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The Icelandic Canadian

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EDITORIAL: CHILDREN ARE GENTLE, Janis Johnson.....	8
FEATURES: OPEN-LINE RADIO PROGRAMMES, John Harvard.....	10
LEIF EIRIKSSON DAY, Petur Thorsteinsson	14
VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, Wayne Arnason	28
ICELANDIC INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS	32
ON ICELAND	
THE NORDIC CENTRE IN REYKJAVIK, H. Bessason.....	20
ICELAND IN RETROSPECT, Hazel L. Goodman	22
THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND, Michael Redican	24
ICELAND TURNS CULTURE INTO OCCUPATION, C. Mollins ...	26
DR. P. H. T. THORLAKSON HONOURED	31
THOR STEPHENSON'S GAS-TURBINE ENGINE.....	37
DR. STEINN THOMPSON Receives Golden Boy Award	25
HALLDOR SIGURDSON & SON LTD.	42
CANADIANS SERVING IN EMERGING COUNTRIES, W Kristjanson	51
ON RAGNAR BJARNASON	
IN VANCOUVER, Carole Robertson	44
IN WINNIPEG, Caroline Gunnarson	45
IN TORONTO, Walter J. Lindal	47
FICTION	
THE IMAGE, Paul Sigurdson	34
REMEMBER HOW WE DRESSED, W. D. Valgardson	38
THE COVER	21
IN THE NEWS	13, 57, 59, 61

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CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

CHILDREN ARE GENTLE

Christmas, of course, marks the birth of Christ, and, with His birth, the beginnings in the world of that peculiar Christian view of life—a view that responds not to power, but to love. This is a truism, but it is also a truism that, since that first Christmas, men have caused incalculable suffering, injustice and indignity for their fellows. We can measure the march of man's inhumanity through the inquisitions, the crusades, and the fratricidal religious wars, through the bow and arrow, the gun, and the nuclear weapon. We also hear the warnings that, through the huge institutions that give men unique power to control their world, we have developed a quieter, but no less frightening, inhumanity. It is an inhumanity which stifles and ignores the dignity and the aspirations of the men who must live and work within our modern society. But there is more to Christianity than the waging of wars and the forging of institutional fetters for men's souls. Through these same centuries we have worked continually to realize in our personal lives, and in the public lives of our societies some semblance of that most admirable Christian virtue — gentleness. And if, on balance, we appear to have been more creative of in-

humanity, both brutal and quiet, than of real gentleness, we can still take comfort from the fact that today our young people are still demanding of us that we allow them some gentleness of life. But if we do appear to have been more creative of inhumanity, both brutal and quiet, than of real gentleness, then surely we can understand if our young people are also driven by desperation and fear.

For these appear to be the two major motives behind the young peoples' revolts of the last decade—the search for gentleness, and the flight from a fear of our failures. It is not a fear of our wars, but of our quieter inhumanities—the inhumanities that take their toll not on the young, but on the adult members of society. Peter Drucker has said:

“The manifestation of the new social question is not rebelliously militant youth, but people twenty years older, who quietly retire on the job.”

Mr. Drucker is right. And the young people, looking at today's institutions from the outside are quick to perceive this. Our executives, and our professionals who feel stifled and trapped by their jobs in government or in business, who find themselves without

a way to express their aspirations—this is not a future towards which the children can look with any real hope.

And so they become afraid. If their gentleness makes them child-like, vulnerable to hurt, prone to trust and hope too easily, then their fear makes them intolerant, desperate sometimes to the point of destroying themselves and others. This is the nature of the young people's revolts—childlike gentleness, sometimes — too often—degenerating into childish fear. And that fear has its counterpart in the adult experience, in the quiet desperation of the school teacher who knows that he is not succeeding in reaching his pupils, of the executive who knows that he has advanced as far as he will advance, of the thousands of us who daily go to work in an institutional world that has no concern for our individual integrities. And of course, we make that world. We make the institutions what they are by our refusal to try to change them and to change ourselves.

We have made it a very unchildlike world. Christmas, more than any other season, is a time for children. At Christmas we remember the child Jesus, not the Saviour despairing on the cross. At Christmas we somehow feel again the hope that Mary must have felt as her son was born into the world. But if this is true, then Christmas is above all a time of tragedy. Mary's child went on to die upon the cross for a world that could not understand the gentleness he preached.

Surely, at Christmas, if at no other time, we owe it to the children to be honest with ourselves about the empti-

ness and frustration of so much of this rich, cold new world. It is a world of optimistic statistics; we can prove in black and white that more people have more to eat than ever before. But the tendency to lecture the young on the depression belies the virtue of all this. The solutions do not, of course, lie in a return to the poverty of yesterday, or in archaic socialisms. The problems are no longer material. The solutions lie within the institutions built to provide the good government and the good life—the institutions that have made the gentle, the personal, and the private somehow shameful. We are now paying the price of having organized the child-like out of our world.

And so we pretend to be happy. We pretend to require no more than the material abundance we have created. We pretend that human aspirations, human love, and human loneliness are all subject to institutional rules. This is the quiet inhumanity.

I do not believe that this is necessary. I do not believe that men are incapable of learning to live in the midst of the complex and impersonal world of today, once it is realized what must be learned. Christmas, the children's season, is a good time to do this, for children, before they fear, have those qualities of gentleness and spontaneity which are in danger of being lost. It is important to remember that the adult Christ told his disciples, with reference to little children, “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven”. Our task is still to make the earth like that.

—Janis Johnson

OPEN-LINE RADIO PROGRAMS

by John Harvard,
Host of John Harvard Show, CJOB

The Editor was full of ideas that night. Before him lay the task of putting together the next issue of his magazine. There was space to be filled . . . words to be written. There was no time to waste. The Editor's eyes turned to me. An idea had come to him. "You, young man," he said, "you're the host of an open-line radio program. That's an interesting business. People, he added, are listening to and talking more about these programs. Why don't you write a piece about them for the magazine?" I knew he had made up his mind. So, here I am.

You may think that open-line programs are something new or relatively new in radio. They are not. Radio Station CJOB, Winnipeg, where I am employed, has had an open-line program (often called a talk show, as well) for more than 20-years. However, the program format has changed considerably since the beginning. In the early years, open-line was a one-way affair. Radio telephone lines were opened to the public, right on the air. Listeners called and said their pieces. There was no conversation; no dialogue; no debate. Just one-way talk. This format served its purpose, but the need for change became apparent a few years ago. The listening public wanted something more "gutsy". There were issues to be faced . . . problems to be solved . . . questions to be answered. The place to deal with these matters was right on the air, open to the ears of the community, and where

all citizens could participate through the medium of radio-telephone. This accounts for the present format of radio talk shows. Listeners no longer call and make just a few comments. They are put into the centre of discussion. A dialogue develops and plenty more. Debates erupt, challenges are hurled, assertions made, statements checked, questions asked and answers given. This is the stuff of modern open-line shows, which, without a doubt, are the most exciting programs on radio today. They are popular, too, drawing large audiences. Every major radio market in Canada has talk shows. Listeners want them and radio provides them.

I happen to think one of the reasons for the popularity of these programs is that people are no longer content to sit back and watch the issues of the day pass by them. They want to participate . . . get into the act . . . have a piece of the action. I'm delighted with this new and growing public feeling. On radio, almost every citizen, whether he is rich or poor, poorly educated or university trained, has a contribution to make to the issues of the day. It might be in the form of a question, or in the way of an opinion or observation. But the citizen has a contribution to offer. It should be heard and listened to.

To tell you the truth, I'm a little sick and tired of the deluge of opinions from the so-called experts, including newspaper editorial writers, broad-

casters, university professors, board chairmen, group presidents, and other "know-it-alls." I don't want to play down the importance of these people. They are what you might call our sharpest observers. We need more like them. But, darn it, lets not forget the "little guy," . . . the fellow who goes to work with a lunch pail under his arm, the elderly, the housewife busy at home with her children. These people have important things to say, too, and open-line radio programs provide them the opportunity to be heard. And it's all made so easy. No letter writing; no standing before an audience. It costs nothing. Just pick up the phone and engage yourself in lively conversation. Some critics believe the procedure is too easy. Their argument is that where there is little effort there is also little thought. It might be a fair argument but I suspect a lot of these critics under-estimate the public. This is where they make their mistake. Never, never under-estimate your fellow citizens. Spend a few years in radio and you'll realize there are many smart and informed people out there. I kid you not.

But let's get back to the contributions made by the "little guy." As you know, there is a tremendous range of subjects discussed on open-line, everything from the Vietnam war, to city bus fares, to Johnny's report card. On my program, persons well acquainted with particular subjects are invited to provide information, facts and well informed opinions. But a program would not be complete without the participation of the public. If, for example, a show is dealing with the city's realty taxes, it makes only sense to have a guest who is thoroughly informed on the matter . . . say, the Chairman of the City Finance Committee. But it also makes sense to hear the comments of those who are paying

the realty taxes, that is, the ratepayers. They provide a service by telling how realty taxes affect them; what faults they see; what improvements they would make. But what is more important they give a real "human feeling" to the discussions, through their opinions and observations. Their opinions are not always well-informed and sometimes their prejudices show through, but they're people and people are what open-line radio is all about. CJOB calls itself "People To People Radio."

Some observers express shock and horror when they hear a bigot on the air. "Why," they ask, "do you allow such people to use the airwaves?" My answer is quite simple. It is no use burying our heads in the sand. There is bigotry all around us, and we might as well deal with it in the open. If we allowed only the moderate and well-reasoned views to be broadcast, we would not be dealing with a situation as it really exists. Open-line deals with reality, and often reality is not what we would like it to be.

I have been asked this question many times: "What is the major purpose of a talk show?" Before I answer this, I would like to say that open-line is there to cheer up a lonely person, help someone in a jam, trace a lost pension cheque, to help where help is needed. But the major purpose of open-line is to get people to think more. None of us thinks enough, and if this isn't bad enough, the little thinking most of us do is much too narrow and restricted. It's often limited to our jobs, our families, the things we like to do. These are all very important. There is, however, much more to life and the world. Troubled times are upon us. There is the Vietnam war, race riots in the United States, students' demonstrations on university campuses, starvation in overseas countries, poverty in

our own backyard, rising crime rates, deterioration of the family. We should be making greater efforts to think about matters which may not affect us directly but which are of major consequence just the same. Open-line radio invites listeners to give some thought to local, national and international affairs. In fact, I would go as far as to say that listeners are given a challenge. The challenge is this: "Here are some of the issues facing us. Have you thought about them? If not, you should be thinking about them. What can you do? What could you add to the discussions taking place?" This is the challenge put to open-line listeners, and I need not tell you that they quickly respond to this challenge. And, they respond in a way that is . . . in the main . . . most gratifying. My audience is made up largely of housewives and I'm happy to say they come through in fine style. All they need is the challenge and they carry on from there.

This brings me around to the role of the hosts of open-line. I believe that the host should be more than a moderator; more than a program chairman. His duties, as I see them, are to initiate interesting discussion, arouse people's opinions, generate action and reaction. Yes, even stir up trouble. The host's role is a complex one. He's a friend, a helper, a critic, a trouble-maker. He needs to be tough but he must have compassion. Above all, he must be very much a human being. The host can't take himself too seriously and he has to learn to laugh at himself. Impossible to be all these things, you say? Perhaps, but this is the situation the host finds himself in.

Most open-line men become deeply involved in their shows. In other words, their comments and opinions are often the centre of discussion. We have been told that discussion should be between callers and between callers

and guests. We are there, it has been said, to keep only peace and order. I'd be willing to accept this advice if it were workable. It isn't. The host has the responsibility of putting the show on the road. Often, this means launching the show with well-thought-out and sometimes controversial remarks. This, in turn, usually means involving the host directly in the discussion that follows. Besides, the host has given thought to his subject for some time. He's paid to do this. Many listeners are busy with their own work and have not taken the time to think about the subject until after hearing the comments by the host. When I open a show with an editorial, in effect I am saying this to the listeners: "This is how I feel about this matter. How about you?"

Open-line programs attract all kinds of callers. Some have suggested that only the well-informed and well-spoken person should be allowed on the air. This is nonsense. Some, indeed, aren't put on the air. Speaking for my own show, we are looking for something from the caller, and this may come in many ways, as stated earlier. We couldn't care less if the caller doesn't hold the popular view. Comments from bigots and the prejudiced are accepted, provide they are not damaging. These people are for real and we're dealing with reality. Callers' statements are checked for mistakes. Unfounded remarks are immediately challenged. The system is not perfect. There is always the danger of a slip. But what we seek is some relevant word, some personal fact, some opinion. Or, it might be nothing more than emotion or a feeling. If a caller offers nothing more than "name-calling" or damaging statements, he is not accepted or he is immediately cut off when he starts his trouble-making. On my program, most calls are monitored before they go on

the air. We are aware of most of the nonsense callers. Fortunately, there are few of them.

