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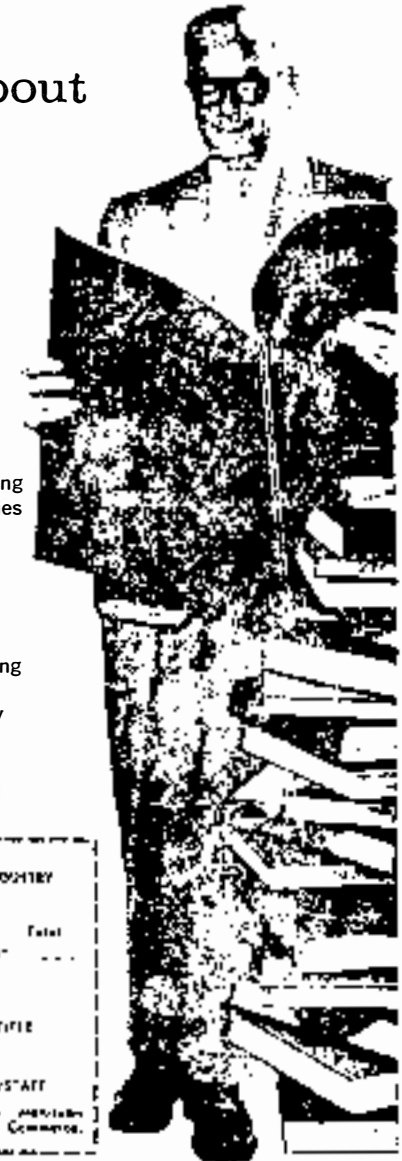
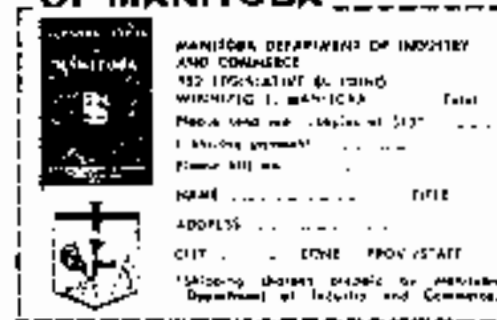
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The Icelandic Canadian

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Winnipeg, Canada

Spring 1962

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian Club, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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The bleak barrenness of the long winter is now fading from the face of nature. The teeming life that has so long lain dormant under a winter blanket of gleaming crystals is now roused as the warm sun beams forth its call to awaken. Life, arrested and imprisoned in a wintry dungeon of cold and darkness, is now rescued and transformed into lush growth and radiant beauty that sets the seal of the mighty Creator on hills and valleys, on the vast countryside and meagre city plots, on cared-for gardens and on the rambling wilderness. From the sunny surroundings there pours forth the mightiest of all symphonies as the newly-arrived birds warble their welcome to the new season.

It was indeed fitting that our ancestors set aside a day of rejoicing to celebrate the coming of summer. The great miracle of life was so obvious to those people who had faced the barren bleakness of a long winter that it inspired and moved them to rejoice and give thanks to the god who had been so generous in bringing the life-giving warmth to their countryside.

This first day of summer (Sumardagurinn fyrsti) is an opportunity for forgiveness, when neighbors are more neighborly, when friendships fuse more firmly, and every heart overflows with good will and the feeling that, "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world."

And would not all be right with the world if the heart of man could be induced to respond as readily to rays of hope and faith as the humble earth responds to the waxing warmth of the spring sun?

May it come about that this annual vernal awakening will nourish a warmth in the hearts of the nations' leaders that shall grow into patience, love, and understanding that is so dearly needed to rescue mankind from its prison of unrest and conflicting ideologies. May the world's barrenness of brotherhood be erased as the bleakness of winter is erased by the glowing spring sun, and may the seeds of human kindness be nourished to bear the fruits of understanding and everlasting peace.

Messages from The President of Iceland

Bessastöðum 22. Jan. 1962

Bessastadir, Jan. 22, 1962

Dear Judge Lindal:

Kæri Lindal, dómari!

Jeg þakka þjer og þínum fjelögum í Icelandic-Canadian Club innilega fyrir virðulegar og hjartanlegar móttökur. Þið og Vestur-Íslendingar yfirleitt gerðu allt, sem í ykkar valdi stóð til að gera ferðina okkur ógleymanlega. Með ykkar ómetanlegu hjálp vona eg að hún hafi náð tilgangi sínum. Hugleiðingar þínar í haust-heftinu af Icelandic Canadian þakka jeg sjerstaklega.

Jeg hafði gaman af því, sem þú segir af fundinum í Ethnic Press.

Þess var eg var frá Quebec til Vancouver, að þið hafið haldið merki Íslands hátt á lofti.

Við höfum sent eintökin af Icelandic-Canadian út með ávarpi frá okkur Hallgrími, og biðum nú eftir árangri. Þú munt heyra nánar frá okkur.

Með þökkum og kveðju!

Ásgeir Ássgeirsson

I sincerely thank you and your associates in the Icelandic Canadian Club for the splendid and heartfelt way in which you received us. You (of the club) and Western-Icelanders generally, did everything within your power to make the trip an unforgettable event. It is my hope that through that invaluable help the trip has served its purpose. I wish to express my special appreciation of your thought and comments in the Autumn number of The Icelandic Canadian. I enjoyed what you said at the meeting of the Ethnic Press.

What I realized from Quebec to Vancouver was that you in the West have carried the Icelandic banner high aloft.

We have distributed the copies of The Icelandic Canadian together with a message from Mr. Hallgrímsson and myself, and now await the results. Later you will hear from us in greater detail.

With appreciation and greetings

Yours sincerely,

Ásgeir Ássgeirsson

ÚTDRÆTTIR ÚR ÁVARPI FORSETA ÍSLANDS, ÁSGEIRI ÁSGEIRSSYNI, til þjóðræknisþings Vestur-Íslendinga, í Febrúar mánuði 1962

EXTRACTS FROM THE MESSAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY ÁSGEIR ÁSGEIRSSON, President of Iceland, to the conference of Western-Icelanders, February, 1962

Við hjónin sendum þjóðræknisþinginu beztu kveðjur og árnaðaróskir, og Þjóðræknisfélaginu innilegar þakkir

My wife and I send greetings and best wishes to the Icelandic national conference, and to the Icelandic Na-

fyrir allan viðbúnað og ástúðlegar viðtökur í ferð okkar um Kanada á síðastliðnu hausti. Við biðjum ykkur, kæru fulltrúar og gestir þingsins, að flytja þessar kveðjur og þakkir um allar Íslandingabyggðir og borgir, allt austan frá Quebec, þar sem við stigum á land og vestur til Victoria á Vancouver Island, þar sem við snerum aftur heim á leið.

Við sendum að þessu sinni í þakkaror vinaskyni Skjaldarmerki Íslands af sömu gerð og stærð, sem skreytir vegg Bessastaðakirkju. Við teljum viðeigandi, að þetta skjaldarmerki sé öllum sýnilegt á virðulegum stað á þjóðræknisþingum og Íslandingadegi á Gimli, og geymt þess á milli, þar sem þið ákveðið. . . .

Förin um þvert Kanada og endilangt verður okkur ógleymanleg. Eg hafði hugsað mér að minnast á einstaka atburði og athafnir, en þegar til kemur treystist eg ekki til að velja úr svo fjölbreyttu efni í stuttu ávarpi, enda hefir ferðasagan þegar verið myndarlega skráð og af hlýjum hug í ykkar vestur-íslenzku ritum. . . .

Okkur er það vel ljóst, að hinar glæsilegu móttökur, sem okkur voru búnar af Kandastjórn og fylkisstjórnunum, var endurspeglun af þeim orðstír, sem þið hafið aflað íslenzkum kynstofni, og að sú hlýja og gleði, sem lá í loftinu yfir þessum endurfundum, var yfirskin af ykkar eigin íslenzka arfi og þjóðrækni. Við hjónin og okkar fylgdarlið vorum fulltrúar íslenzkrar þjóð-

tional League. We express our sincere thanks for all the preparation and the very cordial reception accorded us on our journey across Canada last fall. We ask you, dear delegates and visitors at the conference, to convey these greetings and words of appreciation to all the Icelandic districts and centres from Quebec in the east, where we first set foot on Canadian soil to Victoria on Vancouver Island, where the journey home began

On this occasion, as a token of our appreciation and evidence of the value we place on our mutual friendship, we are sending you the Icelandic Coat of Arms of the same construction and size as the one which graces the walls of the church at Bessastaðir. It appears appropriate to us that it occupy a worthy place of honour at Icelandic national conferences and in Gimli on Icelandic celebration days, and that at other times it be kept where you decide. . . .

The journey across Canada is something which will be ever fresh in our memories. I had intended to refer to certain events and occasions but finally felt that in a short address I could not select from such an array of subjects. In any case the story of our journey has been recorded worthily and with feeling in your publications,

It is clear to us that the magnificent reception accorded us by the Government of Canada, and by provincial governments, was but a reflection of the fine reputation which you have established for people of Icelandic stock, and that the warmth and feeling of joy which permeated every one of the renewal gatherings was but the outward expression of your Icelandic heritage and affection. On the other hand, my wife and I and our entourage were the representatives of Icelandic

menningar, sem sjálf á heiðurinn og vegsemdina.

Eg sé fyrir mínum hugskotssjónum Skjaldarmerkið yfir forsetastól þjóðræknisþingsins, og bið þess, að Guð og allar góðar vættir fylgi ykkur, og okkur öllum, austan hafs og vestan.

national culture to which the honour and glory belong.

In my moments of meditation I see the Coat of Arms above the presiding officer's chair at the Icelandic national conference. God bless all of us and may good fortune await us on both sides of the ocean.

ICELANDIC GOLD COIN COMMEMORATING THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF JÓN SIGURÐSSON (born June 17th, 1811)

During the summer of 1961 the Government of Iceland minted a gold coin in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Jón Sigurðsson, Iceland's patriot. The coin is sold in Iceland and abroad, and the profit from the sale of the coin will be used for rebuilding the birthplace of Jón Sigurðsson, Rafnseyri við Arnarfjörð. Considerable interest is expected among coin collectors and dealers abroad, and an increase in value of the coin is anticipated as time passes. The coin is redeemable in Iceland and is valued at 500 Icelandic krónur.

The Icelandic National League has undertaken the agency for the sale of

the gold coin in Canada and the United States at the request of the President of Iceland, His Excellency Ásgeir Ásgeirsson, who has taken a keen interest in this project, and who wishes to make the coin readily available to Western-Icelanders.

The price of the gold coin in Canadian funds is \$25.00, and may be obtained from the Treasurer of the Icelandic National League:

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Sensitivity to Culture through Languages

Icelandic a Mother-Culture

Mr. H. B. Scott Symons, of the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, produced a gem of unsurpassed clarity when he described the cultural value of languages in the following words:

"What a benefit if each ethnic group retained to varying degrees a sensitivity to their original cultures through their original languages".

The context in which these graphic words appear must be explained.

The following were present at a luncheon, December 7, 1961, in the Faculty Dining Room of the University of Toronto: Dr. George W. Brown, Professor of History, University of Toronto, and General Editor, Dictionary of Canadian Biography; Marsh Jeaneret, Director, University of Toronto Press; H. B. Scott Symons, Assistant Curator, Canadiana Gallery, Royal Ontario Museum, and Judge W. J. Lindal. The subject of discussion was "The Canadian Identity" and the contribution of the ethnic groups to the evolution of that identity. Judge Lindal made known to those present that he had just completed a short article for a brochure being published by the Canada Ethnic Press Federation, and agreed to forward copies to those present. The following are extracts from a letter from Mr. Symons to Judge Lindal.

"Thank you for your thoughtful letter and enclosed essay on 'The Role of the Ethnic Press in Canada'. These consecrate the happy memory I have of our meeting arranged through the kindness of Dr. Brown of the University of Toronto.

"As you will recollect I have a book under way for McClelland and Stewart publishers, entitled **Canada, Duel or Dialogue**. The first large précis has already been received by them, and they are most enthusiastic.

"Your own comments touch on many of the concerns of my book. The crux of the matter, as you state in your letter so succinctly is that 'Two facts stand out: Canada is bilingual and in the world of to-day that is an asset; Canada is multi-cultural, not bicultural'. I like the courage and honesty of your first statement; and the little realized truth of the second. We **ARE** bilingual—if not de jure (and we are not) then de facto (we are more and more). The French and English are magnificent and complimentary tongues: they are not foreign to each other.

"But being bilingual does not mean the we are bicultural—a mistake that the French Canadian constantly makes. We are indeed multicultural.

"Your phrase 'integration not assimilation' is just. Here I would make one small but important point. The phrase should include those of Loyalist stock like myself. We too are a minority, an ethnic group. . . .

