.is. Scanners and photocopiers can potentially damage fragile paper and book spines. These days smartphones come equipped with amazing digital cameras, so most people already have the necessary tool at their disposal to document and share these wonderful historic objects.

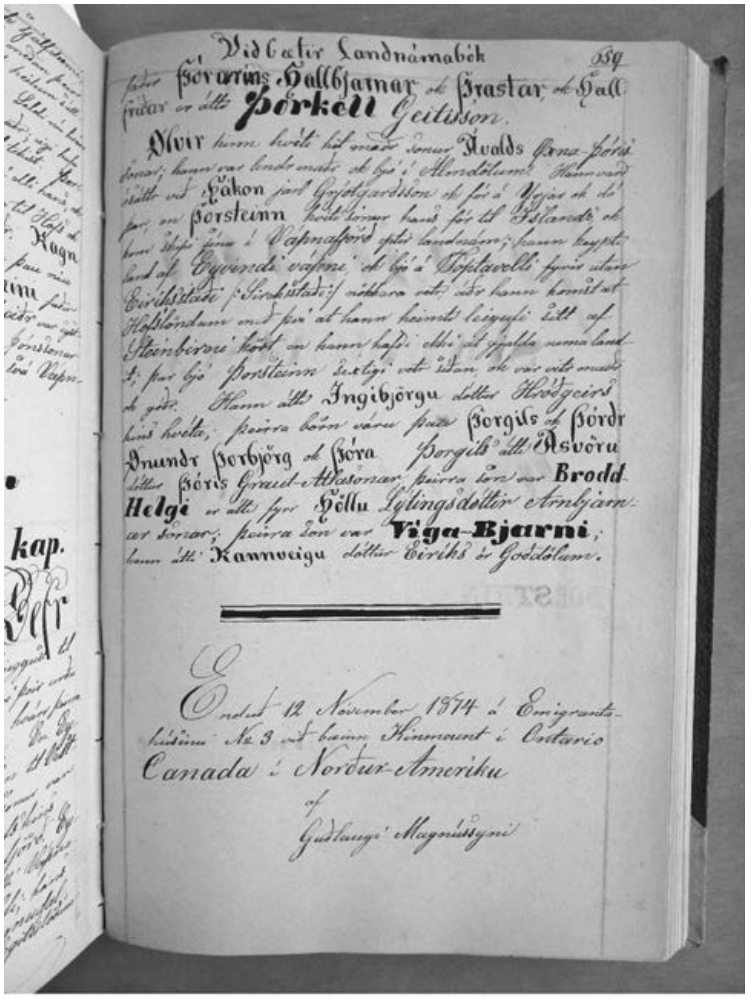


Image 3: a page from Guðlaugur Magnússon's manuscript that includes the place of writing as the immigrant camp near Kinmount, Ontario

We concentrate on written heritage because (a) written books and papers become very fragile with age and (b) deciphering handwritten Icelandic from prior centuries can be challenging even for very fluent speakers of the language. However, we would like to point out another excellent web resource on the internet for those interested in other types of material heritage. The site sarpur.is, a "digital twin sister" to handrit.is, is a new online catalogue of the collections housed in 47 of Iceland's museums and art galleries, with photographs and descriptions of each individual item. The search interface is exclusively in Icelandic but is simple to use, and English search terms can also yield interesting results; everything from "viking" to "chess" to "pudding". The section entitled *Meiri upplýsingar* (More information) often contains English text on historical artefacts. As well, if you are looking for information on specific people, sarpur.is is another place to try searching for names, since sarpur.is includes several historical photograph collections. For example, photographer Nicoline Weywadt's collection of hundreds of images includes many emigrants from East Iceland, for example the family of Stefán

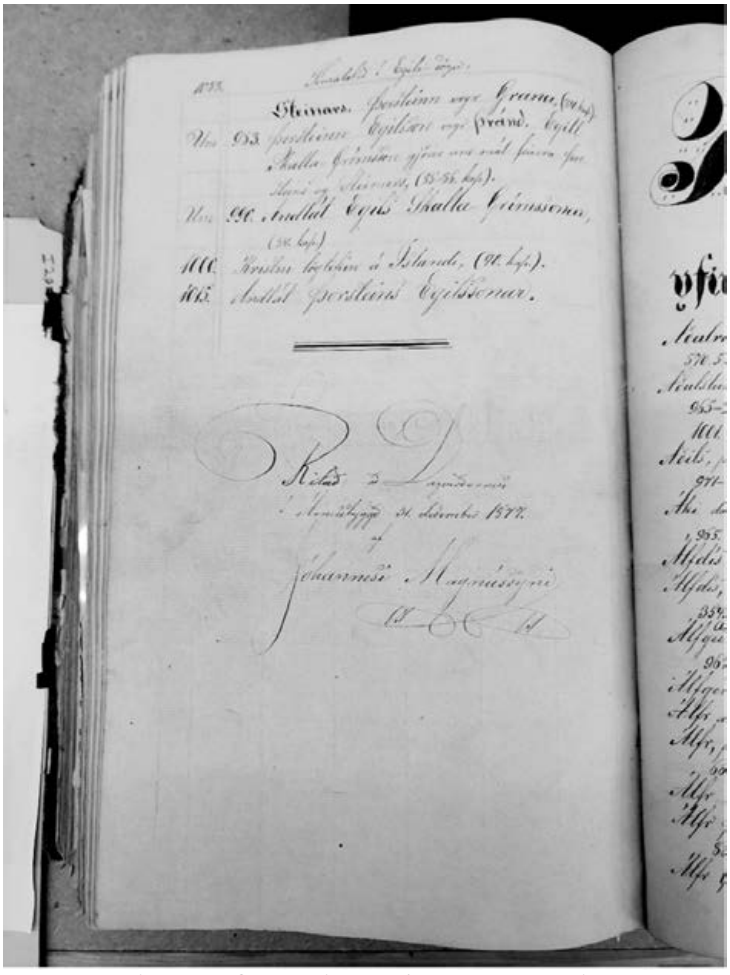


Image 4: the page from Jóhannes's manuscript that situates him in Árnessbyggð, New Iceland near the end of this artefact's production

Sigfússon and Malena Metúsalemsdóttir who emigrated in 1901 and 1903, and Hóseas Hóseasson who emigrated in 1903.

The New Iceland Heritage Museum is not the only public settlement for Icelandic manuscripts in North America. The University of Manitoba Archives and Special Collections (UMASC) which includes the Icelandic Collection is developing a catalogue based on its holdings which are rather extensive. This catalogue is being developed in cooperation with UMASC and Stofnun Árna Magnússonar í íslenskum fræðum in Reykjavík and will be included on handrit.is upon completion. The Icelandic Collection Archives hold some very interesting artefacts related to Icelandic immigration in Canada. Many of the artefacts tell us about some of the reading interests of those that crossed the Atlantic in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Some are a testament to a literary culture that thrived despite harsh circumstances and difficult journeys. The two best examples of this are a pair of manuscripts written by two brothers, Guðlaugur and Jóhannes Magnússon, each writing their own collection of Icelandic Family Sagas and *þættir* (episodes).[21] One of them is nicely bound and in very good condition,

21 See Images 3 and 4 for examples of each. While both manuscripts contain notes at the end of sagas that locate their place of writing, including at the immigrant camp near Kinmount, ON, Jóhannes's manuscript contains an entry where he says he finalized his timeline of *Egils saga* in Árnessbyggð, one of the four original districts of New Iceland. None of Guðlaugur's notes containing place names situate him at the end of his journey in New Iceland or Manitoba.

but the other is not bound as nicely and has damage from mice. However, the one with damage should not be neglected as it contains a somewhat more detailed account of its journey while being written. The Icelandic Special Collections and Rare Books Librarian, Katrín Níelsdóttir, is working closely with Katelin Parsons to make this a long-lasting connection between both institutions. Furthermore, Katrín is not the only person at UMASC who is having an impact more recently. Heather Bidzinski, the Head of Archives and Special Collections recognizes the importance of the Icelandic Collection Archives and continues to provide us with a great deal of needed support.

Of course, these projects and public holdings would not be possible without the continued support of the community. Those of us involved with the project have been delighted by the opportunity to engage with community members, discover amazing material, and become aware of all the stories involved with these artefacts. There is an incredibly rich and diverse set of material to explore. Personally, my adventures with the project have led me to fascinating people and places, including Daren Gislason of Minneota Minnesota. An extraordinarily well-read man with one of the most astounding private collections of Icelandic books and handwritten material in North America. He is generous with his time and a warm host with a fount of knowledge about the Icelandic community in his area. I hope to visit him again soon, make further discoveries, and become more familiar with the people that surround the delightful objects remaining to explore of Icelandic provenance on our vast continent, Turtle Island.

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Sharing Words: Icelandic Manuscripts and the Fragile Heritage Project

by Katelin Parsons

For the Icelanders who congregated fifty years ago in Reykjavík's harbour, the word *handrit* ('manuscript') evoked strong feelings. Iceland's medieval manuscripts are a cornerstone of the national identity, and generations of Icelandic scholars fought no less hard with Denmark over ownership of battered vellum leaves as they did over the country's sovereignty. It was in April of 1971, after a decade of legal challenges, that the first two Icelandic manuscripts made the return voyage across the ocean: the priceless Codex Regius of the Poetic Edda and the spectacular illuminated saga manuscript known as Flateyjarbók.

