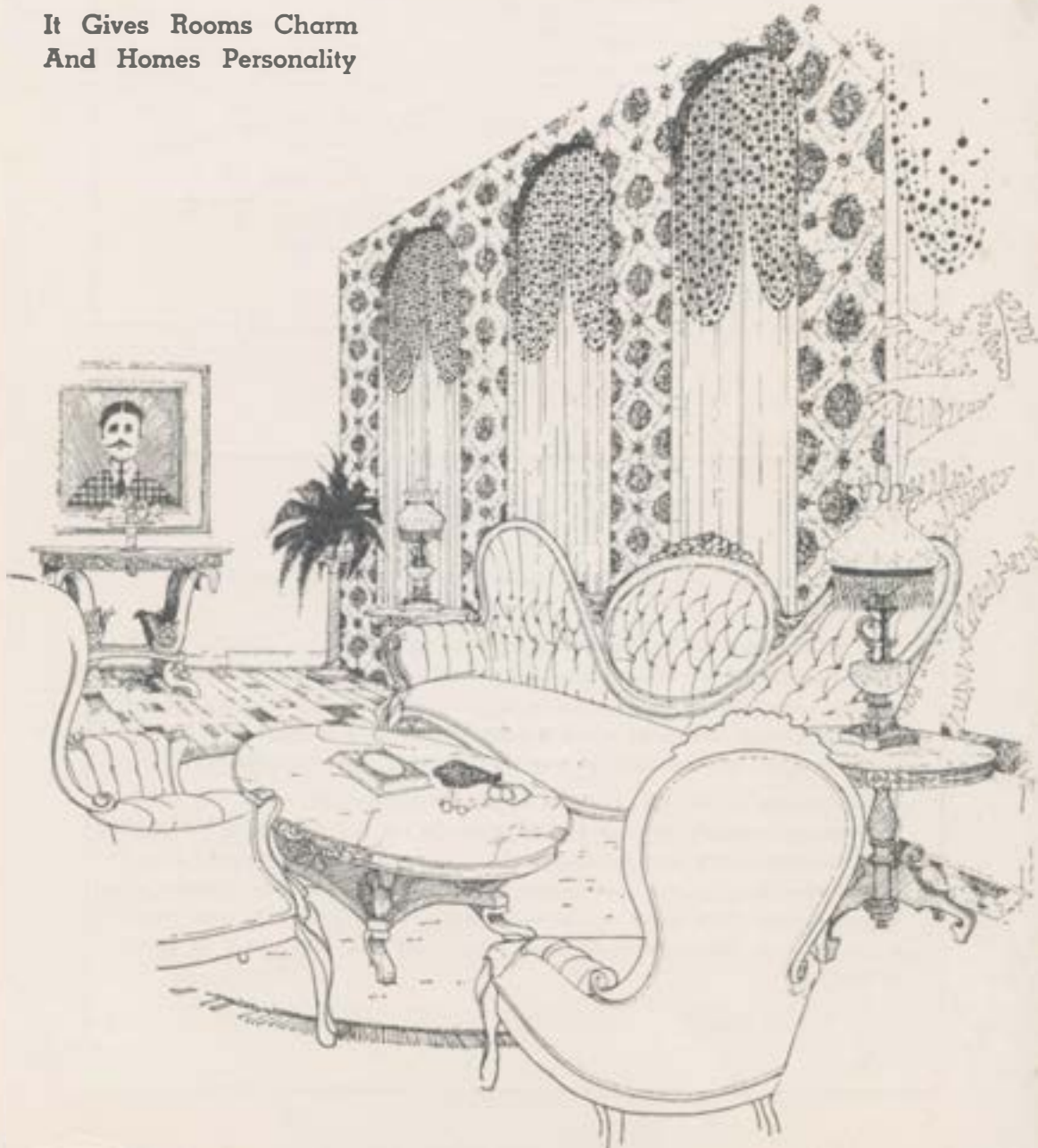


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Vol. XXIV, No. 1

Winnipeg, Canada

Autumn 1965

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**THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN**

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

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Editorial and news correspondence should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief or to the Editor concerned. Subscriptions and business correspondence to the Business and Circulation Manager.

Subscription Rate: \$2.00 per year. In Iceland kr. 100. Single copies .50c, in Icel. kr.25.

Representatives in Iceland—Anna J. Jónsson, Hverfisgötu 112, Reykjavik  
Baldur Þorsteinson, Skrifstofa Skógræktarfélags Íslands, Reykjavik

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.



## EDITORIAL

## The Canadian Image

The primary duty that rests upon us Canadians of Icelandic descent, Vestur-Íslendingar, is to help create a true and fair image of the Icelander, or rather, of the Icelandic mind in action. That image must rest upon a foundation that reaches far back. Another figure of speech may be more appropriate to place the image in its true perspective—a living tree. Some of the roots lie very deep, centuries back when our Viking forefathers crossed the North Sea and reached Iceland. Other roots, equally nurturing, can be seen in the relatively recent migrations of Icelanders to New-Iceland, and across Canada and the United States.

Events since the beginnings of Icelandic settlement here up to the present time disclose the growth of that tree as it becomes a part of the vast North American forest. It is a fruit tree; and buds of the fruit, it is to bear, are beginning to become visible. In course of time, as the final fruits of the Canadian and American forest, flower and ripen, a hue, a tinge, a flavor may, it is hoped, be detected, traceable to that which gave form to the image we seek to create.

In building that image one must, at the very beginning, place before the people of the West two men of lofty stature: Leifr Eiríksson and Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. Much thought is being given to this question at the present

time and the printing of the magazine was delayed so that the reader could get the benefit of the address of Joseph Martin, Secretary of The Manitoba Centennial Corporation, reported in this number of the magazine. His remarks and the still open door to Mr. Peter H. Aykroyd, Director of Special Projects of the Centennial Commission, will no doubt give encouragement to those who have in mind some organized effort to place these world figures in some permanent way before the people of Canada.

From the day of first settlement Vestur-Íslendingar have in their actions supplied evidence for the Icelandic image that is being gradually formulated in the minds of the Canadian and American public. That image can be projected in the achievements of our leaders, be they explorers, poets, men of public service, ministers of the gospel.

Another type of evidence helps in a collective way to add color to the image: pictures of the pioneers, as they almost immediately, acquired the know-how and the means to master strange instruments of production. The front cover serves that purpose. But an Icelander owned and operated a threshing outfit before the advent of the steam engine, when power was supplied by six teams of horses, which moved in a continuous circle and thus provided the power to turn the shaft

that led to the separator. Later pictures of Icelandic fishing fleets will appear.

The reaction, as the Icelandic image has gradually been taking form, can be detected largely through the utterances of men of thought who have watched the process as the Icelanders integrate into the Canadian and American scene. Three very illuminating assessments of this integration appear in this number of the magazine: the excerpt from the letter from the Rector of the University of Iceland; the extract from the letter from an American, Ronald Wakefield, B.A., who is one-quarter Norwegian; and the most revealing document of the three—the article by Dr. William S. Bernard.

A paragraph in that article cannot be repeated too often. Referring to the

causes that brought about the Icelandic migrations Dr. Bernard closes with this cogent and illuminating remark:

“And, interestingly enough, there was a cultural factor behind the emigration also, the Viking tradition of the Icelanders, still very real to them, which was restless, questing and eager to move on to new adventures.”

The Icelanders of Canada gratefully accept Dr. Bernard's compliment that they are a “small but dynamic ethnic component to the population of Canada”. Therein lies the challenge to carry on, to show that the “restless quest” is still strong and refuses to abate though the blood may be thinned.

W. J. Lindal

## In The Editor's Confidence

It is regretted that in the last number of the magazine the author of the article on the late Mrs. Mekkin S. Perkins was also referred to as the late Dr. Stefán Einarsson. His reply to a letter of apology reveals the strength, the sympathetic character, and the sense of humour of a great man of letters still with us. He says:

“As you have surmised you need not apologize to me. I, rather, should send you a letter of appreciation for raising me up to such world figures as Mark Twain, Bernard Shaw and Winston Churchill. In no other way could I have reached those heights”.

The Editorial Board always appreciates fan mail which comes in quite

regularly. At times these letters come from such eminent authorities or are so unique in content that they should be produced, at least in part.

University of Iceland  
Reykjavik, Aug. 11, 1965

(Translation)

— Thank you for the magazine which I always read with great interest. The magazine serves a very laudable purpose and does much to strengthen the bonds between Icelanders on both sides of the depths of the Atlantic Ocean. Many weighty articles have appeared in it and I personally derive great pleasure and comfort in watching all those promising young people to

which the magazine draws attention, who have won records in scholarship and gained good repute in their callings. I sincerely rejoice with these young people; they are branches of the Icelandic tree of life and help nourish it. Through the excellent achievement of these young people the Icelandic Nation draws strength and its good repute is enhanced.

Yours sincerely,

Árman Snævarr, Rector,  
University of Iceland.

★

Mr. Ronald Wakefield, an American one-quarter Norwegian, of Auburn, California, a university graduate and an intense student and scholar, writes in part as follows:

"One of our new typists is an Iowa Icelander and we share my copy of the Icelandic Canadian. She says that her father had many Icelandic books and was a great reader in the cold midwest winters. I think Sigríð's father typifies the answer, at least one answer to the question "what will enable Icelanders to survive outside of Iceland?" I think it is the intense historical and ethnic

interest in their race which I've noticed in Scandinavians and in myself although I am only one-quarter Norwegian! I think there are more than 200,000 Icelanders. There are millions of Icelanders and Norwegians who live in America that are citizens of the U.S.A. or Canada to be sure, but when one talks to them, what kind of people are they really? They are Icelandic or Norse or Finnish or half Scandinavian! This ethnic root strength may be as strong among the Jewish or Italian or Chinese, I don't know, but the Icelanders have weathered the change from the old Norse Gods through early Christianity to modern Christianity as their Norse cousins have without the protection of isolation. As long as there is a focal point like the University of Manitoba which has raised the acceptance of Icelandic to an academic par with Spanish and German, plus a good magazine like the Icelandic Canadian, there should be no problem of vanishing Icelandic culture to nourish the ethnic soul of hungry Icelanders and one-quarter Norwegians."

Referring to this magazine Mr. Wakefield writes: "I have never met a more friendly and helpful set of editors."



## TOAST TO CANADA

An address by **JOHN FISHER**, Commissioner, The Centennial Commission, at the annual Icelandic Celebration, August 2, 1965

Herra forseti, háttvirta Fjallkona,  
kæru kanadiskir samlandar:

Það er gleðiefni fyrir mig að heilsa ykkur og horfa á þennan glæsilega hóp.

Íslenzka er eitt af rót-tungum enskunnar svo eg verð að tala fáein orð á íslenzku.

I regard it, "the chance of a lifetime" to have the privilege of addressing such a large gathering of Icelandic Canadians, who may be said to be the descendants of that group of 250 Icelandic immigrants who landed at Willow Point only a few miles from here, October 21, 1875, and bravely faced the coming winter.

In proposing the toast to Canada I will start with a quotation from the speech given here at your 75th anniversary a year ago by Iceland's distinguished Prime Minister Bjarni Benediktsson. When talking of your responsibilities and opportunities, he said:

"By maintaining a loyalty to your heritage you not only enrich your own lives but you provide color and variety to the cultural life of your Canadian nation—a nation which has already become and will increasingly continue to be one of the leading nations of the free world".

In that one paragraph Iceland's Prime Minister put in impressive words and capsule form the story of the Icelandic people who came to Canada, and the story of Canada.

One cannot toast Canada without toasting also the racial origins of those who came here and helped make the country strong and great.

There are countless reasons why we should toast Canada. Your forebears



John Fisher

came here from a tiny rigorous land with a tiny population; they came to a huge, rigorous land also with a comparatively small population.

The pioneers who settled here on the shore of Lake Winnipeg in 1875 and 76, during their first three years made history, marked in clean outline the characteristics of the Icelandic people. I am informed that in January, three months after the first settlers arrived a handwritten paper was taken by the editor from house to house and read aloud. A school was started that winter where young and old were taught English. A printed paper was started in September 1877. Most revealing of the deep sense of the rule of law in these people were the carefully prepared Laws and Regulations for the district which became law in January 1878.

Now you are happily celebrating the 76th anniversary of the Icelandic Day



Celebration. These are reasons to toast Canada.

Icelandic Canadians are among the finest and most loyal citizens. Yet here in Gimli and elsewhere you have, as perhaps has no other ethnic group except the British and French, while wholeheartedly embracing the ideal of Canada, kept alive so much of the traditions of the land of your forefathers.