Some listeners like to call open-line shows every day of the week. Most are welcome if they have something good to offer. These people, whom we call "repeaters" or "professionals", are also few in number. They are most noticeable in short 15-minute or half-hour shows.

Will open-line shows fade away? The poor ones will, but those offering

listeners a challenge and interesting and provocative discussion will be here for a long time to come. Program formats will change, however.

If you have waited through this piece for the secret to reaching your favorite show, I'm sorry I must disappoint you. I haven't got the secret. But check with your neighbors, chances are they are regular callers to open-line.

Three Recipients of Order of Falcons

At a ceremony in September in New York City, Hannes Kjartansson, Iceland's permanent envoy to the United Nations and consul-general in New York, awarded on behalf of the Government of Iceland the Knight's Cross of the Order of the Falcon to three United States citizens for their signal contributions to the work of furthering American-Icelandic relations.

The three recipients were Mrs. Gudrun Crosier, C. Peter Strong and Erik J. Friis.

Mrs. Crosier, a resident of New York, has for many years been active in Icelandic-American affairs. She has been an officer of the Icelandic Society in New York and a board member and social chairman of the New York Chapter of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. She was also untiring in her efforts to help Icelandic seamen during the Second World War.

Mr. Strong, of Greenwich, Connecticut, is president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in New

York. During his administration student exchange between the United States and Iceland have greatly increased and various new programs have been initiated under Foundation aegis.

Recently he successfully completed a campaign to raise \$100,000 to create a Thor Thors Icelandic Fund, commemorating the late ambassador of Iceland to the United States and United Nations.

Mr. Friis, of Montvale, New Jersey, is literary secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and editor of its quarterly, the American-Scandinavian Review. As head of the foundation's publications program he has for more than 20 years published articles and books that acquaint the United States reader with Icelandic life and culture. Mr. Friis is also general editor of the Library of Scandinavian Literature, a book series issued by Twayne Publishers, which includes representatives of the Icelandic saga tradition as well as the best modern fiction.

LEIF EIRIKSSON DAY

SON OF ICELAND, DISCOVERER OF WINELAND

by Ambassador Pétur Thorsteinsson

The following is the main part of an address delivered by Pétur Thorsteinsson, Ambassador of Iceland to the United States and Canada, in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on Leif Eiriksson Day, October 9, 1967.

—Editor

It is a great privilege and pleasure for me to be here with you today — in this beautiful city of San Francisco — celebrating Leif Eiriksson day — in order to honor the memory of the great seafarer and explorer, Leifur Eiriksson.

First of all let us recall that on September 2nd, 1964, the Congress of the United States by a joint resolution authorized the President of the United States to proclaim October 9th in each year as Leif Eiriksson Day. This the President has done ever since and we are therefore now celebrating Leif Eiriksson Day for the fourth time as a National Holiday.

But the resolution of 1964 was not the first time that the Congress of the United States recognized the importance of Leifur Eiriksson. It was also done in the year 1930—the one thousand years anniversary of the Icelandic Parliament, the Althing—when the United States Congress presented Iceland with a large and beautiful statue of Leifur Eiriksson — a statue by the well known American sculptor Sterling Calder. On its pedestal was written:



Statue of Leif Eiriksson by the American sculptor, Sterling Calder

Leif Eiriksson, Son of Iceland, Discoverer of Wineland. The statue is standing in the heart of Reykjavik, the capital city of Iceland.

Let us now go far back in history — about 1200 years. Just before the year 800 A.D. the so-called Viking Age was commencing in Europe — a period which lasted about two centuries. The Vikings were Scandinavians or Norsemen — Danes, Norwegians, Swedes — who were then among the best ship-

builders and sailors in the world. They are usually thought of as redoubtable warriors who raided the coasts of Europe and the British Isles. Much less is known about the Scandinavians of the Viking period who were traders and settlers and colonized parts of France and Britain and the whole of Sicily, — established the first Russian State, — the Kiev State — traveled by inland waterways through Russia to the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, manned the Byzantine fleet and conducted trade in the towns of the Arab world. Norwegians settled in Iceland where during this period a Republic was established governed by a central parliament — the Althing — a parliament which still exists today — more than 1000 years old. This was a Republic of a remarkable civilization and culture where the famous Icelandic literature — the Sagas and Eddas — was created during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries — a Republic which existed for 330 years until Iceland became a kingdom in 1262 in a personal union with Norway.

Many of the settlers in Iceland were great and hardy seafarers who had been on voyages and Viking expeditions. After settling in Iceland many of them continued their seafaring life and went on voyages to other countries, and Iceland became a centre of exploration. It was even so, that less than a century after the establishment of the Icelandic state (930) the Icelanders concluded with King Olaf Haraldsson of Norway a treaty in which it was stipulated that Icelanders who were on exploring expeditions and happened to be blown off course to the shores of Norway, should not have to pay the customary tax (landaurar) imposed on those entering the country. In the next century Spitzbergen was discovered by sailors on their way from Iceland to Norway, some time before 1170. And

according to Icelandic Annals the island of Jan Mayen was discovered in 1194.

For people in Iceland it was natural to think that there were lands to be found further west. Having sailed from Norway, Sweden or Denmark — first to the isles north of Scotland, then to the Faroe Islands further west — it was no reason to surmise that Iceland was the end of the world. — And they soon became aware of more westerly lands. Already around the year 900 an Icelander, Gunnbjörn Úlfsson, was storm-swept into unknown waters west off Iceland where he saw some islands or skerries and caught a glimpse of a mainland. This was evidently the east coast of Greenland. It appears that this discovery was not followed up until 70-80 years later when in the year 978 a shipload of men from Iceland went to the east coast of Greenland where they were snowed in and spent a dreadful winter.

Soon after this, in 981 or 982, Erik the Red set off from Iceland to look for this land. He avoided the east coast, sailed around Cape Farewell and then spent 3 years exploring the more inviting west coast. He liked the country, and decided to give it the attractive name of Greenland so that people would be more tempted to go there. At this time the western districts of Iceland were fully settled or even overpopulated and a number of people from there now went to Greenland and settled there, — mainly in two settlements on the west coast. It is estimated that the Icelandic settlement of Greenland at one time reached 3000 people.

Greenland was an independent state like Iceland, governed by a central parliament. Christianity was introduced there from Iceland soon after the year 1000 which was the year when Christianity was adopted in Iceland

by its parliament. The Greenland state lost its independence in 1261 and came under the rule of the King of Norway —and in the 16th century the Icelandic Greenlanders disappeared completely from Greenland.

Now, one country west of Iceland was settled. — And why should the Greenlanders have thought that their country was the end of the world? They must have felt it quite natural that other countries existed still further west or south. And soon they had proof of this. An Icelandic merchant, Bjarni Herjólfsson, sailing with his crew from Iceland to Greenland, was blown off course. They saw an unknown land and sailed for many days northwards along its coastline, never landing, and finally turned east and reached Greenland. The coasts along which Bjarni Herjólfsson sailed must have been, according to the description, those of Newfoundland, Labrador and Baffin Island. This was about the year 986.

Erik the Red, the Founder of the Greenland settlement had three sons, Leifur, Thorvaldur and Thorsteinn, and one daughter Freydis — all born in Iceland. One of the sons, Leifur Eiriksson, later called Leifur the Lucky, bought from Bjarni Herjólfsson the ship on which he was sailing when he sighted the new lands. Leifur rallied a crew of 35 and set off on a voyage of exploration. He found the same countries as Bjarni had seen. The northernmost, evidently Baffin Island, which Leifur called Helluland, meaning Slabland or Flagstoneland. Next they probably came to what is now Labrador, which Leifur called Markland or Forestland. And finally further south, they came to a land which Leifur called Vinland or Wineland — the land of wine. We don't know exactly where on the coast it was. Some scholars place it in New England and others in Newfoundland. Leifur Erik-

son and his men explored the country and were delighted at what they found: meadows of wild wheat, forests, rolling grassland, rivers full of salmon, and wild grapes. They built houses there and then returned to Greenland with a cargo of timber and grapes.

This was about the year 1000.

Other voyages of exploration followed. One was directed by Thorvaldur, brother of Leifur the Lucky. He and his men encountered natives whose appearance and habits indicate beyond a doubt that they were Indians. Thorvaldur was killed by an arrow shot by one of them. His men then returned to Greenland.

The third son of Erik the Red, Thorsteinn, then prepared a strong expedition in order to fetch the body of his brother Thorvaldur who had been buried in Wineland. But due to weather conditions they never reached Wineland and returned to Greenland.

The voyages of exploration culminated in the expedition led by a wealthy Icelandic merchant, Thorfinnur Karlsefni, who was a brother-in-law of Leifur Eiriksson. He was the first European to attempt to found a permanent settlement in America. He brought with him all necessary equipment and domestic animals, with sixty men and 5 women. With Leifur Eiriksson's permission these people lived in the houses he had built in Wineland.

After a year in Wineland, Karlsefni and his people had their first encounter with Indians. First they traded with them. But during the second winter one of Karlsefni's men killed an Indian for trying to steal some weapons. After that there was no peace in the Colony so they returned to Greenland.

A son was born to Karlsefni and his wife while they were in Wineland —the first white man to be born in America, who was given the name

Snorri. Snorri has many descendants in Iceland, among them two famous bishops who lived in the 12th century.

After Karlsefni's death his widow, Gudridur, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. She must have been the most travelled woman in the world at that time, having had a child in America, lived in Greenland and Iceland, and then traveled to Italy, through many other countries, and then returned to Iceland.

Following Karlsefni's venture of colonization records of such expeditions to Wineland are few. One such record is an entry in the Icelandic Annals for the year 1121, saying: "Bishop Erik of Greenland went in search of Wineland".

Contacts between Greenland and Markland — which was evidently Labrador — continued, for archeologists have found in Greenland evidence of imported Labrador birch during that period, and also the Icelandic Annals mention that in the year 1347 a ship which had been in Markland was driven off course on its way to Greenland, and finally landed in Iceland.

Now you will ask — how can we know all this that I have been telling you?

The first mentioning of Wineland in the world literature is in a history book compiled in the year 1075 by a German priest called Adam of Bremen. He writes there about Vinland which he says was given that name because vines grew wild there and yielded excellent grapes, and he says that self-sown grain grew there in abundance.

The main source, however, for the knowledge of the Greenland state and the voyages to America is the Saga literature which I mentioned before and

which was written in Iceland in the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries.

In this literature the earliest recorded reference to the Greenland colony and to Wineland is in a book written about the year 1127 by the scholar and historian Ari Thorgilsson of Iceland. That is a vernacular history of the Icelandic people, called *Íslendingabók*, or the book of Icelanders. This book was compiled at the request of two bishops of Iceland, one of whom was Bishop Thorlákur Runólfsson, a grandson of Snorri Thorfinnsson who was born in Wineland.

But a detailed account of the Greenland and Wineland explorations are only to be found in the two so-called Vinland Sagas, *the Grænlendinga Saga (The Saga of the Greenlanders)*, and *Erik's Saga*. The stories they tell are among the most fascinating in the history of exploration. These two sagas have been a matter of great controversy because they conflict with one another on some important points—the main difference being that according to Erik's Saga, Leifur Eiriksson, after having spent a winter in Norway, where he became a Christian, was persuaded by King Olafur Tryggvason of Norway to go back to Greenland as a missionary in order to convert the Greenlanders to Christianity. In the year 1000 he is said to have set off for Greenland for this purpose, but was blown off course and then happened to sight unexpected lands, where he found maple trees, wheat and vines.

The other Vinland Saga,—*The Saga of the Greenlanders*—has the other version which I have described to you today. Recent research shows that this saga is considerably older than Erik's Saga, probably written at least half a century earlier (before 1200). Recent research also seems to prove that Leifur Eiriksson's mission on behalf of King Olafur Tryggvason never took place,

and that an Icelandic monk, Gunnlaugur Leifsson, who was engaged in writing a biography of King Olafur, invented this story in order to glorify the king by showing that he had converted six countries to Christianity instead of five as earlier historians had maintained. As King Olafur Tryggvason can be said to be one of the founders of the Scandinavian Church it is understandable that the ecclesiastical writers later wished to enhance his fame.

We can therefore be fairly certain that the American continent was first sighted by Bjarni Herjólfsson and later explored by Leifur Eriksson who made careful preparations for his expeditions.

This does not mean that Erik's Saga is all fiction. On the contrary, it has many details which are not mentioned in the Greenlanders Saga and thus complements the latter.

Greenland has yielded immensely valuable archeological material. On the other hand, archeologists have failed until recently to discover any tangible evidence of the voyages of the Greenlanders and Icelanders to the American continent. However, within the last few years the Norwegian, Dr. Helge Ingstad, and his archeologist wife have made very interesting discoveries in Newfoundland.

Dr. Ingstad based his geographical calculations on the sailing times and directions stated in the Vinland Sagas and on an Icelandic map of the North Atlantic drawn by Sigurdur Stefáns-

son in 1590,— and he came to the conclusion that Newfoundland was the likeliest location for Vinland. — And at L'Anse aux Meadows he came across sites which now are recognized as remnants of a Norse settlement from around the year 1000.

