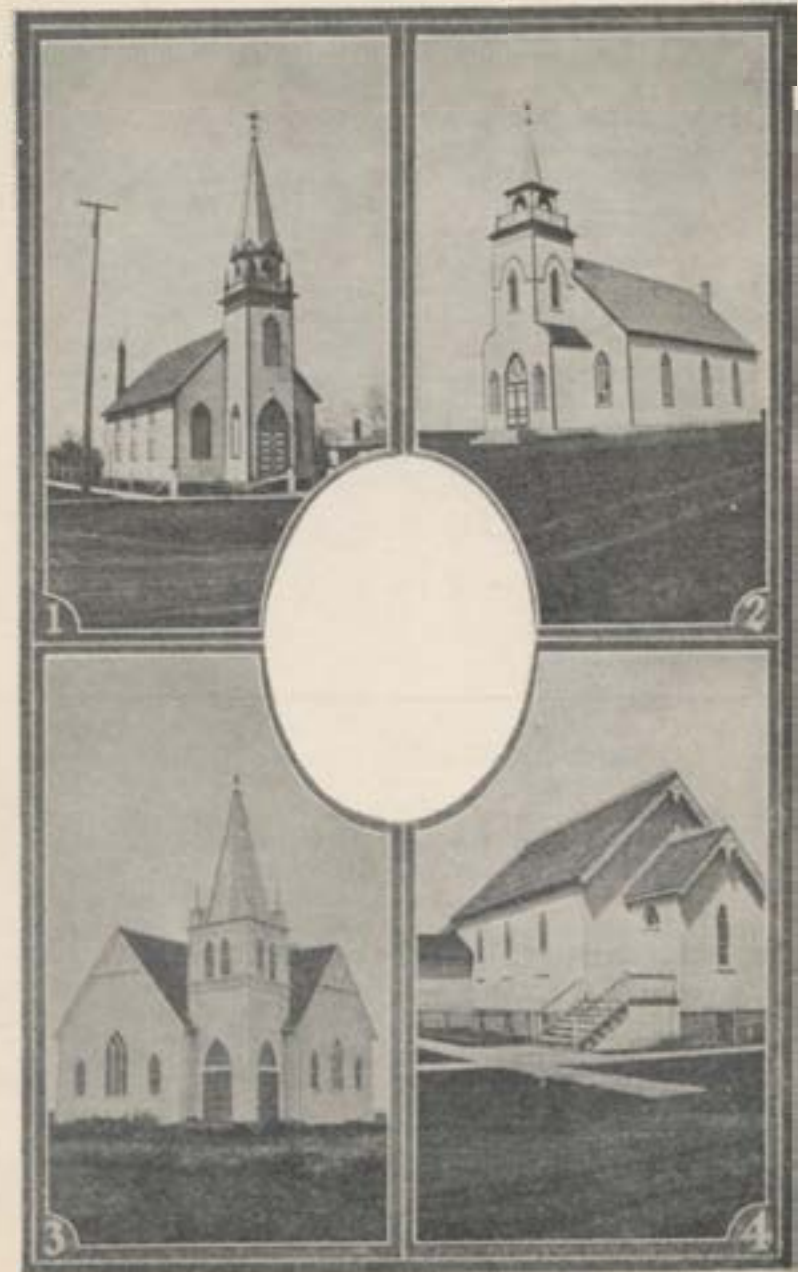


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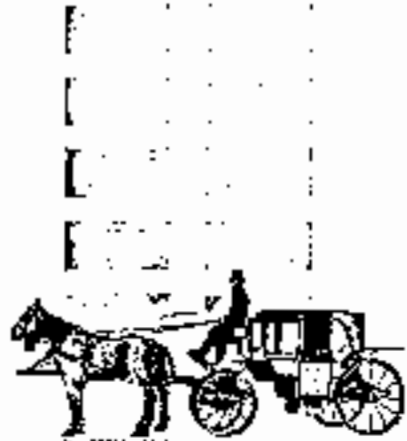
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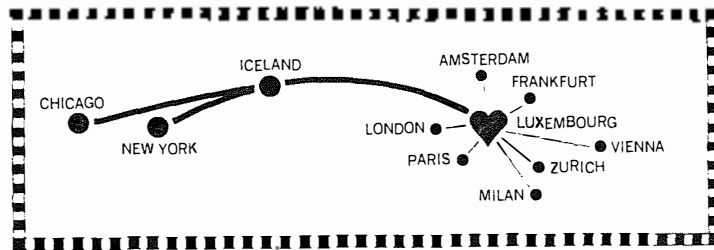
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The Icelandic Canadian

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Winnipeg, Canada

Winter 1973

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EDITORIAL

WHAT IS NEW ABOUT CHRISTMAS?



by Garoline Gunnarsson

Is there anything new to be said about the oldest tradition in Christendom?

Of course not. It has all been said in a variety of languages by countless generations from ancient to modern times. It will be said again this Christmas, mostly in the same old way. But this endless stream of words doesn't drown out the message heard two thousand years ago by poor and simple men of a persecuted race in a world full of fear and violence.

“. . . On Earth peace, good will toward men.”

It was a promise to stagger the imagination of the tiny world known to man two thousand years ago, when the earth was a small round flat that stood still under their feet, and the starry blue sky the floor of God's heavenly residence. But they took the message on faith, rejoiced and passed it on down the centuries. That a sophisticated and disillusioned world still receives it with faith is the real miracle of Christmas.

Cherished beliefs fail to stand the test of time and perish; yesterday's established fact, today becomes a myth of the past. The earth itself has changed size and shape, and the starry sky is no longer the jewelled floor of the heavenly mansions. In our culture dogmas are born to die, and cherished beliefs are daily discarded inevitable casualties of the human compulsion to solve all the mysteries of the universe.

And mankind retains this undying faith in the ancient promise of peace on earth, although there is no record of a time without war, even in the tiny

world of two thousand years ago, where conflict may have been mere battles by modern standards, but deadly and brutal just the same.

It fell to this century to introduce World Wars, and they grew greater, subtler and deadlier as the world expanded about us. Wars adapt to change and progress, threatening not only the peace of the world and the lives of men, but the very existence of the universe.

And the deadly drama is for us to see now a days, for the technical skills that have made war so effectively destructive have harnessed the air waves to bring the battles within range of our physical vision. We see the attempts at peacekeeping, too, their occasional successes and frequent failures. We watch almost every truce being broken and ceasefire violated.

And still, in this tired, cynical world of frustrated hopes and discredited beliefs, we cling to faith in a promise that for two thousand years seems to have existed only to prove its futility.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Does man see in this ancient promise a challenge to his faith in himself, faith in his ability to grope toward his heart's desire and finally reach it, however slowly and painfully?

*Season's
Greetings*

W. Kristjanson

CHRISTMAS, 1916

Christmas 1916 symbolizes for me my first experience of France, in World War I. This was at the Canadian camp at Rouelles, seven miles out of Le Havre. We, a reinforcement draft for a Winnipeg unit, the 44th, left Southampton for Le Havre on December 13.

Space was allocated to us on deck. As the evening closed in, we lay down as we were, with our equipment for a pillow. Said my cousin Sam, "How do you think you'll stand it?" A summer at sandy Camp Hughes had been a good conditioner for us, for the 30,000 who trained there that year.

In the gray morning light we slid in between the dark gray headlands of the Seine estuary to the docks of Le Havre. On shore, we marched in column of route along the narrow, gray-toned streets of this ancient town, metal heel plates clicking on the cobble stone pavement.

Our bell tents at Rouelles were intended for eight; but fourteen of us were packed in. At night, with feet to the centre pole, we were like the spokes of a wheel towards the hub.

We were taken in hand by instructors who had seen service in the trenches, to acquaint us with methods of trench warfare. Our training area

was a flat-topped escarpment, carpeted with flattened wiry brown grass.

The rainy season was still on and the nights were December cool. For warmth at night we slept with some of our clothes on. The camp was virtually a mud hole and our socks, so often sopping wet, we kept on so as to start the morning with them dry. In the circumstances, it was not long before a minute gray-coated enemy host infiltrated our tent.

Scarcely noticed, Christmas Day arrived. If memory serves me right, we trained as usual up on the plateau, but perhaps we returned early to camp.

Entertainments at the Y.M.C.A., in a long, dimly lit room with an unfinished wood interior are remembered. Was it on Christmas night that one of the soldier-performers sang "Mother Machree" to a stilled audience?

Perhaps it was just after the New Year that we were granted a few hours pass to Le Havre. Back in Witley Camp in Surrey I had received three lessons in French from a "Y" worker. Three lessons had left me somewhat less than proficient in the language, but in a Le Havre confectionery shop I proudly attempted to ask in French

for a chocolate bar. All went well with the chocolate, but I stranded on the bar. Said the pleasant young lady clerk, in perfect English, "Is it this you would like?"

Came the day when we marched past in review order for inspection by Lieutenant-Governor Turner. Then we entrained for the front. The box cars into which we were loaded bore the traditional legend: Huit Cheveaux . Quarante hommes — 8 horses — 40 men. On the journey up we passed historic Rouen, far below us in its valley.

On a dark midnight we detrained at Bethune, some thirteen miles behind the Souchez sector on Vimy Ridge. To the south the low horizon was a play of light, like flashes of summer lightning. Somebody remarked, "The Somme."

Waiting limbers took us to the unit transport lines. In daylight we marched the remaining six-miles, past Hell Fire Corner and past the battered ruins of Souchez to the communication trench. There we were given a rum issue. It was only a tablespoonful but we had to restrain 19-year old overgrown boy Smith from climbing out of the mucky trench to proceed overland.

That night the new arrivals provided a working party for the front line.

Christmas Day on Vimy Ridge had been marked by cold rain and shelling — "rain that drove the chill to the marrow."

This was my Christmas season 1916, nigh sixty years ago. At this Christmas in these months, in these years we formed life-time-enduring bonds of comradeship.

Richard Beck:

Light My Candles

(A Prayer on Christmas Eve)

Light my candles,
The burnt candles of my dreams,
Starry Night, with your flaming
torches!

Light my candles,
The faint candles of my faith,
Heavenly Night, with your Star of
Hope!

Light my candles,
The beacon of my love of Truth,
Night Divine, with your celestial
splendor!

Light my candles,
My soul's darkened lamps of love,
Holy Night of the Prince of Peace!

—From *The Spring Anthology*, 1973
London, England

In 1920 Olive Fredrickson married a trapper. Eight years later he drowned, leaving her with three small children, a log cabin in the British Columbia wilderness, a rifle and little else.

Hard Times in a Cruel Land

By Olive A. Fredrickson with Ben East.

This chapter from *THE SILENCE OF THE NORTH* is reprinted by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc., New York c 1972 by Olive A. Fredrickson and Ben East. Distributed in Canada by General Publishing Co. Limited, Don Mills.

Before the spring of 1930 arrived I confronted one of the most discouraging ordeals that had ever befallen me.

By February our food was gone except for canned meat and a few cans of vegetables. We had used the last of the hand-ground flour that a neighbor, Joel Hammond, had given me, and we were desperately in need of store-bought groceries.

I had no money but I decided to walk the 27 miles to Vanderhoof, on the Prince George-Prince Rupert railroad, to try to get our needed supplies on credit. I knew I could pay for them with potatoes the next fall for, by that time, I had enough land cleared to grow a bigger potato crop than we needed for ourselves.

I left the three children with the George Vinsons, neighbors a mile and a half down river, and started out on a cold, wintry morning. I had a road to follow, but only a few teams and sleighs had travelled it, and the walking was hard in deep snow. Two miles out of Vanderhoof I finally hitched a ride.

I had no luck getting credit against my potato crop. Those were hard times, and the merchants couldn't afford much generosity. I tried first of all to buy badly needed rubbers for my-



Olive Fredrickson in 1941

self and the kids. They were the cheapest footgear available. But the store turned me down.

A kindly woman who ran a restaurant did better by me, however. She fed me a good dinner, and when I put her down for 50 pounds of potatoes she just smiled and shoved a chocolate bar into my pocket. She got her potatoes when the time came, anyway.

Another storekeeper said he couldn't let me have things on credit, but he gave me \$2 in cash and told me to do the best I could with it. I knew where

part of it was going — for the oatmeal and sugar I had promised the children. But I could see no way to pay for another meal for myself or a room for the night, and I walked around Vanderhoof, thinking of how wet and cold our feet would be in the slush of the spring thaw, about as downcast as I had ever been in my life.

Finally I decided to make one last desperate attempt. One of my neighbors on the Stuart River traded at a store at Finmoore, 19 miles east of Vanderhoof. I also had a friend there, Mrs. John Holter. I would walk the railroad track to Finmoore and try my luck. At the time I didn't know how far it was, and I expected a hike of only 10 miles or so.

It was almost dark when I started. The railroad ties were crusted with ice and the walking was very bad. My clothing was not enough for the cold night, either. It consisted of denim overalls, men's work socks, Indian moccasins and an old wool sweater with the elbows out, worn under a denim jacket.

I had never been brave in the dark, any time or any place, and that walk was an ordeal of the most dreadful kind. All I could think of were the stories I had heard about hobos and railroad bums, and I was afraid of every shadow.

I got to the lonely little station at Hulatt, 15 miles from Vanderhoof, at midnight, and asked the stationmaster if I could rest until daylight. I lay down on the floor by the big potbellied stove. It was warm and cozy, and I was worn out. I started to drift off to sleep, but then I began to worry about the children and the likelihood that if I was later in getting home than I had promised, they might come back to the house and get into

trouble starting a fire. Things were hard enough without having the place burned down. I got up and trudged away along the track once more.

It was two in the morning when I reached the Holter place. Mrs. Holter fixed me a sandwich and a cup of hot milk, and I fell into bed. My friend shook me awake at 9 o'clock as I had told her to. Those scant seven hours of sleep were all I had in more than thirty-six.

Mrs. Holter loaned me another \$2, and I went to the general store and struck it rich. The proprietor, Percy Moore, stared at me in disbelief when I poured out my hardluck story. — "You've walked from the Stuart River since yesterday morning?" he exclaimed. "That's 46 miles!"

"No, 41," I corrected him. "I got a ride the last two miles into Vanderhoof." Then I added, "I've got 14 more to walk home before dark tonight, too."