Your Canadian neighbors of other origins have been glad that so much of the Icelandic tongue, customs and traditions have been preserved. They have enjoyed contact with a people who, while being fine Canadians, bring a touch of variety and old world atmosphere to their lives.

Our founding fathers started coming here 90 years ago. Only a bit earlier Canada's founding fathers were meeting in Charlottetown to lay the foundation for the Canada that was to be.

Thus you have grown with us and shared in the development of British North America's epochal first century as a Confederation.

Our Founding Fathers went to work determinedly at Charlottetown in 1864. Through setbacks and disappointing political problems they achieved by July 1, 1867, the proclamation of the birth of The Dominion of Canada with four eastern provinces as charter members.

But you have your Founding Fathers—two of them, both world figures.

I must confess a sense of disappointment that nowhere here have I seen a statue or marker bearing the name of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer who, as you know, was born near Arnes, a few miles north of here.

And why should we not go further back and honor Leif Eiriksson who discovered the east shores of Canada

almost five centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic.

Although Manitoba is very old in terms of Canadian history—the British flag was planted at Churchill in the 18th century—the area that was to form this province was little known at the time of Confederation.

But it was already of interest to fur traders and to pioneers who believed it to offer attractive inducements to settlers of all interests.

Because the statesmen of Confederation envisioned a union that would reach from coast to coast and from the U. S. border to the Arctic—and because here was immediate need of finding new agricultural areas west of Ontario—it was natural that Manitoba was borne and became the fifth province in 1870.

Five years later the Icelandic settlers had come to this area. They got a 50-mile lake strip 12 miles deep and they called it New-Iceland and I believe many of you here still call it that.

The Icelandic people are one of the two oldest of the ethnic groups which were not here when Confederation was completed in 1867.

It is a matter of interest to all Canada, I am sure, that when your founders settled at this point they chose to call their community "Gimli" which is the mythical Norse Heaven—"The Great Hall of Heaven"—set aside for the spirits of those bards, writers and scholars who were especially blessed by the Gods.

It afforded me great pleasure this morning to see the art display, setting out beautiful original paintings, handicrafts, and that fascinating miniature of an Icelandic bed-living room,—an excellent beginning of an Icelandic museum.

Because you have witnessed, and studied the progress and development

that has brought to an astonishing degree of completion the ambitious and daring—and far-sighted—dream of our Founding Fathers, I have no need of telling you that story.

It was accomplished without bloodshed and with a minimum of rancor and heartbreak. It was not dramatic nor sensational in the sense of conflict.

But it was done. And it is being perfected and improved and it is unlikely any unsurmountable problems will interrupt the steady progress that has marked our centennial century.

Canada is a comparatively happy land in a world where there is much unhappiness.

It is a peaceful land in a world where, it is a melancholy fact, there is bloody and deadly conflict in many areas.

It is a land of plenty in a world where millions are always hungry, ill-clad and shelterless, hopeless, ignorant and pitiful.

These are blessings for which we should be, and are, humbly thankful. But at the same time we need not be ashamed to be proud and happy.

Our happy state did not come by accident. It came because men and women worked and dreamed and struggled and united in a common effort to create a great and peaceful united land.

People like you and the others who came from other nations to join cause and fortunes with the British, the French and the native origins.

Their work, their dreams, their statesmanship and their endless hand-to-hand struggle with nature made Canada.

That dream, statesmanship, planning and struggle continues today and will continue to make Canada greater.

In a few months we will all be celebrating our first Confederation Century, the 1967 year-long observance of our Centennial.

We can celebrate with full hearts, with proud hearts and with high hopes that the future will justify us in the confidence with which we enter our second century as a united nation.

As you well know our Centennial will bring us many fine memorial edifices, thousands of material things such as parks, recreation centres, cultural centres and facilities, also works of literature and the performing arts, the preservation of archives and national treasures—many things of intrinsic and spiritual value which will make generations to come know of and be glad of our 1967 Centennial celebration.

Canada may well be only on the doorstep of its ultimate greatness and value as a member of the world family of nations.

How great it becomes will depend upon our unity and our determination of purpose, our ability to remember and nourish the things of value in our racial heritage and to retain our sense of humor and our ability to conciliate our differences.

Meanwhile we have done those things well; we have in a great measure—an astonishing degree as I have said—realized the hopes and dreams of our founding fathers.

For that reason we may honestly and rightfully and sincerely now toast Canada and I am sure no one would challenge me if I add that no ethnic group has a greater right to drink that toast than has our Icelandic community which today has given me the pleasure and honor of performing this function at your great national anniversary party.

## Greetings from John J. Arnason

President of The Icelandic Canadian Club, at the Icelandic Celebration, August 2, 1965

On behalf of the Icelandic Canadian Club I would like to thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the invitation to participate in the Icelandic Celebration. Participation in the celebration is nothing new for me personally, having been on the committee for the last 10 years, past president, and having worked with my father for so many years, starting at least 25 years ago. However, it is a new experience to bring greetings as president of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

We have enjoyed a close working relationship with the Celebration Committee. Some feel that this is due to some members serving on both committees. This may be a contributing factor but the main reason is that we realize the need for close co-ordination and co-operation between all the organizations in our ethnic group and the need for one voice in projects of common interest. We will be working to accomplish that goal.

Last year we in the Icelandic Canadian Club had the opportunity of direct participation with a display. This year, our club has appreciated the opportunity of assisting and I would extend an invitation to everyone to inspect the handicraft and art display in the pavilion. This will be available for your inspection till 5:30 p.m., and we hope you will enjoy it as

much as we have in contributing to the success of the day, in this small way.

For the past few years I have heard remarks about the gradual fading away of this Celebration as our senior citizens pass on. This we cannot accept as long as we can maintain the interest of our younger people. These statements are simply a challenge—a challenge which we are prepared to accept. Yes, the format may change, as we have to cater to changing needs with the passage of time. I am convinced, that if we as an ethnic group and good Canadians, can contribute as much to this wonderful country of ours in the years to come, as those before us have in the past, then the same interests that brought us here today, will bring us here 20 years from now. There is an extremely strong bond that makes us proud of our heritage, proud of our parents' homeland, and proud of what we can do for our country. Hence we face the future with optimism and the willingness to back up this optimism with every effort to preserve those things that are sacred to so many of us.

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, may I extend on behalf of the Icelandic Canadian Club, our support and hope for your committees' continued success, and to all those attending our best wishes for an enjoyable day.

## The Icelandic Strain

At the Icelandic Day Celebration greetings were extended by Her Worship the Mayor of Gimli, Mrs. Violet Einarson, in both English and Icelandic. The following is a translation of the Icelandic part of her greetings.

It is a great honor to address this large gathering and on behalf of the Town of Gimli I bid you welcome. I particularly desire to direct my remarks to the Maid of the Mountains and I do so on two grounds. It is appropriate that I am afforded in this way an opportunity of extending greetings to our Icelandic Mother. You and your ladies in waiting place upon the mental screen before me an image of the people of noble birth far out on an island in the North Atlantic seas.

But there is another and a special reason which gives me pleasure to be able to address you, Iceland's Maid of the Mountains.

I am one of many here in the West who are only one-half of Icelandic kith and kin. And here I may include many of the younger generations, who count the Icelandic branch in the family tree as only one of many. But we all have an affection for that Icelandic branch. Mixed marriages mean that the other branches multiply but the Icelandic one does not wither away. The Icelandic content in our blood may diminish but it provides qualities of amazing strength and vigour.

Through greetings to you I wish to make known to our mother people of old that the Icelandic strain is sound, enriching and high in appraisal.

## ISLENDINGADAGURINN

The Icelandic Day Celebration at Gimli, on August 2, was the seventy-sixth in its succession. "Anybody who knew what the Íslendingadagurinn meant was in the lakeside town Monday", said a press reporter, which was his way of saying that there was a large attendance on a bright summer day.

"To make time for several new features designed to hold the interest of a younger generation on whose shoulders will fall the responsibility of keeping alive this unique ethnic festival, the day's programme began an hour earlier than formerly, with the

ever-improving parade commencing at 10 a.m.", says the Lake Centre News. This shows awareness of what the celebration committee had in mind when planning the programme. The standard of the celebration will soon be passed on to younger hands to hold aloft.

The parade, which started at the Johnson Memorial Hospital, was led by the R.C.A.F. trumpet band. The place of honor was accorded the Fjallkona, Mrs. Gudrun Stevens, with her attendants, Inga Stevens and Hulda Bjarnason. Dominating the parade in a

different sense was a colossal 12-foot Viking, holding a shield in one hand and a sword in the other.

Chairman of the day was Alex Thorarinson. Greetings were brought from the town of Gimli by the Mayor, Violet Einarson; the Province of Manitoba, by Hon. George Johnson; from the city of Winnipeg, by Alderman Mark Danzker; from the government of Iceland, by Consul Grettir Johannson; and Rev. P. M. Petursson, president of the Icelandic National League, and by John J. Arnason, president of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

The highlight of the afternoon program was the toast to Canada, by John Fisher, chairman of the Canadian Centennial Commission, who spoke in English, except for a few introductory words in Icelandic. "The highlights of the day was the magnetic and inspiring talk given by John Fisher. His vibrant voice held the attention of everyone during his presentation on an occasion when few speakers can do this, as old friends meet after long absence, and the temptation to exchange reminiscences in quiet tones during the programme is hard to resist", says the Lake Centre News. Heart-warming was John Fisher's pride and affection for Canada.

A prominent feature of the day, attracting a steady stream of viewers, was an art and handicraft display, the contribution of the Icelandic Canadian Club. On display were paintings by the well-known artists Emile Walters and Arni Sigurdson, and others; beautiful ceramics, by Mrs. Lillian Bjarnason; a miniature model of an Icelandic farmstead, by Kristjan Thorsteinson; wood carvings by Helgi Olsen; and numerous examples of exquisit needlework and finely wrought Icelandic jewelry. Notable were entries from sev-

eral Betel residents, including a quilt by a ninety-one year old lady.

The musical part of the program included selections by a quartette composed of Elma Gislason, Doreen Borgford, Herman Fjeldsted and Thor Fjeldsted, accompanied by Snjolaug Sigurdson, and solos by Robert Publow, accompanied by May Johnson. The Gimli children's choir, directed by Shirley Johnson and accompanied by Janice Narfason, sang Icelandic folksongs.

A toast to Iceland was given by Sigurdur Vopnfjord, reeve of the municipality of Bifrost. Two original poems were recited, one in Icelandic by the nonagenarian man of letters, Gisli Johnson; the other in English, by William Dempsey Valgardson, who is of the younger generation.

In the sports, Norman Eburne and John Poustie, of the Flying "M" Club, tied for the individual championship. The Icelandic-style wrestling, the glima demonstrated by young boys, attracted a large circle of interested spectators. Joe Dziad, of Arborg, was judged the best. By 1967, with steady training, these boys should be able to give a creditable performance at a centennial celebration.

The ever-pleasing evensong was led by Gustaf Kristjanson, accompanied by Jona Kristjanson. It is a matter of regret that next year Gus Kristjanson will not be available for his popular celebration role.

The beauty contest, with ten entries, another event of the evening, created much interest. Lucille Arnason, of Gimli, was chosen Beauty Queen. The final events of the evening were movies of Iceland and a dance in the pavilion.

—W. K.

## ICELANDERS IN CANADA

### — a Dynamic Component

By courtesy of "Man and Migration", Vol. XII, No. 4, a Bulletin of American Council for Nationalities Service, Edited by DR. WILLIAM S. BERNARD

With all the vast migrations that have taken place one does not usually think of Iceland as a source of emigration but that far northern island, with the world's oldest parliament, has been just that. She has added a small but dynamic ethnic component to the population of Canada.

Most of the migration took place in the period between 1874 and 1920, though a few Icelanders, converted to Mormonism by some far-ranging missionary, did head for North America in 1855, eventually settling down in Utah. In 1874 some 365 Icelanders arrived in Toronto. The next year a group went to Manitoba, where they first called their new settlement "Gimli". Icelandic for "The Great Hall of Heaven". More popularly it became known as New Iceland, an identity it retained, along with its independent self-government, until 1887.

The Icelanders had left their native land for the usual reasons provoking emigration — better opportunities in life. In those days the Icelandic economy was constricted by rigid trade monopolies. Little of the land was arable and what there was was hard for peasants to acquire. The harsh climate, not exactly a boon to agriculture, was another expulsive factor. And, interestingly enough, there was a cultural factor behind the emigration also, the Viking tradition of the Ice-

landers, still very real to them, which was restless, questing, and eager to move on to new adventures.