"There is one point deriving from your statement of 'multiculturality'. That is that I fervently hope that the ethnic groups will all maintain their languages. For example what a strength for Canada if nearly a million Ukrainians treasured their language and offered to our nation a vivid and discriminated approach to the Russian world.

"Similarly what a benefit if the Italians, the Germans, the Scandinavians . . . in fact each group retained to varying degrees a sensitivity to their original cultures through their original languages. This would inevitably make Canada much more sensitive to our modern and most international world. This has always been for me the value of the Commonwealth: a sensitivity inherited by right to other worlds and other climes . . . an inheritance which has now become in a large measure the privilege of giving. . . .

"You mention that the non-English, non-French Canadian is outside of our traditional rivalries. And that these newer ethnic groups 'because they are so many in numbers and small in size . . . insist upon and readily accept the overall unity. Strange though that may seem, they emphasize that unity more than the two dominant groups'. . . .

"These are pregnant phrases on your part. I know they are true. . . .

"Your positive Canadianism attracts me, suggesting a whole new conception of citizenship — perhaps our greatest task. Our Identity is indeed in the making. It is a great experiment; and one to which I have dedicated myself totally. As exciting as the Eighteenth Cen-

tury's assault on man, as the Russian creation of the new (if misguided) Positive Hero, of the Anglo-Saxon's creation of the Civic Man, or the Greek creation of the Reasonable Man . . . we may draw on all these traditions, moved by the need for Christian compassion which our problems demand."

ICELANDIC A CANADIAN

MOTHER-CULTURE

In a subsequent letter, upon reading some articles on the relationship between English and Icelandic, Mr. Scott Symon said:

"It seems clear to me that a study of Icelandic—ironically enough—would teach Canadians much about the Englishness of English as a tongue, without mentioning the fact that too much of the Anglo-Saxon's capacity for imagination has remained locked up in an early literature and lore he has bypassed. In a remarkable way Icelandic is indeed a Canadian mother-culture, and in particular a root culture for the English-speaking Canadian, quite aside from its value as an independent culture".

DR. KEMP MALONE ON ICELAND

At the annual meeting in December in Chicago, Illinois, of the Modern Language Association of America, Dr. Kemp Malone, former professor of English studies at John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, was elected president. In this connection it was noted that Dr. Malone has long been an avid student of Icelandic studies,

literature and history. The Chicago Daily News in an interview quoted Dr. Malone as saying:

"Iceland was the Greece of the North. All the old Norse mythology, all the sagas and legends, would have been lost to us if it were not for Iceland."

The Conservation of Language Power

by DR. A. R. MacKINNON

Director of Research, Toronto Board of Education

Much attention is paid today to the conservation of natural resources. Massive advertising campaigns are aimed at preserving the beauties of nature. Governments devote considerable public funds to the conservation of wild life, forest, and those features of the physical scene which appear to be distinctly Canadian. It is perhaps time now to suggest the value of conserving another type of natural resource—the culture and language powers of all those persons in Canada who have come from many lands.

Although some attention has been paid already to the conservation of the artifacts of cultures, no one to date seems to have made any systematic attempt to conserve the basic vehicle of culture which is the language of the people. Few public officials have acknowledged that such resources are available to enrich our young country. Also, no one in public education seems to have worked out any concrete plan by which language powers could be maintained and expanded.

One of the reasons for this lack of concern is that authorities have had no little difficulty in resolving the problems of English and French as two major languages in one country. Political leaders are reluctant to advance ideas about other language areas for fear of bringing cries of favouritism from voters. Languages, let us remember, are very personal things and talk about them can often touch off the most violent prejudices. It would seem

a great pity, however, if we are to allow one of the richest of our natural resources to go by default simply because of the prejudices of a vocal minority.

There is an increasing body of evidence to show that we have a vast number of school children today who come to English as a second language. The census undertaken in 1961 could easily demonstrate conclusively what has been speculated on for a number of years—there is a third language element in Canada. Approximately one-third Canadians are proficient in English; another third are proficient in French, and the remainder—the third language element—are those who speak a first language which is neither French nor English. One indication of the impact of this third element is the fact that in the City of Toronto Public Schools at least 11,000 children have a language which is not English and which was learned at their mothers' knee.

Here would seem to be a problem upon which the resources of many persons should be directed. Certainly from the point of view of educational research it is an area crying out for intensive study. We know very little about the effects of bilingualism, either positively or negatively as it pertains to pupil achievement. We also know little about the design of instruction which can best aid the pupil in learning not only a second language but also how he can best expand on his first language.

The problem would seem to point towards some clear-cut areas for immediate investigation. **It would seem of vital importance to identify those pupils in our schools who have a language other than English or French when they enter school. It would also seem important to identify our bilingual (or multi-lingual) teachers more effectively.** It is singularly unfortunate that many of these teachers have kept their talents hidden under a bushel because of feelings that it was somehow un-Canadian to have another language besides English or French.

After identification is made, it would seem necessary to discover how pupils can come to learn English in such a way that the learning would not encumber the language powers which the children already possess.

A number of studies have shown clearly that most introductions to English are often biased along cultural lines. This may have value in terms of the indoctrination or integration of the person into his new society, but it can also mean that the learner has to subjugate his previous culture in order to make way for the new. Thus, in many early reading texts, the stories are concerned with urban middle-class Canadian society. A number of careful research studies point out that the introduction to English should be more on a general basis in which the language is learned not as a distinctive feature of the Canadian scene, but rather as an instrument of thought which is found in many cultures. In approach, emphasis is placed on the fact that English as a language is found extensively throughout the world. The teaching which accrues from this perspective emphasizes the nature of language itself rather than English as symbolic of Canadian culture. With such an approach, there would seem less

danger of English encroaching on the person's first language.

The second main area of investigation would seem to be that of studying how first languages can be maintained through special teaching in our schools. Certainly there are many resources available in our bilingual teachers. It would seem quite possible to plan programmes that would help pupils learn to read and to write the language which they first learned within the family. They should also be encouraged to enter as quickly as possible into the cultural heritage of their families. We must not underestimate as well the community resources which could be employed to meet such tasks. I am not suggesting that this study should immediately become part of the curriculum. It would be singularly unwise to legislate for further study of a first language. What I do suggest is that the many enrichment programmes now extant in schools must be weighed in the balance in terms of another type of enrichment which may contribute immeasurably to persons' lives.

There is increasing evidence that where children are encouraged to read and to write their first language and to maintain those powers which they possessed when they first came to school, increased proficiencies are shown in secondary schools and universities. Other studies have shown that there are changes in attitudes of the pupils to school as a result of the school putting a value on their previous accomplishments. **Good attitudes transfer to the home as well where parents gain an increased appreciation for the cultural traditions of their past.** There can be no doubt that when conservation of language powers does not take place, rejection of the past (and often rejection of the parents) tends to occur.

Finally there is evidence of improved relationships between the home and the school when such an activity occurs. A rather surprising outcome of one study of parental attitudes was that parental hostility to the school changed to an increased appreciation of what the school could do.

It is my view that we should stop thinking in nationalistic and parochial terms and take up our responsibilities as international persons living in an international world. Languages have

just as much political power as the H-bombs. **The conservation and expansion of oral language powers will be in the interest of more effective communication throughout the world.** It was A. N. Whitehead who said, "Culture is activity of thought and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling". **There can be no doubt that the primary vehicle of culture is language.** It is perhaps time to recognize that Whitehead was giving us an apt description of the task of education.

Latin and Icelandic Parallel Ancestor Languages

Both Dr. MacKinnon and Mr. Scott Symons emphasize the value of studies of languages. Dr. MacKinnon sees in such studies a "Conservation of Language Powers". Mr. Symons envisions in such studies the retention or development of a sensitivity to the "original cultures through the original languages".

These statements, both pregnant with meaning, apply to language studies generally. In a country such as Canada where English is the language or one of the languages of the land the question may be asked: Is there any special advantage or cultural profit in a study of Icelandic.

It may be that an answer can be found in an allegorical illustration.

Let us imagine that a group of Romans, in the days of Horace and Virgil, with the wandering instincts of a Ulysses, had on one of their voyages discovered an island at least a thousand miles west of the Azores and settled there; and that communications with Europe had virtually stopped until

about a century ago. (If the Bermudas were larger they could serve as the imaginary island). One must further suppose that these people were of a literary bent and spoke the Latin of Rome at its best, and handed the language down from generation to generation in its original form of grammar and syntax. One must also imagine that in the tradition of a Plutarch they had recorded temporary Roman history; later their literary men had written biographies, in the same pure Latin, of some of the leaders on the island, and that during the centuries this literature had become the intellectual food of the people of the island.

Then we must let our minds pass on to about two or three generations ago when about ten thousand of these people emigrated to Canada. They still spoke the Latin of old with no change in grammar or accident, but the language had been streamlined to conform to modern usages, and a number of words had been coined out of the

old Latin words, declinable as the original language, to designate new material, equipment, and modern thought.

It would hardly be denied by anyone that the descendants of these people, now speaking French, and some speaking the Latin they brought with them, would be in a position to make a contribution to the French culture of Canada in a much closer and more permanent way than any other ethnic group in Canada. It could be pointed out that these people were in a special category, that they had brought with them a living Latin, spoken with equal ease and fluency as its descendant language, modern French, and for that reason that group, now Canadians, could make a contribution of inestimable value to French Canadian culture and indeed to the Canadian experiment in the evolution of a Canadian pattern. The advantage of studying the language spoken on that imaginary island could not be challenged.

The parallel is strikingly close. Anglo-Saxon, the ancestor language of English, has disappeared as a spoken language as well as all the other ancestor Nordic languages — with one exception. That is Icelandic, which is both an ancestor and a descendant language. There are grounds for the claim that a study of Icelandic by a student who

seeks to master English is of the same value as the study of Latin by a student who seeks to acquire a knowledge of the fundamentals of French or one of the other Latin languages.

The value of Icelandic as a language study can be seen from an other point of view. It is generally conceded that a study of a highly inflexional language is of great assistance in the study of the grammar and syntax of any language. In fact it has been frequently said that a person does not fully understand English grammar until he has studied Latin or Greek. A third classic inflexional language can be included—Icelandic. It is just as highly inflexional as either Latin or Greek. There are grounds for saying more inflexional than either of the other two.

It is generally accepted that a student should study at least one language in addition to his native tongue. In the world today—of rapid communications and need of understanding—language studies are becoming increasingly important.

In Canada the native tongue is either French or English. The student should have the right of selecting his second language, and, if the instruction is competent, the same facilities should be provided as in the case of other language studies.

—W. J. Lindal



“THE FATHER OF ICELANDIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA”



The Editor and M.L.A.



The Retired Pioneer

CAPTAIN SIGTRYGGUR JONASSON

BORN IN 1852 — LANDED IN CANADA 1872 — DIED IN 1942

En þú, sem undan
ævistraumi
flýtur sofandi
að feigðar ósi,
lastaðu' ei laxinn,
sem leitar móti
straumi sterklega
og stiklar fossa.

But you, who idly
Float in slumber
To the deep sea
Where death awaits you,
Judge not the salmon
Who stout of heart
Faces the torrent
And leaps the falls.

CAPTAIN SIGTRYGGUR JONASSON

Ninety years ago a young man, born on February 8th, 1852, in Eyjafjörður, in the north of Iceland, felt within him the spirit which, ten centuries before, brought Ingolfur Arnarson to the shores of Iceland, and decided to venture forth to the New World. He must have had a foreboding of what was to be. He had already acquired a passing knowledge of the English language, had read about British institutions and forms of government. He decided that if he left Iceland, he would live in a British country. He selected Canada rather than the United States, and since the days of Leif Eirikson was the first Icelander to set foot upon Canadian soil. On September 12, 1872, he landed in the city of Quebec.

For two years the young immigrant worked in various parts of Ontario and fared well. In 1874 several hundred Icelanders arrived in Canada, and the Ontario government asked the energetic young man to act as interpreter and counsellor to these people. His knowledge of English stood him in good stead. From that time on his story becomes the story of the pioneer Icelanders in Canada.

The first immigrants were settled near Kinmount, Ontario, but they were not satisfied with the location. Sigtryggur, and a man by the name of John Taylor, brought the group to Winnipeg in 1875 to look for a better site for a settlement. Their choice was the west shore of Lake Winnipeg where there were forests to be cut, fertile land to be tilled, and a lake teeming with fish. The settlers reached Willow Point in October that same year.

