ISSN 0046 - 8452

SUMMER, 1978

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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Dr. Bjorn B. Jonsson, 1914-1938

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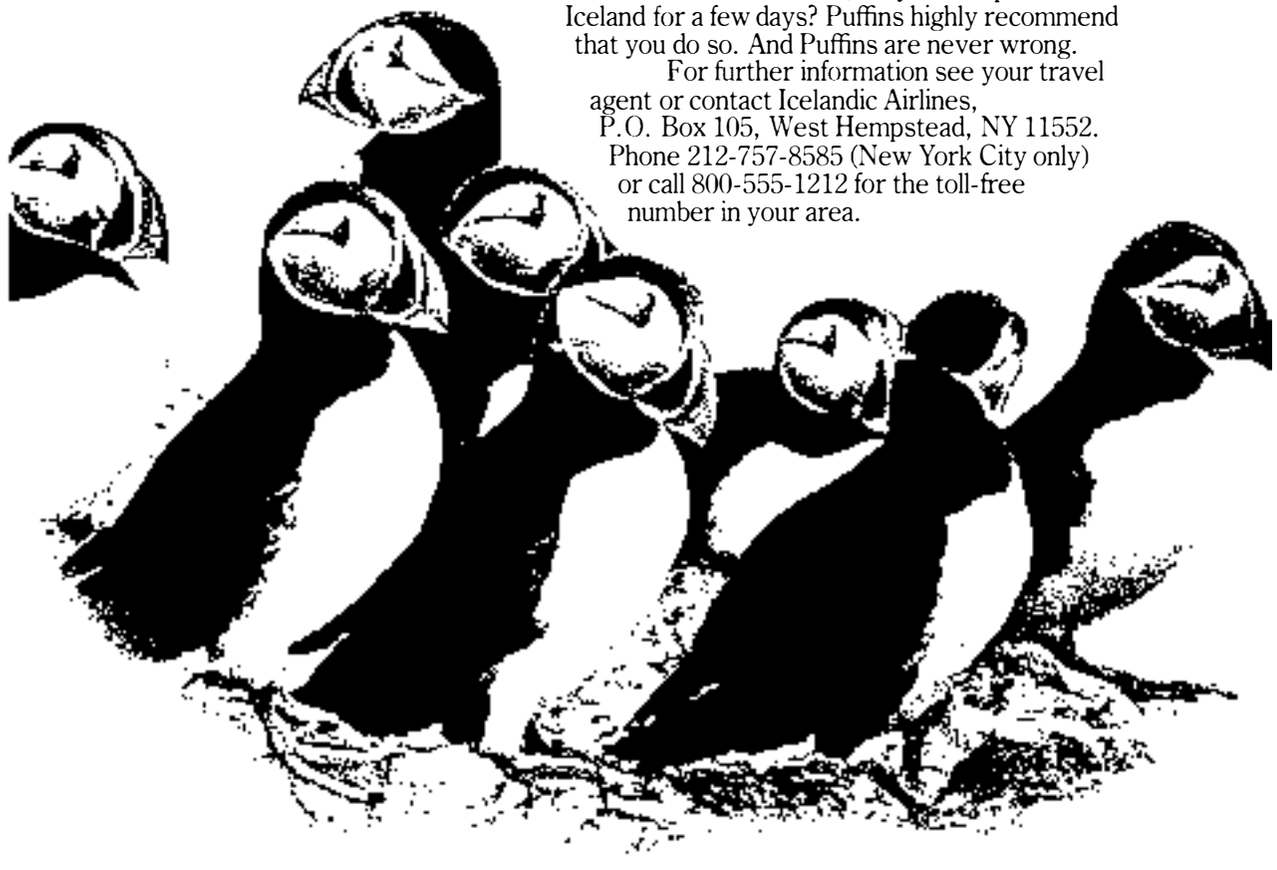

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No. 1909 — PRINTED AT 358 ROSS AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN. R3A 0L4

The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XXXVI, No. 4 **Winnipeg, Canada** **Summer 1978**

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Subscription rate, $8.00 per year. Single copies, $2.00 lus postage. Overseas, the same rate.

EDITORIAL

CANADA DAY, 1978

By Joan Parr

On this particular Canada Day, Canadians are perhaps confused as to how and even what we ought to be celebrating. Other nations have their ''founding myths'' rooted in antiquity—Romulus and Remus fathered Rome, St. George fought the dragon, Njal's Saga tells the story of the founding of Iceland. July 1st is the anniversary of Confederation of the four original provinces of Canada. Canada, we are now asked to believe, arose out of ''two founding nations'', French and English. Unlike the stories of other countries, our heroic story sticks pretty close to prosaic fact rather than imaginative fancy. This is perhaps the price we pay for having been born, as it were, in an age of rationality, rather than in an age of magic and superstition. And of course, the basic trouble with the two founding nations idea is that it simply isn't true. It leaves out all the aboriginal inhabitants as well as the millions of later settlers who literally founded whole provinces with their bare hands. These settlers in the West seem at times more inclined to celebrate the heroic exploits of one Louis Riel, who, ironically, fought and died not to become Canadian. And recently we learn that the winner of the Canada Council French prize for literature turned down his prize because he did not want to be thought of as 'Canadian.'

Nationals from other countries have over the centuries (I learned recently, for example that Korea has a continuous history of 5,000 years to look back on and commemorate) developed homogeneous cultures — language, modes of work and play, habits of thought — in short, a national home where everyone is a member of the same family. Canada is a nation of foster-children, or descendents of foster-children. Seen in the historical context of the world at large, then, Canada is a very recent phenomena. Its original settlers could be, with equal justice, assumed to be the losers who couldn't make it in their own countries, or alternatively, independent spirits striking out to carve out their own destiny. Being so close to our own ''ancient history'' we tend to see Wolfe and Montcalm as almost tame — they and Cartier and all those heroic explorers, traders and pioneer homesteaders — haven't had time to become overlayed with myth which poetic license will eventually lend them. We should perhaps not be too hasty to accept a myth just yet, but wait until our great poet-messiah arrives on the scene to give us one.

Sensing this lack of an imaginative past, we have tended up to now to hark back to older civilizations, to borrow their literature, their art. Canadians travel in droves to Europe to view the architectural splendors of the past. For instead of Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame, we have only the CN Tower and the Richardson Building.

Despite all this, however, what true Canadian (however you wish to define this character) does not, in his heart of hearts, breathe more freely, on his return home, in the freshness, newness and youth of Canada. Would we really want all that history, all that past at closer quarters all the time? Would we wish to lavish present resources on preserving monuments of the past, because their greatness demands that kind of responsibility?

And, however much we reverence, and at times even envy the culture of the past, of the old countries, isn't it really much more creative and exhilarating to be at the very point in history when we are in the process of becoming a nation, still creating our own identity and defining our own character?

Let us therefore rejoice that we are free of the "nightmare of history" — that we have never been brutalized by war, nor swayed to excess by religious or political fanaticism of rulers, nor subject to centuries of stultifying ancestor-worship; that we have never had to overthrow an oppressive 'ancien regime', that our time in history comes after the exploitation of workers in the industrial revolution.

Let us give thanks that no abstract concept of the nation has ever superseded the supremacy of the individual — that we have never been cogs in a vast industrial machine — that we have not been mere ingots in somebody's concept of a melting pot.

Let us rejoice in our heterogeneity, in the polyglot Babel of our individual cultures. For in learning to know the infinite variety possible in the species homo sapiens — we are richer in human culture and freer than anyone else. And one thing we all know in our bones is that single, basic moral imperative — a human being is never a means to an end, but always the end in himself. Being part of Canada has given us this truth, larger and more wise than any mere national allegiance.

THREE GENERATIONS OF LAKE WINNIPEG CAPTAINS IN ONE FAMILY

By Sigurbjörg Stefansson

PART III

The Third Generation:

Several grandsons of Capt. John G. Stevens have upheld the family tradition of seamanship.

Among them are the three sons of Capt. William ("Steamboat Bill") Stevens. One of them, John Stevens, when still a schoolboy, worked in the summer of 1934 with his father on the steam tug Idell and fished with him, and in the summer of 1936 with his uncle Leifi Skagfjörd on the lake. After completing high school in 1938 he worked for two summers on the passenger boat Montgomery, first as fireman and then as purser. Even after giving up sailing as an occupation and entering the Selkirk Rolling Mills in 1940, he retained his love of it and twice purchased a cabin cruiser, one of them being the Susie ("Susy-Q"). However, he gave up this avocation on moving to Thompson in 1970.

Another son, Robert, was quartermaster for two seasons with his grandfather on the Sigmund, mate on the Red Diamond one season, and two seasons with his father on the Montgomery (wheelsman in 1938 and again in 1940). His home was in Selkirk, Manitoba. He died Feb. 26, 1972, at the age of fifty-two.

The third son, Harold Hans Stevens had his first experience of the lake as a shorehand for Sam Bookbinder in 1938, working for a dollar a day and board during the most productive of all whitefish seasons. The next summer he worked with his father on the Montgomery and that fall with his uncle Leifi Skagfjörd as shorehand at Bullhead and Jackhead, on Lake Winnipeg.

From then on his record reads like a traveller's dream. From April 12, 1942 to Feb. 20, 1946 he served in the Canadian navy. After a three-month course in engineering at Esquimault, he was stationed at Halifax and was first assigned to a boiler-party cleaning ships' boilers, including those of the Queen Elizabeth, then to ammunition barges, then sent to Scotland and next to Scapa Flow. He served on the HMS Kent, one of the three heavy cruisers of the British home fleet, which patrolled the North Atlantic near Ice-

Captain John G. (Jon Gudnason)

Captain Clifford Stevens, Senior (son of Capt. J. G. Stevens).

Captain Clifford Stevens, Junior (son of Capt. Clifford Stevens Sr.).

land even into the Arctic, and to Murmansk, and was later engaged in the sea battles connected with the Tirpitz. The Kent escorted the Queen Mary to the Azores when Winston Churchill went there for his last conference with President F. D. Roosevelt.

In April 1945 Harold Stevens was drafted to the Canadian cruiser HMCS Ontario. When the European war ended, he signed on for the war with Japan. After sailing through the Mediterranean and touching at Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria, the Ontario went through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to Aden, then on to India. At that time the atom bomb had been dropped on Japan and the war ended. The Ontario went on to Ceylon, then along the China coast to Hong-Kong, which was occupied for three months. Before leaving they rescued a merchant ship crippled in a tornado. On the homeward route they touched at such places as Corregidor, Manila, Guam and Pearl Harbor.

On reaching Victoria, Harold Stevens left the navy to return home, and later became a qualified steam engineer, living in Selkirk, Manitoba. As a seaman he has sailed Lake Winnipeg, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and four of the world's five oceans.

What is the lure of the water for men of seafaring ancestry? This is well explained by Clifford Stevens Jr. (John Douglas Clifford Stevens Jr., born Dec. 4, 1936, only son of Capt. Clifford Stevens Sr.). He has spent all his life on or beside Lake Winnipeg. From his earlist childhood the lake was part of his life and h felt drawn to it as by a magnet. He would go with his father, then captain of the Goldfield, for voyages on it at the age of six or seven and remembers his annoyance at being ordered down from the pilot-house during a violent storm. Often he helped old-time fishermen unload their boats, and he would earn a dollar after school hours for nailing fish boxes at five cents a box and $5 on Saturdays for nailing a hundred boxes. He would also tie on nets, working with a friend of similar interests.

The S. S. Goldfield, on which all three served as captains. (It is shown in Gimli harbor, with Clifford Stevens Jr., then a young boy, on deck.)

In this way all his interests and fun became associated with the docks, and he was practically born into seafaring.

While still in high school he would take summer jobs on the lake, the first being as cook's helper on the Bradbury in 1953. After completing Grade XII he was two years on the Keenora, commencing as quartermaster (wheelsman) and gaining much experience of tricky sailing. The last fall on the Keenora in 1958 he was acting mate.