Of course there is no proof that the houses built by Leifur Eriksson and his men are at this particular place—and that is rather unlikely. On the other hand, it is rather evident that there were more expeditions from Greenland and Iceland to the North American continent than those mentioned in the Vinland Sagas—and the site discovered by Dr. Ingstad may be remnants of houses from one such expedition.

One more factor corroborating the account given by the Vinland Sagas is the Vinland map of 1440 which was published by the Yale University two years ago and caused quite a storm. And I am sure that still other material will be discovered which will illuminate further the old Vinland voyages. It has for instance long been held that the old archives of the Vatican in Rome have documents which throw light on some aspects of the history of the Norsemen, both in Scandinavia, Greenland and Iceland. Quite recently the Pope has given permission to a Norwegian scientist to investigate and study such documents in the Vatican archives.

Now, some people consider it of little significance whether the Vikings discovered America long before Columbus or not since, as they say, they lost it again. But America was never fully

lost sight of after the Viking discoveries around the 1000. — I have already mentioned the ship that came from Markland to Iceland in 1347 and, also, it is clear that the knowledge of the western lands was always alive in Iceland.

Around the year 1400 the British began sending ships to Iceland, partly for fishing and partly for trade. The communications between Iceland and Britain became more and more frequent, and around the year 1420 the famous Bristol merchants began trade with Iceland. The British-Icelandic trade continued throughout the 15th century. Many British people visited Iceland and some stayed there for considerable time and many Icelandic sailors worked on British ships.

When the British, around the year 1480, began their search for the lands in the west, is it not more than likely that they had heard from the Icelanders about Helluland, Markland and Vinland? This search by the British was crowned by success in 1497 when John Cabot chartered the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Of course, there is no proof of links between Leifur Eriksson and John Cabot. But the famous Vinland map of the Yale University which I mentioned, seems to indicate that such links may be found one day. And who knows what documents are yet to be found in the Vatican archives?

It is also of interest to note that at the same time as the British were trading with Iceland in the 15th century they had also contacts with Portugal, and many of the Englishmen who were in Iceland also went to Portugal. And

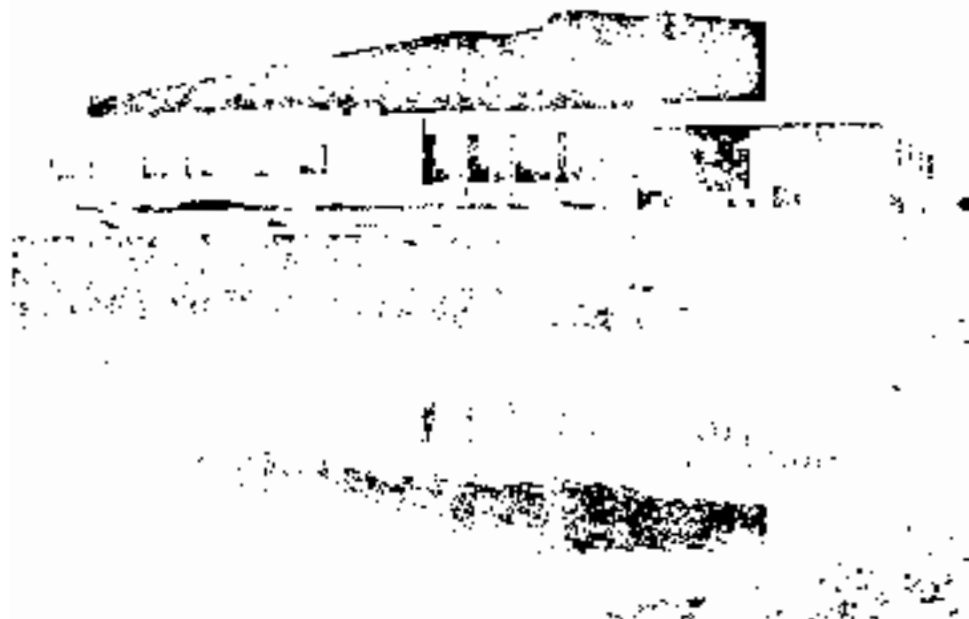
according to the biography of Christopher Columbus, written by his son in 1521, Columbus visited Iceland in 1477 when he was 25 years old. This is disputed by many scholars, but others believe it. Among those who believe that the story of Columbus's visit to Iceland is true is the known Spanish writer Salvador de Madariaga. In his book on Columbus he supports the theory that the visit to Iceland had its part in forming Columbus's conviction that there was a sea route to India westward across the Atlantic.

When Columbus was forced, at the Robida Convent, to give his reasons for his belief that land existed beyond the rim of the Western Ocean, he stated that he based this conviction ". . . first, on the nature of things, second, on the reports of navigators, and third, on the authority of learned writers. . ." Nothing had been written at that time about lands in the west except about those discovered by the Norse Icelanders and Greenlanders.

It is greatly to his credit that before embarking upon his journey, Columbus thoroughly informed himself, studied the scientific records of the time and all available navigational information.

This fascinating story of Leifur Eiriksson and his kinsmen — these daring pioneering exploits, these heroic deeds, should serve us as a constant reminder and inspiration to spare no effort in every sphere of human progress and endeavour.

The Nordic Centre in Reykjavik



THE NORDIC CENTRE IN REYKJAVIK

On August the 24th this year the Nordic Centre (Norræna húsið) in Reykjavik was formally opened at a special ceremony attended by distinguished representatives from all the Scandinavian countries.

The Nordic Centre is a rather large building, impressive in appearance, and situated by the campus of the University of Iceland. The Centre was planned and built on the recommendation of the Nordic Council, a body consisting of government representatives from the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden. This new institution will concern itself with virtually all

aspects of cooperation between the Scandinavian countries in cultural and economic affairs and function as headquarters of informational services within the Scandinavian area. Also it will be the natural meeting place for numerous organizations and committees whose aims and objectives fall within the sphere of Scandinavian cooperation. The Centre will house the offices of teachers of Scandinavian languages other than Icelandic at the University of Iceland. Ample space has been provided for artistic displays in this new building, and scholars of renown will conduct seminars and hold conferences there.

This newest cultural institution in Reykjavik is tangible evidence of the achievements of the Nordic Council! founded in 1952. Since its inception the Council has held numerous meetings and conferences on a great number of topics. Only recently the council was described thus by the eminent American scholar Stanley V. Anderson:

"The specifics of Scandinavian regionalism may not be transferable, but the spirit is. The Nordic countries provide a case study in successful cooperation salvaged from thwarted integration. While Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Luxemburg are creating a new supranational entity, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden demonstrate novel and effective techniques of accomplishing peaceful change within the nation-state system. The Nordic experience is less dramatic, but it has perhaps the broader applicability in a world which is still characterized by the predominance of nationalism. The five swans of the North fly together in remarkable harmony". (S. V. Anderson: *The Nordic Council A study of Scandinavian Regionalism*, Univ. of Washington Press 1967,149).

On the occasion of the opening of the Nordic Centre, novelist Halldór Laxness expressed delight in the prospect of having in Reykjavik a permanent institution through which the Icelanders would be given an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the many facets of Scandinavian culture. He further emphasized the role of the Icelanders as 'guardians' of ancient Nordic heritage and pointed out that the Scandinavian nations had selected Reykjavik as an appropriate site for the Nordic Centre in recognition of that fact. The President of Iceland, Dr. Kristján Eldjárn, spoke along the same lines as he, on the above occasion, pointed out that the Old Icelandic literature had been composed by men who occupied the lowly quarters of Medieval Iceland and expressed the wish that the creative spirit which once filled these modest homes would also prevail in the impressive halls of the Nordic Centre.

The Nordic Centre in Reykjavik is unquestionably a reminder of the proportionately significant role which Iceland has played within the cultural domain of Scandinavia.

—H. B.

THE COVER

On the front cover is a photograph of the First Icelandic Lutheran Church which was built in 1904 on the corner of Bannatyne Ave. and Nena Street, now Sherbrooke. The first church building was erected in 1887 on the

corner of present Pacific Ave. and Sherbrooke St.

The Bannatyne church was used by the Lutherans until in 1921 when they sold it and moved to the present church on Victor St. The Bannatyne church building was demolished in 1968.

ICELAND IN RETROSPECT, 1968

by Hazel L. Goodman

In July this year, my husband and I joined a tour arranged by the Icelandic League of Winnipeg for a month's holiday in Iceland. We so thoroughly enjoyed ourselves that I would like to share the experience with those who could not go.

As a Saskatchewan grain farmer, my husband was interested in the farming areas of Iceland, those valleys in the mountains and the coastal plains. It was quite a fascinating experience to see an agricultural economy which flourished without cereal grains, beef cattle, or pigs. We enjoyed the luscious green slopes, the handsome ponies, the vari-colored sheep and the herds of brown dairy cattle. The farmsteads (4400 in all, my book tells me, and each with its own historic name) looked well tended and prosperous, with modern machinery for cultivation and haying, everywhere. My husband was impressed by the widespread ditches for drainage, and the reclamation projects on the flood plains of the glacial rivers, both bringing even more acres into productive use. We had expected small peasant-like holdings, their owners dragging out a bare existence; instead, the farmers seemed to form a relatively high income group.

As a teacher, I was curious about the educational system and cultural expressions. The people of Iceland are very conscious of their own history: museums with artifacts dating back hundreds of years are found in many places. The National Museum in Reykjavik, of course, is the most de-

tailed and complete. Sculpture, painting and literature are the most common cultural forms. Statues stand in every available open space, and almost every public room and office is decorated with oil paintings. The works of art displayed in the galleries at Reykjavik were overwhelming—I could not absorb so much! But the national pride in these achievements is so evident to the visitor. One phrase from a booklet on Iceland sums up their attitude towards education "free to all who can profit, even at the university level". We saw the school centres, really boarding schools, conveniently located in beautiful valleys beside hot springs. These seemed to be an efficient solution for the education of students from isolated valleys. One teacher of English in a Metro (Junior High) School in Reykjavik told me that the students appreciated the value of an education and the privilege of attaining it. The teenagers, in spite of very mini skirts and Carmody suits, were quiet and well-mannered, most of them holding summer jobs. The number of bookstores on every street provided a valid reason for the fact that there is just no illiteracy, even among the older generations.

As a native (he was born at Olafsfjordur) my husband saw the island as a well planned society, providing a good life for all its citizens. There did not seem to be any slum housing, ragged clothes, neglected children or old people; perhaps we just did not see them. Many of the progressive

ideas we are still struggling for in Canada, have been achieved there—medicare, full employment, free education, home ownership, farm electrification, comfortable living conditions in town and country. My husband was welcomed by citizens and relatives in Olafsfjordur. He visited the farm of his grandparents; he walked in the church yard where his father was buried; he stood by the very font from which he was christened. Fortunately, his mother tongue was recalled with a bit of practice, and he was able to converse quite freely with good friends before we left.

As an alien, I was impressed by the courtesy and friendliness we met everywhere. We were treated as honored guests, the Western Icelanders,—a reception at the President's home at Bessastadir, a cruise with the Coast-guard, a Gestamot at the Hotel Saga, plus local receptions at nearly every small town we visited. But there was also the courtesy of the individual trying to understand my English or painfully translating his Icelandic for me. I learned much from the many references to history as written in the sagas, and felt the pride of my hosts in these old stories and their writers. The large number of country churches, many of considerable age, suggested a deeply religious people, but the empty seats at church services revealed a different attitude. Perhaps, most important of all my deductions, I felt that the comfortable and secure life was a goal, without the spur of luxurious living, competition or envy. The Icelanders generally seemed to sense

that theirs was a truly satisfying way of life.

As casual tourists, we both marvelled at the majestic waterfalls, the desolate and rugged lava fields, the varied mountain forms, the sparkling glaciers, the rolling ocean breakers, and the barren flood plains. I learned how foolish the expression 'You can just imagine—' for these natural grandeurs far exceeded my wildest imagination. Could one imagine water boiling from the earth to heat a whole city, or a cold water supply so pure that it needs neither filtration nor chlorination? We admired a landscape without natural tree growth and did not find it bare. Our huge bus travelled on a narrow path gouged by a bulldozer, over bridges with only inches to spare, and through glacial streams starting a new flow. And last and most wonderful of all, was Thingvellir, the site of the first truly representative assembly in the western world, summoned to meet in 930.

Without the careful planning of a few dedicated people in Winnipeg who made such extensive and detailed arrangements, we could never have enjoyed so many and varied experiences. And without the cooperation in Iceland of Gisli Gudmundson whose skilled manipulation filled our days in the country, we could never have made such profitable use of our time. When the fog closed in, or the road became rough, or the day became long, Gisli cheered our way with a story, a joke or a rousing song. Truly a memorable holiday!



