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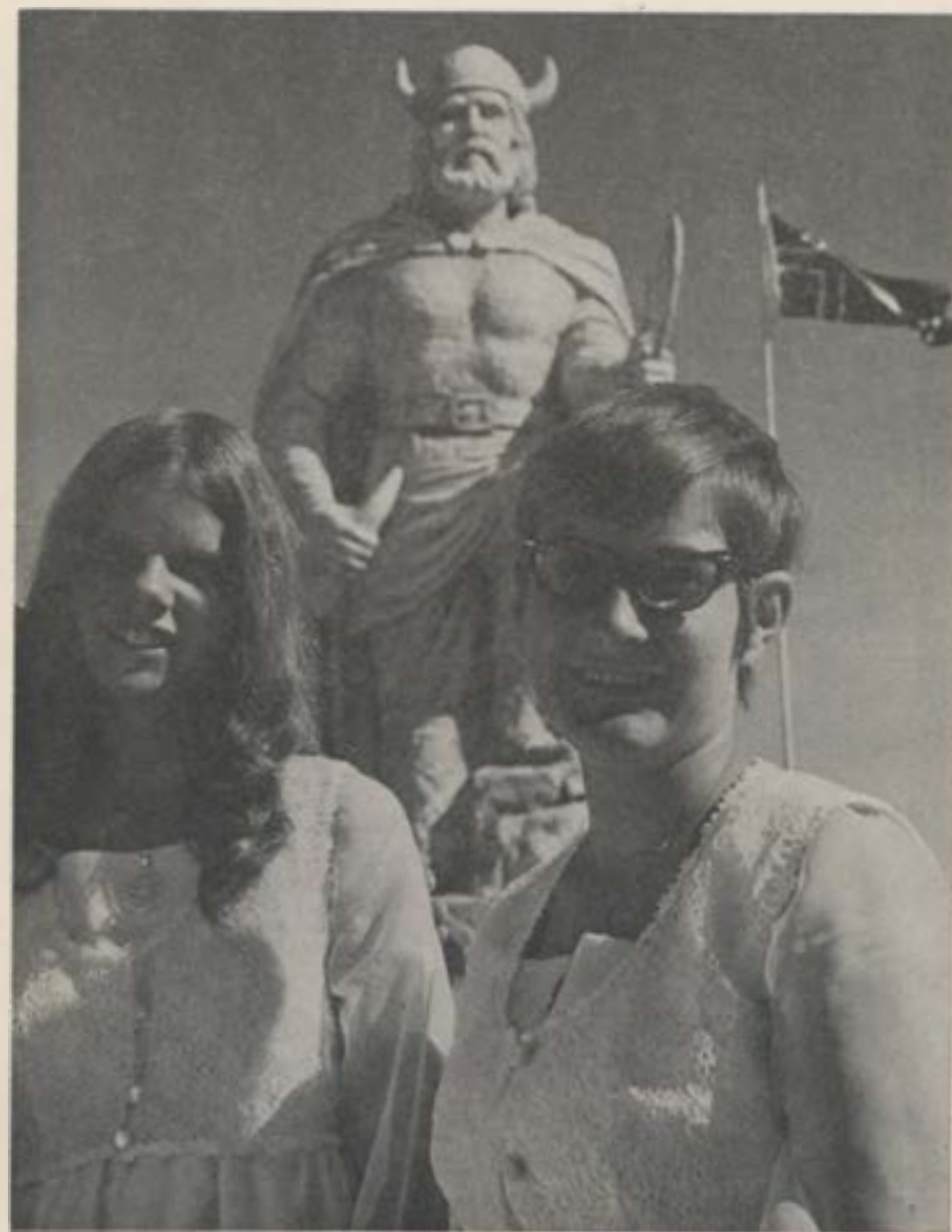
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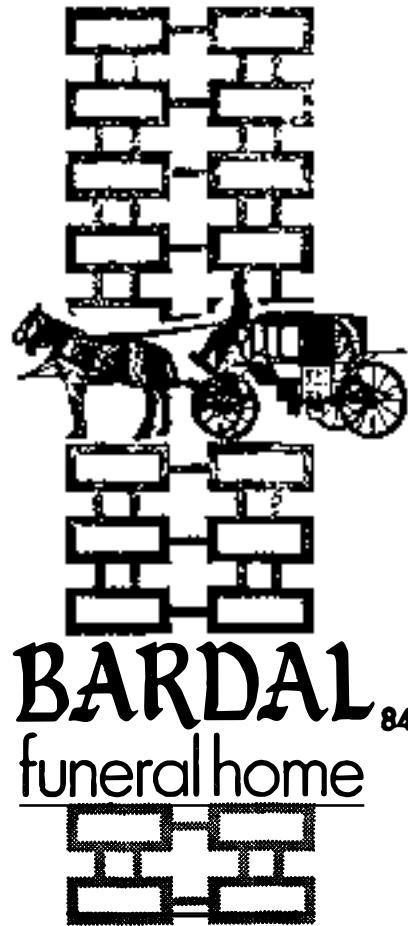


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The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XXXI, No. 1 Winnipeg, Canada Autumn, 1972

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EDITORIAL

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

After three decades of publication, the Icelandic Canadian looks to the future. Thirty years ago, in October, 1942, the first issue appeared. The founders were inspired by their vision, but it must be said that the future was uncertain. Some there were who gave the new publication only two or three years of life. But the founders persevered.

The achievement over the years has been impressive. The magazine has been a medium of expression for those interested in writing. It has carried translations of valuable material from the Icelandic, both prose and poetry. This has been to the enrichment of English language literature in Canada. Beginners have received encouragement, have gone on to become successful writers in the professional field.

Much has been done for the preservation of Icelandic Canadian history, in the form of articles and news items. A large number of illustrations includes a thousand pictures of people of Icelandic descent who served in World War II. The magazine has grown in size and scope.

The record is inspiring and has helped to foster a pride in the Icelandic heritage in the Canadian setting.

The Icelandic Canadian has helped maintain a bond of kinship among the people of Icelandic descent in America and to maintain a sympathetic interest in Iceland.

What of the future? The work of publication has been on a voluntary basis, on the part of the Editorial Board and contributors alike. Subscription rates have met costs, but with the smallest of margins.

There must be development in the very near future. More income will be needed, for honorariums, to meet frequently increasing costs of publication, and to set a yet higher standard for the magazine. Literary competitions and payment for special articles should be considered.

One additional source of income would be through increased circulation. It is gratifying that the total number of subscribers has remained steady. There has even been a slight increase. Inevitably, there have been many casualties among the early supporters, but new subscribers have taken their place. Nevertheless, the total number of subscribers might well be doubled.

It would be a step in this direction if all present subscribers were to encourage new subscribers. To show copies of the Icelandic Canadian would allow it to speak for itself. Then there is the example of those who give subscriptions for Christmas presents.

However, the basic need is for an endowment fund. A fund of \$25,000 would give some basis for the next three decades of the successful publication of a high standard Icelandic Canadian magazine.

W. Kristjanson

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK



THE TEN-MILE ROAD RACES

The ten-mile road race has again, after a lapse of over a half century, become an established feature of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba. In the fourth year of its revival, there were twelve entries for the Western Canadian championship event, hosted by the Festival, and twenty six entries, including three women, for the other Icelandic Festival ten-mile races. The ten-mile walk is also an established feature. The standard at these races has been high. Lyle Myers won the ten-mile race in 1969, in 52:51.4 and Chris McCubbins won the event in 52 minutes, 7.1 seconds.

Middle distance and long distance races were prominent in Canada, including Manitoba, for a great many years until after World War I. Bill Scherring (weight, 112 pounds), of Hamilton, won the Marathon race at the Olympics at Athens in 1906. Tom Longboat, Indian runner from Ontario, won the Boston Marathon in 1907 and later established a new world record for fifteen miles. Alf Shrubbs, of Winnipeg, had a European reputation in the ten-miles before coming to Canada (Winnipeg) in the early years of the century. Joe Keeper, Manitoba runner, placed fourth in the ten-mile race at the Olympics in Stockholm in 1912.

In the shorter distances, 19-year old Percy Williams, of Vancouver, won the 100-metre and 200 metre events at the Olympic games at Amsterdam, in 1928. He set a new world record of

10.3 seconds for the 100-metres in 1930. Jimmy Ball, of Dauphin and Winnipeg, placed second in 400-metres at the 1928 Olympics; misjudgement cost him first place.

To mention a few runners of Icelandic origin, Sigurdur Antonius covered 132 miles in a 24-hour "Go as you Please" race in Winnipeg, in 1879. Junius Jonsson, of Arborg, Manitoba, won the Saskatchewan 12-mile championship twice, in 1909 and 1912. A. O. (Gusti) Magnusson, of Lundar, Manitoba, was considered by the veteran sports enthusiast Paul Reykdal as a candidate for the middle distance race at the Olympics in 1916, an event that did not take place due to the war.

Most of these runners mentioned were country boys and some had little or no coaching. This should encourage the younger runners of today competing in the Icelandic Festival ten-mile road race to persevere and new ones to enter. Aim high!

★

"THE WORLD WATCHES A CHESS GAME"

"How do you think the game will go this afternoon?" said one Icelandic-born Winnipegger to another Icelandic-born Winnipegger. This was last August, and the day being Sunday, I was momentarily bewildered. Where could there be a football game on a Sunday! Then the light dawned on me. The reference was not to any football

game in Canada, but to a chess game in Iceland, the Robert Fischer—Boriss Spassky championship chess match in Reykjavik.

Why was Iceland selected for this chess match? Perhaps the reason was political, Iceland being a sort of half way point between Russia and the United States. For another reason, the choice was not inappropriate. Icelandic people have been among the most devoted chess players, ever since the Middle Ages.

The Icelandic people in Canada carried on the chess tradition for many years. There was an Icelandic chess club in Winnipeg several years before the turn of the century and there were several clubs after that.

By far the most prominent among the Icelandic chess players in Canada was Magnus (Magnusson) Smith, who came from Iceland in 1885, then about twelve years of age. This Winnipeg shoemaker was three times Canadian chess champion, in 1899, 1903 and 1906. Agnar Magnusson, a high school teacher in Winnipeg, was Manitoba chess champion in 1932.

* * *

A BELATED APPRECIATION

A belated appreciation to the late Guttormur Finnbogason and his wife Olavia for their work in collecting and processing for the *Icelandic Canadian* pictures and data for Icelandic Canadians in the services in World War II. They carried on with this comprehensive project during the war, after which Miss Mattie Halldorson took over. Altogether one thousand

pictures were published in the *Icelandic Canadian*.

* * *

It is gratifying that the Fjallkona float, the Icelandic Festival entry in the impressive Manisphere parade in Winnipeg, June 25, was judged the best of the civic floats.

* * *

The readers of the *Icelandic Canadian* will want to join with the people of Iceland in paying tribute to the late former President of Iceland, His Excellency Ásgeir Ásgeirsson. Icelandic Canadians well remember him from his state visit to Canada on the occasion of our country's centennial year. The following from the report in the *Icelandic Canadian* on the Icelandic Celebration of that year, where the President was a guest of honor, summarizes the impression he made.

"The impression made by the President during his entire visit was one of quiet dignity combined with courtesy and kindness."

* * *

IN REMEMBRANCE OF EDDIE SIGURJONSSON

The staff of the *Icelandic Canadian* will miss Eddie Sigurjonsson, whose death occurred on August 29. As Advertising Solicitor for the magazine, he carried on loyally for some time, despite impaired health. He was actively interested in the good of the magazine and of the Icelandic Canadian Club, a member of whose executive he was. He will be remembered for his friendly warmth, enthusiasm and initiative, and good counsel.

FJALLKONAN — ISLENDINGADAGURINN AT GIMLI 1972



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Pamela Maureen Downey



Katherine Joyce Young

FJALLKONA ADDRESS AT THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL,

AT GIMLI, MANITOBA, AUGUST 7, 1972

—translated

I am here today to wish you the very best at this impressive Festival. My love for you has not been dimmed by absence and the passing of the years.

It was with sadness and a keen sense of loss that a century ago and in the following years, it was my lot to see my children leaving for the New World by the hundreds and the thousands. In those early years, I had no expectation of ever seeing my children again; this would be a final parting.

It assuaged my sense of loss somewhat when I learned that my children who had left because of present hardships and a bleak prospect, remembered me with affection, even with a deep

abiding love. Your Poet, Laureate, the Poet of The Foothills, said:

Þó þú langföruull legðir
sérhvert land undir fót,
bera hugur of hjarta
samt þíns heimalands mót. ¹

(Though you have trodden in travel
All the wide tracts of the earth,
Bear yet the dreams of your bosom
Back to the land of your birth. ²)

My sense of loss was further lightened to learn that my children in the New World were earning the reputation of facing with fortitude the hardships of pioneering life and making a valuable contribution to the opening of new lands and the building of a

new nation; that they were proving themselves good citizens.

Furthermore, it gave me much pleasure, and this contrary to all expectations, that not long after the commencement of the emigration movement, my children from overseas began to visit their old homeland. At first, there came an intermittent few, then more and more, and now large groups.

I rejoice that now are included the second and even the Third Generation Canadian-born.

My children who went to the New World had few material goods or none, but they took with them a precious heritage—ideals. They valued highly the worth of the individual and a free and orderly society. The Sage, Njall, once said:

Með lögum skal land byggja en með ólögum eyða.

(with laws shall the land be built but through lawlessness laid waste.)

In our homeland, we have celebrated the millennial of Althing. Learning and literature have been prized and

¹ Stephan G. Stephansson

there has been a strong sense of history and tradition.

You, my children in this country, have in turn made an important contribution to the old homeland. Former President Ásgeir Ásgeirsson said to you on his visit here:

“The Icelandic people in America opened a window for Iceland on the great outside world”.

Here, I might mention your contribution to the founding of the Icelandic Steamship Company and the guidance your engineers gave us in building the hydro-electric system of our country. Our first aviators came here for their instruction in flying; later they founded the Icelandic Airlines. You have made a significant contribution in the field of literature, both poetry and prose.

Today, in a world that knows so much of conflict, people of Icelandic kin in the Old World and the New have a common role in promoting their cherished ideals of human dignity, law and order, and a parliamentary system of government. Today, we are both citizens of our own lands and world citizens.