Canada received these newcomers gladly, promised them full liberty and the same rights as Canadian citizens, provided them with land for colonization and pledged that they and their descendants could enjoy and retain forever their personal rights, their cherished language and their "nationality", presumably meaning by the latter their cultural rather than their political identity.

The Icelanders thrived, adding themselves effectively and rapidly to the Canadian amalgam. Spreading throughout Canada, though concentrating in Manitoba, most became farmers. Some became fishermen. By the third generation they had entered all phases of Canadian life, rising up in the professions, law and government. And they intermarried extensively with Canadians, some communities today reporting that persons of Icelandic ethnic background are 90% or more the children of mixed marriages.

In fact, the speed of their integration produced its own penalty. Few children of mixed marriages speak Icelandic, which is a shame, for their language has retained such purity that modern Icelanders can read their great sagas and eddas, written hundreds of years ago, as well as twentieth century

Englishmen read Shakespeare. Their ethnic clubs have declined, too, and there is now only one paper, a weekly, published in Icelandic.

Their cultural sentiment and heritage persist, however. A quarterly journal devoted to Icelandic traditions is issued in English. A chair of Icelandic language and literature has been endowed at the University of Manitoba. The Canada Iceland Foundation promotes cultural exchanges between the two countries "to insure that some thing from the basic and enduring values in our heritage is diffused into Canadianism." There is, in short, a firm belief that Canadian culture is still in the process of formation, and that Canadians of Icelandic stock can

and should weave threads from their ethnic background into the common texture.

There are not many of Icelandic birth or descent in Canada today, possibly around 35,000, of whom only a third were born in Iceland, for immigration has long since dropped off and only a handful, some score or two per year, come now. Nevertheless, these modern Vikings make their presence felt. Hardworking, thrifty, intensely democratic, devoted to their literature and their culture, they constitute a remarkably vital and dynamic component of Canada's population, and of the culturally diverse Canadian society that is still evolving.

**Ed. Note. The following is a footnote on the first page of the Man and Migration**

The following local agencies are members of the American Council for Nationalities Service: **International Institutes** in Akron, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Duluth, Erie, Flint, Fresno, Gary, Honolulu, Jersey City, Lawrence (Mass.), Los Angeles, Lowell, Milwaukee, Oakland, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Toledo, Toronto, Youngstown. **Nationalities Service Centers** in Bridgeport, Cleveland, Philadelphia; **Immigrants Service League** in Chicago; and other intercultural and immigrant aid organizations in Baltimore, Binghamton, Cincinnati, Dayton, Highland Park (Mich.), Manchester, Minneapolis, Niagara Falls, Sioux City, Stamford (Conn.)



## BOOK REVIEW

### THE ICELANDIC PEOPLE IN MANITOBA

#### A Manitoba Saga

by W. Kristjanson,

Wallingford Press, Printers

A history of the Icelanders in Manitoba is long overdue. If it had not been known that Mr. Kristjanson had written the main part of his book a number of years ago under a fellowship from the Historical Society of Manitoba, others, undoubtedly, would before now, have written the story.

It has often been said that Winnipeg is the capital of the Icelanders in America. It is more within the facts to say that Manitoba is the central area from which Icelandic settlements in America have widened and drawn their strength and vitality. Actually the first three years of settlement in New-Iceland, 1875-1878, are a record, writ indelibly in clearest outline, of the qualities of mind of that small nation in Iceland, even yet of less than two hundred thousand people.

Winnipeg, in turn, as the capital of Manitoba, and for many decades by far the largest centre of Icelandic population, gave rise to the main acts in the living drama, as the people of Icelandic descent, Vestur-Islandingar, diffused their culture into the Canadian and American scenes. So strikingly has this process taken place that it has provided strands of special hue and color, which, in the years to come, will not fade.

Mr. Wilhelm Kristjanson undertook the task and responsibility, yet the pleasure and satisfaction of writing the saga of the Icelandic people in

Manitoba. Let it be said at the outset that even though a good deal has been written about the Icelanders of Manitoba, both in English and Icelandic, Mr. Kristjanson has unearthed an enormous amount of valuable and essential material for his book. Letters, interviews, reliable pioneers' stories, as well as an exhaustive perusal of the first printed Icelandic papers, Framfari and Leifur, have been carefully screened and placed upon this informative record.

Mr. Kristjanson points out at the very beginning of this saga, the basis upon which Icelandic culture and Icelandic achievement rests. Going back to Iceland he says:

"Almost every person could read and write, and the majority were able to turn a stave. In the long winter evenings, as the knitting needles clicked and the spinning wheel hummed, and clothes and implements were made and mended, some person would read aloud from the sagas, or chant the lay (ríma) of some ancient or medieval ríma hero. Since master and servant were foregathered in the evenings in the "baðstofa" (living room), all benefitted by this reading."

The author very appropriately devoted 100 pages to the first few years of settlement on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. The year 1877-1878 was indeed "a crucial year"—a history making year.

The hardships and suffering in the district during the years 1875-1881, are vividly placed before the reader: the smallpox epidemic, the flood of November 1879, lack of tools and equipment, no training in farming or even in the catching of fish in nets under ice in the winter. But those trials only

brought out the finest in those pioneers, "the determination to succeed" as Prof. Bessason says in the Foreword. There was no thought of going back to Iceland but a veritable exodus to more inviting areas took place. But, the author points out, some remained with a "dogged determination to carry on." Their thoughts are the theme of the poet laureate of New-Iceland, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, who, in a free translation by the author, says in his first major literary production:

They (who left) seek escape from  
self  
And they run their ships on the sands.  
Jón stood by the fire and warmed  
himself,  
And dried his socks."

The book contains 51 chapters and covers all the districts in Manitoba.

The life of the pioneers is set out in detail, and working conditions in Winnipeg described where many of the first arrivals worked "with the buck-saw, in the sewers, and on the railroads". Social activities, religion, the two world wars, sports, cultural organizations, literature and journalism, the professions, research and invention, industry and commerce, public life, music, art and dramatics, even chess—all are set out in detail. The information thus gathered is more than of casual interest: it is of inestimable value for the future student and historian.

There is always the danger when much detail is given that the forest may not be seen for the trees. This may have been intended, the author leaving it to the reader to form in outline a picture of the forest as he placed the trees before him. This is quite within the saga tradition, always objective and non-interpretive. The author sign-

ificantly uses the words "A Manitoba Saga".

Once in a while, however, he pauses to emphasize meaningful events. Referring to "Framfari" he says:

"The founding of a paper less than two years after the arrival of the first settlers in the colony, in a community of some fifteen hundred people, the majority of whom were destitute, and in the year of a devastating epidemic, is surely a unique achievement in the history of journalism, in America or anywhere else."

The author has an almost uncanny ability to pick out such events but makes no comments. The publication of *Heimskringla* began in 1887, the chief founder being Freeman B. Anderson. The author says:

"The second year began with a novel but impractical issue, an illustrated number in nine languages: Icelandic, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, Italian, French, and English." But why? A startling innovation—one that would be more easy to understand today.

Mr. Kristjanson refers to the unfortunate religious controversy in the New-Iceland settlement which burst into the open in 1877-1878 and the settlers divided into "Jónsmenn and Pálmenn". He, however, makes no reference to the more unfortunate controversy resulting in the Icelanders of the West going on two ships to Iceland in 1930 to celebrate the millennium of the founding of Althing. The two groups were then called "Spenamenn" and "Labbakútar". Did both divisions have a common origin in the Icelandic mind?

An inherent modesty may have prevented the author giving the reader the benefit of the interpretive powers of the historian which he has in good measure. There is a glimpse of it here

and there. In the final paragraph he says:

"The Icelandic settlers desired strongly to maintain their cultural identity and to a marked extent they have succeeded in doing this. Cohesive factors noted have been their literary heritage, classic and modern, their knowledge of their history, their church, their newspapers and periodicals, and their active, organized community life; also the smallness of their numbers."

This book should be in the hands

of everyone interested in the saga and the evolution of *Vetur-Íslendingar*, from the time they arrived until now. They, as Canadians, look into the future well equipped with what they have received from the past.

—The book retails at \$7.50 and is for sale at the following places:

Mary, Scorer Books, 214 Kennedy St.  
Forum Books, 349 Portage Avenue.  
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.  
The Hudson's Bay Co.

—W [ . ]

#### FLÍSAR: by Paul Bjarnason

72 pp. Winnipeg, 1964, \$3.00

Gone are the giants of yesteryear. Stephán G. Stephánsson's majestic utterances live on, but the voice of the Rockv Mountain poet has now been silent for many a long year. Time has not dimmed the lustre of the work of New Iceland's Poet Laureate, which in days gone by "ljómuðu yfir Sandy Bar" (illuminated Sandy Bar), but we have not heard from Guttormsson lately. Our small racial group has, indeed, a proud literary tradition in *Vesturheimi* (in the Western Hemisphere), and amongst a few, lingering nostalgic looks are at times cast back at a classical age which to all appearances is now quiescent.

But echoes from an age which cherishes the "ástkæra, ylhýra málið" still reverberate in this complacent, materially-minded age. Seattle's Sweet Singer, Jakobina Johnson, still "warbles her native wood notes wild".

There was a school of writers, of which Dr. Sig. Júl. Jóhannesson was representative, which in wrathful,

pungent phrases castigated a system which tolerated "man's inhumanity to man". To this school belongs Paul Bjarnason of Vancouver, and it is good to hear his voice once again in this time of diminishing poetical outputs on the part of Icelandic Canadian authors who can effectively express themselves in the Icelandic language. It is good to hear from a man equally proficient in English and Icelandic. It is heartening to know that there are still those among us who can reveal how beautifully our ancient Nordic tongue can express the finest nuances of thought when skillfully used, and, regardless of our political beliefs, we cannot but rejoice that the oppressed, the unfortunate, and the suffering still have a sympathetic champion.

Mr. Bjarnason's latest book, *FLÍSAR*, consists of poems, some original, others translated from English into Icelandic. In addition there are translations from Icelandic into English of three poems by Þorsteinn Erlingsson and one by St. G. Stephánsson.

The author's translation of "Home, Sweet Home" is so well done that the Icelandic version appeals to the writer

more so than the English one. The first verse reads as follows:

“Þótt hallir og gláumur sé hvar sem eg fer,  
Er heimilið bezt, hversu lágt sem það er.  
Sá heillandi seiður því helgaður var,

Sem hvergi á jörðu er til, nema þar.  
Heim, heim, aðeins heim!  
Þó lágreist sé kotið er löngunin heim”.

This book should be a welcome addition to the libraries of those who still have a fondness for the expressive language of their fathers. —A. V.

## Hon. W. J. Lindal Recieves Appointment



Hon. Walter J. Lindal

The Minister of Veterans' Affairs, Hon. Roger Teillet, has announced the appointment by the federal government of a Committee to “survey the organization and work of the Canadian Pension Commission, including the organization, methods and procedures in the adjudication of disability and other pensions paid under the provisions of the Pensions Act.”

The Committee consists of three members. The Chairman is Mr. Justice Mervyn Woods, of the Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan, former President of the Canadian Legion. The other members are Hon. W. J. Lindal, Q.C., Captain in World War I, who served in the 27th Battalion and the Sixth Brigade Trench Mortars; and Major Jean Pierre Giroux of Quebec, who served in World War II.

The Committee is to report to the Minister within three months or as soon thereafter as possible. It is expected that most of the hearings will take place in Ottawa. —T.O.S.T.

## THE OLD HAY

by Guðmundur Friðjónsson, translated by Mekkin Sveinsson Perkins

During the latter part of the reign of King Christian the Ninth, there lived at Holl in the Tunga District a farmer named Brandur. By the time the events narrated here transpired, Brandur had grown prosperous and very old—old in years and old in ways. The neighbors thought he must have money hidden away somewhere. But no one knew anything definitely, for Brandur had always been reserved and uncommunicative, and permitted no prying in his house or on his possessions. There was, however, one thing every settler in those parts knew. Brandur had accumulated large stores of various kinds. Anyone passing along the highway could see that.

Brandur usually had some hay remaining in lofts and yards when spring came, and besides there was the immense stack that stood on a knoll out in the homefield before the house. It had been there for many years and was well protected against wind and weather by a covering of sod. Brandur had replenished the hay, a little at a time, by using up that from one end only and filling in with fresh hay the following summer.