One of the main arguments for the return of the manuscripts was that the Icelanders had historically had no universities or library institutions on the island where the manuscripts could be safely preserved. As subjects of the Danish king, Icelandic philologists entrusted the royal and universities libraries in Copenhagen with the safekeeping of their precious books, but these were national treasures that belonged in the country in which they had been created.

By the time that Iceland became a republic in 1944, there were virtually no intact medieval manuscripts still left in the "saga island" – one of the last significant manuscripts in Iceland was the Codex Scardensis from the mid-fourteenth century, which disappeared from Skarð in West Iceland sometime between 1807 and 1827 and eventually resurfaced in England. The Codex Scardensis was also the first major medieval manuscript to return to Iceland, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Jóhannes Nordal, who was the Governor of the Central Bank of Iceland and organized an effort to have it purchased at an auction in 1965.

Complicating the movement to bring "home" the Icelandic manuscripts from Denmark was the fact that an institute for the study of medieval Norse manuscripts had already been created in Copenhagen. If all Icelandic manuscripts were moved to Iceland, as was the initial demand, the survival of the existing institute in Denmark would be threatened. In the end, it was decided that the historical manuscript collection of Árni Magnússon would be divided between the two countries: one in Reykjavík and one in Copenhagen. In 2009, this shared collection entered UNESCO's Memory of the World Register, recognizing these books as world heritage.

A passion for literature and reading has characterized Icelandic society for centuries. My husband's late amma remembered how as a farm child growing up in Eyjafjörður she would receive a new book every year as a Christmas present. For one night a year, on Christmas Eve, her family would keep the light burning all night long in their farmhouse, and she would spend that night devouring her new story. Looking farther back in time at records from the 1700s and 1800s, books were one of the few personal items that ordinary Icelanders

owned that were not clothing, farm tools or other basic necessities for survival. Some of those books were printed by professionals, but a surprising number were still copied laboriously out by hand with homemade brown ink on sheets of white or light blue paper, cut into gatherings stitched together with linen thread. Bound in anything from a cover of crusty leather wrapped around thin wooden boards to a thin sheet of an old newspaper, they make for a motley crew when banded together on the shelf of a modern library. Their true value is not their aesthetic appeal when kept shut on display but the words contained inside them.

Today, words are in the process of transitioning from paper to electronic technologies. Like the switch from vellum to paper, this transition is gradual, and the older technologies have not been made obsolete. Paper has been produced in China for over two millennia, but it was not until the 1400s that paper began arriving in Iceland. The oldest surviving Icelandic paper document dates from 1473, but paper was still not commonly used in Iceland for bookmaking until the late 1500s, and a number of manuscripts were still produced using traditional vellum in the 1600s. If we compare this to the modern situation, paper subscriptions to newspapers, magazines and journals aren't likely to vanish magically overnight, but more and more people prefer digital formats for their everyday reading and listening.

Literary heritage has also been making the leap into the digital realm. Today, anyone can flip through Flateyjarbók (a.k.a. GKS 1005 fol.) or the Codex Regius of the Poetic Edda (GKS 2365 4to) on their devices, thanks to https://handrit.is. When the new exhibition space for Iceland's manuscript treasures opens in 2023, visitors will be able to see some of the most stunning books in the Árni Magnússon Institute's collection, but a trip to Reykjavík is no longer necessary to take a peek into a fourteenth-century book of sagas or poetry.

When it comes to shared heritage, digital technology has huge advantages for working together across communities and borders. The current pandemic has made cross-border travel difficult, stressful, unpredictable and – in some places and at some times – completely impossible. Even without a pandemic, though, most students of modern and medieval Icelandic in Canada and the United States can't afford to hop on a plane to spend a week in a manuscript archive in Reykjavík or Copenhagen. And, on the other side of the Atlantic, most students based in Iceland can't afford to head for Winnipeg in March to drop in on one of the brilliant symposia hosted by the Icelandic Department at the University of Manitoba. Digitized manuscripts and historical books have been a lifesaver for students struggling to finish a degree in the middle of the pandemic (like yours truly!), but Zoom and related technologies have also been vital for keeping connections alive between families, colleagues and communities.

Before the pandemic's start, I was lucky enough to have been part of the Fragile Heritage Project: a digital collection effort supporting the preservation of shared Icelandic-Canadian and -American manuscript heritage. Joined by fellow University of Icelandic PhD students Ryan Johnson, Michael MacPherson and Ólafur Arnar Sveinsson, we travelled to archives and historical Icelandic communities across Canada and the United States, meeting with archivists, librarians, historians and families. This effort would only have been possible with the generous financial support of the Eimskip Foundation, the Áslaug Hafliðadóttir Memorial Fund, the Icelandic American Society of Minnesota, the Icelandic Department of the University of Manitoba, the Manitoba Heritage Grants

Program, Eimskip and Landsbanki. The support of the late Svavar Gestsson was also an invaluable driving force in making the project a rapid reality – and, in post-corona hindsight, speed was critical.

The most important support, though, has been that of the community and the amazing individuals and families we have met along the way who have been involved in preserving Icelandic heritage in North America – all over the continent. People willing to share their knowledge, their stories and their family documents, which we photograph to create digital copies of books and letters in Icelandic that can be preserved for the future and – with permission – made accessible for other students and researchers.

The pandemic has temporarily grounded the travels of the Fragile Heritage Project since the beginning of 2020. In the meantime, work is continuing to create a permanent digital database at the Árni Magnússon Institute to house the tens of thousands of pictures we collected before coronavirus halted collecting efforts. This database will provide access to information and images of the North American Icelandic manuscripts. For this collection of manuscripts, "home" doesn't need to be a single physical location. The presence of writings in Icelandic in communities all across Canada and the United States is part of an ongoing story of immigration and movement.

Immigration leads to the creation of new, shared heritage and a shared responsibility for its preservation. We need to work together across borders to save a unique legacy: the handwritten books and letters in Icelandic owned by Icelandic immigrants and their descendants. The Fragile Heritage Project gives these words a digital presence for the future: words worth sharing.

The Night a Weather Bomb Exploded over Lake Winnipeg

by Lawrence (Larry) Romaniuk, retired Meteorologist

For centuries both the beauty and fury of Lake Winnipeg have been apparent to those who lived near the lake or travelled on it. Indigenous tribes, European explorers, fur traders and early Icelandic settlers have all had a long and close relationship with Lake Winnipeg. Blowing up quickly and unexpectedly, the waters of the relatively shallow 300-mile lake can be peaceful one moment, then wild and raging the next. These rapid changes have been responsible for the loss of many lives over the years, and today, the storms of the lake are legendary. Veterans on the lake often are heard to say that the lake must be treated with "respect".

One of these memorable storms took place on the night of June 17 and 18th, 1981. It brought powerful winds as it intensified over the lake and caused terror, havoc and extensive damage to a wide area. Eventually the storm was classified as a "Weather Bomb" since it met the criteria of the central pressure falling 1 millibar an hour, on average, over a 24-hour period. Strengthening winds develop in response to this intensification.

I happened to be the weather forecaster on duty at the Winnipeg Weather Office on that afternoon of the 17th and had issued the warning in anticipation of a major intensifying low-pressure system advancing onto Lake Winnipeg. The warning called for northerly winds increasing to greater than 40 knots during the evening before diminishing in strength the morning of June 18th.

(Note: 40 knots is the equivalent of 46 miles per hour and 66 kilometers per hour).

Anton Peterson of Riverton MB, now in his 90's, vividly recalls the horrific events of the night of the storm. He was the Captain of a 50-foot Department of Natural Resources boat called the "*Seabird*" and was assisted by mate Peter Daniels. On board as passengers were Natural Resources fisheries biologist Ken Campbell and assistant Andre Desrosiers who were monitoring fish stocks on the lake. The *Seabird* was bound for Matheson Island normally a few hours away where the crew and passengers intended to spend the night. Capt. Peterson had heard the storm warning late that afternoon, but the feeling was that the *Seabird* could withstand winds of that strength. And so, with some daylight left during the long evenings of June, he decided to make the run before the storm intensified.

Gentle southeast winds and small one-foot waves accompanied the sailors as they pulled out of the harbour at George Island on the evening of June 17th. After 3 hours, when they had just passed Berens River, the wind suddenly shifted to the northwest and began increasing rapidly. At that moment they were passing directly through the eye of the storm! Waves suddenly grew to 5 and 10 feet, forcing them to throttle back to a crawl.

By 1 AM the *Seabird* neared Catfish Point and began experiencing storm

***Seabird* replica**

force winds of 40 to 50 knots and waves up to 15 feet high. Heavy rain and flying spray cut visibility to zero. They dropped the anchor but it did not appear to make much difference in slowing the boat down. In danger of capsizing, they released an expensive yawl which they were towing to Matheson Island.

It was found a week later smashed to rubble on the eastern shore of the lake. Any attempt to turn the boat into the strong northwest wind and high waves would have posed a danger of being swamped or capsized. So, they continued being carried like a cork, all the while being hammered broadside as they hurled in a southeasterly direction.

An attempt was made to seek shelter on the lee side of Rabbit Point but it became apparent that it would be impossible to dock the boat in the howling winds and ferocious waves. For a few more hours they continued to be buffeted by angry winds, raging waters and massive waves. The crew surely believed that it was just a matter of moments before the *Seabird* capsized and everyone on board would be drowned. Throughout the night the captain and the mate took turns at the wheel, all the while idling the engine. Water continually sloshed across the deck, soaking the boat and everyone on board. In the darkness, one large wave smashed into the boat and broke both the quarter inch windows on the deck. During the ordeal the captain and the mate prayed for the mercy and grace of God to save them. Amazingly, thus far, the boat remained afloat.

