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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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EDITORIAL

GRADUATION

—A. Isfeld



This is the time of year when scholars approach a definite destination in their journey of learning. Although this implies that a new stage in wisdom has been achieved and that one has been elevated to greater capabilities and higher thought it also brings closer the realization that knowledge must never stagnate and that the future holds ever greater opportunities of accomplishment. Graduation denotes that daring and demanding effort has already been put forth but it also implies that the future search for truth and wisdom will demand even greater sacrifice to meet the many challenges looming on the horizon. It is not the end of a journey but rather it is a mere lagging along the road of life where one lingers awhile to take on fuel that will produce a white-hot fire of inspiration.

Not only should this unflinching flame be kindled in the realm of academic learning. Running parallel with it should be the gradual discovery of the essence of the "School of Life". Fulfillment of goals must be felt in body and soul. The emphasis on material gain must give way to the mere inner satisfaction of accomplishment and contribution.

Let us not lose sight of the need for a concurrent development socially, emotionally and morally.

Socially one must come to realize that the number and kind of social contacts are rapidly increasing. A consciousness and interest in others as a group in mankind as a whole and a realization of ones relations and obligations to them—is a social stage that all thinking people must reach if man is to survive his own terrible material entanglement.

Emotionally one must graduate by various stages of conscious will power and self control. Gradually the individual must move from a phase of varied and unpredictable emotions that are annoying and confusing, to stable characteristics that result in acceptable behaviour.

Closely related to this need of moving towards a state of acceptable emotional behaviour is the need for a progressive moral development. Right and wrong must be carefully sorted. There must be a sincere reckoning within oneself concerning prejudice, exploitation, domination and ones personal

beliefs. Above all a proper perspective of man's effort and the works of the Almighty should be maintained. As the greatness of God's creations become ever more apparent man's effort should seem less significant. Belief in God must become tempered to withstand premature conclusions concerning the mysteries of the universe. How infinitesimal man's space effort has been when we consider the thirty million visible heavenly bodies that travel in orbit without ever a mishap! It is essential that, as man progresses along the path of learning, he will come to realize more and more that by far the greater portion of truth and wisdom is still to be discovered.

As it applies to academic learning so does graduation apply to life. Appropriately on the eve of his graduation one might well be inclined to pray:

O let me rise beyond my dreams,
 Let me succeed in all that seems
 So precious to my humble heart.
 Give me courage to play my part
 To shape a world where one can dwell
 In peace and love, and refuse to sell
 His soul to envy, hate and greed;
 The sins that are the poisoned seed
 Whose growth is like a running sore
 And culminates a scab of war.
 O help me to right the wrongs that are
 And from my thoughts all visions bar
 Of selfish hopes, unworthy plans,
 Of earthly schemes that are all man's.
 Help me along the road of life,
 A twisted path of toil and strife,
 Where roses bloom with thorns unseen.
 Teach me the sacrifice that's been
 Displayed by those that went before
 To make my task a lesser chore.
 Give me strength to fight the blast
 Of temptation's squalls and gales so
 vast.

Help me my faults to overcome
 So at the end there may be some
 Deed or act or thought or letter
 I leave behind, mankind to better.

In The Editors' Confidence

In selecting the material for each issue the Editorial Board is mindful of the necessity of maintaining the proper balance among the diverse but complementary objectives of the Magazine. In order to re-focus attention on our aims we would like our readers to note how this is accomplished in the current issue.

Our Icelandic heritage, representing the Past, but obviously an integral part of the Present, is featured by Dr. V. J. Eylands' excellent article, THE SOUL OF ICELAND. Our essential Canad-

ianism, denoting the Present, is stressed by the article, A BASIC CONTENT OF CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP, by the Chairman of the Board. In this article the author is appreciative and proud of the contribution of the many racial units, including that of our own small group, that constitute our evolving Canadian nation. Finally, it is obvious that our outlook towards the future need not be Micawber-ish when we scan the long list of University graduates and scholarship winners, our potential leaders in the years to come.

—A. V.

THE SOUL OF ICELAND

An Address delivered by **REV. VALDIMAR J. EYLANDS, D.D.**, at the Annual Betel Concert,
March 1st, 1960 in the First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg

It may seem presumptuous to announce "THE SOUL OF ICELAND" as my theme. How can anyone speak of so intangible a thing as a soul? We can indeed not see a man's soul, but we can and do see its manifestations in many ways. A man reveals his soul in his facial expressions, in the manner of his speech, in his likes and dislikes, in his general attitude to men and matters, in short, in his culture, or the lack of it.

It is even so with nations. It is so with Iceland and its people. Their soul is revealed partly in the land they inhabit, in their manner of expression, in the things they hold dear and in their general culture. You look at a map of Iceland and you see the sphere of this soul. You note its geographic position, its isolation, its majestic ocean, its lofty mountains, its fertile valleys—its mid-winter darkness—its midnight sun—eternal contrasts of ice and fire. A sturdy Nordic race, with considerable mixture of Celtic blood, the Icelandic people have, for over a thousand years, retained their original peculiarities, their language and their passion for personal freedom. They have suffered much and they have fought well.

In Iceland, the primary medium of expression, of course, was speech—the spoken and written word. The early inhabitants of Iceland were for the most part political refugees, men from the higher walks of life in Norway, men who had refused to yield to a tyrant's yoke. They brought with them their



Rev. V. J. Eylands, D.D.

Norse tongue and it has been retained unadulterated through the centuries. This old language, so powerful and pure in origin, they developed to such perfection of artistic expression that one can say that Keats' artistic touch "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" truly applies to it. It is a language which, scholars agree, has in richness and beauty no rival except ancient Greek. Thus Iceland's first and greatest contribution is its language, the classical form of verbal expression. Having come into possession of this instrument of expression, it was soon put to noble use. The earliest and most potent writings of the ancient scholars of Iceland are of two kinds: the Sagas and the Eddas, or Scaldic poetry.

The Sagas are histories of the nations of northern Europe, stories of the clans in the home land, of individual heroes and their achievements at home and abroad.

Of the purely historical writings of this class, the works of the famous Snorri Sturluson excelled. He undertook among other things to write a story of the Nordic race up to about the middle of the 13th century. The historic accuracy of his writings, as well as his mastery and unequalled literary style have given Snorri Sturluson a place among the immortals.

Of the local Sagas it can be said that while they fall short of the historical accuracy of the histories of Snorri, they are marvellously clear. The events, narrating for the most part heroic deeds, are lifted up on golden wings of exquisite expression, and interspersed with both romance and pathos that cause us to thrill with pleasure as we read them. All these stories were for a long time preserved only by word of mouth. They were told by the scalds and saga men in the halls of old chiefs and at national assemblies, and then reiterated from house to house in the long winter evenings. A remarkable talent, not only for telling the tales, but also remembering them, was developed.

After the adoption of Christianity in Iceland, it became the untiring and noble task of monks and clerics in the newly established monasteries to polish the sagas, slowly and with great patience, reduce them to writing and couch them in the beautiful language which since has adorned them. While in the Dark Ages other nations in Europe lost their path, and stagnated, the light of art, literature and history shone brightly in the homeland of freedom in the distant north.

After the sagas the poetic nature of

the ancient people of Iceland was confronted with a yet greater task. The art of expression by means of language was applied to the loftiest theme the soul of man can deal with: the Eddas.

The Eddas contain the religious philosophy of the ancient Nordic race. The Eddas are the sagas of the gods, of their deeds and dwelling places. They are written both in poetry and prose. In these works poetry reaches heights of beauty which seldom have been trod by mortals anywhere in the world. The wisdom, beauty and grandeur of the Eddic poetry are to this day, unsurpassed anywhere. In these poems meters link in perfect harmony. Measures within measures and figures within figures enshroud the lofty theme in majestic and dramatic mystery. Yet the expression is ever clear as crystal. The theme is carried on wings of faultless rhythm and rhyme with inerrant accuracy of systematic alliteration in accord with the most rigid laws ever laid down for the technique of poetry. And yet the subject matter, grand in thought and sublime in essence, never suffers from the artistic adornments. I am not convinced that any art, in any form in any land has ever surpassed the linguistic art of the Eddic poems of ancient Iceland. The Sagas and the Eddas are the precious contributions of Iceland's Golden Age to the culture of the human race.

The Golden Age was followed by an epoch of strife within, and oppression from without. At the end of this period the heart of the nation, once strong and free, became feeble and sad. Yet there was one thing that would not die. Poetry lived on as unquenchable embers, in the soul of the people. At times it burned low, but here and there it would blaze anew. This time the Christian religion revived and inspired the muse. Prior to the fall of

the Roman Catholic citadel we find two gems of poetic art of such brilliancy that they have sparkled down the ages to the present time. One of these is an epic known as *Lilja*, an Icelandic Ave Maria, in spirit so sublime, and in form so perfect, that even to this day it is said in Iceland that all men would fain have been the author of *Lilja*. The author was a devout monk, named Eysteinn. He wrote his masterpiece at the close of his life and dedicated it as a tribute to God, and to the Church he had faithfully served.

The other gem I referred to is known as *Sólarljóð*. It may be termed a *devina comedia*, and contains all the principal ingredients of Dante's immortal *The Divine Comedy*. It is in verse, and the scenes are laid in heaven and hell, as well as in an intermediate no-man's land. It precedes Dante's masterpiece by many years, and is northern, while Dante's is southern. It is a classic of the first order. This masterpiece has attracted the attention of scholars, and has recently been translated into English.

The famous Passion Hymns, fifty in number, were written after the Reformation by Hallgrímur Pétursson. They contain a minute but delicate delineation of the sufferings of Jesus. Their most powerful effect comes from their most heartrending appeal to the moral nature of man to repent and believe, because of God's love for man exhibited in the Saviour's suffering. Aside from their religious significance these Passion Hymns have a great artistic value. They contain some of the brightest literary gems that adorn the crown of Icelandic poetry.

Once again the life of the people of Iceland sank deep into the valley of despair, and was almost lost. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the land was devastated by

plague and pestilence. The foot of foreign oppression was upon the people's neck. In these dark days there developed a very remarkable form of poetic expression which endured long after the darkness lifted. Here I refer to the Ballads, or Rhymes (*rímur*). The form of the Icelandic ballads is unique. No other land has anything like them. For that reason they are characteristic and deserve attention, at home and abroad. These ballads are for the most part stories in verse of heroes and adventures with a bit of romance invariably thrown in for good measure. The themes are partly native, but largely taken from the common store of European legends from the Middle Ages. Unfortunately many of these legends are trash. Yet occasionally they get into the hands of a real master, and then the ballads become rich, adorned with pretty pearls. These crude ballads were set to chants, peculiarly wierd, yet inspiring. And somehow we find in these ballads, when so chanted the soul of a people who were bent, but would not break, who suffered, yet would not die, a people who would sing of chivalry though they were bleeding to death. But the modern Iclander has ceased to chant his ballads. He is too cultured and materially prosperous for that. Yet I believe that if ever a real Icelandic school of music develops, containing expressions typical of the Icelandic soul, some master will find some of his keynotes in an old strain from the Rhyme Chants.

At this point it may be in order to consider the Folk-lore of Iceland as contained in legends and stories passed down from one generation to another and finally clothed and published in large volumes. This kind of literature is very rich and in some instances unique. The legends may be classified as (1) Stories of saints and miracle

men, (2) Hero legends, (3) Fairy tales, (4) Stories of outlaws, (5) Ghost stories.

The first two classes differ little in nature from similar legends of other peoples. In the other classes we find unique elements. Under "Fairy Tales" we have not only the ordinary elf stories, but stories of a rare class of beings, called "Huldúfólk" or "Unseen people". These unseen folk lived in rocks and boulders, but occasionally they became visible and associated with human beings. Often they fell in love with young men or maidens, and enticed them to their mysterious homes. The Unseen Folk were as a rule kind and helpful to humans, but if offended, were apt to be revengeful. Many of these legends are extremely romantic, and sometimes really beautiful. Icelandic "Ghost Stories" on the other hand are the most gruesome and ugly ghost stories in the world. Unfortunately only mean and wicked men came back to earth, and they generally made a lot of trouble; they appeared in most gruesome shapes, and were a source of fear and superstition which at times bordered on panic. These hideous beings, of course, dwelt in darkness. Only holy water, or some such potent force could drive these ghosts back to their infernal regions where they belonged.

The stories of the outlaws are perhaps the most interesting and characteristic of all the legends. They are for the most part tragedies. Although some of the outlaws were real criminals, most of them were men of noble parts—men who, for some reason, were in disfavor with society or had lost in legal battles with their enemies. They had to flee to the mountain regions where they dwelt in caves, and to maintain themselves they became robbers and stole from the farmers. Some of the legends are so true to life and so poetic that eventually I think, some master mind will transform them

into immortal dramas, even as Shakespeare in his day found his Hamlet in the Icelandic *Amlóða* saga.