The Birth of an Island

by Michael Redican

Ever since the beginning of creation there has been a constant war between land and water. The ocean wears away land, sometimes at an alarming rate. In turn the earth erupts—gives birth to new islands. Some of these islands succumb to the elements. They are overrun by the ocean shortly after birth. Others survive and grow. How would you like to be present when an island is born? Some Icelandic fishermen had the experience of witnessing the very beginning of this awesome miracle of creation, the birth of an island.

On the morning of November 14, 1963, a fishing vessel was cruising four miles west of Geirfuglasker, Iceland's southernmost offshore island. About seven-thirty a.m., the skipper and crew felt the boat sway irregularly as if it were in a giant whirlpool. There was the smell of sulphur in the air. A curious engineer measured the ocean temperature and found it nine degrees higher than normal. The skipper, training his binoculars on what he thought was a burning ship, saw the black columns of a volcanic eruption arising grotesquely above the surface. A new island would emerge from the sea the following night. Subsequently, the island was named Surtsey, after the mythical Norse giant, who came with fire to Iceland. And so Surtsey became the first island to be analyzed and observed by twentieth century scientists and their instruments.

The birth pangs of the new island were violent. Spectacular thunderstorms, lightning displays and torn-

adoes formed and re-formed over the island during the explosive stage of its eruption. Seventy-five miles away in Reykjavik, the capital city of Iceland, the brilliance of the explosion turned night into day.

This incredibly new land had reached a height of thirty-three feet by the second day, two hundred feet on the sixth day and, within six weeks, the continuous explosions of ash, cinders and pumice had built up a cone that rose five hundred feet above sea level.

Five months after it appeared, the eruptions subsided and entered a lava flow stage. The lava cooled into hard rock so the island's permanence was assured. Lava ceased flowing on May 17, 1965, but there was another short flow in June 1967. At the end of this flow Surtsey boasted a height of five hundred and sixty-seven feet and an area of 1.3 square miles—twice that of the Principality of Monaco.

In my research on this subject, I phoned the consul of Iceland, Mr. Johnson. We became good friends, and, in the course of our conversation, Mr. Johnson told me that he and the Prime Minister of Iceland, Bjarni Benediktsson, had in June, 1965, cruised the length of the new island in a coast guard cutter. They saw the eruption of Surtlingur, Surtsey's sister island. This island was completely eroded away by wind and water within five months. Mr. Johnson had the pleasure of seeing grass growing on Surtsey and saw also beautiful flowers called, "sea rockets". This plant's seeds had been transported to the island by water cur-

rents. Grass came to the island in the same way. With the grass came the birds and the creation of Surtsey was complete.

The public is not allowed to land on Surtsey yet, but international scient-

ists have a small building erected on the island and come and go in small airplanes. They do not stay for any significant length of time but they do keep a close watch on how the world is created anew on **Surtsey, conqueror of the sea.**

MICHAEL REDICAN is a 13 year old student who, in June 1968, graduated from Grade 8 at Our Lady of Peace school in Islington, a part of Metropolitan Toronto.

During the school term he participated in an oratorical contest and entered the finals, choosing as his subject the story about the creation of Surtsey which he entitled "The Birth of an Island". He did not win but being a finalist was awarded a trophy.

In September he entered Michael Power High school.

Michael plays the piano and is a boy soprano in one of the Metropolitan choirs. He studies music privately and has excelled in examinations at the Royal Conservatory of Music. His activities are not devoted entirely to music and speech-making. He plays both football and baseball.

Receives Golden Boy Award



Dr. Steinn O. Thompson

Dr. Steinn O. Thompson of Riverton was among a group of Manitobans who in November were given the Golden Boy award in recognition of

long and distinguished service to the province.

Dr. Thompson received his public and high school education in Selkirk. He graduated from Wesley College (now the University of Winnipeg) as a gold medallist in mathematics, and from the Manitoba Medical School in 1921.

During the First World War he served with the 11th Field Ambulance in France and was wounded at Paschendaale. He set up a medical practice at Riverton in 1922, and has since lived there.

He was elected to the Manitoba legislature in 1922, serving as a member for Gimli constituency until 1958.

Dr. Thompson over the years worked actively for the opening up of the country north of Riverton, development of the fishing industry on Lake Winnipeg and promotion of recreational facilities on the west side of the lake. He was a leader for many years in school board work and local sporting activities.

Iceland Turns Culture into Prime Occupation

by Carl Mollins

The airline bus between Iceland's capital and Keflavik Airport must be one of the few anywhere that plays piped Wagnerian opera for the entertainment of passengers.

If it strikes the outsider at first as a backward country putting on airs, the visitor is soon compelled to change his tune and let the bus operator play his.

The newcomer is quickly made aware that Icelanders take the arts—especially literature—as a natural feature of everyday living, not a special form of recreation for the intellectual elite or a status symbol of the wealthy.

Acceptance of the arts as an integral factor in the life of farmer and fisherman, clerk or professor is a tradition almost as old as the first settlement of Iceland by Norse and Irishmen 1,100 years ago.

Art now a crusade

However, cultivation of the arts is no longer entirely the easy, almost instinctive activity it was once. Today it is a self-conscious crusade by 200,000 people to preserve their unique language and its cultural offshoots from the pervasive influence of Anglo-American standards and ideas.

Many manifestations of the Icelanders' taking to the arts have the old, unforced quality—the hotel porter who strikes up a discussion about classical music or the young waitress, an avowed

Beatles fan, who explains the background of a native dish with an anecdote from an old Norse saga.

In Reykjavik, a sub-Arctic town of 80,000, more bookshops flourish than in Toronto. Even a remote outpost with 5,000 citizens has two book-stores.

A prolific and sophisticated book-publishing industry turns out volumes as various as a richly illustrated, leatherbound version of the classical *Njal Saga* in English or slim books of contemporary Icelandic poetry that sell as many copies as a comparable collection in Canada, where the population outnumbers Iceland's 100 to one.

Original paintings

Original paintings by young Icelandic artists are more likely to find their way onto the walls of school-rooms, hotel lobbies, restaurants and post offices than into awesome art galleries.

At the same time, the insistence on all sides that Iceland's common-man culture is as firmly rooted as ever has a suspiciously defensive ring.

The prevalence of Anglo-American pop music, the mini-skirt and men's styles that make Reykjavik's Austurstrati a northern Carnaby Street are explained away by the most defensive as superficial fads.

Banker Sigurdur Sigurgeirsson, president of the Icelandic Patriotic Society and organizer of a recent summer visit by about 150 Icelandic-Canadians,

says anxiety began with the coming of foreign troops early in the second World War.

Reds find support

The persistent campaign against the United States naval base at Keflavik is as much cultural as political. Communist campaigners find support among Icelanders who fear the veneer of glamor in the American influence.

Under government pressure, U.S. personnel are little in evidence outside Keflavik, and a base television station has dropped its transmitting power so it is no longer received in the capital.

Even so, the fact that roughly half the nightly three or four hours of substitute Icelandic state television consists of imported programs disturbs some Icelanders.

Matthias Johannessen, poet, playwright and journalist, represents the contrary view.

Icelanders are hardy

He believes Icelanders have learned the art of self-preservation thoroughly throughout a history of devastating plagues and natural calamities, seven centuries of Danish domination and the powerful impact of an American presence that outnumbered the native population during the Second World War.

"Materially we were affected by all those hard experiences, but spiritually we were not corrupted."

He says the Icelandic language—the original Norse—is even purer in spoken and written versions today than 50 years ago during Danish influence, and despite the later American impact.

Icelandic children read Viking history, Norse sagas and poetry with ease. Iceland, in fact, is the live repository of classical Nordic culture. Sixteen million Scandinavian descendants of the Norse are no longer able to read their own classics in the original.

Poetic description

Johannessen, whose own surname derives from Danish influence, has expressed his faith in the underlying strength of Icelandic tradition in his own poetic progress.

His early verse, strongly influenced by European and American contemporaries, abandoned the traditional canons of style and content followed strictly in Iceland for a millenium. His current work, however, combines traditional forms with 1960s subjects.

"We will endure," he says firmly. "I have no doubts."

From The Edmonton Journal, 9/9/68



1968 Valedictory Address

Daniel McIntyre Collegiate

by Wayne Arnason

The valedictorian is traditionally the voice of the graduating class, and it is his task to express some of the feelings and thoughts of the students who are approaching the end of their high school years. It is not an easy job, for this is the time to look back, and yet it is also a time to look forward, for Graduation Day, to me at least, symbolizes a beginning, rather than an end—the beginning of yet another stage in my education, and my first step towards being accepted as an adult member of the community. Consequently, all I can do here today is express some of my feelings, and what I interpret as the feelings of the other graduates of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate and elsewhere.

The questions that arise in my mind as I look back on my years at Daniel are: "What has it all meant? What is Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, or better still, what should it be?" A school is essentially a learning community, functioning for the purpose of helping young people find themselves and find their place in the world. Daniel is a community which at times is a bit hampered by its large size, but nevertheless, it has been a community in which everyone could participate and feel proud of. To me and to many other grads, the most important aspect of being a part of this community has been the personal contact we have had with so many different types of people. We are leaving this school with many close friendships which will continue,

even though inevitably we will all go our separate ways.

A special word of thanks must at this time go to our teachers. I have found my feelings about the role of our teachers expressed very beautifully in a passage from *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran:

"Then said a teacher, Speak to us of teaching.

And he said:

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The Astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man."

And so I thank my teachers, for leading me to the threshold of my own mind.

My mother told me last week that she thought Graduation Day was more for the parents than the graduates, and certainly it is a day when we must try and express our gratitude for everything our parents have done for us over

the years. Again, I find myself turning to *The Prophet* for help:

"And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you.

And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts.

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls.

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot

visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backwards nor carries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness:

For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable."

So perhaps if I am to be considered a representative of the graduates here today, I can be allowed to let my parents be representatives of all the parents here today, when I say thank you

for letting your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness.

Because of its role as a learning community, the school also serves as a model, a miniature, of the society which we are about to enter. In Daniel McIntyre we have learned a great deal about how a society functions, and how we ourselves can function within it. In the student's government, many of us have learned about the operation of the democratic process, and perhaps also a bit about red tape and how to fight city hall. By working in our schools two publications, the Eye and The Breezes, the students have discovered the important role the press plays in our community, and have expanded their own creativity and self-discipline. Our choir is one of the most striking examples of what a group of enthusiastic young people can do, and one of the strongest memories I have of Daniel is the feeling of pride and accomplishment among the entire student body, because we have the best group of choirs in the province. The same spirit can be found in all the sporting activities we have had over the years. Our students have found a sense of belonging and achievement in being a part of the various team and individual activities which have all proudly worn the maroon of Daniel. Not to be forgotten are the many clubs and school committees, where the students have broadened their outlook and their abilities in their own special interests.

So many of our memories of our high school years will be of emotions and feelings: the anticipation of the many social events we have held, and particularly of our evening tonight: the exhaustion after endless choir practices and then that happy satisfaction after the performance because each note came out perfect: the

agony of being behind in the closing minutes of a critical basketball game, and then the thrill of seeing the winning basket drop in: the worries and fears as exams approached all too quickly. Daniel McIntyre has been all this and much more. But now, that's all behind us, and we stand on the threshold of a "brave new world", with a great deal of living to do.

So we ask ourselves, what's the first step? There is so much to be done, so much that needs to be changed, so much that needs to be done away with and rebuilt. This is the problem every new generation faces, and usually fails to solve, because they only have time to scratch at the problems when they find that their time, too, is up, and the clock is again reading one minute to midnight.

There's a song that the members of my parents' generation will probably be unfamiliar with, but which some of the young people here should know about. It's a song performed by a musical group known as The Doors, and the chorus, the meaning, which flows through this song says:

"What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair
sister?"

I hear a very gentle sound,
With your ear down to the ground,
We Want The World, And We
Want It NOW!"

You see, all the graduates here are members of a world-wide organization. We have no membership cards, but we belong never-the-less simply by virtue of our age, our position in society, and the way we think. We are students, and we belong to the student community. The student community is unique, because of its sizable power harnessed by relatively little organization. It is a world-wide community, and it's all moving at once, and it's all

moving in one direction, although perhaps from slightly different angles. And that direction is towards something new and something better. This is an ideal that has been with young people for centuries, but never before have we been so aware and so strong, and never before have things started happening all at once and all over the world. And it's happening in all the major cities across the globe, and it's happening in all the major universities across the continent, and yes, it's even happening in Winnipeg. Even we, the graduates of Daniel McIntyre Collegiate are a part of this movement. And we're glad to be part of it and we're proud to be part of it. Because we know that the forces of change represented by the Students' activities are good forces, that are going to make this world a better place for all of us, the young people who are inheriting this world, as well as the older people who are ready to pass it on to us.

But what is our part? Our part lies in our own personal thinking, and in our own personal involvement, and in our own personal action. But it all must come from within. You must commit yourself. Politics or social action is only one angle from which the problem can be approached. Personal commitment towards something better can come in any endeavour we may wish to go into. But if we don't keep looking ahead, we'll fall, and if we don't keep looking over our shoulders, society will steam roller right over us.