By daybreak they were totally exhausted

to the point of collapse and realized the wind had driven them backward several miles closer to the eastern side of the lake. It happened that early morning risers on shore watched in horror as the Seabird dropped out of sight for several minutes in a wave trough and then reappeared for a moment on a wave crest. The spectators were convinced that the sailors and the boat were certain goners. Even the crew prepared to accept the fact that, very soon, they were about to be dashed into the rocky shore and drowned.

Welcome help from the "Three Sisters"

The captain and the mate had one last desperate hope. They remembered the "Three Sisters", a phenomenon occasionally observed on Lake Winnipeg which was known to experienced boaters. This occurred when three large waves would occasionally merge into one huge wave and be followed by a brief lull. They had to watch for this particular moment and be prepared to turn the boat around rapidly so as to face the wind. In desperation they watched intently for what seemed to be an eternity.

Suddenly it appeared! The *Seabird* towered upward in the three sisters then dropped into the quietness behind the large waves for a moment. With a quick motion Capt. Peterson cranked the wheel with all his might! The *Seabird* lurched and swayed perilously. Water sloshed across the entire boat but it remained upright! Miraculously they had escaped being overturned and now, finally, had the bow pointing into the strong Northwesterly wind. The captain threw the throttle wide open while the boat and crew continued bobbing up and down for several more hours. All this took place with winds of 60 to 70 knots and waves which crested up to 30 feet.

By mid morning the winds began subsiding but the lake continued to churn with mountainous waves. These conditions lasted until near noon when both wind and waves diminished enough to allow them to dock at Princess Harbour. The nightmare was finally over after a 12-hour ordeal. Unbelievably they had all survived!

Exhausted but grateful to be alive, they headed straight for bed. "That was the worst damn storm I ever encountered in my 25 years on the lake," said Capt. Peterson. Ken Campbell the biologist agreed and commented "I've never witnessed a worse storm on the lake. At George Island, one veteran commercial fisherman told us we were crazy to leave that evening. Today I would make my own call and not go out when faced with a forecast like that!"

Campbell commented on the sturdiness of the *Seabird* and the sailing abilities of Peterson and Daniels who were major reasons for their survival. He continued by saying "It is also a testimony to the people at the Riverton Boat Works who built the boat, and it sure proved its worth that night".

Elsewhere during the storm, the 176-foot *Lord Selkirk* passenger ship, captained by Winnifred Goodman, took refuge in the lee of Black Bear Island where it rode out the storm through the night. It was there that the official Environment Canada U-2A wind instrument, at 32 feet above ground, clocked winds as high as 100 miles per hour (165 km/h).

Meanwhile the 80-foot-long *Goldfield* was unable to navigate the narrow opening to George Island Harbour that night. The captain purposely beached the vessel on a sand bar during the storm. By the time the storm was over, the strong north winds had drained the harbour to the point where all boats were stranded high and dry for the next several days.

Fortunately, no lives were lost in this particular storm, but those that survived gained further "respect" for the fury of Lake Winnipeg.

Note:

The *Seabird* was built by Riverton Boat Works for Helgi Tomasson of Hecla, who in turn, sold it to the Dept. of Natural Resources.

A miniature replica of the *Seabird*, along with several other vessels that once sailed on Lake Winnipeg, is now on display at the Selkirk Marine Museum. These beautiful 1- and 2-foot model replicas were built to scale from scrap lumber by the late Franklin Magnusson of Riverton.

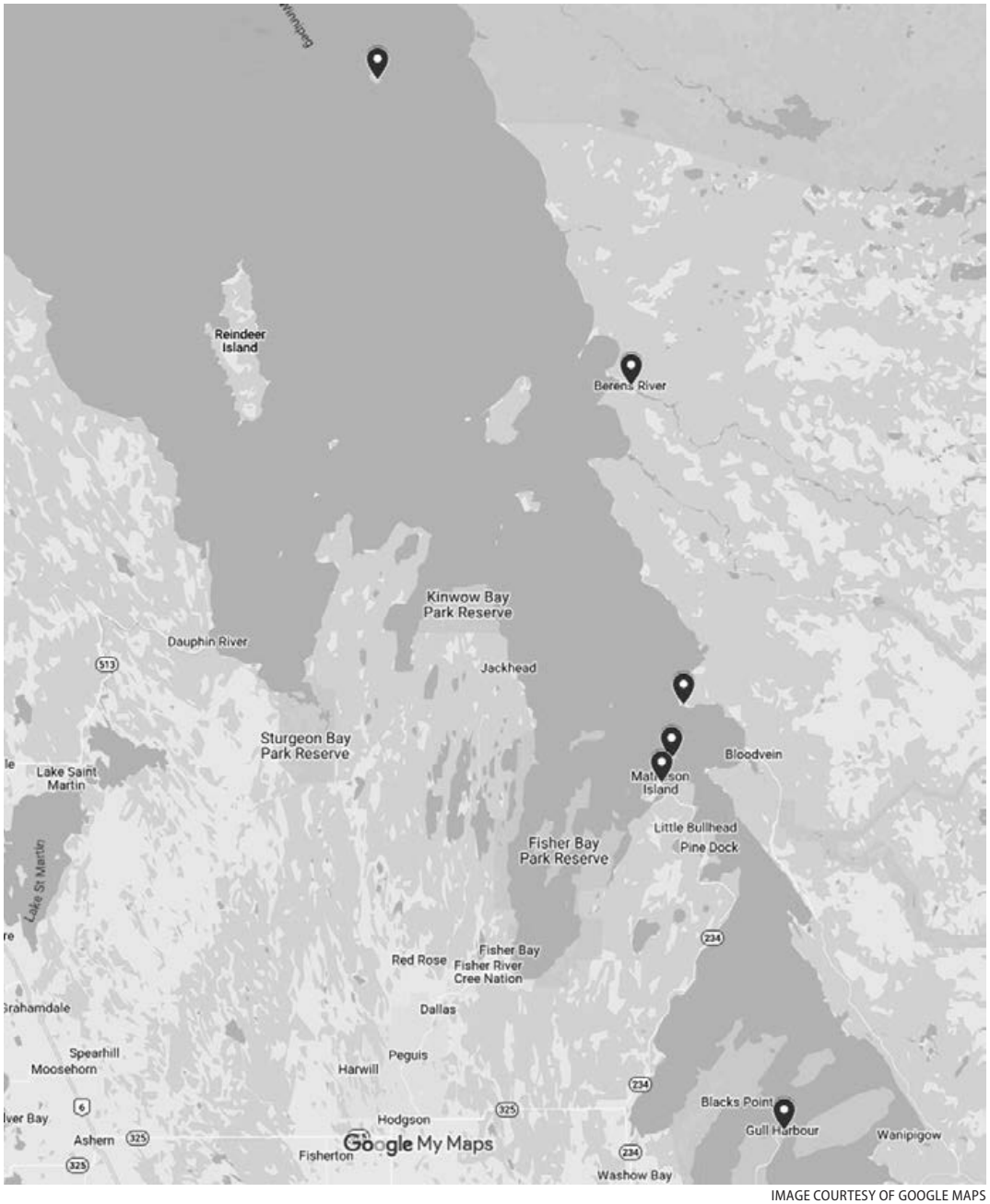


IMAGE COURTESY OF GOOGLE MAPS

Map of the Lake Winnipeg area

Der König in Thule

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war ein König in Thule,
Gar treu bis an das Grab,
Dem sterbend seine Buhle
einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' alles seinen Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er saß beim Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Vätersaale,
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensglut,
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
Und sinken tief ins Meer,
die Augen täten ihm sinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr

The King in Thule

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Translation by Martin Greenberg (1992)

There was a king in Thule,
No truer man drank up,
To whom his mistress, dying,
Gave a golden cup.

Nothing he held dearer,
And at each loud banquet,
Each time he raised the beaker
All saw his eyes were wet.

And when death knocked, he tallied
His towns and treasure up,
Yielded his heirs all gladly,
All except the cup.