² Watson Kirkconnell



TOAST TO CANADA

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE
ANNUAL ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF
MANITOBA HELD AT GIMLI, MANITOBA

AUGUST 7, 1972, BY

JOHN P. SIGVALDASON



JOHN P. SIGVALDASON

Mr. Chairman, Lovely Fjallkona,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I suppose it is inevitable that a Canadian of Icelandic origin who comes to this gathering to propose a Toast to Canada should find himself in a bit of a dilemma. His terms of reference, by custom and tradition, suggest that he should confine himself to saying the conventionally appropriate things about his native land Canada.

But how can anyone of Icelandic background resist saying something, too, about the land of his forefathers? What is involved obviously is not a conflict of loyalties, it is rather a case of wishing to keep things in perspective and maintain a sense of proportion.

This Icelandic Day that has been celebrated for the greater part of a century is testimony to the power of emotion to move the hearts and minds of men. But it is also clear and convincing proof that Icelandic parents

and grandparents were highly successful in passing on, from one generation to another, an abiding desire to cherish and sustain those things that comprise the Icelandic heritage.

It is surely one of the great achievements of countless Icelandic homes wherever they were established in foreign lands that they taught their young to respect and honour all worthy things of Icelandic origin. How magnificently that idea is summed up in an Icelandic phrase in classical style: "að bera virðingu fyrir því sem íslenskt er". Here if I might digress again for a moment more, I should like to suggest that while the sagas and other achievements of Iceland have made it an easy country to admire and respect there must be, I think, something even more fundamental to account for the deep love of country that characterized so strongly the feeling of our immigrant parents and grandparents. I suggest that what inspired this deep feeling of love can best be explained by the wild varied and breathtaking beauty

of the land, beauty which remained deeply embedded in the heart and soul of every sad departing emigrant.

I had my first view of Iceland during the war years when from an aircraft I watched the snow-tipped glaciers emerging through the mists of early morning. It is still an unforgettable memory how magnificently the early morning sun unfolded the beauties of nature, with which the land of our forefathers is so well endowed.

Mér kom í huga nokkrar línur frá skáldinu, Jón Thoroddsen. Eg lærði þessar línur þegar eg var unglingur og eg hef aldrei gleymt myndinni sem hann gaf.

Ó! Fögur er vor fósturjörð
um fríða sumardaga,
er laufin grænu litka börð,
og leikur hjörð í haga;
en dalur lyftir blárri brún
mót blíðum sólar loga,
og glitrar flötur, glóir tún,
og gyllir sunna voga.

But I am here to propose a Toast to Canada, not an easy thing to do when everything relevant has been so well expressed by those who in other years have preceded me on this platform. As they, too, did I repeat that the Icelandic tradition has much to contribute to Canada's evolving identity. As they, too, did I pay tribute to this our homeland, Canada, a country that has given so many new opportunities to millions of people from foreign shores.

But I do not wish to deal only in praise and platitudes. In this toast to Canada, on this Icelandic Day occasion, a celebration by an ethnic group, I think I might appropriately speculate briefly on two or three aspects of the

multi-cultural and multi-linguistic structure of Canadian society. Few if any of the nations of the world have as great a diversity of national origins in relation to the size of the population. Equally important is the fact that this multi-cultural and multi-linguistic character of Canadian society has not yet settled into any firm mould. The proportions are still in process of change.

In the last quarter of a century Canada has taken in more than three and a half million immigrants, a number greater than three and a half times the present population of the Province of Manitoba. Many of these claim neither British nor French ancestry and many have an Asian or African background.

The city of Toronto, where not long ago one never heard a word of any language except English, is now said to have a Public School enrolment with 40 per cent of the pupils speaking a mother tongue other than English.

One more observation if I may on this aspect of the changing character of Canadian society. Perhaps because I have spent some years in Asia, I feel that any speculation concerning the shape of future Canadian society must take into account the probability that the Canada of tomorrow will have a more varied color background than is the case today. Canada is now almost certainly more accessible to immigrants from third world developing countries than is any other country in the world.

Much has been said and written about the dominant role of the white race in world affairs. This has perhaps tended to obscure an important truth and tended also to develop a false complacency about white superiority. In this connection it is worth remembering that the brown and yellow

ances of Asia alone comprise nearly three-fifths of the world's population. In other words three of every five human beings are brown or yellow Asians. The population of the whole North American continent on which we live is only about half the population of India. Again, the black people of Africa are probably no more numerous than the other half of the Indian population.

I did not get this far with my speculations on the increasingly complex structure of Canadian society without asking myself what significance it all has for all ethnic groups of this country. First to bear in mind perhaps is the fact that many of the newcomers are facing the same complex problems of integration that faced earlier European immigrants.

This is a period in our affairs when all Canadians face the challenge of exercising constructive influence in helping to shape a truly Canadian identity. That part of the population, now nearly a third in number, whose background is primarily neither English nor French, has, I believe, a special opportunity to make its influence felt in a significant way. What better way is there than to emphasize the values of a multi-linguistic background and the desirability of preserving as long as possible every minority language that has found or will find its way into this country?

Clearly there has been little national enthusiasm for encouraging the survival in Canada of languages brought to the country by immigrants. Perhaps some have feared that minority languages could be a divisive influence in the country. Others may have had a vague feeling that language use and loyalty to Queen and country somehow related. But I suspect that the lack of enthusiasm for preserving min-

ority languages may also have been caused by a belief that it is beyond the capacity of the average individual to acquire and to retain facility in more than one language.

Perhaps Canadians might ask themselves if they have an inferiority complex about languages.

In material terms Canada is a very rich country. Canada is also a country that is still rich in the linguistic diversity of its people. But human resources no less than material resources can be wasted or they can die from neglect; if language skills are a resource worth possessing then steps should be taken to preserve that resource.

Everyone is aware that it is an arduous and expensive process to learn a foreign language in our schools and colleges. But it is neither arduous nor expensive in a home where the language can be spoken in a natural context. If encouragement is to be given to language study the place to begin is in the home. Perhaps the time has come for a serious study of Canada's linguistic resources and how they might be preserved and utilized more effectively.

In any case, I feel, we should shed all primitive fear that may still exist that the country would be Balkanized if ethnic groups retain as long as possible the languages native to them. Only by encouraging and preserving the multi-linguistic character of Canada will it be possible to develop an attitude of mind that genuinely welcomes into the evolving Canadian identity the worthy elements of the cultural heritage of those Canadians who claim neither English nor French background.

But there is another very practical reason for seeking to preserve Canada's multi-linguistic character. No one needs to be told that in today's

world there is more travel to, and contact with, foreign lands than there was in the world of yesterday. Today for practical reasons Canada must be able to speak with China, with Egypt, with Russia and Ruanda.

The immigrants who came to Canada 80 to 100 years ago might be forgiven if they had believed that their future and their children's future would be adequately served by learning English or French while forgetting their mother tongue. But in today's world can anyone fail to see the advantage that might come to Canada as well as to the sons and daughters of immigrants who are able to learn and keep in good repair the language of their parents or grandparents.

In these days we hear much about the importance of being competitive in the market places of the world. The most successful countries are those that have learned to use every advantage they possess and every facility they can command. The emphasis that has been placed on English only in nine of Canada's provinces and on French only in one province while neglecting or even discouraging other languages, more newly arrived, has not served Canada well in foreign contacts nor has it done much as we can now see for Canadian unity.

In the course of a number of visits to Iceland I never ceased to marvel at the ease with which so many Icelanders could switch effectively from Icelandic to English or French and, of course to Danish and Norwegian.

Again, in far off Indonesia I discovered that an astonishingly large number of men in public life or in business, and their wives as well, were able to speak English and Dutch and many had effective command also of French or German.

In these island countries it is not easy to learn and practise foreign languages. Few countries provide as great a natural opportunity as does Canada to acquire and maintain linguistic ability if only there is appreciation and recognition that this skill is worth exploiting.

And now in conclusion I should like to come back again to one of the basic facts about Canada—the cultural and linguistic diversity of the country. It can so easily be a source of strength and richness in developing a distinct Canadian identity. But this can happen only if the growth and development is permitted to take place in an environment where the pressure to conform are kept in check.

The realization of a Canadian identity is not, however, an end in itself. What matters most, surely, is the character and quality of that identity. It is not something to be forced by fear because fear in this matter is a bad counsellor.

We live in a changing world and no man can foresee the shape of things to come. But we know that nationalism when directed to worthy ends has been a force of good. We know, also, that nationalism has often been misused to justify wars or oppression.

Selfish men have employed it as a convenient technique for bottling up those energies in society that seek genuine freedom for the human spirit and the widest scope for ability and talent.

Our hope for Canada must be that the venturesome spirit of our im-

migrant ancestors will never be stifled. Our hope for Canada must remain a hope for unity but a unity that is strengthened by the diversity of skills and talents of its people. Then Canada will truly be our land, a land to love and cherish whatever the future may bring.

FOOTNOTES — by the Editor

- **Mr. John P. Sigvaldason** is former Ambassador from Canada to Indonesia and to Norway and Iceland.
- **Fjallkona** — The Fjallkona, the Lady of the Mountains, is Iceland personified as Britannia personifies Britain.
- **að bera virðingu fyrir því sem íslenskt er** — to respect that which is Icelandic or to respect things Icelandic.
- **Mér kom í huga nokkrar línur frá skáldinu Jón Thoroddsen . . .** — There came to my mind a few lines from the poem of Jón Thoroddsen. I learned these lines when young and I have never forgotten the picture which he presented.

ICELAND

O lovely is our fatherland
 In radiant summer weather,
 When leaves are green on every hand
 And flocks are gay together.
 Above the vale the blue crests rise
 Athwart the sun's mild glory;
 The meadows glisten to the skies
 The bay reflects the story.

translated by **Watson Kirkconnell**



Lyric Poet of the Pacific Northwest

by **G. Kristjanson**

Many are the people of Icelandic extraction living in North America who have made their mark in the field of letters. Few of these bear a more honoured reputation than the poet Jakobina Johnson of Seattle. Although she has not produced any published works during the past few years, her writings in Icelandic, as well as her translations of Icelandic poetry and song into English verse have earned for her a lasting place with all who cherish the even lyric quality of her poetic expression.

★

Jakobina Johnson has gained her principal reputation through her writings in the Icelandic tongue. This, of course, was her mother tongue as she was born in Iceland (in Aðaldal, Suður Þingeyjarsýsla) and spent the first few years of her life there. In 1889, the family emigrated to the Argyle district of Manitoba, where Jakobina grew up. Her father, Sigurbjorn Johannsson, was a poet in his own right, and unquestionably influenced the family in their tastes and their appreciation for Icelandic literature. This was a home in which the reading aloud of Icelandic classics was a recognized part of their way of living. Jakobina acknowledges this debt in her preface to **Northern Lights** when she says, "This regard (for Icelandic literature), was passed on to me by the influence of the home of my childhood. I grew up in an Icelandic settlement in the Canadian mid-west and under the guidance



Jakobina Johnson

of my father learned to appreciate the language and what it had to offer."

Jakobina attended Collegiate in Winnipeg and taught school during seasonal breaks, in the Argyle district. She was awarded a teaching certificate in 1904. In that same year she was married to Isak Johnson, building contractor. The young couple lived in Winnipeg for less than three years before moving to the West Coast. After a short stay in Victoria, B.C., they took up residence in Seattle, where Jakobina has lived ever since. (She was widowed in 1949). The couple had seven children, five of whom are still living—most of them in the Seattle area.

Jakobina was over thirty years of age before she saw any of her work in print. The Icelandic weeklies (Lögberg and Heimskringla) were the first to print her poems and these were immediately well received. She was persuaded to try her hand at translating lyrics of Icelandic songs into English (such as "Stóð eg út í túngljósi" and others equally well known).

Eventually she was to have the satisfaction of seeing a book of her own verse in print when *Kertaljós* (Candlelight) was published in Reykjavik, in 1938. Watson Kirkconnell, the noted authority on Icelandic American literature, has translated the title poem from his collection, which begins as follows:

All I loved yesterday
in youth's fair morning
is dear to me today,
though dim remembered.

Kirkconnell refers to Jakobina as a "gracious and 'gemutlich' spirit" (see *Icelandic Canadian*, Winter 1963 issue) and the lines quoted above would probably still describe her feelings toward those bygone years of the turn of the century.

In 1940 *The Wish* (Galdra-Loftur, Johann Sigurjonsson) appeared in *Poet Lore*. 1942 saw the publication of *Sá eg Svani* (I Saw Swans), a collection of particularly charming little poems.

Northern Lights and Other Icelandic Poems—an anthology of her translations of Icelandic ballads — was brought out in 1959. A number of these poems had already appeared in *American Scandinavian Review* and other publications. In his Introduction to this volume, Henry Goddard Leach commented "They are traditional, not experimental, verse produced in melo-

dious rhyme suitable, as many have been, to set to music for song." The *Icelandic Canadian* saluted the publication of this book (Spring, 1960) with these words: "Both in originals and in translations Jakobina Johnson's poetic art reveals to the reader her deep love of what is beautiful, her fondness of what is of the home and close to nature."

Because of her reputation as a poet, as well as her knowledge of things Icelandic and her great personal charm, Jakobina was for many years sought after as a speaker both in her own community and elsewhere. She visited Iceland in 1935 as a guest of youth organizations and of the Western Icelanders' Society in Reykjavik. Since that time she has paid two further visits to the mother country.

Some idea of the regard in which she is held by her friends and associates may be gathered from the following comments made by Walter Johnson, Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature, University of Washington (at Seattle):

Ever since I came to Seattle a quarter of a century ago, Jakobina Johnson has been the first lady of the Icelandic community here and has been deservedly called that not only by her fellow Icelandic-Americans but by people in all the other Scandinavian communities. Her leadership among the Icelanders, her cooperation with other Scandinavians, her role as a hostess for visitors from Iceland, and her personal charm have given her position and prestige over the years.

Much of her charm, sensitivity, imagination, and quiet modesty are reflected in her own poems, which are traditional in form but

decidedly personal in substance. These along with her many faithful translations from the Icelandic have earned for her a place of distinction in a rich literary heritage.