So this is my message to the graduates here today, and this is our message to our parents. This is the voice of the graduating class of 1968, all over Canada and all over the world, and the voice is saying:

"We Want the World, And We Want It Now!"

Dr. Thorlakson honored by The International College of Surgeons



Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson

At the sixteenth Biennial International Congress of the International College of Surgeons held in Japan this year Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson was awarded an Honorary Fellowship in the College. A gold medallion and scroll were presented to Dr. Thorlakson to signify that he had been elected for this high honour by members of the College.

The International College of Surgeons has a membership of 12,000 with 80 nations participating. The Honorary Fellowship is conferred for extraordinary contributions to the advancement of surgery or for outstanding humanitarian service in the field of medical science. Only four Fellowships were awarded at the six-day congress held in Kyoto and Tokyo. The presentation took place the last day, October 11, in Kyoto.

Dr. Thorlakson was presented by Dr. S. S. Peikoff of Winnipeg, a Past President of the International College

of Surgeons. The following are extracts from the citation.

"The selection committee was cognizant of the fact that this is one of the highest honors that can be bestowed by the College and that it is conferred on a man of unusual distinction—a man who is respected and liked by his colleagues and the community he serves and most certainly one who is not only a renowned surgeon, but in addition must be a man with very wide intellectual interests and activities.

Dr. Paul H. T. Thorlakson is just such a man.

He is an outstanding surgeon, who has given many years of service to medical education, particularly the practice of surgery: has contributed innumerable scientific publications and has addressed many surgical audiences throughout the world and for his devotion, ability and achievements was appointed Emeritus Professor of Surgery at the University of Manitoba.

He is an indefatigable worker and a dynamic organizer.

He is living proof to the old adage "If you want something well done, find a man who is too busy to do it".

He founded and began the development of the Winnipeg Clinic in 1938 of which he is Director and President—the largest multi-specialty group clinic in Canada. In 1943 he established the Winnipeg Clinic Research Institute which has made significant contributions to the Medical Faculty of the University of Manitoba.

In 1952 he became President of the National Cancer Institute of Canada.

There is scarcely a medical, cultural, or educational project which has not received the benefit of his keen mind and stimulating influence."

ICELANDIC INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS

There are three memorable days in the history of the struggle of the Icelandic people for independence. They are: August 2, 1874, when Iceland obtained jurisdiction over its internal affairs; December 1, 1918, when Iceland obtained complete sovereignty of power but under a joint King with Denmark; June 17 (the birthday of Jon Sigurdsson), when Iceland became a republic or rather when the ancient republic (930–1262) was restored.

As the world wide flu epidemic still raged in December 1918, there were no public celebrations among the Icelanders in North America (there was one small gathering before the legislative building in Reykjavik and a service in the cathedral), so the first opportunity presented to the Icelanders of the West to celebrate was on June 17, 1944, when Iceland became a republic.

Though late in the calendar year of 1944—August 24—the most significant event in North America was the meeting of the first President of Iceland, Sveinn Björnsson, with the President of the United States of America, the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They met in the Whitehouse in Washington, on the invitation of Mr. Roosevelt.

On June 17, 1944, there were celebrations and gatherings of Icelanders in different parts of North America. Space permits a reference to only one of those celebrations which was staged in Winnipeg. It was prepared with particular care and understanding, and actually began the night before.

In the evening of June 16, a concert was held in the First Lutheran Church on Victor Street. It was under the auspices of a committee representing "the main Icelandic organizations in Winnipeg: The National League and Frón, The Icelandic Canadian Club, the First Lutheran and the First Federated Church, the Good Templars lodges Hekla and Skuld, the Jon Sigurdsson Chapter of the I.O.D.E., the Icelandic Celebration Committee, and the Male Voice Choir."

At the largely attended concert, presided over by the late Hannes Peturson, a resolution was enthusiastically passed extending congratulations to the government and people of Iceland and cabled to the President. (See *Icel. Can.*, June, 1944.)

In the afternoon of June 17 there was a dignified ceremony before the statue of Jon Sigurdsson on the Legislative Building grounds in Winnipeg.

The truly nationwide ceremony took place that evening. The late W. L. Mackenzie King, then Prime Minister of Canada, had agreed to open a half-hour broadcast over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network, including many of its affiliated stations, and the time on the networks was donated by the CBC.

The broadcast consisted of three parts.



President Roosevelt and President Sveinn Björnsson in conference at the Whitehouse
August 24, 1944

The Prime Minister opened the broadcast and congratulated the people of Iceland for their long struggle for complete freedom and independence which had been achieved without the firing of a gun or the unsheathing of a sword

This was followed by the main part of the broadcast—the dramatization of important events in Icelandic history. Most of the material had been supplied by Mrs. H. F. Danielson, and the script was written by Darby Coates, now of Calgary. The broadcast was directed by Esse Ljungh, now of Toronto, and the narrator was the well known Winnipeg broadcaster and dramatist, George C. Waight.

This was followed by an address by Judge W. J. Lindal which began with the words: "Today marks the restoration of the Republic of Iceland," and ended thus "The Spirit of Iceland is a beacon light along the path of democratic evolution."

The Prime Minister of Canada, who had been listening throughout the broadcast, telephoned his congratulations upon what he said was an excellent presentation.

—W.J.L.

THE IMAGE

by PAUL A. SIGURDSON

There is a strange breed of men who live on hate. I have watched them staring into the mirror of their ale but seeing nothing. They seem lost and disillusioned, pitiable islands unto themselves. There is one in every Parlour, withdrawn into his small depthless world, segregated and apart. I saw into that world one day, and always I will remember.

It was Winnipeg and a hot July. The asphalt was soft underfoot, taking my footprint like wax; and the buildings shimmered with heat like vast brick furnaces. Everywhere there were coatless, perspiring men, their collars torn loose, looking as if they had been washing dishes in a damp cafe. I wanted to escape the crowded streets, so I went into a Parlour sprawled my earth-caked frame into a deep-cushioned chair and basked in the air-cooled world.

I was parched and weary. All day four of us had built a green, labouring under a fiendish sun. We had taken overtime to finish laying the creeping bent, root by root, stem by stem, on the dressed soil. A year would pass before the enamelled golf balls would roll on its green undulations, but I was proud of it, even in its crude state. I thought of it as my own private creation: a whale-like hump of packed earth surfaced abruptly in the midst of the fairway's grassy sea. I don't know why, but looking back I thought I had done something brave and worthwhile.

I ordered the beer and took a long draught from the chilled bottle. My baked lips seemed first to crack and then turn moist and soften. In my mouth, the beer gushed with ferment

and made a cool, pleasant feeling all the way down. I paused, then drank again, eagerly, pumping with my tongue, so the bottle bobbed in my hand. It was empty when I put it down. The coolness seemed to expand, and spread, inching and teasing into my loins. Beneath me the chair was beginning to lift. Life was rich, and I felt young and strong and god-like.

"Goddam!"

It came from someone behind me. I looked and saw a heavily fleshed middle-aged man sitting alone. He was dressed like the foreman of a construction gang, in a beige shirt and matching denims. His head was large and his cheeks puffed and glossy. He wore glasses pushed deep into his fat face. Each lens was as thick as the bottom of a beer tumbler. Through them his eyes were so deeply recessed they looked like specks of stone. As I watched I saw him staring into his drink. His image was there, but he could not, or did not want to see it.

Suddenly he jerked an arrogant thumb: "Look at that lousey Indian" he sneered. "Why do they let them bastards off the Reserve?"

Across the room I saw the Indian, a young man who gazed about with serene, resolute eyes. He bore himself proud and poised as a young Chief. In front of him was an empty glass and a full bottle of beer. As I watched he made a motion to begin filling his glass, and at that moment three tense-faced waiters moved to his table and formed a menacing cordon around it. They spoke to him, growing hostile, shaking fingers and hurling accusations. In a moment the Indian began making frantic pleas for acquittal. He

looked dazed, as if he could not believe what was really happening.

"Come on!" Behind me the man with the weak eyes, burst to life with a sudden terrifying energy. "Let's show that breed!"

He pushed by me, jarring my chair as he passed, heading bullishly toward the Indian. He seemed driven by an irresistible force. Dumbfounded I followed, my heart thumping.

The man with the weak eyes forced his way between the waiters, and began shouting at the Indian. For a dizzy instant I stood transfixed. Around me the din of the Parlour sounded like a vicious mob. As I stared at the Indian I thought he had a Galilean look.

I wanted to cry out "No! No!" but watching his stricken face I could not utter a sound.

The man with the weak eyes was now leaning on the table nosing forward, sputtering venom into the man's face.

"You goddam trouble maker," he seethed, "Go on back to your happy hunting grounds!"

The Indian's quick eyes glanced from accuser to accuser and then to me. Flinching, I turned aside. When I faced him a moment later his eyes caught mine and held them, mirror-like. I wanted to speak, to let him know I was not his enemy, but I felt the menace of the accusers who were looking at me with contempt, silently defying me to intrude; and I was afraid.

"Listen," said the young Indian straining to keep his voice under control, "If you'll just allow me to finish my drink. I'll go."

The man with the weak eyes snorted; and turning to the waiters mumbled his contempt. The waiters nodded and held their place.

"Gentlemen — —", said the young Indian: his voice was tinged with irony

but his manner not impolite.

One of the waiters snatched the bottle from his table. With this the Indian's patience broke. Instantly blood inundated his face. It darkened to a livid red. His eyes half closed to black hostile slits.

He started to rise.

"Put that bottle back!" he said sharply.

The man with the weak eyes slammed him back into his chair.

"My God," cried the Indian, with a belligerent look at his tormentors, "I don't have to put up with this tyranny. I've got rights, I'm a human being. I'm in the University!"

Again he half-rose and again the same man brutally slammed him down.

"You don't deserve what you got!" he sneered.

"I think he's blacklisted," said the first waiter. "Last time he got so crazy-drunk he tore hell out of the wash-room and broke two mirrors."

"No, not me!"

"Hit the road, Mac!"

"Wait! Wait! Let me speak! I've never been here before. Never! Honest to God! I'm in the University! I'm studying to be a doctor!"

For a moment the three waiters paused, speculating, looking at one another. The Indian's plea had been urgent and deeply felt. They seemed about to believe him.

"I tell you I'm in the University," he repeated. "Sure I'm an Indian, but —"

"Sure, he's an Indian, sure he's an Indian," parroted the man with the weak eyes, "The same drunk who bust up this place before. I saw yuh!" He turned to me. "Bust a table, too, didn't he!"

"That's not true!" cried the Indian.

"You're lyin! I seen yuh!" He pointed at me. "You seen him! Didn't yuh!"

His voice was so thick with hatred I was afraid to deny him. I glanced at the tormented face of the young Indian and he again gave me a pleading look. I opened my mouth to shout his freedom. Inside my head I heard my own strong voice, the voice of which I was so proud: "No! No!" it was saying. "Let him off; he's clean!" But no sound came. Around me the mob rumbled.

"I think he's the guy," said the first waiter.

I made no sign. Silently hating myself for my neutrality.

"I remember him now," said another.

"Yeah," said the third.

"Get the hell out of a white man's country," said the man with the weak eyes, crowding in.

The Indian sprang to his feet and backed off. There he stood with the easy grace of an athlete, a tall, trim figure, dressed in a glistening white shirt and pressed trousers. He began cautiously measuring his tormentors. I could see by his unflinching attitude that he was prepared to stand firm and suffer his inevitable beating.

Suddenly the man with the weak eyes lunged forward and smashed his heavy fist into the Indian's face. He staggered, but caught his balance and kept his feet.

"You got good eyes, you Indian bastard!" cried the violent man. His voice was like a horrifying squeal, half anger and half sob.

No one moved. Bubbles of blood appeared around the Indian's mouth. His lower lip was severed like a thick steak. He stared, bewildered, as if trying to make himself believe he had been struck, but inside he was nursing a savage rage.

He glanced around. Men's faces, worlds of fear, bemusement and cynicism, peered up at him like frozen images. He could see himself in none

of them. The seconds ticked by. He stood in smouldering silence. Then, as if suddenly struck by the irony of it all, he relaxed, and gradually the anger seeped out of him like a breath. The hatred in his expression gave way to a look of weariness. While they watched, he took out a starched handkerchief, and with the sureness and skill of a surgeon he wiped the blood from his bruised mouth. Then without a word he left the Parlour, still master of himself and conscious of his dignity.

The man with the weak eyes turned to me and tried to smile. What I saw was a sick smirk. There was no mirth behind it, only a perverted satisfaction. He stood, gazing at the closed door, hitching his belt at a job he thought well done.

Seething inside, I watched him. I had an overwhelming urge to beat him until he could see no more. There was man at his worst, I proudly told myself. Mean, cruel, prejudicial, petty, despicable! Why could he not see himself? Why was he so blind?

He turned towards me, his blind eyes frozen in a squint, behind the thick glass.

"You and I are one, kid. We know the score. We think right."