A memorable experience from the last fall trip of this period commenced near Poplar Reef, twelve miles north of George's Island. A violent storm burst with such instant fury that as Clifford was steering the boat a jug flew over his shoulder and hit the door behind him. The captain, August Helgason, decided to seek shelter at George's Island. As it happened one crew member had been under surveillance because of a nervous condition. In this crisis the person assigned to look after him was momentarily distracted, and just as the ship was rounding George's light the man leaped overboard. There was no possibility of rescue, for he simply vanished into the snowstorm that surrounded the ship like a white wall. His body was found next spring right beside the lighthouse.

Clifford next served as deck hand and wheelsman on the Goldfield and then two years as mate (the last fall as acting captain) and then an additional year as acting captain on the J. R. Spear. To qualify for his master's papers he required forty-eight full months of sea time. So exacting were these regulations that when only nine days short of the required time he had to take two extra trips on the Spear to complete his training.

He remembers arriving in Selkirk at 5:30 a.m., going to Winnipeg at 7:30, taking his examination from Capt. Morrison of Toronto (including oral and written, as well as sight and color tests), and coming back in the afternoon with his master's certificate.

After that he continued on the J. R. Spear till 1964, and was then captain of the Goldfield from 1965 to 1967. He found that the captain's work requires very exact judgment of weather. On the day when the Suzanne E. sank he was at Rabbit Point, but decided to go on to Macbeth Point which was the end of the line for loading on fish. There he had the main towline attached to the largest icehouse beam. At 10 p.m. so furious a snowstorm broke that it shook the ship even moored in harbor.

The next day he heard of the sinking of the Suzanne E. on radio. His ship was the first to find the site of the wreck, for above where it lay was a floating life-buoy marked Suzanne E. To convey the information to the searchers, his mate put a note into a bottle which was picked up by a patrol boat close by. This means was used because the two vessels were not on the same radio channel.

Clifford found that the captain's work required constant care, a balancing of daring and caution, a sort of intuition combined with experience. He prided himself on never having a leaky boat, always being on time within the day except in extreme storms, never taking foolhardy risks, and keeping one of the cleanest boats on the lake. Beyond the primary responsibility of command were the thousand and one other tasks, such as looking after loading and unloading, or first aid in emergencies.

An instance of the last-named occurred on the north of the lake. A man lost three fingers in an elevator accident. Clifford gave first aid, bandaged the hand, placed it in a sling and radioed for a plane. Then he found the three severed ends of the fingers, washed, disinfected and wrapped them and placed them in the man's pocket in the hope that they could be grafted on. The plane then took the man to Norway House Hospital, twenty-five miles distant, where he received medical care, though the hope of grafting on the fingers was in vain.

After the Suzanne E. sank, a school was held for one three-month season for further education of sailors in theory and seamanship. Those who took the course had their expenses paid by the week by the provincial governmnt. Clifford Stevens Jr. took a refresher course in Toronto that fall, being sent there by the provincial government with all expenses paid, to prepare for teaching the course. The other instructor was Capt. Kris. Thorsteinson of Selkirk. Clifford taught ship-master's business and chart work and Grade VII — X arithmetic, while Kris taught seamanship and rules of the road (lights, buoys, etc.). It pleased Clifford that of his seventeen students fourteen passed in their chart work.

After leaving the Goldfield, in 1967, Clifford was one of the two captains of the Paddlewheel Queen riverboat in the summer of 1968. He found the hours long, from early morning till midnight.

That fall, influenced by the desire to have more time with home and family, and by the seasonal nature and uncertainty of the captain's position, he left the lake, and has since been employed at Calvert's distillery

in Gimli.

Outstanding records of long-term service on lake and ocean are held by two of the sons of John (Jon Hans) Stevens.

One of them, Capt. Bill (Benony Johann William) Stevens, born March 3, 1913, served in four periods between 1931 and 1948 on Lake Winnipeg as deck hand, mate, and the last four years as captain on the Goldfield, totalling ten to eleven years. In 1935 - 36 he was quartermaster on the S.S. Ocean Eagle, doing ice patrol in Hudson's Bay and the Arctic. In 1939 he was mate on the S.S. Gotham on the Great Lakes. From 1942 - 45 he was a petty officer in the Royal Canadian Navy. From 1949 he was a mate on various vessels on the Pacific Coast, and since 1958 he has been a captain of pilot vessels. Since 1960 he has been employed in that capacity by the Pacific Pilotage Authority in Vancouver. As of 1973 he holds a total sailing record of some forty-three years, with over twenty of them as captain.

Another son of John H. (Jon Hans) Stevens, Jon Stefan Lawrence, is the only one of the Stevens family still serving (in 1973-74) on Lake Winnipeg, He was born June 20, 1914. At the age of fourteen he learned winter fishing by working with his grandfather on Berens (Swampy) Island, commencing in 1928. Despite excellent conditions, he found it a hard school of training, since his grandfather's energy and zest for work knew no limits, and he unconsciously expected the same of others and would go out in any kind of weather, no matter how severe . . . and that at age sixty-four.

William Stevens, Captain of Granite Rock. Portrait by Wilhelm Kaufmann, former Director of Winnipeg Art Gallery.

As docks were then mostly lacking and the ice fishermen were moved out in late October while the ice was forming, the captains transporting them were often afraid of being trapped in it. Some of them unloaded the fishermen and their gear far from shore. Others were more daring and brought their ships right in and landed the men close to or on shore with their equipment. Then the ship, being lighter, was easier to move out.

When Lawrence Stevens had his first experience of the lake his grandfather also employed his son Clifford and four others: Stanley Pawlinski and Jens Peterson from Mulvihill and Metro Kolton and John Nacholski from Camp Morton. They were transported on the Lady of the Lake, which arrived at Berens (Swampy) Island about 3 p.m. and came no closer in than about a mile off shore. From there the men were transported to shore with their gear on two boats, one of their own and the other belonging to the ship

Toward dusk the unloading was not yet completed, but the captain thought that he saw ice approaching from the north. Thereupon, with his main concern for his ship, he dumped the remaining gear overboard, to be fished out later by the men along a two-mile stretch. He also had the two horses cast overboard. It took them an endless time to swim to shore in the icy water heavy with slush.

The men now found their fishing camp

from the previous year. Such structures were set on bare earth or rock and made by the fishermen themselves from logs with moss stuffed into crevices and a roof of poles covered with moss and tarpaper, with stones to hold it down. They varied from about 10 x 10 feet to 16 x 18 feet or larger. Some, including Capt. John G. Stevens, had two such huts, one as a kitchen and the other as sleeping quarters, furnished with bunks filled with straw or spruce boughs. (Sometimes further insulation was added by coating the exterior with snow with water poured on to sheath it in ice.) Heaters and cook stoves were provided.

On this occasion, as frequently happened the roof had caved in from winter snows. The men retired to rest inside with the four walls for shelter and a sail spread over their bedclothes, but with no fire for warmth. Their first meal was by an open fire outside.

This was Lawrence Stevens' first introduction to the lake. Since then he has not missed a single season except during closure of the lake in 1969 and 1970 because of mercury pollution. He has also sailed it in summer, not as captain of the larger vessels requiring captain's papers, but as skipper or foreman of smaller fishing boats, whose total crew in former days usually numbered four, but now generally three. He was wheelsman of the Goldfield for one season, skipper of a boat for his father-in-law J. B. Johnson at George's Island in 1939, and then shared a boat with him on half a permit for seven seasons at Warren's Landing. Since then he has been skipper of his own boats.

He has now, in 1973, been a fisherman and fish station operator on lake Winnipeg for some forty-four years. During the first four summers he served on fishing boats commanded by others, but since then has been foreman or skipper of his own boats, over a total period extending from 1940 to 1973, but excluding the two years of the lake closure. He has rented and operated a station at Fox Island for thirty years, and fished thirty-two summers at Warren's Landing.

Though Lawrence Stevens is its last member still working on Lake Winnipeg, the affinity of the Stevens family for lake and ocean is still apparent, even if less directly.

Joseph Norman, born November 30, 1925, the elder son of Norman Stevens, worked briefly on the Goldfield for some trips for his uncle Capt. Bill Stevens in his early years. On returning home from service in the army in Canada and overseas in World War II, he attended the University of Manitoba and graduated with a degree in Civil engineering. He is presently Manager of Marine and Civil Engineering for British Columbia on behalf of the federal government. As such he is in charge of construction of piers and docks on the B.C. coast.

A grandson of Norman Stevens, Gordon Grant, of Ottawa, though but seventeen years of age and attending high school, is an ardent sailor. He owns his own sail-boat and spends his summers sailing. He has taken part in sailing regattas both in Canada and the United States and has won awards for his skill. In this summer of 1974 he will take a short course which will qualify him as a sailing instructor. He carries the tradition into the fourth generation.

The Stevens' record of sailing Lake Winnipeg is approaching the century mark. Their records added end-to-end show over a century and a third as accredited captains, not counting many more as foremen or skippers of small fishing boats. Their entire service record in sailing and fishing similarly calculated with these included totals well over two and a half centuries.

They have been excellent representatives of the many Icelandic pioneers who sailed the Manitoba lakes and developed their fisheries, and have fully maintained the tra-

dition of their seafaring Icelandic ancestors. The naming of Stevens Point in honor of Capt. John G. Stevens' service to Lake Winnipeg navigation is a fitting tribute to him and his descendants.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL ON THE STEVENS FAMILY OF GIMLI

The S. S. Goldfield, and the Service of the Stevens Family on It

The first owners of the S. S. Goldfield were Reid and Tait, 1886. It was a steamship till 1930, at which time it became a motor ship, with a diesel engine installed.

Captain John G. Stevens was captain on the S. S. Goldfield about 1922-29. He had a fall station at Rabbit Point with Peterson Bros. of Gimli. Later in October he got a crew together to take out winter fishermen. He served as skipper in 1931 when she was a diesel boat, and was on there till 1934 (from May to the end of October, some times the last boat in.)

His son, **Captain Clifford J. Stevens Sr.,** started on the Goldfield in 1926-27 as wheelsman, and served as mate 1930-34. He was captain of the Goldfield 1949-1951.

Captain Clifford Stevens Jr. (grandson of Capt. John G. Stevens and son of Capt. Clifford Stevens Sr.) was wheelsman of the Goldfield 1956, and Captain, 1965-67.

During these three generations they never lost a man overboard.

The **Goldfield** was used mainly in freighting on Lake Winnipeg. It had a gross tonnage of 81.70. It was one of the first boats to take out freight to the mines (Manigotagan). It took soundings of Lake Winnipeg in 1901-1903, etc., before the lake had been charted.

The Goldfield, now owned by Sigurdson Fisheries of Riverton, Man., is still operating after more than ninety years on Lake Winnipeg. . . . an all-time rcord of service on the lake.

HANDICAPPED BOY EXCELS

By Doug Hallett
Tribune Staff Writer

A Winnipeg boy born with cerebral palsy has reached another milestone in his determined effort to lead a normal life.

Halldor Bjarnason, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Bjarnason of 862 Spruce St., has earned a chief scout badge — scouting's highest achievement award.

Spastic, unco-ordinated and with a speech impediment, the 14-year-old boy has nevertheless managed to cope to the point of becoming somewhat of a symbol for handicapped individuals. He was last year's ''Timmy'', chosen by the Society of Crippled Children and Adults as the province's Easter Seal Campaign representative.

On Monday night, Halldor, along with three other scouts of the 69th Scout Troop which meets at Chalmers United Church, will receive a chief scout badge, the highest achievement in scouting. In mid-May, he will be among about 45 scouts from across Manitoba who will be getting certificates from Lieut.-Gov. F. L. Bud Jobin in recognition of their achievements.

Tribune photo by Jim Wiley

Haldor Bjarnason, flanked by Scoutmaster Neil McBeath, proudly displays badges.

Cheerful, eager and bright, he has spent more than seven years in the cub and scout movement.

The decision to have him join a regular cub pack instead of a special one for the handicapped was just part of his parents scheme to raise him as a normal child, they say.

He attended a pre-school program at the Society for Crippled Children and Adults, and the society recommended he go on to Ellen Douglass School for the handicapped. But, his mother said Thursday, ''We felt he had such a fine mind he should go into the regular school system and have his fights and trials there.''