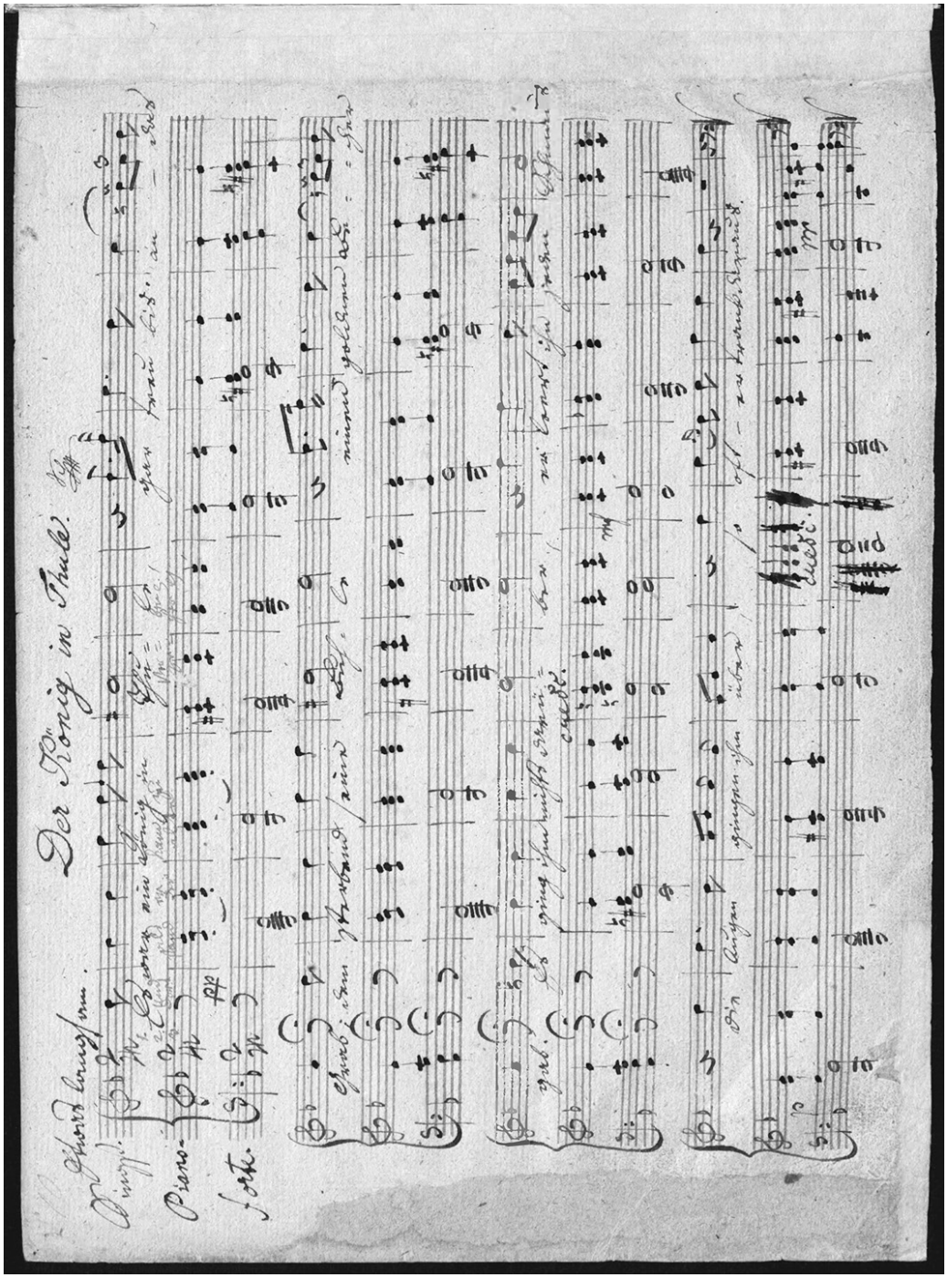
In the great hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea,
He and his knights sat down to
Their last revelry.

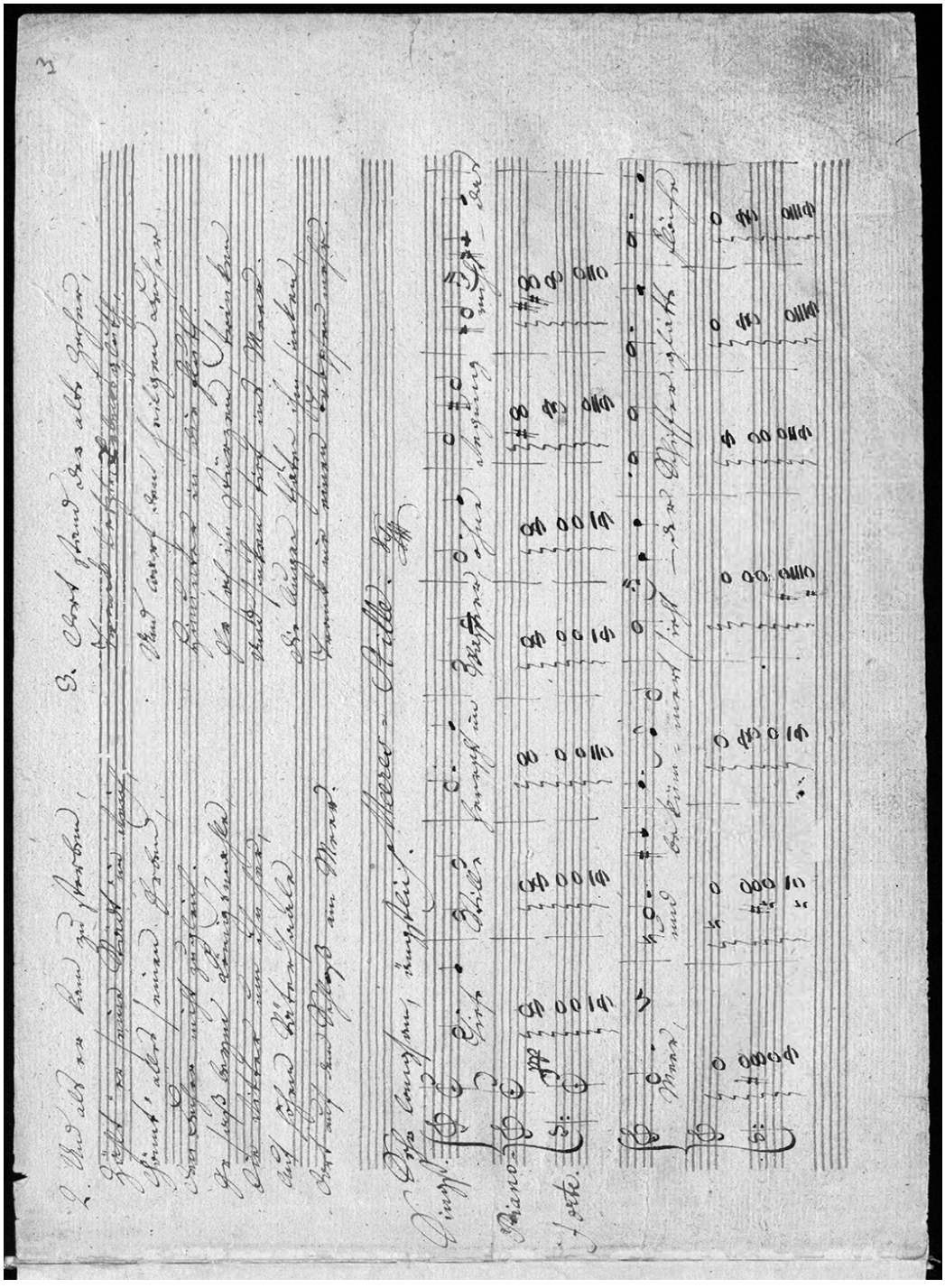
Up stood the old carouser,
Drank life-warmth one more time,
Then pitched the sacred beaker
Out into the tide.

He saw it fall, fill up and
Founder in the sea.
His eyes glazed over,
And never again drank he.

The King of Thule
by Pierre Jean Van der Ouderaa (1896)

Schubert, Franz, *Der König in Thule*, D.367 (Op.5 No.5), AutographSBB





Inaugural Goodman Writer's Grant Awarded to Katelin Parsons

The first year of the five-year Goodman Writer's Grant was a successful one! The committee received 13 submissions for consideration with content including poetry, academic manuscripts, and fiction. After many hours of reading, the committee selected an academic work by Katelin Parsons titled *Changing Hands – Manuscript Culture and Mass Emigration in East Iceland* to claim the $4000 grant.

Katelin Parsons is a Canadian-resident of Iceland who has previously written articles and short stories in both Icelandic and English. Though not of Icelandic descent herself, she stumbled deep into Icelandic history in writing almost completely by happenstance:

> Growing up in Winnipeg, Iceland always had a central presence on the vaguely imagined map of Europe, together with Poland and Ukraine, but I didn't come from an Icelandic background or know about the history of New Iceland beyond the Íslendingadagurinn festival.
>
> When I was around 13 years old, I discovered an old Icelandic book in a used bookstore in St. Francois Xavier. It was tiny and fragile and had been sewed together from three different poetry booklets. One of those poetry booklets was handwritten, in a beautiful flowing script. I couldn't read a word but I fell under its spell. Twenty-five years later, the stories of these books and how they came to Canada with their immigrant owners are still what drives my research, and opening a handwritten manuscript for the first time still brings the same kid-like excitement.

I joined the Scandinavian Canadian Choir when I was in high school and it was through music that I first got to know Icelandic. Kendra, Christine, Kristín, Susan and the other choir members were an amazing support and an inspiration to learn more. I signed up for beginner Icelandic classes at the Scandinavian Cultural Centre of Winnipeg with Gunnvör Daníelsdóttir, and as an undergraduate student at the University of Manitoba I studied Icelandic with Kristín Jóhannsdóttir. Kristín and others encouraged me to apply for a scholarship to study Icelandic at the University of Iceland. It was this scholarship that brought me to Iceland in 2003 — and I've never left!

Receiving the scholarship was an honour and a chance to learn more about Icelandic language, culture and literature. I was also lucky enough to get a summer job in a public library in Reykjavík after graduating. Helping library patrons all day made a huge difference for understanding spoken Icelandic!

My next degree was in Translation Studies. Although the idea was to take a practical degree for a career that wouldn't leave me deep in student debt, things took an unexpected turn when I finally

discovered Icelandic manuscripts as an area of study. I first took a course in manuscript studies in 2007 and participated at a summer school at the Árni Magnússon Institute for Icelandic Studies. For anyone who loves books, it's almost impossible not to love manuscripts, but reading eighteenth- and nineteenth-century handwriting can be incredibly difficult.

In 2009, I discovered that the University of Manitoba has a huge collection of immigrants' manuscripts, and this was the beginning of a journey of discovery to find the many manuscripts that Icelandic men and women had brought with them across the Atlantic but aren't well known to students and researchers. The Fragile Heritage Project at the Árni Magnússon Institute began in 2015, thanks to a major three-year grant from the Eimskip Foundation. The Eimskip Foundation was originally established by Canadians and Americans of Icelandic descent. Today, the Eimskip Foundation supports PhD research in Iceland, and the grant supported fieldwork by myself and three other doctoral students in Canada and the US. It was a unique opportunity that came just in time: the pandemic would have made our work impossible.