Uncomprehending at first, I only heard sound, then suddenly the meaning exploded in my head. Christ!

I became sick and my brow felt clammy. I hurried to the washroom. There were large mirrors on all the walls, and now I saw my images closing in on me from all angles, and in ways I had not seen before. Tremulously I approached a mirror. There I stood studying the picture of a young man, strong and sound, and with a pleasant facade.

Then I spoke, right into the face of the man I thought I knew: "You cowardly son of a bitch" I said aloud, putting a punch in every word.

Thor Stephenson's Gas-Turbine Engine

A gas-turbine engine, originally developed by a Canadian engineering team, is a versatile power unit which is being put to numerous uses throughout much of the world.

Known as the PT6, the engine was conceived, designed, developed and built by the Union Aircraft of Canada Limited of Montreal. Heading the firm as president is Thor Stephenson, a 48-year-old Winnipeg-born Canadian Icelander.

The first PT6 was sold five years ago, and today PT6s power 23 different types of light turbo-prop aircraft in 37 countries. By the end of this year they will be flying with 65 world airlines.

The same engine, in a slightly different form called the ST6, has set track records in racing cars, powers wood chopping machinery and generators, high-speed snow plows and a new British hovercraft.

Powered by this engine also are oil well fracturing equipment, and power boats, and it will be used in four new destroyers being built for the Canadian navy and a new twin-jet helicopter which may be bought for the Canadian army.

The ST6 will drive the new turbo-trains that Canadian National Railways and United States railways will put into service to revive reclining rail passenger business.

The first PT6 underwent its initial crucial test at Montreal in 1959 and



Thor Stephenson

was certified for flying in 1963. Today it earns for Canada \$50 million worth of foreign currency every year.

Weighing only 275 pounds, the PT6 is much lighter than other engines, and about one third of the weight of an airplane piston engine of comparable power. It has a weight advantage over diesels. Altogether, it has been put to 40 different uses.

'Remember How We Dressed When We Were Teenagers?'

by W. D. Valgardson

Harry and Bertha were sitting in our kitchen having coffee when Harry said, "If there's anything I can't stand, it's the way kids dress nowadays. I don't mind them dropping out. What I mind is them dropping in at our place after they've dropped out."

"They come around your place, do they?" I asked.

"If you had a teen-age niece staying with you for the summer, you would know all about it."

"Hippies?" I said.

"Sometimes, but not as much as at the beginning of the summer. She found out that they don't often drive sports cars. But it's this other thing that bothers us."

"Other things?" my wife said.

Pants Without Cuffs

"Yes," Bertha chimed in. "You know, pants made like the country was suffering from a severe shortage of cloth. Jackets without collars and pants without cuffs."

"They are tidy-looking enough," I slipped in, thinking about my Nehru jacket in the upstairs closet.

"Tidy," Harry snorted. "Maybe, but then so is a telephone pole. Kids are scrawny enough at that age. It's like painting vertical stripes on a toothpick."

I didn't say anything so Bertha added, "I'm not saying it's wrong or anything. It might look alright in Vancouver or Toronto, but in Winnipeg you've got to dress warm."

"Turtle neck sweaters are warm," my wife said innocently.

Harry pounced. "Not this kind.

They're not like the kind we wore. Those were thick, bulky, lots of wool. They kept you warm right through the curling season. But that's not the kind they're wearing nowadays. Silk and satin! If we'd worn silk and satin in high school, we'd have got run off the football team. Do you remember the drapes we wore to school? Good sensible clothing. There wasn't anything skimpy about those pants."

"I'll say not," I replied. "I had a . . . with 29-inch knees. The school wheel had 36-inch knees and five-inch cuffs. I asked the tailor to widen the knee of my drapes and tighten the cuff, but he phoned my mother. She nearly took my head off when she found out that I'd have to get a zipper put into the cuffs so I could get them over my feet."

"Never mind. Those were good looking pants." Harry's eyes lit up with the memory. "I always wanted a bright blue corduroy pair," he said, "but I never got them." He laughed and said, "I got my mom to let me have a high waist on mine though. 'Mon', I said, 'it keeps your kidneys warm in the winter.' She was terrified of my kidneys failing, so she told the tailor to let me have what I wanted. The waistband went from my hips to my rib cage. It was the biggest waistband in school."

"Did you get a corduroy jacket to go with your drapes?" my wife asked.

"Yeah," Bertha answered for him. "You should have seen him. The shoulders were already padded, but he didn't like them so I helped him sew four teabags into each shoulder. They were the best things we could get for

padding. They took the shape of the shoulder."

"I had the highest shoulders in the class," Harry said. "The only thing was that every so often one of the bags would break and the tea would run down my arm. I used to go up and sharpen a pencil into the wastebasket and shake my arm until all the tea was out. Those were real jackets. You don't see anything like them today. They had lots of collar and big lapels and a wide belt. We wore them open all year round so that the ends of the belt would come to our knees."

Trucker's Wallet

"I never had one," I said. "All I was able to afford was a trucker's wallet to go with my drapes."

Harry smiled and nodded. "You should have seen the wallet I had. It must have been a foot long and the chain . . ." He made a large circle with his thumb and index finger to show us the size of the links.

"It came right even with his knees," Bertha said. "I always used to watch and tell him if the ends of the belt and the chain became uneven or hung lower than his knees."

"In a way it was just like today," I said.

"How?" Harry looked puzzled.

"Well, knees were big then, too. It's just that with all that stuff in the way you couldn't see much."

"Don't laugh," Harry said "There's a big difference. We had style. These kids don't know anything about style. They just wear the least amount of clothes possible."

Bertha put her coffee down. "Our skirts may have come to our ankles, but everybody knew we were girls. One of the girls in our home room held the school record for crinolines. She wore 14 at once and she had to go to the

washroom to take six of them off so she could sit down. She might have looked a bit bulky, but everybody knew she was a girl."

"Bertha, remember those socks you used to wear?"

"Harry! Do I remember! Bobby socks were great. We used to carry rulers to see if there was two inches between the tops of our skirts and our Bobby Socks. We used to triple roll them so they were at least an inch thick. If they weren't an inch thick, you were nobody. The biggest problem I had in school wasn't with chemistry, it was trying to keep my bobby socks up. I had the biggest sock pins in the room and they kept pulling my socks down. Finally, I taped the socks to my legs every morning before I came downstairs for breakfast." Bertha shook her head. "Why can't kids dress like that anymore. These scrawny clothes. . . ."

My Nehru Jacket

My wife knew about my Nehru jacket in the upstairs closet and the pair of pants I had ordered from the tailor so she tried to change the conversation. "The only thing I wish," she said, "is that the boys would get nice, sensible haircuts."

"That's what I mean," Harry said. "These kids nowadays have no style. . . . just let their hair grow and that's it. We had our hair trimmed every week so it would look right. The barber used to measure the top so no hair was more than an inch long. He left the sides long and pulled the hair around to the back in a duck tail. That haircut was distinctive, but it was neat. Nowadays, they just let their hair grow all over. No style at all."

As they got up from the table, Bertha added. "If they would only take a look at themselves. They look so silly"

Extracts from Reviews and Comments

ON "THE ICELANDERS IN CANADA" BY W. J. LINDAL

Rev. Sigurbjörn Einarsson, Bishop of Iceland (translation):

I am exceedingly fond of this book because it is such a clear and discerning summary of the story of a people which it illuminates no less than contemporary writers. The scene is painted from a great distance but is equally magnetic.

Hon. Mitchell Sharp, Secretary of State for External Affairs:

Your book should be an important aid to our thinking.

Dr. Sigurður Nordal, Reykjavík, (translation):

Your excellent book has arrived. As you may surmise I sank myself into it (drakk hana í mig) as soon as I received it. I admire the way in which you have been able to perform that difficult task of gathering the needed facts and references, which were indispensable, and yet maintain the continuity in spirit and event.

Dr. Watson Kirkconnell:

I am particularly impressed with your invoking of Arnold Toynbee's philosophy of history to account for the forging of the Icelandic tradition, both in the old world and in the new.

Eimreiðin, Reykjavík, Dr. Richard Beck (translation):

The comprehensive content of the book is well arranged and the narrative clear and easily grasped. The author's main purpose in writing the book . . . is his firm belief in the continuity of the "Icelandic Mind" in its influence upon the life and actions of the Icelanders in Canada, and at the same time upon the Canadian people. That approach gives the book an inner and outer continuity.

John Fisher, Centennial Commissioner 1967:

You have put out a fine edition and I am very honoured to be included in it. . . . You continue to amaze me with the scope of your activities and the competence with which you carry them out, to say nothing of the abundance of energy at your command. I salute you as a distinguished citizen of this country. Canada is richer because you came this way.

Scandinavian Studies, U.S.A., Dr. Loftur Bjarnason:

The story of the Icelandic settlements in Canada has never been told before from the particular point of view assumed by the author. . . . If all (the books in Canada Ethnica) are as thoroughly researched, as well organized, and as entertainingly written as this, the total will be an invaluable source of information in years to come.

This is a great book! I am tempted to say it is an irreplaceable book. . . .

The Gazette, Montreal, H. D. Allan:

Walter (or, in Icelandic Valdimar) Lindal, takes particular interest in early Norse voyages and expeditions of discovery. . . .

Lindal, in one part of his book, offers Canadians a glimpse of the history and literature of Icelandic heritage. He tells, with particular effectiveness, of two decades' efforts directed toward the establishment of a Chair of Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba.

The Kenilworth Press, South Carolina, E. B. Weller:

Your excellent book came yesterday. It will take an honored place in my growing collection of very selected books which I consider worthy of space in my library. I have not been able to more than skim through it and a careful reading is a treat in store. Congratulations on a wonderful job wonderfully well done.

John P. Sigvaldason, former Canadian Ambassador to Norway and Iceland:

Many things about the book impressed me—the patient research, the skilful selection of material, the scholarship and style, and not least the sheer intellectual force displayed in marshalling the arguments.

Montreal Daily Star, E. W. Devlin, Overseas Institute of Canada:

The author has a vast subject, and his method of treating it may seem alarmingly thorough. . . . The theme emerges with a Sibelius-like sense of triumph in his closing chapters.

Sigurður Helgason, President of Loftleiðir Icelandic Airlines, Inc. New York:

I find the book extremely interesting. . . . You have gathered a great deal of valuable material, not only pertaining to the Icelanders in Canada, but also impressive quotations on the people as well as the culture of Iceland in general. I am sure that your book will be referred to widely in the future.

Vilhjalmur Thor, of International Bank for Reconstruction and Development Washington, D. C.

You have completed an enormous task and the book is an outstanding achievement. . . . You refer to fruits of early morning toil but but more is required — gifts of mind, enthusiasm, loyalty, capacity for work.

Vancouver Sun, Barry Broadfoot:

An important book by Walter J. Lindal, a retired learned and respected judge from Winnipeg. . . . A life-long student of his race, he polishes every facet of the Iclander in Canada and perusal of the book shows that the 28,000 in Canada have made a contribution to Canada far out of proportion to their numbers.

Dr. Hermann Pálsson, University of Edinburgh, Scotland:

I agree with you about "The Icelandic Mind". It can continue to exist even though Icelanders in the West lose their mother tongue.

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The spirit that prompted the motto found expression back in 1961 when the company had the plastering contract for the Airliner Motor Hotel on Ellice Avenue, in West Winnipeg. They were the first lathing and plastering company in Winnipeg to install integrally coloured acoustic plaster ceiling (in this case green). That urge for improvement gave rise to successful contracting the largest of which was the contract for the plastering in the Winnipeg International Airport, close to three hundred thousand dol-

lars. It took two years to complete this contract and about forty men were employed.

The beginnings, as always, were humble. Halldor Sigurdson, then 17 years of age, arrived from Iceland in 1901. The following year he started in the plastering business, operating from his home. At first only contracts for plastering residences were undertaken but by the year 1910 the energetic young man broke into commercial-institutional contracting. During the following five years he built a number of schools in rural Manitoba.

In 1915 Halldor Sigurdson entered into partnership with a younger brother—the late Randver Sigurdson

in the general construction industry. The partnership lasted for about 10 years. Randver continued in general construction and Halldor went back into the plastering business.

Halldor Melvin Sigurdson, son of Halldor, entered the stage in 1937. He was attending high school and decided to apprentice with his father in the plastering business and for the next three years father and son engaged in residential-commercial plastering.

In 1940 Mel, as he is commonly known, volunteered for military service, came back five years later and rejoined his father in the plastering business.

Business soon expanded and in 1950 the partnership was converted into a limited company under the name Halldor Sigurdson & Son Limited, with Mel appointed secretary-treasurer and manager. An office was opened on Erin St. in west Winnipeg—a growing industrial area at the time. In the 1950's the company had contracts on the University of Manitoba campus, and several large projects were carried out, the largest one being at the International Airport.

By the year 1960 lathing had been added and in the early 1960's the principal contracts were: the Portage Ave. Mall Centre, St. Andrews College, New St. Paul's College, and the close to a quarter million dollar contract for the plastering in the 17 storey Royal Bank Building on Portage Ave.