The first thing he let me have, on credit, was the four pairs of rubbers I needed so desperately. Then he took care of my grocery list. Eight pounds of oatmeal, three of rice, five of beans five of sugar, and, as a bonus, a three-pound pail of strawberry jam. That was a luxury I had not dreamed of. I plodded away from Finmoore at 10 o'clock that morning with almost thirty pounds in a packsack on my back, but never before or since was I more happy to carry a load.

Three inches of wet snow had fallen that morning, and the 14-mile walk was endless, each mile longer than the one before. The pack got heavier and heavier, and sometime in the afternoon I began to stumble and fall. I was so tired by that time, and my back ached so cruelly from the weight of the pack, that I wanted only to lie in the snow and go to sleep. But I knew



Olive Fredrickson on Vancouver Island, 1946.
INSET: Olive, holding reins, with daughter Vala and dog Chum at Stuart River in 1936.

better. Time after time I drove myself back to my feet and staggered on, slipping and sliding and falling again.

To this day I do not know what time it was when I reached home, but it was long after dark. Our dog, Chum, met me in the yard, and no human being was ever more glad to fumble at the latch of his own door. I slid out of the pack, pulled off my wet moccasins and socks, and rolled into bed with my clothes on. The last thing I remember was calling the dog up to lie at my feet for warmth.

The children awakened me at noon the next day, fed me my breakfast, and rubbed some of the soreness out of my swollen legs and feet.

When I harvested my potato crop the next fall, I paid off my debt to Percy Moore in full, except for one item. There was no way to pay him ever, for his kindness to me when I was broke and had three hungry children at home.

I made many more trips to Finmoore in the years before I left the Stuart, for I did most of my trading

at his store, and when times got better he and his wife and daughter often came out to our farm and bought vegetables and eggs from me. I still remember walking back to his place the next year carrying six dressed chickens, selling them for 50 cents apiece, spending the money for food, and packing it home. Three dollars bought quite a heavy load in those days, too.

Things went on about the same for us the third summer after my husband drowned. I plowed 50 acres of land for a neighbor Jack Hamilton that spring. Olive and Vala were eight and seven now, and Louis, the baby, was past two. The girls cleared and burned brush for Hamilton, and we all picked strawberries and raspberries for Joel Hammond. We got more work putting up hay and potatoes, potatoes and made enough money to buy a cow. We had lots of milk and butter after that. I also bought 30 hens, and we had all the eggs we wanted.

Wild fruit was unbelievably plentiful. Blueberries and saskatoon berries grew everywhere. The latter were available in abundance, but because they were not as tasty as blueberries, we rarely bothered with them.

Then there were bog cranberries and wild viburnum that is commonly known as the highbush cranberry. Both of them called for plenty of sugar, but they were excellent for jellies and jams.

There were also wild strawberries and raspberries, and even gooseberries and black currants, growing in profusion. Some we canned, some we dried in the sun, some we ate as we picked.

Our garden and the land I had cleared were producing bountifully. I sold potatoes and garden stuff and bought the groceries we needed. I even built a woodshed, splitting the shakes

for the roof myself, out of blocks I cut with a crosscut saw.

Before that summer was over I had the first argument I had ever had with a black bear. The bear won hands down.

I left the kids at home one day and walked two miles to Jack Hamilton's place to pick up mail and groceries he had brought out from town for me. Because I would have enough to carry on the return trip, I didn't take the old .30-30 Winchester that went with me on most of my trips. The country along the Stuart was still wild and sparsely settled, and you never knew when you were going to meet a quarrelsome moose, wolf, or something in an unfriendly frame of mind, so I usually carried the rifle as a precaution. But that day I went without it.

When I was ready to go home I took a short cut across the fields and through timber along the river. I hadn't walked far when I saw a bear and three cubs grubbing ants out of a rotten log at the edge of a small burn.

I had lived all my life in the woods and wasn't really afraid of bears. I had met lots of them but had yet to come across one that didn't run at the sight of me. Nevertheless, I knew enough about them that I didn't think it would be wise to walk on past this family. I was fully aware that a sow with cubs is likely to be short-tempered.

"Get!" I yelled at the top of my voice. "Get out of there!"

The old bear came back with a loud woof, but she and two of the cubs took me at my word. They lit out in the opposite direction. The third cub got confused. I guess he was so busy with his ant hunting that he didn't know

where I was, and he came straight for me.

The old female ran only about three or four times her own length before she looked back. She swapped ends, started after the cub, and let out a roar that fairly lifted me out of my tracks. I turned and ran for Jack Hamilton's open fields as fast as my legs could carry me, but it seemed to me right then that I had lead weights on my feet.

I looked back once, and she was gaining fast. But the cub stopped and then

she stopped, and when I got out into the field she was nowhere in sight. I went back to Hamilton's house, borrowed a horse and rode home. So far as I can remember, that was the last time, in the years we lived on the Stuart, that I ever went into the woods on foot without a gun.

I didn't guess it at the time, but that encounter marked the beginning of something, too. For many years to come, I'd have bears in my hair a fair share of the time.

Honorary Grandpa

by Art Reykdal

Reclining in an easy chair, a child on either knee,
I sing to them the ancient songs my father sang to me.
Sometimes they sing along with me, those precious little scamps,
But all they really want to do is cuddle up to Gramps.

Teresa with coquettish glance and warm, beguiling smiles,
And Craig with teasing, impish grin and roguish, taunting wiles
Have got me by the heartstrings in a grip that's never ceased,
And though I protest mildly, I don't want to be released.

No blood of mine flows through their veins; that matters not, I say.
They've lived with me since first they saw the early light of day.
The children call me Grandpa and it fits me like a glove.
I make no claim to bonds of blood, but only bonds of love.

REMINISCENCES

Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927)

Translated by Axel Vopnfjerd

Part III.

WESTWARD HO

Continued from the Summer Issue, 1973

On July 13, 1873, a group of prospective emigrants, myself included, arrived at Akureyri, reputed to be the commercial capital of northern Iceland, but destined to become the Port of Despair for the tearful souls whom penury was about to expatriate to an exile in a faraway, alien land where perforce they must face unfamiliar frustrations and hardships in the struggle for survival.

While waiting for passage to the promised land, we were notified that an English steamship, the Queen, had arrived in the harbour. Several of the English passengers landed, men and women. According to my best recollection the latter were singularly unattractive. That evening several of us, Tryggvi and Eggert Gunnarsson, G. Lambertsen, myself and others were employed to unload the cargo from the ship. It was arduous work. When the work had been completed, arrangements were made to row us back to land, but four of us, Gísli from Mjóadal (Narrow Valley), Eiríkur Briem, Ásgeir Baldvinsson and myself were inadvertently left behind. Eiríkur persuaded the captain to permit two young men to row us to land. When we were a short distance from the ship, the rowers demanded payment. We refused. They then threatened to row us back to the ship if we did not pay,

but we effectively dissuaded them from doing so. Upon landing I told them where to go; i.e., to a notorious place located in the torrid bowels of the earth. They made no further mention of payment. During the remainder of my sojourn in Akureyri I worked at various jobs, earning enough money to help pay for my passage to North America.

On the evening of August 4th I arrived at the shore in Akureyri preparatory to boarding the steamship "The Queen", which was scheduled to sail to Scotland with horses which a Britisher named Walter had bought in Iceland, and the Icelandic emigrants who had paid their fare in advance, Walter had promised us a reduction in our fare, a promise he broke on the pretext that we had too much luggage. (Translator's comment: It would appear that Walter had hired the ship in the British Isles to transport the horses from Iceland). Needless to say Walter was henceforth not the favorite member of the group. Altogether 153 Icelandic expatriates were on board, 123 bound for Ontario, and 30, myself included, bound for Milwaukee. The Ontario-bound passengers had paid fares to Quebec, because they had been promised free passage thence to their destination. The leaders of the Ontario group were Ólafur from Litla-

hóli (Little Hill), Baldvin Helgason and Friðjón Friðriksson. Our leader was Thorlákur from Stórutjörnum (Big Tarns). On the deck of the ship, as we were bidding fond farewell to our homeland, Paul from Kjarna — (translator's question: Paul Kernested?) decided to turn back to the flesh-pots of Iceland, in spite of the fact that he was unable to reclaim some of his luggage. In Scotland a few of the group decided to follow his example. I do not know what happened to them.

On board ship the luggage was scattered helter-skelter in between the spaces allotted for sleeping. The passengers with their eider-down sleeping bags found that the transit to their sleeping quarters was, indeed, a hazardous undertaking, necessitating acrobatic skill which few of us possessed. From the horses' quarters below us the stench at times made no contribution to our comfort or well-being. Apart from the men's quarters was "The cabin for Ladies" which was too small to accommodate all the women of our party. Some of them of necessity were forced to share the men's quarters, which was shocking to the Englishmen's sense of propriety. But I was not aware of any breach of the moral code resulting therefrom. Incidentally, I cannot think of worse accommodation than a ship carrying horses. Needless to say I lay awake all night.

August 5. We are victims of the turbulent North Atlantic. Seasickness is prevalent. Life can be grim.

August 6. I have recovered to such an extent that I can be of assistance to others.

August 7. A beautiful, calm, sunny day. Most of the patients have recovered. At 12 p.m. we sailed past the Faroe Islands. In the distance they looked like a bank of clouds in the west. The Scottish passengers were

singing "Annie Laurie" and "Scots Wha Hae"; the English "God Save the Queen" and Rule Britannia"; the Icelanders "Eldgamla Ísafold" (the national anthem at that time) and "Ísland, Ísland, Ó ættarland" (Iceland, Iceland, O Fosterland).

August 8. I awoke at 4 a.m. At that time we were approaching the Shetland Islands. They appeared to be rocky and rather barren. Trees appeared to be almost non-existent, although once did we espy a planted grove, but we did see some impressive farm homes, and numerous cattle and sheep. At 9:30 a.m. we landed at Leerwick, where it was discovered that 5 or 6 of Walter's horses had died. Several of our group went ashore. At 2:00 p.m. one of them, Stefán from Ljósavatni (Lake of Lights), returned in a boat rowed by an elderly, fray-haired man. Two of us, Ásgeir Baldvinsson and myself, decided to row back with Stefán and the old man. In the town we were shown its main attraction by a handsome, young pharmacist, whom it was our good fortune to meet. We were impressed. Leerwick is an attractive place with straight, paved streets. Our friend informed us that the Shetlanders were of Norse origin, and that they were all Lutherans.

August 9. At 12:00 noon we arrived at Aberdeen. There the horses were driven ashore. A large crowd of hooligans, armed with sticks, whips, and other weapons, gathered around the horses, subjecting them to blows and other abuse. It was saddening to learn that such sub-human creatures exist in the world.

August 10. We arrived at Granton at 2:00 p.m. Here we bid farewell to Her Grace "The Queen" (i.e., the ship). The ship lay opposite the Customs House, where our luggage would be examined, an ordeal we dreaded. Early next morning a gray-haired,

wily-looking customs officer arrived. He began his examination by asking the girls to give him tobacco and liquor, commodities they did not possess. Whenever he noticed anyone opening a trunk, he hovered around and peered at its contents. In one trunk he espied some tobacco which he examined attentively. When no one was looking, he put a chalk mark on that trunk. After he had gone, we erased the mark, and moved the trunk so that he would not recognize it. In due course we were instructed to leave the ship. It was an arduous task to walk up a steep slope carrying heavy trunks. On the pier other customs officials began their examination, one that we passed with honors.

I eagerly looked forward to my first sight of a railway train, and the journey thereon to Edinburgh. I gazed and gazed in sheer wonderment at this steam-belchig giant when, like an awesome, prehistoric monster, it came into view. Sixty miles an hour! Such incredible speed! I stared entranced long enough to note its main features, and to try to understand how it functions. We, the impoverished expatriates from Ultima Thule, were assigned to the cheapest, dirtiest, least comfortable coach, the one next to the locomotive. Nevertheless, as the train raced past the verdant landscape to the Scottish capital, we were in high spirits, enjoying this novel experience and singing our beloved Icelandic folk songs.

Edinburgh proved to be the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and our short sojourn there proved to be perhaps the most enjoyable part of our entire journey. G. Lambertsen directed us to the massive statue of Scotland's great poet and novelist, Walter Scott. There sat old Walter, bare-headed, with a book in his left hand and a pen in his right, facing westward,

brooding as he wrote his immortal verses. We, poetry-loving Icelanders, felt a close affinity with Walter.

On the road to Glasgow, as the train sped through cities, past fields, and lovely forests, our exhilaration knew no bounds. Gone was the memory of the sad departure from our homeland, gone the recollection of the hardships of our sea voyage, gone the apprehension of starting anew in an unfamiliar — and perhaps hostile — land. It wasn't long until we arrived in Glasgow. Coming from a sparsely populated country, we felt like a drop of water in a dipper compared to the overwhelming throngs in the streets. Gangs of hoodlums ridiculed our outlandish costumes, the women's headgear, and our foreign language. Mocking laughter and jeering remarks followed us to our sleeping quarters. Here chaos ensued. Children were placed in rooms apart from their parents; wives were separated from their husbands. I was finally able to get to the quarters allotted to unmarried men. Here the pangs of thirst began to assail me. What to do? We were forbidden to leave our rooms. I spoke no English. When the coast was clear, I sneaked out of my room and knocked on the door of a neighboring room where I enquired if Icelanders occupied it. Great was my joy when I heard someone replying in my mother tongue. I got my drink of water.

August 11. I got up early; went for a walk; saw talking parrots, begging black men, donkeys pulling wagons, and intoxicated girls, and boys who insisted that they polish my shoes for a penny. The latter followed and harassed me withersoever I continued my walk. I went to a store in order to buy shoes for several people. The prices ranged from \$1.90 to \$2.50 in American money. Later some of us went to banks to exchange our money

for American and Canadian currency. We must have had the appearance of naive. Wherever we went attempts were made to cheat us. Dutch and Mexican money was unwittingly accepted by some members of our group. Those who did not exchange their money until they arrived in North America got a better deal.