Jakobina Johnson has been in failing health for the last few years, and is no longer able to play an active role as "first lady of the Icelandic com-

munity", as she could in former years. Her contribution to Icelandic North American culture has been considerable, however, and warmly appreciated by all who have been influenced thereby. The *Icelandic Canadian* regards it as a privilege to salute this gracious lady of letters in the twilight period of her life. She has enriched our cultural heritage and we can all be grateful for it.

BRILLIANT BRANDON PIANIST GIVEN STANDING OVATION

Pauline Martin was given a standing ovation at the conclusion of her piano recital in the Evans Theatre at Brandon University Wednesday evening. Her opening selections were by Bach. "Never have I heard such beautiful Bach played," said Daphne Sandercock, adjudicator at the Brandon Musical Festival in May, 1969, when Pauline was only 14.

Her Bach number was followed by Sonata No. 3 by Kabalevsky and then the delightful Seventeen Variations Serieuses by Mendelssohn. During the intermission Mrs. Shirley Dilley, well known Brandon pianist, was heard to say "She's terrific. Such tone and technique."

Pauline has been winning trophies and scholarships at musical festivals every year since the family moved to Brandon in the fall of 1967.

During the 1970 festival Alma Brock Smith, a specialist teaches and lecturer on techniques, was the adjudicator. "Pauline Martin is an outstanding pianist," she said. "She is a natural and her love of music and ability to ex-

press it are obvious. This is a very high calibre of playing.

In 1971 Dr. Dale Reubart, chairman of the piano faculty at the University of British Columbia, adjudicated senior piano. He holds degrees of bachelor of arts, master of music and doctor of musical arts.

After hearing her play he said, "Pauline gave a beautiful performance. For a 17-year-old girl she plays with maturity, has wonderful ideas and control. She is very intelligent and musical."

The second half of Pauline's recital Wednesday evening featured selections by Beethoven, Debussy and Chopin.

During the Brandon festival a month ago Adjudicator Prof. Gordon Wallis was also very impressed with her playing. He came from the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus. "Pauline's performance was one of the most mature I've ever heard," he said. "Her innate musicality is a revelation.

—Free Press, June 19, 1972

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH SOLVEIG SVEINSSON

Solveig Sveinsson is now 95 years. When 91 years, she wrote an account of her childhood days in New Iceland in the 1880's and 1890's and her schooldays in Winnipeg. The manuscript is too long to publish its entirety in *The Icelandic Canadian*. We appreciate the opportunity given us to publish excerpts, which will, it is hoped, give a reasonably coherent picture. —Ed.

CHILDHOOD IN NEW ICELAND

So I turn my mental vision backward and call upon my lucky stars to stand by me that I may remember—that I may write truthfully, accurately the Memoirs of a Daughter of Pioneers. Of course I can only write, only remember as an individual, as for myself alone, but I am reasonably sure that pioneering children of that date have the same story to tell as I have, different only in small details.

* * *

Our cabin was built on the bank of a river; in the spring especially, big enough for boats to come from Lake Winnipeg up to the landing place father had fixed up for his boat; one that he had built himself, and a good one.

To me it was a beautiful river. Winter or summer it was a source of so many pleasures for us children. We learned to swim in it in the summer—almost lived in it.

* * *

As far as we kids were concerned there was no kick coming on the Manitoba winter, even if the thermometer often showed twenty, even thirty be-

low zero. We rarely had anything to show for that but a nipped ear.

* * *

I could not see anything wrong with this wild country, as mother called it. Nor could I see any reason why she should not be happy in our nice little cabin. Winter or summer—biting cold or sweltering heat held no terror for us. Sometimes even the days did not seem long enough to get in all the fun we could have had.

* * *

Although I was then nine years old since the twentieth of January I don't remember details too clearly except that Reggie or I were often sent to Gimli to the only doctor that served the settlement. Gimli was a little town four miles north of our place. What we called a town then consisted of a cluster of small houses, a general store and a post office. The postmaster being a homeopath, was the only help the settlers could seek in any case of sickness.

The next real doctor was in Selkirk, thirty miles away, with roads impassable most of the time—or almost so, both in summer and winter.

Mother gave us stern orders to guard well the one or two small bottles that the postmaster would give us. See to it that he himself pushed the bottles deep into a coat pocket then pinned the pocket closed with a safety pin she had pinned on for that purpose.

Both Reggie and I would have guarded with our lives these small vials the man gave us, for mother had told us, with tears in her eyes, that upon their safe delivery depended the life of our small brother.

* * *

A funeral! A beautiful farewell party for one who has gone away from us.

These affairs, costly and dignified as they have become, have never made as much impression upon me as did the funeral (if you can call it that) of my little brother. My dear little brother in a wooden box on top of the roof of our cabin so as to be out of reach of wild beasts, and where he would have to stay till the ground thawed so that he could be buried deep down in mother earth.

This my first encounter with death was also the first incident in my life that really left its mark on me. I don't think that ever afterwards I felt just the same as I did before. Life had suddenly put so many questions to me. I lay awake at night wondering, puzzling. My brother in a box on top of the roof and mother said he was not really there. So where could he be? I resented very much that I should not be allowed to understand things about my little brother.

* * *

Then, of course, this summer passed

as summers have a way of doing; evenings that we kids had to spend inside became longer. Mother had already taught Reggie and me to read Icelandic, so we had to read a chapter in our Bible every night. She had told us that in Iceland every child that was not a halfwit knew how to read at the age of five. I think she was right, at that, for once you know the Icelandic alphabet you can read the language without half trying—that is if you know how to speak it.

School had been promised the settlers to start next year and mother was anxious that we knew her mother tongue before we moved entirely into an English-speaking world. That, of course I did not see any sense in till years later, but her efforts served their purpose for Reggie and I came to know the Icelandic language very well and read it for mother and dad in the evenings till we were blue in the face.

We had no modern books to read. Besides the Bible we had all the old sagas and a big volume called History of the World. I must confess that even that early we preferred those to the Bible. They seemed to appeal more to our childish minds and soon we needed no prompting to read them just to ourselves. Both of us were fascinated with books and the worlds they revealed to us. The worlds of wars and vikings—of kings and queens—of huge ships upon the seas, of slaves and prisons.

As these were the only books we had, we read them avidly. I feel pretty certain that before we started going to school we knew more about the Sagas and Ancient History than many do now out of grade school.

I do not mean to boast for that to me seems only natural. We were of average intelligence and reading was

a welcome change from driving the cows home, feeding calves, and even to swimming and skating. Also, our parents used to join us in discussing what we read. Both had read these books over and over again, and loved to explain to us as best they could so many things that puzzled us, so vast the difference in the life we were living and what we read about.

* * *

That fall and winter (of 1887) I did a lot of reading during the long winter evenings. After a strenuous day of playing in the snow and helping dad with whatever I could do to help I was glad to settle down to reading. Even that great, big book called *The History of the World* had become at least partly interesting. Of all our books mother preferred the books of poetry, and she read from them whenever she found time to open a book, which was not often.

To me, that far, those lovely lines of poetry she spoke of did not mean much. They were something like my dreams; very nice, but what did they mean?

Anyway, that was all we had to read, so read it we must. The winter of 1887 was the time I first found stirring within me a discontent—no—no, not a discontent — but a curiosity — the beginning of a desire to know more about other places. I had a growing suspicion that there were a lot of other places besides this settlement. But I still harbored the feeling that there probably was nowhere anything as nice, and certainly not nicer.

* * *

From that winter on—the winter of 1887, I can remember things much more clearly than before that time. I

don't think so much more happened than before but I was more conscious of the significance of what did happen.

* * *

For instance my mother told me—on the 20th of January that year — that I was now ten years old. This was my birthday!

As to forgetting about my age, well, I had a small chance to. Being the oldest of the children I was forever being reminded that I was the oldest. I should have watched them more closely, I was the oldest. I should have remembered this or that, I was the oldest. "You should have known better, you are the oldest".

Sometimes I cried and felt that I had never had a chance to be a child myself for always I was the oldest, but being naturally light-hearted that kind of a mood did not last long. In later years as I gradually climbed up the trail to my hill of years I have often wondered if I had not unconsciously stored up within myself some of the youth I never had a chance to splurge in to its full extent because — because I was the oldest. Stored it up for future use.

Be that as it may. How can I know? All through my life — at the most unexpected moments, a reckless—a youthful spirit, would come to my aid and see me through hardships and loneliness. I have always been able to enjoy the very simplest things in life. A sunny day, the peaceful routine of everyday life, the beauty of a ship upon the lake — my dandelion patch.

Oh, but my mind is wandering as I sit here upon my hill of years — — and where was I? Oh, yes, I was ten years old — and the oldest of the kids.

* * *

I, for one, was getting very anxious for school to start. Mother had a book with lessons in English and she could help herself a lot with the Indians who spoke English of a sort. That book also helped me.

At a meeting the settlers held, my father was one of three elected for the school board. They were supposed to do all they could to have a school in the settlement by next year, or as soon as they could.

Quite often my dad had to take trips to Winnipeg, fifty miles south of our place. Sometimes he got a lift part of the way; in summer by someone going by boat up the Red River to Selkirk, which meant a little more than half the way. In the winter he sometimes went with a neighbor driving a team of oxen to Selkirk for tools and supplies not handled by the small store in town.

Usually he walked from Selkirk to Winnipeg and sometimes all the way back again. It was a strenuous trip to take and took up much of the precious time needed for one pair of hands to turn a hundred and sixty acres of wild land into productive soil.

* * *

After the fashion of other months April also passed and May came dancing in. May "the darling" — the favorite of all months. In its warm embrace it enfolded the poor little cabin that had gone through such a horrid winter. All about us now life smiled up to a cloudless, blue sky. May had

kissed the earth, and the earth rejoiced.

And in May Ingeborg came, and as usual she was full of jokes, full of laughter. Mother was still up and about when Ingeborg came, but Ingeborg insisted kindly that she go to bed and take the weight off her feet.

"I'm going to make a cup of good, strong coffee. It will make you forget, my good woman. Make you feel more chipper."

Late that evening my little sister Kris was born and I was so glad to now have a sister. Ingeborg stayed with us for a few days but neither her coffee nor her cheerfulness made mother feel any more chipper. One of her breasts had started to fester and she suffered agonies.

She was confined to her bed for several weeks and of course the baby had to be bottle fed. I had to prepare the formula that mother made up for her. Mother evidently knew what she was doing, for the baby thrived as well as did the others all breast-fed. But mother had an awful time of it. For her it seemed one thing after another. Once when she had a particularly bad spell I heard her murmur to herself:

"I must not die, I must not die. What would happen to all my children?"

With father's help Reggie and I managed to keep the younger kids fed and looked after—at least of a sort, but we were all running out of clothes. At that time there were no stores we could run to and buy ready-made clothes, which was just as well for there was no money to buy them.

No money for anything but bare necessities, so early we had learned to do without, but going about naked was another thing again and mother was sorely puzzled. Any headway father

might have been making in his farming had had a rude set back this last year, with his long sickness and absence from work and now mother's sickness and another mouth to feed.

From the old country she had brought with her a little hand-run sewing machine. On that she had sewn all the clothes we had had since we came to the cabin. Now with no material to sew — what was she going to do?

Rather than have the boys running outside naked she thought of a last resort. She sent me to delve into the mysteries of the old trunk that they had brought from home. Home, as all the settlers called the country from which they had come. That trunk stood in a corner of the kitchen-bedroom-livingroom that was our home and served as a settee—or more correctly just as a seat in the absence of all but one chair.

As mother ordered, I brought out a parcel wrapped in pink paper. My mother's festive national costume. Now going to be cut up into clothes for the boys and perhaps a dress for me. From outside I brought in a part of a wide board and laid it on the bed, across my mother's knees. On this board she was going to cut up her lovely dress into pieces for the boy's pants and I was to sew them together on her little machine, as she directed.

As she cut into the beautiful, black broadcloth the tears ran down her cheeks. I almost cried too. She had a picture of herself in that costume in a small box kept in the old trunk. In that picture she looked so pretty, so happy. Now she would never wear it again.

While she was cutting the material

she muttered, mostly to herself, I guess:

"Next thing it will be your father's frock-coat. Well, it might as well be. He'll never wear it again. Overalls, overalls, will be all he'll ever need in this God forsaken country."

I was sorry for my mother but I could not understand her attitude towards this country. To me it was a beautiful place. The nice clearing about the cabin, the little cabin itself with two windows. What could be nicer? I thought.

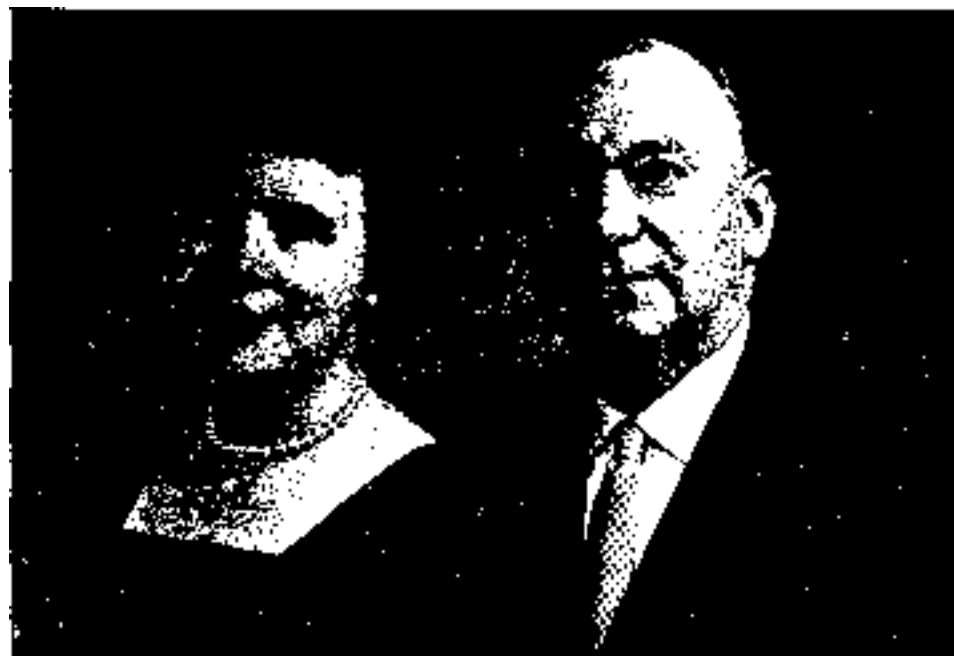
And why should not I think so? It was all I had ever seen. I had not even read about anything else. What I had read about wealth and castles in the Bible and the Ancient History was so far away from me in both space and time that I never connected it with my own way of living in any way.