By this time it had become obvious that the old Erin Street office was wholly inadequate. In the fall of 1966 a large building, formerly a hardware store, at 1212 St. Mary's Road, St. Vital, was bought. It has been completely

renovated, and there is a modern reception office, the office of the President, now Mel Sigurdson, his father having retired, an estimating department, a sales manager's office and a warehouse.

This year the company completed a contract for the lathing and plastering of the new Y.W.C.A. building. At present it has under way the plastering in the new Richardson building, a contract in the neighborhood of \$200,000.00.

Expansion programmes.

Some years ago the company decided to expand in two directions: new fields of activities and wider areas. A subsidiary company was formed by the name of Bolton Industries Limited. It primarily performs distributional services and its activities extend from Ontario to the west coast. A Telex service has been installed as constant and immediate communications are required.

The parent company has widened the area of its operations and has accepted several contracts in Brandon and farther west. Two years ago it completed a lathing and plastering contract in the Manitoba Telephone Building and this year completed a large contract for the Hospital and Nurses Residence and School Building, both in Brandon. At present the Sigurdson Company is carrying out its part in building the multi-million dollar Brandon Centennial Auditorium.

So “Improve on our technology and expand” shouts Mel Sigurdson and Halldor nods his head in approval.

—W.J.L.

The Icelandic Canadian Club of Vancouver

Annual General Meeting



Arthur S. Oddsson

President of the Icel. Can. Club of Vancouver

The Annual General Meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia was held on September 25th, at Hofn, in Vancouver. Numerous reports were given and a new slate of officers presented for the members approval. The slate included two new members and new positions for several other members. The members of the new Board of Directors, with their positions indicated, are as follows:

President, Arthur S. Oddsson,
7275 Wilingdon Ave., S. Burnaby.
Vice-President, Pall K. I. Johannesson,
633 Edgar Rd., Coquitlam.
Secretary, Mrs. Carole Robertson,
3781 Calder Ave., N. Vancouver.
Vice-Secretary, Gustav Tryggvason,
958 Diamond Rd., Richmond
Treasurer, R. Herman Arnason,
4571 Slocan St., Vancouver.
Vice-Treasurer, John Finnsson,
7554 Wright St., S. Burnaby.
Social Convenor, Mrs. Verona Anderson,
6649 Burlington, S. Burnaby

Public Relations, C. A. Anderson,
6649 Burlington, S. Burnaby.

Some of the highlights of the past year, as given in various reports, were as follows:—

— Income reached a new high, exceeding \$2,300. Expenditures were up as well, as might be expected, at over \$2,000.

The final membership tally for the year stood at 172.

— The Centennial Committee had finally completed its work and its financial report showed earnings and expenditures of over \$1,500.

The Scholarships for the coming year had been awarded to Miss Joan D. Anderson and Miss Gail E. Asmundson, both of South Burnaby.

Report on the Anniversary Celebration

The Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia traces its beginning to August 8th, 1908, when the literary society "Ingolfur" was established in Vancouver. Since it was established the name of the Club has been changed twice. The first change took place in 1956 when Ingolfur merged with the social club "Isafold" under the name Ströndin. The second change took place in 1967 when the new name was adopted as part of a long-term reorganization of the Club. But throughout these six decades and three names the unity of the membership and the objectives—of promoting a common fellowship and friendship between Canadians of Icelandic descent—remained unchanged. This long record of service, which would be hard to match, was celebrated at the Anniversary Celebration, held on October 19th. As the first gathering of the new year it was a brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Friends and members began to gather at the Golden Chalice in Burnaby at 7:00 p.m. Before the doors were closed some 190 persons, including many from Seattle, had joined the happy throng.

The programme began with the singing of "O Canada" and "Gud Vors Lands". The President, Mr. Oddsson, gave a short talk in which he briefly summarized the history of the Club. The Consul of Iceland in Vancouver, John F. Sigurdson, welcomed all those present, especially those who had travelled all the way from Seattle, and urged all to have a good time. Consul Sigurdson was followed by Dr. Jon Thorhallsson of U.B.C. Dr. Thorhallsson gave a short address comparing old and new Iceland. Many things had changed, especially in the economy, but one thing remained the same and that was the Icelander's love of learning. The old saying still held true: "He who has a book and no shoes is better than he who has shoes and no book." This was an appropriate remark for Dr. Thorhallsson to use to close his address for the next item on the agenda was the awarding of our scholarships for this year. Dr. R. E. Helgason gave a short address on the present and future plans of the committee before calling on Miss Joan D. Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Anderson, and Miss Gail E. Asmundson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Asmundson. Miss Anderson is a student at the University of B.C. and Miss Asmundson is a student at Simon Fraser University.

Mr. Oddsson then called on our special guest, Mr. Ragnar Bjarnason, to begin the entertainment portion of the program. Mr. Bjarnason is one of Iceland's most popular entertainers and usually heads the entertainment bill at the Hotel Saga in Reykjavik. The Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C. had invited him to come to Vancouver to entertain at the Anniversary Celebration. Mr. Bjarnason made an immediate and unforgettable impression on all those attending with his renditions of old Icelandic favorites and new popular numbers, from Iceland and elsewhere. One of the many highlights of the evening was his singing of the Icelandic version of "Happy Birthday" as the Club's Princess, Miss Maria Howardson, bore in a cake decorated in the appropriate manner and with sixty lit candles. All in all it was an evening to remember and one which many will remember and treasure for years to come.

Prior to Mr. Bjarnason's arrival in Canada the Directors of the Club were in contact with the officers of several other Icelandic societies in Canada and the United States. This was in accordance with our firmly established policy of co-operating with such other clubs whenever possible. As a result of these contacts we were able to arrange Ragnar's visits to Winnipeg and Toronto, where he will be hosted by the Icelandic Canadian Clubs of those cities. Most of the costs involved in his travels were, however, assumed by the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.

—Carole Robertson, Secretary

When Ragnar Bjarnason Came to Winnipeg

So Ragnar Bjarnason, a night club entertainer from Reykjavik was all but on his way to Winnipeg!

This Gissur Eliasson, president of the Icelandic Canadian Club in Win-

nipeg, gathered from a letter sent him by the Icelandic Canadian Club in Vancouver. Nothing prods the gregarious Icelander into sudden action like a promised visit from afar, which



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might possibly occasion a round of merrymaking. The executive of the club was called together, and the president immediately pushed toward the telephone to dial a representative of the sister club at the west coast.

Time was of an essence and Vancouver's ambitious suggestion to book a Winnipeg night club to feature the artist from Iceland proved impossible to achieve. This did not rule out a party of noble proportions in a night club atmosphere where Ragnar could star.

He did. The group who heard his appealingly masculine voice in well loved old ballads and folk songs as well as the new popular lyrics of Iceland, North America and Britain, are not likely to forget the evening of Oct. 24th in St. Mary's Hall in Winnipeg. Ragnar is a warm and outgoing personality, unaffected, gay, and generous to his audience, and he has a friendly perceptive sense of humor in casual conversation.

Young local artists who helped nobly in rounding out the program were Norma Jean McCreedy, who sang several old and new ballads in a most endearing manner, and Len and Carol Vopnfjord, young marrieds with a touch all their own. They sang folk songs to Len's guitar, some of them written by themselves. Two Winnipeg comedians, Mr. Nichol and Mr. Maris, went after the laughs in a manner tailored to the audience and the passing moment.

Hon. Judge W. J. Lindal welcomed the guests of honor on behalf of the Icelandic Canadian Club. Skuli Johannsson, president of Frón Chapter, Icelandic National League, spoke warmly of the friendly relations be-

tween the two organizations and mentioned that proceeds of the gathering were being contributed to the Frón Building fund.

Gissur Eliasson's winning ways with people showed up well, if unobtrusively, in the effective preparations made at such short notice for this successful affair. In a few days he recruited the popular young entertainers who appeared on the program and was able to obtain the services of as competent a pianist as Mitch Parks of the CBC to accompany the featured artist.

At the end of the program, which he spiced with his unique brand of humor as he chaired it, Gissur presented the guest of honor with two important historical works on behalf of the Icelandic Canadian Club. These recently published books are *The Icelandic People in Manitoba* by W. Kristjanson and *The Icelanders in Canada* by Walter J. Lindal.

Hon. Judge Walter J. Lindal and Mrs. Lindal made sure that the night club entertainer from Iceland would not go home without an introduction to night club entertainment in Winnipeg. They honored him with a dinner party at Pierre's Restaurant and invited a group of their friends to share this pleasure. A session in the cocktail lounge, with musical entertainment, followed the dinner. These royal gestures by the Lindal's are getting to be almost a Winnipeg tradition when Icelandic roots in the city are reacting to some stimulant peculiarly theirs.

Should Ragnar revisit Winnipeg some day soon, after reasonable forewarning it should not be difficult to fill a night club with an audience for him.

—C. G.



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Ragnar Bjarnason In Toronto

Ragnar Bjarnason, Iceland's popular entertainer and night club singer, completed his success tour of Canada in Toronto. He left Winnipeg for Toronto on Saturday, Oct. 26, and on the following Wednesday proceeded on to New York on his way back to Iceland.

Following is a synopsis of his "conquest of Toronto", forwarded by a member of the Icelandic Canadian Club of Toronto.

Ragnar Bjarnason was met at the airport by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strachan, members of the Toronto Club, and stayed with them that night. On Sunday Cam McCaulay and his wife Erla (the corresponding secretary of the Club) took over as hosts for the rest of Ragnar's stay in Toronto. They drove him around showing him the City Hall and other interesting buildings and beauty spots in Metropolitan Toronto.

On Monday former President of the Club, V. K. Kristjansson, drove him via the Queen Elizabeth super-highway through Hamilton and across the Niagara fruit lands to Niagara Falls. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cam McCaulay entertained the guest of honour at their home.

On Tuesday noon Harold Broughton, the Vice-President, was host in Ragnar's honour at a luncheon in the Granite Club of Toronto.

The main function was that evening in the home of the President, Hannes Petursson, and his wife Begga. There were about 75 guests, all members of the Club. During the early hours of the evening refreshments were served and from time to time Ragnar Bjarnason sang Icelandic and other songs and rendered piano selections as well. In



Ragnar Bjarnason

between, and in order to show that some of Iceland's musical talent had migrated to Canada, Magnus Paulson, a former President of the Club, sang and played Icelandic and English songs.

As the midnight hour approached a buffet lunch was served. It included Icelandic favorites such as pönnukökur, rullupylsa and hardfish, as well as a Christmas cake and Canadian dishes.

Guests demanded more from Ragnar even though he had already been more than generous with his gifts. The entertainment continued until the small hours of the morning.

The report included the regret of the officers of the Club that such short notice had been given of the visit of Ragnar in Toronto. If there had been time a concert or other function would have been arranged in a convenient hall.

—W.J.L.

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CANADIANS SERVE IN THE EMERGING COUNTRIES

One of the staggering problems of the world today is the problem of the emerging, underdeveloped countries. From the mid-fifties on, when the dam began to give way, one African territory after another moved into independence with little or no experience in self-government, with no meaningful sense of national identity, with little if any internal cohesion, with administrative structures ill-adapted for operating their own governments, and with little or no trained staff for manning these structures.

Not only did these new states lack experience in self-government; also, they were predominantly closed subsistence type societies and they lacked the means for maintaining national organizations. Lack of defined and organized levels of government and established channels of communication between the centre and intermediate and local levels has frequently all but frustrated the operations of one government after another.

The annual per capita gross national product in sub-Saharan Africa is about \$40 (Malawi) to \$230 (Ghana), and in 23 of 31 states it is less than \$100.

The emerging peoples have looked abroad to the Western World and have come to think that development and affluence are the birthright of independence. Instead, independence has brought in its train much political instability, tribal warfare, military overthrows, economic stagnation, and growing frustration at the continent's inability to make its own way.

Western nations have given assistance, through the U.N., the Colombo Plan, and other agencies. The United Kingdom has given substantial aid to former dependencies.



Dr. Baldur K. Kristjanson

Canada's external aid program began with the Colombo Plan, in 1950. To mention specific instances, in Accra, Ghana, a trades training centre was designed, constructed, equipped, and staffed by Canadians, and at Karachi, Pakistan, a nuclear power generating station was built. Other projects have involved the provision of materials, equipment, advisers, and training program for local staff. There have been projects in the fields of agriculture, medicine, forestry, power, transport, communication, civil aviation, industry, engineering, and public administration.

The Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) has approximately 900 volunteers at work in 43 developing countries, with the aid of an External Aid grant of 1.8 million dollars. Included are university professors, secondary school teachers, and technical education experts.

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Canadians of Icelandic origin have played their part in these overseas projects. Those known to the writer are mentioned here.

Dr. Thorvaldur Johnson, formerly Director of the Federal Agricultural Department's rust research station in Winnipeg, served in Pakistan.