Isaac Brock School admitted him into their kindergarten on a two-month trial, and he now is in Grade 8 at the school. Last year he had the highest average in his grade in science and was among the top 10 students in several other subjects.

Because he cannot write due to his handicap, he uses an electric typewriter with raised keys.

He plays drums in the school band, belongs to the yearbook committee, is an avid reader and a ''car nut'', collects badges and is working toward his senior Red Cross level in swimming. Like other family members, he practises transcendental meditation.

His ambition — a realistic one, his parents say — is to become a lawyer.

Asked Thursday what he most enjoys about scouting, Halldor said, "I really enjoy camping". He added that he has "a bit of difficulty" hiking but does it anyway.

His proud scoutmaster, Neil McBeath, said the boy is "quite capable of pulling his own weight" at the scout camp in the bush near Hadashville. "What other boys want to do, he wants to do . . . He sharpens axes, cuts wood, likes to cook and goes on hikes.

"When he runs, he'll fall down. But he doesn't let that stop him. He'll just get up and keep going."

Working with young "beavers" — the cubs and scouts of tomorrow — and acting as altar boy at a local Anglican church, made up part of the 50 hours of community service Halldor did on the way to earning the chief scout award.

Mr. McBeath said he knows of no other youngsters in Halldor's physical condition who have earned the award.

Cerebral palsy involves damage to the motor area of the brain. It is caused by oxygen deprivation at birth.

—The Tribune, April 21, 1978

SAWDUST

By Paul Sigurdson

When, in that juicy time of year the breeze licks away the last dregs of snow, little David's thoughts always turned to baseball. Trapped at the pivotal point of the seasons he suffered days of agonizing anticipation, waiting for the puddles to seep away and the earth to dry. At school the children began playing a soggy game of football. But for the boy, David, softball was kiddies' play, not to be compared with the real game; baseball. What was the difference? Well, when he held a softball he only held a clumsy lump of leather and string; but when he held a baseball he believed he held a precious world in his hand: the world of 'the Babe', 'Dizzy Dean' and the great 'DiMaggio'. At any rate to him there was a vast difference measurable only by the sudden soaring of his imagination and the flip of his heart.

The boy longed more than anything else to own a baseball. It was a hunger mingled with a sadness he could not articulate. All he understood was that sometimes it was so intense it stopped his breath and held him mesmerized. With a baseball he could be supreme, god of all. Only a child could know such ecstasy.

But it was the years of the 'hard times', the Depression years as people came to call them. There was no money to spare. Grasshoppers, draught, wind and heat had sometimes reduced crops to almost nothing. The widow's renter took two-thirds of the crop, her one third of almost nothing was not a great sum to live on. The fight against want was continuous. She could not afford to buy a real baseball. For that money she could purchase twenty-five pounds of sugar, enough to preserve blueberry sauce, apple jellies and plum jams for the entire winter. So the boy went without his dream.

Only once a year at the local Country Picnic did he get his chance to feel a real baseball. Big-man-games were played with only a backstop in an open meadow. All day he and other eager boys chased and recovered the baseballs. To steal one was unthinkable. Instead, each time he recovered a ball he waited for a lull in play. Then, boldly running to the base line, he threw the ball to the big-man pitcher shouting with as much self-importance as he could muster and straining his little-boy voice: "Ball in!" For this boy, these moments were heaven.

"Mamma," said David one day, gently putting his arms about her neck. "Buy me a real baseball! Pleeze!"

His mother's voice was husky when she answered.

"Oh, darling child," she said. "You've asked a thousand times!"

"Please, Mamma!"

"I'm ordering you those special rubber boots you've been pestering me for," she said defensively. "All spring I've heard nothing else."

"Oh, Mamma, send for the ball instead!"

The widow sighed.

"No child, your health comes first. Your little feet must be dry. I don't want you sick."

The spring days passed slowly for the boy, each many lifetimes in itself. At school they played softball for long hours. Eight grades played together, gleeful in spite of the flabby ball and a badly scored bat. Split blocks of firewood left over from the winter's supply served as bases. A buck-tooth boy with a nose like a piglet's, kept score by cutting notches in a willow-stick with his jack-knife. But at home in the quiet of the evenings, when only the million trills of the frogs broke the holy stillness of the land, the boy dreamed of a real baseball. He could

imagine it, a creamy white leather sphere with a red herringbone stitch, wrapped in tissue paper. He could almost smell the fresh oiliness and feel the dressed hide in his hand.

Meanwhile he made his own ball. He made it by wrapping an old work-mitt around a pebble and fastening it with used rubber-rings from his mother's preserves. So in the evening he was able to play catch with himself.

The order from Eaton's came. The boy carried it half a mile home from the country post-office. It was not much larger than a medicine ball, but it was heavy, unwieldy; strapped tight with strong cords. The boy always marvelled when it was opened how everything seemed to expand as it was removed from the pressure of the binding. He could not believe so much could come out of so little. What a thrill it was! It was a part of their lives. Two orders from Eaton's mail order every year, one in the spring and another in the fall. What an occasion when they arrived!

As they removed the articles together, his mother said: "I ordered a surprise for you."

The boy shrieked in delight. "A surprise!"

She smiled, sad that she could give him no more.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," he cried throwing his arms about her and hugging her fast. "I love you, I love you!"

They examined the articles, one by one: a white cotton dress with sprays of yellow flowers, a dainty peach blouse of fine rayon, women's stockings, boys' stockings, overalls, a tin of green paint, a pair of rubber boots, knee-highs, heavy and solid towelling and curtain material, and on and on. Then it appeared. The boy had just removed a white Sunday school shirt and the surprise lay beneath it. It was a long paper package: LITTLE YANKEE — 3 in one — 59c. The red lettering seemed to shout at the boy. The bag contained a sturdy little hickory bat only eighteen inches long, and a shapeless glove, which was not much larger than the boy's hand. It had no padding and looked much like a pancake with stubby fingers. But the third article was a shining baseball!

The boy held up the ball emitting a wild cry of joy. Then he held it up to wonder at like a child charmed by a Christmas Tree. It looked perfect. It looked like a genuine professional baseball. The cover was a glossy white, sewn with the regular looping herringbone stitch. 'Regulation size' was stamped in purple ink on the cover. There was a registration number too, but the ink had smeared and only one digit could be recogized — a six. The boy had the fleeting thought that he wished it had been a 'three or a seven'. He tried to squeeze it, but it was almost as hard as a stone.

Then he ran out of the house. The screen-door had hardly slammed when he dashed back in to hug his mother again. Hours of joy streamed ahead of him like shafts of golden sunlight. He heard all the songs of the birds blending in a grand chorus as if they were singing just for him. Tears stung in his eyes and he felt he would burst with good-feeling. The joy overwhelmed him, too much to hold.

For a long time he played as he was used to playing; alone. He tossed the ball up and ran to make spectacular catches, imagining they were off the bat of the great 'DiMaggio'. The ball felt good, round, cool, smooth. The glove lay in the grass, useless, deserted. But the bat came into use when he changed his play. He decided to 'knock out flies'. With the sturdy bat he hammered the ball with all his strength. It sailed magnificently across the yard arcing across the blue sky. He had a hard time finding it in the high grass. When he retrieved it he saw it was grass-stained but still shiny. It felt slightly different. It didn't matter. He hit it again. Again it soared beautifully, landing far-off across the yard.

When he picked it up again, he felt some

thing terrible had happened. Under his thumb the ball felt like a bruised fruit. He held it up and his heart sank. The perfect sphere was no more. It was lopsided now, like a waning moon. One seam was split.

Blinded with hurt, he slammed the ball again. Instead of the solid 'clunk' he heard a sickening thud. Then the ball exploded in mid-air, sawdust flying in all directions. The cover took a crazy twist in flight and then it dropped to the earth like a shot bird.

For a long time the boy sat in the grass, too bewildered to cry. Again life had failed him as it had sometimes done before. Even the sun had failed, him, for it was now hidden by a bank of purple louring clouds. He began to feel very small and very lonely, so he dragged himself into the house.

He caught the tangy scent of hot cinnamon cookies and he saw his mother lovingly remove a batch from the iron stove. He watched her lay them on a piece of waxed paper in tidy rows. She balanced two cookies on a spatula and passed them into his cupped hands.

"A celebration," she said, her face shining with joy and kindness. "For the new baseball." The boy coughed as a stray crumb scraped his throat.

"Mamma," he began feebly.

She paused, facing him, and he looked into her eyes. He saw the faith, the trust, the sureness that she had done something wonderful for him, and he looked away.

"Mamma," he said. "I — I lost the ball. In the high grass."

"Oh child," choked his mother, much distressed. "You'll just have to find it. Don't you know about where it is?"

The boy bit his lip.

"Why couldn't you be more careful?" she scolded. "Tomorrow you'll just have to go out and find it!"

Tears burned behind his eyeballs.

"Such a fine looking ball, too! Why didn't you stay away from the high grass . . . ? You know you're always losing something in the high grass . . ."

The boy said nothing as his mother continued to scold, not in a mean, but in a firm way. He wanted so much to tell her the truth but he knew the sad look that would come into her eyes, and of all things in his life that look was hardest to bear. Silently he went to bed with a heavy feeling around his heart. Later before he went to sleep his mother came and hugged him and said she was sorry.

"You'll find it tomorrow. I'm sure you will."

"Mmmm," said the boy and drifted into his baseball dreams again.

Shown here is 590 Cathedral Avenue as it was in 1904. The house, still standing, was built by Joseph W. Thorgeirson, an Icelandic dairyman. Mr. Thorgeirson's milk wagon and two of his delivery men are shown here. The little single board shack made out of shiplap at the extreme left was the home of H. W. Herridge (CCF — Kootenay West) and his family during their stay in Winnipeg. They were saved from freezing by Mr. Thorgeirson during a Manitoba winter when the temperature dropped to 57 below.

NO LONGER ON PRAIRIE

HOUSE IS STILL A GUIDE POST

By Laszlo Bastyovanszky
(Written in 1961)

Around 1901, when north Winnipeg was only a small part of the big Manitoba prairie, an Icelandic dairyman began to build a two-storey frame house. That was almost 60 years ago.

Today the house still stands as a guide post at 590 Cathedral Avenue and Icelander, Joseph W. Thorgeirson, is very proud of it.

While sipping a cup of coffee in the dining room of his house, Mr. Thorgeirson recalled the ''good old days,'' when there were no streets around his house just ''short-cut trails'' . . . and prairie.

His parents came to Canada when he was nine. They came on a steam boat from Iceland and landed in eastern Canada after

spending several days on the ''rough sea.'' His father was a goldsmith and ''I still remember the fancy wares he used to make for the horses back home,'' Mr. Thorgeirson said.

Ran Away

After his parents came to the west, he ran away from home and spent the next few years working on Manitoba farms feeding pigs, looking after horses and cattle. ''But later I came back to Winnipeg to stay here for good,'' he smiled. That was more than 70 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorgeirson were married at the Second Lutheran Church in 1894. They built two shanties and milked some 40 cows he bought at Oakland, Man. After milking he rode his horse across the land to sell the milk in Winnipeg.

To keep up with the time, he later bought a wagon with a canvas top and his delivery men used to be seen carrying the milk in tin cans to the city homes.

Within a few years Mr. Thorgeirson had 165 cows on his farm. The two shanties — one he used to help needy people — became too small for the fast-growing Thorgeirson family and he decided to build a bigger house at 590 Cathedral Avenue.

And a week or two ago, when H. W. Herridge (CCF-Kootenay West) told the House of Commons how an Icelandic dairyman saved the life of the Herridge family near Cathedral Avenue during a Manitoba winter, Mr. Thorgeirson was likely the only one who remembered ''them days.''

'Rather Green'

''I know the Herridge family quite well. they built a single board shack made out of shiplap.'' (It was built near the point where Cathedral Avenue bisects the railway that runs to Winnipeg Beach.) ''He, (Mr. Herridge) was rather green as far as Canadian ways were concerned,'' Mr. Thorgeirson still recalls.

''During the winter it got pretty cold — I think the temperature dropped to 57 below — and I heard that the Herridge family wasn't doing too well. So we gave them lots of wood to burn in the old buckstove.''