Contrary to popular belief, there is no Renaissance in Icelandic literature; it is a continuous, unbroken line. The Rhymes and Folklore, and most particularly the language of the pulpit and church press, helped to preserve the tongue in its original purity, moulded it and sharpened it in many ways and made it an excellent tool in the hands of the modern writers of fiction, whose works began to appear about the middle of the nineteenth century. This new era of literary activity began with a group of students at the University of Copenhagen, such as Jónas Hallgrímsson, Bjarni Thorarínsson, and Gísli Brynjólfsson. This Copenhagen group was followed by a similar school of brilliant writers in Iceland, such as Mattías Jochumsson, Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, Benedict Gröndal and Grímur Thomsen. These two groups were followed by still another school of poets toward the close of the last century. Again the leaders of this latest poetic culture were several brilliant students at the University of Copenhagen. They had been captivated by the new literary realism as presented by George Brandes and his disciples in northern Europe. Foremost among these literary leaders was Hannes Hafstein, later to become the first Prime Minister of Iceland, Gestur Pálsson, who later became an editor of an Icelandic Weekly in Winnipeg, and Einar Hjorl. Kvaran, who later became one of the chief advocates of Spiritualism in Iceland, but who, in his generation, became one of the foremost writers of Icelandic fiction. These men in turn were followed by outstanding poets and literary men, such as Einar Benediktsson and Stephan G. Stephanson.

Modern Icelandic poetry is in many instances both rich and beautiful. It is, however, necessarily more universal, and less national than the old. The modern Icelandic authors more or less follow the general pattern of European culture. Even the foremost of them have been influenced by foreign masters. Jónas Hallgrímsson himself was moved by Schiller, and inspired by Heine, while Byronian influence is detectable in Gísli Brynjólfsson and Grímur Thomsen. Present day poetry in Iceland is the poetry of cultured modernists, general in scope and universal in spirit, but still retaining in form the peculiar Icelandic technique. The principal present day poets in Iceland are: Davíð Stefánsson, frá Fagraskógi, Thomas Guðmundsson, Jóhannes Jónasson, frá Kötlum, and Gunnar Dal.

Unless we classify the ancient Sagas as fiction, we cannot speak of fiction literature in Iceland, until the nineteenth century. The father of fiction in Iceland was Jón Thoroddsen, who presented two peasant stories of great and lasting merit: "Piltur og stúlka", "Lad and Lass" and "Maður og kona" "Man and Woman". The present day fiction has become the most important feature of Icelandic literature. Much of it is grown in native soil and as such has typical value, but much of it again, has a common denominator with the fiction of the age in other lands. The most recent writers in Iceland emulate the most daring realists who have lately been so much in vogue in Europe, and the Icelandic authors have even surpassed the most radical of them in their unblushing and stark realism.

The principal fiction writers in Iceland are: Gunnar Gunnarsson, whose English version of *Guest the One Eyed* was for a time among the best sellers both in America and England; Halldór

Kiljan Laxness, recent Nobel Prize Winner, whose books, such as *Salka Valka*, and *Independent People* have given Iceland a great deal of provocative publicity; Guðmundur Hagalín, Kristmann Guðmundson, Thorbergur Thordarson and Guðmundur Danielsen, all of whom have had some of their works translated into English and several other languages. It is amazing to note the literary output of Iceland. Bookstores are almost as numerous in Reykjavík as service stations in our cities. Iceland, though small, ranks very high, and in some phases of literature the highest among modern nations.

The other arts are much less developed, and some are only in an embryonic stage. **Architecture**, for instance, that noble form of art, which someone has aptly defined as "frozen music", is hardly observable in Iceland. The country is devoid of building material except stone and sod which the dwellings were mostly built of until recently. City buildings and rural dwellings are now made from imported material, and very many stately buildings have been erected, but somehow they do not seem to fit the Icelandic landscape. Only in very recent years have people come to dream of native art in architecture, notable examples being the Museum of Einar Jónsson and the National Theatre.

From most ancient times, handicraft of artistic distinction and real beauty has thrived in Iceland. The women of Iceland have wrought wonders with their spinning wheel, their loom, and their needle, and the men with their knife. Carving in wood has since ancient times been a great art in Iceland. Old books, such as the first edition of the Icelandic Bible in 1584, contain hand carved cuts, made of

wood, pictures, symbols and ornamental capitals which adorn their pages.

In recent years the ever poetic soul of Iceland has taken the canvas into its service, to express its sense of beauty. The people have turned to painting with almost phenomenal fervor. A traveller may see on almost any summer day, and in almost any kind of weather, men and women standing on hills or upon mountain slopes with canvas stretched before them and brush in hand, depicting the beauty of the native landscape. These paintings adorn, or at least appear on the walls of public and private houses. The names of Ásgrímur Jónsson, Jón Stefánsson and Jóhannes Kjarval are well known, not only among the Icelanders in the home land, but also in art circles in many lands.

On the other hand, in the high art of sculpture, the soul of Iceland has worked miracles. In modern times, Albert Thorwaldsen, half-Icelandic and half-Danish, stands high above others on the pedestal of fame, one of the greatest sculptors in the world since the Italian masters. Einar Jónsson, while not enjoying the world fame of Thorwaldsen, yet already well known in many lands, was a sculptor, who was an inspired artist if ever there was one. His is the art divine, of making out of marble a living soul. His museum in Reykjavík is a place where tourists from many lands pause awhile to worship at the shrine. Every creation of Einar Jónsson is a dream. There is mystery, there is poetry, there is music, and there is an indescribably psychic, spiritual element in every line. Yet his work is native. In all his works the soul of Iceland speaks, weeps, sings and prays.

Touching briefly on music, it must be said that in recent years, music, both vocal and instrumental, has reached a

high standard. The people of Iceland are a singing nation, yet we can hardly speak of a distinct Icelandic school of music. Many of the songs that pass as Icelandic national songs, and are used as such at gatherings and festivals both in Iceland and on this continent where Icelanders reside, are not of Icelandic origin at all. There are many modern Icelandic composers, some of whom have gained recognition abroad. But only a few of them differ in spirit and form, and only to a small extent, from their continental colleagues.

Iceland's pioneer musician was the venerable organist of the Reykjavík Cathedral, Pétur Guðjónsen, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. His efforts were all applied to church music. While through him a new world of music was discovered for Iceland, yet that music cannot be said to be Icelandic. It is rather the classical music of the Lutheran Church at large, music which, as is well known, is distinguished for its grandeur and spiritual solemnity, rooted in the classical Gregorian chants. What has been said of Church music, applies equally to Icelandic hymnody. The Passion Hymns are essentially Icelandic in spirit, and that is the reason they are so close to the Icelandic people, and dear to their hearts. But the bulk of the hymns found in the Icelandic hymn book are translations of the great hymns of the Protestant Church at large. There are, however, in the Icelandic hymn book a number of original hymns of rare spiritual merit, and magnificent construction, especially the hymns of Matthías Jochumsson and Valdimar Briem. After the pious Guðjónsen, came the musical master, the beloved Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson. More than any other man, he kindled the spirit of music in the soul of Iceland. At the millennium in 1874, he

gave his native land its national anthem, perhaps the loftiest anthem in the world. Although he lived abroad most of his life, he gave his talents to his own people. His greatest contribution to Icelandic art was his collection, reconstruction and arrangement of Icelandic folk songs. Other collections of that kind have since been made, and modern composers have added a number of genuinely native melodies. But I think that it must be said of the music of Iceland that it is of a general rather than of a national nature.

A few composers, such as Páll Ísólfs-son, Sigvaldi Kaldaóns and Jón Leifs are, however, digging deep into the old native soil, bringing forth in simple song the throbs and thrills of Iceland's own soul.

"Soul" did I say? Dare any nation any longer call her soul her own? Now that all the morning stars are beginning to sing together, now that the softest whisper may be wafted on wings of vibration around the globe, now that distances are abolished, and every man is next door neighbor to everybody else, now that the Tower of Babel must be rebuilt, that all may be of one tongue, the tongue of the air—dare we then pretend to preserve our own soul?

And yet the soul of Iceland is reflected in our minds, in the spiritual side of our lives. May we not then make the prayer of Kipling our prayer:

"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget" — our soul.

SUMMER

Summer, a woman grown and matronly,
 Fecund and heavy with the seed and fruit
 Of Life in all its multifarious forms
 Now ripening to parturition and the stint
 Of labor that is also ecstasy.
 She cups her breasts and lifts her face to Sol,
 A shining countenance in fervent prayer
 For blessing on their numerous progeny.
 She tilts her heavy horn of plenitude
 That all may feed upon her ample store
 And garner what is not consumed at once
 Against the season when the elements
 Conspire to spill and waste and abnegate
 The handiwork of light and warmth and love.

—Bogi Bjarnason

A Basic Content Of Canadian Citizenship



An address, slightly abridged, delivered by JUDGE W. J. LINDAL, before The Empire Club of Winnipeg on Citizenship Day, May 20th, 1960

Our statisticians tell us that of the people of Canada about 45% are of British origin, 30% of French origin and the remaining 25% have come from every other country of Europe and from many countries of other continents of the world. The 25% are often combined by historians and feature writers, and hence it may be said that there are three groups which, together, provide the content of Canadian Citizenship.

Prof. A. R. M. Lower, one of Canada's leading historians, born in Britain, says that the pattern of democratic citizenship which is emerging in Canada is not British, nor French, nor a British-French combination. It is, he maintains, something distinctive, purely Canadian.

The distinctiveness of the pattern may as yet not have emerged in clear outline. But that it will be distinctive is inevitable and indeed obvious. This is because the component parts are so variant and diverse in substance and nature that in their totality they are something which has not even a close parallel anywhere in the world.

By way of parenthesis I should add that because of the diversity of elements which provide the content of our way of life Canadian citizenship will never

become a vest pocket edition of Americanism. There will be similarities but the United States will never absorb Canada either culturally or otherwise.

The variant and diverse elements of Canadian nationalism are too many to refer to in one brief address. I am going to limit myself to three. They are in my view, the most important, and of the three the last one transcends the other two.

1. CANADA IS BILINGUAL

It is good for the Canadian people that Canada is bilingual. The world has become multilingual in a very special way—multilingual in that no one language transcends all others. There was a time when it was advocated that English should become the recognized and accepted world language—occupying on the world level the same position which French occupied in Europe for some centuries. No one advocates that now. Here I hasten to add that the change has taken place without any loss of prestige or value of English. It is the international scene that has changed. At world conclaves many tongues are spoken, immediate translations made. Formal international engagements are written in many languages.

One need but spend a day in the United Nations building in New York in order to feel the multi-language atmosphere that prevails there. We in Canada, because of the very fact that Canada is bilingual, are acquiring a training in one of the fundamentals of world citizenship which we would not obtain if English were the only language spoken.

2. CANADA IS MULTI-ETHNIC

Even though Canada is bilingual, and bilingualism is a definite national asset, that does not mean that there are only two national groups—the British and the French—and that all other groups in course of time become the one or the other. The French and the British are the two dominant national groups, or if we use the word ethnic in its widest connotation, they are the two dominant ethnic groups. Hence it can be truly said that Canada is multi-ethnic.

No one would deny that Canada is the richer because it is multi-ethnic. Furthermore, because of the great need of tolerance at all levels, especially now, it is fortunate that here in Canada the old melting-pot theory has disappeared, that it is no longer expected that non-Anglo-French groups should at once discard their distinctive cultural vestments. The new school of thought is that our citizenship building is an integrating process, that each ethnic group, from the tiniest to the two dominant ones, should be given an opportunity to make its contribution and nothing of intrinsic value should be discarded. Heredities intertwine in diverse environments so that in course of time a national tapestry is woven, richer in hue and color because of the very variety of content.

3. THE BRITISH PATTERN OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY

I now come to an element which I think, more than any other one element moulds our Canadian citizenship.

Let me go back to that 25% of the people of Canada who are of neither French nor British descent. Almost all of them—to a degree that the exceptions merely prove the rule—learn English, and English becomes the native Canadian language of their children. Someone will immediately say that the reason for this is that English is spoken by a majority of the Canadian people, is the generally accepted commercial language of the world, and is the language of our big neighbor to the south. All that is true but it is not the only reason, I would say it is not the main reason why English so soon becomes the native language of Canadians of foreign extraction. It is something within, but yet something which can be transferred and cultivated elsewhere. In that way it can provide and, indeed, has provided a most valuable ingredient in new soils. .

It may be a little difficult to pinpoint this element in the British democratic process but it can be clearly seen in the perspective of its visible manifestations. Those manifestations may be thus summarized: Charters from Magna Carta to the Statute of Westminster; the parliamentary system of responsible government; the happy blending of the written with the unwritten part of the constitution; the protection of fundamental freedoms in the rule of law; the reverence of precedent and tradition, but only as a venerable background for peaceful and needed change. All this I would sum up as the British pattern of the democratic way.

It is always easy to give credit but at times more difficult to prove and justify. The British pattern, or rather the innate qualities of mind which gave birth to that pattern, can be most clearly illustrated by referring to countries where one would have thought the British influence had disappeared.