I graduated from the University of Iceland in November 2020 and have had the fortune to continue at the Árni Magnússon Institute, working with my wonderful PhD supervisor, Dr. Margrét Eggertsdóttir. The idea for writing a full-length book on manuscript culture in East Iceland and the effect of mass immigration to North America originally developed from my PhD research on Icelandic poetry. East Iceland is a region of the country that often gets minimal attention in manuscript research, but many immigrant manuscripts come from East Iceland, which is not surprising given the large numbers of immigrant families who came from this part of Iceland. I hope that the book will capture an untold but important story in the shared history of Iceland and North America, and I am extremely grateful for the writer's grant to turn this book project into a reality.

Katelin hopes to complete the manuscript by the end of 2022 before publishing for distribution. This will be her first full-length book since graduating from the University of Iceland in November 2020. (Katelin is pictured on the back page.)

The Goodman Writer's grant of $4,000 is available to assist an emerging writer, administered by the Canada Iceland Foundation and offered through the Icelandic Connection journal. Subject of the work must be about the Icelandic-Connection presence, its history or otherwise be related to the author's connection to an Icelandic and/or Icelandic-North American theme. This grant will be awarded to a new recipient in each of the five years, 2021 to 2025. Further details can be found on both the Icelandic Connection Journal Website and the Canada Iceland Foundation website.

This grant would not be possible without the generous support of Dr Ron Goodman.

Icelandic Connection Journal: https://icecon.ca/goodman-writer-s-grant

Canada Iceland Foundation: https://canadaicelandfoundation.ca/scholarships-grants/goodman-writer-s-grant.

The Goodman Writer's Grant

PHOTO COURTESY OF PETER JOHN BUCHAN

Do you have a complete or near-complete manuscript that you dream of having self-published? Maybe you have a personal five year goal to get your novel finished or your writing published? Then this is for you, my dear writer friend.

I'm very excited, and honored in fact, to be able to announce the establishment of The Goodman Writer's Grant. This is a $4000 grant administered by the Canada Iceland Foundation and offered through the journal *Icelandic Connection*, who have made up a selection committee. The grant's aim is to assist an emerging writer whose intention is to publish a work of writing. It will be offered every year for the next five years, ending in 2026.

Your work must be written in English. You can write in the form of your choice (novel, treatise, collection of poems, historical documentation, etc.). There are no criteria around word count, but the writing should be of a length appropriate to the format and content. If the work is longer than a novella, it is suggested that you submit a representative chapter for the application. Your work must be unpublished at the time of application and you should provide clear intentions of the publication plans for the piece. The work may be complete or incomplete, but if incomplete, you should provide sufficient content to clearly demonstrate the character of the finished work. Lastly if selected, yourself, the grant recipient, should be prepared to provide acknowledgement of the grant's support upon publication.

Icelandic Connection will be accepting submissions for the 2022 award until Friday, October 1, 2022 at 4 PM CT, with the award recipient being notified by December 1, 2022. Please fill out the application form provided on the *Icelandic Connection* website and forward your completed application form and writing submission via email to editor@icecon.ca.

This grant would not be possible without the generous support of Dr Ron Goodman.

The falling carcass triggered a blast into the big trapper. It was the beginning of his…

Five Day Duel with Death

by Ian C. MacDonald

This article written by Ian C. MacDonald appeared in the March, 1962 issue of **True, The Man's Magazine**, *published by: Fawcett Publications Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York 36, N.Y.*

Two hundred miles northwest of Great Slave Lake, the Willowlake River cuts the western edge of the mineralized Canadian shield and adds its small tribute to the mighty flow of the Mackenzie. In winter the Willowlake is no place for sun-bathing. Temperatures of 50 and 60 degrees below are the rule. But snowfall is moderate and the wooded course of the river offers shelter to men and animals. It is good fur country.

So Sigri Arnfinnson found it in the winter of 1936-37. Accordingly, he was well content with his lot on the second last day of February as he broke away from his traplines and headed toward his cabin near the riverbank. No shadow of worry crossed his mind. Winter still gripped the north country; but within a month or two he would be heading "outside" to cash in his pelts and take his reward for a hard season's work.

An Icelander who had adopted Canada, Sigri is a big man in the flesh and he loomed extra large in winter gear. His fur-trimmed parka hood outlined a broad face, marked by a wide mouth and prominent cheekbones. Over his left shoulder he carried a carcass of a lynx; in his right hand, the indispensable Winchester 45-70.

[...]

As the cabin came into view, breaking the monotony of the white landscape and promising food and rest, Sigri quickened his pace. Near the door, he halted, propped his rifle against a log and slipped the carcass of the lynx from his shoulder. It was a careless and fateful move. The sound of a shot echoed from the edges of the clearing. Sigri staggered, his hard frame twisting as though gripped by a giant's hand. His senses blurred for a moment and then violent coughing assailed him.

He had been shot with his own gun.

One well-placed shot from the Winchester could fell a moose at a good range; the heavy slug that struck Sigri Arfinnson had traveled less than a foot from the muzzle before plunging into

Sigurbjorn (Sig) Arnfinnson

his chest. It was a staggering blow, under which many a man would have collapsed on the spot. This moose of a man stayed on his feet. For a minute or two, driven perhaps by shock and anger, he trotted back and forth on his snowshoes hardly knowing what he was doing.

Cold realization of his plight restored a measure of calmness. It was merely the grim irony of fate that he had been shot by a dead lynx; the falling carcass had pulled the trigger. But he was entirely alone on the Willow Lake. The nearest trapper lived a hard day's journey to the east. The nearest doctor was at Fort Simpson, one hundred tough miles to the south. No one was likely to call on him at this time in the dead of winter. If he were to survive, it could be only by his own super human strength.

Resolved to act, he bent down to untie his snowshoes. Immediately blood gushed from the wound in his left side and a violent gun burst of coughing racked his frame. Yet he felt no acute pain. The torn and pounded flesh must still be numb. Stoically ignoring the bleeding and coughing, he stripped off the snowshoes and, straightening up, strode into his cabin.

With his clothes off, after an awkward struggle, he was able to size up the damage in the mirror. It was anything but reassuring. With full muzzle velocity, the heavy slug had ripped upward through his body like the point of an impaling spear. Blood oozed from a gaping hole in his left side and from another in his upper back. The coughing persisted and bloody froth smeared his lips. It was obvious that his left lung had been pierced. The bullet must have passed very close to his heart and might have nicked this vital organ; but he could not tell exactly.

Thus, for a minute or two, SigrI appraised the damage; but he quickly realized that he could very easily bleed to death where he stood. Disregarding his wounds, he grabbed some thick towels and ripped them apart, then, wadding the material, stuffed it into both holes. With strips of towel, he made a rough bandage and tied it around his chest to hold the wads in place. For a critically wounded man, this was no small achievement. But Sigri knew it would not be enough.

Thus resolved, he hit the hay, but through the long night hours he found it practically impossible to stay asleep. At an early hour, he rose, determined to beat this problem. After breakfast, he went out and cut a bundle of tree branches. These, he thawed out and then lashed together to form a rough cradle which would hold his body almost upright in the bunk. He may have been wiser than he knew, for thus he also cut down the coughing at night and reduced the chances of severe hemorrhage. In any event, the effort required to make the cradle paid off in a less sleepless second night.

The second morning, Sigri checked his wounds and found they were still bleeding. This worried him, as he knew a large loss of blood could be gravely weakening. Nevertheless, he not only drew water, chopped wood and fed the inner man in his customarily hearty way but also turned a hand to his pelts and trapping equipment. He did not even shirk the hard muscular task of working fresh pelts. As he demonstrated to his own satisfaction that he could carry on much as usual his confidence increased.

It was thus, alone yet resolute, that Sigri Arnfinsson fought his way through the second day of his ordeal, and the third and the fourth. The persistent bleeding remained his chief worry.

On the fifth day, help finally came. By a remarkable coincidence, both George Wilson and Ole Loe, Sigri's employer, had decided to drop in. Wilson, on foot, arrived first; but Loe landed by plane almost on his heels.

"Sigri has been shot," shouted Wilson, as Stan MacMillan of Mackenzie Air Service taxied the ski-equipped plane to the riverbank. Loe and MacMillan climbed down and the three men raced anxiously to the cabin.

They might have spared themselves the mental anguish, for "There in the cabin sat Sigri, looking remarkably hale and hearty except for a slight pallor and a distinct tendency to perspire. His side was just beginning to stiffen up."

So Ole Loe put it; and if the iron Icelander was overcome with relief he

gave no sign of it. All he said was: "The only thing that really bothered me was the perspiration. I was wringing wet all the time."

At Fort Simpson, two hours later, Sigri maintained his reputation for stoicism and physical endurance. When the plane landed, Loe and MacMillan were all for rushing the patient to the hospital. Sigri would have none of this. He was hungry and insisted upon being fed. So the party was diverted to the home of motherly Mrs. Hanson.

"There," reported Loe, "Sigri tied into a meal that would have done credit to the healthiest man in the Northwest Territories. Then, and only then was he willing to let the doctor look him over."