Mr. Herridge said in the Commons during a tribute to Icelanders that ''had it not been for the kindness of an Icelandic dairyman — I think his name was Thorvaldson — we would have all been frozen to death that winter.''

That kind dairyman was indeed Mr. Thorgeirson.

''If he would visit me now, after some 60 years, I don't think I would be able to recognize the boy. But I sure remember his family,'' says the 86-year-old Icelander.

''We used to have a pump in the back yard of our house, not far from the barns and all our neighbors came to us for water. That's how I heard about the problems the Herridge family was facing then. I thought my duty was to help anyone who really needed it — my mother told me so — so we helped them out,'' says Mr. Thorgeirson.

Little Luck

''They had some food but we gave them some potatoes, pork and beef meat during that winter. I think he was trying to start a cattle farm, but he had only a little luck.''

Today, as a proud grand and great-grandfather with 71 descendants Mr. Thorgeirson recalls how the dollar always found his pocket. ''My mother used to say that if you helped someone in need, you will always get your reward. In them days it was so true.''

Mr. Thorgeirson did not only bring up eight children of his own — four boys and four girls — but he 'adopted' about ten others whose parents were making hardly enough for them to eat once a day.

''I used to deliver milk to the old coffee house on Isabel Street and one day I saw two boys crying there. They had hardly anything to wear and I thought I should do something about them so I brought the boys home.

"They lived with us for some time because their mother and father died." He picked out two pictures from a pile of photographs which covered the dining room table and quietly gazed at them. "They were sure a nice couple of boys," he muttered.

Kidnapped

"Once we had a little girl living with us. Her mother came to our house and asked my wife to keep her. The little girl was only two then. She stayed with our family for a couple of years and I heard several years later that she was kidnapped in Minneapolis. I don't think they ever found her. She was only eight then.

As the years passed, Mr. Thorgeirson recalls, north-end Winnipeg began to fill up "but Cathedral Avenue was developing very slowly. The streets were formed and when a storm came we could guide our horses home. It was sure different from the older days when you just had to let the horses find the way home in a big storm."

"Today I feel just as young as I was in 1910," says Mr. Thorgeirson, "except my age is getting closer to a three-number figure. The secret of a long life I think is to live right," he says. Mr. Thorgeirson celebrated his 86th birthday less than two weeks ago.

The tall Icelander, despite his age, goes dancing twice a week according to his son, Magnus, who lives in the famous house with Mr. Thorgeirson. "I don't like to jump around like these young people do nowadays," says Mr. Thorgeirson, "but I sure like to waltz and to dance to real beautiful music."

Mr. Thorgeirson says he won a dancing competition "a long, long time ago." He won because his dancing partner was the best looking lady on the floor.

And Mr. Thorgeirson never stopped dancing ever since.

—Winnipeg Free Press,
September 30, 1961

Joseph W. Thorgeirsson was a member of a well-known family in the Icelandic community in Winnipeg in earlier days. Two brothers were Olafur S. Thorgeirsson, founder and publisher of the **Almanak,** and Johann Thorgeirsson.

MEMORIES OF MANITOBA — SARGENT AVENUE

Translation by Axel Vopnfjord of an article in the Icelandic periodical HEIMA ER BEZT, written by Jonas Thordarson.

This name will sound strange to Icelandic ears. It has no Icelandic connotation, and very few people in Iceland will have heard of it. Nevertheless, it is closely associated with Icelandic people, as it was the name of a street in Winnipeg that for half a century was the main cultural centre of Icelanders in North America. Nowhere else on this continent did Icelandic institutions and enterprise flourish with a greater intensity. For many years it was known in Winnipeg as "Icelandic Main Street". It was regarded as the capital of all the Icelandic communities in North America, but now it is no longer so. On its sidewalks the predominant language heard was Icelandic. Hither came our countrymen to conduct their business and to attend service at their church. Hither they came to discuss matters of great concern with the editors of the Western Icelandic newspapers. Hither they came to the Wevel Cafe seeking companionship and a cup of coffee. Sargent Avenue was the Mecca for newcomers from Iceland, be they distinguished statesmen, poets, authors, or merely young men seeking employment. The majority of Icelanders in Winnipeg lived in the vicinity of Sargent Avenue. On it were stores and other business establishments owned and operated by Icelanders. In this neighborhood was located the Jon Bjarnason Academy, the only Icelandic school ever operated on the North American continent. Here Icelandic culture flourished for more than half a century. Here the environment was almost purely Icelandic, the Icelandic language, Icelandic people on the sidewalks. This was probably the only street in a North American city where the Icelandic language superseded English.

Now all this has changed. Icelandic has disappeared from the area around Sargent Avenue, and Icelanders are scattered hither and thither throughout the city. In their place have come Germans and Portuguese. Icelandic institutions and business establishments are no longer there. I am told that only one business has an Icelandic name (Translator's comment: Asgeirsons, no doubt). The newspapers, Lögberg and Heimskringla are now amalgamated and located elsewhere. Jon Bjarnason Academy is no more. The churches alone have resisted the passage of time, but seldom are Icelandic services conducted there. English has triumphed. A few Icelanders remain, but evidences of their impact will, no doubt, become completely obliterated with the passage of time. Even the history of this unique community will be lost unless some knowledgeable person soon undertakes to write it, I do not have the background to do so. All I can do is to relate the impressions I garnered during the time I lived there.

It is said that the Icelandic settlement in Winnipeg is almost the same age as the city. Winnipeg became a municipality in 1874, the population being approximately 2,000 in this small community established around Fort Garry at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. It was by no means an attractive place. Its buildings were by and large unsightly shanties hastily erected by amateurish carpenters. The streets were a morass of mud—gluey Red River gumbo. Incidentally, Winnipeg is an Indian word meaning "muddy waters". But the people were optimistic about the future, as the location was obviously the gateway to the vast western prairie, which was rapidly being settled by European immigrants, who had heard about the fertility of the soil, and were confident that there they would become financially independent: there they and their descendants would live in peace, free from tyranny and oppression.

To this small place came in 1875 a group of Icelandic immigrants on their way to New Iceland, where they had decided to settle. This group, consisting of approximately 285 people, tarried there for a few days until arrangements could be made to transport them on flat-bottomed boats—veritable death traps—down the Red River and Lake Winnipeg to their destination at Gimli. (Translator's comment: Icelandic River was their intended destination). This was an epic event in the saga of Icelandic settlements in Canada. It is estimated that 50-60 people in this group remained in Winnipeg. They were the first Icelanders to settle there.

It is of interest to recapitulate the comments regarding this group of immigrants that appeared in the Free Press, later the chief newspaper of the city of Winnipeg, viz., "This is the most impressive and handsome group of immigrants that have hitherto sailed north down the Red River this year. They are a well-groomed, intelligent people, and the Province of Manitoba is fortunate in having them settle here". The newspaper's prophesy regarding the future of these people is noteworthy, viz., "They will proceed north to their future home on the shores of Lake Winnipeg. There they will immediately establish a settlement, which undoubtedly will become a big city in the future, headquarters for the thousands of Icelanders who will follow in their footsteps".

Although Gimli became the main town of New Iceland on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, it did not become the cultural centre of the Icelandic community of North America. The course of events consigned that role to the prairie city. Winnipeg, strictly speaking to a small enclave in the centre of its western section ("The West End") along Sargent Avenue and the streets branching from it.

It would appear that the Icelanders began to settle around Sargent Avenue during the last decade of the nineteenth century. In 1894 the so-called Tabernacle Congregation built a church on Furby Street near Sargent. On a small scale, however, the Icelanders had begun to establish homes there prior to that time. Previously they had lived north of that area. The first two decades of the twentieth century witnessed the main exodus from their previous location to the Sargent district.

Along Sargent Avenue they erected buildings in which the continuance of their cultural heritage would be maintained, e.g. the Good Templars' Hall, 1906, the First Lutheran Church, 1914, the Federated Church, 1922. The Icelandic consul, Olafur Thorgeirsson, established a publishing business there at an earlier date. There the **Almanak,** a fruitful source of the history of the Icelandic settlements, was published. The Icelandic weeklies, **Lögberg** and **Heimskringla,** established themselves on "Icelandic Main Street". Arni Eggertsson erected structures in which

Icelanders conducted their business activities for many a year. They built the only Icelandic school, Jon Bjarnason Academy, that ever existed in North America, in that neighborhood. There were many Icelandic merchants along Sargent Avenue.

It cannot be said that Sargent Avenue was a particularly attractive or impressive street. There were no large structures there, mainly one or two-story buildings, but here and there could be seen larger buildings, apartments and business establishments. Having been recently built during the first two decades of the twentieth century, their appearance was rather pleasing based on the standards of that time. The bald prairie provided no scenic panorama. It was a very ordinary street. The settlement had its beginning near Central Park near the centre of the city, and spread westward to the unoccupied prairie.

There were very few Icelandic homes near Central Park. The Icelandic settlement was concentrated west of the corner of Sargent and Sherbrook Street. In that area was located a bank, the manager of which was Th. E. Thorsteinsson. Many Icelanders dealt with that bank. Thorsteinsson was regarded as a reliable financial advisor. There also was the funeral home of that remarkable man, A. S. Bardal. It can be said with certainty that most Icelanders ended their career there on their way to their final resting place.

Somewhat west of there was located the Good Templars' Hall (I.O.G.T. Hall). In this hall the major decisions regarding the welfare of the community were made. It was the social centre for the whole community. In 1887 the Good Templars' Lodge, Hekla, was formed. Due to some dissension among the membership another lodge, named Skuld was formed. The event was nicknamed "Heklugos" (Eruption of Hekla). The two lodges were keenly competitive in recruiting new members. As a result the majority of Winnipeg Icelanders belonged to one or the other of the aforementioned lodges. In 1906 the two groups co-operated in building the I.O.G.T. Hall on the corner of Sargent and McGee Street. It was a rather impressive two-story building. The lower auditorium was a hall used for the meetings of the two founding lodges. It had facilities for serving refreshments (Translator's comment: not alcoholic beverages!). On the upper auditorium was a stage with stage costumes and all the equipment needed for dramatic performances. The building was thus a combination assembly hall, theatre, and musical studio. In it took place all the social and cultural gatherings of the Icelandic community, which did not take place within the assembly halls of the churches. In addition it was the home of dramatic, musical, and athletic clubs. The Icelandic Students' Society conducted its debates there. The Icelandic language was taught there on Saturdays. In 1919 the Icelandic National League was formed, and held its meetings there for years. I am told that this building has now been razed. (Translator's comment: not so!).

To be continued

A CANADIAN IS

By Kristiana Magnusson

A rich heritage of culture
and traditions of many lands,
Have blended into a Canadian being
a wondrous mosaic of strands.

In his thought is a love of nature
embodied in Indian lore,
In his mien the kingly grace
born of Anglo-Saxon core.

In the sound of his lilting voice
is the Gallic spirit of "joie de vivre",
In his love of flowing poetic verse
the Scandinavian sagas weave.

In the might of his will to succeed
is the determined Teutonic race,
In his skill in northern survival,
the Eskimo's wisdom of pace.

In his inherent love of the soil
are the loyal and rich Slavic strains,
In his heart a yearning for music,
found in Mediterranean refrains.

In his eyes is a deep, clearer wisdom,
brought from an Oriental clime,
In his vision of one great mosaic
is the Canadian dream sublime.

✦ ✦ ✦

SEA-WALK

by Kristiana Magnusson

something wonderful
happens
on a walk
along the ocean beach.

we see . . .
the terraced homes
on White Rock hills
sailboats dipping
into a saucy wind
as rippling waves
rush to kiss
the sandy shores.

we hear . . .
the joyful sounds
of children playing
in the sand,
a distant throb
of ferry engines,
the cry of sea-gulls
as they swoop
then soar again
in graceful line.

we feel . . .
the shifting sand
as the tide rolls in
bringing soft sea-breezes
from distant climes,
an aching loveliness
of sea and sky
timeless and eternal.
something wonderful happens,
we see,
we hear,
we feel,
the vibrant
beauty of life.