The first one is the United States

The American people quite properly point with pride to their love of liberty and their determination to defend the four freedoms. But if asked whence the origin of that trait in their national character they may be reluctant to go far enough back. They will hardly say that their concept of liberty and human rights is an exclusively American development. They certainly will not say that it derives from the Dutch of New Netherland or the French of Louisiana or New France. It can be truly said that the export of that commodity began with the crossing of the Mayflower in 1620. I make bold to say that when the thirteen colonies rebelled and when the people decided, after victory won, to cast away everything British—the monarchy, the aristocracy, the British concept of responsible government—at that very moment they were transplanting deep in American soil the finest they had brought with them when they crossed the Atlantic. And there it has flourished ever since.

India and Pakistan

As we all know, India was a British colony. British rule may be said to have extended over a period of about two centuries. In 1948, the United Kingdom voluntarily granted independence to the territory which was divided into India and Pakistan. Both are independent states and both have chosen to remain within the Commonwealth of

Nations, formerly the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is not the English language which draws these two great countries to Britain—the keystone in the Commonwealth arch. Nor is it commercial prestige or military protection. It is not even the crown. In India Her Majesty the Queen is merely the Head of the Commonwealth. It is that something deeper I mentioned a moment ago. During those two centuries of occupation the British planted within that vast area, perhaps quite unconsciously, the finest and the best within themselves—the British concept of the democratic way of life. There it will grow and flourish, a vitalizing force in the evolution of two new free nations.

During the war we cried: "There'll always be an England." If a bit of heather and a twig of shamrock are placed beside the English rose as symbols of the spirit of the people of the United Kingdom, and only the word England used, then I would for the moment become Irish, paraphrase the line and say:

"If there were no England,
There'll always be an England
Even in a foreign soil."

In passing, reference should be made to Ceylon and Malaya. Whether monarchies or republics both have chosen to be within the Commonwealth.

South Africa

I am not going to either condemn or defend the position taken by the government of the Union of South Africa. But there is one very illuminating circumstance. The white people of South Africa are of two national origins, the man and French descent. The significant fact is that a large majority of the relatively few who dare oppose the Dutch and British, with a few of Ger-

policy of apartheid are of British descent. There is Alan Paton who a few years ago wrote "Cry, My Beloved Country", and Harry Lawrence. Both are members of the Parliament of the Union, and, needless to say, in opposition to the government majority.

The two groups in South Africa, the British and the Dutch, showed a remarkable spirit of cooperation in 1909, when the Constitution of the Union of South Africa was agreed upon—only seven years after they fought each other in the Boer War. Later the British accepted the new African language so that South Africa became bilingual. But now something deeper than language or constitution has been threatened—the basic rights of human beings. The lead in an almost hopeless minority, in opposition to a flagrant violation of those rights, is being taken by South Africans of British stock. The innate sense of justice and recognition of fundamental rights, which compelled one English king to sign a charter, which forced the execution of another, are still strong in an offshoot of that nation, in a land thousands of miles away, many generations removed from the original mother country.

Ghana and Nigeria

Ghana, formerly a British possession, independent since 1957, chose to remain within the Commonwealth. It is on the record that Nigeria and the Cameroons, which will become independent on October 1, 1960, as the Federation of Nigeria, desire to remain within the Commonwealth.

Nigeria and the Cameroons became British colonies in 1897. The black population is about 35 millions, the whites 17 thousands. Yet within that short period the British influence has been such that these people have

decided in advance that on being granted independence they will remain within the Commonwealth. Here it may be said of the British people that "They builded better than they knew."

These are not accidents and the story is not the same elsewhere. The Dutch East Indies became independent but there is no connecting link between Holland and Indonesia. A part of what was formerly French Indo-China is now free, or at least the independence of Laos, Cambodia and the Republic of Vietnam is being maintained, but there is no attachment to France in sentiment or form of government.

The record shows that what maintains the Commonwealth of Nations is not the English language nor the literature to which that language is a key. It is an attitude of mind. That attitude of mind derives from a people whose finest quality has been indelibly writ upon a page of history by one of their own poets, Lord Tennyson:

"Where Freedom slowly broadens
down
From precedent to precedent."

Yes, from Runnymede in 1215 to the Statute of Westminster in 1931, and to the voluntary granting of independence to nations in 1948 and later — acts of brotherhood which people do not forget.

THE CANADIAN PATTERN

And now, let us go back to Canada. Let me repeat what I said before, that it is something deeper than the English language itself, which causes the newcomer to Canada from a foreign land, to learn English, to adopt it as a foster mother tongue alongside of his own native language, and to transmit it to his children as their native Canadian tongue. The transition is

made easy because the migrant to Canada can detect in the Anglo-Saxon, or better still, the Anglo-Celtic background that "curious combination of individualism and co-operation" as Lord Baldwin described it, which to the newcomer has such a strong appeal. That is why I call it a basic content of our Canadian citizenship.

To this basic content of Canadianism there is added a fine appreciation of the arts and other distinctive traits in the French dominant group. Other heritages, valuable and variant are brought in from many lands of many climes.

In the sum total ours is bound to be a citizenship rich in those values which are of paramount importance in the present day world of tension and uncertainties. Surely the objective in that world must be a recognition of the best in our fellowman, a willingness to elevate rather than crush, to clasp hands rather than to clench fists.

No country in the world offers a better training ground for the develop-

ment of those virtues than Canada. One can safely say that it is largely for that reason that Canada now occupies a position of prestige and influence far beyond her relative population, yes, and her age. .

Canada, because of the content of its citizenship, with its fundamentals and its varieties, is providing a stage upon which the outside world can see, in miniature as it were, the evolution of that which, we feel from within, is the destiny of mankind on this shrinking planet.

What the future holds we do not know. Again I go to an English poet. I repeat, as the Voice of Canada, the prophetic, the inspired words of Robert Browning:

"I go to prove my soul;
I see my way as birds their trackless
way.
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit
first,
I know not."

AT A FUNERAL

by K. N. JULIUS

Translated by Bogi Bjarnason

I feel content that you should grin
with me
Could you but witness what I hear
and see.
For you were not accustomed—not
your fate —
To be thus borne along by friends
in state.
But death has changed your status so
that now
Your friends assemble in your honor,
bow
Their heads in faith, in grief, humility,
And all unite in speaking well of thee.

VIÐ JARÐARFÖR

eftir K. N. JULIUS

Eg held þú mundir hlægja dátt með
mér
að horfa' á það, sem fyrir augun ber.
Þú hafðir ekki vanist við það hér,
að vinir bæru þig á höndum sér.
En dauðinn hefur högum þínum breytt
og hugi margra vina til þín leitt,
í trú og auðmýkt allir hneigja sig,
og enginn talar nema vel um þig.

PIONEERING IN STEEL PRODUCTION

The people of Western Canada had cause for giving expression to a feeling of pride in April last when C.N.R. Steam Engine No. 2747 was placed on rails in a special site in the Regent Park area in Transcona. That engine produced by the Vulcan Iron Works Ltd., of Winnipeg, belongs to the first class of steam engine produced entirely in Western Canada. Steam Engine No. 2747 was turned over to the Kiwanis Club which will take care of it as a historical exhibit.

The rejoicing and sense of pride was all the greater among Vestur-Íslendingar because one of them, Jón Ólafsson, now retired and residing in Salmon Arm, B.C., produced all the steel casting for that class of steam engine. Three types of steel were required: carbon steel for the drive wheels; carbon-vanadium steel for the engine frame; and carbon-nickel steel for the crossheads, drawheads and driving boxes.

Jón Ólafsson may truly be called the father of steel production in Western Canada. Lieut. Col. J. H. Edge, retired Royal Canadian Engineers, writes:

"Jón Ólafsson was responsible for the first heat of steel poured in Western Canada in 1916, and he was also in charge of all the steel castings contained in Engine No. 2747. This was built at Transcona Shops, near Winnipeg, and completed in April 1926, being the first locomotive constructed in Western Canada. It was followed by nine others and Ólafsson determined the composition of the steel castings in these ten engines, and the heat treatment involved. I understand that Eng-

ine 2747 is to be retained for exhibition purposes, and consider that Jón Ólafsson's services should be kept on record".

Jón Ólafsson sought to make the best. Mr. P. B. Wright, a feature writer, writing in Western Business and Industries, in 1951, in an article prefaced by a headline "A Self-taught Icelandic Metallurgist Showed the West How to Manufacture Its Own Steel", said in part:

"Low quality steel didn't interest Ólafsson. He took off time to study and spent three years improving his knowledge of the science of metals. After lengthy study, and days and nights of practical experiment Ólafsson got a product which he thought was a great improvement in producing high quality steel".

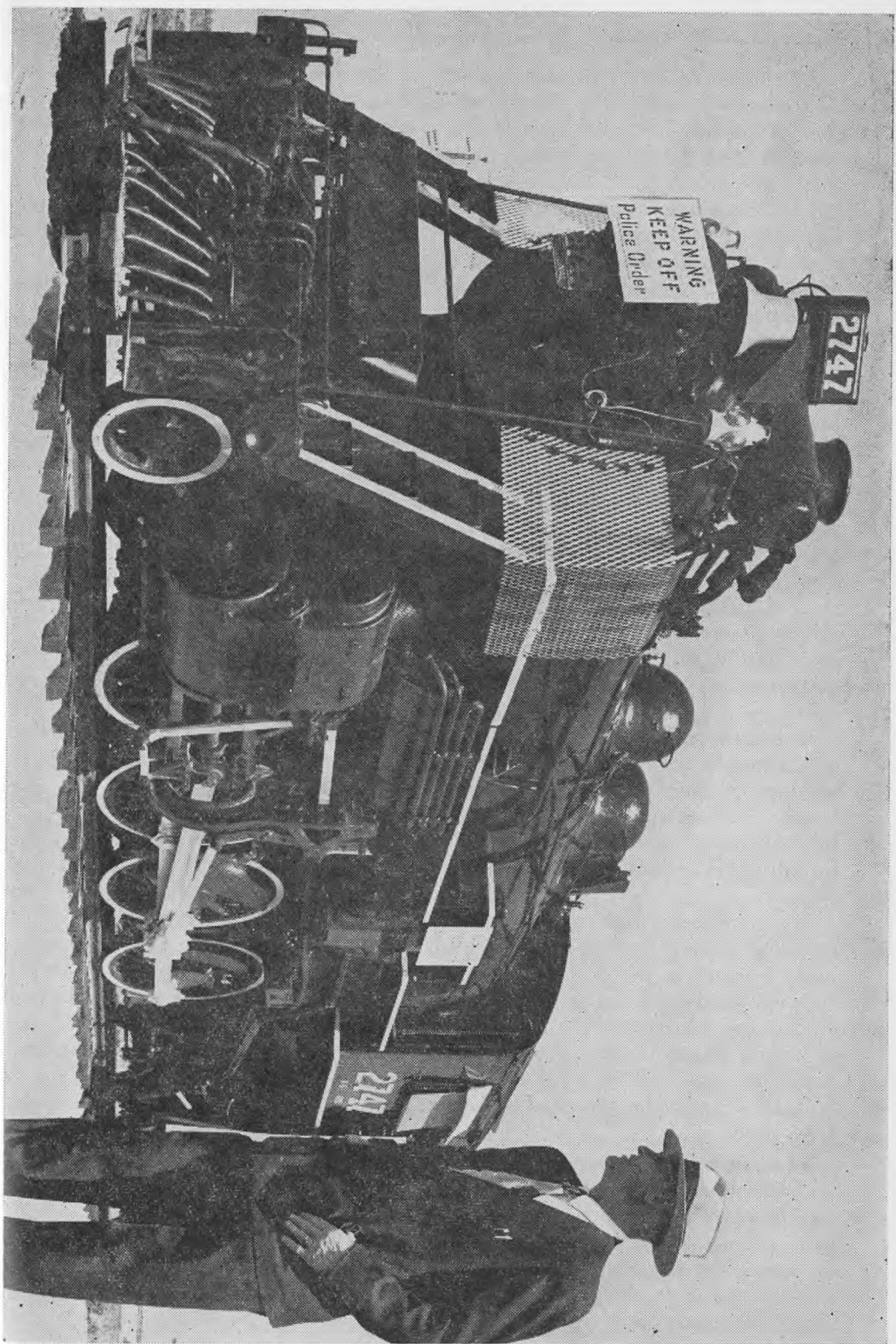
Jón Ólafsson became the Chief Metallurgist with the Vulcan Iron Works Ltd. in 1923, and stayed with that company, until he retired in 1947. In a report issued late in the Second World War, John Mc. K. Isbister, then general manager of Vulcan Iron Works Ltd., made the following statement:

"The foundational history and development of Steel Manufacture in Western Canada is irrevocably interwoven with the name of Vulcan Iron Works Chief Chemist and Metallurgist, Jón Ólafsson. His is a long and enviable record of high quality steel production at Vulcan Iron Works."