Brandur was hospitable to such guests as had business with him, and refused to accept payment for food or lodging; but very few people ever came to see him, and these were mostly old friends with whom he had financial dealings. Brandur was willing to make loans against promissory notes and the payment of interest. There were not many to whom he would entrust his money, however, and he never lost a penny. Whenever these callers came,

he would bring out the brandy bottle. The buildings at Holl were all in a tumbledown state; the furniture was no better. There wasn't a chair in the whole house: even the badstofa had only a dirt floor, and it was entirely unsheathed on the inside except for a few planks nailed on the wall from the bed up as far as the rafters. The clock was the sole manufactured article in the room. But friends of the old man knew that underneath his bed he kept a fairly large carved wooden chest, bearing the inscription anno, 1670. The chest was heavy and was always kept locked. Only the nearest of kin had ever seen its contents.

Brandur was not considered obliging; it was very difficult to get to see him. Yet he was willing to sell food at any time for cash: hay, too, as long as there was still some remaining in his lofts. He would also sell hay against promises of lambs, especially wethers, once it was certain that the cold of winter was past. But his old havstack he refused to touch for anyone.

In this way Brandur stumbled down the pathway of life until he lost his sight. Even then he was still sound in mind and body. While his vision remained unimpaired, it had been his habit to walk out to the old haystack every day and stroll around it slowly, examining it carefully from top to bottom and patting it with his hands. This habit he kept up as long as the weather permitted him to be outdoors, and he did not give it up even after his sight was gone. He would still take his daily walk out to the haystack on the knoll, drag himself slowly around

it, groping with his hands to feel it, as if he wished to make sure that it still stood there, firm as a rock and untouched. He would stretch out his hands and touch its face and count the strips of turf to himself in a whisper.

Brandur still tilled the land, though he kept but little help and was living chiefly on the fruits of his former labors. He had fine winter pastures, and good meadows quite near the house from which the hay could easily be brought in. The old man steadfastly refused to adopt modern farming methods: he had never levelled off the hummocks, nor drained or irrigated the land. But he did hire a few harvest hands in the middle of the season, paying them in butter, tallow, and the flesh of sheep bellies. The wages he paid were never high, yet he always paid whatever had been agreed upon.

Old Brandur had been blessed with only one child, a daughter named Gudrun, who had married a farmer in the district. Since his daughter's marriage, Brandur kept a housekeeper and one farm hand, a young man whom Brandur had reared and who, it was rumored, was his natural son. But that has nothing to do with the story.

When Brandur had reached a ripe old age there came a winter with much frost and snow. Time and again, some of the snow and ice would thaw, but then a hard frost would come, glazing everything in an icy coating. This went on until late in April. By that time almost every farmer in the district had used up his hay; every one of them was at the end of his store, and nowhere was there a blade of grass to feed the livestock, for the land still lay frozen under its blanket of hard-packed snow and ice. When things had come to this pass, a general district meeting was called to discuss the situation and

decide what should be done. Brandur's son-in-law Jon was made chairman of the meeting.

During the discussion it was brought to light that many of the flocks would die of hunger unless "God Almighty vouchsafed a turn in the weather very soon", or Old Brandur could be induced to part with his old hay. That stack would help, if properly divided among those who were in greatest need. The quantity of hay it contained was estimated, and the general opinion expressed that if it were divided, the flocks of every farmer in the district could be fed for at least two weeks, even if they could not in that time be put out to pasture.

Jon being chairman of the District Council, as well as Brandur's son-in-law, it fell to his lot to go to the old man and ask for the hay.

So it came about that on his way home from the meeting Jon stopped at Holl. The day was cold and clear, the afternoon sun shining down upon the snow-covered landscape. The icy blanket turned back the rays of warmth as if it would have nothing to do with the sun. But wherever rocks and gravelly banks protruded, the ice appeared to be peeled off, for in those spots the sun's rays had melted it, though only at midday and on the south. All streams and waterfalls slumbered in silence under the snowy blanket. A chill silence reigned over the whole valley. Not a bird was to be seen, not even a snow bunting, only two ravens which kept flying from farmhouse to farmhouse, and even their cawing had a hungry note.

When Jon rode up to the house at Holl he found Brandur out by the haystack. The old man was carefully groping his way around the stack, feeling of it on all sides and counting the strips of turf in so loud a voice that

Jon could hear him: "O-n-e, t-w-o, three."

Jon dismounted and, going over to Brandur, saluted him with a kiss.

"How are you? God bless you", said Brandur. "And who may this be?"

"Jon of Bakki," replied the visitor. "Gudrun sends greetings."

"Ah, yes. And how is my Gunna? Is she well?"

"She was well when I left home this morning. Now I am on my way back from the meeting that was held to discuss the desperate situation—you must have heard about it."

"Yes, certainly, I've heard about it. I should say so! One can't get away from talk of hay shortage and hard times. That is quite true. Any other news?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," answered Jon. "Nothing but the general hard times and hay shortage. Every farmer at the end of his tether, or almost there; no one with as much as a wisp of hay to spare, and only a few likely to make it out until Crouchmas without aid."

"Too bad!" said Brandur. "Too bad!" And he blew out his breath, as though suffocating from strong smoke or bad air.

For a while there was silence, as if each mistrusted the other and wondered what was in the air. Brandur stood there with one hand resting on the haystack, while he thrust the other into his trouser pocket, or underneath the flap of his trousers. He always wore the old-fashioned trousers with a flap; in fact, had never possessed any other kind. Meanwhile, holding the reins, Jon stood there gazing at the hay and making a mental estimate of it. Then he turned to his father-in-law and spoke:

"The purpose of my visit to you, my dear Brandur, is to ask that you let us

have this hay—this fine old hay that you have here. The District Council will, of course, pay you; the parish will guarantee payment. We have discussed that matter fully."

When Jon ceased speaking, Brandur blew the air from his mouth in great puffs, as though deeply stabbed by a sharp pain in the heart. For a while he held his peace. Then he spoke:

"Not another word! Not another word! What's this I hear? My hay for the district? My hay to supply all the farmers in the district? Do you think for one moment that this little haystack is enough to feed all the flocks in the whole district. Do you think this tiny haycock will be enough for a whole parish? I think not!"

"But we have calculated it," protested Jon. "We have estimated that the hay in this stack will be enough to feed the flocks in the district for about two weeks, if a little grain is used with it, and if the hay is distributed equally among the farmers who need it most. There may even be enough for three weeks, should it turn out to be as much as or more than I expect. By that time, we surely hope, the season will be so far advanced that the weather will have changed for the better."

"So! You have already estimated the amount of hay in my stack!" said Brandur. "You have already divided it down to the very last straw. And you have weighed it almost to a gram. Then why speak to me about it? Why not take it as it is and scatter it to the four winds? Why not?" The voice of the old man shook with anger.

"No," said Jon. "We will not do that. We want to ask your permission first. We had no intention of doing otherwise: we intended to ask you for the hay. And we did not mean to vex



you, but rather to honor you in this manner. Is it not an honor to be asked to save a whole district from ruin?"

"Oh, so all this is being done to honor me!" said the old man, roaring with laughter. "Perhaps you believe me to be in my second childhood. Not at all! Old Brandur can still see beyond the tip of his nose."

The cold-heartedness shown by the old man's laughter at the distress of his fellowmen roused Jon's ire. He could see nothing laughable about the desperate situation in the district.

"Are you then going to refuse to let us have the hay, refuse to sell it at full price, with the Parish Council guaranteeing payment?" he asked in a tone that was angry, yet under perfect control. "Is that your final answer?"

"Yes," responded Brandur. "That is my final answer. I will not let the tiny mouthful of hay I have here go while there is still life in my body, even though you mean to insure payment, and even though you actually guarantee payment. After all, who among you will be in a position to guarantee payment if all the flocks die? The cold weather may not let up until the first of June or even later. In that case the sheep will all die. It won't go very far, this tiny haycock, not for so many. It will not, I tell you."

"But what are you going to do with the hay? If everyone else loses his flocks, everyone but you, what enjoyment will there be in owning it? And what benefit?" asked Jon.

"That does not concern me!" replied the old man. "That concerns them. It was they who decided the size of the flocks they undertook to feed this winter, not I. Besides, they could have cut as much hay as I did, even more, for they still have their eyesight. Their failure is due to their own laziness and

bad judgement. That's what ails them! Ruins them!"

"But you won't be able to take this great big haystack with you into the life eternal," said Jon. "The time is coming when you will have to part with it. Then it will be used as the needs require. And what good will it do you? What are you going to do with it?"

"I am going to keep it," answered Brandur. "I intend to keep it right here on the knoll, keep it in case the haying should be poor next summer. There may be a poor growth of grass and a small hay crop; there may be a volcanic eruption and the ashes may poison the grass, as they have done in former years. Now, do you understand me?"

So saying, Brandur tottered off towards the house to indicate that the conversation was at an end. His countenance was as cold as the sky in the evening after the sun has set, and the hard lines in it resembled the streaks in the ice on rocks and ledges where the sun's rays had shone that day and laid bare the frozen ground.

Brandur entered the house, while Jon mounted again. They scarcely said a word of farewell, so angry were they both.

Jon's horse set off at a brisk pace, eager to reach home, and galloped swiftly over the hard, frozen ground. After the sun had gone down, the wind rose and a searing cold settled over the valley, whitening Jon's mustache where his breath passed over it.

Jon's anger grew as he sped along. Naturally high-tempered, he had lately had many reasons for anger since he took over his official duties. The people in his district were like people the world over: they blamed the Board constantly, accusing it of stupidity and favoritism. Yet most of them paid

their taxes reluctantly and only when long overdue. Sometimes they were almost a year in arrears.

Jon reviewed the matter of the hay in his mind, also the other vexations of the past. He was sick and tired of all the trouble. And now the life of the whole district hung on a thin thread, the fate of which depended upon the whims of the weather. Jon's nose and cheekbones smarted from the cold; his shoes were frozen stiff, and pinched his feet, and his throat burned with the heat of anger rising from his breast.

Jon was rather quiet when he reached home that evening, although he did tell his wife of his attempt to deal with her father.

"Yes", said Gudrun, "papa sets great store by that hay. He cannot bear to part with it at any price. That is his nature."

"Tomorrow you must go", Jon told her, "and try to win the old man over in some way. I'd hate to be obliged to take the hay from him by force, but that will be necessary if everything else fails."

The following day Gudrun went to see her father. The weather still remained cold. When Gudrun dismounted before the house at Holl there was no one outside to greet her or announce her arrival, and so she entered, going straight to the badstofa. There she found her father sitting on his bed knitting a seaman's mitten, crooning an old ditty the while:

Far from out the wilderness  
Comes raging the cold wind;  
And the bonds of heaven's king  
It doth still tighter bind.

Gudrun leaned over her father and kissed him.

"Is that you, Gunna dear?" he asked.

"Yes, papa," she said, at the same time slipping a flask of brandy into

the bosom of his shirt.

This greatly pleased the old man.

"Gunna dear," he said, "you always bring me something to cheer me up. Not many nowadays take the trouble to cheer the old man. No indeed. Any news? It's so long since you have been to see me, a year or more."

"No news everyone hasn't heard: hard times, shortage of hay, and worry everywhere. That is only to be expected. It's been a hard winter, the stock stall-fed for so long, at least sixteen weeks, on some farms twenty."

"Quite true," said Brandur. "It's been a cold winter, and the end is not yet. The cold weather may not break up before the first of June, or even Midsummer Day. The summer will be cold, the hay crop small, and the cold weather will probably set in again by the end of August, then another cold hard winter, and . . ."

He meant to go on, foretelling yet worse things to come, but Gudrun broke in: "Enough of that, father. Things can't be as bad as that. It would be altogether too much. I hope for a change for the better with the new moon next week, and mark you, the new moon rises in the south-west and on a Monday; if I remember right, you always thought a new moon coming on a Monday brought good weather."

"I did," conceded Brandur. "When I was a young man, a new moon coming on a Monday was generally the very best kind of a moon. But like everything else, that has changed with the times. Now a Monday new moon is the worst of all, no matter in what quarter of the heavens it appears, if the weather is like this—raging and carrying on so, that is true."

"But things are in a pitiful state," said Gudrun, "what with the hay shortage, almost everyone is badly off,

and not a single farmer with a scrap of hay to spare, except you, papa."

"Yes, I!" answered Brandur. "I, a poor blind, decrepit old man! But what of you? Jon has enough hay, hasn't he? How is that? Doesn't he have enough?"

"Yes, we do have enough for ourselves," admitted Gudrun. But we can't hold onto it. Jon lends it to those in need until it is all gone and there is none left for us. He thinks of others as well as of himself."

"What nonsense! What sense is there in acting like that? Every man for himself," said the old man.