It was in the organization of this new colony that Captain Jonasson's abilities were shown at their best. The area was then in the unorganized territory of Keewatin. A form of municipal government, patterned after those of Ontario, was established, with him as the first reeve. Schools were built—a purely local enterprise—where Sigtryggur served both as trustee and teacher. Special attention was given to instruction in the language of the new land—English. In order to keep the people informed on questions and events of the day, he founded and edited a weekly newspaper, Framfari. A sawmill was built to utilize the stands of good timber; a steamboat was purchased to give more adequate transportation to the markets in Selkirk and Winnipeg. The young man became captain of an inland merchant vessel. In all these undertakings he was not only the man of vision but of action—resourceful and courageous.

In 1895 Sigtryggur Jonasson came to Winnipeg to become editor of the Icelandic weekly, Logberg, which position he held for six years. His editorials, now directed to the larger Icelandic field, disclosed not only a loyalty to his inheritance, but an unbounded faith in Canada. He constantly urged his countrymen to become worthy citizens of this land of freedom and opportunity.

Captain Jonasson soon felt a duty to serve in the larger provincial arena. In 1896 he became a member of the provincial Legislature, the first Icelander to be so honored. He sought power only in order to be able to serve

his district the better. It was largely through his untiring effort that the railway from Winnipeg to Selkirk was extended to the Icelandic settlement. When Sigtryggur retired he moved to Arborg where he was looked upon as the dean of the pioneers. Every visitor to "New Iceland" paused at his home in Arborg. The bard of the foothills, who saw the vastness of the prairies and the glories of the Rockies; the distinguished visitors from Iceland who felt a loss in men such as him but yet a pride in the knowledge that they were building well in the new land; men who looked for fame on Parliament Hill or under the dome on Broadway; successful farmers and business men who saw more than loads of

wheat and profits—a part of the vision of the retired pioneer. His reply struck a common chord in their hearts when asked: "What is your greatest comfort in the approach of the sunset of a long and useful life". He said: "The feeling that some of the dreams of my early days in Canada are coming true." He died November 28, 1942, ninety years old.

In this year of 1962, a century and a half after the Lord Selkirk Settlers arrived on the banks of the Red River, "a wilderness of trackless plain on banks of a muddy river", it is but right that we should be reminded of "the father of Icelandic settlement in Canada", Captain Sigtryggur Jonasson.

W. J. LINDAL

ICELANDIC CANADIAN MAKES VIOLINS



OLAFUR THORSTEINSON WITH SOME OF HIS VIOLINS

At the annual concert of the Icelandic Canadian Club in February we had the pleasure of hearing Johannes Palsson, of Arborg, Manitoba, play some wonderful music for us. He ranks with the best violinists we have among the Icelandic descendants here,

and is also a very fine teacher of violin.

It is not amiss to mention at this time the musical genius in the New Iceland district who made the very fine violin Johannes used on this occasion and who has to date made some thirty-five

violins. He is **Oli Thorsteinson**, of Husawick, Manitoba, who is well known and admired in the district and far afield as a violinist and teacher of both violin and piano. Throughout his many years of teaching he has had upwards of five hundred pupils taking examinations from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, (now the Royal Conservatory). Down to 1960, which is the last figure at hand, 135 of these students had attained First Class Honors and 218 had received Honors.

It is not the purpose here to give a history of his career in music. It has been recounted in *The Icelandic Canadian*, Spring issue, 1951. But it is worthy of note how a farm lad with limited scholastic education, except in so far as he has educated himself in several fields of art and culture, should have the temerity to start making a violin. He was very young when the urge came to him to try it. Out of his meagre savings he bought some books on the subject, one of which cost over \$16.00 which was quite a sum in those days. So he made a violin! Since then his skill and knowledge have been considerably enhanced and extended, and today he is considered by experts to be a craftsman of the highest order. Many of his violins have been sold to widely scattered points in Canada, and to the United States. One of his early pupils, Palmi Palmason, whom he started on the road to success, has one of Oli's violins, and Johannes Palsson has had two. He bought the first one in 1930, and now has another one, number 26, which he prizes very highly. It is a beautiful, delicate looking instrument of cherry red, and its polished, gleaming surface is only a promise of the rich tones that may be evoked from it. Two music adjudicators from the Royal Conservatory, Frank Blackford

and Donald Heins recently accorded high praise to Oli's violins and mentioned that it was not impossible that within a hundred and fifty years, when they have aged sufficiently, they may be considered masterpieces.

In his continuous search for perfection Oli Thorsteinson has delved deeply into the art of making a violin. He obtained plans of the famous instruments made by Stradivarius (1644-1737) and Joseph Guarnerius (1730), with detailed descriptions, and now he makes his violins according to the strict specifications of these models. He imports the wood from foreign countries, mainly from Germany. He is no hack or assembler of pieces, but does all the work on the material from first to last. Perhaps he could say, with Henk Oorthuis, the exceptional craftsman of Amersfoort, Holland, that he "loves to take a tree and make it sing". Like Oorthuis, he knows his woods and where to find the best varieties for perfect craftsmanship. It is said that Oorthuis soaks his wood in a pool for two years before he starts to shape it with knives, and tiny planes and other delicate instruments, mostly home-made. When the violin is finished he hangs it in the sun to dry in the shadow of the trees surrounding his picturesque home.

It takes infinite patience as well as skill and knowledge to make such a delicate instrument as a violin. It also takes love, which inspires the artist in his arduous task. Olafur Thorsteinson has these attributes in rich measure. He has the true artist's humility and respect for his work. He is undoubtedly endowed with very special talents, which he has managed to develop to a marked degree, and he has had success in his musical career as performer, teacher, and now as a violin maker.

Inside the finished instruments he puts his name, the number of each violin and the year it is made. Who knows but in a couple of hundred years his violins will be considered very precious and eventually will become prized possessions of a few highly

gifted and appreciative performers. Perhaps the name of Olafur Thorsteinson, Icelandic violin maker, will go down in history with the greats and near-great, and so bring added prestige to the small and scattered group of our nationality. **Holmfríður Danielson**

Further Honours for Dr. B. N. Arnason



Dr. B. N. Arnason

At the 21st annual meeting of the Credit Union League of Saskatchewan held in Regina on February 19, a plaque was presented to **B. N. Arnason** L.L.D. for "outstanding contribution to the credit union movement—1937—1962". The 200 attending delegates gave him a standing ovation.

In the course of his report at the annual meeting in February Dr. Arnason said that in the year 1961 the Union had a record earnings exceeding \$21 million dollars. Looking into the future the Deputy Minister saw a need for co-operative credit which would be limited only by the rate of development of Credit Service. On Feb. 21, the Star-Phoenix of Saskatoon carried the following editorial:

"When the Credit Union League of

Saskatchewan honoured Mr. B. N. Arnason for his quarter of a century of association with it, it served to remind Saskatchewan residents that Mr. Arnason has a long period of public service in this province. Now deputy minister of co-operatives and co-operation, Mr. Arnason has been a public servant for 33 years.

It is typical of his thoroughness that he explored the basis for the Credit Union Act before it was put into legislative reality. According to the citation accompanying the plaque presented to him, it was this carefulness on his part which has kept the credit union free of legislative entanglements.

St. Francis Xavier University, acknowledged fount of co-operation, conferred an honorary doctorate of laws on Mr. Arnason in 1953. It was evidence that Mr. Arnason is held in esteem beyond the borders of this province. Additionally, he was a member of the federal commission on co-operatives in 1944-45, at the time when he became the first administrative head of the first co-operative department established in the British Commonwealth."

Bjorn Nikolas Arnason, who was born near Glenboro, Man., moved with his parents John and Guðlaug Arnason to the Kristnes district north of Leslie, Sask. He was appointed Deputy Minister of the Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development when that department was created in 1944.

IMPRESSIONS OF ICELAND

BY ANOTHER GENERATION

Address given at The Icelandic Canadian Club Concert in the First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg
February 20th, 1962, by **ARNI R. SWANSON**

This audience I know is made up of individuals who have had the pleasure of much more extensive visits to Iceland than was granted to my wife and me. I am sure there are many experts on Iceland here tonight. This has caused me to choose my subject with more than a little care.

Rather than making a factual presentation on Iceland or some aspect of its economy, I want to convey a feeling or an emotion, more precisely an individual's reaction to a first visit to the land of his forefathers. I wish to convey these impressions particularly to those of you who are of my generation and to those of you who are even younger.

To put things in perspective, perhaps I should tell you a little of my own connection with the Western Icelanders. I am second generation on one side and fourth on the other. My people come from Akureyri and Ísafjörður; two towns on the north coast. My only connection with the language was that as a youngster I remember overhearing an occasional conversation between my mother and my grandmother. My parents and grandparents took particular pains to tell me something of my heritage. I must confess that I took much of what was said with some reservations. The people couldn't be that good. The country couldn't be that beautiful. Besides, all that distance between Winnipeg and Reykjavik made the place seem pretty remote. My interest was excited sufficiently however to encourage me to

write a thesis on Iceland's economy in my early university days. It also gave me enough encouragement to take advantage of every opportunity to discuss Iceland and its people with my friends and acquaintances across Canada. Perhaps I enjoyed being looked upon with some measure of curiosity.

To those of you who have not been fortunate enough to visit Iceland and particularly to those of you whose "Canadian" background is similar to mine I want to emphasize that there is some foundation to the wild stories we were told by our parents. The people are wonderful; the scenery is magnificent. I believe you have some reason to take pride in your heritage.

I want to turn now to specific impressions. Firstly, how do you get there? The usual way in this day is to fly to New York and there pick up Icelandic Airlines or Loftleiðir which operates a daily economy service. In this connection, I understand a local tour is being organized leaving June 12th.

We travelled to Europe first and visited several countries from Italy to Norway. It was interesting to me to find that by purchasing a return ticket to Rome we were able to visit many other countries, including Iceland while using several different airlines—all on the same ticket.

We picked up Icelandair, the world's largest little airline, in Glasgow and in a modern Viscount aircraft made the flight in about three or four hours.

The plane was reasonably crowded with Icelanders which helped to substantiate the claim that Icelanders are extremely well-travelled. I understand that half the population travels by air each year.

We arrived at Reykjavik airport in the centre of the city at about 11 p.m. one night in early May. At flying altitude it was extremely bright and even after landing there was a soft light which made the use of street lights unnecessary. We were met at the airport by relatives whose reception was friendly, but I thought just a little tense. I learned later that this was just a reflection of some uneasiness at the thought of meeting long lost relatives and of the intense desire on their part to see that we should have an enjoyable visit.

We were immediately taken to the "Borg" Hotel where, incidentally, we had made reservations some weeks before. The Hotel was small by our standards with about four or five floors and only one small elevator which had obviously had considerable use over the years. We were taken to our double room with bath on the third floor by a little bellboy of pint-sized variety who doubled as the elevator operator. Upon the door of the room being opened, I noticed that my aunt, who was with us, seemed particularly anxious to move in for purposes of inspecting and approving the accommodation. There was some reason for her concern. The bathroom was a mass of plaster and unconnected pipes, obviously in an early stage of installation.

We were charitable enough and tired enough not to care even when our little guide took us on a tour of the corridors to show us where the facilities actually were. My aunt was not pleased.

Our relatives departed, and my wife and I relaxed and chuckled over our predicament. As an indication of our anxiety to see the place, we decided to go for a walk even at that late hour. We made a circuit of the downtown area.

In Scandinavia, on a weekend, it is customary for the young people after a dance or the theatre to stroll around the central area munching on "hot dogs" and drinking coca cola. You will be interested to know that the young people were well-behaved, extremely well-dressed and the girls are absolutely beautiful even to my tired old eyes. Marj will confirm this observation.

In the morning we found out quickly that a strong administrative hand namely that of an uncle, had taken control. Our belongings were quickly transferred to a more comfortable room.

There is a reason for all this emphasis upon our hotel. This was rather typical of the service you can expect. The slick professionalism of the concierge, the maitre d'hotel, waiters, etc. of continental Europe was missing. As far as service is concerned, there is an air of indifference in Iceland.

I learned later that gratuities to a taxi-driver, barber or other service persons were not only not expected but resented. It seems that acceptance of a gratuity to their thinking establishes a master-servant relationship which seems objectionable.

An ultra-modern 90-room hotel called the "Saga" was in course of construction near the University and is expected to be completed this spring. This should help to alleviate the shortage of tourist accommodation.

Our breakfast at the "Borg" was pleasant but the service indifferent. The tables were decorated with flags

of all nations. We noticed several groups of local businessmen drinking coffee and discussing matters of current interest. Breakfast was excellent and traditional to our tastes. However, contrary to all expectations, the coffee left much to be desired. I like coffee in all its forms from Italian Espresso to Quebec Cafe au Lait but nothing tastes like the coffee of Reykjavik. I understand that this is caused by the chicory content of the coffee rather than the sulphur in the water which I first suspected.