Dr. Baldur K. Kristjanson, Economic Advisor and special assistant to the Premier in the Government of Manitoba, is serving in an advisory capacity to the Government of Tanzania.

Dr. Luther Burbank Kristjanson, former Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Manitoba Government, has served in Iran and now has a permanent post with the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (F.A.O.), in Rome, with service in the Middle East.

T. David Einarson, of Arborg, Manitoba, has served in Sumatra, and is now Chief of Geophysical Services, International S.A., in Libya.

Art Buhr, Director of Provincial Vocational Schools in Manitoba, served for two years at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. (His mother was the former Maria Kelly, of Selkirk, Manitoba.)

Konrad Sigurdson, of Winnipeg, has taught in Nigeria.

William Johnson, of Winnipeg, taught for three years in Ethiopia.

Allan Olson, of Winnipeg, has taught in Nigeria.

Clarence Swainson, of Winnipeg, taught in Kenya during the two-month holiday period, in 1968.

James W. Downey, of Winnipeg, taught at a Teachers' College in Kenya (Mrs. Downey is the former Evelyn Kristjanson, of Winnipeg.)

Reverend and Mrs. Walter J. Moris, of Helena, Montana, are serving in Sabah (North Borneo), where Rev. Moris conducts an English-speaking ministry. (Mrs. Moris is the former Alena Halvorson, of Regina.)

Despite the travail of birth pangs among the new nations today, their achievement of independence has been essential to their growth to maturity. Indeed in some cases remarkable progress has been made. There are leaders of real stature, such as Jomo Kenyatta, of Kenya.

The older and established nations who are making a contribution to the emerging countries are making a very important contribution to our one world of today.

—W. Kristjanson

VOLUNTARY SERVICE IN KENYA

Clarence Swainson, B.A., B.Ed., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingi Swainson of Winnipeg, who is head of the Department of English in Garden City Collegiate, West Kildonan, spent the holiday months of July and August this year in a most laudable way. He was one of sixty-two Canadian teachers who offered their services during the summer holidays to instruct native teachers in Africa and Asia and thus improve their qualifications for teaching. This

work is under the auspices of the Canadian Teachers' Federation. The work is voluntary and the teachers are paid only their out-of-pocket expenses.

Mr. Swainson was sent to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, Africa, a city with a population of about 300,000. He took three preliminary courses of study for the work, each lasting four days. They were in Fredericton, New Brunswick, London, England, and Addis Ababa, in Ethiopia. He arrived in Nairobi on July 20, and taught local teachers until

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Clarence Swainson

August 29, his subject being mathematics. He found some of the teachers lacking in elementary education, but all were keen to learn and improve themselves.

The native teachers invariably spoke good English. The chief local language is Swahile and the two languages, English and Swahile are virtually on an equal basis in Kenya—a voluntary and very peaceful bilingualism.

Mr. Swainson and all the Canadian teachers who engage in this very essential work are to be commended for their deep sense of humanity and service.

ATLANTICA and ICELAND REVIEW

The third number of Volume 6 of Atlantica & Iceland Review reached the editor's desk a short time ago. It contains 64 pages, is in color, profusely illustrated. Those facts tell a story of a publication which had its humble beginnings a short six years ago. The original name was Iceland Review but as the field it covered widened the energetic editors, Haraldur J. Hamar and Heimir Hannesson logically enlarged the name to Atlantica & Iceland Review.

The contents of this number are varied and interesting. There is the little advertised but exciting story by Alan Boucher of "An Icelandic Revolution" when in 1809 a merchant from London and a "Danish gentleman" landed in Reykjavik and "arrested the highest officials on the island, and declared a free and independent republic". It probably was the shortest lived republic in history.

A leading article is entitled "Individuality and Imagination," It is a well illustrated but brief sketch by editor Sigurdur A. Magnusson on one



A bust of Prof. Sigurdur Nordal

of the leading contemporary sculptors in Iceland, Sigurjón Ólafsson. The author regards him as "one of the two outstanding Icelandic sculptors now

working" and goes on to say:

"His life and development is in many ways typical of the hardships, determination and eventual success that were the common lot of Icelandic artists before World War II."

The author continues:

"Sigurjón Ólafsson is eminently sensitive to the qualities of whatever material he may be using, being in a way both the master and the slave of his material. It is really astounding, for instance, what striking character he is able to express in his granite portraits by subtly 'touching' the surface of the stone, as in the portrait of Sigurður Nordal in the Art Gallery."

Other articles include "Style and Form in the North" by Gisli Sigurdsson, "Guiding the Flying Travellers" "Varied Functions of the Agricultural Bank" and "IBM in Iceland", all by Eidur Gudnasson.

Robert Thomas Rummery received his bachelor of science degree in May from the University of Manitoba. He is the son of Clara and Gerald R. Rummery of 520 Dominion St., Winnipeg, and the grandson of Mrs. Inga Bjornson and the late Sigurdur Bjornson of Winnipeg. He is now enrolled in the faculty of education, University of Manitoba.

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Enid Sigurdson

Enid Sigurdson, a second-year arts student at the University of Winnipeg, in October was elected president of the Canadian University Yearbook Association, western region. Miss Sigurdson who is editor of the University of Winnipeg year book, *The Vox*, was elected at the association's annual convention at Edmonton, Alta. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin E. Sigurdson of Oak Point, Man.

WINS INTERNATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP

William D. Valgardson, who is teaching and also taking a post graduate course in literature at the University of Iowa in the United States, this fall was awarded an international scholarship worth \$660. It is one of 80 such scholarships offered each year to students from foreign countries. The

scholarships are highly competitive and go only to those foreign students who have outstanding academic records.

This year the scholarships were given to students with marks which placed them in the top five per cent of the 19,000 students at the university. The program of studies, informally known as Iowa writers' workshop, is designed for young college graduates with genuine writing talent, who want a course of graduate study suited to their needs and talents.

★

A DECEMBER FIRST ANNIVERSARY

The Chapter Frón of The Icelandic National League very appropriately staged a celebration on Saturday evening, November 30, at the Scandinavian Centre, 360 Young St., Winnipeg, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of December 1, 1918, when Iceland was granted independence in all its affairs under a common King with Denmark. About a hundred people attended.

The formal programme was under the chairmanship of Prof. Haraldur

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Bessason. He briefly referred to the purpose of the gathering and then called upon Skuli Jóhannsson, President of Frón.

Speaking in Icelandic Skuli centred his remarks on December 1, 1918 when the agreement with Denmark was made, the "Sambandslaga-samningarnir" whereby Iceland acquired sovereignty over all its affairs, a kingdom in union with Denmark under the same King. The speaker said that because of the "Spanish Flu" which still was raging throughout the world there was only one small gathering in Reykjavík—in front of the Legislative Building, "Stjórnarráðshúsið".

The Swedish Male Voice Choir, under the auspices of J. O. Anderson sang a number of songs to the delight of all present. Then there was dancing and equally enjoyable visits at the tables where refreshments were served. Noted visitors were Dr. Bjorn Jonsson of Swan River and the newly elected alderman, Magnus Eliasson. There was representation from both the Icelandic National League and the Icelandic Canadian Club.

At 10:30 all moved downstairs where a variety of sandwiches and cake were served as well as coffee.

★

RECEIVES DOCTORATE

Kenneth Brynjolfsson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Brynjolfsson, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, recently received the doctor of education degree from the University of Illinois. Dr. Brynjolfsson has been a school psychologist in the Champaign, Illinois, school system for the past three years in addition to teaching at the University of Illinois and completing his doctoral thesis. Dr. Brynjolfsson has accepted a position as assistant professor of education at

Hayward, California. The Brynjolfssons and their two year old daughter will reside in the San Francisco Bay area.

Grandparents on the father's side are Ingi and Susie Brynjolfsson, long time residents of Winnipeg and later of Chicago. Grandparents on the mother's side are Mundi Goodman and the late Rosa Goodman. Mr. Goodman is at the Senior Citizens Home in Wynyard, Saskatchewan.

★

ELECTED ALDERMAN IN WINNIPEG.



Magnus Eliason

In the civic elections on October 23, Mr. Magnus Eliason was elected alderman in Ward II.

When Magnus was 19 years old he went to the Peace River District and spent most of his time in Alberta until eleven years ago when he moved to Winnipeg. He worked for the old CCF Party when he was in Alberta and since coming to Winnipeg has

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been an organizer for the New Demo-
 cratic Party.

The Icelandic Canadian congrat-
 ulates Mr. Eliason upon his entry into
 the Council of the City of Winnipeg.

★

**RECEIVES DOMINION BRIDGE
 PROMOTION**



R. O. JONASSON

Raymond O. Jonasson of Winnipeg
 has been appointed Manager of the
 Dominion Bridge branch in Saskat-
 chewan. He was formerly Sales Man-
 ager in Winnipeg.

Raymond is the son of the late O.
 Jonasson and Mrs. Jonasson of 1025
 Clifton Street, Winnipeg, long time
 members of the Icelandic Canadian
 Club.

★

LECTURES ON JOURNALISM

Mr. T. O. S. Thorsteinson, a member
 of the Editorial Board of this mag-
 azine, has for the last eight years given
 a course in "Elementary Journalism"

★

at the Gordon Bell High School. The
 course consists of twenty lectures
 delivered on Wednesday night in the
 High School.

Results always speak louder than
 words. His two first classes, at his sug-
 gestion, got together in 1961 and
 formed "The Winnipeg Writers Soci-
 ety". It is an active organization and
 meets monthly in the Cornish Library
 in Winnipeg.

A number of members of the Society
 have written articles and radio scripts
 which have appeared in periodicals
 and on radio and even TV systems.
 One of the members is half Icelandic
 and an article from her will appear in
 the near future.

★

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED

Scholarships were awarded to three
 students this fall by the Icelandic
 Festival of Manitoba. A \$100 schol-
 arship was awarded to Paul Nielson of
 1021 Clifton Street, Winnipeg, and
 \$50 scholarships to Lenore Borgfjord
 of Arborg, Man., and Wayne Arnason
 of 1057 Dominion Street, Winnipeg.

★

David Bjarni Johnson received his
 bachelor of arts degree from the Uni-
 versity of Manitoba in October. He is
 presently a teacher at Gladstone, Man.
 in the service of the Pine Creek School
 Division. Mr. Johnson is the son of
 Mr. and Mrs. Barney Johnson of Lang-
 ruth and grandson of Mr. and Mrs.
 Johann Johnson. Married, his wife is
 the former Judy Hall of Westbourne,
 Man. They have two daughters, Vonda
 and Michelle.

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Air Canada	48	McKague-Sigmar and Co.	5
Arlington Pharmacy	4	Malkin, Drs. C. and S.	4
Asgeirsons Ltd.	5	Manitoba Hydro	46
Bardal Funeral Home	52	Manitoba Rolling Mills	46
Beaver Moving	58	Manitoba Telephone System	48
Benjaminson Construction Co.	60	Midwest Net and Twine Co.	62
Bird Construction Co.	60	Modern Dairies Ltd.	64
Brooke Bond Canada Ltd.	53	Montreal Trust	1
Burns Foods, Ltd.	3	Nell's Flower Shop	4
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation	54	North Star Co-op Creamery	56
Clarke's Gamble Dept. Stores	52	Orchid Florists	56
Dominion/Soudack Fur Sales	5	Park Hannesson Ltd.	60
Duffy's Taxi	4	Paterson, N. M. and Sons Ltd.	1
Eatons of Canada	Cover	Quintons Ltd.	3
Furnasman Heating Ltd.	64	Ramsay-Mathews Ltd.	4
Gilbart Funeral Home	5	Richardson and Co.	2
Gimli Hotel	54	Roberts and Whyte Ltd.	57
Gimli Mayor and Council	50	Russell Motors (1963) Ltd.	2
Goodbrandson's Transfer	62	Selkirk Mayor and Council	3
Guttormsson, P. T.	56	Sigfusson Transporation Co. Ltd.	64
Hercules Supply Ltd.	2	Sigurdson Fisheries Ltd.	56
Icelandic Airlines	6	Sigurdson, Dr. L. A.	5
Independent Fish Co. Ltd.	56	Sigurdson, Halldor and Son	4
International Inn	64	Simpson-Sears Ltd.	Cover
Investors Syndicate, Ltd.	50	Standard Dairies Ltd.	58
Keystone Fisheries, Ltd.	62	Tallin and Co.	58
Kristjansson, Dr. Gestur	4	Thorarinson, S. A.	4
Labatt Manitoba Brewery	Cover	Thorlakson, Dr. P. H. T.	62
Lakeland Dairies	54	Thorvaldson and Co.	4
Mac-O-Lac Feeds, Ltd.	5	Union Loan and Investment Co.	56
MacDonald Shoe Store	54	Viking Printers	4
McDonald Dure Lumber Co. Ltd.	3	Western Paint Co. Ltd.	50
McCurdy Supply Co. Ltd.	58	Whitehall Laundry	60
McGavin Toastmaster Ltd.	62	Winnipeg Hydro	60

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