FORT LIVINGSTONE, SWAN RIVER

By S. Einarson

When the North West Mounted Police was formed in 1874, it became necessary to provide accommodation for the force and the place chosen was a site about twelve miles north of Fort Pelly at the junction of Snake Creek and the Swan River. This site was apparently chosen because it was on the proposed route for the C.P.R., which at that time was meant to go by way of the Yellowhead Pass. As a matter of fact, the telegraph line had already been built and the site itself been marked on the map for a station to be called Livingstone, after the famous explorer. All the equipment, most of the material (except the lumber) had to be shipped from the east; this included horses and wagons, a saw mill and a shingle mill, as well as a steamboiler to provide the power. The transportation of all this material is a story in itself. It had to be shipped via the Great Lakes to Duluth, Minnesota, and on the river boat which ran down the Red River to Winnipeg. There a train of forty carts was made up for the last leg of the journey about 350 miles.

Fort Livingstone first seat of government as well as R.C.M.P. post in the North West. Erected on the site of the fort's barracks.

The site proved to be most unsuitable as it is a stony plain which did not even provide pasture for the horses and no shelter from the bitterly cold winter winds. When Commissioner French arrived there in the fall of 1874 with his force after the famous march across the prairies as far west as Alberta, he found the place unsuitable, especially as many of the buildings were only half finished. The result was that he left only a troop there — "E" Troop — consisting of six officers and thirty-two N.C.O.'s and men, thirty-six horses and thirty-two head of cattle. The Fort, or Swan River Barracks as it was usually known, consisted of eight or nine buildings, some quite substantial; being on the telegraph line, the men enjoyed privileges that other posts did not have, being able to keep in touch with the outside world; but they also had the doubtful privilege of being close to an enormous snake pit!

Competitions were organized between groups of men to see which group could catch the most snakes; the winner came up with 1100 big ones and 24 small ones!

One amusing incident happened during the winter. The troop's paymaster had been supplied with a small safe to keep his money in but as no key had been provided it was useless. He, therefore, kept the money forwarded to him in a satchel and when the commanding officer expressed some concern about this, he replied: "Oh, it is quite safe, Sir. I keep the satchel under my head at night."

Fort Livingstone was only occupied for two years. The force was then moved to North Battleford, but in any case it was the first seat of government in the North West Territories.

HECLA ISLAND

By Edward R. Brandt

On Hecla Island ducklings swim,
As tutored, in a perfect row.
The goldenrods and bulrush stalks
In gold and brown profusion grow.

The dragonflies, in many tints,
Cavort amidst the waist-high green,
While gulls in regal white display
The grace and beauty of a queen.

The marshes' glistening royal blue
Is quite an artist's paradise,
At least when punctuated with
A beaver's or a muskrat's eyes.

The forests and the meadows blend
Their verdurous variety,
Their virgin vegetation mixed
With lands where hay, once mown, grows free.

The tall, imposing northern cliffs
Are washed with reddish, wind-whipped waves
That cover vast Lake Winnipeg,
Which hides both fish and sailors' graves.

But farther south the beaches stretch
Along the sparsely tufted dune,
With few to tread the sandy shore
Where driftwood, plain and twirled, lies strewn.

Icelandic settlers lived here once.
An aged few of them remain.
A steepled church and houses mark
Where once the village lined the plain.

As tourist, man is coming back
To search for eagles, moose and geese.
Here all is calm. All coexist.
Here man and nature are at peace.

MAGNUS AND THE WATER ELVES

How a brave boy got rid of of some bad elves

Once a farmer lived in a large house where all the chief rooms were panelled with wood. Since the farm was a long way from the nearest church, when the family went to church on Christmas Eve they had to spend the night away, leaving one servant to feed the animals.

One year when the farmer returned with his family to the farmhouse on Christmas Day, he found the servant dead.This happened again the second year and then the third year. Now, as the reports of these happenings were spread over the countryside, the farmer had the greatest difficulty in getting servants who would agree to watch the house on Christmas Eve.

At last, however, a strong young man named Magnus asked for work and agreed to sit up alone and guard the house. The farmer told him what fate awaited him, but Magnus said he was not afraid and said he wanted to have the position.

On Christmas Eve, when the farmer and his family except for Magnus were preparing for church, the farmer said to him:

"Come with us to the church; I cannot leave you here to die."

But Magnus replied, "I have agreed to stay here and am not afraid. Besides, the cattle and the sheep must have their food at the proper time."

"Never mind the animals," said the farmer; "do not be foolhardy and stay in the house tonight. For whenever we have returned from church on Christmas Eve, we have always found every living thing in the house dead."

But Magnus said he feared nothing, and he was not to be persuaded. So the farmer and the rest of the servants went away and left Magnus behind, alone in the house.

As soon as the others had left, a fear came over Magnus in spite of his courage, for he had a feeling that something strange was going to take place that night. So he began to think how to protect himself against the unknown danger.

At last he thought the best thing to do was to light up the family room, and then to find some place in which to hide himself. As soon as he had lighted all the candles, he moved two planks from the wooden panelling at the end of the room, and crept into the space between it and the turf wall. Then he put the planks back in their places in such a way that he could see clearly into the room without being discovered himself.

He had scarcely finished hiding when two fierce and strange-looking men entered the room and began looking about.

One of them said, "I smell a human being."

"No", replied the other. "There is no human being here."

Then they took a candle and continued their search, and Magnus was glad he was well hidden.

Suddenly the room was filled with people who were carrying tables decorated with silver and gold ornaments and linen cloths all laden with food and drink. They feasted noisily, and spent the remainder of the night in drinking and dancing. Two of them were appointed to keep guard, in order to give the company due warning of the approach of any peson or of the coming dawn. Three times they went out, alway returning with the news that they saw neither the approach of any human being, nor yet the break of day.

Thus, Magnus saw that these were elves of a kind which could not stand the light of day. So when he suspected the night to be pretty far spent, he jumped from his place of concealment into the room, and clashed the two planks together with as much noise as he could make, shouting like a madman:

"The day! the day! the day!"

On these words the whole company rose in terror from their seats, and rushed headlong out, leaving behind them not only their tables and all the silver dishes, but also the very clothes they had taken off for ease in dancing. They ran into the darkness, Magnus after them, clapping the planks together, and shrieking, "The day! the day! the day!" until they came to a large lake into which they plunged headlong and disappeared.

From this, Magnus knew them to be water-elves.

Then he returned home, cleaned up the house, and took possession of all the treasures the elves had left behind.

When the farmer and his family came back from church, Magnus told him all that had occurred and showed him the things the elves had left. The farmer praised him for his bravery and good judgment, and congratulated him on having escaped with his life. Magnus gave the farmer half the treasure and they both prospered ever afterwards.

This was the last visit the water-elves ever paid to that house.

Translated from Icelandic
by Holmes Boynton

NATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

"This means, above all, that Canadians must be willing to live together in a country of differences, accepting, even rejoicing, in those differences. It means that Canadians must accept and, whenever they can, create the conditions in which those differences are welcomed and can flourish, even if it means sacrificing some of their own convenience or accommodating their own point of view to that of others. Only individuals, not governments, can make these kinds of choices."

—JIAS News (Jewish)

GIMLI LUTHERAN CHURCH CELEBRATES ITS CENTENNIAL

By Ethel Howard (Edited)

One hundred years ago — in 1887 — the Icelandic pioneers in New Iceland called two Lutheran pastors to lead their spiritual life in their new land. One hundred years later, on Sunday, November 6, 1977, the descendants of these pioneers, along with others of different national origins, assembled for a backward look over the century. They did so in a spirit of nostalgia, remembering those hardy, highly literate, God-fearing forebears who had come to the shores of Lake Winnipeg to an unsettled and difficult land, and whose immediate concern was to form congregations to join in the worship of God.

To commemorate the centennial of their church, the Gimli congregation built a tower north of the church to house the bell presented originally in memory of Benedikt Freemanson to the old church which stood on that spot from 1907 to 1953, when it was torn down to make room for the present church.

Several former pastors were in attendance at the service and the evening banquet. At the 11 a.m. service the Rev. Haraldur S. Sigmar of Seattle, Washington was the guest speaker. He had served from 1950 to 1953 during the time the church was built. He was accompanied to Gimli by his wife Ethel. His sermon was reminiscent of the history of the church and he spoke of the new generation carrying on the faith of their fathers in a different setting.

Former pastors who took part in the service were the Rev. John Fullmer of Kenora, Ontario, the Rev. A. B. Sander of Luther Village, Ontario, and the incumbent pastor, the Rev. Keith Peterson. The senior and junior choirs, with Mrs. Elene Oakley at the organ, and Mrs. Eunice Timgren, provided special music.

Following the service the large congregation assembled outside to take part in the dedication ceremony of the new bell tower with Pastor Sigmar leading in prayer as Pastor Fullmer uncovered the plaque and the deep tones of the bell rang out. The memorial fund for the building of the tower was begun by Mr. and Mrs. Clifford J. Stevens.

At the dinner prepared by the women of the church, the guest speaker was Dr. Lee Luetkehoelter, President of the Lutheran Church in America.

A centennial history booklet was published during the year.

Those who began this congregation one hundred years ago would have been pleased to see how the centennial was observed and how the work of the church is being carried on with faith and dedication by the present generation and their energetic Pastor, the Rev. Keith Peterson.

THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA — ISLENDINGADAGURINN

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba will be held at Gimli, on the long weekend of August 6-7.

The Toast to Canada will be given by John Craig Eaton, of Toronto, Chairman of the Board of Eaton's of Canada. The Toast to Iceland will be given by Freeman Melsted, of Mountain, North Dakota.

At the time of our going to press, the expectation is that the Chess Grandmaster of Iceland, Fridrik Olafsson,will attend the Festival and play a game of simultaneous chess.

BOOK REVIEW

By Nelson Gerrard

ISLENDINGAR I VESTURHEIMI — LAND OG FOLK (Icelanders in North America — Land and People), by Thorsteinn Matthiasson. Reykjavik, Aegisutgafan, 1976. Vol. 1.

Among the books released on the Christmas market in Iceland last winter was one entitled "Islendingar i Vesturheimi" (Icelanders in North America) by Thorsteinn Matthiasson. Shortly after the New Year, 1977, several copies of this book made their way to Canada along with a request that they be made available for sale here. It was also suggested that some of the authorities on Icelandic-Canadian history here might like to review the book. Although those whose names were suggested have chosen not to comment on this publication, it is felt, because of the quality of this book, and because it has been publicized in our Icelandic newspaper, that some comment is warranted.

Thorsteinn Mathiasson prefaces this work with a lengthy introduction in which he makes a few relevant points and states good intentions. Among other things, he points out the lack of information on North American-Icelandic history available in Iceland and the almost total neglect of this chapter of Icelandic history in Icelandic school curricula. Loosely translated, "In Icelandic text books, there is barely any mention of these people (Icelanders in North America) from the time they packed their trunks for America, right up to the present day." In closing he states: "The story of the Icelanders in North America is a chapter in the history of Icelanders; if it is deleted and forgotten here in Iceland, we have a less comprehensive and accurate picture of the role played by the Nordic race in world history." It is therefore no small task which Thorsteinn Matthiasson has set himself in undertaking to provide the Icelandic public, and school system, with an informed and up-to-date source about the Icelanders in North America.

The book itself, therefore, comes as a great disappointment, both with regard to quality and content.

In this first volume of a series. Thorsteinn Matthiasson sets his scopes on the Icelandic settlements in Manitoba's Interlake region. Employing what can only be described as an "instant mix" approach, he has taken a variety of excerpts and summarized chapters from other works, added several poorly transcribed tape recorded interviews, and thrown in a final sprinkling of snapshots and reprinted pictures. The "half-baked" result is difficult to swallow.

The unscholarly approach employed is only too evident throughout the first chapters dealing with the historical background of the Interlake settlements. In them, one recognizes entire chapters lifted from other publications, often without any introduction or acknowledgment whatsoever. Not only do these unco-ordinated chapters echo the errors of other authors; they also contain an abundance of new mistakes, both typographical and otherwise.