STEAM ENGINE No. 2747

and JÓN ÓLAFSSON





The secret of success in the production of quality steel is in the preparation of the mix or "heat" as it is commonly called. In Winnipeg only scrap steel and iron is used. First the scrap has to be melted at temperatures ranging up to 3200 F., and all foreign substances removed through a process of oxidization. The next step to be taken, in the building of new steel, is to add various new elements, depending upon what kind of steel is required. Hence not only theoretical knowledge, training and experience is required but also something bordering on intuition. The percentages in the mixture of the various elements have to be exact with particular emphasis upon the all important carbon content. (Diamonds, the hardest known element, are native carbon.) Strange though it may appear to the layman, infinitesimal air bubbles are found even in the best of steel. The fewer the air bubbles the better the steel.

In making cast steel the preparation of the mould is most important. When the steel is poured the mould is subjected to a sudden and violent change in temperature and if steam enters the liquid from the mould the heat is ruined.

A man who prepares a mix or heat for steel or even for iron casting can never be sure in advance whether the finished product is going to be a success. If the ingredients are not exactly right and the mould not properly prepared the heat will be a failure, good only as scrap to be remelted at some later date.

The difference between the expert and the mediocre can be clearly seen in the case of producers of iron casting, two or more of whom may be preparing the moulds and pouring the iron on the same shift. Here in Winnipeg the failures vary from 3%, which

is considered excellent, to as high as 12% or even more. It often happens that one of two men with approximately the same experience and working in the same plant will consistently have much lower percentage of failure than the other. These variations apply even more so in the production of steel.

Jón Ólafsson formulated a process of his own for preparing the heats. He says he cannot give an exact recipe for the mixtures. He is perhaps like the expert housewife in making pie pastry. She will tell you she can "feel it" when the mixture of flour, shortening, etc. is right.

It is on the record that after Jón Ólafsson had perfected his process he did not have to scrap one heat, and many thousands were put through.

WORLD WAR II RECORD

During World War II Jón Ólafsson acquired international recognition. Armour plate with a high resistance to shells was needed for combat tanks in the allied armies. Hamilton, Ont., has been the centre of steel production in Canada for many decades. In 1941 ballistic trials were held in the Hamilton proving grounds for testing the resistances of armour plate produced in different steel plants in Canada. Vulcan Iron Works test plates, processed by Jón Ólafsson, surpassed all others. He produced a plate which had a resistance to penetration of 1901 foot-pound-seconds, (distance from target, weight of shell, velocity.) The required resistance was 1725 foot-pound-seconds, and some steel companies found difficulty in meeting the required standard.

In a letter dated May 20, 1944, J. M. Ireton of the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom and Canada, in referring to Jón Ólafsson, wrote as follows:

"The metallurgy of this product (armour steel) has been directly under Mr. Ólafsson's supervision and guidance. His firm produced a 60 mm, cast armour plate which gave a remarkably good resistance to penetration on ballistic tests, and to date this record has not been exceeded in Canada."

Jón Ólafsson was born in Iceland in 1887. In 1910 he went to Scotland and in 1913 migrated to Canada. Iceland has no iron ore mines but with the rapid increase in the use of machinery of all kinds large quantities of scrap iron and steel are bound to accumulate. In fact, companies have been formed to gather and export the scrap. Jón Ólafsson has for many years been firmly convinced that a plant for the production of steel out of scrap could flourish in Iceland.

In Iceland the trend is to build out of reinforced concrete and the particular need is for a small rolling mill to produce steel bars to reinforce the concrete.

In 1956 Jón Ólafsson went to Iceland for the express purpose of arousing interest in the production of steel. Formal and informal discussions took place with representatives of government and others. So far no action has been taken, largely because in the rapid expansion of industry in Iceland other undertakings had to be given priority.

Jón is going to Iceland later this summer and undoubtedly will urge upon the government and industrialists to give further thought to the possibility of establishing a steel plant in Iceland.

—W. J. Lindal

PUBLICATIONS BY ÁSKELL LÖVE

Recent botanical and other publications reveal that the contributions of Dr. Áskell Löve, of the Institut Botanique de l'University de Montreal, are being regularly accepted as valuable original work in his field. The following have come to hand.

1. Problems of the Pleistocene and Arctic, Origin of the Arctic Flora, Publication of McGill University Museums, by Dr. Áskell Löve.

2. Review by Áskell Löve of "A Milestone in Botanical Cartography", by Eric Hulthen; reprint from *Rhodora*, January 1959.

3. Review by Áskell Löve of "Flora and Vegetation of the Alps", by Claude Favarger; reprint from *Rhodora*, May 1959.

4. Review by Áskell Löve of "Forest Fires and Their Ecological Effects"

by Evald Ugglá; reprint from *Ecology*, July 1959.

5. Review by Áskell Löve of "Practical Phenology" by M. Y. Nuttinson; reprint from *Ecology*, October 1959.

6. Occurrence of Supernumerary Chromosomes and Chromosome Fragments in *Aegilops*, by M. S. Chennaveeraiah and Áskell Löve, reprint from *Canadian Journal of Genetics and Cytology*, July 1959.

7. Cytotoxonomy of *Cerastium holosteoides* by Áskell Löve and M. S. Chennaveeraiah; reprint from *Phyton*, 1959.

8. Review of "The Mango", a book on this exceptional fruit of India, — published by the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, New Delhi; reviewed by M. S. Chennaveeraiah and Áskell Löve.

REMARKABLE FAMILY SPAN OF LIFE



Sigrún Smith

It is thought remarkable that people live to the ripe old age of eighty or ninety years, and rightly so. It has come to our notice that four children of a pioneer family have a combined span of life of three hundred and eighty six years (386).

Ingríður Johnson was born July 1859
Sigrún Smith was born in 1861.

Guðríður was born in the year 1863
Barði Skúlason was born Jan. 19, 1871
They were born on a farm near Reykir
in Iceland.

Their parents were Guðmundur Skúlason, born Dec. 31, 1836 in Skagafjörð, Iceland and Guðríður Guðmundsdóttir born in Skagafjörð May 31, 1834. They emigrated to Canada in 1876 and settled near Möðruvellir north of Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba but moved to a farm near Mountain, North Dakota the same year.

Guðmundur died August 6, 1914
and Guðríður died March 14, 1926.

This photograph of Sigrún Smith was taken when she was seventy years of age, to surprise her six children, on her birthday. She divulged her plan to her youngest son, Max, who kept her secret.

When Guðmundur and Guðríður Skúlason decided to move to North Dakota Sigrún, aged fifteen, asked her father if it would help to lighten the burden if she stayed behind in Winnipeg. Her father said it would. There were nine children in the family. Sigrún stayed and has remained in Winnipeg and married and raised her six children. In the words of her son, "the pioneers had something that will never again be found in people who enter the road called life."

Barði Skúlason, a renowned lawyer, is the youngest of this foursome, being eighty-nine. He is Consul of Iceland for the State of Oregon.

Many a story could be told of this family's interesting life, some sad and many happy events. If one knew one were to live a complete century, diaries would be kept and records would be available for future generations.

The Icelandic Canadian is happy to recognize the birthdays of this remarkable family.

—Mattie Halldorson

THE BISHOP OF ICELAND

GUEST OF THE ICELANDIC LUTHERAN SYNOD OF AMERICA

W. Kristjanson

A distinguished guest of honor at the annual conference of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod this year was the Most Reverend Sigurbjörn Einarsson, Bishop of Iceland. The Bishop was the invited guest of the conference, held at Glenboro, Manitoba, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Synod.

Bishop Einarsson arrived in Winnipeg, May 28th. On Sunday, May 29th, the Bishop was present at the morning service at St. Stephen's Church, Silver Heights, the charge of Pastor Eric Sigmar who is President of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod. The Bishop spoke briefly, extending greetings and giving his blessing to the congregation.

At the First Lutheran Church evening service the same day Bishop Einarsson was the guest speaker. The Pastor of the Church, Dr. V. J. Eylands, and Pastor Eric Sigmar assisted at the service, which took the form of the full Icelandic state church service, with responsive chanting.

The theme of the sermon was set forth in the question, "Who is Christ?" After a lapse of twenty centuries, the Bishop said, Christ's testimony stands unshaken. The words He spoke then are still the diadem, the jewel in the treasured sayings of mankind. The Bishop is a gifted speaker, scholarly and spiritually sensitive.

The evening service at the Unitarian Church was cancelled on this occasion to enable the minister and the mem-

bers of the evening congregation to accept an invitation to attend the service at the First Lutheran Church.

On Monday, May 30th, Bishop Einarsson was honored at a luncheon tendered by the Executive Board of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod, and on this occasion he was presented with a pin set from the Board.

During the Bishop's eight day stay he visited Selkirk, Gimli, including the Betel Home, Arborg, Lundar, Langruth and Mountain, North Dakota.

At the Synod Conference at Glenboro, Bishop Einarsson delivered the anniversary service, which opened the conference, and at the conclusion he presented a fund of 50,000 crowns from the State Church of Iceland to the Synod, for the exchange of pastors between the State Church and the Synod. The Bishop was presented with an illuminated scroll as the Honorary Patron of the Synod.

The Bishop's fine spirit and depth of thought promoted a desire on the part of even the younger and in some instances the not Icelandic speaking members of the conference to maintain the bond with the Church in Iceland.

The readers of the Icelandic Canadian magazine will be interested to review the excellent article on Skálholt by Bishop Einarsson, in the Winter, 1954 issue of the magazine, and the reference to Bishop Einarsson by Pastor Eric Sigmar, in his Skálholt article, in the Spring, 1956 issue of the magazine.

GRETTIR THE STRONG

by ART REYKDAL

The following are the first pages of a booklet of about sixty pages which is not a complete translation but, according to the author, is "adapted from the Original Saga". The original "Grettissaga" is one of the favorite sagas of Ancient Iceland.

When Harald the Fairhair, after a long series of bloody battles, had conquered all his opponents and declared himself king over all Norway, many of the nobles he had vanquished refused to submit to his tyranny and emigrated to Iceland, where they could establish a colony of their own. Here, late in the tenth century, a descendant of these Norse nobles, Asmundur Thorgrimsson, lived on a farmstead called Bjarg, along with his wife, Asdis Bardardottir, and his sons, Atli and Grettir. The daughters of the family, Rannveig and Thordis, had married and left to establish homes of their own.

Grettir Asmundsson was a morose lad. There were great and good qualities in his character, but they were buried deep and it took many years and a good deal of suffering to bring them out. He seldom took part in activities with others, but preferred to withdraw himself from the crowd, listening to what was being said and brooding over what he had heard. On the rare occasions when he entered into games with other boys, the sport usually ended in a brawl, for his sullenness was exceeded only by his quick-tempered aggressiveness.

When his father set him a task, he did it so poorly and with such bad grace the Asmundur regretted having

made the request, and there was no love lost between father and son. He was sent to tend a flock of geese, and killed them all. He was to look after his father's horse, and stripped its hide with a knife so that the animal, deprived of its winter coat of hair, was content to stay within the confines of the barn instead of wandering about in the cold and forcing Grettir to come looking for him. Asmundur suffered much from lumbago, a condition that was greatly aggravated by the cold of winter. It eased his suffering, when enduring an attack of his affliction, to have his back rubbed with a hot cloth. Grettir considered this a task fit only for women and servants, so when he was asked to rub his father's back, he resented the order and complied with it only half-heartedly.

"You are growing slack," complained Asmundur when Grettir, growing weary of his task, rubbed with ever-increasing vigour. "Rub harder. Let me feel your hand."

"Do you want to feel my hand, Father?" asked Grettir, with imposing sweetness. Nearby was a pair of wool-carding combs, wire-bristled brushes used to prepare wool for spinning. Grettir took one of these and drew it down his father's back and the blood flowed.

Asmundur had a friend, Thorkell Krafla, who was a chief and member at the Althing, and a frequent visitor at Bjarg. In the spring of the year 1011, Thorkell stopped in at Bjarg on his way to a session of the Althing and he

and Asmundur fell to discussing the future of the two boys, Atli and Grettir. About Atli, Asmundur had little concern, for he was a good-natured and amiable lad, efficient at all the tasks of the farm, but when the conversation turned to Grettir, he was not so optimistic.

"Let him come with me to Thingvellir," suggested Thorkell, "and I shall be able to see on the journey of what stuff he is made."

Asmundur readily agreed to the proposal and Grettir, with the enthusiasm of youth, saw prospects of adventure in the journey. The way was long, and many overnight camps had to be made. One morning when the party awoke, they found that many of their horses had strayed, Grettir's among them. Grettir found his horse easily enough, for the animal had been hobbled, but his pack-sack was gone from the saddle where he had left it tied. As Grettir began wandering about, looking for the pack-sack, he saw the rest of the party mount their horses and ride off—all but one, who walked around scanning the ground, apparently in the same predicament as Grettir. Grettir approached the older man and, speaking to him, found that his name was Skeggi, that he was a house-churl from a farm in Vatnsdal, and that he, too, had lost his pack-sack. Skeggi broke off the conversation abruptly as he spotted something white lying under a mass of lava. Both he and Grettir ran towards the object, but Skeggi got there first and threw it over his shoulder.