In all of Iceland there are only 170,000 people of which 70,000 are in the capital. The next largest towns are in the 7,000 category. Reykjavik has fewer than twice as many people as there are in the city of St. Boniface.

It looks like a small town but it is attractive, clean and colourful. The setting of the city is appealing. It is on the sea and dominated by beautiful mountains. The external architecture of the buildings and residential homes is drab except for some occasional colour in the roofs. For reason of lack of building materials, cement and concrete predominate.

In sharp contrast it is almost startling to see how well appointed are the interiors of these buildings, particularly the homes.

Our hosts arranged that we would have at least one meal at each of the homes of our relatives. This was a memorable experience. It not only gave us an opportunity to see their homes but it gave us the opportunity to get to know each of them just a little better.

It was particularly interesting to talk to cousins of our generation; to talk to them of their hopes, their ambitions, their economic circumstances and their interests. I was impressed with their educational backgrounds, their travel

and their knowledge of what was going on in Scandinavia and in Europe but also their awarness as to current activities and thoughts in the United States and Canada.

Nearly all of the people we met spoke English and I would rate their English from passable to excellent. Occasionally, they would lapse into Icelandic. Almost unconsciously, I found myself entering into their conversations with comments in English. In other words, in spite of my shameful lack of knowledge of their language, I was able to understand them.

It seems that we were eating almost all the time we were in Iceland and they were four-meal days. Coffee, which seemed to follow lunch after only sufficient time to travel from one home to another (and it's not a very big town) was quite an elaborate affair. The variety and attractiveness that can be put into a tray of open faced Scandinavian sandwiches is a joy to behold. The sweets were varied and extravagant and almost too plentiful.

I mentioned earlier that the homes were very tastefully decorated. I would also like to comment upon the paintings, sculptures, ceramics and bric a brac which were evident in great profusion. Much of it was of local origin reflecting what seemed to me to be a great concern for encouraging the arts in Iceland itself. We also recognized products from all over Scandinavia such as teak carvings, enamelware, figurines of the Bing and Grundel variety, sculptures, paintings and so on. The impression I received was that these people were concerned with far more than their day to day needs.

I am not suggesting that they didn't have the gleaming stoves, refrigerators, dryers and so on; they did. However, the emphasis was not here. One deficiency was television but not for lack

of facilities. I was told that the local authorities discouraged the American airport Garrison at Keflavík from beaming their TV program to the city. Independence above all; the foreign influence was not desirable.

One day a tour out of the city was organized for us which was to include Thingvellir, some of the electric power stations, Gullfoss, the Kerið and some of the hot springs.

The most startling impression upon leaving the built up area is the starkness of the land. It has been said that "it looks unfinished, charred - - - then suddenly it becomes beautiful, weird and lonely, and very, very moving." No trees (only 1% of the land mass is covered with trees)—and this I would suspect is almost entirely in the north, a few shrubs, moss, some grass and endless lava fields. The shale is a strange reddish colour similar only in colour to the soil in parts of the Carolinas. The light seemed very soft in the overcast giving a peculiar sense of tranquility.

There are some good roads in the area of Reykjavík but in the country you have the impression that a grader had ploughed through the shale and levelled a swath through the country side.

They say that riding an Icelandic pony gives you a link with the almost forgotten past but driving a car on the inland roads requires equally fine conditioning. Although there were a great number of excellent European and American automobiles in the city, it was necessary for our trip to acquire two heavy versions of the four-wheel drive wartime jeep.

When the road suddenly fell away through washouts you just drove off the road into the fields and back again when it levelled off.

I was particularly interested in the

animals. The sheep, because it was early in the season, were pretty rugged looking in comparison to those of southern England.

The Icelandic horses were fascinating although we were told they are now used almost entirely for sport rather than as work horses. We did see an interesting gentleman riding one as a means of transportation. We came upon three horses all of different colours which looked just beautiful.

Thingvellir, the site of the Grandmother of Parliaments, (The Althing), held a peculiar interest because of its historic significance. Europe's oldest legislative assembly met here in 930 about 31 miles from Reykjavík. Thingvallavatn close by is the largest lake in Iceland. There you see the black rock walls of the dislocation chasm called Almannagja.

I understand this particular spot, Thingvellir, is a sacred natural shrine for all Icelanders. The site was chosen because of the protection afforded from the winds by the faults shown in the picture.

The view of the lava plains from the ridge, with the church and farmhouse, was a very pretty site.

We were taken to three major power sites by an uncle who as closely associated with the development of hydro power in the country. One is Ljósafossstöðin (8800 Kw) taken from Írafoss (31MKw) and one is Steingrímsstöð (27MKw) which as recently completed and named after him. Power, of course, is the foundation upon which the economy of any country is based. I understand that the potential of Iceland is approximately 600 MKw of which 83.250 KW is currently developed.

After lunch at Steingrímsstöð we proceeded to Gullfoss, the Golden Falls on the Hvítá (White River) which to me was every bit as spectacular as Ni-

agara. There was one important difference—aside from our own group there wasn't another living soul to be seen within miles of this great natural wonder. We were told that students found great interest in being able to view the geologic strata of the ages bared here by the ceaseless flow of water affording a bird's eye view of time itself.

We had been warned that it was a long time between lunch and dinner but that we would be stopping for "coffee" at Kerið. It seemed to take hours to make that trip between Gullfoss and Kerið. Even the prospect of Icelandic coffee had an overpowering appeal. Upon arrival at Kerið, we spread blankets at the edge of this fantastic bowl.

Kerið is a great explosion crater similar to one some of you may have seen in Hawaii.

On the way back to the capital we stopped at Hveragerði which, of all things, is noted for its greenhouses and tropical fruits. Natural hot springs are everywhere. These holes in the ground spring into great activity every two hours or so. The first sign of action is a slight bubbling of hot water coming out of the ground. You can almost see and hear the pressure building up until it suddenly bursts forth with steam spouting 30 feet high.

This natural hot water is harnessed as a regular utility and forced under pressure of 75 gals/sec thru concrete pipelines approximately ten miles to Reykjavík where it is stored in tanks or cisterns above the city and drawn by gravity when required to heat the buildings, homes, swimming pools, and so on.

Our dinner was served at a ski chalet just outside the city. This chalet had certain sporting limitations since we

were told that there had been no snow the previous winter.

This had been a long but memorable day.

The shops in Reykjavík were not too interesting in comparison with other cities in Europe. However, there were some which were worthy of some interest. I was particularly impressed with the book shops, with the number of them, the selection of books available in both Icelandic and other languages. Considering the size of the population it was obvious the degree of penetration of the market must have been outstanding to justify such a wide selection of well bound expensive-looking editions.

Souvenirs, uniquely Icelandic, are limited but those which are available seem of high quality.

Sheepskins in all forms are available—gloves, slippers, and coats. Ceramics are available which are all of a distinctive pattern but of a heavy and simple design.

I was particularly interested in some hand carved models of early sailing ships.

The people we met in the shops marked us as Western Icelanders almost immediately. Their interest in us was sincere and almost forceful. They again were quite well informed on our activities. Obviously, their press and our local publications give them excellent coverage of our news.

After all the hospitality which had been thrust upon us, I thought it only fitting that Marj and I should invite all our relatives out to dinner on our last night in Reykjavík. Our plane was leaving from Keflavík at 2 a.m. Therefore, I made enquiries from a very kind lady at one of the gift shops, firstly, as to where we should hold the dinner, and secondly, as to the bill of fare which would appeal to our friends. A

Scandinavian wag is reported to have said "If you are on business, never order fish. Icelanders will think you are bankrupt."

She recommended the National Theatre without hesitation and then explained that Icelanders considered "Hamburg" a delicacy which would be very much appreciated as the main course. After being subjected to Coca Cola signs all over Europe, I immediately had visions of fresh buns and ketchup with a raw onion. This, however, was not what she had in mind. Hamburg as a name given by that German city to smoked pork tenderloin which was done up in a very special way. I telephoned my reservations from the store and ordered the Hamburg as the main dish of a four-course dinner.

In spite of the businessman's warning, the fish courses were just delicious and I would think the delight of gourmets. This comment comes from a person who, having been brought up on the prairies, was never too enamoured with fish at the best of times.

I was just a little concerned about assuming the responsibilities as host to an affair such as this since certain customs had to be followed which were not entirely familiar to me, and I had no idea what to expect at the National Theatre as an eating place.

Upon arrival at the dinner hour, we were shown through a very attractive looking night club and taken through to one of the private dining rooms which was beautifully appointed. The setting was enhanced with several lovely bouquets of flowers and the whole atmosphere had an air of relaxed elegance.

Meals have an air of ritual and formality in Europe which is very pleasing. We were particularly impressed with our family gatherings in both Norway and Iceland. The pattern was the same.

Excellent food in great variety with excellent wines; innumerable toasts with much sentiment, and the inevitable skól or skál was much in evidence.

Skál is not an excuse for a fast drink as we might have gathered from some of our North American friends.

Skál to me seemed more too, than just a bon sante or good health salutation. It was done with an air of seriousness which seemed to signify a bond between the people between whom the toast was offered.

All guests, must as a matter of courtesy, skál the host with aquavit or, for that matter, any suitable alternative. The hostess must not be "skáled" unless she initiates the action for obvious reasons. The guests then skál each other all through the meal. The ceremony involves raising the glass and nodding to the person being greeted, all the while continuing to look into the eyes of the other person. A sip is taken; the glass is then raised again and another nod is extended and the glass set down.

I was very pleased with the way dinner was progressing but you can understand that the tension of departure was starting to build up.

After the 4th course, one of my cousins suggested that if we had no objection he would like us all to return to his home for brandy and coffee. This suggestion was not at all unwelcome because by this time I began to wonder whether my remaining travellers cheques were sufficient to match the elegance of the occasion.

There were 22 to 24 of us who returned to my cousin's home. It was an extremely modern ranch style home and beautifully decorated. In the large living room divided into two areas by a large fireplace, we sat down to our coffee and brandy.

My aunt was at the grand piano and began to play and sing some of her

own compositions which impressed me very much. We then sang some Icelandic Folk Songs and some of the early American spirituals. You can imagine how thrilled I was to harmonize with two of my father's brothers to the sentimental strains of Old Black Joe. I was very impressed with their love of music, their accomplishments, both voice and otherwise, and with their obvious ability to entertain themselves.

I was enjoying myself immensely. I found myself recalling some of the wonderful stories of Iceland I had been told as a youngster. I recalled the stories of hardship, pestilence, the cruel sea, volcanic eruptions, unbearable winters, the struggle for independence, and for survival itself, and the literature and the departure for the new land in America.

When our departure time arrived, I must confess that I was so overcome

with emotion I was able to do no more than shake their hands in farewell.

With succeeding generations becoming increasingly removed from the close friendships and personal knowledge of one group with the other, I think it very important, very desirable and very rewarding for the new generations to take every opportunity to renew, refresh and to enlarge these ties.

The bonds are far stronger than some of us may realize. There is justification for referring to us as Western Icelanders.

Pan-Am set down a huge DC6B at Keflavik to pick up only two passengers, reluctant to leave, but anxious to go home again to our Canadian homes.

It has been said that it's easy to get to Iceland, it's harder to tear yourself away, and it's almost inevitable you will want to return.

Why don't you renew your ties? You will find it an overwhelming experience.

EVEN IN PARADISE

When Adam took off for some roaming
In Eden's voluminous park,
Then turning his steps to come homing:
"I've just been away for a lark."

But Eve thought it more than a teaser,
Alerted to masculine fibs.
When Adam attempted to please her,
She insisted on counting his ribs.

—Bogi Bjarnason

—:—

When the workman was given a raise
He flustered but tried to respect it.
His wife was quite loud in her praise,
Determined: Keep calm and collect it.

—Bogi Bjarnason

The Three Midwinter Concerts

Associated with the annual meeting of the Icelandic National League, held the latter part of February each year, there are three concerts, one under the auspices of the Fron Chapter of the League, the second under the auspices of The Icelandic Canadian Club, and the final one, combining a concert and unfinished business on the agenda of the annual meeting of the League.

The First concert this year, held in the First Lutheran Church on February 19, opened with the two national anthems and a few introductory remarks by Professor Haraldur Bessason, the President of Fron. Mrs. Elma Gisla-son and her daughter Joy sang duets and later Joy sang a solo. A male voice chorus, under the direction of Arthur A. Anderson, gave a number of selections. The speaker was Rev. Hjalti Guðmundsson, of Mountain, North Dakota, who did not hesitate to express his concern because of the number of communists in Iceland. Moving pictures were shown covering the journey of the President of Iceland across Canada. The films will be taken back to Iceland to be edited, with explanatory notes, and a duplicate will then be sent back to Canada. The pictures were taken by the official photographer on the trip, Vigfús Sigurgeirsson.