August 12. At 1:00 p.m. we left our quarters to board the steamship "Manitoba", which was due to sail for North America later that day. There was much confusion. Some lost their way; in some cases baggage was left behind. Fortunately I was able to board ship without mishap. We carried our eider-down sleeping bags and whatever baggage we needed to the quarters allotted to us. Now we were on that gigantic steam-"dragon", The Manitoban, which some of the Icelanders nicknamed "The World", perhaps aptly so, since there were 720 passengers aboard and a crew of 70. We, having of necessity paid the lowest fare available, were assigned to the steerage section of the ship, and were not allowed to violate the sanctity of the more plush quarters of the affluent passengers behind us. One of the Icelanders named Gunnar, was left behind in Glasgow. He had been at the bank exchanging his money. Upon returning to the hostel where we had been staying, he found us gone. He then ran frantically back to the bank, and, knowing a few words in English, was able to make the banker understand his predicament. The latter, having signalled Gunnar to follow him, ran to the pier where the ship had been anchored. Upon arrival there they found the ship gone, whereupon the banker hired a steamboat which overtook the ship. He put Gunnar aboard in spite of objections from the crew, refusing to accept payment for all his trouble. This Scottish "Good

Samaritan" restored our faith in human nature, badly shaken by encounters with so many swindlers and ruffianly boors. Our food was not such that we could claim that we had lived the "life of Riley" on the ship. For breakfast we had coffee (so-called) with biscuits and butter or nearly raw porridge with syrup; for dinner, beef and potatoes or salt fish with vinegar and bread, on Sundays raisin pudding; for supper biscuits and tea.

August 19. (Our eighth day at sea). The most memorable event of this day was my altercation with the steward. I had brought a cup to him and had asked for hot water. Instead he filled the cup with coffee (so-called) which I poured on the floor. He demanded angrily that I clean it up. I refused. He then tried to beat me but failed. I reported the incident to Bengtsen, our Norwegian interpreter, who ruled that I should clean the floor. I adamantly refused and demanded hot water which I finally got. It is just as well to stay clear of Stewards. They are as a rule ignorant ruffians.

August 22. (Our eleventh day at sea). A brisk wind from the west, sunshine, sea calm. A German child which had died on the voyage was thrown overboard. A man distributed religious treatises. I received "The Conversion of St. Paul". The French passengers, laughing heartily, asserted that this material could conveniently be used in the bathroom. At 7:30 p.m. we got our first glimpse of land. We were sailing between Labrador on the right and Newfoundland on the left. East of Labrador we espied a huge iceberg; the land was forbidding, barren and rocky; there appeared to be snow in the valleys.

As Moses had done in days of yore, we had at last sighted the PROMISED LAND! (to be continued)

ARINBJORN SIGURGEIRSSON BARDAL

by Lee Brandson

Among the papers of the late A. S. Bardal was found an autobiography, dealing mainly with his boyhood in Iceland, and his struggles as a young man in Canada. The original manu-

script has been placed in the keeping of the library in Iceland. This is a condensation of some of the episodes and events that are related in it.

"While we were living in Svartarkot, I remember chasing my brother through the lava fields to the south of the farm. On the way home I found a peculiar object in the sand. It was roundish and full of holes, so I tied a piece of string to it and dragged it home behind me. When I came home, I went to my mother in the pantry. She let out a scream and asked me where I had found the grisly object. . . It was a man's skull—the first I had ever seen."

This is the earliest childhood memory of Arinbjorn Sigurgeirsson Bardal, who in a few short years would be forced by the hardships of nature to become an exile from the land of his birth. Later, faced with the adversities only an immigrant can know, he would become one of the most successful and influential Icelandic-Canadian businessmen in Manitoba.

Arinbjorn was born in Svartarkot, in Bardardal in the north of Iceland, on the twenty-second of April, 1866. His father was Sigurgeir Palsson of Grimstadur, and his mother Vigdis Halldorsdottir of Bjarnastadur in Bardardal. When he was five years old, his family moved west to Thingeyrar (Eyjafjord). The family prospered here,

as the sheep they had brought with them from Bardardal were much hardier than any in the area, and therefore Sigurgeir's flocks were much in demand as breeding stock. Unlike the rich hay fields of Bardardal, which provided fodder for neighboring districts as well as local flocks, the land at Thingeyjar was poor, but this area had advantages, too. The driftwood which could be collected on the shores here was always valuable because of the shortage of wood in Iceland. Fishing and egg-hunting provided welcome additions to the diets of the people, especially during Arinbjorn's youth, when severe winters took a high toll of livestock.

In 1874, when Arinbjorn was eight, his father had the opportunity to lease all the land at the Thingeyrar farm, but chose instead to move to Vididals-tunga in Vididal. Arinbjorn considered this decision to be the greatest mistake his father ever made, for although the farm at Vididalstunga was a large one, the land was very poor.

It was here that Arinbjorn began his life as a shepherd. For the first four years he tended the flocks only during the summer months, but at the age of twelve he took on the responsibility all



ARINBJORN S. BARDAL AND FOUR SONS: Karl, Njáll, Arinbjorn S., Páll and Arinbjorn Gerard (Gerry)

the year around. That winter a plague hit the sheep, and it was the boy's job to slaughter the sheep as they fell ill, and then to haul them back to the farmstead on a sled. One day, when he had killed three sheep, he played a trick on one of the farmhands:

"I brought the sled most of the way home, then went and told my father I could only bring it as far as the sheep shed. 'Would you send Niel out after it?' After only a little while, Niel came back into the house cursing. 'How did that damned brat manage to bring that sled as far as the sheep shed? I could not even move it, the ground is so stony and the snow so thin!' I never told anyone that I had caught one of the largest ewes and had her help me haul the sled."

Because he became a shepherd at such a young age, Arinbjorn's education was very limited. As he himself states, it was only to the ruling of the Lutheran church that some education was necessary before a child could be confirmed, that he and many others owed their literacy. In the fall of 1878, at the age of twelve, Arinbjorn fell ill with a boil on his neck. The local physician gave him a choice: he would either cut it out, or burn it away with "hell-stone". "I chose the stone with the terrible name because I didn't trust him with a knife in his hand." During his treatment which lasted about two months, he was unable to tend the sheep. It was in the courses of this confinement that the

local pastor taught Arinbjorn to read and write.

By this time harsh winters had already begun to create hardships in northern Iceland. With high losses of livestock in 1877, food became scarce. Arinbjorn's brother Pall emigrated to North America that summer. In 1880 the family moved again, this time to Rafa in Midfjord. That autumn Arinbjorn, now 14, told his father that he thought it would be better not to try and keep too many sheep over the winter as it was going to be specially long and severe. 'And where did you learn this news?' my father asked. 'From the mice'. — He grinned and said, 'What are they doing?' — 'They are making much greater preparations for winter than I have ever seen before. Father. I have often opened their nests when cutting turf in the autumn and I have never seen them as well prepared as now—they have thrice the food and much thicker nests. This seems to mean that a long and severe winter is coming.' "

Sigurgeir had much of the livestock slaughtered, and the following two winters were indeed long and bitter. There were heavy losses among the animals, but fortunately many lives were saved by the unusually large number of whales which ran aground that summer.

In the summer of 1884, Arinbjorn went south to Akranes for a taste of life at sea on a fishing boat. He suffered so badly from sea-sickness, however, that he had to leave the ship in Revkjavik. He worked for the summer unloading coal in Revkjavik. He and a widow hauled the coal in wheelbarrows from the ships to the dock.

"We were paid on Saturday evening. I got one krona a day, while she got only fifty aurar. I asked Geir (our employer) why this was so, for we had done the same work. His reply was:

'If you aren't satisfied, you can leave.' I got angry and said this was almost robbery—this woman had five young children and deserved the same pay as I. There were many men listening and that bothered him, for he knew all agreed with me. A while after I had returned home, this woman sent me a silver spoon, and wrote that she had received fifty aurar's worth of credit at the company's store every day since I had left, and she asked me to accept the spoon with the thanks of her children, whom I had never seen."

In January of 1886, Arinbjorn's mother died. Her death resolved Arinbjorn to seek a change, and he decided to leave Iceland for Canada. His father was too poor to help him pay the fare to Canada, but Arinbjorn managed to borrow the money from a friend. He travelled with a party of twenty-three which included his sister Asdis, her husband, brother-in-law, and two infant children.

Others were not so fortunate as to borrow fare for their passage. Arinbjorn tells of a friend who worked as a sailor from Iceland to Edinburgh, and later from Glasgow to Canada, but did not have the money to pay for his train fare from Edinburgh to Glasgow. He boarded the train anyhow, hoping for a bit of luck. When the conductor came around to collect the tickets, he noticed that he kept the tickets in the sweatband of his hat, and thought of a plan to get free train fare. He pretended to be asleep when the conductor came. The conductor shouted but he did not stir. He shouted again, but still the man remained motionless. Finally the conductor grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. The young man pretended that he did not understand what was happening, and began to struggle with the conductor, falling towards the window so that his hat fell out. Then

he pretended to realize what was happening, and told the conductor: "See what you have done! My ticket was in my hat, and you knocked it out the window." The conductor looked out the window, and decided there was nothing to be done but to let him ride without a ticket.

Once in Glasgow, his fellow decided he needed a new suit of clothes. He told his friend to wait for him outside a clothing shop, and when he tried in a suit of clothes, his friend was to call him outside very urgently to see something. So he went into a better shop and tried on a suit which was not inexpensive. When his friend called him, he gave his wallet to the storekeeper and told him to take what he needed. He never returned for his wallet, but then there was nothing in it that he really missed.

To get back to Arinbjorn's story, he was luckier than most immigrants, since his brother Pall had been in Canada for eight years, and he took Arinbjorn into his home, as well as Asdis and her family. After a few days at his brother's house, Arinbjorn left to work for the C.P.R., laying track. "The very first morning I heard someone call, 'Look out!' Not understanding, I didn't, and a tie fell on my left leg, scraping the flesh off past the ankle. That gave me a rest for the next four weeks."

When he had recovered and gone back to work, the first words of English he learned were curse words. "One day an old man, one of the spikers, was run over by the car carrying rails to the other end of the track. Both his feet were cut off. I was standing near him when it happened, and much to my astonishment he began to curse and swear. I asked one of my countrymen why he was swearing, and he told me the man was not swearing but praying. I was very surprised to learn that

Englishmen use the same words to pray as they do to curse."

Arinbjorn worked on the railway until Christmas, and managed to pay back the money he had borrowed in Iceland. He then went to work on the Hudson Bay Railroad, but after only a short time he developed typhoid fever. He walked home from Stony Mountain to Winnipeg, and then collapsed on his brother's sofa. He was bedridden for four months.

Arinbjorn worked at various jobs during the next few years. He dug sewers in Winnipeg for seventy-five cents a day, and unloaded coal in Fort William for twenty-five cents an hour. He worked at many jobs, ill-paid and dangerous, but there were some he could not tolerate. He spent half a day on the construction of the Post Office at Main and McDermot, carrying a mortar hat up to the fourth floor, "At noon I met my foreman on the fourth story. He asked me how I liked my new job. "Like this", I said, and dropped my mortar hat down into the basement. I went home and never collected my half-day's pay."

In the fall of 1887, Arinbjorn found employment on a farm near Carberry, working for a Mr. Boyd. This was the first time he worked wholly among English-speaking men. He enjoyed the fourteen months he spent on Mr. Boyd's farm thoroughly, although he was not well paid. He learned a great deal about agriculture in Canada, and once he had sufficiently mastered the English, Mr. Boyd made him foreman over the other hired hands. One incident which stood out in Arinbjorn's mind was the mid-winter's day when he set out long before sunrise to bring a load of hay from Glenboro, over twenty miles away. By the time he had loaded the hay, fed the horses, and had his own dinner, it was evening. He set out for home right after

eating, but during the night a great blizzard came upon him, so that he couldn't keep the load upright. Three times he righted the load with the horses, but the leeward side became too heavy for the load to keep its balance. With blocks of snow, Arinbjorn built four walls large enough to protect himself and the horses, then built a roof with the lumber from the sled, and from the hay. They stayed out the storm in this shelter. By noon the next day the storm had subsided. Arinbjorn had little hay to show for his trouble, but at least he and the horses were alive. Many lives were lost in that blizzard, including about forty school-children and their teachers in North Dakota.

Arinbjorn finally left Boyd's farm feeling there was little future to be had there. His next employment was hauling lumber. However, he soon left this, looking for greener pastures, and worked for a time as a section hand for the Northern Pacific Railway at St. Norbert. He then spent brief periods haying near Lundar, and threshing near Gladstone. That winter he drove a wagon for a Mr. B. S. Lindal, who had a wood and coal hauling business.

Being young and foolish, Arinbjorn sank all his savings into pool hall and ice cream parlour partnership. Within four months he had nothing to show for his investment, but, as he said, the experience taught him many valuable lessons. That same fall, Mr. Lindal offered to sell him his business. The Unitarian minister, Bjorn Petursson, and his wife lent Arinbjorn the \$200 he

needed, and Arinbjorn was in the transport business. He enjoyed being self-employed, and made a good living at it.

In 1891, caught up in a surge of "back-to-the-land fever", Arinbjorn was one of a group of Icelanders who were to select homesteads in the Melita area. The land was rough and stony, with no wooded land for fifty miles around. Arinbjorn soon saw that the land could not provide a living for people who had nothing to start with, and returned to Winnipeg and his transport business. When his income from this began to dwindle, he also entered the taxi-cab business.

In 1893 Arinbjorn married Seselja Thorgeirsson. They had two daughters, Adalbjorg and Emelia. Emelia died in the fall of 1898, only a year and a half old, and his wife Seselja died in February after many months of illness.

In 1894, Arinbjorn sold his transport business and made a very modest beginning in the funeral business. "I sold home-made coffins for ten dollars, and factory-made from twenty to thirty-five dollars. There was very little embalming done in those days." He financed the newly-founded 'Bardal Funeral Home' through its early days by retaining his taxi business. He worked very hard to improve and expand the business, and for many years he and George Gardiner co-operated closely to save on mutual expenses. Gardiner owned a black hearse, and Bardal a team of black horses, so for years Bardal's horses drew Gardiner's hearse for both funeral homes.

Arinbjorn remarried in 1900, to Margaret Ing. Olson. His marriage was blessed with four

Standing at the portal
Of the coming year,
Words of comfort meet us
Pushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
Father's voice.
Fend strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

rose to prominence in the International Order of Good Templars.

Accompanying his autobiography were a number of poems in English and Icelandic. All seem to have been written by Arinbjorn himself. Included was the following:

His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on his promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all sufficient
For the coming year.

JUDGE STEINTHOR JON GUDMUNDS, L.L.B.