The questionable familiarity of the author with his subject matter becomes sadly apparent in various places in this book; nowhere more obvious, however, than in the case of picture captions. One such caption translates: "The bridge out to Mikley — Mikley was formerly surrounded by water — 4-6 miles from

land, depending on the tide. Now there is a straight and broad roadway." The picture, taken from the **Riverton Memories** shows two old wooden bridges across the Icelandic River at Riverton. Another picture, showing a small Ukrainian church with turrets and crosses is labelled "Bondabyli i Nyja Islandi" (farmhouse in New Iceland).

Although the long list of this book's shortcomings is material for a lengthy essay, the above examples will serve to give an idea of its quality. The purpose of these comments is only to point out the results of insufficient research and preparation.

It is very unfortunate that Thorsteinn Matthiasson has allowed this volume to go to print in its present form. The subject matter chosen could have been developed into a valuable and interesting work. Instead, **Islendingar i Vesturheimi** by Thorsteinn Matthiasson is totally unreliable as an historical source, misleading as an account of more contemporary events and personalities and, in short, unworthy of its binding.

W. D. VALGARDSON:

THE AUTHOR AND HIS ART

Excerpt from an interview
by Donna Danylchuk

The short stories of William Valgardson (Creative Writing) have met with exceptional success. His collections of short stories "Bloodflowers" and "God is not a Fish Inspector" have both been through several printings and have sold well over the Canadian best seller mark of 5,000 copies.

Valgardson's books are now texts in the Manitoba classrooms where he taught for 10 years. While teaching at Pinawa, a nuclear research station in Manitoba, he took correspondence courses in writing from the University of North Dakota. He was accepted as a student by the University of Iowa, Department of Creative Writing in 1966.

Valgardson joined the UVic creative writing department three years ago. A third collection of his short stories "Red Dust" was recently accepted by Oberon Press for publication in May.

The following presents some of the writer's views on his own work, the art of fiction, on becoming and being a writer and how, from his personal experience, a writer can go about getting his books read in Canada.

The Ring: You also seem to have a heritage from Slavic Literature?
Valgardson: I've been compared to a lot of Russian writers. I spoke Ukrainian before I spoke English. It has had a profound influence on me, the Icelandic

sense of isolation mixed with the Slavic feeling for the land, which Icelanders don't have.

The Ring: Can you name influences on your writing from Canadian literature?
Valgardson: Yes, in 1966, I was teaching high school in Pinawa and I picked up Al Purdy's "Cariboo Horses". It was like a flash of light. It was the first time that I realized I could write like a Canadian instead of like an Englishman or an American. It was an emotional realization that I didn't have to try to be someone else. It broke a barrier. I wrote hundreds of poems one after another. They were Canadian poems instead of bad imitations of T.S. Eliot.

I sent these poems off to Iowa because I wanted to know more about writing. I felt I was running into a lot of dead ends, making the same mistakes over and over, and I couldn't go any farther myself. I was accepted by the writer's workshop in Iowa as a poet, and only began to write fiction there.

The Ring: Have you been influenced by any Canadian prose writers?
Valgardson: No.

The Ring: Do you feel you are working in isolation?
Valgardson: Yes, I think I'm outside any stream of writing. I'm a social realist, obviously, but much more in the American sense than in the Canadian. I'm even closer to the Russian tradition than I am to anything in Canada. It's not that I don't read Canadian writers. It's just that I don't think I've been influenced by them.

In Iowa, I took my first real look at the literature of the deep South, and I found I had a tremendous affinity for it, for Flannery O'Connor and William Faulkner and Eudora Welty. It has a Gothic quality that appeals to me. I think it's very similar to the Russians in a way.

The Ring: Do most of your stories have an origin in something you've heard of?
Valgardson: I think every writer has to write what he knows about. Every story I've written has some basis in fact. Sometimes there's instant recognition but sometimes it takes a long time. I recently had a story in the Saturday Evening Post, "Couch" and that story sat and jelled for, oh, 20 years.

The Ring: What would be your advice to a beginning writer?
Valgardson: Eighty per cent of the world could probably apply for a blind pension and get it. My advice to a would-be writer would be get a large sketch pad and felt pens and begin to sketch, in order to learn to see. Good writers must also be good observers. Writers need to know their environment intimately. I tell students to experience and learn about the places you are in. In B.C., beginning writers should study books about the weeds, the rocks, the grasses here. They must train and re-awaken their senses. Most people have become unaware, for example, of texture, the sense of touch.

The Ring: What is your opinion of the UVic creative writing department?
Valgardson: Only time will tell how good we are. The only real test of a creative writing department is how well its students do. At UVic, either we're getting brilliant students, or something is happening in the workshop. It was a coup to get Godfrey (David Godfrey, chairman of the department). I think UVic is stimulating now, and will be even more so in the future. I would hope that the UVic creative writing department will develop the same kind of influence in Canada that the University of Iowa has in the States.

The Ring: How do you keep in touch with your origins now?

Valgardson: I've gone back to Gimli every summer for 17 years and also, whenever I can, on business. The two months when I'm there are very intense. I recharge my batteries, gather information, drink an awful lot of coffee and visit an awful lot of people. I spend a lot of time going to old folks home.

The Ring: How do you approach a story? Do you work out a theme or a plot?

Valgardson: A plot is the last refuge of a hack. Plots are the kind of thing Ian Fleming used for James Bond, more and more gimmicks. The ultimate organizing principle is the theme. I write out of a mood, a feeling, an experience and I don't know where I'm going at first. I'm like the Eskimo who knows that in the piece of stone there is a shape and he begins to work on the stone to discover the shape. Lasting fiction is memorable because of the people, not because of the clever plot. It's that reach into humanity in which we recognize ourselves, the human condition, that makes the fiction worthwhile.

The Ring: Do you do a lot of rewriting?

Valgardson: The title story to "Bloodflowers" took three months and 40 complete drafts. I don't believe anybody writes good stories. Good stories are rewritten.

—The Ring, University of Victoria, B.C.

TWO DEGREES FOR ONE IN 1915

Framed parchments on display in the Animal Science Building, University of Manitoba, testify that a student in agriculture received two degrees for the one course.

Hjalmur F. Danielson was granted a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture degree from the Manitoba Agriculture College in 1915. The next year, the University of Manitoba also granted him the degree Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. Both degrees were in recognition of the same course work and laboratory exercises.

This unusual occurrence is explained in "A History of the Department of Agricultural Engineering at the University of Manitoba" by G. Lawson Shanks and Herbert M. Lapp (1973) as follows:

"An Act of the Legislature awarded degree-conferring powers to the Manitoba Agricultural College. These powers were exercised in 1913, 1914 and 1915. The Act was then annulled."

". . . in 1916 and thereafter, the University conferred B.S.A. degrees at the request of the Faculty of Agriculture."

Apparently, students in the 1915 graduating class of the Manitoba Agricultural College were permitted the option of obtaining a B.S.A. degree from the University of Manitoba in 1916 without completing additional studies. There is reason to believe that three or four students of the 1915 class availed themselves of this privilege and thus obtained a second bachelor's degree.

"Only for Mr. Danielson can it be said with assurance that he got a degree from both the University and the Manitoba Agricultural College." Others may have but their parchments have not been reported.

—reprinted from the Manitoba Co-operator and University of Manitoba Information Bulletin.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

Awarded and administered by Canada Icelandic Foundation

Canada Icelandic Foundation Scholarships. $100.00

Blair Farago, Gimli, Manitoba. (Gimli Composite High School) Faculty of Science, University of Manitoba.

Kevin Kjernisted, Stonewall, Manitoba. Faculty of Science, University of Manitoba.

Diana Miller, Mississauga, Ontario. (Kipling Collegiate) University of Toronto.

Allan N. Schott, Warren, Manitoba. Faculty of Engineering, University of Manitoba.

Dwayne Schott, Warren, Manitoba. School of Music, University of Manitoba.

Einar Pall and Ingibjörg Jonsson Scholarship. $500.00.

Nelson Gerrard, Winnipeg, Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba.

Harold Olson Scholarship. $100.00

Heida Jonsson, Swan River, Manitoba. University of Winnipeg.

J. Magnusson Scholarship. $100.00

Carol Dianne Kristjansson, Winnipeg. (Red River Community College, Winnipeg) University of Manitoba.

Mundi Johnson Memorial Scholarship $100.00

Ruth Kristjansson, Winnipeg, Faculty of Economics, University of Winnipeg.

W. J. Lindal Scholarship. $100.00

Ross Leckow, Winnipeg. University of Winnipeg.

I.O.G.T. Scholarship. $200.00

Barbara Magnusson, Winnipeg. University of Winnipeg.

ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA SCHOLARSHIPS $100.00

Mark Alan Petursson, Winnipeg. Electrical Engineering II, University of Manitoba.

Gudrun Arnadottir, Reykjavik, Iceland. Diploma Course, Faculty of Medical Rehabilitation, University of Manitoba.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN FRON SCHOLARSHIP. $100.00

Richard Sigurdson, Winnipeg. Arts I, University of Manitoba.

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DR. P. H. T. THORLAKSON HONORED

Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, of Winnipeg, founder of the Winnipeg Clinic and the Winnipeg Clinic Research Institute, in 1943, was honored at a dinner at the Winnipeg Inn, May 18.

Tribute was paid to Dr. Thorlakson. The Clinic and the Institute have "under his leadership become instruments of excellence in medical care in the community and have encouraged research and education in health sciences. An impressive number of medical students, supported during a critical period in their training, have gone on to become leaders in health care, scientific research and medical education . . . Medical research and education in Manitoba and across Canada have been beneficiaries of Dr. Thorlakson's boundless energy and enthusiasm, his organizational skills, and his breadth of vision".

It was announced that the Winnipeg Clinic Research Institute will be renamed the Paul Thorlakson Research Foundation in honor of Dr. Thorlakson.

The new foundation has set a target of $350,000 to be raised by pledges.

THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE CONVENTION

The 59th Annual Convention of The Icelandic National League of North America was held on March 31 and April 1, at the Parish Hall of the First Lutheran Church, Winnipeg.

Between forty and fifty members from eleven chapters attended. Reports spoke of marked achievement in the maintenance of the Icelandic cultural heritage in America. An exchange visit of six youths from Canada to Iceland and six from Iceland to Canada was very successful. H. Danielson, League Secretary, gave an account of an education conference held at Gimli and a Scanpresence Conference in Minneapolis last October. The National League together with patriotic societies in Iceland presented a beautiful guest book with a hand-carved cover to the Manitoba Travel hotel on Hecla Island; also a nicely framed picture of Mount Hekla, in Iceland. A sum of two thousand dollars was presented to **Logberg-Heimskringla.** Individuals and organizations are making a concerted effort to collect pioneer artifacts and pictures.

The Treasurer's report showed a healthy financial situation. Stefan J. Stefanson and Grettir L. Johannson were appointed trustees of all League investments.

The convention paid special tribute to "our fine artist", pianist Snjolaug Sigurdson, now ill in the hospital.

Elected to office for the coming year were: President, Stefan J. Stefanson; Vice-President, Johann Sigurdson; Secretary, Sigurlina Roed; Treasurer, J. Hannes Thomasson; Financial Secretary, Lilja Arnason; Archivist, Jack Bjornson, Chairmen of committees: Finance, Al Nelson; Membership, Marge Arnason; Cultural, Norma Kristjansson. Representative at the West Coast is Dr. Richard Beck.

The Icelandic Canadian Fron sponsored the Friday night concert, featured by a very fine musical program and the presentation of thirteen scholarships. (See p. 35).

A convention banquet and dance was held April 1, at the Tuxedo Inn. Tribute was paid to Dr. Philip M. Petursson, Holmfridur Danielson, and Grettir L. Johannson, who have relinquished their positions on the executive of the League. The President commended them warmly for their long and distinguished service. Former President Skuli Johannsson was made an Honorary Life Member and presented with a bronze plaque. Life memberships were presented to Sigurlaug Sveinson and Emilia Benjaminson, of Winnipeg, and to former Prime Minister of Iceland, Olafur Johannesson, and to Ottar Möller, President of the Icelandic Steamship Company.

Guest speaker at the banquet was Jon Asgeirsson, Editor of **Logberg-Heimskringla,** and Sandra Martin, of Gimli read her essay which won the award for essays written by the young people who visited Iceland last summer. About 120 persons attended the banquet and dance.