Grettir caught up to him, panting. "Let me see that pack-sack," he said amiably. "It might be mine rather than yours."

When Skeggi refused to give up the pack-sack, Grettir was certain that it was his, and tried to drag it away from

the churl. Skeggi suddenly seized his axe and swung at Grettir's head, but the boy saw his intention in time and, putting up his left hand, caught the handle of the axe below where Skeggi's hand held it and, wrenching the weapon from his grasp, gave him a blow with it that split his skull open. Leaving the dead man to bleed on the grass, Grettir picked up the pack-sack, perceived that it was his own, and, mounting, hastened to join the rest of the party. Thus Grettir Asmundsson killed his first man. He was fourteen years of age.

Of course, Thorkell Krafla wanted to know what had happened to Skeggi, for he was the leader of the group and responsible for its members. Grettir was a true Viking skald. Only an Iceland-lander could commit manslaughter and with the blood of his victim still clammy and damp on his hands, turn around and compose poetry about it. He answered Thorkell in rhyme, and what he had done to Skeggi was as nothing compared to what he did to the muse. The charm of ancient Icelandic poetry consisted of never calling anything by its right name, but using instead some far-fetched similitude; and it has gone echoing down the ages in a confusion of riddles that make the modern reader's head swim. But Thorkell was accustomed to poetic paraphrase and readily perceived what had taken place. He gave Grettir a choice: he could either go on with him to the assize or go home; but the incident would have to be investigated at the law gathering, and judgement passed upon it. Grettir agreed to go on and find out for himself what fate had in store for him.

Thorkell Krafla represented Grettir when his case was brought up for consideration at the assize, and paid blood money to Skeggi's family, according

to the custom of the times. But the court decreed that Grettir had acted with undue violence and as there was no evidence except his own word that Skeggi had made the first attack, he was outlawed and banished from Iceland for three winters. Grettir did not take his sentence too seriously, for he was tired of staying at home and longed to see some of the world.

When Grettir returned to Bjarg with the tidings of what had befallen him his father received the news without undue surprise. Asmundur knew an old sailor, Haflidi of Reydarfell, who was preparing to set out for Norway, and he immediately sent a servant to ask Haflidi if he would take Grettir with him. Haflidi was not anxious to have a youth of Grettir's disposition on his ship, but he had great respect for Asmundur and, for his sake, assented.

There were many to bid Grettir farewell, but few expressed any desire to see him return. The boy asked his father to give him some weapon to take on the journey, but Asmundur refused, feeling that he would fare better unarmed until he had learned to control his temper. Asdis, however, accompanied her son down the valley and when they were alone and a good distance from the house, she drew a sword from under her cloak and presented it to Grettir.

"It belonged to your great-grandfather," she told him, "and many a hard fight has it seen. I give it to you, and pray that you may use it well."

II

On board Haflidi's ship, Grettir immediately looked about for a place where he could be comfortable and made a berth for himself under a boat that was slung on deck. He hung his coat in such a way as to form a protec-

tion against the wind and, taking his food and provisions with him, nestled snugly inside, refusing to help in any way with the tasks of navigation. As the journey advanced, Grettir began to compose satiric verses lampooning the other men aboard, and singing them out to his victims whenever they passed near his little den. As the small craft advanced farther out to sea a storm blew up and all aboard had to work at bailing water out of the leaky hold. All, that is, except Grettir, who refused to leave his retreat. He lay coiled up under the boat and threw irritating snatches of verse at the cold and dripping workers, exasperating them so much that it took all of Haflidi's tact to keep them from throwing him overboard.

The weather slowly began to mend, and the sun shone out between the clouds; but the wind was still strong and the leak gained on the ship. With the warmer weather, the women, who had been under cover during the gale, came out on deck and sat sewing near Grettir's shelter. Now the men began to turn the tables on Grettir, telling him that he had found suitable company at last; for he was not a man, but a milksop. Grettir couldn't stand that. He sprang from his shelter, clambered down in the hold, and filled and heaved bailing buckets so fast that it took four men to keep up with him. When the others saw how strong and active he could be, they praised him highly, and Grettir, unaccustomed to flattery, worked with ever-increasing vigour, until there were eight men receiving and emptying the buckets that he passed up. From then on, Grettir was one of the most useful hands aboard.

But the party's troubles were not over. They drifted into a fog and lost their bearings, finally piling up on a

rock with such force that the bottom of the ship was shattered. Only with the utmost difficulty were they able to launch their ship's boat, load her with men and goods and row off before the ship went to pieces. They made shore on a small island off the coast of Norway and were seen next morning by Thorfinnur Karsson, who had a farm on the mainland close by. Thorfinnur came out to the island on a large punt to rescue the shipwrecked sailors, and brought men and cargo to shore. He took them into his home, where they stayed a week, while Thorfinnur and his family did everything possible to cheer them and make them comfortable.

When Hafliði and his party went on their way, Grettir remained behind. Thorfinnur had not asked him to stay, but he was too hospitable to ask him to leave, in spite of the fact that Grettir was morose and sullen. He never offered to help with any of the work and never joined in a conversation, though he ate and drank heartily enough.

Christmas drew near, and Thorfinnur prepared to go to another of his farms, a day's journey distant, where he had invited many of his neighbors for the festival. His wife was unable to go with him, for their daughter was sick and needed careful nursing. Grettir he did not invite, for he disliked the ill-natured lad and felt that he would be a damper on the merry-making. Grettir spent the entire day of Thorfinnur's departure out of doors, not in the most amiable mood at being left to keep house with the women and eight dunderheaded churls. He fed his discontent by sitting on a headland watching the boats glide by, as parties went to attend convivial gatherings at homes of their friends.

Norway at that time was plagued by bands of rovers who pillaged and

robbed wherever they went, kidnapping women, holding them for a week or half a month, then returning them to their homes. Earl Eiríkur Hákonarson had declared them outlaws, and Thorfinnur Karsson had also incurred their wrath, for he had taken a strong part in the struggle against them.

As the day began to decline and Grettir was on the point of returning to the house, an approaching vessel attracted his attention. He observed that she stole along in the shadows of the islets, keeping out of sight as much as possible. As she stranded and the rowers jumped to the beach, Grettir counted them and found they were twelve, all armed. They burst into Thorfinnur's boat house, thrust out his punt, drew in their own vessel in its place and pulled her up on the rollers.

Grettir sauntered down hill, kicking the pebbles before him.

"Who is your leader?" he asked curtly.

"I am," answered a stout coarse man—"Thorir Thombi. This is my brother, Ogmundur Illi. Thorfinnur knows us well enough. We have come to settle a little something. Is he at home?"

"You are lucky fellows," laughed Grettir. "Thorfinnur is away with all his men, and won't be back for a couple of days. Now is your time if you have old scores to settle, for he has left everything he values unprotected."

Thorir listened, then turned to Ogmundur and said, "It is as I expected. But what a chatterbox this lad is. He lets out everything without being asked questions."

"Every man knows the use of his tongue," said Grettir. "Now follow me, and I will do what I can for you."

Then Grettir took fat Thorir by the hand and led him to the farm, talking all the way as fast as his tongue could

wag. As they entered the house he called Thorfinnur's wife: 'I have brought you guests for Christmas, so we shan't keep it in so dull a fashion as we expected.'

"Who are they?" asked the housewife.

"Thorir Thombi and Ogmundur Illi, with ten of their comrades."

The woman was horrified. "What have you done, Grettir?" she cried. These are the worst ruffians in all Norway. Is this the way you repay the kindness that Thorfinnur has shown you?"

"Hold your tongue, woman!" growled Grettir, "and bring out dry clothes for our guests."

The woman ran away crying, and her sick daughter, when she saw the house invaded by such fierce-looking men, all armed, hid herself.

"Well," said Grettir, "since the women are too scared to attend to you, I will do it myself. Give me your wet clothes, and let me wipe your weapons and set them by the fire so they won't get rusted."

"You are different from all the rest in this house," said Thorir.

"I do not belong to the house. I am a stranger, an Icelander."

"Then I don't mind taking you with us when we go away."

Then the outlaws gave Grettir their weapons, and he wiped them and laid them aside in a warm spot. Next he removed their wet garments and brought them dry clothes which he routed out of the chests belonging to Thorfinnur and his men. By this time it was night. Grettir brought in logs and faggots of fir branches, and made a roaring fire that filled the great hall with warmth and light.

"Now, then," said Grettir, "come to the table and drink. You must be thirsty with your long rowing."

"We are ready," said they. "But where are the cellars?"

"Oh, if you please, I will bring you ale."

Grettir went and fetched the best and strongest ale in Thorfinnur's cellars and poured it out for the men. They were tired and thirsty, and they drank eagerly. Grettir kept serving them more, and at last he sat by them, telling tales and singing songs, though they were fast becoming too tipsy to fully comprehend all that he said: Not one of the house-churls showed his face in the hall that evening. They slunk about the farm, in the stables and sheds, frightened.

Finally Thorir said: "I'll tell you what, my men. I like this young chap, and I doubt if we'll find another so handy and willing. What say you all to our taking him into our band?"

The pirates banged their drinking horns on the table in token of approval and Grettir agreed that he would go with them if they were still of the same mind when the ale had left their heads; for by now they were so drunk that he proposed they should go to bed.

But first of all," said he, "I think you will like to run your eyes over Thorfinnur's storehouse where he keeps all his treasures."

"That we shall!" roared Thorir, staggering to his feet.

The storehouse was detached from the main buildings. It was very strongly built of massive logs, firmly mortised together. The door was solid, and the building stood on a strong stone foundation, with a flight of stone steps leading up to the door. Adjoining the storehouse was a lean-to building divided off from it by a partition of planks. As they approached, the revellers staggered against one another, uttering intoxicated howls and trying to sing.

Drawing back the bolt, Grettir flung the door open and showed the twelve rovers into the treasure. He held a flaming torch above his head and showed the silver-mounted drinking horns, the embroidered garments, the rich fur mantles, gold bracelets, and bags filled with silver coins. The drunken men dashed upon the spoils, knocking each other over and quarrelling for the goods they wanted. In spite of the noise and tumult Grettir quickly extinguished the torch, stepped outside and bolted the door, leaving the twelve rovers locked in the storehouse, unarmed, with their weapons drying by the fire in the farmhouse.

Grettir ran to the house and shouted for Thorfinnur's wife, but she would not answer.

"Come!" shouted Grettir. "I have caught all twelve, and all I need now is a weapon. Call up the thralls and arm them. Quick- Not a moment can be lost!"

"There are plenty of weapons here," answered the poor woman, emerging from her hiding place. "But, Grettir, I don't trust you."

"Trust or no trust," said Grettir, "I must have weapons. Where are the servants? Here, Kolbeinn! Sveinn! Gamlil . . . Confound the cowards, where are they skulking?"

"Over Thorfinnur's bed hangs a great halberd", said the housewife. "You will also find a sword and helmet and cuirass. We have no lack of weapons, only of the pluck to wield them."

Grettir seized a helmet and spear, girded on the sword and dashed into the yard, begging the woman to send the churls after him. She called the eight men, and they came timidly—that is to say, four appeared and took the weapons, but the other four, after showing their faces, ran and hid themselves again .

Meanwhile the pirates had been trying the door, but it was too massive for them to break through, so they tore down the partitions of boards between the storehouse and the lean-to at the side. Mad with drink and fury, they broke down the door of the side room and came out on the platform at the head of the stone steps just as Grettir reached the bottom.

Thorir and Ogmundur came together, armed with splinters they had broken from the planks and turned into weapons. The brothers plunged down the narrow stairs with a howl that rang through the snow-clad forest for miles. Grettir planted the spear in the ground and caught Thorir on its point. The sharp double-edged blade, three feet in length, pierced him and came out between his shoulders, then tore into Ogmundur's breast a span deep. The wretched men crashed down the steps, tried to rise, staggered, and fell again. Grettir planted his foot on Thorir, wrenched the spear out of him, and ran up the steps to cut down another rover as he came through the door. Then the rest came out stumbling over each other, and as they came forth Grettir hewed at them with the sword, or thrust at them with the spear.

In the meantime the churls came, armed, but too frightened to use their weapons to any purpose. The pirates saw that they were being worsted, and their danger sobered them. They went back into the room and ripped the planks till they had obtained several strong pieces, then came two together down the stairs, warding off Grettir's blows with their sticks. They forced him back and allowed space and time for those behind them to leap down to the ground. They did not realize that they were assailed by a single enemy, so those who had leaped from the platform, instead of attacking

Grettir from behind, ran away across the farmyard; and those who were left warding off his blows lost heart when they found themselves unsupported. They too leaped down and ran towards the boat-house, Grettir after them. Grettir followed them into the gloom of the boat-house, smiting to right and left. The thralls, content that the pirates had cleared out of the yard, did not bother to pursue them, but returned to the farmhouse. The housewife urged them vainly to go and help Grettir, but they had had enough.