Steinthor Jon Gudmunds

Judge Steinthor Jon Gudmunds, L.L.B., is a Judge of the Municipal Court in Santa Monica, California, where he is engaged in extensive trial

and court work. A legal and judicial career has included: Attorney at Law 1965-1968; Deputy District Attorney, Imperial County, El Centro, California, 1968-1969; Deputy District Attorney, Santa Barbara County, Santa Maria, California, 1969-1971.

Judge Gudmunds saw service as a pilot with the U.S. Navy from 1953 to 1958, including a tour of duty as Officer in Charge of Detachment Q, in Japan. He presently holds the rank of Commander in the U.S. Naval Air Reserve.

He belongs to several organizations, including the American Bar Association; Masons (32nd degree); Elks. Rotary International; and is director Rotary Santa Maria Club.

Judge Gudmunds is California born, of Icelandic parents, Steinthor and Louise Gudmunds, of Sacramento, California.

Old English Flavor for Restaurant



For dining pleasure — the new Round Table Restaurant on Pembina Highway

Many people travelling down Pembina Highway recently have been wondering about a new building which resembles a picture from an old English history book.

It is Winnipeg's newest restaurant — The Round Table — now open.

Situated on the east side of Pembina Highway and just north of Stafford Street, the English Tudor-styled restaurant is basically a steak house, but also offers seafood such as Icelandic scampi, smallest of the lobster family, and marinated boneless breast of chicken.

Operated by Jed's Restaurant, a Winnipeg based firm, The Round Table is the first of a chain of similar restaurants planned for Canadian cities.

Thrainn Kristjansson, president of Jed's Restaurants Ltd., said that before deciding on the concept and the design of the restaurant, an extensive study had been conducted on the trends of North American dining habits.

The building consists of a lounge, which will seat about 50 to 60 people, and five dining rooms each accommodating about 25 patrons. At the end of the corridor, decorated with wine racks, is a buffet-style salad bar where diners will have an opportunity to chat with the chef while he is turning steaks on the grill.

Like the waiters, he is also dressed in old English attire.

Mr. Kristjansson who is also manager of the Round Table, stated that the staff consists mostly of young college students who are being trained by the management. Each waiter is responsible for four tables.

The 33-year old Mr. Kristjansson is a professional waiter who attended the Chefs and Waiters College in Reykjavik, Iceland, an exclusive school teaching all concepts of restaurant service. He took the three-year course for waiters. The chefs course is four years.

While at the college, he was taught the history of wine, shown how it is made, served and handled. He was also taught the Russian, French and English procedures in serving food. (Later while attending the universities of North Dakota and Minnesota, he learned the American methods).

Students taking the course were also required to study Danish, English, and French and obtain a basic knowledge of cooking.

According to Mr. Kristjansson, no first class restaurant in Iceland would employ a waiter who didn't have a diploma from the Chefs and Waiters College.

After graduating from the College, Mr. Kristjansson soon became a head waiter and worked in many of the best restaurants in Reykjavik where he served people of all walks of life including kings from Europe and the president of Iceland.

Unlike North America, waiters in Iceland are held in the same regard as any other professions where an apprenticeship is required.

Winnipeg Free Press

The Icelandic Canadian wishes Mr. Kristjansson every success in his new venture. — og velkominn til Winnipeg.

Dr. Percival Johnson Retires from North

By G. Bertha Johnson

For nearly four decades the Flin Flon community has been blessed with the services of a good and dedicated man, Dr. Percival Johnson, M.D., L.M.C.C., F.A.C.S., who has now retired from the North and is making his home in Winnipeg.

Dr. Johnson was a young M.D. when he first came. Our city was then a raw frontier: sewers boxed above ground or non-existent, roads rough with slag, no highway to the outside. Construction of a new unit for the power plant at Island Falls was still underway, and Dr. Johnson served as camp doctor. He was north, "Just for the summer," so he said. However, in September of that same year, 1935, he joined the staff of the Flin Flon Company Hospital, which was the only one in town at that time, and had been built by the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company for their employees. In 1937, he again followed construction, this time to Whitesand Dam, at Reindeer Lake, some hundred and twenty-five miles from this mining town. There after, only for brief periods over the years, was he called away from Flin Flon by medical conventions, administrative duties connected with his many responsible positions, and his constant pursuit of greater knowledge and skill. And so the intended summer's practice was prolonged into a long span of years.

The list of Dr. Johnson's professional qualifications and affiliations is long and impressive. Having received his



Dr. and Mrs. Percival Johnson

early education in Edinburg and Grand Forks, North Dakota, U.S.A., he later attended University of Manitoba, and Manitoba Medical College, from which he graduated in 1934. He subsequently interned at the Winnipeg General Hospital, and later practised a short time on the staff of Ninette Sanitorium before coming north.

Continuing post graduate studies, Dr. Johnson became a Licentiate of the Medical Council of Canada in 1939. In 1947, he was granted a certificate by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada, thus becoming a specialist in general surgery.

He was named a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, at a convocation in Chicago, in 1955.

Dr. Johnson is a past president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba, and past president of the North of 53 District Medical Society. He has been on the Committee of Trauma, for the American College of Physicians, is a member of the Medical Advisory Committee of the Manitoba Alcoholic Foundation, a provincial director of the Manitoba division of the Canadian Cancer Society, and a member of the Manitoba Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation. He was one of the first doctors in Manitoba to regularly process Pap Tests, when even Winnipeg was still sending them to Chicago.

Locally, Dr. Johnson was instrumental in helping to set up Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company's Employees' Health Association, going with Maurice Roche, assistant manager of H.B.M.&S. to Timmins, Ontario, to study their arrangements, and working in conjunction with Dr. Norman Stephansson, to set up a plan which has been cited as one of the best in the country.

At a time when hospitalization as we know it today was virtually unknown, Flin Flon along with Freemont, Ohio, U.S.A. led the world in this progressive endeavour, having 91% of the town's population covered, and 100% of the H.B.M.&S. company's employees and their families fully protected. Dr. Johnson was Medical Supervisor of this Health Association since 1944. He became Chief of Medical Staff of the Flin Flon General Hospital after the departure of Dr. Peter Guttormsson, who left Flin Flon for Vancouver, B.C. after being Head of Medical Staff from 1934 to 1943.

Flin Flon thrived and flourished, acquiring all the amenities including

city status and that dreamed-of highway to the outside. The population increased by leaps and bounds. Creighton sprang up west of the border; then Snow Lake and other satellite mines were brought into production.

There were now two hospitals, the Company hospital and the General Hospital. Not only were the needs of the people of Flin Flon and Creighton met, but also cases from Lynn Lake and Snow Lake where equipment was less adequate; and maternity and emergency cases were often flown in from outposts and Indian communities. Even with ten or more doctors, the Hospital staff worked under continual pressure, and none worked longer hours than Dr. Johnson. From operating room to clinic and wards, calm and immaculate he went, inspiring courage and implicit trust. A young nurse said of him: "He is one of God's people . . . A truly great man."

Dr. Norman Stephansson, who worked with Dr. Johnson from 1940 to 1969, when he became Director of Northern Health Services, said:

"Percy was a very energetic, dedicated physician, who always said he wanted to add life to his years, not years to his life."

Last August, at a Testimonial Dinner held in Flin Flon's community hall, hundreds of friends, colleagues, city dignitaries, and Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company officials met to honour Dr. Johnson and his wife, Betty. All regretted their departure. H.B.M.&S. Company's president, W. A. Morrice, voiced that regret when he said:

"The people of Flin Flon will watch Percy leave with a very sad heart but with head held high, and they will say, "There goes a man."

He also paid tribute to Mrs. Johnson for her many years of tolerance and understanding.

Guest speaker, Dr. Harvey McNicol, a former Hospital Staff member, cited many of Dr. Johnson's achievements, and pointed out that he is recognized throughout all of Manitoba as a knowledgeable and devoted physician.

"Never again," said Dr. McNicol, "will you have anyone to equal Dr. Percy Johnson in Flin Flon."

In conclusion he said, "Percy has given so many of his todays, so that the people of Flin Flon can have healthier and happier tomorrows."

Health Minister Rene Toupin, brought greetings from the province of Manitoba, and commended Dr. Johnson for his many years of service and encouragement to the people of the North.

"He has not completed his work to the people, but is commencing a new phase of his life. He will continue to share his love and knowledge with mankind," he said.

He presented a miniature ox cart, symbolic of the pioneering era to which, he said, Northern Manitoba still belongs.

Deputy Mayor Bud Jobin, said Flin Flon was greatly indebted to the Johnsons. As a token of esteem he presented an honorary citizenship, and a commemorative plaque for years of devoted service.

Administrator Roy Brown, gave some past history relative to Dr. Johnson's connection with the General Hospital, saying that the first baby in the hospital had been delivered by him, January 5th, 1938, and since that time he had delivered more than 3000 babies.

"He was always there when we needed him," Mr. Brown said.

On behalf of the General Hospital, Mr. Brown presented a silver tea service. (Mrs. Johnson, with characteristic generosity, wished she could lend it

on special occasions to every service organization in town.)

Mayor Clark brought thanks and best wishes from Creighton, Saskatchewan; Mike Chlan, on behalf of the Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Company's Employees' Health Association, presented a token of appreciation; M. P. Keith Taylor made a presentation on behalf of the Hospital Advisory Board; and Dr. Norman Stephansson, a long time colleague and friend, presented a gift on behalf of the people of Flin Flon.

Numerous letters and telegrams from distant relatives, friends, and medical associations were read.

Gracious, and ever thoughtful of others, Dr. Johnson in his words of acknowledgement, paid tribute to the Medical Staff, past and present. He had recognition for his co-workers in every field, and praise for the great contribution made by the Sisters of Charity of St. Hyacinthe, who with the aid of a subsidy from the H.B.M.&S. Company, were instrumental in the construction of the General Hospital, in 1938, and in its operation until its transfer to the present administration by the Manitoba Hospital Board. At that time there was not the unlimited money now available, Dr. Johnson said.

"I feel my family and I have been richly blessed in our years in Flin Flon. . . . God bless and keep you," he concluded.

Bruce Keddie, editor of "The Daily Reminder", in his "Observations", said:

"I have never met a doctor who showed more humanity, and dedication to his profession. Percy put in daily hours from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 midnight, plus any emergency which arose any other time. . . . It wasn't unusual for Percy to spend all morning in the operating room, whip over to the clinic for the entire afternoon, and spend the

full evening checking his patients at the hospital. Yet he was always available when needed, and I don't ever recall him turning down a house call if there was any possible way he could fit it into his schedule. . . .

"I was one of his 3000 deliveries, one of the early ones; and a generation later he brought both my children into the world. I can't think of a man I have met whom I respected more. . . . And although it's hardly adequate, may I just add a sincere thanks for everything."

Dr. Johnson's parents were John Johnson and Gudbjorg Peturson, who came from Iceland in, or about 1885. His mother went originally to Gimli, Manitoba, and his father first settled in Wisconsin, U.S.A. Later they lived in North Dakota, where Dr. Johnson was born on their farm near Edinburg, October 28, 1907.

In October, 1937, he married Elizabeth Swain, of Morris, Manitoba, a graduate nurse of Winnipeg General Hospital. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have

two children, William and Fjola. The latter also graduated in nursing from the Winnipeg General Hospital, and now is Mrs. Jim Joel of Winnipeg. There is one grandchild, Jason.

Dr. Johnson and his wife, Betty, have always been active in the community as a whole. They were faithful members of Northminster Memorial United Church. Mrs. Johnson was first president of the Hospital Auxiliary, and honorary president of the local Business and Professional Women's Club. Dr. Johnson was a member of the Rotary Club since 1945, and was a member of the Committee for the Housing of Senior Citizens.

Respect, tribute, gratitude, and friendship, he has earned them all. Indeed, they are an inadequate recompense for the devotion and skill he gave in such great measure. His friends are happy to know that the call of the North will bring him and his family back each summer to renew old friendships, and to relax at their Denare Beach home.

AN ITEM OF HUMAN INTEREST

I have received a letter from a Mr. Eddie Knight, of Kidderminster, Worcestershire, England, with an enclosure for the Commanding Officer, R.C.M.P., Winnipeg (Assistant Commissioner G. Paquette). — Thereby hangs a tale.

In my flight in No 2 Cadet Wing R.A.F. at Shorncliffe, in World War I, was a young English lad, Cyril Knight. At Christmas, 1918, he invited me to his family home at Old Hill, near Birmingham. Another brother in the family, Eddie, saw service in the 7th

Worcestershire Regiment.

Eddie Knight now writes with reference to a former member of his machine gun section, Rev. Frank Ison, of Sandy Hook, near Gimli, Manitoba. Rev. Ison was recently taken ill with a heart attack and pneumonia and his life was saved by a neighbor alerting the R.C.M.P. at Gimli. Eddie writes on behalf of the known survivors of the machine gun section of the 7th Worcesters to thank the R.C.M.P. for their part in saving their war comrades' life. —W.K.

PAUL BJARNASON: Poet and Translator

by Loftur Bjarnason

(Continued from Autumn issue)

The power and the beauty of Stephan G. Stephansson's "Norðurljós" is well known to every lover of Icelandic literature. Only three years after the great poet's death in 1927 Paul translated this poem, calling it "Northern Lights." For the convenience of the reader the translation and the original are printed one below the other.

Gleaming through the gloaming,
Geysirs, wild, arising,
Tip the rocks with tapers,
Two and more afusing,
Lambent rays illumine
living bows aquiver.

Rainbows, lined with lanterns,
Light the way so brightly,
'Round the summits running
Rills of golden spillings.

Winter's hand, in hundreds,
Heaves the flares at even.
Icy cones, like candles,
Quicken till they flicker.
Spangles thrown asprinkle
Spray the night with daylight.

Glossv reaches glisten,
Glasslike, to the flashes
of the fireworks' fury
Far beyond the Arctic.

Vitar á gnípum glitra,
Gjósa upp norðurljósin.
Tundur þjóta af tindum
Tvenn og saman brenna.
Sindrar blik af bröndum,
Bogar titra og loga.

Bífröst blossom stöfuð
Ber út ljós um hérað,
Yfir hnjúka höfuð,
Hellir fleygu gulli.

Vetur á ísum úti
Elda slær að kveldi,
Svell á súlum fjalla
Sér að kveikjum gerir.
Raflýs: hálfan hefir
heim og blálofts geima.

Steind er hjarni stirndu
Storð að fjöru-borði
Hvít er nið og nóttin
Norðurheims að sporði.