H.D.

RECEIVES MASTERS DEGREE

Theodore Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Martin of Gimli, recently graduated from Carleton University in Ottawa with a Masters degree in Systems Engineering.

Ted is a 1970 graduate of Gimli High School and obtained his Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering in 1974 from the University of Manitoba.

Upon graduation he was awarded a National Research Council post-graduate scholarship. After working for two years in Ottawa with Computing Devices Company, he resumed his studies and is now employed as a systems engineer with Canadian Astronautics Ltd. in Ottawa.

—Lake Centre News.

JOHN HARVARD AND PACIFIC REPORT

John Harvard and Pacific Report may have found each other just in time.

Harvard, a newsman, interviewer and former host of the Winnipeg equivalent of Vancouver's Hourglass, spent the four months before Christmas with 90 Minutes Live attempting to find a niche in the Peter Gzowski late evening show which just didn't exist.

In November, says Harvard, he realized things weren't going to work out and he sought a transfer. It was a hard thing to do because he knew that by mid-season there wouldn't be too many places looking for an ACTRA award-winning journalist to slip into an existing format.

"I was unhappy the way things had turned out in Toronto. I felt I was never accepted there. I don't think that Alex Frame (90 Minutes Live executive producer) and I had the same attitude toward television. I don't think he was ever comfortable with my style. I tend to think of myself as a populist and I think Kelly Creighton (a producer) is anything but a populist."

In late December Harvard got the word from Vancouver that he had been hired for Pacific Report by program director Bill Sheehan and Bill Donovan, area producer of information programming for the CBC.

"When I asked for the transfer I knew the places I would consider working were Toronto and Vancouver so I was very happy to take the job in when it was offered to me."

At the same time as Harvard was coming face-to-face with the realization he and 90 Minutes were not meant for each other, Pacific Report appeared to be wandering around the local public affairs scene in search of a distinct character.

The show was hosted by Carole Taylor, but most of the time featured her only ushering the show in and out of the viewer's living room or doing voice-overs on material prepared by other people. The programs that particularly caught the eye owed much more to camerawork and technical derring-do than to journalistic probing. There needed to be someone around to give it an identifiable feeling of its own.

The first show with Harvard acting as field reporter (the term both he and Donovan tend to use to describe his position with Pacific Report) centred on the issue of compensation for farmers deprived of the right to sell their acreage for other than farm usage.

While it was not fascinating television, it did, because of Harvard's no-nonsense questioning, get us away from the non-involved voice-overs of the past months. And it had that distinct character the program had been seeking.

"I find the attitude in Vancouver much different than that in Toronto. My first test was in Penticton (for the program on the farmers) and it was only for three days but I felt we were all working together. I felt that we had an instant feeling of respect and that they had respect for me and my work."

During Harvard's time as part of the Gzowski show there was criticism of his interviewing style as being overly abrasive. He says none of his critics ever called to ask him what he thought he was doing.

"I don't understand that. I sure wouldn't do a story on someone without ever actually calling them up and talking to them, but I guess people like that are not going to let facts stand in the way of their stories."

Harvard says he doesn't want to sound bitter or disillusioned and that he walked into the Gzowski job with his eyes wide open. He says that while the Toronto experience was personally painful for him he is still a loyal fan of the CBC and a believer in what it is doing for Canada. He adds that he is proud of the corporation and never wanted out of anything but 90 Minutes Live.

"I can't say what exactly it is I'll be covering on Pacific Report. I believe in the maxim that a story is a story is a story. I try to project the attitude that I won't stand for nonsense and I intend to show some toughness but without yelling and screaming and pounding my desk. I'm not interested in indulging in what you might call yellow broadcast journalism."

Over the next few weeks we'll see what Harvard has in mind. With luck it will be worth watching.

—The Vancouver Sun

NEWS

Dennis T. Olson, of Gimli and Stonewall, Manitoba, is a co-host of CKY-TV's **Sound Country** and has recorded three singles for RCA Records.

* * *

Resident of the Month of March, 1978, at Stafholt, Blaine, was Brynjolfur (Benny) Brynjolfson, who arrived in Winnipeg from Iceland at the turn of the century and operated a service station on Sargent Avenue for many years.

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THE ICELANDIC AMERICAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

The Icelandic American Society of New York celebrated Thorrablot in the Warwick Hotel, New York City, March 4. About 200 were present.

The main address of the evening was by Hon. Tomas Tomasson, Ambassador for Iceland to United Nations. Another speaker was Mrs. Gudrun Kemp Crosier, the first president of the Society.

An orchestra from Iceland, 'Gimsteinn', played for the dance.

WINNERS OF A MILLION DOLLAR LOTTERY PRIZE

Magdalena and Sigurd Brynjolfson of Langley, B.C., both 80 years old, are $1 million richer following a Provincial lottery draw. They plan a trip to Iceland with their winnings.

—Winnipeg Tribune, December 31, 1977.

Sigurd and Magdalena Brynjolfson, formerly lived at Ashern, Manitoba. A neighbour of theirs at that time was Jona (Thorlacius) Doll. She said they were never too busy to come over and help, and in the Depression years, when automobiles were in short supply, their car was at the disposal of people in need, as for a trip to Eriksdale for medical attention. "They made my life so much richer and better", said Mrs. Doll.

VIKING WARRIORS GET NEW IMAGE

The Washington Post

YORK, England — One king, one queen, two princes and a president are all supporting excavations on a wet patch of ground in the centre of this ancient city. Prince Charles of Britain, Crown Prince Harold of Norway, King Carl Gustaf of Sweden Queen Margrethe of Denmark and the president of Iceland, Dr. Kristjan Eldjarn, are all patrons of a remarkable archeological excavation which may help to "rehabilitate" the Vikings by giving the clearest picture so far of their peaceful contribution to civilization, once their destroying days were over.

Prince Charles says he would like to have a reunion of the royal and presidential patrons on the archeological site at Coppergate, so that they can see the well-preserved creations of the Viking kingdom of York — or Jorvik — being taken from the waterlogged soil between the rivers Ouse and Foss.

School history books and Hollywood films have left clear images of the Vikings in the popular imagination: lean predatory longboats, monasteries plundered, monks murdered, women raped and children tossed on heathen spears.

After decades of piratical raids the "great army" of the Vikings landed in England in 865, took York apparently unopposed two years later and went marauding over the country for the next nine years. But in 876 about 1,000 warriors settled down in York. They became farmers, craftsmen and traders, quickly intermarried with the local population and adopted Christianity.

And during the next 100 years they turned the capital of the Viking Kingdom of York into one of the foremost trading centres in Western Europe.

Because of the preservative properties of the peaty soil, objects in leather and wood, that everywhere else have long since decayed, are coming out in fine condition, giving a new picture of the lives of ordinary men of York in the 10th and 11th centuries.

Three Viking-age buildings have been found with walls of oak planks still standing more than three feet high. Other buildings which have survived show only as stains in the earth.

The finds include beautiful leather shoes, wooden bowls, an embossed leather sheath for a long knife, the top of a rush basket, fine bone combs still inside their holders, and bone skates. Iron and bronze tools and ornaments have also survived little corrosion.

Magnus Magnusson, Viking scholar and television commentator on archeology commented: "The York excavations are a very significant step forward in the rehabilitation of the Vikings. We are now seeing them as a rather positive people and not only capable of destruction as has commonly been supposed. York was the great Viking capital of the West and Scandinavian scholars now think of this as the greatest Viking excavation anywhere."

—Reprinted Winnipeg Free Press
26 November 1977

THE MULTICULTURAL CONFERENCE IN OTTAWA, MARCH, 1978

By W. Kristjanson

Some 200 editors of the ethnic press and broadcasters met in Ottawa, in the Skyline Hotel, March 21 and 22, on the invitation of the Ministers of Employment and Immigration, and of Multiculturalism, Hon. J. S. G. (Bud) Cullen and Hon. Norman A. Cafik.

The purpose of the conference was to give the government an opportunity to present information about new developments in the fields of immigration, human rights, citizenship and multiculturalism, and to get the views of the representatives of one-third of the Canadian population about matters of special concern to them and the people they represented. The speakers included Hon. Bud Cullen; Hon. Norman Cafik; Hon. John Roberts, Secretary of State; Hon. Ronald Basford, Minister of Justice; Hon. Marc Lalonde, Minister of Federal-Provincial Relations, and several senior departmental officers.

A good picture of a very interesting assembly was given by Hon. Bud Cullen.

''You know, as I look around the room, I'm struck by the linguistic and cultural richness of this luncheon. Taken collectively, you represent over 45 different ethnic groups — all integral parts of our Canadian mosaic. You are a true reminder that, with the exception of our native peoples, we are a nation of immigrants.''

Ethnic elements represented included French-Canadians, German, Mennonite, Hungarian, Polish, Ukrainian, Finnish, Icelandic, Swedish, Arab, Chinese, Hindu, Filipino, and others. There were 21 persons from Winnipeg and 22 from Vancouver.

Immigration and Citizenship---Canada receives immigrants from 45 countries.

A new immigration law was proclaimed in April, 1978. The previous Immigration Act of 1952 was an outgrowth of legislation dating back to the turn of the century.

The new Act states for the first time in Canadian law the basic principles underlying the immigration policy: non-discrimination, family reunion, humanitarian concern for refugees; and the promotion of national goals. Population and labour market needs are a guiding concern. Applicants from all countries are treated equally and the quota system from individual countries is abolished. Landed immigrants are eligible to apply for citizenship after three years residence. The Act acknowledges shared responsibility in the field of immigration. Consultation must take place with provinces in establishing immigration levels and goals. (Agreements have already been reached with Quebec, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan.)

''Citizenship is now deemed a right, not a privilege'', said Hon. John Roberts. The importance of education about Canada in the schools will be discussed with provincial ministers of education.

Human Rights — Justice Minister Ronald Basford spoke on Human Rights.

''Canada has always been perceived by the world as a haven for those seeking freedom and equality of opportunity. It is appropriate that our Human Rights Act is a model of its kind, offering a package of protections and guarantees which no other government in North America provides for its citizens.''

The Act stipulates that citizens have the **right** to the fullest possible access to information about them stored in government information banks.

The Act provides for the development of the concept of equal pay for work of equal value.

Other provisions include the creation of a very wide range of prohibited grounds of discrimination in federal or federally-regulated employment and services, including race, national or ethnic origin, color, religion, age, sex, marital status, physical handicap, and conviction for which pardon has been granted.

Multiculturalism—Hon. Norman Cafik spoke about the importance of a policy of multiculturalism in Canada.

Approximately 30% of Canada's population is of neither English nor French ancestry; this is the pragmatic reality of our nation. These Canadians of backgrounds from many lands, with many different cultures, religions, languages and customs, came to Canada because of the freedoms available here. The freedoms include the right to retain these traits of our cultural heritage within the Canadian context.

''Cultural development in Canada is rooted in the desire of those Canadians who wish to pass on their cultures to future generations.''

The Multicultural Directorate will provide increased aid to groups seeking funds for such projects as conferences and seminars discussing current issues of concern to a particular group; the teaching of heritage languages in classrooms, camp setting, or workshops and teacher-training; the production of audio-visual material or other resource material; the writing of creative literature and its publication in either of the official languages or heritage languages.

Other activities include support for scholarly research and academic courses of study in the field of humanities, social sciences, and fine arts relating to important aspects of cultural pluralism in Canada. Canadian histories have been or are being commissioned to encourage an awareness of the integral part played by various minority groups in Canadian history and a series of anthologies in the official languages is already being planned to promote the creative literary contribution of Canada's many cultures.

The Minister outlined his plan for multiculturalism, as presented to Parliament. This included new and expanded programs entailing an expenditure of $21/2 million this year and $50 million for the next five years, or ten million dollars a year. The objective is to provide equal opporunities to all Canada's cultural groups to share their rich cutural traditions with all Canadians and the emphasis on multiculturalism is to be 'unity through understanding'.

NEWS

Ragnar Gislason Sergeant-at-Arms in the Manitoba legislature, 1972-77

Ragnar Gislason, of Winnipeg, was Sergeant-at-Arms, Mace-bearer, in the Manitoba Legislature, 1972-77. Appointment is by the government, not by the legislature. He is on pension from the Post Office, where he worked for 30 years. He says he enjoyed his work in the legislature.