The boat-house was open on the side facing the sea, while the farther side was closed with a door, throwing Grettir into shadow. But the moon shone on the water, and he could see the black figures of the rovers cut sharply against this silver background; so Grettir could see where to strike while he himself was enveloped in gloom. He killed two more of the ruffians; then the remaining four made a dash together, past him, through the door and, separating into pairs, fled in opposite directions. Grettir went after one of the couples and tracked them to a neighboring farm, where they dashed into a granary and hid among the straw. Unfortunately for them, most of the wheat had been thrashed, so that only a few bundles remained. Grettir followed them into the granary, shut and bolted the door behind him, then chased the poor devils like rats from corner to corner, till he had cut them both down. Then he opened the door and cast the corpses outside.

Meanwhile, the weather was changing; the sky had become overcast with a thick fog that rolled up from the sea, so that Grettir, on coming out, saw

that he must abandon the pursuit of the remaining pirates. Moreover his strength was failing and a sense of overpowering fatigue stole over him.

The housewife had placed a lamp in the window as a guide to Grettir in the fog that turned into snowfall, thick and blinding. Grettir struggled through it with difficulty and when at last he reached the house and staggered in through the door, he could hardly speak. He went to the table, took a horn of ale, drank some, and threw himself down among the rushes on the floor by the fire to sleep, his strong hand still grasping the sword..

When Thorfinnur returned home and saw the pirate vessel still lying in his own boat-house, he despaired for the life of his wife and daughter, but both women came out of the house to greet him and tell him all that had taken place.

"It is a wise proverb," said Thorfinnur, "which says 'Never despair of anyone'. But I must go in and have a word with Grettir."

Thorfinnur walked with his wife to the house, and when he saw Grettir he held out both his hands to him, and thanked him.

"This I say to you," said Thorfinnur, "which few would say to their best friends—that I hope some day you may need my help, and then I will prove to you how thankful I am for what you have done. I can say no more."

Grettir thanked him, and spent the rest of the winter at his house. The story of what he had done spread through all the country, and was much praised. And Thorfinnur gave Grettir as a present the sword which had hung above his bed, with which Grettir had killed so many of the ruffians.



Cover Verse

It is very fitting that on this occasion we should publish a poem by the late Einar P. Jónsson who passed away in May last year. A brief article on him appeared in the Summer 1959 issue of this magazine. The poem selected,

"Þjónn ljóssins" was translated by Mrs. Jakobina Johnson, Einar's sister-in-law, and the translation appeared in her latest book of translations, "Northern Lights."

ÞJÓNÐ LJÓSSINS

eftir Einar P. Jónsson

Hamrarnir skelfa' ekki hug þess manns,
er, helgaður þjónustu sannleikans,
leitar til ljóssins hæða
að lind hinna dýpstu fræða.

Útverðir dagroðans eggja hann,
þann andlega brattsækna konung-
mann,
að klífa upp björgin bláu
og af brúninni skygnast háu.

Þar mótast hans andi, er morguninn
dregur myndir á austurhiminn
og ljósfljótin líða að sævi
með ljóðklið í heiðis-blævi.

Að lýsa' inn í myrkrin er löngun hans
að ljóma upp skammdegi syrgjandans.—
Hann langar að lækna sárin
með ljósi og þerra tárin.

Um aldirnar stendur þar óðal hans,
þess einbeitta talsmanns sannleikans—
í álfunni óðs og hljóma,
við eilífan dýrðarljóma.

SERVANT OF LIGHT

by Einar P. Jónsson

translated by Jakobina Johnson

No precipice inspires with fear
The ardent seeker, whose heart sincere
The service of light has entered,
His thought on his mission centered.

Each sentinel of the dawning day
Beckons him to be on his way
The cliffs and the mountain scaling,
His courage and zeal prevailing.

His thoughts take shape where fair
and high
The morn writes a pledge in the
eastern sky,
And rivers of light are flowing
In tune with the cool winds blowing.

A longing is born to share that light
Where sorrow broods through the
longest night —
And with its healing powers
Transforms the darkest hours.

Thus through the ages his torch burns
bright —
— The earnest spokesman of truth and
light,
The poet and singer hoary
Would share this eternal glory.

Coincidence, Telepathy—or What?

In view of the recent great discoveries in the fields of electronics and radiation I now deem it timely to record an incident that I experienced nearly half a century ago. It may not be of much scientific value at the moment; but it at least challenges serious thought and in time to come may prove to furnish one slight lead to the solution of a question that has long intrigued the minds of scientists, as well as the unlearned. Dreams are a phenomenon that has never been thoroughly understood nor satisfactorily explained, and yet it may be one of the stepping-stones to the correct solution of some of the mysteries of the mind.

On the night of May 28-29, 1914, I was sleeping soundly in my home in a Saskatchewan town when I had what I considered to be a remarkable dream. And it was not a mere one-act dream, but a triple one. I woke up twice during the night, and each time when I dozed off again I was plummeted in mind or spirit to the same location and to a similar view.

After the third scene it was already daylight, and at once I remarked to my wife what an unusual and peculiar dream I had had; and forthwith I recited it as minutely as I could remember its details. The gist of it was as follows:

I dreamt that I was standing on a main-street corner in the centre of a little town that in my consciousness was located somewhere in eastern Canada. The street ran from south to north and I had a clear view of rather broad, grassy flats below the town, stretching toward a body of water that met the horizon. I could see no boats

or ships on the water, but a great concourse of people was coming slowly on foot up towards the town. Presently the street and sidewalks filled with men, women and children, all scantily clad and mostly in night attire.

Somehow I sensed that there had been a disaster on the water and that these people were survivors who had managed to escape. I peered intently at one and all of those who passed by me to see if I could spot any familiar faces, and finally I discovered one. Coming up to where I stood was a man whom I had known slightly in my younger days, in Dakota, and later seen once or twice in Winnipeg; and with him was someone whom I recognized in my dream, but could not recall immediately on waking up. The man was Hannes Petursson, a somewhat prominent businessman of Winnipeg, and his companion, as I later recalled and learned, was his wife, Tillie, whom I had previously seen on occasion, but not often. By the look on their faces I could see that they were greatly disturbed, and the few words passing between us confirmed that a tragedy of some sort had taken place. But just what was said I had forgotten when I awoke after the last act of the dream. Hannes had nothing on but his pyjamas, and his usually sleek and well groomed hair was ruffled and a bit soiled, which even in my dream I remarked and wondered at. His wife's apparel I either did not notice or immediately forgot.

At no other time in my 77 years have I dreamt about these people, and on the occasion named I had no knowledge

of the fact that they had been passengers on the *Empress of Ireland* or any other ship. I was unaware of their intention to take a trip anywhere in any manner at that time. And so, partly because of my slight acquaintance with the Peturssons and partly because of the vividness and persistence of the dream, my reaction was acute astonishment; and for that reason I felt constrained to recite the dream forthwith, as I did.

A few hours later, at about 11:00 a.m. the same day, the news came over the wires that the *Empress of Ireland* had gone down in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the first press report the following day listed the Peturssons among the missing. A day or so later, however, it was announced that they were among the saved, but stranded and without funds at Father Point. All their clothes and baggage went down with the ship and their projected trip abroad was

abandoned. In due course they returned to Winnipeg and are still there, I believe, now in retirement.

As far as I know I am not especially sensitive to radiation or mental suggestion, for I have had only one other experience of a similar nature. Telepathy, if there is such a thing (as I think there is), is probably the answer. In my relaxed state during sleep I may accidentally have been attuned to Hannes' thinking and thus have seen with my mind's eye what he was pondering and looking at. The mechanical radio is not necessarily the only transmitter of such delicate and intangible impulses. At this stage, however, speculation on my part is idle. All I can do is to state the facts, as I have done, and leave the rest to those who are better equipped to interpret the phenomenon, if indeed anyone, so far, can provide a rational and scientific solution. —Paul Bjarnason

BOOK REVIEW

EYRBYGGJA SAGA

Translated from the Old Icelandic by Paul Schach. Introduction and verse translations by Lee M. Hollander. Lincoln, Nebraska: The University of Nebraska Press and The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1959. Pp. 140. — \$4.25

The only previous complete translation of the *Eyrbyggja Saga* into English is the one by Morris and Magnusson in their *Saga Library*, Vol. II, 1892, a notable work in its day, but marred by excessively antiquated language. Fortunately, the style of translating the sagas has since then changed in the direction of naturalness and simplicity. With that in mind this new translation

has been undertaken; a timely task indeed, and the result is a most worthy and welcome addition to recent saga translations in the same vein.

The present translation is rightly based on the editions of the *Eyrbyggja saga* by Hugo Gering in *Altnordische Saga-Bibliothek* (1897) and by Einar Ól. Sveinsson in the *Íslenzk Fornrit* series (1935), the most authoritative editions of the saga.

In a concise introduction to the translation Professor Hollander evaluates the *Eyrbyggja saga* in terms of subject-matter, plot-construction, characterization, and style. As might be expected, his discussion of these, as well as other matters pertaining to the saga, is based on a wide knowledge of the subject, with corresponding insight and understanding; and his con-

clusions, therefore, are equally sound and trustworthy.

The real name of the *Eyrbyggja saga* is "the saga of the Thorsnessings, the people of Eyr, and those of the Alptafjord;" an appropriate designation, for it is the story of a whole country side, dealing with the life and the feuds of prominent families and individuals in the area of the Snæfellsness peninsula in Western Iceland. This, in turn, accounts for the circumstance that the saga is far from being as close-knit as the other great family sagas; in fact, it is quite episodic, although a closer look reveals a greater degree of unity than appears on the surface, resulting from the recurrence of certain characters, especially the person of Snorri, and from other links in the action bridging the gaps between the apparently disconnected episodes.

While Snorri, in particular during the latter half of the saga, after he has won his firm position of leadership, towers above the others, he is by no means the only personality holding the stage in this varied and arresting chronicle. There are many other memorable figures, men and women alike, not least Arnkel, Snorri's great rival, a noble and sympathetic leader of men. As a matter of fact, here is a whole gallery of strongly individualized personages, attesting the mastery of the unknown author in character portrayal.

Further, the *Eyrbyggja saga* has a great cultural-historical significance, for it abounds in descriptions of the traditions and the customs of the Norse men of old, their religious beliefs and temple-rites, their folkways and legal practices, making the saga

"a veritable treasure trove for the folklorist, the archeologist, the student of cults and traditions."

Professor Schach is primarily responsible for the translation of the text, and a careful comparison with the Icelandic original shows that his translation is not only painstakingly accurate, but rendered into fluent English as well. He has succeeded excellently in reproducing the clear and vigorous style of the saga, which is remarkably free from all artificiality, and at the same time he has to an uncommon degree retained the spirit of the original.

The *Eyrbyggja saga* has deep ancient roots, and specialists agree that most of the thirty-seven skaldic verses, which constitute an important part of it, are by and large genuine. Professor Hollander has translated these, and with his customary effectiveness in that field has managed to reproduce in his translation of these verses the sonorousness, the language, and the pictorial quality of that remarkable genre of Old Norse poetry in an impressive fashion.

The notes, though limited to a minimum, will prove very helpful, and the same is true of the maps, in particular the one of the locality in Western Iceland where the saga takes place. In connection with the notes, one minor comment is, however, in order. *Skegg*, in the meaning "dweller, man" referred to in the note on page 3, should be *skeggi*. Cf. *eyjarskeggi*, "islander", still common in Icelandic, not least in the plural *eyjarskeggjar*.

The book is well printed and attractive in appearance; in that respect it also does honor to all concerned.

—Richard Beck

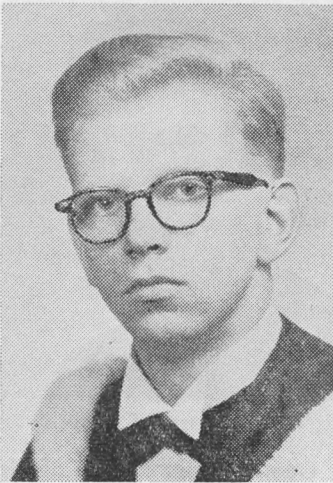
Graduates and Scholarship Winners

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

GRADUATES

Bachelor of Arts (Honors Course)

Andrea Kathleen Sigurjonsson — of Winnipeg won the University Gold Medal. Daughter of J. E. Sigurjonsson, Principal of Selkirk Collegiate.



Donald Wayne Swainson

Donald Wayne Swainson, of Winnipeg, last spring was awarded a \$1,500 scholarship from the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Foundation for a year's post-graduate work at the University of Toronto.

Bachelor of Science (Honors Course)

Thor Victor Jacobson—First Class Honors. See Icelandic Canadian, Summer 1959.

Doctor of Medicine

Arni Thordur Laxdal, B.Sc., Arcola, Saskatchewan.

Anaesthesiology Diploma

Arnold Willard Holm, M.D., of Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Science

Dorothy Salome Backman, Clarkleigh.