A close examination of the original with the translation reveals how very carefully Paul Bjarnason has reproduced his model as to meter, alliteration, assonance, and poetic imagery—all within the framework of clear and colloquial English. The pattern of alliteration has been retained though the sounds themselves have been changed. This is, of course, entirely acceptable. Those who read both languages will agree that very little either of the sense or of the sound has been lost by the translator. There remains to be sure, the differences in the languages themselves in that the Icelandic can be extremely laconic, whereas the English tends to be prolix.

Whoever has thrilled to the rhythm, the imagery, and the mystery of Einar Benediktsson's "Hvarf séra Odds frá Miklabæ" will respond no less to Paul's interpretation, which he calls "Rev-

erend Oddur's Disappearance."

Recklessly a rider
Races o'er the ice.
Under shoes resounding
Sag the floes and rise.
The charger sniffs, and snorting
Snuggles to the rein
Briskly mountain breezes
Brush the flowing mane.

Hlevpir skeiði hörðu
halur vfir isa.
Glymja járn við jörðu
jakar í spori rísa
Hátt slær nösúm hvæstum
hestur í veðri geystu.
Gjósta af hjalla hæstum
hvín í faxi reistu.

Each sleepless night with its spooky
spell
That spectral forms endower,
The guilty mind itself will sell
to sin's avenging power.
It follows thee so fell of eye
And fiercely on thee glowers.
A phantom picture painted by
The pain of lonely hours.

Hver andvökunótt, hver æðrustund,
alin í beyg og kvíða,
sjálfframdar hefndir sjúkri lund
saka, er ódæmdar bíða
í lifandi myndum þig einblína á
með augum tærandi, köldum
og svipinn þeim harmar liðnir ljá
frá lífs þíns einverukvöldum.

But this is no time for dreams, indeed.
A demon faces the running steed
That falls, as if held by the halter;
But jumps to its feet with a jerky
bound
And jams its toes in the frozen ground
And stands like the stone of Gibraltar.
Nú er ei tóm fyrir dvala og draum.

Dauðs manns hönd grípur fast um
taum,
svo hesturinn hnýtur og dettur, —
hnvkkir í svipan hnjúka af jörð,
heggur sköflum í freðinn svörð
og stendur kyrr eins og klettur.

Clenched in hatred a hand is raised
On high, to strike; the other is placed
On a shining knife beside her.
Abused by him, and a suicide.
She shrieked—and the echoing height
replied—
This taunt to the trembling rider.

Reidd, sem til höggs, er höndin kreppt
hátt á lofti, önnur er heft
á bitrum, blikandi hnífi.
Þýtur í golu af þungum móð
þulin heiting. Svo mælti fljóð
svikið, er svipti sig lífi:

"Thy vile deceit has ruined my rest,
My role is that of an unclean guest,
And thou art crime-encumbered.
The threat that I swore is soon
fulfilled.
My sweet revenge is about distilled,
For now thy days are numbered."

"Svo illar hvíldir eg af þér fékk
og óhreinan hef eg setið bekk,
því ertu nú dauðadeigur. —
Þótt svikir þú mig, skal orð mitt efnt,
mín er eftir þessa nóttu hefnt.
Séra Oddur, nú ertu feigur."

The poem is entirely too long to quote here in full, but enough has been adduced to illustrate Paul Bjarnason's ability to capture the power and the eeriness of the original. It is perhaps worth mentioning again that he does this not by a blind, word-for-word translation but rather by reproducing the feeling and the ideas of the original. What the one has created with consummate skill, the other has

recreated with scarcely less ability. This is, of course, the real secret of a good translation.

The same might be said of Paul's rendition of Benediktsson's "Messan á Mosfelli" which he calls "A Sunday at Mosfell." Again, it is too long to produce here in full; we shall look at only one verse:

"The pathway of Error is often hard
And each retreat of our duty barred
On sin's unholy highways.
But surely the meek for their sins
atone.
For something was grief in pleasure
sown.
And so in the end will be overthrown
The evils that lurk in the by-ways."

Afbrotsins gata er oft svo ströng,
og undanhaldsleið vorrar skyldu
þröng—
á brautunum glötunarbreyðum.
En víst er, að iðrun á einhverja náð,—
til einhvers er harmi í léttúð sáð,
og eitt sinn skal hrekkvísinn heppna
smáð
sem hlykkjast á blómstráðum leiðum.

Even though the words themselves do not in all cases represent their precise Icelandic equivalent the thought is presented so clearly and so effectively that it is difficult to see how it could be improved.

Other examples might be adduced to show with what mastery this man, who never formally studied Icelandic, and who visited the home of his forebears for the first time at the age of 77, has transferred the very essence of Icelandic poetry into the English language. But mention was made earlier that Paul also translated from English into Icelandic. For one whose principal language is English this is—if such a thing is possible—even more difficult than the reverse. I should like

to illustrate with an example or two his craftsmanship and ability in this field.

Everyone remembers the opening verse or two from Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol":

He did not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red,
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead,
The poor dead woman whom he loved,
And murdered in her bed.

He walked among the Trial Men
In a suit of shabby grey:
A cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay;
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

Hann vildi ei skarlats skráða neinn:
það skerti hugans ró.
Því rauð og blóðg var hendi hans—
hjá henni, sem að dó,
hjá henni, sem hann unni einn
og inni í rekkju vög.

Í gráum tötrum greitt og létt
hann gekk um dómsins rann.
Á höfði bar 'ann húfu-garm
og hylti ei nokkurn mann.
En út til dagsins enginn leit
jafn angurbliðt sem hann.

Those who read both languages will notice immediately that Paul, as usual, is not concerned with reproducing the very words themselves; he is interested only in reproducing the thoughts, the feeling, and the air of the original. For those who do not read Icelandic with complete ease, it might be pointed out that since in translating from Icelandic to English, Paul retains essentially the Icelandic rules of alliteration, one might logically expect him to transfer the English rules of poetry into the Icelandic. Such, however, is

not the case. As far as the alliteration is concerned, it has traditionally been an absolute *conditio sine qua non* of Icelandic poetry, or as Paul Bjarnason himself put it in a letter to this writer: "In my opinion Icelandic poems cannot be done full justice without it (alliteration). Icelandic poetry without alliteration cannot be anything but a mess, and is so looked upon by everyone." To carry over English versification into the Icelandic, i.e., to fail to achieve alliteration, would be absurd, and the result, no matter how artistically done otherwise, would scarcely be accepted as poetry among the Icelanders. As to the assonance, it is often used in English poetry—not however, as a condition of excellence, but rather merely as an adornment. Wilde uses it rather often in his "Ballad" and with telling effect. Paul has no difficulty in reproducing the same effect in his translation, as the following example will illustrate:

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are Fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

Við gígjuhljóð og ástar-óð
Er yndi lífsins glætt.
Við hörpuslátt að dansa dátt
Er döpru hiarta kært.
En dansa nett og líka létt
Á lofti er ekki sætt.

If space permitted, I should like to cite further examples of Paul Bjarnason's un-examined artistry in creating in either language a work of art scarcely less beautiful than the original. I could mention, for example, his translation of "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer. "Crossing the Bar" by Alfred Lord Tennyson. But enough has been ad-

duced perhaps to prove that he was a sensitive and talented translator who knew how to express himself well in both languages. I should like to examine briefly two of his original poems, one in English, the other in Icelandic. Perhaps his little poem "Moods" with which he introduces *Odes and Echoes* will be as good an example as any:

Spring, lovely spring! Thou art
In nature's files
The cherry counterpart
Of human smiles.

Summer, so gaily guised!
Life's chronograph
In thee has symbolized
The merry laugh.

Autumn, so bleak and brown!
On nature's chart—
As on a face—the frown
Of Time thou art.

Winter! Time's ice shell!
On Life's quick page
Thou art the parallel
Of human rage.

The seasons, one by one,
The moods we feel,
Are but the skeins upon
Life's spinning wheel.

This has the delicacy of touch and the ease of expression that is strangely reminiscent of A. E. Housman.

The one in Icelandic is called simply "Undarlegt" (Strange).

Eitt er það sem alla tíð
Er undarlegt við lög og lið
Að veldin hevja víg og stríð
En viltar þjóðir stunda frið.

It was mentioned earlier that Paul Bjarnason felt quite disturbed to see

the gradual loss among his countrymen of the rich intellectual heritage brought by the original settlers from the mother country. It must be clear from the examples cited that while he lived he was singularly energetic in his attempts to preserve this heritage before it was lost completely. Through his translations and through his original poems he has enriched both English and Icelandic literature to a degree that merits great thanks from the lovers of both literatures. He made little claim to being an original creator (though I am not convinced that he was entirely justified in this self-

depreciation), but there can be little doubt that in his translations he was an artist in his own right and that he has accomplished a much needed task in interpreting a great deal that is beautiful in both languages and in handing it on to those to whom it would otherwise be inaccessible. He richly deserves the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow American-Icelanders and by those who live in the mother-country.

Loftur Bjarnason is Professor of Literature in the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, California. He is also the compiler and editor of *An Anthology of Icelandic Literature*.

Wilmar Nikulas Gudmunds was born July 5, 1935, in Berkeley, California. His parents are Steinthor and Louise (Ottenson) Gudmunds.

Nik (as he is called) is a senior systems engineer in the Data Processing Division of the International Business Machines Corporation. His most significant accomplishment was the design and implementation in 1965 of the first major "on-line" stolen vehicle reporting and inquiry system of the California Highway Patrol. This computer system gave immediate access of stolen vehicle information to law enforcement agencies in California, Nevada, Arizona, Oregon, Washington and Hawaii, and later to the National Crime Information Centre (NCIC) at the FBI in Washington, D.C. Some elements of the design of the California system were incorporated into the NCIC system.

Nik graduated from Berkeley High School with honors at the age of 16. He then worked for a year. Then he attended the University of California at Berkeley for two years. He joined

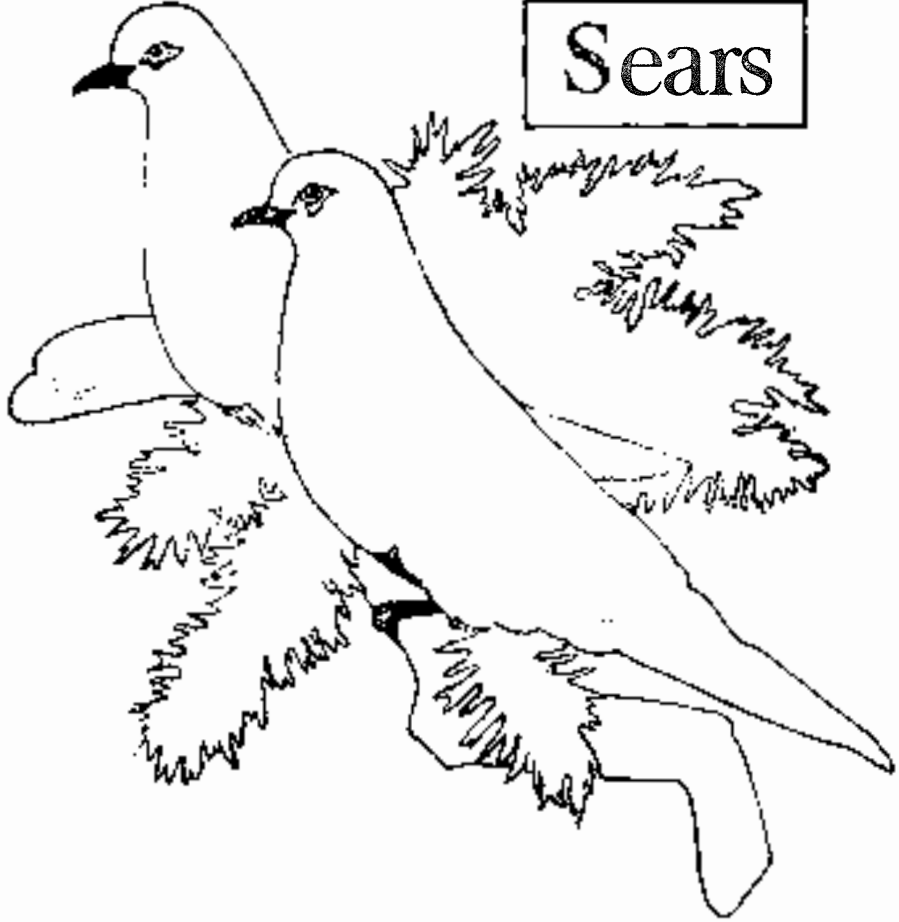
the military service and served in Taiwan.

He is married to Charlene Strahl. They have two children, Karen, 12 years old, and Karl, 11 years old.

On February 1, 1970 Nik was transferred from Sacramento, California to Olympia, capital of the state of Washington, where he and his family now reside.



Wilmar Nikulas Gudmunds



Sears

The management and staff of Simpsons-Sears Limited wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Forvarmáli að "Frið á Jörðu"

Eftir Guðmund Guðmundsson

Friðarins guð, hin hæsta hugsjón mín,
höndunum lyfti ég í bæn til þín!
Kraftarins faðir, kraftaverkið gjörðu:
Gefðu mér dýrðar þinnar sólar sín,
sigrandi mætti gæddu ljóðin mín, —
sendu mér kraft að syngja frið á jörðu.

Kærleikans guð, af mér sviptu hjúp,
sjón minni birtu lífsins eymdadjúp,
þaðan, sem andvörp þúsundanna stíga!
Sjá, fætur þína tárin titra við,
tindrandi augun mæna, og biðja um frið, —
friðarins döggi á hjóstrin láttu hníga!

Spekinnar guð, lát spádómskraftinn þinn
spakmálum þínum göfga anda minn,
birtu mér lögum það sem hylst þeim háu:
kærleikans undra-mátt, — við hljóð og hreim
hörpunnar minnar, láttu af krafti þeim
huggast og gleðjast hina smáðu' og smáu!

Friðarins guð, ég finn þitt hjarta slá
föðurmilt, blítt og sterkt í minni þrá,
brennandi þrá, að mýkja meinin hörðu.
Því finn ég mínum vængjum vaxa flug,
viljanum traust og strengjum mínum dug
til þess að syngja, — syngja frið á jörðu.

PEACE ON EARTH (Prologue)

Translated by Jakobina Johnson

Lord, God of peace, my spirit's high ideal
To thee I lift my hands in mute appeal,
Omnipotent, a miracle imploring.
Grant to my soul a vision of Thy light,
Charge Thou my song with Thy compelling might,
That it may rise — Thy peace on earth restoring.