"That's right. But for us that is not enough. Jon is in a position where he must think of others; he has to think of all the farmers in the district—and small thanks he gets for his pains. He is so upset, almost always on tenderhooks. He didn't sleep a wink last night—was almost beside himself. He takes it so hard."

"So Jon couldn't sleep a wink last night!" repeated Brandur. "Why be so upset? Why lie awake nights worrying about this? That doesn't help matters any. It isn't his fault that they are all on the brink of ruin."

"Quite true," answered Gudrun. "He is not to blame for that, and lying awake nights doesn't help matters, but that is Jon's disposition. He's tired to death of all the work for the Council and the everlasting fault-finding. He has had to neglect his own farm since he took up these public duties—and nothing for his time and trouble. Now this is too much. He is dead tired of it all, and so am I. In fact, I know it was worry about all this that kept Jon awake last night. We have been thinking of getting away from it all when spring comes and going to America."

"Do you side with him in this?" asked Brandur, grasping his daughter by the arm. "Do you, too, agree to his

giving away the hay you need for your own flocks, giving it away until you haven't enough for yourselves? Do you, too, want to go to America, away from your father who now has one foot in the grave?"

"Yes, I do," Gudrun replied. "As a matter of fact, the plan was originally mine. If our flocks die, there will be no alternative; but if our sheep live and those of our neighbors die, our life will not be worth living because of the poverty and want round about us. Yes, papa, it was I who suggested our going. I could see no other way out."

On hearing this, Brandur's mood softened somewhat. "I expected to be allowed to pass my last days with you and your children," he said. "I cannot go on living in this fashion any longer."

"Pass your last days with us?" exclaimed Gudrun. "Have you, then, thought of leaving Holl? Have you planned to come and live with us? You've never said a word of this to me."

"I have no intention of leaving Holl. That I have never meant to do. But that was not necessary. I thought you might perhaps be willing to move over here and live with me. I could let you have what miserable little property I have left, Gunna, my dear."

"And what about the hay, papa? Will you turn the hay over to us, the hay in the old stack? Everything depends on that."

"The hay! The hay!" the old man said. "still harping on the hay—the hay which doesn't amount to anything and cannot be of any real help. It's sheer nonsense to think that the hay in that stack is enough to feed the flocks of a whole district. There is no use talking about it. I will not throw that tiny mouthful to all the four winds. It will do no good if divided among so many,

but it is a comfort to me, to me alone. No, I will not part with it as long as there is a spark of life in me. That I will not do, my love."

Brandur turned pale and the lines in his face became hard and rigid. Looking at him, Gudrun knew from experience that he was not to be shaken in his determination when in this mood. His face was like a sky over the wilderness streaked with threatening storm clouds.

Gudrun gave up. The tears rushed to her eyes, as she twined her arms around her father's neck and said: "Good-bye, papa. Forgive me if I have angered you. I shall not come here again."

The old man felt the teardrops fall on his face, the heavy woman's tears, hot with anger and sorrow.

Gudrun dashed out of the room and mounted. Brandur was left alone in the darkness at midday. Yet in his mind's eye he could see the haystack out on the knoll. He rose and went out to feel it. It was still there. Gudrun had not ridden away with it. Brandur could hear the horseshoes crunching the hard, frozen ground as Gudrun rode off. He stood motionless for a long time, listening to the hoofbeats. Then he went into the house.

Brandur felt restless. He paced the floor awhile, stopped for a moment to raise to his lips the flask his daughter had brought him, and drained it at one gulp. All that day he walked the floor, fighting with himself until night fell.

Then he sent his foster-son with a message to his daughter. Jon, he said, had his permission to haul the hay away the very next day, but it was all to be removed in one day; there was

not to be a scrap of hay or lump of sod left by evening.

But the weather changes quickly, says an old Icelandic adage. By morning the weather had turned its spindle and the wind shifted to the south. Jon sent no messages to anyone, nor did he proclaim that the old hay was available. He first wished to see what the thaw would amount to. By the following day the whole valley was impassable because of slush and water, and the patches of earth appearing through the snowy blanket grew larger and larger almost hourly.

Meanwhile Brandur roamed through the house all day long, asking if anyone had come. "Aren't they going to take away these miserable hay scraps? About time they came and got them!" He seemed eager that the hay be removed at once.

That day he did not take his usual walk out to the stack to feel the hay. In fact, after that no one ever saw him show any attachment to the old hay. His love of it seemed to have died the moment he granted his son-in-law permission to take it away.

That spring Brandur gave up house-keeping and of his own volition turned over the farm to his daughter and son-in-law. With them he lived to enjoy many years of good health. Never again did he take his daily walks out to the haystack to feel the hay. But he was able to take his sip of brandy to his dying day and repeat to himself the word of God—hymns and verses from the Bible.

Now he has passed on to eternity. But his memory lives like a stone—a large, moss-covered stone by the wayside.



In the early 1800s the Icelanders acquired a threshing outfit powered by even larger and still in the eighties a horse propelled threshing outfit was owned by Gudmundur Malmgren, M. G. Malmgren and Jon Einarsson and about the same time a man by the name of A. Johnson in the hills north of Eilatshorn acquired a horse powered threshing outfit.

## *A Compliment and a Warning*

by Joseph E. Martin



In his opening remarks at the meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club, on September 28, Mr. Joseph E. Martin, Executive Director of the Manitoba Centennial Corporation paid a compliment to the Icelandic people but in that very compliment there was a clear warning.

"Arnold Toynbee, one of the world's greatest living intellectuals, wrote in his monumental work 'The Study of History', that one of the outstanding virtues of the Icelander and indeed of all Scandinavians results **in their own destruction**. That characteristic is their remarkable **receptivity**. Nearly 1,000 years ago William of Apulia noted this characteristic in a rather bad Latin hexameter which, roughly translated, goes something like this: "they take over the customs and language of those who join their standards so that the result is a single race". The best example of this, historically, is the conquest of England in 1066. Only a century and a half before this famous battle the Vikings had conquered Normandy, but in the intervening century and a half they became absorbed by the people they conquered and when they conquered England they did so as Frenchmen rather than as Vikings.

A similar process can be seen in Winnipeg today. The Icelander is the most integrated of all ethnic groups. This has resulted in Icelanders making exceptionally good citizens of their adopted land, Canada. There is a commitment to this new land which other groups do not seem to receive as quickly. Remember 'The Viking Heart' and the poignant scene when Thor's mother learned that her beloved and brilliant son was enlisting for service in World War I. All she could think of her new land had been the hardships which she had suffered. It was beyond her comprehension why her son would want to give his life for this land. But with Thor there was no hesitation. Those of you here know far better than I that this was repeated in many thousands of instances. All one has to do is examine the military record of the men and the boys of Icelandic descent in that same war."

Mr. Martin's Address (continuation)

## Suggested Centennial Projects

In the course of his address Mr. Martin made some very significant suggestions. He pointed out that a woman in Flin Flon had invited friends from Iceland to come and visit her in Canada in 1967 and she had already 30 accepted invitations. Mr. Martin closed his very timely address with the following "All Canada" suggestion.

"I think it is not only to honour our forebears but also to honour our great men. One such man who deserves honouring is Vilhjalmur Stefanson. At the same time we are honouring Stefanson I think it is important not to be narrow. Those of us in Manioba, not only the Icelanders but people of all backgrounds, have not done enough honour to our great men. I think that there should be some special role of honour in some permanent place to mark the contribution of men like Stefanson, Frederick Philip Grove, Ernest Thompson Seton and going further into the past, in the field of discovery Sir Thomas Button, the field of settlement Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, in the field of politics Louis Riel.

There are others who should be honoured nationally. Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's first Prime Minister is gradually beginning to receive his due. Rumours are out to the effect that a Samuel de Champlain Day will be proclaimed in honour of the men who began the settlement of our country. Surely it is time for Canada to recog-

nize the role of Leif Eriksson. President Johnson has proclaimed a Leif Eriksson Day in the United States. Something must be done in this country to honour that great man. You as a group could take on the task of ensuring that not only Eriksson, but also Champlain and Macdonald will receive their proper dues in some permanent fashion by 1967. If you want ideas as to how to go about this I would be happy to sit down with you at your convenience to help work out an appropriate plan.

I have been talking about honouring the past. The Centennial is also a time to look to the future, to dedicate ourselves for the years to come. This is why the Centennial Centre, the main project for all of Manitoba is such a wonderful one. It must have the support of the entire community, both moral and financial. I know I can count on this Club to provide just that."

★

It is to be hoped that all Icelandic Canadians will give very careful thought to these timely suggestions.

## NEW BIRTH — a play in two scenes

by PAUL A. SIGURDSON

### Introduction

This is a short Christmas play in two scenes. Depending on the pace, it runs about 6 to 8 minutes. It can be played on a bare stage with practically no props because its impact depends almost entirely on the characterization. However costumes suggesting the period should be used for greater effect. All the characters are strong and vital and should be played with force and in a direct style. Publius must, with voice, size and sheer intensity, have an edge on the others. In the original production all the action took place in front of a curtain, and for the climax, the curtain was drawn to reveal a full choir under brilliant lights. —P.S.

★

### The Players

Publius — a Roman soldier  
 Lukus—a Roman soldier  
 1st Soldier—a Roman soldier  
 Innkeeper—the mercenary owner and keeper of an inn.  
 Merchant—a rich, arrogant merchant of the East.  
 Child—a slim, gentle maiden of 15 or 16.  
 Slave Boy—a dark-skinned boy of about 10.  
 The Choir.

### THE PLAY

SCENE—An inn in Bethlehem.

TIME —Age of Rome.

(Three Roman soldiers at dice)

1st SOLDIER: Your luck's off, Publius. Give me the pot. I'll show you what a toss is—Ha! twice six and a fever—Jove himself couldn't beat that.  
 (enters Innkeeper)

INNKEEPER: Ah, good gentlemen, enjoying yourselves—I like to see my guests relaxed and comfortable—In this inn, you are most welcome—Go on, play away.

PUBLIUS: How are you with the dice, Innkeeper? Can you beat 17 points in one try?

INNKEEPER: (thinking) I could do it infallibly, without a miss—ten times or a hundred—I could toss to the end of time and come up with 18 points—

PUBLIUS: Ah, hah. Mark fellows, we've hit upon a shark—now listen, we'll win his secret and when we get back to Rome we'll win a thousand barbarian women on the gambling table—

1st SOLDIER: Let him try. Go ahead. Take the dice. I've four fine stallions in the stable—Bet what you like, I'll take you on—!

PUBLIUS: You are challenged, Innkeeper—Here are the magic cubes—and the pot—Shake and let the stars do the rest—

(Innkeeper hesitates)—

INNKEEPER: Only 3 dice? I didn't say I could do it with 3 dice.

1st SOLDIER (surly): Well, take four then, the bet's still on.

PUBLIUS: Still he hesitates.

INNKEEPER: I did not mean four dice either —

1st SOLDIER: A faker. I thought as much.

PUBLIUS: How many dice were you counting on, Innkeeper?

INNKEEPER: To be safe from the trillion, trillion odds, I'd settle for 18 —

1st SOLDIER: (angry) Go 'way—tend to your pots—you'll not make sport with me.

PUBLIUS: Ha, ha—Laugh it up, Lukus. You'll die with a wrinkled face before your time. Sport is sport—we Romans know that. Where's your sense of humour?

1st SOLDIER: I lack the barbarian touch.

PUBLIUS: And what's that to mean?

1st SOLDIER: You know what I mean (accusingly)—You were a barbarian before you were a Roman —

2nd SOLDIER: Cut it out. Publius is as good a Roman as any of us—and better than most.

PUBLIUS: And you, with that speech, prove you are better than Lukus.

LUKUS: (He reaches for his sword)—By this sword —

PUBLIUS: You can fight, Lukus—I know. I've fought beside you—but Rome is more than fighting. more than war—it is peace and security for our women, our houses, our children—it is law and order and good—Yes, I was a barbarian. Until I saw Rome—When I saw Rome, I changed.

LUKUS: You betrayed your barbarians you mean —

PUBLIUS: No. I changed. I said: There is a nobler life. There is life richer for the body and the mind"—so I became a Roman; because I know—Nothing in this world can equal Rome.

LUKUS: Ha! Don't out-Caesar Caesar —that's his line —

(enter Maiden about 17)

MAIDEN: Father! A man wants a room—He's come a long way.

INNKEEPER: What kind of man?