Phyllis Thordis Johnson, Winnipeg.

Diane Lillian Joan Skandarbeg, Gladstone.

Ellen Anderson, Selkirk.

Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering

Melvin Gustaf Williams, Hecla, Man.

Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering

Gudni Charles Backman, Clarkleigh.

Garry Wayne Stephanson, St. James, Manitoba.

Robert Bruce Johnson, Fort William,

Bachelor of Laws

Gilbert Raymond Goodman, B.A., Winnipeg, Man.

Bachelor of Pedagogy

Lois Dawn Frederickson, B.A., Winnipegosis.

Joan Oddny Parr, B.A. 1952, nee Asgeirson, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Education

Gudmundur Kristjan Breckman, B.A., School Principal at Stonewall, Manitoba.

Norma Olive Johnson, B.A. Norwood, Manitoba.

Conrad Wilhelm Sigurdson, B. A., St. James, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Science—Geological

Allan Gardner Stevenson, Winnipeg, son of Andrea nee Sigurjonsson.

Bachelor of Commerce

Peter Ronald Erlendson, Winnipeg. Won scholarship last year. See. Icel. Canadian, Summer 1959.

Bachelor of Science in Home Economics

Lillian Joyce Borgfjord, Arborg, Manitoba.

Marylyn Jean Stephenson, Ft. Garry, Manitoba..

Certificate in Education

Ellen Hamlin, B.A., Transcona, Manitoba.

Certificate in Nursing—Public Health

Ingibjorg Johanna Solmundson, Selkirk, Manitoba.

Certificate in Nursing Education — (Teaching and Supervision)

Unnur Kristjansson, Winnipeg. See Icel. Can. Winter 1959.

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

Roger Karton Eyvindson, Carberry, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Arts

Harold Frederick Bjarnason, Gimli, Manitoba.

Martin James Bjarnason, Winnipeg.

Hadley Jon Leif Eyrikson, Winnipeg

Eleanor Sigrun Johannson,, Arborg.

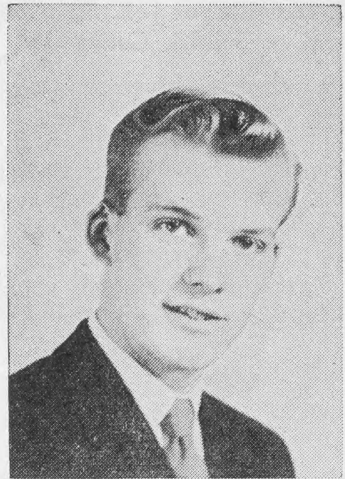
Anna Gudrun Johnson, Gimli.

Annabelle Stefanson, Steep Rock, Manitoba.

Aldis Lynne Thorsteinson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

★

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS IN UNDERGRADUATE YEARS, UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Eric George Clemens

Eric George Clemens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clemens of Fort Garry, Man. won the following scholarships:

Manitoba Association of Architects Scholarship—Fourth Year —\$150.00

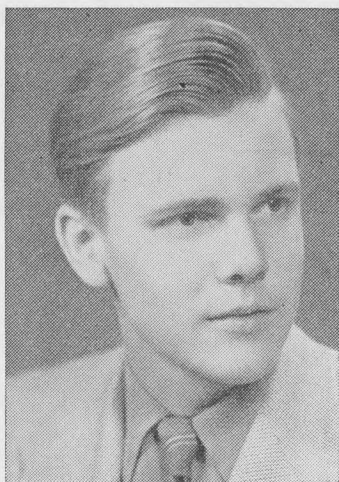
Manitoba Association of Architects' Prize (for major design problems and sketch problems) Fourth Year—Books to value of \$25.00

Canadian Pittsburg Industries Limited Scholarship— Architectural Design IVA—second highest standing \$100.00.

Lighting Material Limited Prize (for design for lighting fixture \$20.00.

Isbister Scholarship, \$150.00

W. Allan McKay Memorial Scholarship. Highest standing in Structural Design, (3rd year) and Reinforced Concrete (4th year), \$100.00..



Eric Sigurdson

Eric Sigurdson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Larus Sigurdson, Winnipeg, won the E. M. Brydon Memorial Scholarship for second highest standing in Second Year Engineering—\$250.00.

For previous honours see Icel. Can. Summer 1959.

★

Elizabeth Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olie C. Sigurdson of Swan River, won the Second Year Home Economics Students' Society Bursary—\$100.00.

For previous honours won, see Icel. Can., Summer 1959.

★

Miss Joan Bjerring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kari Bjerring of Winnipeg, won the T. Eaton Co. of Canada Limited Prize for rug design—\$25.00.

Derwyn John Frederickson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Frederickson of Benito, won the following awards:

Klieforth Prize—highest standing in American History—\$33.44.

Lieutenant Morris Soronow Memorial Scholarship, (Arts and Science

Third Year, for next highest average to last Isbister Scholarship winner)—\$40.00.

Winnipeg Life Underwriters' Association Scholarship (for highest average in Third Year Arts, General, Honors, or Latin Philosophy) —\$100.

Robert Frederickson, son of Mrs. L. Frederickson, Elmwood, won E. M. Brydon Memorial Scholarship for second highest standing in First Year Engineering —\$250.00.

★

SASKATCHEWAN UNIVERSITY

The names of the following graduates of Icelandic extraction appeared in the Convocation Program of the University of Saskatchewan, May, 1960.

Bachelor of Arts

Morine Barbara Baldwin, Regina. Graduated with Great Distinction and won the Honours Bursary in Psychology.

Margaret Emelia Kristjansson, Colonsay, Sask.

Mundi Irving Josephson, Saskatoon.

Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering

Charles John Runolfson, Semans.

Bachelor of Science in Home Ec.

Geraldine Sharon Johnson, Saskatoon, Sask.

Doctor of Medicine

Frances Augustine Horner (nee Magnusson) Saskatoon, winner of C. V. Mosby Book Award 1959.

Bachelor of Science in Nursing

Helen Valerie Frederickson, Regina.

Diploma in Agriculture

Harold Halldor Bjornson, Smeaton.

Diploma in Education

Wanda Sharon Gail Thorfinnson
B.A., Wynyard, Sask.

Diploma in Nursing

Alice Elizabeth Bjornson, Elfros.
Helga Lilja Johannson, Wadena.

★

**DOCTOR OF MEDICINE
McGILL UNIVERSITY**

Hugh Gisli Bobson, B.Sc., won the Gold Medal for having had the highest marks in two subjects in Medicine for all the years of his course. He also won two prizes, one from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the province of Quebec, and the other from a children's hospital in Montreal. He was designated as one of the six most outstanding students of the year. He is the son of Mrs. Bergthora and Mr. Hugh Robson, lawyer, in Montreal, and the grandson of Gisli Jónsson, editor of Timarit, the publication of the Icelandic National League, of Winnipeg.

★

Miss Raquell Austmann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kristjan J. Austman of Winnipeg, has since her graduation been Lecturer in Interior Design in Manitoba University. A year ago she was appointed Assistant Professor of Interior Design in the Department of Architecture.

She has been taking summer courses at the University of California in Los Angeles where she stays with her twin sister, Mrs. E. B. Purdy during the summer months.

★

Miss Salome Olafson, daughter of William and Rannveig Olafson of Morden, Man., graduated as a nurse from Victoria General Hospital in May 1959. She is at present nursing in Kilarney Hospital.

WINS ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP

Paula Thorkelsson

Paula Thorkelsson— Born Nov. 8th, 1937 at St. Boniface Hospital. Her parents are Margaretta and Paul Thorkelsson, of 1112 Wolsely Ave., Winnipeg. On graduating from Gordon Bell High School she entered St. Boniface School of Nursing for a three-year course. She graduated from there in June 1959, and won the St. Boniface Alumnae Scholarship which she is now using to further her studies at the Allan Memorial Hospital in Montreal, Que.

Paula has passed her eighth grade at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario.

On graduating from Allan Memorial Hospital, she will travel abroad. In preparation for visiting Iceland, she is now studying the Icelandic language.

Her grandfather, Soffanias Thorkelsson, resides in Victoria, B.C.

★

A \$1,000 Fellowship from the Architectural firm of Eshbach, Pullinger, Stevens and Bruder of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., was awarded this spring to Sveinn F. J. Sigurdson of Winnipeg. The fellowship provides for graduate study in architecture at the

University of Pennsylvania's School of Fine Arts. ★



Morine Barbara Baldwinson

Morine Barbara Baldwinson, Regina, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts with Great Distinction at the second part of the University of Saskatchewan's 49th annual Convocation May 13. She also won an honors bursary in psychology.

★

MISS SELLA JOHNSON HONORED

On Friday evening, May 27, a social gathering was held in the Arborg Community Hall to honour Miss Sella Johnson, principal of the Ardal Collegiate. The occasion arose from the fact that the Encyclopedia Britannica of Canada Ltd., has donated a complete set (24 volumes) of the encyclopedia to each of 1,600 qualified English speaking or bi-lingual high schools in Canada. The company made the suggestion that in each case the set of books should be placed in the schools in honour of some distinguished community leader in the sphere of education and culture, and the citizens of the Ardal school district chose Miss Johnson as the person who would fully merit this honour.



Miss Sella Johnson

Miss Johnson has taught in Arborg altogether for twenty-one years, and during the past four years she has been the principal of the Collegiate. She is recognized as an outstanding teacher with a real flair for getting the best out of her pupils as well as imparting knowledge and building character in the youth under her guidance.

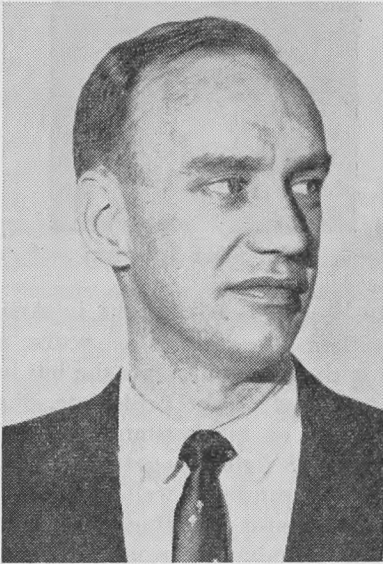
At the reception and presentation on May 27th, several speakers paid tribute to the fine work done by Miss Johnson in the school and in the community during her twenty-one years of fruitful service there. Pastor Jack Larson spoke of her generous service as a Sunday School teacher and S. S. Superintendent for many years. Mr. S. Vopnfjord, Reeve of the Municipality and chairman of the Division School Board, spoke warmly of Miss Johnson's fine ability as a teacher and community leader and made the presentation. Walter Nechiporick, president of the student council, spoke of her devotion to her students, her ability to give them each and all individual attention and guidance, and her knack of developing their best abilities.

The students of the Ardal school entertained with vocal and instru-

mental music. Miss Johnson thanked the students and the community for this honour and for the enjoyable evening's program. Following the entertainment, lunch was served.

Miss Johnson was brought up in Arborg, the daughter of Olafur and Ragnheiður Johnson, pioneers of the district, now both deceased.

ANNUAL MEETING of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB



Gunnar O. Eggertson

Gunnar O. Eggertson, B.A., L.L.B. is the newly-elected president of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

The annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Monday, June 6th, in the lower auditorium of the Unitarian Church. Vice-President H. J. Stefanson was in the chair.

The annual reports pictured a year of activity. The second and final instalment of the club donation to the Betel Home for the furnishing of a room has now been forwarded.

H. F. Danielson, Business Manager of the Icelandic Canadian magazine, reported a surplus and stated that the number of subscribers is at an all-time high. He stated that requests for the magazine are being received from far afield including a request for a com-

plete set from Kiel University, West Germany, and a request for exchange from the Warsaw University, Poland.

Judge W. J. Lindal, Chairman of the Editorial Board of the magazine, stated that contributions to the magazine were being received in such numbers that despite 56 and 64-page issues there is consistently a carryover of articles. Judge Lindal also spoke of the possibility of financial contributions through the medium of the Canada Iceland Foundation to the magazine fund through the Foundation.

Holmfridur Danielson reported that there are only a very few copies of **Iceland's Thousand Years** remaining in stock and that requests for copies are still being received. Mrs. Danielson reported a substantial financial surplus from the publication undertaking.

The following is the slate of officers for the ensuing year:

P. Pres.—Miss Caroline Gunnarson
 President—Gunnar Eggertson
 Secretary—Mrs. Lara B. Sigurdson
 Cor.Sec.—Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson
 Treasurer—Helgi Olsen

Executive members at large are: Judge W. J. Lindal, Mrs. Lottie Vopnfjord, and Sveinn Sveinson.

Social Convener (provisional) is Mrs. Ena Anderson. Membership convener is Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson, and Publicity convener is Miss Caroline Gunnarson.

The entire slate of the magazine board was re-elected.

A very pleasant social hour, with refreshments, brought the evening to a close.

—W. K.