I had not known anything else, so I was satisfied—even happy. I could not long for things I did not know existed. I could not miss things I never had. I did not realize — I did not know then that my mother had lived a gracious life. Had been loved and protected while she was in her own country. Therefore I did not realize now that she was homesick—lonely—and heartsick.

That spring and early summer I served my apprenticeship as a seamstress, for mother was in bed for weeks. Even after she started getting about she was rundown and feeble. She taught me, too, how to cut out garments by ripping old ones for a pattern. I liked sewing and was always thankful for the training my mother gave me. She liked things done well—done right, and made me do as she told me.

(to be continued)

HIS EXCELLENCY GUÐMUNDUR Í. GUÐMUNDSSON, AMBASSADOR FROM ICELAND TO CANADA VISITS WINNIPEG



His Excellency Guðmundur Í. Guðmundsson, Ambassador of Iceland to the United States and to Canada, and his wife frú Rósa Íngólfssdóttir

His Excellency Guðmundur Í. Guðmundsson, Ambassador to the United States and Canada and other American countries, and his wife frú Rósa Íngólfssdóttir, visited Winnipeg in the week of August 13.

The Icelandic National League held a dinner in honor of the Ambassador and his wife at the Hotel Fort Garry on August 16. Invited guests at an impressive gathering were well representative of Icelandic community organizations in the city.

In the course of his brief address the Ambassador presented clearly Iceland's reason for extending the offshore fishing limits to foreign fishermen from twelve miles to fifty miles.

The stark facts are that 90 per cent of Iceland's export are based on the fishing industry and that industry is now being threatened by fishermen of various nationalities that have substantially depleted fishing banks elsewhere and have moved onto the Continental Shelf surrounding Iceland and threaten to destroy fishing resources there.

Dr. Philip M. Petursson presided at the dinner. Mr. Skuli Johannsson, President of the National League, presented the Ambassador with one of the specially bound and suitably engraved copies of Book of Settlements translation, published by the University of Manitoba Press this summer.

AMBASSADOR GUÐMUNDUR IVARSSON GUÐMUNDSSON

Ambassador Guðmundur Ivarsson Guðmundsson was born in Hafnarfjörður, Iceland, in 1909. He graduated in law from the University of Iceland in 1934 and practiced law in Reykjavik 1934-1945. He was appointed Supreme Court lawyer in 1939; also he was sheriff of three counties (sýslur), 1945 to 1965.

He was Vice-Chairman of the Social Democratic Party from 1940 to 1965 and a member of Althing from 1942 to 1965.

He was elected to the Advisory Board of the Fisheries Bank of Ice-

land in 1957 and became chairman of it in 1961, in which position he remained until he resigned in 1965.

He was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1956 and served in four governments till 1965.

In 1965 he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Britain; also Holland, Spain, and Portugal. In 1971, he was appointed Ambassador to the United States and, in February, 1972, he presented his credentials to the Governor-General of Canada. He is also Ambassador to Brazil, Mexico and Cuba.

TOAST TO ICELAND: DR. PALL S. ARDAL

The following is a quotation from Lake Centre news.

Dr. Pall S. Ardal, Professor of Philosophy at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, delivered the Toast to Iceland. He mentioned the poet Tómas Gunnarsson, who wrote of the trials of mountain climbing, stating that nothing was really steep, there were just different degrees of flatness. He said that to be a worthy child of the Fjallkona was not to accept any obstacle as unsuperable, not even the weather. This attitude of never accepting defeat will finally win any war.

In conclusion the speaker wished success to Iceland, now and for all time to come.



PURPOSEFUL ONENESS

by Walter J. Lindal

The following are excerpts from a lengthy article by Judge Walter J. Lindal, of Deer Lodge (Veterans) Hospital, Winnipeg, Manitoba. This article originally appeared in the magazine "Abundant Living", published in San Diego, California, by the Abundant Living Foundation, a non-profit religious and educational corporation. This magazine has a wide circulation. —Editor

Humanity is in a state of deep concern. And with reason. Everything seems to be at the breaking point.

We are a part of the universe and must think at the universal level.

In our deliberations, we must constantly keep in mind that there is a creative force which created the universe, is constantly expanding it, and will continue to do so indefinitely.

There are questions to be asked. What is the nature of the universe and what is man's purpose on the planet Earth? For man to understand his purpose and the nature of the universe, let us first consider the immensity of the universe. Using a common yardstick of measurement of distance, the mile, our thoughts can take us billions and trillions of miles away, but there is still a beyond. Using the speed of light, roughly 186,000 miles per second, as a unit of measurement, we find that even this unit of distance is quite inadequate for our purpose. Many suns (stars) are thousands, even hundreds of thousands of light-years away, but there are no signs of a beginning, still a beyond. It may be termed a void but beyond the void there is something.

Man begins to grasp the meaning of infinity.

A new unit of measure for distance will have to be coined. Thought, according to eminent psychologists, is

considered a reality to the human mind. One can then imagine that thought travels faster than light. A new measure of distance is created—a thought-year. Even that is not sufficient. Nebulae may be thousands of thought-years away, but there still is a beyond.

Man, in his curiosity, decided to break the atom. He finally succeeds. Lo and behold! There he finds a new world. It functions the same as the planet Earth, the same laws of motion, of continuity, and of rhythm.

Man detours and investigates the amoeba which multiplies simply by splitting into two. The most powerful microscopes fail him but his mental eye gazes further. It passes the molecule and reaches the virus in which there is life, most disturbing to the medical profession—and to humanity.

Amazement grips us. We begin to see the relationship between organic and inorganic matter.

It may be that we can obtain a better understanding of the universe by concentrating our thoughts on the human in action here on the planet Earth.

In human thought, man has a purpose and that purpose must be in concert with his fellow man. Only then can there be peace on earth. What is that purpose?

Is it love?

Love is the noblest quality of the human being. Where there is love, there cannot be hatred or greed. Where there is true love it is not difficult to love your enemy or to regard yourself as your neighbor's keeper.

Oneness and attunement with limitless love and power can be seen in the distant blue.

The oneness and the purpose of the existence of the universe with man dwelling relatively for but a moment on earth in a human body have been given some thought. Now a few moments must be devoted to the human being and his purpose on Earth.

Man's duties extend further than to his family and immediate friends. True human love, and it is the same as universal love, extends to his enemies. The truer the love, the easier it is to love imagined enemies; one even finds within himself a readiness

to help them. We are told that we are not our neighbor's keepers, but if we were truly selfless we would want to be our neighbor's keepers. They and we would become like the three musketeers of Alexander Dumas: one for all and all for one.

Physics tells us that the different colors when properly blended produce whiteness, that purity at which all mankind aims. On the other hand, a color by itself, for instance, blackness, may become irritating. What matters the color of the skin of a human being? It is not the pigment that is hated but the person who has pigmented skin. Surely we humans ought to be able to eradicate our own blackness of thought and in the process produce a radiant whiteness of thought and a consciousness of limitless love and power.



Ox team and lumber wagon at the Lunder Diamond Jubilee, July 6, 1947

SURPRISE INVITATION TO CHINA

Towards the end of April, the Canadian Wheat Board received a surprise invitation from China. The Chinese government invited board members to visit Peking, only four months after a contract had been signed for a big purchase of wheat.

The invitation was for the end of May and at that time four representatives of the Board flew to Peking: Dr. Larry Kristjanson and R. M. Esdale, commissioners; Jim Leibfried, marketing co-ordinator, and Bill Coleman, of the market analysis and development department who speaks fluent Mandarin.

For Dr. Kristjanson, it was his sixth visit to China and the reception was friendly. The Chinese started off by feigning surprise at his early return.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Li, the chief negotiator.

"I don't know why really," responded Dr. Kristjanson. "We're your guests."

Taking up the ball, Mr. Li asked: "Well, let's see. Would you want to see Shanghai and Hang-chou?"

"We'd be glad to," said Dr. Kristjanson.

"Maybe we'd better get to work first," replied Mr. Li with a big smile.

The "work" was most agreeable to the Canadians. It resulted in a further

sale of wheat to the value of \$100 million.

The warm reception accorded the Canadian Wheat Board team reveals something of the good relations between China and Canada. Canada is the only western country to sell wheat to China this year and that has meant a great deal to prairie farmers.

China has purchased a total of 165 million bushels in the contracts now running. It hasn't purchased any wheat recently from Australia or France, its other western supplier. Australia has not recognized China. As for France, China has been critical of its quality of wheat since it encountered some problems a few years ago.

The Chinese sale, plus those made to other countries, now assures another big year of exports for Canada. The next Canadian Wheat Board year begins on Aug. 1. At that time Canada will have about 105 million bushels of wheat remaining to deliver on its contracts to China.

Footnote: The Canadian Wheat Board representatives did not visit Shanghai or Hang-chou. However, they were taken on visits to the ballet, factories and communes.

* * *

The above account is from an ar-

ticle by Val Werier in the Winnipeg Tribune, June, 1972.

Dr. Larry Kristjanson, as the article states, is a Commissioner with the Canadian Wheat Board, and is stationed at the Wheat Board Headquarters Offices in Winnipeg.

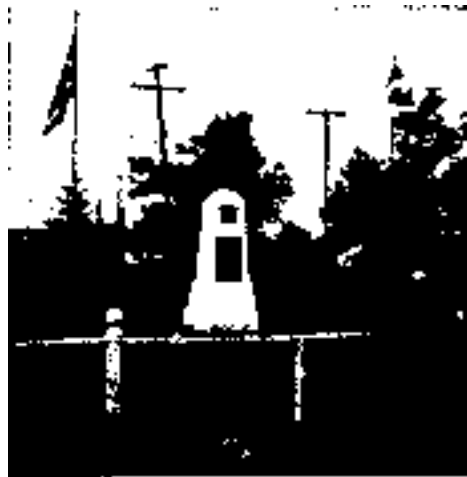
Dr. Kristjanson was born at Gimli, Manitoba. He received his B.A. degree from North Dakota State University and his Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin.

He joined the Wheat Board in 1959.

Dr. Kristjanson has enjoyed his six visits to China; at the same time, he says, it will call for more than his six visits to really understand the Chinese.

In February, 1972, Dr. Kristjanson visited Moscow, at which time the U.S.S.R. purchased 5 million tons of Canadian wheat. The impression made by the Russians on the Canadian representatives in the wheat sales is very good. —W.K.

THE LUNDAR PIONEER MEMORIAL



The Lundar Pioneer Memorial was erected July 17, 1955. It is in commemoration of the Icelandic pioneers

of Lundar, Otto, Markland, Vestfold (the last three clustering around Shoal Lake) and the adjoining districts. Lundar was first settled in 1887; Otto in 1890.

The memorial, of concrete, has a dark-grey base and the shaft is off-white in color. The design was selected from a number of models and slightly modified to resemble a basalt rock (stuðlaberg) formation, common in Iceland. The selection committee consisted of John Bjornson, Gisli Magnusson, Daniel Lindal, Kari Byrson, Margrave Halldorson, Vigfus Gutormson and Rev. Bragi Friðriksson. The builder was Sveinn Bjornson.

GRADUATES - 1972

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

Richard Wayne Stevenson
Olivia Julia Thorsteinson

Bachelor of Arts

Philip Douglas Backman
Norman Richard Dalman
Darrel Richard Erickson
Robert Walter Gustafson
Vernon Keith Hildahl

James Edward Jans

Theresa Bernadette Johanneson

Karen Louise Kristjanson

Lezlie Ann Martinson

Kenneth Dallas Medd

Gregory Haldor Sanderson

JoAnn Lesley Solmundson

Anne Eileen Thorkelsson

Master of Social Work

Mardell Laverna Eliason, B.A. (Sask.)

Bachelor of Science (Honours)

Axel John Christopher Magnusson

Kathryn Mary Bjorg Medd (First Class Honours)

Bachelor of Science

Ian Donald Hagenson

Robert Ivan Johannson

Alexander Eric Matheson

Bachelor of Physical Education

Laura Ann Larson

Bachelor of Social Work

Brian Ingvar Gudmundson, B.A. (Sask.)

Frederick Norman Magnusson

Certificate in Management

Baldur Hafsteinn Johnson

Master of Education

Clarence Thorsteinson Swainson, B.A., B.Ed., Comprehensive Examinations.

Bachelor of Home Economics

(Four Year Programme)

Margaret Elizabeth Arason

Patricia Elizabeth Benson

Bachelor of Home Economics

(Three Year Programme)

Isabelle Marie Rose Thorvardson

Bachelor of Pedagogy

Gudmundur Hannes Boundy,

B.S.Sec. Educ. (W. Mont.)

Certificate in Education

Keith Allan Benson, B.A. (Wpg.)

Thor Edward Halgren, B.A. (Wpg.)

Irma Beth Oleson, B.A.

Diploma in Psychiatry

Janice Carolyne Ingimundson,
B.Sc., M.D.

Bachelor of Laws

Bergthor Geirhard Bjorgvin Palsson,
B.A.

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

William Einar Jonasson

Doctor of Medicine

John David Peterson

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy

Gail Marie Hanneson

Diploma in Agriculture

Melvyn Sigurdsteinn Eyolfson

Leslie Ernest Jacobson

Harold Kristjan Thorkelson

Diploma in Dairying

John Sigurdur Magnusson

Arnar Sigmar Palsson

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Civil)**

Douglas Nicholas Peterson

Donald Sigmar Sigvaldason

Denis Eigil Svanhill

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Electrical)**

Frederick Sigurdur Bergman

Bachelor of Education

John Aaron Christianson, B.Sc. (M.E.)

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Mechanical)**

Leonard Bergman

Associate in Education

Ruth Elizabeth Bergman

Edward Wilson Martinson

Bachelor of Commerce (Honours)

Kenneth Arthur Swanson

**University of Manitoba Graduate
Fellowships**

James Michael Thorkelson, \$3,300.00

Olivia Julian Thorsteinson \$1,000.00

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG

Melvin Wayne Christianson, B.Sc.,
Deloraine, Manitoba.