Lord, God of love, unto my spirit show
In all their truth the depths of human woe,
Where-from the groans of multitudes are calling.
Mingled with tears they rise around Thy feet,
Beseeching looks of dying eyes entreat:
'Thy peace on earth, like dew on deserts falling'.

Lord, God of wisdom, with prophetic fires
Cleanse Thou my soul, ennoble my desires,
Thy purpose to my lowly heart revealing.
Thy wonder-power of love in song and sound
Call from my harp in rhapsody profound,
The suffering and broken spirits healing.

Lord, God of peace. Thy beating heart impels
Mine own, when that with sweet compassion swells,
Thy mercy for the sufferers imploring.
Wherefore I feel my spirit's wings grow strong
And courage rise to wake my harp in song.
O, may it rise — Thy peace on earth restoring.

JOHN S. WALKER:

PART II.

Hecla Island Expropriation Inquiry

In 1971 the Manitoba Government (Department of Tourism and Recreation) proposed to constitute Hecla Island a provincial park. In pursuance of this project, the Government deemed it necessary to expropriate the property of the inhabitants, including the descendants of the settlers of 1876. To determine whether the intended expropriation was fair and necessary, the Attorney-General appointed an Inquiry Officer, Mr. John S. Walker, a Winnipeg lawyer. His finding not acted upon, was that expropriation of the settlers' property was not fair.

Mr. Walker conducted public hearings and his report is public property. His report is considered and comprehensive and has historic value.

(Condensed)

THE GOVERNMENT CASE FOR EXPROPRIATION

The provincial Director of Parks, Mr. Walter Danyluk, presented the government case for expropriation, as follows:

A major expansion of The Manitoba's Park System is necessary if the province is to provide for the growing outdoor recreational needs of its citizens and to capture the economic benefits from the tourist industry. Estimates of demand made by various authorities in the field show that:

- (a) Spending by U.S. visitors in Canada is increasing an average from 8-10% annually;
- (b) American visitors staying more than three days in Manitoba between 1957-1961 rose by 21%;
- (c) Manitoba families camping tripled in number between the years 1960-1964 and this trend is increasing;
- (d) Domestic recreation, that is, day trips, would increase 10 times by 1986;

(e) Demand for cottages will increase three times by 1980;

(f) Observation of pressures of use at existing beaches for the period 1960-63 indicated most areas were operating at over capacity;

In planning the system of parks in the Interlake, a major objective has been to generate north-south recreation travel. A destination park comprised of the best resources the Interlake had to offer was considered a key factor. Hecla, Black, Deer, Punk, Goose, Little Punk, Grassy Narrows, and a number of off shore islands along the east shore of Lake Winnipeg were found to have the required assets.

The park was established by Order in Council, August 27, 1969. It comprises a water area of 140,295 acres and a land area of 72,274 acres. Of all the islands included, including Hecla Island, Black Island and Deer Island, the only one inhabited is Hecla Island, with 38,000 acres. Of the total acreage in Hecla Island, 5,034 is privately owned land held by 72 holdings. Of this



TO THE PEOPLE OF SELKIRK, MANITOBA

A JOYOUS
CHRISTMAS SEASON AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

From Mayor Frank Malis and Town Council of Selkirk

number, 23 are summer vacation properties.

Mr. Danyluk advised that it was not the policy on provincial parks to allow private ownership of land and that the crown desired to own all the land in the park, "It is very difficult to control the long run uses, the use can be converted to the detriment of the Park."

The objectors fell into two categories: the campers and the residents. **The Campers**

William Grove Speechly was one of those who spoke for the campers.

Mr. Speechly told the Inquiry of the long standing and closely knit character of the Campers' Association. In 1896, a group of missionary clergymen, including Dean Matheson, Canon Coombs and Canon Murray, came to the area and used it as a base center for missionary work in the north. These clergy attracted other laymen of other denominations and the nucleus of a small group was formed. Because only one boat visited the Island weekly, the isolation of the campers was almost complete and very close ties were formed. Mr. Speechly said that the first generation had now passed away, and that the senior members of the audience that were present, including himself, were members of the second generation. There was also a third and fourth generation.

The campers became very dependent upon each other and a relationship was struck up with the "kindly Islanders". "There are no finer people than the permanent residents." We have the greatest affection for them. Our little community enjoyed a great relationship with them."

A club house was built for non-denominational services in 1917 and services have been held regularly. The club house was also used for dances.

Mr. Speechly also spoke of war service and blood sacrifices. "and this is the sort of reward I get and other families for services to the Crown — "to get booted out of our property". He claimed there was room for "everybody" on the island.

Mrs. Drayson and her father's father enjoyed life on the island for more than 75 years.

Mr. Martin F. O'Day's main point was that Hecla Island had a character building effect . . . inspired by the Island, also by the people that inhabited the Island. He indicated that the cottagers had met to consider an alternative site where they could relocate as a group but that no suitable alternative site has been made available to them.

Gunnlaugur Benson, one of the operators of the discontinued ferry, complained about the unfair evaluation of his land. "For a quarter-of-a-mile of lake front, and 155 acres and my home, they offered me \$10,500, or \$14.00 per acre. You can't buy land anywhere for that. I've never been offered a lease-back. I'd prefer to own my own land. I don't trust leases."

Mr. Benson had investigated relocating elsewhere and found that the cost of land ranged between \$80.00 and \$100.00 an acre.

Mr. and Mrs. Tomasson, a descendant of the original settlers, felt that the government deliberately deceived the people with "a carefully worded document" giving the people to understand that they would have the choice of moving away or remaining on the Island under a Life-time Lease-Back. Further to this, they were informed that they would have job opportunities and better income. As the land acquisition proceeded it became very apparent that the people were being

The Out-Of-Work Gang is back on the job



In 1972, a Winnipeg building materials plant, employing forty workers, was closed down.

Three senior Winnipeg employees of the company felt the plant could still be operated profitably. They talked to professionals at Industry and Commerce. Their feasibility study proved the plan was workable. It went ahead.

By mid-year, the plant was re-opened as Welclad Industries Canada Ltd., and jobs in Winnipeg for thirty-two plant workers were re-established. In rural Manitoba, fifteen woodcutters and truckers are employed.

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told that they must leave the Island and re-locate somewhere else. The Provincial Government could regulate the land without expropriation. Mr. Tomasson and others suggested that the government go back to its original assurance "of giving us a choice of a life-time lease back with job opportunities."

There were numerous other submissions to the same effect.

Mr. Raichura argued for the crown. "The issue, therefore, was merely whose benefit should be considered uppermost. Are the interests of the people of the Province or the interests of the private owners to have precedence? There is no room for sentimental objection. I can understand how the Islanders feel".

Determination of the Facts

"The facts as they appear are:

- (A) That the original plan for the development of a provincial park on Hecla Island called for the preservation of the Hecla Islanders' community in an historic Icelandic fishing village for those who wished to remain . . ."
- (B) On May 9th, 1969 a letter was directed to the Island landowners, signed by J. B. Carrol, Minister of Tourism and Recreation, setting out some government guidelines.

"In most cases it will be possible to accomodate resident landowners who desire to remain on the Island. However, some relocation may be necessary. The re-location expenditures could be carried out as a part of Parks Branch program

. . . "Leaseback arrangements will be available for resident and non-res-

ident landowners and these will depend upon the phasing of the development."

- (C) The initial government plan for a provincial park on Hecla Island was an historic fishing village was welcomed by most of the Islanders as a good idea. ". . . They clearly understood this to mean that even though they were giving up ownership of the land, they would be allowed to stay on a tenant basis. "Mr. Danyluk confirmed this at a meeting on May 10th, 1969 . . . Mr. Danyluk is recorded as saying that "an attempt would be made to locate all the Island residents who desired to remain on the Island either in their existing homes or in the proposed fishing village."
- (D) The implementation of the plan was left in the hands of the Parks Branch.
- (E) The manner of implementation has left almost everybody disenchanted.

★ ★ ★

Magnusina Jones complained at the hearing that the authorities no longer consulted the Islanders after the May 10th, 1969 meeting. This was not denied at the inquiry hearing.

Since that meeting, no further meetings were held with the Islanders to plan the future historic village.

No further thought or planning appears to have gone into their new way of life.

Little consideration has been given as to how the people, if expropriated, would earn their livelihood, and to what extent they would be allowed to fish from the Island once the lake reopened.

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Even a place to leave their fishing equipment was left up in the air.

"I am 62 years old. I want to stay here."

"The people here once worked together well."

"Against an unknown number of unknown people from a foreign country, families are asked to give up their livelihoods so that tourists can enjoy a few more moments on scenic land."

(H) The Islanders stood on the side lines forgotten in the rush of activities. They became the least matter of concern in the park development program.

The Parks Branch has endeavored to collect artifacts for a museum on the Island, but has found that historical items are not now as readily available and that the Islanders are prepared to do anything with the artifacts rather than give them over to the Parks Branch.

Without the co-operation of the Is-

landers, the continued efforts of the Parks Branch now will result in the assembling of residential buildings in a ghost town — a grim reminder of how an unco-operative, unfeeling, civil service can destroy a good program.

There were some perceptive people working in the department concerned, but it appears that the most they were able to do for the Islanders was sympathize with them. These people also express their great disappointment at what happened.

The main efforts of the Parks Branch has gone into the designing of a spectacular golf course, a spacious trailer camping area, an irrigation and sewage system, a new road system, parking lots, a trail development, and wilderness preservation program. No effective planning was done to carry out the program involving the preservation of the Hcla Islanders' historic community.

(to be continued)



The Icelandic Canadian regrets the death of Mrs. Grace Thorsteinson, of Winnipeg, which occurred November 19, 1973.

As Grace Reykdal, Grace Thorsteinson was one of the founders of the Icelandic Canadian Club, in 1938, and she was Business Manager of the Icelandic Canadian magazine for the first

eleven years of publication. She was thus one of the pioneers.

Grace Thorsteinson taught public school in Manitoba for several years, and she was a bookkeeper with the National Publishers of Winnipeg for over twenty years.

—W. Kristjanson

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ÁSGRÍMUR JÓNSSON,

PIONEER OF MODERN PAINTING IN ICELAND

Ásgrímur Jónsson is a pioneer of modern painting in Iceland. He was a farmer's son, born in 1876 at the homestead of his parents Jón Guðnason and Guðlaug Gísladóttir, in Árnes-sýsla, South Iceland. As he grew up he shared the lot of the common people of those times: incessant toil for a livelihood and few hours of leisure. At fourteen he left home to earn his living as farm labourer and fisherman.

Already as a boy Ásgrímur Jónsson had shown that he was in possession of unmistakable artistic talents and a keen power of observation. Impressed by the grandeur and diversity of the natural surroundings he soon began to draw sketches on paper. When paper was not available he shaped his models in clay, stone or moss. His first picture done out in the open represented Hekla, Iceland's famous volcano. It was not a finished work of art, to be sure, as chalk and bluing were the only colours he could afford to buy.

In spite of poverty and hardship Ásgrímur Jónsson had decided upon an artistic career before he was twenty. He was the first Icelander to make painting a full-time vocation.

After seven years of manual labour on land and sea he went to Denmark in 1897 to study art. For a year he studied drawing at a night school in Copenhagen, at the same time working by day as a house painter. During the next three years he attended the Charlottenborg Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen.

In 1903 Ásgrímur Jónsson held his first exhibition in Iceland, and in 1907 he received a stipend from the Icelandic Parliament (Althing) for a tour of Italy where he spent a year visiting art galleries and museums. On a similar visit to Germany he was fascinated by the works of the French Impressionists.

Ásgrímur Jónsson's main theme is the nature of the country: the ever-changing light and shade of sky and glacier, the majesty of the mountains, the turbulence of rivers and waterfalls, the wealth of colour of volcanoes and geysers, the calm of the highland lakes, the dark-blue vista of mountain ramparts inhabited by trolls and other supernatural beings of Icelandic folklore. Another favourite subject was the country's flora, especially the birch woods. In the closing years of the artist's life Iceland's awe-inspiring volcano eruptions became a central theme. Here the powers of nature were shown in a subtle interplay of light and colour.

The artist was a great lover of classical music, to which he had devoted hours of study. His favourite composer was Mozart.

He was honoured in many ways. Several exhibitions representing various periods of his career were held under the auspices of the Icelandic Government. In 1928 the title of Professor was conferred upon him, and in 1953 he received the Grand Knight's Cross and Star of the Order of the Falcon. In 1952 he was elected honor-

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ary member of the Swedish Academy of Fine Arts, the only Icelander to be so honoured, and in 1954 he was named Commander of the Order of Dannebrog, First Degree.

Ásgrímur Jónsson died in 1958. He never married. The last years of his life were spent in his house at Bergstaðastræti 74 in Reykjavik.

The artist bequeathed a large number of paintings and his house and home to the people of Iceland. The letter of donation stipulated that the

paintings are to be kept in this house and shown here until a gallery has been built.

The Ásgrímur Jónsson Gallery was opened on November 5, 1960. It contains 192 oils and 277 watercolours and studies, all completed, besides a large number of folklore drawings. There are also unfinished pictures dating from various periods. As no more than thirty to forty of the pictures can be shown at a time, they have to be changed every few months.



CELEBRATE 60TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Mr. Guttormson was born September 12, 1889 in Vopnafjord, Iceland, coming to Canada with his family in 1900, the youngest of 10 children. The family settled in Gimli.

Mrs. Guttormson, the former Holmfrídur May Johanneson, was born May 21, 1896 in Winnipeg.

They lived for a time after their marriage in Husavik, moving to Libau in 1920, where Mr. Guttormson was engaged in commercial fishing. He also did mixed farming and carpentry.

The couple had 11 children, nine of whom are living. They are the proud grandparents of 27 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren.

Messages of congratulations were received from Queen Elizabeth, Prime Minister Trudeau, Premier Ed Schreyer, Lieutenant-Governor McKeag and Opposition Leader Sidney Spivak.

Mr. and Mrs. Einar Guttormson of Libau celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary August 25, 1978, with a dinner and reception given by their children in the Lord Selkirk Hotel in Selkirk.

Mr. and Mrs. Guttormson were married September 27, 1913 in Winnipeg.