In the cabin on the Willowlake, the rescuing trio had been astonished at Sigri's survival, after seeing the terrible damage done by the 45-70. The doctor at Fort Simpson, after making a professional examination, was even more astounded. The bullet had missed the heart by a fraction of an inch, and the spinal column by a slightly greater margin, fortunately for the big trapper, but it had torn its way through the left lung and well as the muscles on the left side and upper back.

"Nine out of ten men," said the doctor, "would have died of such a wound."

The marvel was not only that Sigri Arnfinnsson had survived but that he had performed hard physical tasks for several days after being critically wounded.

In February of 1938, having won his measure of fame through Robert L. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" program, broadcast from New York, the big trapper again bounded into the northerly city of Edmonton.

"Here I am," he boomed, "healthy as a musk-ox, mighty glad to be alive, and ready to go north again at the snap of a finger."

Where he is today, I do not know; but I venture to say that he is still very much alive. The Sigri Arnfinssons of the Old North were bred too tough to kill.

Sigri (Sigurbjorn) Arnfinnsson is the son of Bjorn and Anna Arnfinnsson, formerly of Lundar, Manitoba, but now deceased.

Bjorn and Anna Arnfinnsson settled at Lundar, in 1901, and there they continued to reside, except for a sixteen year period at Siglunes, Manitoba.

Sigri Arnfinnsson resided for some time at Lake la Biche, Alberta, but then made his home on Vancouver Island.

Þeingjil

by Taylor Palsson

Around the world, from the start of humanity, you would be hard pressed to find a society that didn't have stories at their core. How a culture would tell their stories reveals as much about them as the stories themselves. The way that Icelanders would, as observed throughout Nordic history, was through poetry. These stories connect us to our past, to our history, to our culture. They are lessons to teach to our future.

It was roughly March of 2021 when I began cataloguing books for Judy Richardson, my grandfather, David Gislason's wife. My father, Raymond Palsson, had recently passed away that January from pancreatic cancer, and during the time of his declining health, my grandfather's progressing Parkinson's had him placed in Betel, the nursing home in Gimli. He adjusted well, and is being cared for, but at the time, it was one pillar of my life that collapsed beneath me, and another that waivered. The chance to catalogue my grandfather's old Icelandic books was an opportunity I jumped at.

My father was fiercely proud of his Icelandic heritage, he often proclaimed we were descended from berserkers, and if you knew him, you would believe it. There are too many stories to tell of his reckless tenacity, stubbornness, and pain tolerance. He worked through broken hands, because "the doctors would just bandage them, then I couldn't work" he would say with swollen hands, and his cancer diagnosis hardly slowed him down.

My paternal amma, Sigurrós Palsson, was a farmer, a teacher, and a poet. Valerie Anderson, my aunt, told me how her maternal amma, Guðrún Vidal, would sit at the table with her Dad where they would drink coffee, and he would ask her to recite *rímur*, and she would. Off the top of her head she would weave stories of her neighbours, her childhood, and at least once at Val's recollection, cattle robbers.

My mother, Kathy Palsson, was also proud of her mixture of Icelandic and English heritage, and every year we would go to Íslendingadagurinn in Gimli, where even though there were so many rides to go on, we would sit and listen to the speakers on the outdoor stage, the most exciting speeches of course being each year's Fjallkona. In 1995 my mother's paternal amma, Guðrún Gislason, was Fjallkona, which is a high honour as it is recognition for a life of work dedicated to the Icelandic Culture in New Iceland. A personified representation of Iceland herself still watching over us today.

As a child when listening to family stories, I was interested, but with all the information and details, it was hard to remember. I have been slowly losing the people to remind me of these stories, of these family histories, and I don't want to let that happen. I want to learn. While that should be enticing enough, there is a special something extra when it comes to a mystery. The mystery of a small delicate book with a faded stamp, penciled in name, and no title.

The mystery book in my possession contained a name of the likely previous owner Miss H. S. Gísladóttir. Her last name was written out carefully, with a line through every letter of the last name, G-í-s-l-a-d-ó-t-t-i-r, as though she was practicing what her name would look like had her family stayed in Iceland. Underneath her name is a faded stamp with a series of words that are hard to read, both in the way the ink has faded, and the font used. The letters I could decipher read "Gamalmen… uilid" and when typing the beginning of the word into m.dict.cc, an online multilingual dictionary, there was a word that seemed to fit: *gamalmenni*, which simply means "old person." I have not found another meaning. Some parts were read more easily such as "Betel" in big letters in the middle of the stamp, with GIMLI. – MAN. written underneath. The Betel it refers to is still to this day a personal care home in Gimli, Manitoba.

A mystery is solved partly through work, tediously and slowly, where every second step is a guess, but it is mainly solved through luck. *Þeingjil*. A word that must have some meaning, but through the many translation engines I put it through, it came up a mystery. Though it proved to be the final straw atop this *rímur*'s back. It's only fitting that the mystery was solved through a stroke of luck, as my acquisition of this artifact was through the good fortune of my grandfather David Gislason having a copy, his wife Judy Richardson giving me the opportunity to catalogue his collection of books as a job, and that when the book intrigued me, I was allowed to borrow it and play detective. Most importantly it was lucky when I googled the word *Þeingjil* outside of the online translators. The only result presented was the book, uploaded onto Google Books, the answer to the mystery found by chance.

The title of this mystery book is "Rímur af Búa Andriðar-syni, með man-saungum, er í er skálda-tal og hagyrðínga á Íslandi, - svo og fáein ljóðmæli," by the Icelandic poet Símon Bjarnarson Dala-skáld (1844-1916). I succeeded in giving this little book of *rímur* back its name, and a foreword that was also missing. While I probably will never know the exact age of my copy, I do know now that it was originally published by Þórður Gvuðmundsson in 1872.

The first mystery was solved. Now that I had the name, I had to be able to discover the plot outside of the interpretive poetry. I simply entered the name Búa Andriðar-syni into Google, and the results all came up for *Kjalnesinga saga*. I was able to confirm "Rímur af Búa Andriðar-syni," is the poetic version of this saga due to the perfect lining up of names and family connections from the poetry to the prose thanks to www.snerpa.is, which published the saga on their website in Icelandic, and I was able to translate the first few chapters for confirmation.

In the *rímur,* there is an introduction to the telling of the story for five stanzas before the story truly begins at stanza 6. This first stanza reads as follows:

6, Sögunnar upphaf svona fram
set í rjettum skorðum:
Helgji bjóla nýtur nam
nesið Kjalar forðum
6, Here begins the story
told in straight lines:
Helgji Bjóla was beloved
and at home in Kjalar

The *ríma* begins with Helgji Bjóla living at Kjarlar. He was the man in charge, and popular to those around him. My Auntie Val explained the context of *nýtur* as positive, and used for a go getter. Chapter 1 of *Kjalnesinga saga* also starts with Helgji Bjóla and a description of his home: "Helgi Bjóla, son of Ketil flatnef, took Kjalarnes between Leiruvog and Botnsá and lived at Hof in Kjalarnes." The saga continues on to

discuss his relationship with his Father-in-law Ingólfur and his sons Þorgrímur and Arngrímur, names that are all accounted for in proper relation in stanzas 8 and 9 of the *rímur* respectively.

8, Þórný tvinna-hrundinn hans
hjet, Íngólfi borinn;
listum kunna landnáma-mans
lukku þræddi sporinn.
8, Þórný raised tough by the land
Íngólfr's daughter
whose reputation proceeded
her luck woven steps
9, Syni tvo með seima-Gná
seggur átti fjáði,
enn Arngrím og þorgrím þá
þjóðinn kalla náði.
9, Two sons with
famous wealth
were Arngrím and Þorgrím
who answered a nation's call.

At first with stanza 8, I believed Þórný was a place, but found through reading the saga, that Þórný or Þórnýja was actually Íngólfur's daughter, married to Helgji Bjóla, and mother to Arngrímur and Þorgrímur.

One of the words that I struggled with was Esju, thanks to help from my Auntie Val, I realized it was a name, most likely the name of a mountain between Reykjavík and Kjalarnes. *Kjalnesinga* saga also sheds light on a woman Esja, and in both the prose and the poetic, she is described as a widow.

12, Þar á kneri ekkja ein
álfum fylgdi kesju ;
þessa kvera-röðuls rein
rekkar nebna Esju.
12, There is a widow alone
skilled sharpened as the Elves
their magics' family
Bestowed the name Esja.

In chapter 2 of *Kjalnesinga saga* Esja makes her first appearance: "There was a woman named Esja, a widow and very wealthy… She then settled at Esjuberg. All of these men were called baptized, but it was the talk of many people that Esja was ancient in tricks." She is described as a wise woman who had the gift of magic, and will come to foster Búi.

Búi, while he is the protagonist of the saga, is not introduced too quickly in either version, the story first needing to establish the land and the people, the setting for the backdrop of the saga.

Kjalnesinga saga follows the life of Búi, son of Andríður and Þuríður. His refusal to worship the gods makes him a target of Þorgrímur goði's son Þorsteinn, who sues him for following a false religion. Þorsteinn continues to pursue Búi, gathering men to try and kill him. His attempts fail when Búi defends himself and fights back by throwing rocks. Búi continues to retaliate, and kills Þorsteinn when he finds his adversary in the temple worshiping the gods. Búi grabs the unsuspecting Þorsteinn and smashes his head open on a rock killing him. He carries Þorsteinn's body outside the temple, setting fire to it. Búi's foster-mother Esja hides Búi in the mountains and keeps his location a secret from the grief enraged Þorgrímur who lashes out and kills Búi's father Andríður instead.