Raymond Daniel Gislason, B.A.,
264 Chalmers Ave., Winnipeg

Wayne Norman Johnson, B.Sc., and
B.A.
44 Argyle Bay, Winnipeg

**CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVER-
SITY**

Sharon L. Kies, graduated in June,
1972 as Bachelor of Arts with distinc-
tion from California State University
at St. Jose, California.

Sharon is the daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. G. Kristjanson, of 8 Selwyn Place,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Hjalmur F. Danielson

The Nineteenth Anniversary of Percy Aldridge Grainger



Percy Aldridge Grainger

An aura of excellence seems to surround our Icelandic language and literature, so that scholars of many nations, who come in contact with samples of them, become fascinated and endeavour to pursue the subject further. One of these men was the world renowned pianist Percy Grainger, who was also a composer of note. He became a great friend of Iceland and through the years gained a considerable knowledge of the Scandinavian languages and of ancient Icelandic literature in particular.

Percy Grainger was born in Melbourne, Australia, July 8, 1882, and after a long and fruitful career in

music, died in 1961. From his sixth year to his tenth, his mother, who was passionately devoted to music, sat beside him for two hours daily while he practiced on the piano. Then he began his studies with Louis Pabst, and advanced quickly in his chosen field, appearing in public at the age of ten. By the time he was twelve years old he had earned enough through concert work to go to Germany for further study, accompanied by his mother, who was his constant companion and good guide for many years.

In 1901 they settled in London, and for the next years Grainger toured England, Australia, S. Africa, Holland, Scandinavia, and other European countries, giving piano recitals.

His interpretation of classical music was superb, and Bach was his favorite composer. But he also had a keen feeling for the more modern composers, and was one of the very first pianists to include in his recitals the music of Debussy, Ravel, Cyril Scott, Delius, Albeniz and other moderns.

In 1905 Grainger began to collect folksongs, recording them with the aid of a phonograph. In this manner he gathered many hundreds of melodies in England, Denmark and other countries.

In 1907 the famous Norwegian composer, Edward Grieg, heard Grainger play and wrote as follows in the Scandinavian Press: "What is nationality? — I wrote Norwegian peasant dances that none of my countrymen could play,

and here comes this young Australian and interprets them as they should be interpreted. He is a genius such as we Scandinavians must love". At that time Grieg also put down in his diary the enthusiastic admiration he felt for Grainger in these words: "Last night we took Percy Grainger to the steamer that was to carry him to his mother in Denmark. What a man! What an artist! What a lofty idealist, what a child, and at the same time, what a large and mature conception of Life is his! He is a socialist-of-the future of the purest type. His folksong activities are of the greatest significance for they combine musical mastery, capacity in comparative philology, historical and poetic vision, and immense enthusiasm for actual collecting. And not merely enthusiasm, but a practical grasp of the task as it seems to me." Grieg then chose Grainger to play the Grieg Concerto at the Leeds, England, Festival that same year.

Percy Grainger made his American debut in 1915 and became an American citizen in 1918, while serving as a bandsman in the U.S. Army.

As a composer Grainger is no less famous than as a virtuoso pianist. When he wrote his "Country Gardens", he little foresaw that it was destined to be his most popular composition, and a "best seller", and pieces such as "Molly on the Shore", "Irish Tune from county Derry", "Shepherds Hey", are played wherever music is made.

His "Country Gardens" came into being during the First World War, when Grainger was serving in the 15th Band, C.A.C., at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. This band was called upon to play a great deal for Liberty Loan drives and often on these occasions, someone would step up and say: "I hear you have a pianist in your outfit; let him play something." Grainger

tried to think of something that would have an appeal to every class of listener, and the English tune, Country Gardens, occurred to him as likely to prove pleasing, because of its tunefulness and rhythmic pulsations. He would improvise upon this melody as often as four or five times an evening as his band moved from one Liberty Loan meeting to another. Gradually these improvisations took a more definite and settled form, and one day at the barracks at Governor's Island, Grainger put his adaptations of Country Gardens on paper. This little piece has since broken all sales records, selling for a time at the rate of 27,000 copies a year in the U.S. alone, while it was also appearing in British, German, Scandinavian and Australian editions. When Grainger married the Swedish painter and poetess, Ella Viola Strom in 1928, he composed an orchestral number, "The Nordic Princess," as a wedding gift to her. Among his other published compositions are: "Marching Song of Democracy"; about forty settings of Kipling's poems; and about seventy settings of British, Scandinavian and American folk music.

Grainger was a vegetarian and did not touch alcoholic drinks or tobacco. His favourite drinks were water, buttermilk and orange juice. He was very fond of football, swimming, tennis, but found little leisure to indulge in any of these healthy outdoor exercises. But there was one exercise he took regularly and that was walking or rather trotting! Wherever he wanted to go, (if it was not too desperately far) he trotted. Once in South Africa he walked, or rather, trotted, from Pietermaritzburg to Durban, a distance of sixty-five miles, between a Friday concert in Pietermaritzburg and a Saturday evening concert in Durban. In

London he was called the "trotting pianist".

Grainger twice gave piano recitals in Winnipeg. First in 1919 and then in 1948, under the auspices of the Celebrity Series. During his first visit he met Rev. Rögnvaldur Petursson, and contributed a very fine article to the "Tímarit" of 1920 (translated into Icelandic I believe by Dr. Petursson). During his second visit he stopped only over Sunday, but did not meet any Icelanders. He had requested the Free Press to try to secure for him an Icelandic dictionary, and they in turn, asked Mrs. Danielson, who was then Editor-in-Chief of the Icelandic Canadian, to fill his request. After she sent the English-Icelandic dictionary to Mr. Grainger, they corresponded for some years and we have many most interesting letters from him, where he expresses his deep interest in and admiration for Icelandic literature, ancient and modern.

Grainger said that when he was in his tenth year (in Australia) he read avidly Homer's hero stories and the "Boys' Own Annual" and revelled in the stories of the Vikings at the time of the Anglo-Saxons. In one of his letters he says: "This brought me to read Freeman's History of Old England, and I also happened to get hold of other stories from the middle ages, among them the saga of "Grettir the Strong", and I thought that was the most wonderful story I had ever read. I was then in my eleventh year, and ever since I have been very anxious to be able to read the Icelandic Sagas in the original language. When I visited Denmark in 1904 I was getting so well acquainted with Danish that I could read and understand it. Then I bought my first Icelandic Saga, "Egil's Saga", and struggled for about a year to read it without a dictionary.

In 1906 when I met Edward Grieg, who has correctly been called "The little Viking", a great friendship sprang up between us, which increased my interest in the Northern countries and their culture."

In a letter dated April 7, 1948, Grainger says: I have been reading the Old Icelandic Sagas for many years in English, since 1892, and in Icelandic since 1904. But I have just begun reading modern Icelandic works. I am deeply impressed with three modern Icelandic novels my wife and I have been reading lately: "Innan Sviga" by Halldor Stefansson, in Icelandic, and "Salka Valka" and "Independent People" (Laxness) in English. It would mean a great deal to me if I could get "Innan Sviga" in English and the others in Icelandic. The meaning of Iceland, the Icelanders and the Icelandic language for us Anglo-Saxons is boundless. I would like to see Icelandic literature enthroned in every educational centre in the English-speaking world. I would like to see it take precedence over the dead languages such as Greek and Latin, and even placed above German, French Italian and Spanish. (Mrs. Danielson was able to obtain for Mr. Grainger, many of the books he mentioned from time to time in his letters).

In a letter of April 9, 1948, Grainger says: "There is some special element of value in the emotional background behind these stories (The Icelandic literature, especially, the Ancient) — something absolutely different from so many Danish, Swedish and Norwegian stories, that we also love and appreciate. I am inclined to think that this special element in the modern Icelandic stories is derived from the Heroic and Aristocratic background, which unites them with the old Icelandic Sagas. I always feel that to leave the

heroic and aristocratic (background elements) out of modern life is highly impractical."

Percy Grainger regretted very much the Norman invasion of England, and how it played havoc with the Anglo-Saxon language. On the other hand he marvelled at how the Icelandic language has emerged so pure after so many centuries without being tainted by foreign languages.

Graingers' interest in, and admiration for the ancient Icelandic literature was so intense that I am sure he would have agreed with Sir George Webb Dasent, who was the first of several scholars to translate "Njál's saga" into English, where he says: "Putting aside the study of Old Norse (Icelandic) for the sake of its magnificent literature, and considering it merely as an accessory help for the English student, we shall find it of immense advantage, not only in tracing

the rise of words and idioms, but still more in clearing up many dark points in our early history; in fact so highly do I value it in this respect, that I cannot imagine it possible to write a satisfactory history of the Anglo-Saxon period without a thorough knowledge of the Old Norse literature."

Percy Grainger had promised Mrs. Danielson to write an article for the Icelandic Canadian magazine which would, I am sure, have proved to be a wonderful prod and eye-opener to us of Icelandic descent who do not at all times apply ourselves as we should to the study and appreciation of our noble heritage. But we may be pleased and proud that men of great stature in the world of Arts and Letters, such as Percy Grainger (and others) were enthusiastic champions of our language, history and literature. But unfortunately pressure of concert work prevented him from doing so in time.

ATLANTICA AND ICELAND REVIEW

The following quotation is an appraisal of *Atlantica and Iceland Review* by Haraldur J. Hamar and Heimir Hanneson, editors-publishers of the magazine. Credit is coming to them for an honest self-appraisal and the quotation is re-printed intact.

"For almost ten years *Atlantica and Iceland Review* has been covering the growth and development of the country. It is a unique magazine, because it is the only periodical published in English which is devoted to Iceland, also because it is the only periodical

in any language which covers the broad spectrum of Icelandic life today. It features penetrating articles, business news, items about fishing, foreign trade, shipping, product marketing and personalities, plus creative fiction and poetry and wealth of full-color photographs which makes the variety and beauty of the country come vividly alive. A special supplement with the current news on tourism, marketing, etc. is sent free of charge to all subscribers with every issue."

BUSH PILOT

by G. Bertha Johnson

These were his guides, this wilderness his realm;
He circled like a soaring hawk,
And landed there upon the frozen lake
Beside my camp.
No runway smooth; no beam shone from the rock;
Far in the wilds he needed not a lamp.

His map lay idle. Without qualm
He knew the Northland: rivers; rocks and lakes;
Muskegs; and pines.
These were his guides, this wilderness his realm;
He knew it well, no need for printed lines.

"There lies a man nigh unto death,"
Said he when droning motor ceased,
At Lookout Bay,"
I wait till Nature calms her stormy breath,
No craft can weather such an angry day."

The blizzard died; he was away:
Three times he circled, then he soared on high,
On mercy bent;
Lost in the distance, on to Lookout Bay,
Swift as the wind, to save a life he went.

Day after day somewhere he'd land
With trapper, prospector, and Christmas mail
To wastelands wild;
A nurse and doctor to an Indian band;
Or mother bringing home her first-born child.

Rugged bush pilot of the North,
Spreading his wings above the last frontier,
With courage high,
Linking the outposts there he journeys forth,
Modern voyageur of the northern sky.

JON STEFANSSON, Ph.D.

The following comment on an article about Jón Stefánsson, Ph.D. received from his nephew in Iceland, Baldur Steinbach, is self-explanatory. We appreciate the corrections made and welcome the opportunity to publish a picture of this renowned Icelandic scholar.

—Editor

“Dr. Jón Stefánsson’s History of Iceland” is the title of an article published in your admirable periodical “The Icelandic Canadian”, — Spring 1969, pages 22-25, by Miss Lenore Borgfjord. The article was written in connexion with a manuscript of the History of Iceland in English bequeathed by my uncle, Dr. Jón Stefánsson, and which I gave to the “Íslenzki kennarastóllinn” (Chair of Icelandic) at the University of Manitoba in the sincere hope that English-speaking people might be able to derive benefit from the knowledge contained therein.

While thanking the authoress for the above-mentioned article, I should just like to correct some erroneous statements that have slipped into it.

1. At the top of the page, the year should be 1380 (not 1930) — Read: Twice Stefánsson was the winner of an annual prize awarded by the University of Copenhagen. His award-winning essays bore the following titles: *Scandinavian Elements in Middle Scotland* and *Dialects in Wycliffe’s Bible Version 1380*. The latter earned him the *Gold Medal of the University*. 11. In the article it is stated: Stefánsson held the position of a curator at the British Museum . . .

This is not correct. He was never a curator (or librarian) at the British Museum, but was an independent



Dr. Jón Stefánsson, Ph.D.

b. Nov. 4, 1862 — d. July 20, 1952

scholar there for more than half a century. However, at Copenhagen he was assistant librarian at the Royal Library 1891-1893, before he went to England.

11. There is also an error in the following sentence: . . . , and during his lifetime completed over three hundred paintings in watercolour.

Dr. Jón Stefánsson was never a painter. On the other hand, there is a book by him and the painter W. G. Collingwood, who travelled around Iceland together with Dr. Jón Stefánsson. Collingwood is *inter alia* known for a collection of watercolours that he painted during his journey. Their book, “A Pilgrimage to the Saga Steads of Iceland”, was published in 1899.

Here my uncle (brother of my father, has probably been confused with his namesake, Jón Stefánsson, painter, (born 1881).

—Baldur Steinbach

Along The Wild Historic Red

by Gus Sigurdson

High and dry her banks I walked
Where she in former days had chalked
Her watermarks on trees; and stalked
All prairie life, to drown in dread.
From Selkirk south one sunny day
Meandering upon my way
With nature at it's grandest play,
Along the wild historic Red.

The river curved; and there it shone
A landmark great to look upon
So well preserved, and living on:
Fort Garry, made of solid stone;
Built by Simpson long ago,
And taking many years we know
To put on such a splendid show,
Of classic beauty, all it's own.

Through open gates I walked inside,
Like passing through the great divide
Where ancient memories reside
That satisfy and thrill the soul.
I looked around me long and hard,
Beheld it all in deep regard.
With corner bastions on guard
I walked around the grassy knoll.

First I examined each and all
Historic buildings large and small;
Then on towards the eastern wall
Through gates that to the river face.
With sentries standing at their post,
This thought became the uppermost
When history has been one's host
How sad it seems to leave a place.

Now homeward bound upon my way
I travelled on without delay
That evening of this lovely day.
The birds kept tune above my head
With waters singing far below,
And shining in her sunset glow,
The sun was sinking rather low,
Along the wild historic Red.