MAIDEN: He's on foot, he's clean and friendly—I liked his eyes—they were kind —

INNKEEPER: Send him away, we're full —

MAIDEN: But, he's from Nazareth and he says his wife is ill—they must have warmth and shelter —

INNKEEPER: I'm full, child — send him off —

MAIDEN: You said, you said—you said two rooms were open—I know you said it—just at supper time—

INNKEEPER: (scolding) Foolish girl. Let me run the inn. You are just a child—you shouldn't be heard. What will the Romans here think of us —

PUBLIUS: Don't fear us, Innkeeper. We Romans don't believe in letting children rule—no more than we appreciate dishonesty—You are no doubt saving those rooms for some rich fellow—own up to it —

INNKEEPER: Yes, yes, sir—I was indeed. — He sent a runner for them.

PUBLIUS: Well admit it then and tell the child the truth—

CHILD: Why does he need two rooms?

INNKEEPER: (In quandary) Well you see — — ah —

PUBLIUS: The truth, Innkeeper—the truth.

INNKEEPER: He only needs one—but with two I can charge him more—he is rich and would pay well — Now send this Nazarene away—no more questions —

(exit maiden)

She's a foolish child, gentlemen.

PUBLIUS: I don't agree. I think she's a fine, lovely little bird—and you should be proud of her.

INNKEEPER: (bows) Thank you, thank you (he exits)

2nd ROMAN: Oh, you had him there, Publius—and you kept a straight face.

PUBLIUS: I meant what I said (firmly). Let him mend his ways as a father—why should he belittle his own child.

END OF SCENE I

SCENE II

SCENE: same.

TIME: Three hours later.

(Romans at dice. Wealthy merchant attended by dark slave boy, playing chess on the floor)

MERCHANT: No, no, no, no, no, — (boy moves) no, no, no, no, no, — (boy moves again) no, no, no, no, Here, here, here,—like so, see, see! Look and learn — (boy moves) — — (a grumble) —

PUBLIUS: (Jokingly to merchant) You have a formidable adversary there, Trinkets.

MERCHANT: Humph. I've been at it 3 years teaching him— he learns nothing, this boy — — the game is new to him every day I try to play it— — No, no, no, no, no, — See him. He's hopeless — —

PUBLIUS: How old is he?

MERCHANT: How old are you? (Boy shrugs shoulders)—He doesn't know. You see, he doesn't know anything — No, no, let me move. (boy accidentally knocks over chess board). Stupid —see what you've done— leave the room (kicks him).

(boy exits rubbing eyes).

PUBLIUS: You're a brave man, Trinkets. Your courage is admirable. You beat boys better than anyone I know.

MERCHANT: They are easy to replace —

PUBLIUS: I suppose they are —(menacing) — How about your head? Is it easy to replace —?

MERCHANT: (Growing wary) What's your meaning, Roman. I mean no trouble here — I'm an honest merchant—I've proof of that —

PUBLIUS: I'll bet you have. — You know something, Merchant? (Pointedly) In Rome only the numbskulls beat horses. Can you figure out where that places you?

MERCHANT: You live your way, Roman, I mine. T'will be safer for both of us —

PUBLIUS: I will — and like a good Roman, I'll save my blows for the barbarians.

(Enters maid).

MAID: (gazing out window — down right) There's a very bright star out there—I've never seen one as bright —Come look Mr. Merchant.

MERCHANT: What's a star to you? It's a diamond you'll never reach.

MAID: But it's so bright. And it seems to want to tell me something.

PUBLIUS: (rises and goes to her) — (looks surprised) It is, man. By Caesar's nose, I've never seen such a one—Lukus, come — — What do you make of it?

LUKUS: (also surprised) I thought you were joking. It's a prize one, isn't it — I can hardly look against it — Sure as Jupiter — it means something big.

2nd SOLDIER: (looks and gapes) — What does it mean, Publius?

PUBLIUS: (sits, looks afraid and troubled) I think — it's a sign. — (maid exits) — I think it has a meaning (Publius becomes lost in thought) I feel something. It's sad to think of and yet — when I think more—I feel better — It's strange.

LUKUS: Speak out, Publius — —

PUBLIUS: (prophetically) Rome is sinking. Rome is going to fade.

LUKUS: What?

PUBLIUS: Rome is sinking. It's a new star, for a new kingdom, something greater — —Rome has had her glory.

LUKUS: That's treason, Publius — —

PUBLIUS: Is it? Then treason it must be—I feel it, I know it. Rome is sinking—fading—that star heralds a new and better age.

(enters Maid)

MAID: (excited) Someone says a new king's been born — here in Bethlehem. The people are piling into the streets, they've seen the star — they're all excited.

(Noise without)

PUBLIUS: Something new has come—something greater than Rome.

LUKUS: You're mad, man. What's greater than Rome? What will ever be greater than Rome?

PUBLIUS: I learned to love Rome, because she was the best. But show me a better kingdom and I'll leave Rome too. I seek a place where man is most a man.

(enters Innkeeper)

INNKEEPER: There's strange talk out there. They say a Prince of Peace has come—a Prince who will rule by love and compassion rather than by the sword. (Scoffs) Ha! Bethlehem is no place for a Prince!

LUKUS: Humph! He will have a kingdom of ants.

PUBLIUS: You are quick to scoff, Lukus—But there is power in love too—.

LUKUS: I'll put no trust in love. Forget this prince— — there's nothing in the star.

PUBLIUS: But I feel it. Rome is sinking—the omen is there—Civilizations have come, their glories have dazzled men, and they have had their shining moments in history — But they all have passed—their power has waned —and they have perished—Now consider this prince— —He builds his kingdom on love— — what army, what force, what flood or fire can snuff out love — ?

LUKUS: How you rave, man. How you rave!

PUBLIUS: I think I'll follow this Prince. I think he knows the way.

LUKUS: Ha!

PUBLIUS: I will—Caesar does not

LUKUS: You'll betray us for an unknown Prince. Caesar will have your head.

PUBLIUS: Betray is not the word. I will quit Caesar. I will follow the Prince. I quit the Barbarians for something better. Now I quit Rome.

LUKUS: Fool! Fool! Publius! Rome is eternal! Eternal!

(Choir sings Joy to the World—Publius bows head — Lukus stomps off. Innkeeper looks confused but the daughter bows).

## Very Promising Boy Pianist



Raymond Stephanson

Raymond Stephanson, 14-year-old pianist of Elfros, Sask. was awarded the CIGX \$225.00 scholarship for the most promising competitor in the Yorkton Music Festival held March 9-12.

For his outstanding piano ability in the Wynyard Music Festival, Raymond received the Kelliher Creamery Award of \$25.00, for the most promising pianist. He was awarded marks of 88, 89 and 90 for his solos.

In the Saskatoon Music Festival, Raymond was the winner of the Saskatoon Piano House Award of \$100.00. His marks ranged from 86 to 90 in six piano classes. Mr. Angus Morrison of London, Eng. (adjudicator) said "Raymond has a very mature grasp of the character and style of the pieces, and gives performances of great merit and achievement". He was chosen Northern Provincial winner, which entitles him to compete in the Regina Provincial Finals, where for his outstanding performances he was awarded the Junior Chopin scholarship of \$25.00 and the F. W. Chisholm scholarship of \$100.00, the latter being the highest Provincial award for senior piano.

Raymond at age 12, completed his Grade IX music with a mark of 86 and will be writing Grade X in January. He is presently a pupil of Mr. Lyell Gustin of Saskatoon.

Raymond is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric B. Stephanson of Elfros and the grandson of Mrs. Thorbjorg Stephanson (nee Einason) and the late Eirikur B. Stephanson.

## GRADUATES, SCHOLARSHIP and AWARD WINNERS

### AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP



Kenneth O. Johnson

Kenneth O. Johnson, son of Marin Olafur and Emily (nee Gislason) Johnson of Blaine, Washington, has been awarded a scholarship by the John Hopkins University of Baltimore, Maryland. The grant is a National Science Foundation Traineeship and carries a stipend of \$4,900 per year renewable up to four years.

An honor student all through high school, Kenneth is a graduate of the Mount Baker High School in Deming, Washington, where he was winner of the mathematical award and the Bausch and Lomb Science award. When he graduated from Mount Baker, Kenneth was a football letterman, president of the senior class, and a member of the student Council. He

was chosen to be on the All Star County Football team in 1955.

Kenneth completed his Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Washington in Seattle, and his Master of Arts degree at New York University in Syracuse, N.Y.

He plans to spend the next four years studying at the John Hopkins University for his Doctor of Philosophy. He and his wife Diane, moved to Baltimore at the end of June and live at 4113 The Alameda, Baltimore, Maryland, XC-21218.

★

### GRADUATE IN ELECTRONICS

After completing a course in electronics and data processing at Miami Dade Junior College in Miami, Fla., Stanley Bruce Olson is now employed as a computer operator on data processing at the college where he received his training.

Mr. Olson served for six years with the United States Air Force National Guard interceptor fighter squadron at the Wayne Major Air Base in Romulus, Michigan, as a jet engine mechanic.

He was enrolled in Officers' Candidate School at Chanute Air Force Base at Rantoul, Illinois, and in August 1963 graduated with high honors as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force reserve as a maintenance officer.

Mr. Olson is the son of Frank Olson of Ecorse, Michigan, formerly of Langruth and Winnipeg, Manitoba, and grandson of Mrs. Holmfridur Olson of Vancouver, B.C. and the late Steini B. Olson.

★

### BRILLIANT STUDENT



Michael A. Samis

A brilliant British Columbia student, Michael A. Samis, on his graduation last year from the University of British Columbia won a \$3,500 fellowship for advanced studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and last spring won his master's degree in nuclear engineering. Mr. Samis has now been given a Canadian National Research Council fellowship of \$3,000 and will continue post-graduate studies at the Massachusetts Institute to obtain his doctorate.

He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Samis, both of whom are graduates of

the University of Manitoba. His mother, Myrtle Thordis, is a daughter of the late Sveinn Thorvaldson, long a merchant at Riverton, Man. and Mrs. Thorvaldson, and is a sister of Senator G. S. Thorvaldson of Winnipeg.

★

### MRS. LORNA ELLEN ROTHWELL WINS TWO MEDALS

Mrs. Lorna Ellen Rothwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Sigurdson of Oak Point, Man., on graduating in Arts and Science last spring from the University of Manitoba, received the University Silver Medal for the second highest standing in Arts and Science. She also received the French government medal for highest standing in 4th year French.

Last summer Lorna took a summer course in Education and this fall is teaching at the John Taylor Collegiate.

★

### THREE SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS IN ONE FAMILY

Larry Thorsteinson of Atikokan, Ontario, in Sept. continued a family tradition by being declared the winner of the top university scholarship offered by Steep Rock Mines Ltd.

Mr. Thorsteinson followed in the footsteps of his brother Vernon who won the Steep Rock award in 1963, and his sister Beverley who captured the company's nursing scholarship of \$150 in 1961.



Both Larry and Vernon came within a few marks of Ontario scholar status.

Normally the Steep Rock scholarship is worth \$500, but Larry is due to receive \$100 since he will be attending Royal Roads Military College at Victoria, B.C. where all his expenses will be paid by the federal government.

★

#### MANITOBA GRADUATES AND AWARD WINNERS

MERLE DIANE SAMIS, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Samis (nee Myrtle Thorvaldson) received her B.A. degree in honors psychology last spring from the University of British Columbia

RONALD HINRIK CORRIGAL, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Corrigan of Selkirk, Man., received the degree of Bachelor of Pharmacy from the University of Manitoba last spring. His mother is Icelandic.

WAYNE ARTHUR JOHNSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson of Selkirk, Man., received his B.Sc. in Electrical Engineering from the University of Manitoba last spring. His father is Icelandic.

MARION ANDREA SCRYMGEOUR daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Scrymgeour, Winnipeg, last spring won an Isbister Scholarship. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Violet Ingjaldson.

#### GRADUATES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA, Spring 1965

CYNTHIA KARYL STEFANSON, of Grand Forks, B.Sc. in Education and Bachelor's Diploma in Teaching.

RICHARD STEINGRIMUR STEINOLFSON, of Mountain, B.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering.

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#### GRADUATES FROM WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

CECELIA JOY GISLASON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ragnar Gislason, Winnipeg.

UNA ROSALIND PALSSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Pals-son, Arborg.

LILJA VALDINA MARTIN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Halldor Martin, Hnausa, Manitoba.

HULDA SIGNY SIGVALDASON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guðni Sigvaldason, Arborg, Manitoba.

★

#### CAROL WESTDAL WINS HONORS

In the recent Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto examinations, Carol Westdal tied for first place in obtaining the highest marks in Manitoba for her Grade III Piano and her Grade IV Singing (82).