— Adapted from The Tribune
10 March 1978

PAULINE MARTIN RECEIVES MASTER'S DEGREE IN MUSIC

Pauline Martin, of Brandon, Manitoba, completed her Master's degree in Music with distinction from Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, in August, 1977. She received from the same institution her Bachelor of Music with distinction.

During her three years at Bloomington, Pauline studied piano with Menahem Pressler of the famed 'Beaux Arts Trio'.

She was awarded Assistantships in Music Theory both as an undergraduate and as a graduate student, and she has been active in both solo and chamber music.

Pauline's studies prior to attending Indiana University included several years of study with Gordon Macpherson, Brandon University, and one year with Damaniana Bratuz, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario. She began her musical training with her mother, Lilja Martin and also studied violin with her late uncle Johannes Palsson.

Pauline is presently employed as instructor of piano and music theory at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia. She intends to remain active as a performer as well as a teacher.

Pauline is the daughter of Halldor and Lilja Martin, of Brandon.

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Flying School at Gimli

A flying school, the Interlake Aviation School, was established at Gimli, Manitoba in April 1977. There are three instructors. The Manager is Roy McIntosh, and the two other instructors are Wayne Thorarinson and Colin Nisbet. Three Cessna 152's are used for flight training.

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OLGEIR GUNNLAUGSON (1890 - 1978)

Olgeir Gunnlaugson was a veteran of World War I, a Saskatchewan farmer, a positive force in rural education in his district, and a District Operator with the Saskatchewan Power Commission.

He was born in Pembina County, North Dakota, December 4, 1890, and emigrated to Canada in 1914. He enlisted in the 223rd Battalion, C.E.F., in 1915 and served with the 4th Canadian Machine Gun Corps in Belgium and France. He took part in the battles of Amiens, Cambrai, Canal du Nord, and Valenciennes. It is interesting to note that during his war service he learned to speak French.

After farming near Wynyard, Saskatchewan, 1929 to 1939, he joined the Saskatchewan Power Commission, serving as District Operator at Melfort.

Following retirement to Vancouver, B.C., he and his wife Kristin were active in community life. He was Secretary-Treasurer of the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C. and assisted in establishing a library at Höfn, the Icelandic Home there. He was a faithful member of the Royal Canadian Legion for fifty-three years.

—W.K.

SIGRIDUR SIGURDSON CELEBRATES 100th BIRTHDAY

"Sigridur looked regal sitting at the head of a long table at Betel where other residents, staff, and relatives, as well as well-wishers Pastor Peterson and Mayor Ted Arnason had coffee and cake with her. There was a feeling of awe of this gracious person who has lived almost as long as the Town of Gimli has been in existence".

— Lake Centre News, January 31, 1978.

Sigridur Sigurdson of Betel Home, Gimli, Manitoba, celebrated her 100th birthday February 3, 1978. She was born in Iceland in 1878. When her parents came to Canada, they settled at Foam Lake, Saskatchewan. There Sigridur's husband Hallgrimur and she had a store. Subsequently they moved to Gimli and to Winnipeg. Her husband died in Winnipeg some years ago.

Sigridur was an avid bridge player and an excellent rug maker. She kept herself busy not only with her hobbies but worked diligently for her church and kept well-informed by reading books and newspapers until she became blind.

Her mother, Thorun Petursdottir, was a sister of Björn Petursson, the founder of the Unitarian Church in Winnipeg in 1891. She speaks of her cousin — Olavia Finnbogason of Winnipeg — with warm appreciation.

Nieces of Sigridur speak of her stimulating conversation and love of life as being contagious.

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Icelandic Canadian Fron of Winnipeg

The annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Fron of Winnipeg was held May 2nd, in the First Lutheran Church Hall.

Mrs. Iris Torfason was elected President; Sharron Wild, Secretary; and William Perlmutter, Treasurer.

The membership is upwards of three hundred.

It was announced at the meeting that an Icelandic Choir is being formed in Winnipeg, with Mrs. Shirley McCreedy as conductor.

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Sharron Wild, Assistant Editor of Lögberg-Heimskringla

Sharron Wild, formerly of Lakeland, near Langruth, has been appointed Assistant Editor of **Lögberg-Heimskringla.**

Sharron studied journalism at the Ryerson Polytechnic Institute, of Toronto, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Applied Arts. Her employment has been on the staff of Vopni Press, Portage la Prairie, which publishes three newspapers: the **Daily Graphic,** and the two weeklies, **Portage Leader** and the **McGregor Herald.**

Her parents are Donald and Viola Wild, of Lakeland, both of Icelandic descent.

Sigurdur and Valla Gudmundson of Arborg, Manitoba, had three celebrations in the months of March and April. Each celebrated an 80th birthday, and they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on March 20.

Sigurdur is the son of Stefan and Gudrun Gudmundson, who came from Gardar, North Dakota, in 1901.

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Lundar Chapter, Icelandic National League, Capacity House Meeting

The Lundar Chapter of the Icelandic National League meeting - social gathering, Sunday, April 16, at the local Lutheran Church attracted a capacity house. Over one hundred people attended, including people from Oak Point, Ashern, Eddystone, and Reykjavik, Manitoba, and a visiting lady from Iceland.

President of the Icelandic League, Stefan J. Stefanson, addressed the gathering; also Jon Asgeirsson, Editor of **Lögberg-Heimskringla.** Films were shown: 'They Shouldn't Call Iceland Iceland' and the second part of the Centennial Festival of Manitoba film.

President of the Chapter is Joe Sigurdson.

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ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF B.C.

Thorrablot

The Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C. held its annual Thorrablot banquet and dance on February 18. About 125 people enjoyed "a delicious roast beef dinner and dancing".

Icelandic Language Classes

The first series of eight Icelandic language classes sponsored by the Club was completed in March. The enrolment was about fifty. The second series of eight classes was scheduled to begin April 1, according to the March **Newsletter.** The teacher is Miss Jonina Benediktsdottir.

The Icelandic Society of Northern California celebrated Thorrablot in Redwood City, March 4.

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EDUCATION BY RADIO

Education by TV and radio has long been featured by the Visual Education Branch of the Manitoba Department of Education, and elsewhere. A pilot course in teaching literature over the radio is now being carried on by three University of Manitoba professors and is proving successful. This pilot course is in twentieth century literature. The course is for people unable to attend regular classes because of handicaps, shift work, or for other reasons. Following a lecture on the air, students can call in during a discussion period. Regular class-standards are kept and students write as many essays and tests as regular university students.

Professor Dave Arnason will teach Canadian literature as the third section.

—Adapted from the Tribune, January 19, 1978.

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In the News

Lake Winnipeg Fishermen's Association has elected a new executive: President — Eddie Isfeld of Winnipeg Beach; Vice-President — Palmi Holm of Gimili; and Secretary-Treasurer — Paul Isfeld of Winnipeg Beach.

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Gudjon and Petra Arnason Celebrate 65th Anniversary

Gudjon and Petra Arnason of Gimli have celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary. They were married on January 14, 1913. The Reverend (later Dr.) R. Marteinsson performed the wedding ceremony.

Gudjon, now 87 years, and Petra, now 82 years, still reside on the farm they returned to after their wedding.

RESEARCH BASE SET FOR GIMLI

The National Research Council has leased space at the former Saunders Aircraft Corp. site in Gimli for scientific balloon launchings this summer.

The federal research has leased half a hangar and plans to use it as a home base for research rocket and balloon operations, said J. F. Aitken, chief of the NRC space research facilities branch.

The actual launchings will take place in other areas, including the site at Churchill, he said, with Gimli being used as an equipment storage base.

The permanent base at Gimli isn't likely to open until the summer of 1979, he added, but two separate scientific balloon launchings will be conducted from the site this summer.

The federal supply and services department has issued tenders for the operation of the Gimli site and all other NRC sites and the bids will determine when Gimli becomes a permanent base, Mr. Aitken said.

The eventual move to Gimli will leave only a skeleton staff at the Churchill rocket launching site, he said.

A declining demand for rocket research near Churchill means the NRC can no longer justify the expense of keeping all its contract employees at the northern port.

Mr. Aitken said combining the rocket and balloon sevices will cut costs as the rockets are launched mostly in the winter and the balloons mostly in the summer.

Gimli will act as a base for both operations with staff doing the actual launching wherever the scientists require it.

Scientific ballooning has been carried on at Yorkton, Sask., for the past two summers. Balloons loaded with electronic testing equipment are set free and float west as far as Alberta where they are destroyed by remote control and the "payload" floats to the ground by parachute.

—Tribune

Association of Kinsmen Clubs Donate $43.5 Million To Communities

It was recently announced at the Kinsmen Clubs Annual Convention in Toronto that Kinsmen have provided just over 43.5 million dollars in service work to various Canadian communities. This is a record for any service club in Canada.

The Arborg Kinsmen Club has announced its proposed budget for 1977-78, with its largest expenditures going to the nearly-completed Playground, the Skating Arena, and the Highway Park. During the 1976-77 year, the Kinsmen have contributed to the Arena, Playground, Senior Citizens, C.A.M.R., Cystic Fibrosis, Highway Park, Heritage Day, Kiddies Xmas Party, the Agricultural Fair, and a High School Bursary.

—*Lake Centre News*

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THE ACADIA HOUSE STORY

An Energy Conserving Solar Home

Literature from the Canadian Self-Help Housing Association of Vancouver, B.C., has two-fold interest: it tells how thirty-five men (including an Egil Skalla-Grimson) combined forces to build a low cost house in four months of weekend work and describes a solar-heating system of the building.

"The house features the first surface-coated concrete block wall in Canada; the first preserved wood foundation in the City of Vancouver . . . solar water heaters installed on the south-facing roof; a solar heat absorbing and radiating wall . . ."

The story of this interesting project is published by the Centre for Continuing Education at the University of British Columbia.

Language Courses

At The International Centre

The International Centre of Winnipeg offers instruction in English as a second language free of charge and sponsors Spanish language classes for a fee. The English language classes are offered through a joint project of the Citizenship Council of Manitoba and Winnipeg School Division No. 1.

The work of the various International Centres in Canada on behalf of newcomers in the country is laudable.

TAKE TIME

Take time to think . . . It is the source of power. Take time to read . . . It is the fountain of wisdom. Take time to pray . . . It is the greatest power on earth. Take time to love and be loved . . . It is a God given privilege. Take time to be friendly . . . It is the road to happiness. Take time to laugh . . . It is the music of the soul. Take time to give . . . It is too short a day to be selfish. Take time to work . . . It is the price of success. Take time to play . . . It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Author Unknown.

THE SHETLANDS HAVE A NORSE HERITAGE

Excerpts from an article by V. Isabel Jones

Every year, in January, my mind goes back to the remote and lovely Isles of Shetland, when Auld Yul, which had no kinship with Christmas of either the Julian or Gregorian calendars, but derived from pagan Norse usage celebrating the growing ascendancy of the sun, was observed until almost the end of the 19th century. It was followed by 24 days of Yuletide, ending on Jan. 29 with the festival of Up Helly A' (literally, ''the light is rising'') in Lerwick, the capital, a festival which has been perpetuated to the present day.

The geographical location and the history of the Shetlands, whose population is nowadays rather under 20,000, underlie these ancient observances. Lerwick lies on the 60-degree parallel, some 450 miles south of the Arctic Circle . . .

The early civilizations left indelible traces — the Pictish tradition of fishing and small farming or crofting, the wealth of Norse poetry, song and saga, and, of course, the Shetland dialect, Norn, nowadays, due largely to trade links, interspersed with the equally rich Scots dialect of Aberdeen.

From the Norsemen, too, derives the system of patronymics, the suffix ''son'' being appended to the first name of the original founders of the family, producing surnames ranging alphabetically from Adamson, Anderson, Davidson, Ganson, Georgeson, Henderson, Hughson, Jamieson, Johnson, Malcolmson, Manson, Mathewson, Morrison, Ollason, Peterson, Robertson etc.

—Winnipeg Free Press, 1975

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