The second concert, also in the First Lutheran Church, was chaired by Gunnar O. Eggertson, President of The Icelandic Canadian Club. The Metro Male Voice Chorus of Winnipeg sang a number of Canadian Folk Songs, both French and English, and other songs. The Chorus is under the direction of Barry Anderson, who plays the organ in Westminster United Church. He is of Swedish descent and his wife

Helga, is a daughter of Valgerður and the late Sigvaldi Baldwinsson. Johannes Pálsson of Arborg gave selections on the violin which were much appreciated and brought an encore. His violin was made by Oli Thorsteinson of Gimli. The speaker of the evening was Arni R. Swanson, who spoke on his impressions of Iceland which he visited last summer. His address appears elsewhere in this issue.

The last concert, held in the Unitarian Church on Wednesday night, Feb. 21st, was featured by four items contributed by students taking Icelandic at the University of Manitoba. Mr. H. Schultz, who is taking Icelandic in his Master's Degree course of studies, spoke on Icelandic literature pointing out some of its special features. Miss Irene Artes, also taking Icelandic in her Master's degree work, read in Icelandic a selection from one of the Sagas. Miss Hulda Sigvaldason of Arborg read Icelandic poetry and Miss Elin Josephson of Glenboro, played on the piano. These students' selections proved popular, and the innovation, no doubt, will be repeated in future years.

Judge W. J. Lindal, in presenting four scholarships, said that this was in two ways a record year in the short history of the Department of Icelandic in the University of Manitoba. Fourteen students were taking Icelandic, a record high, but, he said, there was another record, even more important. This year, he pointed out, four students, not of Icelandic origin, three from the Department of German, and one from the Department of English, selected Icelandic as one of the courses in their postgraduate studies, leading to the M. A. degree. Here, Judge Lindal claim-

ed, new ground was being broken—recognition of Icelandic as an essential subject in postgraduate studies in English and German.

The scholarship winners were called to the platform and were cordially applauded. For the list see the last number of this magazine.

Miss Evelyn (Thorvaldson) Allen, sang selections in Icelandic and a formal message from the President of Iceland and Mrs. Ásgeirsson, was read. Excerpts from the message appear elsewhere in this number.

The last evenings program was, up to this time, chaired by Rev. P. M. Petursson, the Vice-President of the League. He then called upon the

President, Dr. Richard Beck, to conclude unfinished business. Honorary Life Memberships in the Icelandic National League were granted to the Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister of Canada, to Hon. Guðmundur Guðmundsson, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Iceland, and Hon. Duff Roblin, Premier of Manitoba.

The conference of the Icelandic National League followed the usual pattern, the only innovation being that authority was given to the incoming executive to permit the publication of articles and translations of Icelandic literary selections in English in the *Tímarit*, the annual published by the League.

GUS STEPHENSON OF SELKIRK - - BOAT BUILDER

"If you can build a better mouse trap, the world will make a beaten path to your door." So goes the proverbial saying, and it has proved true in the case of Gus Stephanson of Selkirk, Manitoba. The only deviation—Mr. Stephanson builds boats.

About a year or so ago the Indian Affairs branch of the Canadian Department of Citizenship and Immigration commissioned Mr. Stephanson to go to Island Lake in the northeastern section of Manitoba to teach the Indians there to build boats for use in their fishing industry there.

Therefore the Indians had used their traditional canoes only, and with these could not compete with the white fishermen using larger and more efficient craft. Purchase by the Indians of the larger yawls at \$500 from "outside", and transportation costs on top

of this, proved prohibitive. Thus the Indian Affairs branch set upon teaching the natives to build their own boats, and this brought Mr. Stephanson into the picture.

In two months Mr. Stephanson with his five Indian "students" built ten boats, and in the process the natives learned the essentials of the building craft. Now the five are on their own in the business, have built boats for themselves and are supplying the needs of Indian and other fishermen in the region. They have their own sawmill and a virgin forest at their doorstep. Necessarily, they must import "by air" nails and other hardware for their needs to complete each craft.

Mr. Stephanson? He is at Norway House in north central Manitoba — teaching Indians to build boats.

SEVENTH ESCORT SQUADRON

of The Royal Canadian Navy Visits Iceland

Submitted with permission by **MRS. GUDVALDINA (Ena) S. ANDERSON**, Clerk-Stenographer at HMCS "CHIPPAWA", Naval Reserve Establishment at Winnipeg, Man., Dept. of National Defence. The above article appeared in the October, 1961 issue of *The CROWNEST—The Royal Canadian Navy's Magazine*, published in Ottawa, Ontario.

The Seventh Escort Squadron during the past summer ranged the western Atlantic from the coast of South America to the Arctic Circle in three cruises which provided "at-sea" training for some 375 university naval cadets. All told, 11,615.5 miles of steaming.

The last of the three cruises got under way from Halifax August 7 for a voyage in northern waters, with Iceland the ultimate call. It is believed that the visit of the Seventh Squadron (Fort Erie, Inch Arran, Lanark and Outremont) was the first official Icelandic call by Canadian warships since the Second World War.

Canadian authorities in Reykjavik responsible for the visit were H. F. Hallgrimson, CBE, honorary Canadian consul general, and the Canadian charge d'affaires, present from Oslo, G. V. Beaudry. Captain H. Bruce Carnall, naval military and air attache at Oslo, had made preliminary arrangements.

The ships arrived at Reykjavik on the morning of August 17, 1961. Cdr. L. B. Jenson, squadron commander, paid calls, including one on His Excellency Asgeir Asgeirsson, President of Iceland.

There was a full round of entertainment. Bus excursions for the sailors to Thingvellir, one of the oldest parliamentary seats in the world, were arranged by the city of Reykjavik. About 1,000 visitors toured the ships on the afternoon of the 18th.

Golfing and shooting matches, soccer and basketball games were played with local residents throughout the five-day stay. On Sunday, August 20, the ships landed 100 cadets and men to lay a wreath at the Commonwealth Memorial and a spray at the graves of those lost in the first HMCS Skeena. One platoon consisted of cadets, the other of Second World War veterans. The graves of the Skeena casualties are about four miles from the island capital. The Skeena was wrecked at Hvalfjörður further along the coast when she dragged anchor in a gale in Oct. 1944 with a loss of 15 lives. A guard with a bugler was paraded for the memorial service. Lt. Jack Hannam, of the Fort Erie, was parade officer. Chaplain (P) Ian H. Williams RCN (R) of the Lanark, conducted prayers.

This is believed to be the first time that foreigners have been invited to march through Reykjavik under arms.

Six hundred visitors came to the "open house" on board the Canadian warships that afternoon.

On August 21, a squadron luncheon was held on board HMCS Fort Erie, attended by the President of Iceland, two cabinet ministers, the mayor of Reykjavik, the American ambassador, the British charge d'affaires, Rear-Admiral Robert B. Moore, USN, of Headquarters Iceland Defense Force, and Mr. Hallgrimsson, the honorary Canadian consul general. This also is

believed to be the first time that an Icelandic president has ever consented to visit a foreign warship. A president's guard of 96 men under Lt. Hannam was paraded for the occasion and His Excellency not only complimented the guard on its bearing but insisted that all luncheon toasts be conducted seated, in accordance with service custom.

The squadron left Iceland on August 22 to conclude a most successful visit. The ships headed north to cross the Arctic Circle but barely made it, being forced south by large ice floes drifting of Greenland. Nevertheless, the squadron was treated to the moon's eclipse on August 25 and a brilliant display of northern lights the following night.

On August 26, the force went into action stations on main and secondary armament in unit firing manoeuvring at 16 knots and managed to scratch one tall iceland. On the 27th, amateur ornithologists eyed and photographed

the thousands of puffins, murrens and gannets ashore on Funk Island off Sir Charles Hamilton Sound.

Father Neptune deferred his visit for the Arctic Circle crossing until the first dog watch on August 22, boarding the Fort Erie with roars of thunderflashes. His chain of office was a necklace of kippers. He was accompanied by Aurora Borealis, the Recorder, the Prosecutor, his Chief of Police and a staff of Seals and Polar Bears, all of whom duly initiated the ship's company as "Bluenosers".

On August 28, the force, at anchor in Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, held the cadet regatta, which was won by the Fort Eries. There had been a warm-up for this event in Mortier Bay, Nfld., on the first leg of the cruise.

Following a cordial three-day visit to St. John's, the ships returned to Halifax September 3.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL FOR RESEARCH



Dr. Thorvaldur Johnson

Dr. Thorvaldur Johnson, director of the federal agriculture department's research station in Winnipeg, has been awarded a 1962 gold medal of the Professional Institute of the Public Service of Canada.

Dr. Johnson, a 65-year-old native of Arnes, Manitoba, was honored for his research into control of cereal rusts, including unfolding new knowledge about the genetic variability in the rust fungus.

A nephew of Dr. Thorbergur Thorvaldson of Saskatoon, Dr. Johnson is well known to readers of *Logberg-Heimskringla* as a collaborator with Dr. Tryggvi Olson on the interesting column "Litið um öxl".

BOOK REVIEW

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

1910 — 1960—A Brief History by Erik J. Friis

133 p.p. — \$2.00

This little volume is a chronicle of the American Scandinavian Foundation (A S F) during its first half century of operation. Rather than condense what is already a condensation a few quotations will be given to provide a birds eye view of the amazing progress of the American Scandinavian Foundation.

Lithgow Osborn, President of the ASF says in the Foreword.

"The most astounding single fact about The American-Scandinavian Foundation is, to my mind, the prescience of Niels Poulson. How could he, in 1909-10, have had his vision of Scandinavia as a unity, cultural and social—and now fast achieving an economic unity which may open the door five years or twenty years hence to some sort of political unity?

"Please note that I say 'unity' not 'union'. Clearly the two are vastly different even though one may well lead to the other."

The author of the book, Erik J. Friis, is the present Editor of The American-Scandinavian Review. The following with headings by the reviewer, are extracts from the book.

The Founding of ASF

The Act of Incorporation (State of New York) was signed by Governor John A. Dix on March 16, 1911. On April 15 Niels Poulson made a codicil to his will in which he left the residue

of his estate to the new Foundation and a few days later he signed a transfer of the original fund of \$100,000.00 from The American-Scandinavian Society to the Foundation. . . .

The Foundation was to be governed by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, the first of whom had been named by Niels Poulson himself. At the time of the founder's death the new organization was in possession of sums which, combined with his previous donations, aggregated about a half million dollars. It was the thought of the founder that other Americans, as well as Danes, Norwegians and Swedes, would in time make similar bequests to the endowment fund. . . .

Establishment of The American-Scandinavian Review

Therefore, as one of its first important steps the Foundation resolved on publishing its own organ, to be called The American-Scandinavian Review. The first issue appeared in January 1913 Dr. Henry Goddard Leach became the first Editor, and the Literary Editor was Hanna Astrup Larsen; she later was to succeed Dr. Leach as Editor and was for many years to take a leading part in the Foundation's literary activities. . . .

with its December 1933 issue The American-Scandinavian Review was transformed into a quarterly line: the periodical had been a . . . from 1920 to 1931 and had

appeared with ten issues a year the two years previous to the change. . . .

Fellowships and Scholarships

With the end of World War I steps were taken to enlarge the scope of the ASF scholarship program, and through the financial cooperation of friends on both sides of the Atlantic no less than forty Fellowships, each of about \$1,000, twenty each way, were pledged for a period of five years, thus guaranteeing stipends amounting to somewhat more than \$200,000.00. . . .

In 1919 also the Foundation sent its first Fellow to Iceland, Kemp Malone, the eminent philologist. . . .

On August 30, 1938 occurred the death of John G. Berquist, a Vice-President and Trustee of the Foundation for many years. Early the following year his widow, Mrs. Grace Cummings Berquist, presented to the Foundation the largest single contribution then received since the death of Niels Poulson. The amount of her gift was \$25,000.00 and was to be used to establish fellowships in memory of her late husband. . . .

The Student Interchange and Trainee Programs

Following the end of hostilities the ASF student interchange program was soon in full operation. In 1945 a total of 52 Fellows were appointed from Sweden, 41 from Norway, 33 from Denmark, 3 from Iceland, and 2 American Fellows were sent to Scandinavia. These figures were to increase rapidly during the next few years, not least because of the establishment of several new Fellowship funds and also because of the close cooperation entered into with the Institute of International Education regarding the placement of stu-

dents in American colleges and universities. In 1944 a new scholarship fund had been established, as a result of a donation of \$25,000 by Hans Christian Sonne, ASF treasurer, and Mrs. Sonne. The income from the fund, known as "The Carol and Hans Christian Sonne Fellowship Fund", was to be used to send American Fellows to Denmark or Norway. And after the war The American Friends of Norway turned over \$50,000 to the Foundation, to establish a fund to be known as King Haakon's Birthday Fund, for bringing Norwegian students to the United States. Other new sources of scholarships were the Leif Tronstad Fellowships, initiated by Mr. and Mrs. Georg Unger Vetlesen, and several fellowships given by Olaf Halverson of California, and Frederic Schaefer of Pittsburgh. . . .