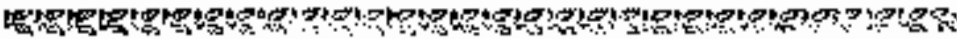
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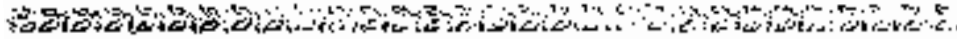
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HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM THE REEVE AND COUNCIL OF

THE RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF COLDWELL
LUNDAR, MANITOBA

Photo by [unclear]

To Honor Leo Johnson



One of the finest curlers Manitoba has produced, and a man who put back into the game as much or more than he ever took out, Leo Johnson was honored at a testimonial dinner at the International Inn on the evening of November 13. The occasion was arranged to mark his 50 consecutive years as a member of the famed Strathcona Club — a club which has produced more Canadian champions than any other, not the least of which is Johnson.

Now 72 but still enjoying the game he loves so passionately, Leo began his curling career at the Deer Lodge Club when it was located at Truro and Bruce Avenue in St. James. That was in 1919 when he was in his 18th year.

"My father was a keen curler," said Leo, "and while I thought it was a game for old men, he managed to get me interested. I've never been sorry, for it has enabled me to enjoy the thrill of competition for so many

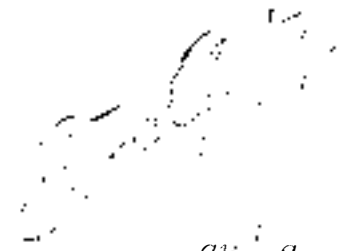
years. In 1924 he decided to switch to Strathcona because the best curlers were there, such as Gordon Hudson, Cliff and Ness Wise, Bob Gourley, Pete, Jack and Charlie McDiarmid and Lorne Orris, to name a few. It was the finishing school."

In his first year as a member at Strathcona Leo played third for Cliff Wise, with his brother Linc at second stone. The next year he took over as skip of the rink and he's been throwing last rocks ever since.

The Strathcona stalwart won the Brier and the Dominion Championship in 1934, going through the competition undefeated, the first time it had been done up to that time. With him on that Purple Heart winning rink were the late Lorne Stewart at third, his brother Linc, also deceased, at second, and Marino Frederickson.

Looking back over his career, Leo said that without a doubt his 1934 team was the greatest he ever skipped. He was particularly high on Lorne Stewart, whom he ranked with Grant Watson, as the two best thirds he has seen in action in his lengthy career.

Johnson represented Manitoba in the Brier on a second occasion. That was in 1916 in Saskatoon when the first three-way playoff for the championship took place. Leo was in that one but lost out on the final end of the semi-final to Billy Rose of Alberta. Bob Ramsay of Kirkland Lake was



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the ultimate winner.

During his lengthy career — he still curls twice a week — Leo won every major trophy in the annual bonspiel of the Manitoba Curling Association, and a lot of secondary events as well. He took the grand aggregate for the first time in 1936 and in 1941 tied with clubmates Bob Gourley and Gordon Hudson. As there was no playoff, it marked the first and only time three rinks from one club shared the honor.

In 1950 with Fred Smith, Lorne Wakefield and Al Wallace, Johnson entered the Edmonton carspiel and captured the major prize with a victory over Frenchy D'Amour, the B.C. sharpshooter, who was a Brier winner in 1948.

Johnson's final major success came in 1965, 31 years after he had won the Brier, when he came out of retirement — he had heart trouble — to win the first Canadian Seniors championship at Thunder Bay. Other members of the rink were Marino Frederickson, Fred Smith and Cliff Wise. As a result of his victory, Johnson is the only former Brier champion to take the seniors title.

One honor that eluded the Strathcona skipper for many years was the city championship, no longer for. But he finally managed to add that title to his laurels in 1946, defeating Jimmy Welsh, the noted Deer Lodge ship, in the final.

In addition to his achievements on the ice, Leo served his beloved Strathcona Club and the Manitoba Curling Association at the executive level. He is a past president of both, being elected head of the Straths in 1934 after returning home from his Brier win. He was president of the MCA in 1963-64, but prior to that had served a number of years as finance chairman and in other capacities. He is, of course, an honorary life member of the MCA.

—Winnipeg Free Press

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BOOK REVIEWS

A distinguished jurist speaks out

THE CASE FOR A SINGLE CANADA

WANTED: A SINGLE CANADA (A Distinguished Canadian Jurist States the Case Against Biculturalism) by the Hon. Joseph T. Thorson; McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto; \$6.95.

By LYNNE MacFARLANE

This is a book which should be read by every thinking Canadian, regardless of ethnic background. In it Judge Thorson carefully documents his case against attempts to make Canada a dual French-English country and against the imposition of bilingualism on the Canadian people.

He questions the validity of the Official Languages Act and the legality of spending public money on its implementation; insists that Canada was never intended to be a bilingual country and that political attempts to make it so have had a divisive effect, causing deep resentment in many parts of the country.

This book has been out for several months now but, generally speaking doesn't seem to have received the attention it deserves.

Rhodes scholar

Judge Thorson, a former Rhodes scholar for Manitoba, member of parliament from Winnipeg South Centre and Selkirk, federal minister of national war services, president of the Exchequer Court of Canada and

past president of the International Commission of Jurists (1952-59), has been president of the Single Canada League since 1969.

He defines the single Canada he wants thusly: "A single Canada in which all Canadians, regardless of differences in ethnic origin, whether British or French, or neither British nor French, stand on the footing of equality with one another, both in the enjoyment of their rights and in the fulfillment of their duties, without preferential treatment to the members of any component of the Canadian nation."

The book notes that although Canada is now in her second century she has never succeeded in achieving national unity nor have the Canadian people acquired a Canadian identity, although succeeding prime ministers have continually tried to foster both such happenings. Judge Thorson claims that until the present conflict between Quebec and the rest of Canada is resolved there will never be either national unity nor a Canadian identity.

Early on in the book the developments in Quebec and its "quiet revolution" of the past 12 years are studied, along with the demands made by the Quebec provincial leaders and an analysis of the cause of the impasse that has developed between the province and the rest of Canada.

His chapters in this section are monographs on the topics set forth in their headings, The Quiet Revolution, Equality or Independence, The Estates General of French Canada, The Confederation of Tomorrow Conference,

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Special Status — An Alternative to Separatism and The Need for a Show-down. All of these chapters deal with Quebec demands for a new place in Confederation.

From here Judge Thorson goes on to The Pearson Years, citing the former prime minister as a firm believer in the concept of a French-English duality in Canada. He argues that Confederation "was not a compact of partnership between two linguistic and cultural groups and it did not make Quebec a partner with the rest of Canada . . . there was no suggestion in the Act (the BNA Act) that Confederation was a pact between linguistic and cultural groups.

"The proponents of the content that Confederation was such a compact have devised a new concept of Confederation based on a gross distortion of historical fact." Judge Thorson points out that the historical fact is that "Canada was conceived by its founders as a country of one nationality".

He admits that "there were, of course, economic considerations involved in the political union that was accomplished by the British North America Act but ethnic and linguistic and cultural considerations did not play any part in the union, beyond certain specific provisions of the Act, such as, for example, section 133".

Census figures

But, he writes, "there is no provision in that section, or any other section, or in any law, that makes French an official language throughout Canada or gives it the status of equality with English as an official language throughout Canada." The author says that it follows, "a consequence of law, that, except as specified in the section, French is not an official language of

Canada . . . the French language does not have any special status in Canada . . . the French language does not have any greater status in Canada than that of any of the languages spoken by Canadians of origins other than British or French."

He goes on to say there is no foundation in fact for the contention that Canada is a bilingual country, 1961 census figures showing only 12.2 per cent of Canadians being bilingual.

Wanted: a Single Canada discusses the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism at some length. The author argues that the Commission's terms of references were interpreted by some to call for recommendations on the assumption that a basis of "an equal partnership between the two founding races had been established by Confederation" and this assumption, he claims is wrong. "The historical fact is that Confederation was not established on this basis and that Prime Minister Pearson was wrong in making it appear that it was."

* * *

Pearson's Campaign

In 1968 Prime Minister Trudeau was swept into power, partly, the author says, because of his public rejection of the two-nation concept. However, as Prime Minister, the Liberal leader has carried on Pearson's campaign for a dual French-English Canada with even greater intensity and more effect.

Judge Thorson sets out in a number of chapters the steps Trudeau has taken towards the advancements of his objectives: that French be an official language with a status equal to that of English in every aspect of national life and that there be a change of the basic character of this

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country to make it a dual French-English component equal to that of all other components.

The Official Languages Act comes under heavy fire as does discrimination in the civil service on the basis of language and the high cost of bilingualism on the country as a whole, a bill which has added up into the hundreds of millions of tax dollars.

In historical fact the French Canadians did not request equality of partnership during the Confederation discussions and no such equality was

conferred on them. Thus, French Canadians are not entitled to the equal partnership claimed for them by their leaders either as a matter of law or as a constitutional right. The reality is that there is only one real partnership for the people of Canada — the partnership that exists between its individuals. And all Canadians, regardless of differences of ethnic origin, are welcome members of this partnership, if they wish to join it."

—Winnipeg Tribune

★

THE VIKINGS

by Howard La Fay,

Photographs by Ted Spiegel.

Illustrations by Louis S. Glanzman.

207 p. Washington National Geographic Society. — \$4.25.

During recent years numerous books have been published about the vikings and their civilization. The most recent is this popular and informative book with nearly 150 illustrations—all in color—and a well-written text just published by the National Geographic Society.

Howard La Fay has visited the far reaching places associated with the vikings—places as far away as Istanbul at the beginning of the Orient and L'Anse aux Meadows at the eastern edge of the New World. He, therefore writes with a background of personal association with these places. He writes of the bold and fearsome vikings who came as traders or as raiders

to Spain, North Africa, France and England, to mention only a few places—causing Christians to utter the prayer: "From the fury of the Northmen deliver us, O Lord" for more than 250 years. He also relates the history of the vikings as colonists who came to the Faroes, Iceland, Greenland and even North America where Guðríður, the wife of Þorfinn Karlsefni gave birth to a son, Snorri—the first European born in North America.

To France came Hrolf the Ganger (Rollo), son of Rögnvald, Earl of Maeri in Norway, and his descendants became the dukes of Normandy, among them William the Conqueror and his descendant, Queen Elizabeth II. To Iceland came Hrolf's brother, Hrollaug, and from him is descended likely every person living in Iceland today.

With the coming of Christianity and other social changes, the end of the viking age was inevitable and Mr. La Fay titles his last chapter, "End of

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'A Wind Age, A Wolf Age'. Place names associated with vikings still survive in parts of England and the language still survives with little change in Iceland. If the heroic spirit of this age survives, it is to be found in that Island, far to the North, at "the gates of the world," isolated for a millenium, and where the deeds of this age long past were recorded.

This fine publication with some of the finest photographs and illustrations (some appearing here for the first time) I have ever seen is a worthwhile introduction to the viking world. It is more than well-worth its modest price.

George Hanson

★

SHORT STORIES OF TODAY by Twelve Modern Icelandic Authors

Selected and translated by

Alan Boucher,

Icelandic Review Library, Reykjavik

Reviewed by Gustaf Kristjanson

In this translation of a group of short stories by modern Icelandic authors Alan Boucher has once more demonstrated his ability to pass on to English-speaking readers something of the quality of modern Icelandic literature. Just as he did earlier in the collection *Poems of Today*—a translation of the works of a number of modern Icelandic poets—he has attempted to give a kind of representative sample of what is being produced by Icelandic prose writers at the present time.

World literature in this century is considerably influenced by a sense of social upheaval, of changing values, of general uncertainty. This is no less true elsewhere in the work of Icelandic artists, where (as Alan Boucher expresses it) "the pull between past and present is so crucial". And this theme—the theme of groping for some kind of stability, some kind of satisfaction which eludes us in a world we don't

quite understand—recurs in a number of the stories..

Mr. Boucher suggests in his introductory note to the volume that one factor influencing his selection was the length of story. By restricting himself to tales that are relatively brief, he was able to include a wider selection of authors. It was probably a wise decision. The result is an agreeable variety: a variety in subject matter, in writing style, and in point of view.

The stories in the collection cover a wide range of topics—from the callous cruelty of children to the wistful yearnings of middle-age; from the urge to fare forth into the unknown to the urge to be left alone and undisturbed. Settings are likewise varied, although "rural" settings are used in most cases. Perhaps it is in the rural environment that relations between man and man and between man and nature come into sharpest focus.

It is the feeling of this reviewer that the stories which develop a solemn theme are rather more successful than those which adopt a more humorous stance. Perhaps this is to be expected. While the humorous tales are by no means lacking in charm, they tend to depend more on the verbal style and the native idiom of the original. It is extremely difficult to carry such a style

entirely over into another language. There is obvious humour in such selections as "The Pass" or "Kitchen to Measure". One can't help feeling, however, that the use of just the right idiomatic expression would add another dimension and exploit the humour to its fullest. On the other hand, we have in "Men at Sea" a story whose power evokes a feeling that is akin almost to high tragedy. And the stark, realistic flavour of "Night Visit" (which has a certain lightness of treatment as well) is extraordinarily effective.

The Icelandic writers are very much in the mainstream of modern literature. Their style is controlled, direct, and very effective. Concrete details are tellingly used. Character delineation is deft and economically achieved. For those readers who wish to sample something of the quality of modern Icelandic writing, but are not able to do so in the original, this is a book to be recommended.

★

BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL

by Tom Oleson

BEHIND THE DOOR

by Giorgio Bassani

150 pp., Don Mills, Longman

\$6.95.

Shrillness seems to be a literary vogue today with so many writers screaming and filling their pages with self-righteous indignation that their books come to read like a collection of red-lettered placards. It is a pity; the clever remark suffers when shouted across the room and the reasoned argument loses its power when bellowed in an opponent's face.

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It is especially in the novel that loud voices seem out of place and it is interesting that as novelists raise their voices they move further away from the traditional forms. One thinks of Norman Mailer's hysteria and Philip Roth's ranting over the character of Richard Nixon and then cannot help but contrast these with say, Alexander Solzhenitsyn — the calm defiance of totalitarianism and the quiet, powerful affirmation of the dignity of man that run through his work — the genius and the pamphleteers.

It is a pleasure, amid all the noise pollution, to find other writers sure enough of their art and their heart that they can be heard even though they speak with a muted voice. Such a writer is Giorgio Bassani.