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In The News

APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF CANCER SOCIETY DRIVE



A. R. Swanson

A. R. Swanson last winter was appointed chairman of the 1960 campaign of the Manitoba Division of the Canadian Cancer Society. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Ragnar Swanson of Winnipeg, he is a graduate in Commerce of the University of Manitoba, was first employed in the investment department of the Great West Life Assurance Company of Canada for seven years. Mr. Swanson has been a director of Burns Bros. and Denton, investment dealers, for six years, and spent the past five years with that firm in Montreal. He was recently appointed to Winnipeg headquarters as resident director for Western Canada. During the Second World War Mr. Swanson served overseas for four years as an officer in the Canadian Active Army.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Arni Johnson of Silver Bay district near Ashern, Man., last March celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Born in Iceland Mr. Johnson came to Canada in 1888. Mrs. Johnson was born in Saskatchewan, daughter of the pioneers Friðlundur and Helga Johnson. They lived for a short period following their marriage in Winnipeg and have spent the past 40 years at Silver Bay. They have four daughters and six sons. There are 29 grandchildren.

★

TWO VETERAN FISHERMEN HONOURED

Two veteran Manitoba fishermen, **Gudmundur Solmundson** of Gimli and **Harry Davidson** of Oakview, were honoured at a banquet and dance at Oakview in March by fishermen of the province in recognition of their being the oldest living men who had fished the waters of Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. Both have reached the age of 80. Mr. Solmundson had fished Lake Winnipeg since he was ten years old and Mr. Davidson in Lake Manitoba for 55 years.

More than 300 attended the Oakview function at which Geirfinnur Peterson was chairman and Hon C. H. Witney, minister of mines and resources, was speaker. Both were given presentations by Helgi K. Tomasson on behalf of the Manitoba Federation of Fishermen and made members of the provincial Order of the Buffalo Hunt by Mr. Witney. Other speakers

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were Elman Guttormsson, M.L.A. for St. George, J. G. Cowan, deputy minister of mines and resources, and S. S. Sigurdson, director of fisheries.

★

WINS \$500 POST-GRADUATE AWARD

Dr. Kjartan I. Johnson of Pine Falls, Manitoba, last winter received the Winnipeg Clinic Research Institute General Practitioner's Post-Graduate Award, given annually by the Manitoba Chapter of the College of General Practice of Canada to one general practitioner in Manitoba in recognition of good general practice.

This is the fifth year it has been awarded. The award carries with it remuneration in the amount of \$500. The recipient may take the course in Canada or the United States any time during 1961. Dr. Johnson will go next April to the Cook County Post-Graduate School in Chicago, Ill. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Einar Johnson who for several years lived in the Otto district near Lundar, Man. and spent their later years in Winnipeg.

★

Dr. Richard Beck, head of the Department of Scandinavian Studies at the University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. Dak., and president of the Icelandic National League in North America, left early in June for Iceland where he was invited to attend and speak at various functions and events. He is spending most of the summer in Iceland and, during the latter half of July, is visiting Norway. Among other things Dr. Beck will

speak at the 40th anniversary celebration of the Students' Union of the University of Iceland and, in addition, was scheduled to deliver a lecture at the university. He is also speaking at the Icelandic Good Templars' convention in Reykjavik and at various functions throughout the island.

★

LONG RECORD OF COMMUNITY SERVICE



Grimur Johannesson

A long record of service to community and province was recalled with the death last March in Siglunes Hospital at Siglunes, Manitoba, of **Grimur Johannesson** of Ashern at the age of 57. Born in Iceland, Mr. Johannesson came to Canada with his parents as a child and received his education at Arborg, Man. He attended Manitoba Agricultural College and subsequently worked in the dairy department before taking over managership of the Ashern Farmers' Creamery in 1945. At Ashern he was secretary-treasurer of the school board for seven years, president of the



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hospital board for five years, and served on the board of directors of the Associated Hospitals of Manitoba as representative for the Interlake area. He was one of the founders of Grace Lutheran Church in Ashern and served on the board for ten years. He was a past president for the Lakeshore Division of the Manitoba School Trustees' Association, and president at his death of the Dairy Manufacturers' Association of Manitoba. Surviving are his wife Anna, and two daughters, Heida and Patricia.

★



Sigurbjorn Sigurdson

Sigurbjorn Sigurdson, director of the Fisheries Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, Province of Manitoba, retired last spring after 20 years with the department.

Honoring Mr. Sigurdson on the occasion were many organizations to whose causes and work he contributed much. These included the Manitoba Federation of Game and Fish Associations, Fisheries Benevolent Association, Prairie Fisheries Federation and the Manitoba Department of Mines

and Resources. Over the years Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdson have been active in Icelandic cultural, church and social affairs in Manitoba, and were long members of the First Icelandic Lutheran Church in Winnipeg.

They plan to move to Vancouver where they have a son, Haraldur. Daughter Helen lives in Tacoma in the nearby State of Washington. Their other children are daughters Agnes Helga and Louise in New York City, Thora in Toronto, Ont., Baldur in Sarnia, Ont., and Frederick in Hamilton, Ont.

★

MEMORABLE MEETING OF WOMEN'S ASS'N., BJÖRK

Miss Salome Halldorson of Winnipeg, long a Manitoba educationist and teacher and a former member of the Manitoba Legislature for St. George, was speaker and outlined the history of the group at the 50th anniversary of the Lutheran Women's Association, Björk, at Lundar, Man., held in the Community Hall at Lundar in April. Rev. Jon Bjarman, pastor, was chairman and speakers included Mrs. Kari Byron, current president of Björk, G. A. Breckman, congregational chairman, poet and pioneer Vigfus J. Guttormsson who read a poem he had composed in honor of the occasion, and Elman Guttormsson, present MLA for St. George. Honor guests were Mrs. Gudrun Sigfusson, a charter member of the group, and Mrs. Olafur Hallson, a member for 49 years.

★

LECTURE ON TWO FAMOUS ICELANDIC AUTHORS

Two eminent Icelandic-American educationists were speakers at the 50th annual meeting at the University of

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Chicago in May of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies. Professor Loftur Bjarnason, professor at the United States Naval Post Graduate School at Monterey, California, spoke on Iceland's modern author and Nobel Prize winner, Halldor Laxness, and his works, and Dr. Richard Beck, head of the Department of Scandinavian Studies at the University of North Dakota, on the Icelandic author, Gunnar Gunnarsson and his works. Prof. Bjarnason is a former treasurer and Dr. Beck has been president three times of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies.

★

INFORMATION REQUESTED

In a letter published in the April 21st edition of Lögberg-Heimskringla, Icelandic weekly published in Winnipeg, Mrs. Frank Thornton (Magdalen Thornton) of 617 Jefferson St., Northeast, Albuquerque, New Mexico, says she is trying to secure information about plays, written in Icelandic but available in English, or originally written in English but of Icelandic authorship.

Mrs. Thornton's letter explains:

"I am in friendly contact with a theatrical producer here who is inter-

ested in the international field including the Icelandic, and would like to survey available material. Any information you would generously give me would be appreciated. I am of Icelandic parentage but have been hopelessly out of touch for most of my adult life."

★

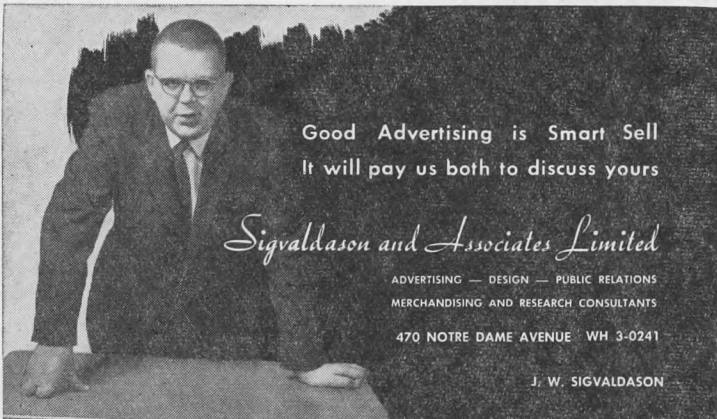
HON. THOR THORS APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO CANADA

His Excellency Thor Thors, ambassador of Iceland to the United States since 1948, and during that period minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Canada, in June was named ambassador to Canada. Simultaneously the Canadian Legation in Reykjavik was elevated to the status of embassy and R. A. MacKay named Canadian ambassador there.

★

JUDGE BENSON RETIRES

Judge Asmundur Benson, County Judge at Bottineau, North Dakota, announced in March he will retire and, consequently, not seek re-election when the United States elections take place this year. Judge Benson was born in the Pembina district near Akra, N. D., on July 28th, 1885, son of pioneers Thordur and Maria Benson.



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★

ICELANDIC HORSES IMPORTED

Last fall a company was formed at

Arcola, Sask., which, among other things, imports Icelandic horses to Canada. The firm is known as the Bar Diamond Ranching Company and heading it are **T. B. Lees** and **T. E. Laxdal** of Arcola. Last year Mr. Lees and Mr. Laxdal went to Iceland where they purchased 35 horses as the nucleus of their herd. They added another 60 head, brought from Iceland last spring. All of the animals are registered as purebred in government statistical records in Iceland, and have been registered with the appropriate Canadian government department in Ottawa as purebred Icelandic horses.

NEWS SUMMARY

Gayle Finsson, a Grade 9 student from Vidor, Man., last winter was the top Manitoba competitor in the junior judging contest held among Canadian 4-H Club members in connection with the selection of the All-Canadian Holsteins, a breed of cattle extensively raised in North America. She had a score of 136 points out of a possible 140. Gayle stood first in judging at the agricultural fair at Arborg, Man., where her calf was awarded second prize. Her calf also won at the Teulon-Interlake 4-H Rally. Gayle is secretary-treasurer of the Vidor 4-H Club and attended club camp at Gimli in 1959.

★

Dr. A. J. Thorsteinson, head of the department of entomology, University of Manitoba, last spring visited Kansas State University as the annual "guest scholar". He gave two lectures on the behaviour of insects in relation to their food. Dr. Thorsteinson has been doing research in this subject.

Scandinavians from across the lower mainland of British Columbia on June 26th celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Scandinavian Central Committee there with a gala Scandinavian Midsummer Festival in the picturesque Swedish Park in North Vancouver. Highlights of the festival included the crowning of a Midsummer Queen, a program with artists from the various Scandinavian language groups performing and an evening dance. The Scandinavian Central Committee coordinates the activities of Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish and Icelandic groups in Vancouver, New Westminster and surrounding area.

★

Dr. Richard Beck, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., head of the Department of Scandinavian studies, University of North Dakota, last March represented the Modern Language Association of North America at the installation of the new president of Moorhead State

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College, Moorhead, Minn. The Modern Language Association of North America is an association of language teachers with membership in both Canada and the United States. Its headquarters and library are in New York City. ★

Benedikt Waage of Reykjavik, Iceland, official representative of Iceland at the Winter Olympic Games in California, last March 5th was guest of honor at the Thorrablot celebration held by the Icelandic Society of Northern California in the American

Legion Hall in the city of Berkeley. More than 200 people attended and the society's new president, George Brown who hails from Manitoba, extended welcome. There was a plentiful supply of Icelandic food which had been prepared by Mrs. Eymundson, Mrs. Baldwinson, Mrs. Stoneson and food director Mrs. MacLeod.

★

Forty years as a physician and missionary in China was the record of Dr. Alice J. Hayes, the former Steinunn Johannesdottir, who died in March at Los Angeles, California. She was buried there in Forest Lawn Memorial Gardens beside her husband, the late Dr. Charles A. Hayes. They are survived by an only son, Dr. Arthur Courtney who lives in North Carolina.

★

Esther Luther of Bakersfield, Calif., in June won the girls' high school tennis championship for South Central California. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Luther, 1917 West California Avenue.

★

Dr. Sigurdur Thorarinsson, head of the geology section, Museum of National History in Reykjavik, Iceland, in May was invited to give a series of lectures at the University of Washington in Seattle. During the winter Dr. Thorarinsson lectured at Stanford University and at the University of California at Berkeley. His opening lecture in Seattle was presented May 11. His topic was Iceland's 1,000 Years of Struggle Against Fire and Ice.

★

A recent November issue of Life Magazine featured a display of striking stamps which they felt were the most beautiful in the world. Included were two stamps from Iceland. These

were the only ones from any Scandinavian country. ★

ICELANDIC SAGA VERIFIED

In the 'Saga of Burnt Njall' an important incident is the burning of Njall's farmhouse. In 1928 excavations were made at the site of his farm, and far beneath the surface some burnt grains of corn were found. These were found seven feet under the ground with some burnt barley and straw. Recently these were sent to Canada for study and research and it was decided to determine the exact age of the burnt corn by measuring the radioactivity of the carbon 14. It was determined that the corn was 920 years old, with a possibility of error of sixty years each way. This meant that the corn was burnt somewhere between the years 979 and 1099. This fits exactly with the details of the story of Burnt Njall which relates that his house was burned down in the year 1011.

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