The greatest student activity until then in the entire history of The American-Scandinavian Foundation was recorded in 1946. No less than 434 Fellows from Scandinavia were appointed and 27 Americans were studying in Scandinavia. The Foundation granted from its own funds \$47,000.00 in stipends for students. And at the invitation of ASF some 350 American institutions of learning offered approximately \$100,000.00 in scholarships and fellowships to Scandinavians placed through the Foundation.

A program that was to grow to sizable proportions in the years to come, namely, the trainee program, was begun in 1946. The Foundation was authorized by the U. S. Department of State to sponsor trainees and specialists who come to America for practical training in their special fields, work for or with an American firm, get paid a subsistence allowance and study American methods during approximately a year's stay in the United States. . . .

Finland Included

A broadening of the scope of the Foundation's activities took place in 1956 with the decision to include Finland in the operation of the ASF trainee program. In order to implement this arrangements were made with the Finnish-American Society to act as the fifth ASF cooperating organization.

An important event attendant on this new cooperation was the grant of \$140,000.00 made in March 1957, to the ASF by the Ford Foundation to make possible an exchange program with Finland. The grant was to cover four years, from 1957 through 1960. . . .

Iceland Included

Iceland too was the beneficiary of special funds and activities in this period. A grant made to ASF by Thomas E. Brittingham Jr. made it possible to send a number of Americans to Iceland to lecture on their special fields of interest. The first two speakers to go to Iceland were Dr. John R. Dunning, Dean of the Columbia University School of Engineering, and Colonel Bernt Balchen, the noted Nor-

wegian-American explorer and aviator. Mr. Brittingham also provided a grant which enabled the Foundation to invite Halldór K. Laxness, Icelandic winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, to visit and travel extensively in the United States. . . .

Editor Friis Visits Iceland

Erik J. Friis, Literary Secretary and Editor, visited Thule, Greenland, in May, 1960, as a guest of the U. S. Department of Defense, and later in the summer, as a guest of the Danish Ministry for Greenland, spent a month traveling as far north as Siorapaluk, the world's most northerly permanently settled village. In conjunction with the latter trip he also visited Iceland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. . . .

Mr. Friis closes his synoptic history with a quotation from A. Herter, former Secretary of State of the U. S.:

"The Foundation's work as a pioneer in educational and cultural exchange and its record over the last half a century stand as proof of the effectiveness of private initiative in the international field."

—W. J. L.

Paintings By Emile Walters On Display

A collection of paintings by the noted Icelandic artist, Emile Walters, were exhibited for a two-week period last fall at Poughkeepsie, New York, under the auspices of the Dutchess County Art Association. Entitled "Vinland Sagasteads" the collection is one of scenes along the route followed by early Icelandic explorers who ultimately discovered what in historical accounts is known as Vinland, its locale believed to be what is now the Canadian Maritimes or in the New England states.

The collection, loaned by the National Collection of Fine Arts of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., consists of 42 paintings, 18 of these scenes in Iceland and the remainder in Greenland.

Exhibited with them was a group of paintings executed by Mr. Walters in the Hudson River Valley of the New England states. The exhibition drew many thousands of viewers.

This collection by Mr. Walters is scheduled to be exhibited in Mexico City and probably in Germany.

THE SECOND STORY IN "THE WHITE MANSION"

THE THREE WOMEN

by frú Elinborg Lárusdóttir

When I reminisce about my life at the San I scarcely know where to begin. I have many kind memories of my fellow-patients there. Among the well-remembered are three elderly women: Hildur, Asa, and Gunnvor. The three were of an age, between fifty and sixty.

Hildur was gray-haired and showed her age, but when at her best she must have been beautiful. As it was, her complexion was still white and her skin smooth. Her deep blue eyes expressed kindness and warmth and in their depth there was an ever-ready smile. She was courteous and reserved in her manner, but she had many unusual and interesting things to relate and she could be very entertaining.

Asa was a bed-patient and Hildur did many an errand for her. Asa's home was in the nearby town, and Hildur phoned her husband daily on her behalf. One day when the husband was out, Hildur was commissioned to leave the following message: "Meet me on the phone at noon".

This expression somehow tickled our funny bone and we burst out laughing. Hildur ignored our nonsensical behaviour and simply smiled and said, in her gentle voice: "Just keep on laughing. It is precious to be able to laugh".

"Precious" was her stock expression. Unfortunately she sometimes used it when not appropriate, as when we were discussing the tragic fate of a man who was drowned in crossing the Herad lakes. Hildur exclaimed: "Isn't this precious!"

We were seized with a fit of laughter

at this unexpected comment. Hildur shook her head reprovingly at us and said with a note of pity for our nonsense:

"Yes. Laugh as you please. It is precious to be able to laugh".

Thus, one way and another, Hildur habitually lightened our mood. There wasn't a soul on the place who wasn't well disposed towards her. Indeed, she did not deserve anything else.

At Christmas that first winter a merchant in town donated a barrel of apples to the San. As we munched the red apples we lauded the donor for his generosity.

"Isn't it precious to get them free!" remarked Hildur.

Everyone laughed, while Hildur sat unperturbed and nodded, pleased that we felt entertained. After this her saying became proverbial with us: "Isn't it precious!"

Hildur did not possess many clothes, but she was very clean and kept herself well groomed. All her life she had been poor and had worked hard. She often spoke of her children, especially her daughters. When we were sewing or doing handiwork, she would look at her work and say:

"It would be precious if my girls knew how to do this".

Then her voice and countenance would express sadness. No doubt she had little hope of this ever coming to pass. Obviously, she had her children's welfare much at heart and desired keenly a better education for them than it had been her lot to receive. She was all for progress and not once did

she make the remark that old times are better than the present.

Hildur thought that we were well cared for at the San and not ever did she find fault with things. Her step was remarkably light and she was constantly ministering to the needs of the elderly women around her; indeed to the welfare of all who deigned to accept her ministrations. Gunnvor on the other hand continually grouched about everything and everybody. She was also extremely fearful of ridicule and thought that everybody was making fun of her.

Asa and Gunnvor did not get along. Asa was sardonic and a tease and well she knew Gunnvor's weakness and when out of sorts she concentrated relentlessly on this weakness. Hildur, on the other hand, was always serene. I think it very unlikely that they ever succeeded in wounding her feelings. Most certainly they never succeeded in involving her in their disputes. Whether or not she was happy there, I'll not venture to say. I asked her once why she did not move to another room, and her answer was:

"They need me. I often manage to skirt the reefs and to bring about peace between them. It is precious to be able to keep peace between people". Then she sighed, and smiled kindly.

The cause of these differences did not always amount to very much. Once Gunnvor had the idea that Asa must have spoken ill of her to the doctor. He had asked Asa about her condition and paused for a word with her, while he had merely glanced at Gunnvor's chart, with the remark, "Well, now. You are the same". She felt that his manner towards her was dry and he ignored her complaints about her insomnia. When she launched forth on her complaints he ignored her entirely and strode out of room. The fact of the

matter was that the doctor had listened to a repetition of these complaints with rare patience for nearly two years past: insomnia, headaches, and general debility. Yet Gunnvor's temperature was never above normal.

Gunnvor vented her ill-temper on Asa. Asa's lungs were seriously affected. She could not stand any draft, so that if weather was bad, or her cough was very bad, she had the doctor's permission to close the lower part of her window. Then Gunnvor would open the windows wide in order to vex her. Following these clashes, Gunnvor would broadcast her complaints, saying with tears in her eyes, "She'll be the death of me, this spiteful old hag". Solemnly she would add that it wasn't her wish, an invalid and never the one to encroach on anybody's territory, to live in a state of war.

On a few occasions Asa dressed and descended to the lounge room. Once the three old ladies were sitting together when a young and high-spirited girl named Mekkin entered the room and waved to them. On her hand she sported a beautiful diamond ring, which I recognized as belonging to one of the patients. The diamond was real.

"What do I see!" exclaimed the three women in unison. "Where did you get this beautiful ring?" Gunnvor half rose from her chair, all agog.

Mekkin held out her hand. The three expressed their admiration. "How beautiful!" they exclaimed.

I looked at them. Now Asa had half closed her eyes; on her countenance there was no expression of excitement. Hildur gave a happy smile and looked at Mekkin as if it pleased her that the young girl had acquired such a beautiful ring. Contrary to her custom when she saw something fine or pretty, she made no reference to her daughters. Gunnvor leaned forward, her eyes

glued to the ring. There was a peculiar gleam in her grey eyes and it was obvious that she was fascinated by the sparkling diamond.

"What's your guess as to it's cost?" said Mekkin, with a taunting smile.

I am certain that she had not stopped to consider how double-edged her question was, under the circumstances. The three ladies were poor, had always been poor people who had only looked at expensive articles, but never enjoyed possession. Hildur and Gunnvor hesitated. Finally Hildur broke the silence.

"It has certainly cost a lot", she said. "I could imagine that it has cost as much as half a crown."

Mekkin shook her head contemptuously and gave a loud laugh. Gunnvor continued to look at the ring.

"It is exactly like a ring I saw in a tuck shop the other day, and it cost a crown. I wanted to buy it but I thought it cost far too much."

"This ring has cost some hundreds of crowns", said Mekkin. "It is from Denmark, and it was a present from Miss M." Then, she laughed and waved her hand before their eyes. "It is a real diamond", she said.

"Diamond!" echoed Gunnvor and Hildur. Obviously they did not realize the value of diamonds. Hildur, however, was concerned least of all with the value of diamonds, although their cost staggered her. Her mind was on the rosy apples on the table.

"So it comes all the way from Denmark", she said, "where our king lives and where the forest grows wild and where apples ripen like the grass in our homefields, with perhaps less attention than the grass gets. They don't need fertilizer, I expect, and I venture to say that it will be easier to pick the apples off the trees than it is to mow the grass. Yes, if it isn't precious for her,

bless her heart, to receive such a gift from such a country!"

"And so dear", Gunnvor interjected. Asa laughed, bringing on a sharp fit of coughing.

"Now she's off. Now she's making fun of you", said Gunnvor to Hildur. "You should play up to her more".

"I'm laughing at the nonsense you're spouting", said Asa. "You don't know the value of a diamond, but I do. A diamond may cost many thousands of crowns. I own a diamond."

"You!" they exclaimed. Gunnvor's grey eyes grew dusky. She stuck out her chin and compressed her lips, and looked at Asa with evident disbelief.

"Yes. It was given to me when life was good to me", said Asa. She gave herself a lift in the chair and pressed her head back, with a far away look in her eyes, as if she were in a trance, recalling bygone days.

The others did not know what to think. Finally Gunnvor said, in low and dejected tones:

"Well! You do have news for us!"

I looked at Asa and our eyes met momentarily. Her face reddened and she looked away. I understood. No one knew Gunnvor's weakness better than Asa. This was merely a trick to get even with her, by sowing the seeds of envy in her heart. As for Hildur, she was completely free from envy and she never desired anything for herself. Doubtlessly, however, it would have gladdened her heart if her daughters had possessed a ring like this.

Thus, the old ladies lived together for two years. Then Asa went to her rest. With a strange reversal, Gunnvor sorrowed for her as for a lost friend and she shed many tears.

Hildur, on the contrary, bore herself well. "Such is our common fate", she said. "I think it is precious." It seemed then that she had a heart of

stone. Why did she not grieve for the departed, who had been so good to her?

"We got on so peaceably; it was an example for others", said Gunnvor, wiping away her tears. Then, sighing, "It could be said that we three were as one."

Hildur was standing a short distance away, and no doubt heard every word. She looked at me and smiled, a peculiarly bantering smile. I had never seen her smile like that before, and I understood then that she was a wise person and that above all, she was good.

A new arrival was given Asa's bed. Gunnvor and she did not get on well together, and Gunnvor often referred to the happy days when she and Asa were together, and she would shed tears. Often, however, she concluded her remarks with:

"Where could that ring be?"

"What ring?" said I once.

"Her diamond ring, of course."

"That's hard to say. It has likely been thrown away. No one has had any idea of its real value."

"Oh! That would indeed be a great loss. Many crowns' worth thrown away. I can't bear to think of it", she cried, and her grey eyes flashed a look of greed and exasperation. I thought of telling her that in my opinion the story was a fabrication, but Asa dead was a saint in Gunnvor's eyes, and it was no doubt best that she continue as such.