Rebecca Merkelbach's paper "Kjalnesinga saga and the outlaw Saga Tradition" also summarizes *Kjalnesinga saga* and explains that "*Kjalnesinga saga* is one of those Íslendingasögur that have been labelled 'late' or 'post-classical'" (Merkelbach, 1). A "late" saga was likely written during the 14th and 15th centuries opposed to the 13th century, and so *Kjalnesinga saga* was likely being written when *rímur* was growing in popularity. Much like most other late sagas, *Kjalnesinga saga* did not seem to hold the attention of scholars until more recent years. Stories go through the waxing and waning of popularity like anything else.

There will always be recurring interest to be had in an old story, so long as we don't allow it to be lost to time and memory.

Each moment of history is a mile of road leading us to connection and understanding. The road may be rough, but it brought us to where we are today. A mysterious book can lead to questions, adventure, and connection. While Búi's actions were in many instances problematic, ultimately leading to his own downfall, his story brought me joy from the mere knowledge of its existence, and the conversations and connections it helped me tend and grow. His story, obscured by time, helped to uncover histories of my own family I hadn't heard before. Stories that often go without prompt for telling.

Símon Bjarnarson's foreword of his poetry is a reflection of his choice of topic, and those who helped him along the way. He ends his introduction with a simple but powerful thought "Að endíngu óska eg þess, að rímur þessar verði bæði sonum Íslands, og dætrum þess, að meinlausri og þægilergri dægra-styttíngu" (In the end, I wish that these rhymes would be for both the sons of Iceland, and their daughters, a harmless and comfortable pastime). *Rímur* and sagas for all to enjoy in comforting, or rekindled connection.

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POETRY

By Sharron Arksey

PRAIRIE WOMEN

Elizabeth

An Orkney girl, she sailed –
not on a Viking vessel to the land of fire and ice –
but to Hudson Bay,
first touching the soil of Rupert's Land
on her thirtieth birthday;
then up the Nelson and Red Rivers,
threading the shoals in a small York boat
and arriving at the Stone Fort weeks later.
What stories could she tell
of housekeeping in a governor's mansion?
Marriage to a former British soldier
brought them to a small farm holding near Fort Garry.
She watched their livelihood float away one wet spring,
but, persevering, they moved away from the water.
She watched two of three sons set off for Batoche.
Did she worry about them?
Did she believe the cause was just?
Her broad features are stoic
under her white cotton head covering.
You cannot tell the colour of her hair
in the black and white photo.
Where does the red come from?
"A famous character in this part of the province,"
her obituary said,
citing her sixty years as a pioneer of pioneers.

Elizabeth, from a photocopied article printed about her in the *Manitoba Free Press*, May 1908

George Wild tombstone in the Poplar Point cemetery near Portage la Prairie. George was Elizabeth's husband

Photo of Guðbjörg from a history book of the Langruth area

Guðbjörg

From Iceland to the Dakotas,
she sailed with her fiancé and his daughter,
aboard the ill-fated Copeland,
although they did not share its destiny.
Three years later, they crossed the border into the territories,
not yet Saskatchewan,
and then to Manitoba. They travelled in an ox cart –
man, wife and three children,
one cow trailing behind.

Years later, another shorter move –
two more children, same cow, and now a dog –
to the Big Grass where the family finally settled.
(The dog lost its way, but happily found them again.)
Her facial bones are finely sculpted, almost sharp,
beneath the tidy hat she wears in a photo from that time.
An Icelandic poet wrote that she had a wide
knowledge of things beyond the prairie,
a generous spirit and a willingness to work.
"First to get up in the morning, last to bed at night," he wrote.
A eulogy steeped in superlatives.
Death was a doorstep partner,
shelled peas sliding to the ground at her feet.
Her remains lie beneath a tombstone
in a pasture where cattle graze.

John and Guðbjörg Magnusson grave in the Marshland cemetery

Guðrún

Daughter of Guðbjörg,
married Malcolm, grandson of Elizabeth,
on November 19, 1919 –
days after an Armistice and just months after the end of the Spanish flu –
an uncertain and yet hopeful world.
In the formal wedding photo, she stands
behind her seated husband,
long hair coiled into a bun,
one hand resting on the back of the chair.
Her earnings as a 'hired girl' paid for their bed and kitchen table.
Once as an adolescent, she carried a dying dog
home from the pasture,
the same pasture where her parents would eventually lie.
She said she cried all the way. She loved the dog.
She knit thick woolen mitts for her fishermen sons
and cooked lye soap on top of the wood stove.
She straight-pinned recipes and poems
to the pages of lined scribblers and saved them in kitchen drawers.
The pins were rusted in place when those she left behind found them.
She liked to read,
but preferred non-fiction to make-believe:
stories of pioneer life
by women authors.
"Men always need to have a hero.
Women's stories are more real."

Wedding photo of Malcolm and Guðrún

Icelandic Connection Marcel Proust Questionnaire

Baðstofu traust or *Confessions:* An Album to Record Thoughts, Feelings, &c.

The way of imagining *Baðstofu traust,* a new and an intended recurring feature to *Icelandic Connection,* is to consider what is known as the "Proust Questionnaire." This is a set of questions that is often erroneously believed to have been designed by the French writer Marcel Proust. When in fact, what we know for sure is that the famous author of *In Search of Lost Time* answered the questions in what's known as a 'confession album,' a fashionable parlor game among the literate Victorian classes. A confession album would have been passed around by one's hostess; whereby her guests might answer, in writing, a formulaic set of questions on each page with the idea that one's tastes, expectations, insights and aspirations can be revealed.

It's an activity not entirely out of place in the *baðstofa,* the communal living space typical of an Icelandic farmhouse where the long workdays ended with mending articles, reading the bible and other texts, recitations of poetry, performing parlor plays and making ready for bed. Imagine a confession album, perhaps a gift sent from a relative in Copenhagen, being handed to a guest on the farm to fill out, a presentation so much like the *gestabækur* (guestbooks) we still might have in our homes or cottages, perhaps.

This is the direction we would like to take with our *Baðstofu traust* (a direct translation of *Les Confidences de Salon*, the name of a second confession album discovered to have also been filled in by Proust. Other albums have been found with answers filled in by Paul Cézanne, Arthur Conan Doyle, Stéphane Mallarmé, Karl Marx, and Oscar Wilde). We hope to have our set of questions filled in by people of Icelandic descent in North America who are working to preserve or document or create cultural content connected to Iceland, or perhaps otherwise.

Leif Norman is an Arts and Culture photographer in Winnipeg, Manitoba. His ubiquitous presence at our festivals, our exhibitions, our concerts and shows capture our faces and reactions, our togetherness, our throngingness, our peopling of spaces. He chronicles us. He dignifies our peculiar joys and pastimes.

Leif answers the questionaire for us on page 140.

Marcel Proust Questionnaire with Leif Norman

If you could change something about yourself, what would it be?

Getting the things done that I think about getting done, like reading those books I bought and writing those songs.

What phrase do you most overuse?

I mostly make odd sounds and songs I make up like Beep Boop Borp and other nonsense. It entertains/annoys my girlfriend.

What do you value most in your friends?

Creativity and a sense of humour. And showing up on time.

PHOTO: LEIF NORMAN

Conductor Naomi Woo and Pianist Tadeusz Biernacki rehearsing for the Manitoba Opera

On what occasions do you lie?

I get excited and exaggerate when telling stories and anecdotes. Mundane stuff like how close my house is to a certain Home Depot. Terribly dull.

What is your favorite occupation?

Buying records and then not listening to them. But also I have recently started buying synthesizers and other little boxes that make computer noises, and I really do use them and make strange noises.

What is your favorite journey?

Road tripping from Winnipeg to Vancouver Island or going the other way to Ottawa. We have favourite spots to camp and visit, like Old Woman Bay in Ontario, or Long Beach by Tofino BC.

What do you regard as the lowest form of human misery?

Being bad at managing personal resources like food or money or time. You could give some people $10000 dollars and they would still end up in a house full of pizza boxes and bed bugs two weeks later.

Where would you like to live?

Winnipeg is actually lovely and all my friends are here. So here, but in a slightly bigger house and a bigger yard. Or possibly in Iceland. Stykkishólmur is lovely.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Having accomplished something grand and then relaxing and appreciating it before the unease creeps back in.

What is your greatest fear?

Having my body give out before being able to fully manage my mind.

What is your greatest extravagance?

Eating 10 After 8 dinner mints in 5 minutes.

What is your greatest achievement?

Founding and producing the FLASH photographic festival in Winnipeg. Since 2014 it has introduced photographers to each other and shown thousands of photos to the people of Winnipeg

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?

Wilt from the books by Tom Sharpe. He's a nobody who gets abused by nearly everyone, but he's clever and wins in the end.

What talent would you most like to have?

Painting a really good Watercolour. Nothing beats a well done Watercolour.

What is your most treasured possession?

A Daguerreotype photograph of a man from 1855. And a 200 year old book about Chemistry which is written in the most simple and straightforward way.

Do you have a tic or perhaps a personal ritual?

500 ml of fresh coffee in the morning.

What is your motto?

Get busy? No that's horrible. Just Do it? That's already being used, though it does apply to everybody and everything. I think it would be "I can figure it out" I didn't know anything about plumbing or electricity, but I bought a house and taught myself to fix wires and pipes and put on a whole new metal roof; myself!

What is the best advice you've ever received?

My Dad once said "Don't you want to make the world a better place than how you found it?" I was very young and said I wanted to go live on the Moon or something.

What do you read on holiday?

Reference books. The last one I bought was on the history of Math. Wow! What a nerd.