Mr. Bassani is a true artist, with an artist's love for, and understanding of, his tools. He uses language with devotion — each word, each sentence, carefully cut and polished into a translucent jewel, as muted and clear as the sea of which he writes:

"And it was beautiful, yes, after all. The sea so calm, so still, (we seemed not to float on the water but to fly, really, to glide slowly in the air) no matter how far I went back in my memory, through past summers, I couldn't remember such a sea. The bottom, thirty feet beneath us, could still be made out: soft, marked with delicate ridges, like a palate. The shore, far away, with the blue mountains beyond, was now only a vague, hazy line.

Behind the Door is set in the city of Ferrara, the city of Mr. Bassani's own childhood and from which he draws his inspiration. The story revolves around three schoolboys; the nameless narrator, a sheltered young Jew from a prosperous family — aloof, gifted and intelligent — who mixes little with his classmates; Carlo Cattolica, the

leader of the class — brilliant, handsome and Roman Catholic; Luciano Pulga, a newcomer — ugly, apparently dense but world-wise and cynical.

With a fine touch, Mr. Bassani draws the delicate pattern of the relationship of the three boys. By unwritten law, by his natural place in society, all relationships are defined in terms of Cattolica. When Pulga arrives in class, Cattolica finds him a disgusting creature and he is shunned; only the narrator reluctantly befriends him. Out of this comes emotional crisis and betrayal. The effect on the narrator is shattering. He is stripped of his innocence and trust and brutally made aware of his moral cowardice: "Slow to understand, incapable of a single action or a single word, locked to my cowardice and my rancor, I remained the same little helpless assassin as always. And as for the door behind which, once again, I was hid-

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ing . . . I would not find in myself, now or ever, the strength and courage to fling it open."

It is a tribute to Mr. Bassani that he avoids the vulgarity, sentimentality and embarrassment that a writer risks in dealing with a subject and an age-group like this. Behind the Door becomes instead a haunting recollection of the worst moments of adolescence. As Mr. Bassani's narrator hides behind a door in Cattolica's house to hear Puga, whom only he had treated kindly, betray him to their classmates, all

the agony of all betrayals comes back in full force to the reader. It is a painful experience, and one that carries us far beyond a schoolboy's life. The loss of innocence is a tale as old as Eden and its pain a universal human experience, as strong now as it was for Adam.

One should be niggardly with words like brilliant and beautiful — with waste they lose their power — but it would not be too much to say that this novel is both.

—Free Press

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By Val Werier

WALKS AND TALKS AT THE LAKE

It was so quiet at the lake over the weekend that we could hear the leaves rustle on an individual tree or skitter over the rocks. Only the winds and the birds were murmuring and talking and in the solitude they spoke in many voices.

Boundary Park at Lake Winnipeg was almost deserted and the cottages were shuttered and still. An occasional plume of smoke drifted on the horizon where cottagers were raking their leaves and setting them afire to scent the air with the redolence of the woods.

People give up the season too easily, perhaps because we have become an urban society. Happily, the lakes pay no attention to man's sophistication and go on forever. One morning we walked along the sand smoothed by the water and the wind and we were all alone except for the seagulls who had left their tracks ahead of us.

There was a bite in the air but the sun shone too and we had the best of both worlds. The trees by the shore were almost bare of leaves but the young willows still had their foliage. One elm had a couple of twigs of green leaves, curled with the fall but still green. What made them keep their summer?

Near a slough, the marsh grass with wispy white tops, waved in the wind. A duck disturbed by our approach, took off almost vertically, like a helicopter, and then disappeared. We stopped by a pump and washed our hands and faces in the ice-cold water and it was a lot of fun and refreshing too. Later in the walk we sat against

the rocks, sheltered against the wind, and soaked up the sun.

It was in this mood that we came across only two people on our walks and they shared this mood with us. One was an elderly man, his face a bit blue with the cold, as he walked slowly with the help of a cane down a leafy lane. We exchanged greetings and he seemed to want to talk.

"I always stay out here until the first snow — usually to the end of October," he said.

Then he added reflectively: "The air is so good here."

He had built his cottage at the beach 60 years ago and had been coming here every summer and fall since. It was an unusual cottage for it had picture windows from the start, long before they became popular. The heavy glass came from a cigar store that was being demolished 60 years ago on Hargrave Street.

"I walk every morning, perhaps one half to one mile," he said. "I do little things, like clearing the leaves off the lawn."

"I am 93," he told me, "and there's not much time left. But I enjoy it here and the fresh air."

The second person we met was Ray Isfeld. He was at the harbor where he had just docked in his open boat with his day's catch. He was dressed in heavy wet-weather gear, and he confided the water was pretty cold when drawing the nets out of the water. He seemed satisfied with his rewards — three boxes of jackfish, and a few goldeye and perch.

Ray had already caught his quota of pickerel and I wondered how he was able to go out on the vast lake to choose the fish he wanted.

"You have to know where the fish are, he said. " It comes with experience."

Ray, who is 33, has recently returned to fishing after working in the city for some time as a mechanic on refrigeration equipment. He had come back because he believes the fresh air will be good for his wife who has been ill.

Like his father, Einar, who has been fishing on and off for 50 years, Ray gets a great deal of satisfaction out of this way of life. The rewards are inconsistent, but so is life.

He agrees with his father who says: "You are free because no one tells you what to do. And there's lots of fresh air and nice scenery."

There is also the solitude and the many faces of nature on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

—Winnipeg Tribune



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IN THE NEWS

AT THE LEIF EIRIKSSON BANQUET - CALGARY

The old man was not altogether steady on his feet. He was assisted to the platform at the Danish-Canadian Club in Calgary during the second annual Leif Eiriksson banquet and dance October 17, but he stood smartly at attention while chairman Jack Bjornsson read a citation honoring him for a lifetime of service to his church. He was 99 years of age.

Born in Norway, January 16, 1874, Pastor Anders O. Aasen emigrated to Wisconsin in 1885 and was ordained to the Lutheran ministry in 1899. He has served congregations from Minnesota to Alaska and south to California, specializing in resurrecting defunct churches. He wound up his career at Bethany Home Chapel in Camrose, where he is now a resident and still conducts Scripture lessons.

"It's great to be old," Mr. Aasen said, "for the cup of life is like a cup of coffee. The sugar is at the bottom, and it's sweet."

The deprecation of age evidenced in his quavering voice was belied by the mental vigor demonstrated by his recitation, without hesitation, of the lengthy stanzas of "Give Us Men". Then he was assisted from the platform to the rousing tones of a standing ovation.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The November issue of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia (VII; XI), an attractive blue-tinted il-

lustrated 4-page publication with a professional touch is at hand. Guest speaker for the evening was Arild Borch, director of family counselling for the Lutheran Church of Canada at Saskatoon. His description of "Vikings, Fact or Fiction" was a weaving together of humorous anecdotes in which he confessed to being thoroughly confused himself. The Vikings, he said, had provided the hero image for his fatherless childhood, and readers of the comics can find their characteristics exemplified weekly in Hagar the Horrible.

On the other hand, he said, the Vikings were no mean statesmen. They built a stable society in Normandy and established the world's first parliament in Iceland. But after living quietly in the Scandinavian countries for 1,000 years they suddenly went berserk in the eighth century and terrorized Europe for 300 years. Mr. Borch attributed the transition to the fact that the Vikings could have as many wives as they wished, "when even a barbarian knows that one woman can cause enough trouble for any man."

The evening was sponsored jointly by the Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic and Finnish clubs of Calgary.

—Art Reykdal

lustrated 4-page publication with a professional touch is at hand.

"As announced by President Connie Anderson at the Annual meeting, the Club's membership goal for 1974 is 600 members. In order to achieve this

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aim, we are starting the membership drive now. As a bonus, any new member joining now will get the November and December issues of the newsletter free as well as all the 1974 issues. In addition, every person paying their 1974 dues before January 1st, 1974, will be eligible to win a beautiful sheepskin imported from Iceland.

The out-going Club Princess, Regina Helgason, congratulates her successor for 1973-1974. Colleen Cummings, of North Delta. Seventeen-year-old Colleen is a grade 12 student at Burnaby Central High.

* * *

Höfn Anniversary Tea

October 14th, 1973—a beautiful, sunny fall day. On walking through the front door of Höfn, we noticed an extra special mood of friendship and cordiality. Visitors were greeted by the Matron, Mrs. Sveinson, who wore a lovely outfit made in Iceland. The tea was held in the Recreation Room on the ground floor. The many people who attended were treated to a fine table of Icelandic dainties, coffee and tea. It was another successful gathering of friends of Höfn whose generous donations amounted to over \$2000.00

* * *

Faraway Places — Club member Philip Bartle lives in Ghana . . . "I am in a remote village in the rainforest doing Anthropological research for my PhD. and haven't been to Accra for quite some time now. I'm not sure I can answer your question as to when I am coming back to Vancouver. After a year and a half out here in the heat and humidity, I assure you that I wouldn't mind seeing just a teeny bit bit of snow. Anyway I'll be here for about a year or so more."

More British Columbia News

The Inter-Scandinavian Society of British Columbia is the new name of the Scandinavian General Council of British Columbia. The Society has been incorporated under its new name and is now ready to act on its major task — the establishment of the Scandinavian Community Centre.

Land is being sought for this project, 3 to 5 acres in size. Initial financing will come from the sale of debentures in the amounts of \$100 and \$500.

The Society is sponsoring an open competition for an emblem and entries will be accepted up to December 31, 1973. The emblem will be used on the Society's stationary and will also be reproduced in the form of a pin to be sold to members.

★

KIEWEL-PELISSIER BREWERIES LTD. APPOINTMENT

Peter G. Bildfell is appointed Vice-President and General Manager of Kiewel-Pelissier Breweries Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba. The appointment is announced by D. G. McGill, Labatt Breweries of Canada Limited, Vice-President Western Canada Region. The new Vice-President and General Manager succeeds E. G. Bradley, now Vice-President, Marketing, Labatt Breweries of Canada Limited. Mr. Bildfell joined Labatt's as a salesman in 1968 and served in Labatt's Alberta Brewery Limited as Marketing Services Manager. Prior to his recent appointment he was Marketing Man-

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HILTON CANADA APPOINTMENT

Victor T. Burt, General Manager, is pleased to announce the appointment of Dennis Eyolfson as Assistant Sales Manager for the Hotel Vancouver.

Mr. Eyolfson returns to the Hotel Vancouver following several years as Director of Sales for a major Victoria Hotel, and in his new position will concentrate on Hotel Vancouver's marketing activities in Western Canada and United States.

★



In celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hermanson of 716 Home Street, a reception was held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Medd of 736 Oak St.

Gifts were presented by brothers, sisters, and in-laws and a purse of money by the nieces and nephews. Bridesmaid Mrs. Rosa Vernon and flower girl Mrs. D. Medd were present.

Out-of-town guests were from Toronto, Winnipeg Beach and Gimli.

This year is also Mr. Hermanson's year of retirement and honors have been bestowed upon him in this regard. Early this fall his fellow employees presented him with a farewell gift and at the Annual Dinner of the Modern Dairies Quarter Century Club held in the Fort Garry on Wednesday, October 24, Mr. Hermanson was honored with the presentation of a 25-Jewel Gold Watch for "Fifty Years of Service with Crescent Creamery Ltd." The presentation was made by Mr. J. G. Spiers, President of Modern Dairies and Affiliates.

★

SCANDINAVIAN CLUB STARTS NEW MONTHLY PAPER

The Icelandic Canadian welcomes the appearance of *Scandinavian News*, Volume 1, Number 1, a four-page 8½ by 11 inches issue, published in Winnipeg. Publication is to be monthly. The appearance of the paper is attractive.

"With this issue of 'Scandinavian News' the Scandinavian Clubs of Greater Winnipeg realize a long awaited desire of communication. It is the earnest hope of those taking the initiative in this venture, that all Scandinavian organizations will make full use of these columns — not only for the purpose of communicating their various functions to the public, but also to forward news items concerning their own members: their travels and activities; members of their families confined to hospitals; obituaries, as well as births of new family members."

★

Dr. Carolyn Matthiasson, of the Department of Anthropology, University of Winnipeg, was elected to the executive council of the Canadian Association of Latin American Studies for a five-year term at the annual meeting of the Learned Societies, in Kingston, Ontario, in June, 1973.

★

REV. ALBERT E. KRISTJANSSON, 96. PERFORMS WEDDING CEREMONY

A 96-year-old blind UU minister came out of retirement long enough to perform a wedding ceremony for his stepgrandson this summer.

And in communicating the news to the WORLD, his daughter passed the

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J. ARTHUR EASTMAN, GENERAL MANAGER

word that the old man misses his ties to the denomination and would like to hear from his friends.

He is the Rev. Albert Edward Kristjansson, who has been a Unitarian minister for 63 years, though retired since 1949. After his ordination in 1910 he served churches in Gimli, Mary Hill and Shoal Lake, Manitoba, and Seattle and Blaine, Wash.

After retirement he was occasionally asked to perform ministerial services, which he did until a few years ago when he gave up all active participation in the ministry.

But when his daughter's stepson, Dr. John M. Franklin, asked him to officiate at his wedding he thought it over a few days, then agreed. The two men had long had their own mutual admiration society.

The ceremony was performed in Mr. Kristjansson's room in an Icelandic home for elderly in Blaine, Washington. The bride was the former Beatrice Visson of Washington, D.C. who traveled nearly 3,000 miles to get there.

Mrs. JoAnne Franklin, Mr. Kristjansson's daughter, wrote that he was "justifiably proud of the occasion". She added:

"Although the family sees him often he is very lonesome for his contacts in Boston. He spent over 50 years in the church and lack of personal

contact leaves a great void in his life."

His address is: Stafholt, Blaine, Wa 98230.

—From UU World

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In recent music exams conducted by the Royal Conservatory of Toronto, Heiða Sigfusson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gestur Kristjansson, received first class honors in her A.R.C.T. Piano (Associate of the Royal Conservatory of Music). Heiða tied for the highest marks in Manitoba. She has studied with Miss Snjólaug Sigurdson.

Mrs. Sigfusson graduated from the University of Manitoba at the fall convocation with a B.A. degree. She will continue to teach music in the fall.

She is the wife of Skuli N. Sigfusson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Svein Sigfusson, of Winnipeg.

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