Finally the time came when Hildur was to go home. Then for the first time I saw her moved. She became depressed and seemed lost; she seemed an entirely different person. She often spoke about how much she dreaded the cold at home, on the farm.

"The house is so cold and draughty, and it leaks all over", she said.

I was very much surprised. It must indeed be a cold building if the cold was worse than at the San.

Hildur added in a low, musical voice, "I am looking so well. No one at home will believe that I am not well." There was a look of fear in her eyes.

I did not understand at the time why she was so greatly concerned that her people should consider her an invalid. Now I think I know that she would immediately be expected to do tasks beyond her strength. She was keenly conscious that her defences against her illness were down and that she would never conquer it. Alas! she had to go. She lived for a year, and then she died, at home, in the decrepit old building to which she had dreaded to return.

Gunnvor missed Hildur, but not nearly as much as she had missed Asa. For that matter, Hildur had not departed from this life.

When Gunnvor's departure from the San approached, she reversed her previous line and did not want to go. Everything that had been bad now became good.

"I'll not be better off anywhere else, and where should I go", she said sulkily.

The doctor observed that the San was only for people who were not well.

"Am I well? Don't I still suffer from insomnia? In what way am I better?"

"Your lungs are well. In that way you have improved here", the doctor remarked drily.

Gunnvor shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. "Always the lungs. As if there were no other illness than lung disease—or what name should I give it?"

With tears in her eyes, Gunnvor complained to her fellow patients.

"This is just because it is I. If it had been somebody else, there would have been a different tune. I am pushed about. Wherever I go I am in the way."

Someone remarked that there was a

long waiting list, and that those people would be very ill.

"But where am I to go? I have no home, and no one to look after me. I can't work for my living. How am I to live?" she exclaimed.

We were silent. Many patients who received their discharge from the San had the same story to tell. They had no home, and no one to turn to who could or would give them assistance. Furthermore, many people feared contact with former patients. Consequently, many of these began to work immediately on discharge, and found the work too much for them. Many returned to the San after a short period, their struggle against illness renewed, and more intense than before. Many succumbed who likely would have won through, had conditions been better.

Gunnvor had no option but to go to the city. She wept and bewailed her lot and her eyes were reddened, as if the San were a paradise on earth. Nowhere had she fared better.

She rented a small room and sold newspapers. She received some aid from her home county; also gifts from individuals, for she bemoaned her fate so much that people took pity on her. She was often given a meal and articles of clothing. However, she was extremely saving and was always poorly dressed.

Gunnvor was always at odds with life and she harbored resentment and envy towards those who were better off. This became deeply rooted in her, and she dwelt constantly on the misery of her lot, how she had missed out on the good things of life, how badly she was treated by God and man. Thus she maintained herself for some years, a miserable life, devoid of any joy or pleasure.

I believe that it was her mode of life

which caused her health to break down again. She suffered a relapse. Now her wish was fulfilled, for she was brought back to the San. Yet she made this move with a feeling of bitterness and anger.

"I should never have left there", she said. "I was never well and I was unable to work. This being ceaselessly on the go has wrecked me." She continued in this vein, in a querulous and quavering voice. Then suddenly she looked at me in a questioning way.

"What do you think has become of Asa's diamond ring?"

I was one of those who believed Gunnvor to be very poor, and so she really was. I always knew how she fared, for in the course of her last year in the city I was married and made my home there, and she visited me often.

Her last illness was not of a long duration. Life and her bitterness had done their work thoroughly, robbing her of her power of resistance. During this final stage of her illness she wept, saying that she was so poor that she could not buy herself as much as a nightgown or a handkerchief; that she was denied everything that others could so readily provide for themselves. However, her kind-hearted friends, whose acquaintance she had made when selling newspapers, gave her clothes and tried to gladden her heart in many a way.

Finally death took pity on her and granted her equal rights with all others, the peace and rest of the grave. Her earthly remains were taken direct from the San to the churchyard. No one followed her coffin to the grave.

Yet she had relatives. They had never visited her nor showed her friendliness in any way. She could die, for all they cared.

We were surprised to find that she possessed great quantities of good

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clothes, new and old. Obviously she had been given these by kindhearted people who pitied her because she was always dressed in rags. She even left a few ornaments, not costly, 'tis true, but a pretty necklace, an old watch, and a set of earrings. A bank book showed a deposit of over two thousand

crowns. This amount went to distant relatives who had never deigned to look her way. I am not aware that they refused this inheritance.

I GO TO THE WHITE MANSION, which appeared in the Winter 1961 number, as well as **THE THREE WOMEN** were

translated by W. KRISTJANSON

RUINS OF ANCIENT VIKING STRUCTURE DISCOVERED IN NEWFOUNDLAND

An article by John C. Devlin appearing in a recent edition of the New York Times says a Norwegian explorer, Helge Ingstad, has discovered ruins on the northern tip of Newfoundland where he believes Vikings under Leif Ericson dwelt when they came to the North American continent 500 years before Columbus.

Mr. Ingstad said the nearly buried ruins of seven "European-type" structures included one with a Great Hall in the Viking style. He said he believed Leif Ericson, son of Eric The Red, had used this building as his home and headquarters in the period during which he explored Vinland.

The ruins were found "a few miles off Meade Bay" at a place shown on maps as Lanceaux Meadows, from the shoreline. It is an isolated area sometimes used by fishermen. There is no harbor or bay. Mr. Ingstad said Viking ships were routinely hauled up on open beaches.

The discovery was made with the aid of descriptions in Icelandic Sagas and reports from Newfoundland fishermen.

Mr. Ingstad sailed from Norway in a Norwegian ship, bringing with him a 48-foot motor sailer for his use. He, his wife and daughter, sailing to the northern tip of Newfoundland checked landmarks against descriptions in the Sagas, making enquiries as they went along.

When fishermen told Mr. Ingstad they had been puzzled by the odd contours in the ground at Lanceaux Meadows Mr. Ingstad went there, set up tents and began digging around what appeared to be old ruins. He said they had found a main structure, 60 by 45 feet, containing five rooms and the Great Hall with five fireplaces. He said the walls had apparently been made of sod. The other buildings, of simliar construction, were small and square.

Mr. Ingstad said he was sending a variety of fragments to the University of Oslo for a Carbon-14 test to determine their age. He said he believed the buildings could not possibly have been made by Indians or Eskimos.

22



CANADA

Avoid being exploited

If you have not lived in Canada for very long you may not be familiar with certain Canadian Business practises.

To buy on credit can be a strong temptation. Be sure that you fully understand the terms of any purchase contract. Read it carefully and, if you have doubt about the meaning of any of its conditions, have them explained to you by an honest and trusted person who knows English or French well. In the past some newcomers have agreed to pay excessive interest rates or have signed contracts which bound them to pay far more than they expected.

If you are in doubt about any business transaction, talk to the officials of a reputable agency such as the Better Business Bureau. They have records of complaints against individuals or companies suspected of misleading or dishonest business methods. You will find the address and telephone number of the Better Business Bureau of your locality in the telephone directory.

If you think that you may be the victim of unfair business practises, get in touch with the nearest Immigration Officer or with an official of the Ethnic Group to which you belong. They will be glad to help you.

Remember also that **ALL SERVICES RENDERED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION IN IMMIGRATION MATTERS ARE FREE.** You need not pay money to any one in respect to any immigration matter which you may wish to bring to the attention of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration. Experienced officers are there to help you. Their services are free.

Minister of Citizenship and Immigration

Scholarships and Awards



Jón R. Skafel

B.Sc. (Man.) M.B.A. (U.W.O.)

Jón R. Skafel, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Skafel, Brandon, Man. graduated May 1961 with honors from the University of Western Ontario, London, and had conferred on him the Masters Degree in Business Administration. He had previously received the Bachelors Degree in science from the University of Manitoba.

Following graduation he was awarded a Kellogg Foundation Fellowship for research in nursing education. He pursued this during the summer of 1961 at the Toronto General Hospital.

At present Jón works as administrative assistant at the Brandon General Hospital. He intends to pursue further studies in the science of hospital administration in the near future.

★

WINS GUDRUN SKAPTASON SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLISH

Sharon Ann Moyer was the first winner of the Johanna G. Skaptason (the



Sharon Ann Moyer

late Mrs. J. B. Skaptason) scholarship in English. This Scholarship of \$100.00 is provided through a fund raised by the Jon Sigurdson chapter of the I.O. D.E. in memory of the late Mrs. Skaptason and is awarded to the Manitoba student receiving the highest marks in Grade XII English.

Sharon Moyer is a great-granddaughter of the pioneers Bui and Thorlaug Johnson, who, on migrating from Iceland settled at first in Gimli and before the turn of the century moved to Winnipegosis. An Icelandic settlement was established on Red Deer Point and Bui Johnson settled close to the northern tip of the Point from which he fished on Lake Winnipegosis for many years.

A daughter of Bui Johnson, Jonina, born on Red Deer Point, married Alva Moyer, and Wilfred Moyer, the father of Sharon, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Moyer.

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Ingvar, a son of Bui Johnson, was one of the first Icelanders to graduate from the University of Manitoba, and one of the founders of The Icelandic Student Society which flourished from 1901 to the economic depression of the thirties. His wife Gudrun Buason was one of the women who undertook the tremendous task of publishing the "Minningarrit Íslenzkra Hermannanna", a record of the soldiers of Icelandic descent in the first World War.

John, another son of Bui Johnson, homesteaded in the Wynyard district in 1905. Maria, a daughter of his, is the wife of Paul Hallson, a retail merchant of Winnipeg.

Besides Jonina, Bui and Thorlaug Johnson had two daughters, Olina and Gudrun, both deceased.

As might be expected the Gudrun Skaptason scholarship was not the only one awarded to Sharon Moyer. She received The Queen Elizabeth Scholarship for the highest average in Grade XII-84, and in addition received a \$150.00 Province of Manitoba Scholarship.

Sharon Moyer is attending St. John's College.

★

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

WINS \$950.00 IN SCHOLARSHIPS

Myrna Gayle Blondahl, a student in 3rd year Education at the University of British Columbia, has won to date a total of \$950.00 in scholarships as follows:

Out of Grade XII	
Government bursary	\$150.00
University bursary	100.00
1st year university:	
Government scholarship	125.00
Government bursary	150.00
University bursary	100.00



Myrna Gayle Blondahl

2nd year university:

Government scholarship	125.00
Government bursary	150.00
University bursary	100.00

Myrna Gayle was born at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, on October 8th, 1941. Her parents are Hilmar Blondahl, brought up in Wynyard, Sask., and Mary (Johnson) Blondahl, of Stony Hill, Manitoba, now residing in Vancouver, B. C. Her maternal grandparents are Margaret Johnson and the late Sigurdur Johnson, of Oak Point, Man., and her paternal grandparents, the late Asgeir and Fanny Blondahl.

★

A brilliant Grade 13 student, George E. Browne of Elliott Lake, Ontario, last fall enrolled at Queens University, Kingston, after being awarded a Canadian Legion \$300.00 scholarship. In addition to this he had won other academic awards, including a bronze medal and other scholarships. Mr. Browne is a grandson on his mother's side of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kristjanson of Geraldton, Ont.



Know Your Rights

LEGALLY ADMITTED IMMIGRANTS HAVE THE SAME RIGHTS AND THE SAME RESPONSIBILITIES AS OTHER CANADIAN WORKERS.

While the majority of employers in Canada are honest and fair, some, unfortunately, have taken advantage of immigrants.

- Guard against unfair hiring methods.
- Insist on getting the holidays with pay to which you may be entitled.
- Ensure that deductions from your salary for board and lodging are not excessive.
- Refuse to be used as strikebreakers.
- Make sure that all stamp credits to which you are entitled are placed in your Unemployment Insurance Book.
- Do not be afraid to join a trade union. That is your right.
- Do not fear threats of deportation from an employer.
- If you have a legitimate complaint regarding your working conditions, seek the advice of the provincial officials in your locality. If you do not know who they are, get in touch with the immigration or citizenship officer nearest to your home, your minister, your priest or an official of the ethnic group to which you belong. They will do their utmost to help you.

Allen L. Fairclough

Minister of Citizenship and Immigration

WIN ATHLONE FELLOWSHIPS

This year 41 Athlone Scholarships have been awarded to Canadian students graduating in Engineering. This is a substantial Fellowship awarded by Her Majesty's Government of the United Kingdom for two years post-graduate studies in London. The following are included:



Eric Lawrence Sigurdson

Eric Lawrence Sigurdson, son of Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Sigurdson of Winnipeg, who graduates from the University of Manitoba this Spring.

Brian Lindal Eyford, of North Burnaby, B. C. At present further information on Brian is not available.

The Icelandic Canadian extends congratulations.