What profession would you most like to try?

Mayor of a small town? Where the stakes are low and you can hopefully make a big impact for less money.

What profession would you not like to do?

Airline Attendant. Some people are nice but a few of them are horrible and you would have to smile and be nice to them and not slap them about the face. I would lose my temper and get fired.

Who are your favorite painters, composers?

Hieronymus Bosch; such strange monsters! Paul Klee and Wassily Kandinsky with their lovely geometric shapes and lines. Constable and Turner's

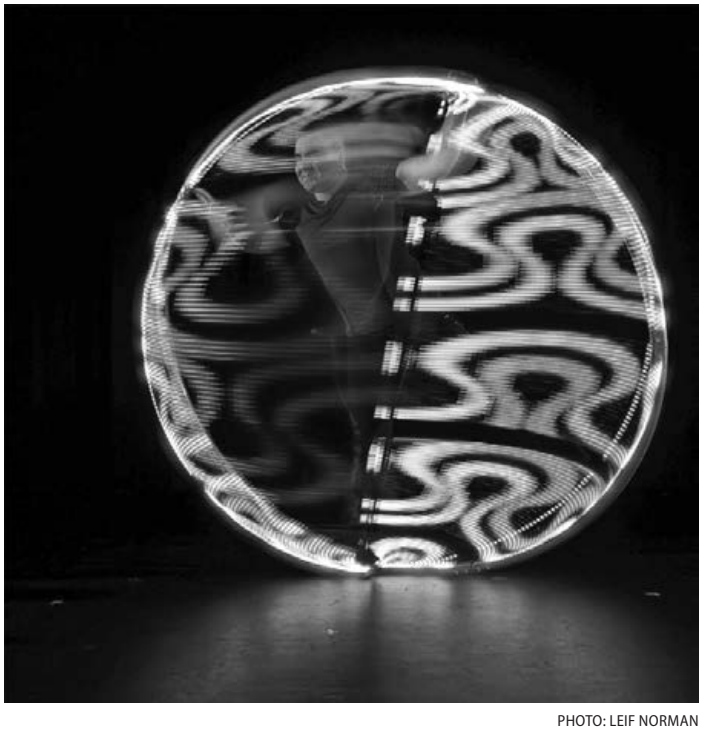

PHOTO: LEIF NORMAN

Daniel Craig of Street Circus in the LED Cyr Wheel

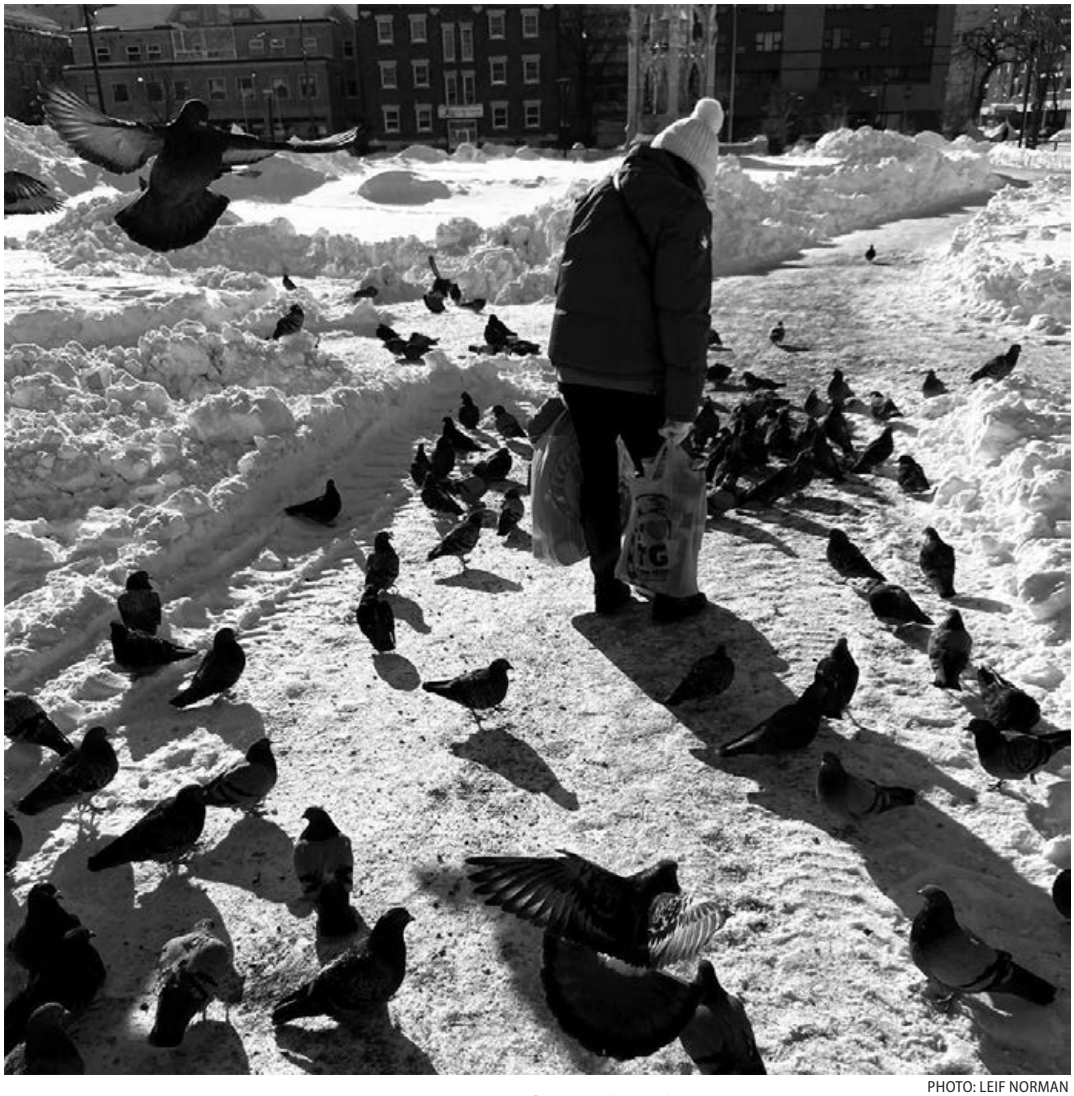

PHOTO: LEIF NORMAN

January in Central Park

Watercolours are stunning. J.S. Bach's Brandenburg Concertos are sublime, and Danny Elfman is a modern musician I have loved since 1986.

Who are your favorite writers, poets?

Canadian Poet BP Nichol. Tom Sharpe as I said before, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti.

See! Right there I'm lying because I have rarely read any Ferlinghetti, but I do have a small book of his and of the few pages I read I really like them.

Your favorite flower and bird?

Crows, because I see them playing with each other and scheming against humans. Much smarter than a Sparrow. Flower? Umm. Prairie Crocus? I have seen them pushing up through the still frozen ground in Spring, which is very Manitoba. But the plain white and yellow Daisy is all over the place like a happy sort of weed.

Your favorite color?

Pink next to Orange.

Contributors

SHARRON ARKSEY has been writing non-fiction, fiction and poetry for more than forty years. Her debut novel *The Waiting Place* came out in 2016. In 2018, she and her husband retired from the family farm at Langruth, MB and moved to Winnipeg, where their adult children live. Her adventures in Icelandic class were detailed in Classroom Notes, a column that appeared in *Logberg-Heimskringla* from September 2019 to April 2020. She weathered pandemic lockdowns by going back to work, but was able to return to retirement in the spring of 2022.

RYAN E. JOHNSON is a PhD. candidate in the Department of History and Philosophy at the University of Iceland, focusing on clerical orders and early Icelandic literary culture. He obtained his MA in Icelandic literature with his thesis, *Eyrbyggja and Icelandic Scholasticism: The Boethian Influence on Saga Narrative*, at the University of Iceland in 2014. He has also worked as a researcher in the *Fragile Heritage Project* (Icel. *Í fótspor Árna Magnússonar í Vesturheimi*) to create an online catalogue of Icelandic-Language Manuscripts in North America.

LEIF NORMAN has been an Arts and Culture Photographer in Winnipeg for fifteen years, but before that, drove cab, caught chickens and got paid to do singing telegrams. He hopes the future will remain interesting.

TAYLOR PALSSON is a student at the University of Winnipeg and will be pursuing a degree in creative writing. She was raised on a dairy farm in the Bifröst Municipality of Manitoba, the youngest of five girls, learning the value of hard work and embracing her Icelandic heritage. In this, her first published work, we feel the satisfaction of a mystery solved and the shrinking of time between generations.

KATELIN PARSONS is PhD. graduate of the University of Iceland where she is also a Canadian resident. She is the project manager of *Fragile Heritage Project* (Icelandic: Í fótspor Árna Magnússonar í Vesturheimi). She is the first recipient of the Goodman Writer's Grant for her work *Changing Hands: Manuscript Culture and Mass Emigration in East Iceland*, which she plans to see published once her manuscript is complete in 2022.

LARRY ROMANIUK is a retired Meteorologist currently living in Winnipeg. He was born and educated in Riverton, MB and went on to get his BSc from the U of Manitoba and his Meteorology degree through the U of Toronto. He married his high school sweetheart Lillian Anderson in 1960 and they had four children. Larry's work with Environment Canada took him and his family to a dozen weather offices in Canada over the next 37 years. Today, weather forecasting remains close to his heart. At age 86 he is the oldest Meteorologist in Canada still involved in issuing a long range weather forecast for the *Country Guide* magazine on a monthly basis.

Katelin Parsons, University of Iceland

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