The Frederick Harris scholarship has been awarded to her. She will also

receive two silver medals, one for piano and the other for singing.

Carol is 10 years old, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Westdal, 40 Garnet Bay, Fort Garry. Her

grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Westdal and Mrs. Snjolaug Gillis.

She studies piano with Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson and voice with Mrs. Doris Benson.

## Eightieth Birthday Celebrated



Ólafur Hallson

A noted Canadian Icelander, Ólafur Hallson of Eriksdale, Man. celebrated his eightieth birthday on October the 1st.

Mr. Hallson came to Canada from Iceland in 1903. Four years later he returned to his native land and worked with a business firm in Reykjavik for three years.

In 1910 Mr. Hallson came to Canada for the second time and established himself as a leading businessman in the Eriksdale district in Manitoba, a position he maintained for upwards of forty years, his son Hallur succeeding him in 1953.

During his stay in Iceland, 1907-1910, Mr. Hallson laid the foundation of his future happiness by marrying a gifted young lady by the name of Guðrún Björnsdóttir. In the ensuing years Mrs. Guðrún Hallson has in no small measure contributed to the happy family life which the Hallsons have enjoyed. The family consists of four: Hallur at Eriksdale, Mrs. Harry McGlynn (Ingibjörg) in Winnipeg, Mrs. Ingólfur Bergsteinsson (Kristjana) in California, and Mrs. George Ryckman (Gvða) in Winnipeg.

Ólafur Hallson is a worthy representative of Canadian Icelanders. Among his non-Icelandic neighbours he has been a leader in many fields of endeavour. As a member of the Canadian-Icelandic community he has worked faithfully to support the preservation of what is good and useful in the Icelandic heritage.

Our octogenarian is a man of many talents. His work in the field of music has been commended by competent critics; his contributions to Canadian-Icelandic publications have been praised by many readers. Finally, Mr. Hallson has been invited to deliver speeches and addresses on numerous occasions, both in the Icelandic communities and outside them.

The Icelandic Canadian Magazine wishes to take this opportunity to extend heartiest good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hallson and their entire family.

— H. B.

## All saddened as members of the Famous World Hockey Champions cross to the Beyond



Halldor (Slim) Halldorson



Robert J. (Bobby) Benson

It is inevitable that by this time it should not infrequently happen that members of the famous Falcon Hockey Champions, who won the first Olympic World Hockey Championship at Antwerp in the spring of 1921 pass away. Two of them **Halli, (Slim) Halldorson** and **Robert J. (Bobby) Benson** died almost within a month of each other, one in August and the other in September 1965.

It is interesting and not without significance to note the uphill battle the Falcon Hockey Club had to fight in order to gain admittance into senior ranks in Manitoba amateur hockey. Maurice Smith of the Winnipeg Free Press describes that difficulty. He says in part:

"The Falcons were the greatest unsung under-dogs in local hockey hi-

story. The Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association almost put them out of business before they ever laced on their skates.

In the autumn of 1919, the Icelandic team which had competed with great success in intermediate ranks, applied for a franchise in the established Winnipeg league of Winnipeg, Monarchs and Victorias. They were politely but firmly shuffled out of the committee room. Undaunted they got on the telephone to Selkirk and Brandon to see if these towns were interested in senior competition. This new Manitoba league actually provided Falcons with more competition than they received in the Allan Cup playoffs. What a tragedy it might have been if they had been put out of competition!

There are old timers around who in-

sist for sheer fundamental brilliance. The Falcons had few equals in local amateur hockey.

The Falcons crushed Winnipeg, their local playoff opposition, 15-1 in a total-goal series and were no kinder to Fort William, winning 7-2 and 9-1. Toronto Varsity, the Eastern champions, went down 8-3 and 3-2 in its own backyard. Without bothering to come home, the team's eight regulars set out for the Antwerp and Olympic history, sweeping through a series with Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Great Britain, France and the United States for the world crown."

Halldor Halldorson died on August 1st, 1965, at the age of 66 years. He leaves behind, his wife Olive, and four daughters, (Viola) Mrs. Stephen Perkins, (Joan) Mrs. Wilkie, (Beverley) Mrs. Bertulli, and (Gail) Mrs. Roper, and one son John. They all reside in Winnipeg with the exception of Beverley, who lives in California. Two sisters are, Mrs. Laura Shaver and Mrs. Thelma White. There are ten grandchildren.

Born in Winnipeg, his parents were Halldor Halldorson and Kristolina Jónsdóttir (Hjarðarfels), who came to Canada from Iceland in the 1870's and made their home in Winnipeg.

Halli was known as "Slim" by all, friends and fans alike, because he was tall, 6 feet, 2 inches in height, which combined with his natural athletic ability, stood him in good stead. One is reminded that the large Halldorson and Johnson families of cousins, were outstanding in various sports over the years: in hockey with the Vikings and Falcons, and in curling circles, as exemplified by Leo and Lincoln Johnson, with their Briar Cup Champions, and Leo, just last year with his Senior Citizens' Canadian Curling Championship.

Every famous hockey player develops some distinctive and special quality. Slim became famous for his own style of beautiful stick-handling. Combining these exceptional qualities with indomitable team spirit, he was noted for his generosity with the puck and his well-directed assists, which were about 50-50 with his goal scoring. He was the ideal team player.

After the great Falcon Olympic triumph of 1920, there followed a long and distinguished career in Professional Hockey. First Slim went with Saskatoon, together with his teammate Bobby Benson. Then for four years with Victorias, to join Frank Frederickson on a great team, put together by the Patricks, to become winners of the Stanley Cup and World's Professional Championship in 1924-25.

After Victoria, he played in the National Hockey League for seven years, with Detroit, Quebec and Toronto Maple Leafs.

After returning from the Olympics, Bobby played professional hockey for a number of years. Vince Leah of the Winnipeg Tribune says:

"During these twenty years, Benson received up to 100 stitches, but his worst injury came in 1921. He was carried off the ice with a fractured skull.

After his playing days were over Bobby Benson coached for a number of years in Brandon, Kenora, Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg.

Robert John Benson was born in Davidson, Sask., in 1894. His father's name was Benedikt whence is surname Benson. Bobby is survived by his widow Jean, one son Lorne R. Benson, one daughter, Mrs. C. F. Goldhawk, three grandchildren, two brothers Harvey, in Winnipeg, and Connie in Chicago; one sister, Mrs. Chris Thompson of North Dakota.

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The 31st year of courses for the adult public is offered by The University of Manitoba, through its Evening Institute. The programme includes many new courses as well as the perennially popular ones.

Among the offerings this year are courses in: writing, languages, archaeology, sociology, psychology, astronomy, meteorology, political science, investment, programmed learning, architecture, reading improvement, art appreciation, history, religion, law, antiques, period furniture, interior decor-

ation, music appreciation and practical studies in music.

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For further information and a brochure describing all the courses, write to the Evening Institute, Department of University Extension and Adult Education, The University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, or phone GR 4-9476.

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## EVENING COURSES IN ICELANDIC

Two evening school courses in Icelandic, Icelandic 1 and Icelandic 2, are again being offered this fall by the University of Manitoba Evening Institute. The instructor is Prof. Haraldur Bessason who heads the university's Department of Icelandic.

The course, Icelandic 1, is for ten weeks, with class sessions every Wednesday evening. It commenced Wednesday, September 22, 1965. This course is designed for those who have little or no knowledge of Icelandic, and emphasis is to be placed on the fundamentals of grammar, pronunciation, practical vocabulary and conversation. Given will be a brief summary of the history of Iceland, its culture and literature, as well as of Icelandic settlements in North America. Students have been advised to purchase the text, Teach Yourself Icelandic, written by P. J. T. Glendening.

In the course, Icelandic 2, the lectures are intended for those who have previously taken the course Icelandic 1, and for those who possess a basic knowledge of the language and wish to broaden it and acquire fluency. Selected readings from Icelandic literature will be introduced. Students are advised to purchase the text, Icelandic Grammar, Text and Glossary, by Stefan Einarson. The course is for ten weeks with class sessions Monday evenings. For further information apply to the Evening Institute, phone GR 4-9476 or Prof. Bessason, GR 4-9272.

## GARY DENNIS DANIELSON TAKING COURSE IN COMPUTER SERVICE



Gary Dennis Danielson

Gary Dennis Danielson of Winnipeg last spring was one of three selected from among 100 applicants to take a six-month course in computer servicing with Honeywell Control Limited at Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

This is paid for by Honeywell, as are transportation, wages and living expenses.

At the completion of his course Mr. Danielson will return to one of the larger Canadian cities, possibly Winnipeg, as a field engineer for Business Machine Sales Limited.

After completing Grade 11 at Miles MacDonnell Collegiate in Winnipeg in the spring of 1963 Mr. Danielson was employed as a field engineer with Burroughs Business Machines Limited, Winnipeg, for almost two years.

Mr. Danielson, who is 20, is the son of Helen and the late Valgeir Danielson, and grandson of pioneers Mr. and Mrs. Kristjan Danielson, formerly of Markland, Lundar and Winnipeg.

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**GUSTAF KRISTJANSON  
GOES TO BRITISH COLUMBIA**

Mr. Gustaf Kristjanson, a member of the editorial board of The Icelandic Canadian magazine, has decided to return to his chosen profession to teach school at Bella Bella, B.C.

At a meeting of the Editorial board, August 17th, 1965, Judge W. J. Lindal, paid tribute to Mr. Kristjanson for his singular devotion to the office, saying that his editorials and reports of various activities had shown great thought and thoroughness. Judge Lindal expressed the hope that Mr. Kristjanson would continue to contribute to the magazine.

Miss Mattie Halldorson, on behalf of the board, presented Mr. Kristjanson with a pair of cuff links, saying that we wished him and his family well and that this was just "au revoir", not good-bye.

Mr. Kristjanson expressed his appreciation to the board and said that he had found the work enjoyable and felt that the magazine serves a worthwhile purpose. —M. H.

★

**IMPORTANT CENTENNIAL  
PROJECT**

The Canada Council announced in August that it will assist the production of a musical drama based on a 1,000-year-old Icelandic work as a centennial project.

The drama is to be produced at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus.

The Council said it will pay the fare for Ronald Bloore, director of the Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery in Regina, composer Jack Behrens and musicologist C. K. Cockburn of the University of Saskatchewan, Regina

campus to travel to Scandinavia this fall. The three will do research work in Scandinavia for the music drama, based upon the "Lay Of Thrym", an Icelandic Edda or collection of poems composed about 900 A.D.

The text is to be written by Mr. Cockburn in English. Mr. Behrens will compose the music, using an orchestra of about 15, augmented by a limited use of electronic music. Mr. Bloore will design the sets and costumes.

The three will travel to Norway, Sweden and Denmark to obtain background for the project.

★

**DR. R. L. KRISTJANSON APPOINTED TO WHEAT BOARD COMMISSION**

The appointment of Dr. R. L. Kristjanson of Winnipeg as a commissioner of the Canadian Wheat Board was announced in August at Ottawa by Hon. Mitchell Sharp, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce. Dr. Kristjanson had been the board's executive assistant since 1962. Named commissioner with him was Dr. D. H. Treleaven, a member of the board's staff since 1954. The two took over their new positions October 1.

Born at Gimli, Man. Dr. Kristjanson received his B. A. degree in Fargo, N. Dak., his M. A. in Lincoln, Nebraska and his P.H.D. in the University of Wisconsin and had an academic career as an economist before joining the staff of the board in 1959.

★

**K. W. JOHANNSON ELECTED  
PRESIDENT OF BETEL**

K. Wilhelm Johannson of Winnipeg was elected president of the board of the Betel Home Foundation at the an-

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nual meeting in July at Betel, Icelandic home for the elderly at Gimli. He succeeds Grettir Eggertson, Winnipeg, who had been president for five years. Mr. Johannson has been a board member for some ten years, and latterly vice-president. New vice-president is A. R. Swanson, Winnipeg.

Lincoln G. Johnson of Winnipeg was named treasurer, succeeding Skuli M. Bachman who had been treasurer for 13 years.

Other officers and directors are honorary president Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, past president Mr. Eggertson, secretary, J. Victor Jonasson, Mr. Bachman, Hon. George Johnson, Manitoba minister of education, and Senator G. S. Thorvaldson, all of Winnipeg, S. V. Sigurdson of Riverton, John Guttormson of Lundar, Mrs. Violet Einarson, mayor of Gimli, and Norman Stevens, also of Gimli, A. C. Eggertson of Winnipeg is honorary solicitor.

Mackenzie King. He subsequently was named President of the Exchequer Court of Canada and retired from that post two years ago.