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IN THE NEWS

TRUMPETER PLAYS LIKE VETERAN



Trumpeter Einar Einarson

Trumpeter Einar Einarson, member of the Minot State Teachers' College band which has been asked to perform at the Seattle World's Fair this spring, was featured as soloist at the Manitoba Music Educators' gala concert Saturday night.

Having played the instrument merely two years, he performed Brandt's "Concerto No.1" for trumpet like a veteran to an audience of 500 that exploded with applause after his rendition in the Vincent Massey High School auditorium.

He said he had never seen the show-piece music until one and a half weeks before the concert when he was asked to perform.

The difficult composition shows up the full range of the trumpet, jumping from the lowest to the high register in the first bars, and taxes the musician with scales running the full range of the instrument.

He played so well that the audience would not stop applauding until the 19-year-old performer took his bows.

Mr. Einarson is a second-year stu-

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dent of music at the Minot College, and is also a member of six local bands, including the college band which will be going to Seattle in the latter part of April.

During the summers he returns to his parents' home to help with the work that has to be done on a diversified farm. He explained that his father is financing his college education and said, "The least I can do is work for him then." An Icelander, his father owns and operates a farm near Upham, North Dakota, about 45 miles north-east of Minot.

Mr. Einarson shows an excellent mastery of the instrument that he has developed during his two years on "the horn", as he calls it. He practises five hours a day.

His solo was accompanied by Evelyn MacMullen on the piano, also a music student at Minot.

—The Brandon Sun, Feb. 26, 1962

★

LT. COMM. FRANKLIN J. ASMUNDSON

When a Langdon, North Dakota youth enlisted as an apprentice seaman in the United States Navy shortly after Pearl Harbor, he probably never dreamed that in less than 20 years he would be commanding officer of his own ship with the rank of lieutenant-commander.

Assuming command of U.S.S. Tracer, an ocean radar picket ship, at a change of command ceremony in port at San Diego, California, last July 22nd, was Lt.-Comm. Franklin J. Asmundson, U. S. Navy, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Johannson of Langdon with whom he made his home while attending Langdon grade school and high school.

Lt. Comm. Asmundson attended the University of North Dakota for a short

time before enlisting as a seaman in the navy January 15th, 1942. After training at the Great Lakes training station he went to the Ford Service School for shipfitters and in July, 1942, was assigned to the U.S.S. Leonard Wood at Norfolk, Virginia, and in August to the U. S. S. Thomas Stone.

Both ships were troop transports used to move soldiers from one coast port to another in preparation for the North African invasion.

In September he was sent to St. Louis, Missouri, to serve for 16 months with the amphibious ferry command which moved LSTs to various points. He was a shipfitter third class but surrendered that rating to become an apprentice seaman in order to enter the V-12 navy officer training program July 1, 1943, and be sent to the teachers' college at Cape Girardeau in southern Missouri.

In October, 1944, he was transferred to the midshipmen's school at Ashbury Park, and in December, 1944, entered the midshipmen's school at Columbia University from which he graduated and was commissioned an ensign April 25, 1945.

He served as an engineer officer on an LST during the Okinawa campaign and then went to Yokohama, Japan, as part of the occupation force.

He was discharged from the navy on March 7, 1946, but re-enlisted with the same grade of ensign in mid-June. Since that time he has served on amphibious ships, destroyers and an aircraft carrier.

In 1951 he was assigned to duty on the staff of the commander of the Iceland Defence Force as assistant intelligence officer and interpreter-translator. His most recent assignment was as electronics member of the sub-board of inspection and survey at San Francisco, California.

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Lt. Comm. Asmundson was married to Katrin Erna Gunnarsdottir of Reykjavik, Iceland, on Feb. 9th, 1952, at Reykjavik while he was on duty there. With their four children they now make their home at Walnut Creek, California.

Lt.-Comm. Asmundson is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Asmundson of Mountain, North Dakota.

★

THE ICELANDIC-AMERICAN CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Icelandic-American Club of Southern California is a magnet that draws unto itself Icelanders, come they from any state in the Union, from Canada, Iceland, England or the Continent, when they visit California, and such visitors are always welcome guests at their various functions.

Such an occasion was the First of December celebration, held Saturday, Dec. 2nd, in the form of a dinner-dance at the King's Restaurant on Long Beach Boulevard in South Gate, Los Angeles area. The dinner at 8 was preceded by cocktails from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. and attended by 65 persons. Olafur Bachmann, club president, presided.

The program included vocal solos in Icelandic and English by Sigrun Ragnarsdottir, 1961 beauty queen contestant, and community singing led by Gunnar Matthiasson who had recently returned from Iceland and Denmark. An "Oscar" in the form of a wooden plaque with the recipient's name engraved on a brass plate was presented to all past presidents of the club by Mr. Bachmann. These were Johannes Newton, Hreidur Haraldson, Jon Thorbergsson, Mrs. Gudny Thorwaldson and Gunnar Matthiasson. Mrs. Sumi Swanson received the award on behalf of her late husband. Absent was Clayton Nash during whose term

of office the Fjelagsbladid, the club's official publication, was launched. Absent also were Mr. Linker and Sverrir Runolfson.

Dancing followed the dinner and continued till 2 a.m. Present were no less than six beauty queens from Iceland, Sigrundur Thorvalds, contestant at the Long Beach pageant in 1959, her sister Kristin who participated in a similar contest in England the following year, Sirry Stefan who competed in the Long Beach pageant in 1960, her sister Anna who took part in a beauty contest in Santa Monica, and Sigrun Ragnarsdottir, Long Beach contestant last year. Present also was Ragnheidur Kristin Jonasdottir who took part in a beauty pageant in Italy and won the title, Miss Adria, and subsequently was married in Reykjavik Cathedral to Bert Hanson, a young man from Hollywood.

The guest list included also visitors from the state of Washington and others from Iceland.

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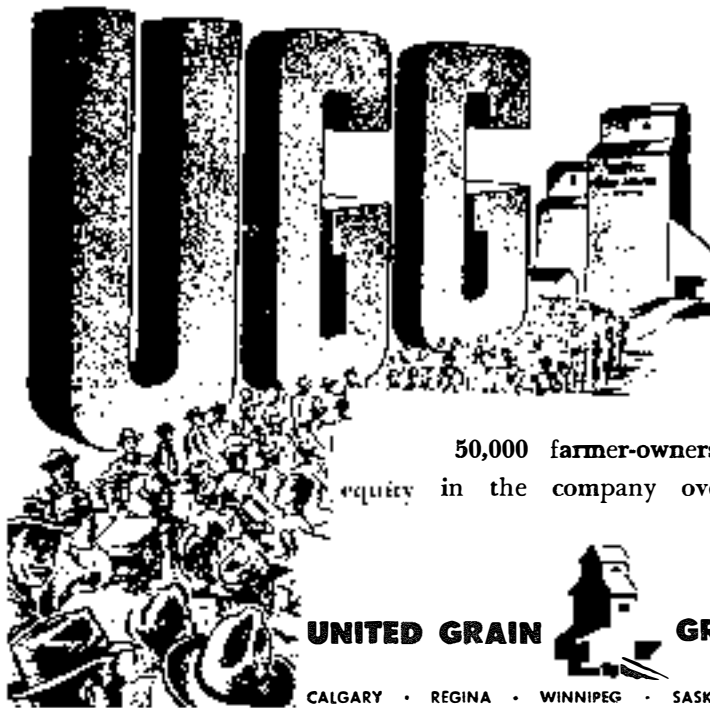
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Miss Jo-Ann Stefanson has recently won the honor of being chosen as "Lady-Stick" of the University of Manitoba, i.e. as leader of the lady student body of that institution. Many were eligible, but Jo-Anne was chosen on account of her ability as a student and of her participation in many extra-curricular activities of the university. She is a student in Third Year Arts, and has won a scholarship. She has elected Icelandic as one of her options.

Jo-Anne is a daughter of Emily and the late Stefan Halldor Stefanson, and grand-daughter of Johanna and the late Gudmundur A. Stefanson. Mr. Stefanson will be remembered as having used his fine voice for many years in the service of the choir of the First Lutheran Church. He was a brother of the famous singer Eggert Stefanson.

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Edwin E. Stephenson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Stephenson, formerly of Morden and now of Winnipeg, is currently playing at the Manitoba Theatre Centre in Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables". Edwin Junior, who resides in Toronto, will go with the company to rural centres in Manitoba after the Winnipeg engagement.

Edwin Stephenson, who received training both in Canada and England, is free lancing in acting.



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FRED BJORNSON OF MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

Fred Bjornson, district manager for the International Harvester Company at Minot, North Dakota, plans to retire next May 1st after 35 years with the firm. He has been Minot district manager since January, 1958.

While his plans for the future following retirement are not complete, Mr. Bjornson said in Minot he and Mrs. Bjornson will move to southern California where he plans to engage in some other business enterprise which will allow him more leisure time.

Mr. Bjornson began his career with International Harvester in 1927 as a salesman and subsequently served at Thief River Falls and Mankato, Minnesota, Dubuque and Des Moines, Iowa, and Lincoln, Nebraska, before becoming assistant district manager at Minot. He was named district manager at Aberdeen, South Dakota, in 1954, and remained there till returning to Minot to assume his present post.

A native of Mountain, North Dakota, and graduate of the University of North Dakota, Mr. Bjornson received his high school education at Milton, N. D. He and Mrs. Bjornson were married in 1931 and have one son, Loren, a first lieutenant in the United States Air Force stationed at Tachikawa, Japan.

Always active in community, fraternal and church affairs, Mr. Bjornson has been an active community chest and Red Cross worker, is a member of Minot Rotary Club and past president of the Kiwanis Club, a member of the board of directors of Trinity Hospital Association and member of First Lutheran Church, Minot. He is also a member of Minot Country Club, Masonic lodge, Scottish Rite bodies and Minot Shrine Club, Kem Shrine Temple and Minot Elks Lodge.

STANLEY T. OLAFSON HONORED

Honored by the Republic of Italy last fall was Stanley T. Olafson of Los Angeles, California, former manager of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce world trade department and now retired.

The Italian decoration, Order of the Italian Solidarity, conferred by Italy's president, H. E. Giovanni Gronchi, was presented to Mr. Olafson by the Italian Consul-General in Los Angeles, Dr. Mario Tedeschi, at a reception Nov. 17th last at the home of Albert Rebel, first vice-president of the Foreign Trade Association.

The citation accompanying the award stated it was for Mr. Olafson's "actively dedicating himself to the development of trade between Italy and the U. S., and the outstanding contribution to the knowledge of Italian products on the West Coast"

L. HALFDAN THORLAKSON HONOURED

In recognition of 25 years' service with the Hudson's Bay Company, a nationally known department store chain and historic trading organization, L. Halfdan Thorlakson shortly before Christmas was honored by officials and staff at Vancouver, B. C. In this connection it was noted that Mr. Thorlakson over the years has taken a prominent part in the religious and cultural life of the Icelandic community at Vancouver. ★

MRS. JOSIE SUBMITTED BRIEF

Mrs. Svanhvit Josie, of Ottawa, daughter of Mrs. Johannsson and the late Dr. Sigurdur Julius Johannesson, prepared a 53-page memorandum to the Committee of Inquiry into the Unemployment Insurance Act. This is an individual effort by Svanhvit, who was employed for some years by the Department of Labor in Ottawa.

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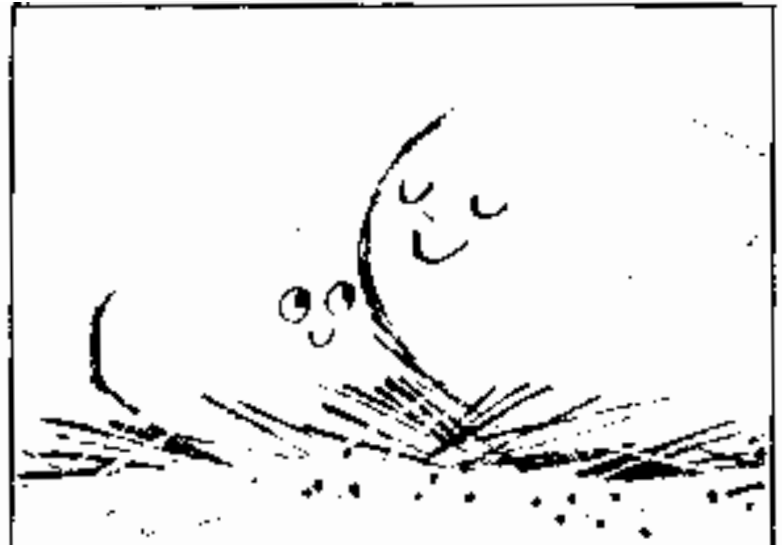
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