The nineteen miles are of a sort
From Lower to the Upper Fort
That time and change can best report:
Sprawling Winnipeg has spread,
From north to south, east west
and wide;
And covers all the countryside;
Born Manitobans now abide
Along the wild historic Red.

Here, where the Native drew his bow
To hunt the deer and buffalo,
And where these self same waters flow,
The early frontier seems dead.
But no!—Adventure cannot die
While concrete columns rise on high
To scrape the blue on western sky
Along the wild historic Red.

Below and up above her banks,
The river played her many pranks
For years, and yet we owe her thanks;
For all the bravery she bred
In men who conquered north and west,
This land with pioneering zest,
Who now have earned their final rest
Along the wild historic Red.

TWINS HAVE LIKELY WINNER

A young Winnipeg firm, Indus Equipment Limited, has apparently found a ray of sunshine in the pollution battle.

Identical twins, Peter Johnson, president and Carl, vice-president, started in the custom control electronic field in 1964. They have built and installed custom control consoles and related equipment for such public utilities as Manitoba Hydro and industrial plants such as Canada Packers.

They designed a control unit for Washtronics, who market a truck washing facility that is being marketed across the continent and overseas.

In an interview Carl said (he heads up the marketing division of Indus) their highly specialized and sophisticated production and design led them naturally to the fight against pollution. And he thinks the firms' diversity and expertise will lead to a massive market.

He added Indus equipment is being used by Atomic Energy of Canada, Universities and the Highlander curling rinks. In addition the company has control equipment for scores of rinks and arenas.

Their big entry in pollution control is a device called P.W.S. 3 Sediment Sampler.

The P.W.S. 3 is a device that automatically collects and bottles 40 individual water samples. It can be programmed to take the required number of samples for three levels of runoff; regular level, high level or flood stage.

These samplers from Indus are now being used by the federal government and the Quebec government in their sediment programs. The samples play an important role in river maintenance, development, erosion control, irrigation and hydro.

The sampler was designed by Peter Strilaeff, district engineer for Water Survey of Canada. As many units are used in remote areas, the P.W.S.3 is built to be as trouble-free and as simple as possible.

The Indus staff in St. James-Assiniboia has worked very hard to refine and improve the unit and to simplify installation, instrument setup and maintenance, Mr. Johnson said.

He said though it is probably the most advanced automatic sampler in the world and general acceptance in the Canadian market has been good, Indus is working with Mr. Strilaeff and his department to further improve its capabilities.

Mr. Johnson said although the unit was primarily developed to satisfy a

need in sediment surveys, a modified version could play an important role in water quality work as pollution studies are intensified.

The Indus vice-president feels research and development of the sampler is reaching a stage where it will be ready for the export market late this year.

Peter Johnson has to be called a "working president." He is a self-taught technical and installation ex-

pert while twin Carl is the marketing man. Their father is a graduate engineer and executive of an international company, who will retire next year, and presumably lend his know-how to the 33-year-old twins.

Last year Indus sold \$150,000 worth of its products. This year the estimate is \$250,000. And next year Carl says "we take off."

— Winnipeg Free Press



A Viking ship in the parade at the Lunda Diamond Jubilee, July 6, 1947. Mr. Sigurdur D. Holm carved the dragon head of the prow

Islendingadagurinn 1972

The 83rd annual Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, Islendingadagurinn, was held at Gimli, Manitoba August 5th, 6th, and 7th.

The theme of the celebration could be expressed in the well-known Icelandic song "Hvað er svo glatt sem góðra vina fundur"—What is so joyous as a gathering of good friends.

There were several events on the Saturday, including the sailing regatta, Fish Derby on the dock, sale of Icelandic foods and the Bath Tub Derby. Labatt's Trophy for the Bath Tub Race: C. Kowalski.

Odin Handicap —1st Viking Longship. Powder Plunger: 1st C. Stefanson, 2nd, J. Stranger.

In the evening a four-act play, "The Golden Gate", by David Stefanson, was presented by the New Iceland Drama Society, under the direction of Ken Kristofferson. He and his fellow students of the University of Manitoba translated it into English. This presentation was the first time that the play had been played in English. The play was twice presented, in a large hall, to enthusiastic capacity audiences.

The leading role was played by Kristine Jakobson as the old woman. Her husband, played by Cameron Arnason, who was wayward and lazy, was on his deathbed when the play opened. The old woman, concerned about her husband's chance of salvation, formulated a plan to get his soul into Heaven by taking a leather bag, places it to her husband's mouth when he expires to capture his soul. She sets off, with Jón's soul in the bag, over the

steep mountains to the "Golden Gate". When she sees St. Peter there, the old woman uses her wiles to open the gate a little wider to get a quick peek. When she has been assured that once one gets inside the "Golden Gate" one does not get out, she tosses the bag with Jón's soul inside the Gate.

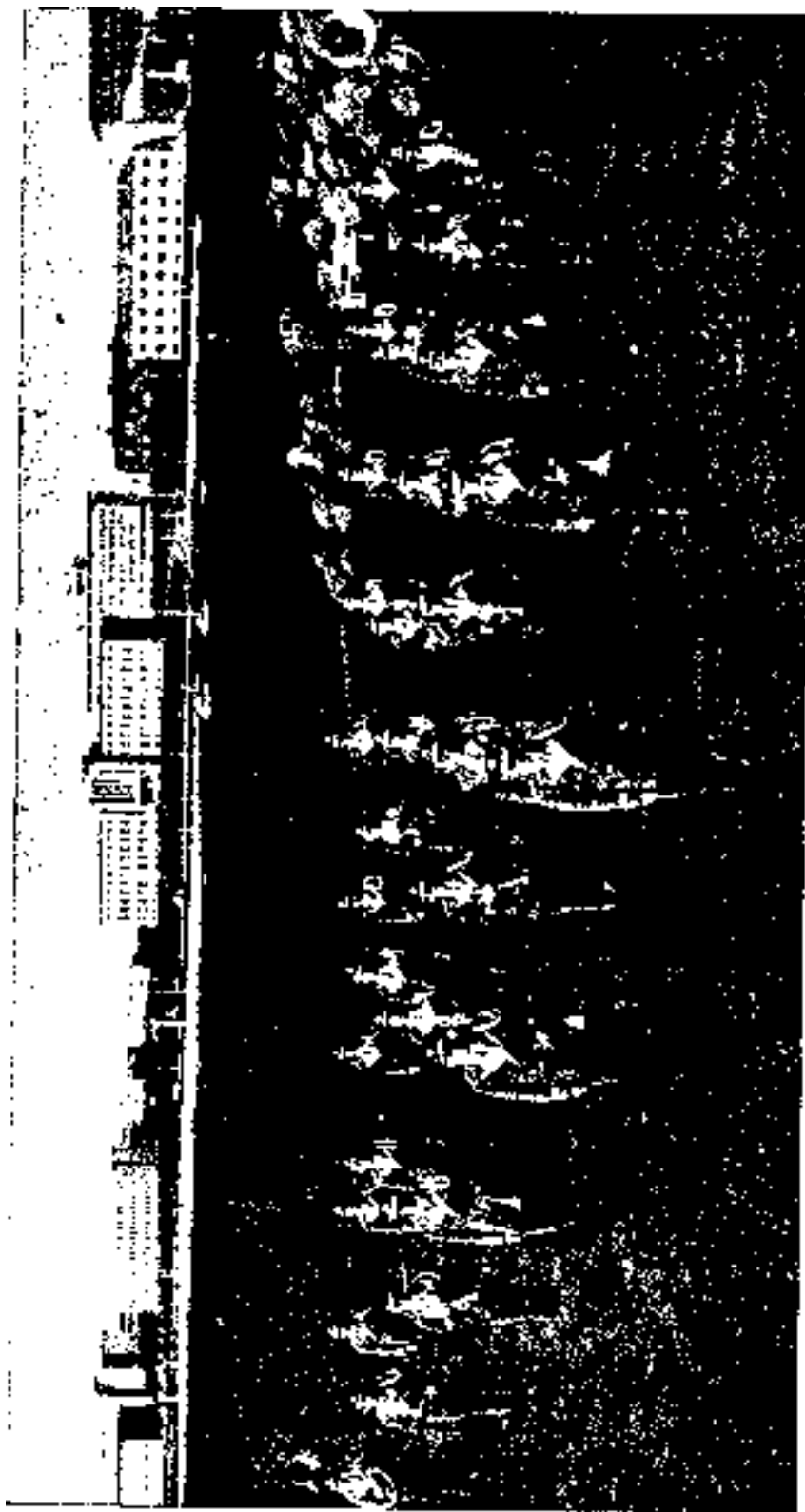
The settings, lighting, sound, costumes and make-up were excellent. The cast is to be commended for their fine presentation.

On Sunday morning there was a pancake breakfast in the Park, served by the Minerva Ladies. It was followed by an ecumenical service, conducted by Pastor Inghthor Isfeld of the Lutheran Church, and Father Hoeks, of the Roman Catholic Church. Approximately 200 attended. Perhaps this will be an annual service.

The Arts Display attracted 64 painting entries as well as ceramics. The award for the best in the display was the entry of Blaka Jonsdottir's painting.

On Monday the rains came, such as have not been seen for many a year. However, there was no thought of cancellation and the committee quickly moved the program into the pavilion.

The Fjallkona, Mrs. Rosa Johnson, with her two attendants, Miss Pamela Maureen Downey and Miss Katherine Joyce Young, had the place of honor in the colorful parade. The City of Reykjavik Band, "Lúðrasveit Reykjavíkur", drew great applause when they played the rousing Icelandic marches and songs.



THE REYKJAVIK BRASS BAND - REYKJAVIK, ICELAND

The Fjallkona placed a wreath at the Cairn, the memorial to commemorate the pioneers of the surrounding districts.

First prize for the best float in the parade was awarded to Ted and Ken Kristjanson for their entry of the Viking Longship, which they designed and built with the assistance of Halldor Peterson. They won first prize in the Manisphere Parade in Winnipeg.

Mr. Brian Jakobson, president of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, welcomed the guests to the Islendingadag celebration. He outlined the changes that have been made in the overall program over the years and mentioned the various activities of the young people who planned the organization of this year's festival. He extended a special welcome to the Reykjavik Brass Band.

The Fjallkona, escorted by Noble B. Valdimar Arnason, of Khartum Temple, gave the traditional address in Icelandic, lauded the richness of Icelandic culture and the virtues of Iceland and the "New" Iceland.

Mr. John Gottfried, M.L.A., brought greetings on behalf of the Manitoba Government. Mayor Stephen Juba brought greetings of the city of Winnipeg, mentioning that Reykjavik and Winnipeg are twin cities and suggested that as many as could, should visit Iceland in 1974 to celebrate their 1100th year of settlement.

The Toast to Canada was given by Mr. John P. Sigvaldason, former ambassador to Iceland and Norway and the Toast to Iceland by Prof. Pall Ardal, professor of Philosophy at Queens' University, Kingston, Ontario.

Lúðrasveit Reykjavíkur played before the formal program in the pavilion and then "O Canada" and "Ó, Guð vors lands".

The musical portion of the program was presented by two choirs, The Arborg Choral Ensemble and members of the Festival Opera Group, under the direction of Mrs. Elma Gislason. Mr. James Franklin was soloist. The performance was excellent, of a professional calibre.

At the dinner held in the Viking Motor Hotel, Mr. Brian Jakobson, president of the Festival committee, bade everyone welcome, remarking that in 1952 it had rained and that his father, Mr. Steindor Jakobson, had been chairman at that time. Another 20 years until we have such a down-pour.

On behalf of the Festival committee the speakers of the day were presented with copies of the newly published Book of Settlements (Landnámabók). Mr. Björn R. Einarson, president of the Band, presented a picture of the home of the band, embossed on a china plate, to Mayor Violet Einarson, Brian Jakobson and Skuli Johannsson. Banners were presented to the Fjallkona, Mr. Jakobson and Mr. Johannsson. On behalf of the Festival committee, Mrs. Kristin Johnson presented a cheque of \$2500.00 to Mr. Björn R. Einarson.

The Beauty Queen for 1972 was Miss Karen Perkin, a University of Manitoba student. First runner-up was Carol Stefanson, second Lorna Isfeld.

The community singing was conducted by Mr. Gus Kristjanson, with Mrs. Will Kristjanson at the piano and Mr. Njall Bardal on the banjo. Perhaps it was the adverse weather conditions but the audience seemed determined to make the best of the situation and sang with great gusto.

On Saturday, August 5th there was an Interlake Tour, sponsored by the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, — through Lower Fort Garry; Selkirk; Willow Island, to view the memorial of the first landing of the Icelanders in the Gimli district; Gimli, Arnes, showing the statue of Vilhjalmur Stef-

ansson; Riverton, Gull Harbor on Hecla Island, and Arborg. An excellent lunch was served at Gimli and dinner at Arborg. There was a spatter of rain but it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the three bus loads on the tour. Many expressed the wish that it would be repeated annually.

Mattie Halldorson



TRACK AND FIELD RESULTS AT THE FESTIVAL

| | |
|--|---|
| 10 mile Western Canada On Road Championship Race — | Hanson Trophy — Overall Championship Award |
| Winner: Chris McCubbins. | Winner: Wayne McMahan |
| Time: 54 minutes, 44 seconds. | |
| Icelandic Canadian Club Trophy — Icel. Fest. 10 Mile Road Race, Senior | Oddson Shield — Overall Club Championship Award |
| Winner: Larry Switzer | Winner: Razorback Track Club |
| Time: 54 minutes, 44 seconds. | |
| Icel. Fest. 10-mile Road Race, Junior | Svein Sigfusson Trophy |
| Winner: Rick Bourrier. | Juvenile Men's Championship |
| Time: 59 minutes, 51 seconds. | Winner: Bill Randa |
| Women's 10-mile on Road Championship. | Janet Maddin Senior Women's Open Individual Championship |
| Winner: Judy Raymer, | Winner: Anna Marie Davis. |
| Time: 75 minutes, 3 seconds. | |
| 10-mile Walking Race | Dr. Aldis Thorlakson Wengel Junior Womens Individual Championship |
| Winner: Ron McPhail | Winner: Tracy Baldwin. |
| Time: 1 hour, 34 minutes, 51 seconds. | |
| | Einar Johnson Trophy |
| | Winner: Brian Crookshaw. |

Community Libraries in the Pioneer Icelandic Settlements

by W. Kristjanson

Community libraries (lestrarfélög-reading societies) were an important feature of life in the pioneering Icelandic settlements in America. They were an important cultural influence and information concerning them should be preserved.