**ICELANDIC CLUBS ORGANIZED**

Within the past two years or so clubs have been formed by Icelanders in various centres across the North American continent. One of the latest is the Icelandic Club of Greater Seattle, formed last spring at Seattle, Washington, U.S.A. Elected president was Tani Bjornson.

The Regina Icelandic Canadian Club was formed at an organization meeting in June in the Saskatchewan capital city and Dr. A. M. Kristjanson was elected its first chairman.

H. K. Halldorson was named vice-chairman and members of its steering committee are Mrs H. K. Halvorson, H. Bjarnason, Harvey Johnson, Ed Steinson, B. N. Arnason, Mrs. J. A. C. Struthers, Bryan Leo and Arthur Thorfinnson.

The club's first activity was to participate in the concerts and food fair held by the Regina Folk Art Council for the Saskatchewan House Summer Festival from June 21 to July 4.



**GOLDEN WEDDING  
ANNIVERSARY**

Mr. and Mrs. John Benson of Red Deer Point near Winnipegosis, Man., whose 50th wedding anniversary was in September, in August were honored by family and friends in Winnipegosis to mark the occasion.

A reception was held at the Winnipegosis home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Brown, and was followed by a reception and dance in Winnipegosis Elks' Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson were married at Gimli in 1915, and two years later

**HON. J. T. THORSON RECEIVES  
HONORARY DOCTOR OF  
LAWS DEGREE**

Hon. Joseph T. Thorson, Q.C. of Ottawa was awarded the degree of Doctor of Laws (honoris causa) at the convocation in June of the University of Waterloo in Western Ontario. He also delivered the convocation address, his topic being "Human Rights Under the Rule of Law".

Mr. Justice Thorson, born, raised and educated in Manitoba, was a graduate in law of the University of Manitoba. Entering the political field he became Liberal member of parliament for Selkirk constituency and was Minister of National War Services in the wartime cabinet of Rt. Hon. W. L.

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moved to Red Deer Point where they have since lived.

They have nine children. They are Mrs. W. E. Lindal, Mrs. C. L. Matthews, Mrs. D. J. Rogers and son Gisli, all of Winnipeg, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Stafford Namaka, Laura and Ben, all of Winnipegosis, and Mrs. Kjartan Goodman of Flin Flon, Man.

There are 15 grandchildren.

★

### DIAMOND JUBILEE

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Olsen of Winnipeg, whose 60th wedding anniversary was in September, were honored by their family and friends in August to mark the occasion. This celebration

included a gathering of family and friends at the home of Mr. Olsen's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. Helgi Olsen, Home Street, followed by an evening dinner in the Ellice Inn tendered by their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Olsen of Inwood, Man.

Their other children are daughter Mrs. Joseph Morris of Vancouver, B.C., sons Leonard of Vancouver and Bjorgvin at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Olsen were married at Vestfold, Man. where they farmed until retiring eight years ago to make their home in Winnipeg.

They have seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

## NEWS SUMMARY

The Government of Iceland underwent a considerable change this year when two government posts were vacated.

Early in the year Mr. Gunnar Thoroddsen, Minister of Finance, resigned his position to become Iceland's ambassador to Denmark. His successor, also from the ranks of the Conservatives, is Magnús Jónsson, a lawyer with long experience in politics and bank administration.

Another change was brought about when the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Guðmundur Í. Guðmundsson, resigned his position for reasons of health. Immediately following Mr. Guðmundsson's resignation, the Minister

of Industry Mr. Emil Jónsson was transferred to the office of the Minister of External Affairs; Mr. Eggert Þorsteinsson, a Social-Democrat, was pointed to the cabinet post of Minister of Industries.

★

Mrs. Helga Paulson, widow of the late Helgi Paulson, passed away in her 94th year at Cloverdale, B.C., in May last spring. When this magazine was established she was one of the first volunteers to secure subscribers, a voluntary service she performed for many years. Mrs. Paulson was a sister of the late Arni Eggertson Sr. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs.



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Norma Steinson, Mrs. Margaret Robertson and Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain; and by two sisters, Mrs. Sigrídur Sigurdson of Swan River and Mrs. Kristín Revkdal of Winnipeg.

many years operated the Wevel Cafe, which under her management became a famous gathering place on Sargent Avenue, in those days commonly referred to as the Main St. of the Icelanders in west Winnipeg.

★

Mrs. Margaret Harriet Gregory, daughter of the late Rannveig Sigurdson, and her husband Richard George Gregory, have moved from California back to Winnipeg and are residing with Halldor Sigurdson, contractor, Mrs. Gregory's stepfather, at 586 Arlington Street.

The late Mrs. Rannveig Sigurdson, who died in March last spring, for

In May last the Icelandic people lost one of their most learned men in the passing of Dr. Alexander Johannesson, who died on Whitsunday, at the age of 77 years. Dr. Johannesson served his allotted time as Rector of the University of Iceland and was the leader in the establishment of the university quarters (háskólahverfi) close by the



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university where most of the professors reside.

Dr. Johannesson gained an international recognition as one of a small group of experts who studied the origin of languages. His own book on the subject is surprisingly easy to understand by the layman. Old Icelandic is one of the best materials for study of language evolution.

Dr. Johannesson visited Winnipeg a number of years ago and delivered an address at the University of Manitoba. A dinner in honor of him, sponsored by The Icelandic National League was held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

★

The program was varied when the Icelandic Club in Los Angeles, California celebrated Iceland's independence day June 17 at a gathering in the Gardens at 15500 Western Avenue. An address of welcome was given by president Sveinn Thordarson and Larry Thor was master of ceremonies. Program highlights were the showing of a film entitled Discover Iceland, depicting various phases of Icelandic life, at work and play, and several numbers by singer Haukur Mothens from Iceland who at the time with his wife, Ragnheidur Magnussdottir, was touring the United States.

★

The Victoria Icelandic Women's Club at Victoria, B.C. in July held its annual garden party on the spacious grounds at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

Albert Sveinsson. The guests were welcomed by club president Mrs. Augusta Bjarnason and speakers included Dr. and Mrs. Richard Beck of Grand Forks, N. Dak. who told of their recent visit to Iceland, and poet Erni Arnason. The club was formed nearly 20 years ago. Mrs. Lilja Stephenson is vice-president, Mrs. Albert Sveinsson secretary and Mrs. Ormiston treasurer.

★

Dr. Bryan Ayotte of Winnipeg in March was awarded a Smith Kline and French Foreign Fellowship for post-graduate study abroad and in this connection is now assistant to the chief surgeon at Holy Cross Hospital at Kotijam, Quilon, India. Dr. Ayotte is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerv G. Ayotte of Winnipeg and his wife Anna the daughter of Mrs. Olga Stephenson and the late Bjorn Stephenson of Piney, Man.

★

John Robert Goodman of Winnipeg, a graduate of the University of Manitoba, this summer entered the employ of the Shell Oil Company. Mr. Goodman, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodman, Dominion Street, graduated in commerce from Manitoba University last spring.

★

L. H. Thorlakson of Vancouver, B.C., regional manager for the Hudson's Bay Company in Alberta and B.C. until his retirement in August, has been named financial administrator for the Vancouver Art Gallery Association.

The United Way of Greater Winnipeg, a givers' organization born of a persistent public demand to eliminate the confusion and inefficiency of too many campaigns, will hold its first campaign for funds from October 12 to 30.

The parents of this new organization were the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce and the Winnipeg and District Labour Council. These two groups working independently of one another, had been examining the problem of the multiplicity of campaigns for some time. They got together last year and sponsored a citizens' committee to study the situation. Following this committee's report and recommendations, at a public meeting in June, 1964, the decision was made to create the United Way.

Through its "open door" policy, the United Way has invited all major health, welfare and character building agencies serving Greater Winnipeg to

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join. The response to this invitation has provided this community with the most inclusive campaign in its history, and the most inclusive in all of Canada. It now combines the fund-raising of 50 voluntary agencies into one appeal—once a year.

In addition to the former Community Chest agencies, nine independent agencies which conducted 10 campaigns now have joined the United Way. They are: Association for Retarded Children; Canadian Red Cross Society; Church Home for Girls; Manitoba Heart Foundation; Mount Carmel Clinic; Multiple Sclerosis Society for Crippled Children and Adults, which had both Easter Seal and March of Dimes campaigns; Villa Rosa, and the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

These organizations will NOT hold campaigns in 1966—instead they ask

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for the support of Greater Winnipeg's givers through the United Way this fall.

To givers, the United Way means a campaign once a year, not a campaign every month. It means that a bigger share of donated dollars will go to help people, because the United Way's fund-raising AND year-round administrative costs total only seven cents of every dollar. FUND-RAISING COSTS ALONE of many independent campaigns run from 15 to 30 cents of every dollar.

"One gift works many wonders", is the United Way theme this year, and for people who need help, these are just a few of the many wonders one gift can work —

One gift can find a loving home for a neglected baby . . . bring hope into the nightmare world of an emotionally disturbed youngster.



One gift can give new meaning to life for a lonely grandfather . . . bring together a divided family . . . offer understanding sympathy and practical help to an unmarried mother in her time of desperate need.

One gift can mend a failing heart . . . help a crippled child to walk ease the pain of disabling disease give life-saving blood.

One gift can help train future citizens . . . build healthy young minds and bodies . . . prevent delinquency.

To meet needs such as these, the United Way goal this year is \$2,700,000 More than 6,500 volunteer campaigners are working now to achieve this goal and, with the help of all Greater Winnipeg givers, to prove that one gift works many wonders—the United Way.



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Bardal, A. S. Ltd.	4	McLean, J. J. H.	5
Beaver Moving & Storage	5	North Star Co-Op Creamery Assn.	3
Blackwood Beverages	61	O'Neill & Hunter Ltd.	8
Booth Fisheries of Canada	62	Quinton's Ltd.	56
Broadway Florists	4	Park-Hannesson Ltd.	5
British American Oil Co. Ltd.	1	Riverton Co-Op Creamery Assn.	3
Brown & Rutherford Ltd.	56	Roberts & Whyte Ltd.	54
Canadian Armed Forces	Cover	Ramsay-Mathews Ltd.	7
Canadian Fish Producers Ltd.	52	Robin Hood Flour Mills Ltd.	7
Carling Breweries	Cover	Security Storage Co. Ltd.	7
Chief Home Bakery	4	Sealy Mattress Co.	62
Codville Co. Ltd.	58	Shell Canada Ltd.	58
Community Hotels Ltd.	58	Sherwin Williams Co. of Can. Ltd.	61
Crescent Creamery	54	Sigurdson, H. & Son Ltd.	6
Duff's Taxi	3	Sigurdson, Dr. L. A.	4
Eatons of Canada	Cover	Sigurdson Fisheries Ltd.	3
Eggertson & Eggertson	6	Simpson-Sears Ltd.	Cover
Ellerby & Hall	8	Tallin, Krisjanson, Parker, Martin & Mercury	5
General Bakeries Ltd.	64	Thorarinson, S. A., Barrister	6
Great West Life Assurance Co.	57	Toastmaster Sales Ltd.	54
Grey Goose Bus Lines	3	Thorlakson, Dr. P. H. T.	4
Hercules Supply Ltd.	2	Thorvaldson, Eggertson, Saunders & Mauro	6
International Inn of Can. Ltd.	62	Uptown Bowling Lanes	54
Investors Syndicate of Can. Ltd.	50	Viking Printers	3
Icelandic Canadian	64	Vopni, R. B. & Co.	54
James Richardson & Sons	1	Westbrook Medical Centre	1
John Leckie Ltd.	52	Western Paint Co. Ltd.	7
Malkin, Dr.'s C. & S.	6	Winnipeg Hydro Electric System	52
Manitoba Hydro	2	Winnipeg Supply & Fuel Co.	56
Manitoba Pool Elevators	7		
Kenneth L. Johnson, Dr.	50		
Manitoba Sugar Co. Ltd.	56		

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## The Icelandic People . . .

have always been champions of freedom in the form of government by the people.

The first group of Icelandic immigrants to Manitoba, about 250 in number, arrived at Willow Point, approximately four miles from the present Gimli town site, on October 21st, 1875. The following spring a larger group settled at what is now Riverton. The area was not at that time part of Manitoba. It was wholly unorganized territory.

In the winter of 1876-77, in spite of a raging smallpox epidemic, meetings began to establish laws and regulations for the area, which would not infringe upon the jurisdiction of the federal Parliament. These "Laws and Regulations", a combination of provincial and municipal by-laws, came into force on January 14th, 1878, just over two years after the first Icelandic immigrant landed on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg.

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