Hjalmur Danielson, former Business and Circulation manager with the Icelandic Canadian, has forwarded to us a list from the Icelandic periodical

*Skírnir of 1921 the names of 32 lestrarfélög subscribing to that magazine. This list is a revelation in more ways than one. It indicates the large number of these libraries at that time, throwing light on the familiarity of the Icelandic pioneers with the sagas and Norse mythology, and reveals the poetic imagination of those who selected the names.

Lestrarfélag Árgalinn, Wild Oak, Manitoba

(Early crowing, e.g., as the cock-crow early in the morning)

Lestrarfélagið Dagsbrún, Lundar, Manitoba

(Daybreak)

Lestrarfélagið Fjólan, Nes, Manitoba

(The Violet)

Lestrarfélagið Fróðleikshvöt, Arborg, Manitoba

(Incentive to Learning)

Lestrarfélagið Fræðir, Kristnes, Manitoba

(fræði=knowledge, learning, lore; neuter pl., records)

Lestrarfélagið Fram, Arnes, Manitoba

(Forward)

Lestrarfélagið Gangleri, Gardar, North Dakota, U.S.A.

(The name of a mythical wanderer in Norse mythology. Literally, way-weary, or travel-weary. In Scotland, a gangrel means stroller or vagabond)

Lestrarfélagið Hafstjarnan, Point Roberts, Washington, U.S.A.

(Star of the Sea)

Lestrarfélagið Harpa, Blaine, Washington, U.S.A.

(Harp)

Lestrarfélagið Herðubreið,

(Herðubreiður means broad shouldered; also Herðubreið is a mountain in Iceland)

Lestrarfélagið Iðunn, Markerville, Alberta

(The name of the Goddess Edda; she was the wife of Bragi, the custodian of the apples of which the gods partook to preserve them from aging)

Lestrarfélagið Íngólfur, Vancouver, British Columbia

(Íngólfur Arnason and Hjörleifur Hróðmarsson were the first permanent settlers in Iceland, 874 A.D.)

Lestrarfélagið Ísland, Baldur, Manitoba

(Iceland)

Lestrarfélagið Íslendinga á Gimli, Gimli Manitoba

(Icelanders at Gimli)

Lestrarfélagið Íslendinga í Churchbridge, Churchbridge, Saskatchewan

(The Reading Society of Icelanders in Churchbridge)

Lestrarfélag Íslendinga í Cypress-sveit, Glenboro, Manitoba

(Reading Society of the Icelanders in the Municipality of Cypress)

Lestrarfélag Íslendinga í Reykjavík, Reykjavík, Manitoba

(Reading Society of the Icelanders in Reykjavík)

Lestrarfélagið Leifur Heppni, Kandahar, Saskatchewan

(The Reading Society Leif the Lucky)

Lestrarfélagið Mentahvöt, Otto, Manitoba, (in the Shoal Lake Settlement)

(Incentive to Learning)

Lestrarfélagið Mímir, Framnes, Manitoba

Mímir, the name of the wise giant in Norse mythology; the keeper of the holy well Mímisbrunnur. Mímisbrunnur was the well of wisdom, in which Odin pawned his eyes for wisdom, a myth which is explained as symbolical of the heavenly vault with its single eye, the sun, setting in the sea.)

Lestrarfélagið Mímir, Wynyard, Saskatchewan

Lestrarfélagið Morgungeislinn, Hove, Manitoba

(Geisli—ray; the ray of the morning sun)

Lestrarfélagið Morgunstjarnan, Hecla, Manitoba

(The Morning Star)

Lestrarfélagið Skjaldbreið, Silver Bay, Manitoba

(Skjöldur=shield; in compounds, skjald. Breið is the feminine of broad. Skjaldbreið is the name of a mountain in Iceland, near Þingvellir)

Lestrarfélagið Stjarnan, Selkirk, Manitoba

(The Star)

Lestrarfélagið Tilraunin, Keewatin, Ontario

(Tilraun=endevor, trial, experiment. The "ið" is the article "the")

Lestrarfélagið Verðandi, Mozart, Saskatchewan

(The three Norns, or Weird Sisters, in old Norse mythology were Urður, Verðandi, and Skuld. They were present at the birth of every man and cast the weird or fate of every man; these heavenly Norns also ruled the fate of the world. Between them they represented the Past, the Present, and the Future.)

Lestrarfélagið Vestri, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

(Vestri was one of the four dwarfs, Austri, Vestri, Norðri, Suðri, who, in Norse mythology supported the heaven.)

Lestrarfélagið Vísir, Geysir, Manitoba

(An index; botanically, a sprout)

Lestrarfélagið Þjóðernið, Winnipeg Beach, Manitoba

(The Nationality)

Lestrarfélagið Æskan, North Dakota, U.S.A.

(Youth)

*Skírnir: Skírnir the Bright, the messenger of Frey, the God of Light, or the Sun God, in Norse mythology. He was at one time sent by Frey to seek on his behalf the hand of Gerður, a beautiful giantess, in marriage.

Several libraries in the Icelandic settlements are not included in the above list. For example, there was the

library of the Cultural Society (Menn-ingarfélag) in North Dakota, in the late 1880's; Áróra (Dawn) at Gimli, in 1887; and libraries at Big Point (1898); Reykjavik, (1912); Pipestone, Swan River (about 1920), and the large library of the National League Chapter Frón, in Winnipeg.

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF A NOTABLE WORK ON NJALS SAGA

Reviewed by Dr. Richard Beck

Njáls Saga: A Literary Masterpiece.

By Einar Ól. Sveinsson. Edited and translated by Paul Schach. With an introduction by E. O. G. Turville-Petre, University Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1971. Pp. 210. Price \$7.95.

As many of the readers of *The Icelandic Canadian* know, Dr. Einar Ól. Sveinsson, long-time Professor of Old Icelandic literature at the University of Iceland and more recently for a decade Director of The Manuscript Institute of Iceland, is both a highly productive and an equally renowned scholar. He has written works of basic importance in the field of Old Icelandic literature as well as on Icelandic folklore, and published authoritative editions of several of the most important sagas. (c.f. my review of the impressive first volume of his history of Old Icelandic literature, *Íslenzkar bókmenntir í fornöld* (Reykjavík, 1962), in *The Icelandic Canadian*, Spring 1965).

Dr. Sveinsson is also, as Prof. Paul Schach points out in his foreword to the translation under review, "the foremost interpreter of *Brennu-Njáls saga*, the mightiest of the Sagas of Icelanders and one of the great classics of world literature."

Prof. Schach has based his edition and translation, entitled *Njáls saga: A Literary Masterpiece*, primarily on the Icelandic original (*Á Njálsbúð, bók um mikið listarverk*—At the Site

of Njal's Assembly Booth, A Book about a Great Work of Art, Reykjavík, 1943), but also drawn substantially on the condensed Norwegian rendition by Dr. Ludvig Holm-Olsen (Bergen-Oslo 1959). He has also consulted other writings on the subject by Dr. Sveinsson.

It may be added, that Dr. Schach, who is Professor of Germanic Languages at the University of Nebraska, is among the foremost American scholars in the field of Icelandic literature, the translator of several important works, previous to the one here reviewed and the author of numerous articles and book reviews on Icelandic subjects in scholarly publications.

The introduction to the translation is written by another distinguished scholar in the realm of Icelandic studies, Dr. E. O. G. Turville-Petre, Professor of Old Icelandic at the University of Oxford. He is the editor, translator and author, of numerous major works, as well as articles and book reviews, on Icelandic literature, history and culture.

In his informative introduction Dr. Turville-Petre evaluates, succinctly and appreciatively, not only Dr. Sveinsson's important works on *Njal's saga*, including, of course, the study on which the present translation is primarily based, but also other works of his in the field of Icelandic literature, history and folklore.

Njal's saga: A Literary Masterpiece opens with a highly imaginative and poetic chapter entitled 'Overture: At

the Site of Njál's Assembly Booth", which sets the stage magnificently for the broad-gauged interpretation of the masterpiece itself; Chapter 2 constitutes a detailed discussion of the roots and genesis of Njál's saga"; Chapter 3 deals with "The Literary Masterpiece" itself, weaving together and evaluating its various aspects; Chapter 4 is devoted to "Character Portrayals" in the saga on a general basis. Chapters 5-7 contain, respectively, specific discussions of the three leading characters in the saga, Hallgerður, Skarphéðinn and Njáll. In all the foregoing chapters not least in the portrayal and analysis of the principal characters of the saga, penetrating insight, deep understanding and mastery of style, go hand in hand. The same can be said of the concluding chapter on "Ideas and Ideals", a fascinating and challenging subject.

In adapting and translating this masterful work of Dr. Sveinsson, Prof. Schach undertook a difficult and demanding task, for it is a book both concentrated in subject matter and written in a highly personal style. A careful comparison with the Icelandic original and the Norwegian translation, on which the English rendition was primarily based, reveals that Dr. Schach has succeeded very well in reproducing the rich thought-contents and strongly personalized style of this remarkable work, as well as, in a high degree, its inherent spirit. The following statement throws light on the close cooperation of the translator and the author.

"The present adaptation of *Á Njál's-búð* was completed at the National Library of Iceland (Landsbókasafn) during the winter of 1966 and revised during the summer of that year with the help of Professor Einar All changes from the original work of

Prof. Einar were made with his approval. This splendid co-operation has indeed borne rich fruit in the adapted translation, which is fully worthy of the original, where, as Dr. Turville-Petre says in his introduction, Dr. Sveinsson "has distilled his deep knowledge of *Njál's saga* and shown his readers how to value it as a work of art."

A number of footnotes and three appendixes add to the value of the translation. It is a very attractive book in appearance.

For any one wishing to gain fuller understanding and appreciation of *Njál's saga*, and, for that matter, of Old Icelandic literature generally, this study is invaluable.

In his foreword Dr. Schach mentions several translations of *Njál's saga* which he has consulted and found helpful, including the English translations of Hollander and Bayerschmidt (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1955) and of Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Pálsson (Penguin Classics, 1960), and he adds this admonition, which I share fully:

"May I suggest that in reading this volume, one should constantly consult either one or both of these English translations. For those not acquainted with *Njál's saga*, it would be advisable to read a translation before reading Professor Einar's perceptive interpretation of it."

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ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB ANNUAL MEETING

In his report, president Tim Samson gave a brief survey of a year of high-level activity.

Treasurer John Johannson reported a bank balance of \$523 in the current account and \$305 in the scholarship account.

For the Icelandic Canadian Magazine, Will Kristjanson, its editor-in-chief, reported a successful year, with the bank balance up from a year ago. Mr. Kristjanson was given a vote of appreciation for his faithful stewardship.

These were some items of business transacted by the meeting:

A donation of \$50.00 was made to the Icelandic Festival at Gimli.

A committee was authorized to seek from Ottawa a multicultural grant of \$25,000 for the publication of two anthologies (one of prose, the other poetry) of English-language works by Icelanders in America. Any surplus to be used as an endowment for the Icelandic Canadian magazine.

An undertaking was made to hypothecate \$2,000 for the publishing, by the University of Manitoba Press, of an English translation of *Grágás*, the ancient laws of the old Icelandic republic. As this exceeds the financial resources of the Club, a committee was appointed, with Dori Stefansson as convener, to seek from members, and others, the necessary pledges of support in case this venture cannot carry itself financially.

Barrister Tim Samson was delegated to redraft the constitution of the club.



DR. JOHN MATTHIASSON

PRESIDENT ELECT OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

The Executive for the coming year was elected as follows:

Past President—J. T. Samson

President—Dr. John Matthiasson

Vice President—Ted Arnason

Secretary—Dori Stefansson

Treasurer—John Johannson

Liaison members ex-officio are W. Kristjanson, Editor-in-Chief of the Icelandic Canadian magazine, and John V. Samson, Business Manager.

Members — Caroline Gunnarson, Mattie Halldorson, Mrs. Lara Sigurdson, J. E. Sigurjonsson, Bill Helgason, Ken Kristofferson.

IN THE NEWS

JAMES METCALFE, APPOINTED IMMIGRATION OFFICER FOR YUGOSLAVIA

James Metcalfe, formerly of Winnipeg, has been appointed Immigration Officer for Canada in Yugoslavia. He will be stationed in Belgrade.

James Metcalfe graduated from St. John's College, University of Manitoba where he specialized in Economics, in 1968. After passing the federal civil service examinations, he was posted Immigration Officer at Birmingham, England, where he remained for 3½ years. His present posting is his second Immigration appointment.

James is married to Beverly nee Broderick and they have one child.

His parents are the late Mr. Allan H. Metcalfe and Mrs. Carrie Metcalfe, of 272 Aubrey Street, Winnipeg. His maternal grandparents were the late Kristjan and Gudrun Breckman, 1890 pioneers at Lundar, Manitoba.

★

GUDMUNDUR MYRDAL NAMED EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE PROPOSED SEVEN OAKS HOSPITAL

Gudmundur Myrdal, of Winnipeg, has been named Executive Director of the proposed Seven Oaks Hospital for North Winnipeg. "In hiring Mr. Myrdal", Councillor Joseph Zuken, the board chairman, said, "we are getting a first rate man".

Mr. Myrdal, 49, is presently the chief hospital consultant to the Manitoba Health Services Commission as well

as acting director of operations and standards division of the Commission. He has a Master's degree in hospital administration from the University of Toronto.

The new hospital will be located on a 26.5 acre lot and will have a 100-bed facility and will serve approximately 115,000 people in the area of former Ward 3 area in Winnipeg, West Kildonan and West St. Paul.

Gudmundur Myrdal is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gudni Myrdal, of Lundar, Manitoba.

★

HOWARD BALDWIN, Ph.D. RESEARCH OFFICER, UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

Howard W. Baldwin, Ph.D., a native of Winnipeg, was appointed University Research Officer at the University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario, July 1, 1970...

Dr. Baldwin holds a B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Saskatchewan and a Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago, 1959.

His initial appointment to the faculty of the University of Western Ontario was in 1957. He was Associate Professor in the Department of Chemistry, and, from January 1st 1968, he was Dean of Graduate Studies, where his duties were connected with administration in the area of the natural sciences, medical sciences, and engineering science.

The University Research Officer's three main responsibilities are to maintain an inventory of research potential at the University, to provide an

indication of ongoing research, to assemble and provide detailed information for Faculty members applying for research grants, and to negotiate for increases of resources and research funds for the University. In addition to acting as Secretary for the Research Council, the Research Officer is also the signing officer for the university on all applications for research money. Over 500 members of Western's faculty make applications for research grants for an estimated \$10 million annually.

Dr. Baldwin's parents were Baldwin and Caroline Baldwin, of Winnipeg. He is married and has four children.

— W.K.

★

UNIVERSITY OF N. DAKOTA GRADUATES

Bachelor of Science in Business Administration

Keith M. Kristjanson, Grand Forks, North Dakota

Pamela Kay Sturlaugson, Minnewauken, North Dakota.

Bachelor of Science in Nursing

Carol Ann Samson, Cavalier, No. Dak.
Dede Gail Samson, Park River, North Dakota.

Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering

Kenneth E. Vidalin, Brandon, Man.

Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Ronald William Kristjanson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

B.A. University of Manitoba; M.A., University of North Dakota.
Dissertation: "A Methodology for measuring change resulting from Group Interaction: Multidimensional Evaluation Structure analysis".



Ronald W. Kristjanson

Ronald William is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kristjanson, 1117 Wolsley Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

★

DR. JON JOHNSON PURSUES FURTHER STUDIES AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Jon Einar (Jack) Johnson attended the University of Manitoba for two years; studied at the University of Saskatchewan where he received Dr. of Veterinary Medicine (D.V.M.) in 1971. The following year he did an internship in Large Animal Surgery at the University of California, at Davis, Cal., under the renowned Dr. Wheat, Professor of Veterinary Surgery. Jack is now at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., where he will pursue some special phase of Large Animal Medicine and expects to receive his Master of Science Degree in two years.

Dr. Johnson is the son of Emil and Anna (nee Arnason) Johnson of Oak Point, Manitoba. He is married to Sherian Ann (nee Bennett) of Clarkleigh, Manitoba. They have two children, Heidi Lynn, three years old, and Valdimar Bjorn, two years old.

APPOINTED VICE-PRESIDENT



Philip O. H. Petursson

Philip O. H. Petursson, who has been in the employ of the Greater Winnipeg Gas Company since 1956, was promoted to the position of Vice President of Operations, succeeding A. Rathke, who has been made President of the company. The Greater Winnipeg Gas Company serves about 80% of all buildings in Winnipeg, and in addition such surrounding areas as Transcona, Stonewall, Stony Mountain, Beausejour, Selkirk and Gimli. Prior to his employment with the Greater Winnipeg Gas Company, Mr. Petursson had worked for Ontario-Minnesota Pulp and Paper Ltd. at Fort Frances, Ont., and Fleming Pedlar Ltd., refrigeration engineers in Winnipeg. He graduated from the University of Manitoba, B.S.C. (M.E.) in 1953. He is married to Helen Joyce Goodman. They live in Charleswood and have a family of four. Mr. Petursson is the son of Dr. Philip M. Petursson,

M.L.A. and Thorey Petursson, of Winnipeg.



PLAY BY FORMER WINNIPEG WOMAN PRODUCED AT THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL

A new Canadian play was produced July 19, at the Stratford Festival. The play is "Mark" and the playwright is Betty Jane Wylie, formerly of Winnipeg.

"Mark" is a partly autobiographical drama about a man with terminal cancer and the psychological impact of his approaching death. Mrs. Wylie worked the play out of the events surrounding her own father's death, in 1964.

Director William Hutt says the play is "not just a long dying scene. What is important is what relationships are illuminated by the man's progression toward death".

The play was selected from among 50 Canadian works.

Mrs. Wylie is the daughter of the late Dr. Jack McKenty and Mrs. McKenty (nee Inga Tergeson) of Winnipeg.



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GRANTS ANNOUNCED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

From the National Research Council

Prof. A. N. Arnason, computer science, \$2,000 renewal, special grant for computing.

Prof. R. A. Johnson, electrical engineering, \$2,000 renewal, special grant for computing.

Professor Baldur Stefansson, Plant Science, \$7,000 renewal for Variation and chemical composition of rapeseed.

Prof. S. B. Helgason, Plant Science, \$4,000 renewal for the effect of irradiation and chemical treatments on primary and secondary trisomics in barley, particularly with respect to incidence of telocentrics.

From the University of Manitoba

Prof. A. N. Arnason, computer science, \$4,500 renewal for "Simulation of capture-recapture experiments on animal populations and of demographic growth and flows".

From the Department of Agriculture, Manitoba Government.

Dr. A. J. Thorsteinson, entomology, research grant, \$16,500, renewal.

From the City of Winnipeg

Dr. A. J. Thorsteinson, entomology, \$7,500: "To services rendered by the University of Manitoba Entomology Department for the first four months of 1972".

From Cynamid of Canada Limited

Dr. A. J. Thorsteinson, Entomology, \$3,000 donation as "Grant in aid of Research".

KEN STEPHANSON IN PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY

Ken Stephanson, of Selkirk, Manitoba, former defenceman with the Canadian National hockey team, has been signed by the Ottawa Nationals of World Hockey Association.

Ken also played with the Baltimore Clippers and Providence Reds of the American Hockey League.



THE MANITOBA OPEN AND AGE-CLASS TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET

The Manitoba Open and Age-Class Meet was held at the Pan-Am Stadium in Winnipeg, Saturday, July 15. Over 200 athletes from Manitoba, North-Western Ontario, Saskatchewan, and Missouri, competed. The following are some records. "1" signifies first place, etc.

Midget Boys

Shot Put—3. Charles Sigfusson, Selkirk 43' 3¾"

Javelin—3. Charles Sigfusson, 110'93"
Discus—1. Charles Sigfusson, 123' 7¾"
—a Manitoba record.

Midget Girls

Shot Put 1. Diane Jacobson, Arborg, 35' 6½"

Discus—1 Diane Jacobson, 111' 2½"
Javelin—Diane Jacobson, 149' 9½"—this better the Manitoba record by 20 feet and is four inches off the National record.

Open Men

800 meters—2 Bryan Hallgrimson — Razorbacks, 1:58.7

400 meters—2 Bryan Hallgrimson, 50.2

Womens' Open

100 metre Hurdles—3 Lois Sigfusson.
15.7

High Jump—1 Lois Sigfusson, 5'6"

Womens' Open

100 metre—1 Janet (Maddin) Neale—
11.9

200 metre—1 Janet (Maddin) Neale—
25.1

Javelin— — — Val Peterson 134'3"

★

O. F. THORSTEINSON ELECTED DISTRICT GOVERNOR OF LIONS INTERNATIONAL DISTRICT

O. F. Thorsteinson, of Brandon, a members of the Brandon Lions Club, was elected District Governor of Lions International District 5m3 at the annual convention of Mutliple District 5m held at Bloomington, Minnesota, last June. District 5m3 has a membership of 4000 in 78 Lions Clubs stretching from Breckenridge, Minnesota to Churchill in Northern Manitoba and embracing Northwestern Ontario.

★

"ICELANDIC ADVENTURE" IN NEW JERSEY

Two American women, Marie Golden and Joan Wickberg, established in 1971 a store called "Icelandic Adventure" in Fairhaven, New Jersey, U.S.A., for the sale of Icelandic goods, including woolen and fur articles and curios.

At the opening of the store, Icelandic foods were served, such as Icelandic pancakes (pönnukökur) and cheese.

The concept of this enterprise, which is proving a success, originated on the occason of Joan Wickberg's visit with her brother in Akureyri, Iceland.

BRIAN K. VAN NORMAN PROMOTED TO SUB-INSPECTOR, R.C.M.P.

Brian K. Van Norman

Brian K. Van Norman (son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Norman of Brandon, Manitoba, has been promoted to Sub-Inspector in the R.C.M.P.

The year 1962 was memorable for Mr. and Mrs.. Van Norman; their youngest son became their fourth to join the R.C.M.P. Robert David had joined in 1947; Robert Malcolm in 1950; Brian Kenneth in 1950, and John McPhee in 1962. The oldest, Ex-Sgt. Robert David, has retired.

Sgt Robert M., with his wife and two children, is stationed at Nelson, British Columbia. Brian K. and his wife and four children reside at Ottawa. Sgt. John McPhee, with his wife and three children, is stationed at Peace River, Alberta, where he is a pilot in the R.C.M.P. Air Division. (A daughter, Karitas, Mrs. Robert L. Tinkess, with their five children, live in Brandon).

Mrs. Robert Van Norman is the former Jonina Thorarinnsson.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

The Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg is offering a scholarship of \$100.00 for the academic year of 1972-1973, to a student of Icelandic descent who has completed grade XII in Manitoba and is proceeding to studies at one of the three universities in Manitoba.

Qualifications will be based primarily on the results of Departmental or Board examinations, but consideration will be given to qualities of leadership and need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community before November 1, to the Club secretary,

Mr. H. J. Stefansson

296 Baltimore, Winnipeg 13.

★

DR. RICHARD BECK HONORED BY THE SOCIETY OF ICELANDIC AUTHORS

Dr. Richard Beck, Victoria, British Columbia, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Icelandic Society of Authors (Félag íslenzkra rithöfunda) in Reykjavik.

The award was linked to his 75th birthday in June, but presented in recognition of his extensive writings in the field of Icelandic literature. These include (**History of Icelandic Poets 1800-1940**), which has become a standard reference work in the field.

From 1929 to 1967 Dr. Beck was Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature at the University of North Dakota.

ATTENTION, PEOPLE OF ICELANDIC DESCENT IN ALBERTA

The Provincial Museum and Archives of Alberta are concerned with preserving the cultural contributions made by Ethnic Groups in pioneer Alberta. They are specifically interested in important Historical Events; Human Interest Stories; Music, Customs and Folklore, Materials describing significant events, Diaries and/or Manuscripts which may be collected for permanent reference. The Icelandic Community in Alberta has been requested to submit material such as Folk Music, Taped Interviews with Icelandic Pioneers and a Collection of Poetry and Folklore.

A committee has been appointed to assemble suitable material and act as a co-ordinating body for taping music, interviews, etc. To keep duplication to a minimum it is felt that all materials should be referred to this committee.

Would you please determine what materials are available and let us know at your earliest convenience.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS ARE:

Mr. Al Arnason,
14434 McQueen Road,
Edmonton, Alberta

Mrs. Ninna Campbell,
5612-142A Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta

Mrs. Jo Couves,
12316 Grandview Drive,
Edmonton, Alberta

Mrs. Della Roland,
10936 - 88 Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta

Mrs. Freda Smith,
15214-81 Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta

★

MAN. SECONDARY SCHOOLS ATHLETIC MEET JUNE 10, 1972

The following is the record of students of Icelandic origin at the Manitoba Secondary Schools Athletic Association Track and Field Meet, June 10, 1972.

Charles ("Chuck") Sigfusson of Selkirk, set a junior boy's discus record with a throw of 132'2", bettering the previous record by nearly four feet.

Diane Jacobson, of Arborg, broke the junior girls' Shot Put, Javelin, and discus records. Her distance of 43'7" in the shot put was nearly four feet better than the old standard, and her 114'2" discus mark was more than five feet further than the old record. She threw the javelin 124'5" in the final.

Laura Bjornson, of St. James, was third in the Senior Girls' long jump.

DR. JOHN S. MATTHIASSEN ONE OF THE SPEAKERS AT A ROME CONGRESS

Dr. John S. Matthiasson, professor of Anthropology at the University of Manitoba, was one of the speakers at an International Congress of Americanists, held at Rome, September 3-9. His topic was "Caught in the middle: Two Cree Communities and the Southern Indian Lake Hydro-Electric Power Development".

There were seven speakers at the congress and six official languages were used.

Mrs. Matthiasson—Dr. Carolyn Matthiasson, who will be teaching anthropology at the University of Winnipeg this coming academic year, attended the congress with her husband.

★

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Einar Arnason, of Winnipeg, has been named President of Mount Carmel Clinic.

HYMN TO MASCULINITY

by Marion Johnson

I loved a boy
because his gentle manner
gave me joy.

I loved a youth
because in quiet words he
spoke the truth.

I loved a man
because with fiery zeal he
took a stand.

these three form one image in my
mind:

the image of a lord
whose heart is pure
whose constancy is sure
whose way is kind.

★

THE WINNIPEG FOUNDATION

The Winnipeg Foundation is a community trust for charitable, educational, and cultural purposes. In 1971, grants amounted to \$582,763, to 191 organizations. The following trusts in the name of Icelandic Canadian people appear on the list with the amount of the trust.

The Johanna Gudrun Skaptason
I.O.D.E. Memorial Scholarship Fund \$3,308

Winnipeg Scholarship Fund.... \$4,000
The Runa Sigurdson Sscholarship
Fund 5,000

Donation of Mr. Stefan V. Sigurdson 3,500

The Johannes Palsson Memorial
Scholarship Fund 1,000

★



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RECEIVES LIFE-SAVING AWARDS THE ICELANDIC SOCIETY IN CHICAGO



Constable Robert Johannson

Constable Robert Johannson, R.C. M.P. of Kitimat, B.C., has received two life-saving awards, for quick action in mouth to mouth resuscitation of a highway accident victim. The casualty had ceased breathing.

Constable Johannson has been presented with a Life-Saving Award from the Royal Life Saving Society of Canada and a medal from the local Lions Club.

Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thor Johannson, of Riverton, Man.

The Icelandic Society in Chicago held a *sviðaveizla* (a feast of smoke-cured meat) last winter.

To our knowledge, this is the first "feast of the smoke-cured meat" held in America. Some of the non-Icelanders present looked askance, but with a degree of wonder and admiration at the disappearing viands.



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Members of the Board of Directors of Icelandic origin, in 1972, are

Mr. J. S. Sigurdson (R.M. Caldwell)

Mr. Dori Holm (Gimli)

Dr. Baldur Kristjanson (ex-officio)

Mr. Eric Stefansson, Gen. Manager.

Joe Sigurdson, of Lundar is the chairman of the Special Task Force Committee on Housing and Norman Valgardson, of Gimli, is the chairman of the Tourist and Recreation Committee.

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