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Toasts to Iceland and Canada were on the program, but all in English, although one of the speakers did refer to his "Afi" and "Ammi". The Chairman, too, though young, was at home in the Icelandic language, as was the Icelandic Consul General.

The community singing in the evening hall of it in Icelandic, the visitor found heart-warming. Heart-warming, too, it had

been to hear the massed audience sing and throat the Icelandic anthems: *Ó Guð vors lands* and *Eldgámli Ísafirði*.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new", but there was much the visitor found gratifying, 88 years later. On balance the dominant impression was of the remarkable growth of the Icelandic Festival in Manitoba.



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THE EDITOR'S DESK

Multilingualism in the Public Schools

The following news item appeared in the Winnipeg Tribune some time ago: **Government to expand Multilingualism?**

Manitoba students, who already have a choice of instruction in English or French, may soon add Ukrainian and other languages to that list.

Education Minister Kerry Cosens announced Friday that he is planning amendments to the Public Schools Act to permit languages other than English and French to be used for instruction in pilot courses for up to half of the school day.

Regular school subjects will be taught in the selected languages.

Experimental courses will be set up in the languages, beginning with a pilot course in Ukrainian for kindergarten-level children which will be offered this fall or in January at a school not yet decided on, Mr. Cosens said.

At present, English and French are the only languages of instruction permitted in Manitoba schools, although other languages can be taught as languages.

In 213 schools, children are learning German, Ukrainian, Hebrew, Yiddish, Icelandic, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian and native languages, he said.

Comment

The teaching of other languages than English and French as languages in the public schools is commendable. It is questionable, however, whether this practice should be extended to include other "regular school subjects." Apart from the problem of translating standard texts into a multiplicity of languages and the availability of multilingual teachers, there is the question: would not such instruction for up to half of the school day tend to be divisive? We cherish our various cultural heritages that enrich our lives, but we are Canadian, first,

last, and always, and it is important to promote our spirit of unity.

The Centenary of Vilhjalmur Stefánsson

This is a period of centennaries. This summer it was the founding of the Icelandic settlement in North Dakota and the formation of the Icelandic Lutheran congregation in Winnipeg. Next year it will be the centenary of the birth of Vilhjalmur Stefánsson (1879-1962).

The Manitoba Historical Society has already commemorated the event. "1979 will mark the centenary of the birth of one of the most famous Arctic explorers of the 20th century, Vilhjalmur Stefánsson, who was born in Arnes, Manitoba", observes the Society's May Newsletter.

The guest speaker at the annual Dinner, May 13, was Dr. Alan Cooke, prominent in northern research, an authority on northern studies, who worked closely with Stefánsson at Dartmouth College up to the explorer's death in 1962.

The centenary of Vilhjalmur Stefánsson is one of the people of Icelandic descent and other Canadians and Americans will be commemorating.

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THE PROMISED LAND

by G. Berthel Johnson

This story won first prize in the 1976 Canadian Short Story Magazine Short Story contest.

When Einar Svendsen stepped off the immigrant's train in Winnipeg, he noticed the affable young man waiting on the station platform. He was having a few words with Mr. Baldwin, the interpreter.

"This is Arthur Grey," Baldwin said. "He is looking for a likely farm hand for his boss, Sandy Stewart."

To Einar, with empty pockets, this opportunity seemed, like an act of providence, since the group consisted of married men with families, he was the only one free to go on the spur of the moment.

"I'll try with you," he announced decisively.

That settled the matter. Einar picked up his few belongings, bid farewell to his Icelandic friends, and left.

The midsummer sun of 1890 poured its benevolence upon the earth, and its mercy shone upon the oxen yoked to the heavy wooden cart. They plodded over the beaten road through the town as the prairie trail where they struggled on, often since deep in water of sloughs. Their tails switched energetically to beat the mosquitoes off their flanks, and their nostrils blew hot steam through the nose protectors that shielded them from the fumes of the oxen's halteres.

They were heading southward.

"This must be the good Godsmorder and Ismarri travelled when they came to meet my future father-in-law, Jonas, and his family on their arrival from Iceland in 1888," Einar mused. "Now they are all living in Pembina. I wish I could meet them here." He smiled wistfully at his plans of Jonas, for he was reminded of his beloved still waiting in Iceland. He recalled his last visit with Solveig. Tall and beautiful, she

had walked with him in the spring sunshine, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

"They are all in America," she said sadly. "My little sisters, Julia and Johanna, my married sisters Tomarina and Gudny, and my dear father."

"Now you, my only friend, leave and I cannot go with you."

"But I will send for you as soon as I can earn the money for your fare," he promised.

"We are younger. In America we will prosper, and you shall see your other loved ones again."

For days Arthur Grey and Einar trooked slowly through the wilderness. They left the narrow prairie trail turning westward where the bush travel was more difficult. The landscape took on a different look, with thick stands of spruce interspersed with birch and poplar on the hillsides. Everywhere blossomed the lush growth of early summer.

Arthur wrestled, clinging at times to a one-sided log over a hole, to which Einar gingerly nodded or shook his head in an omen of ice and fire.

"Ya, ya," he agreed, frowning now as sand or was, and his start into a lack of laughter in which his young English companion joined.

"I'll have to learn English," Einar resolved.

Towards evening of the eighth day they reached the summit of the hills, and they saw the buildings on Sandy Stewart's homestead beyond the river.

This was something Einar could not pretend, this wild beauty in a new land. It was different from the rugged majesty of the mountains and moorlands of his homeland, but it stirred in him pleasure and a hope for the future.

Now he was in America, facing the reality of strange people and the unresistant of a language barrier. Einar was not a bookish man. Others might let circumstances depress their gay spirit, but not Einar. He pushed aside all apprehension by reciting verse after verse of rhymes learned in his lonely study on the upland pastures where his flock had grazed.

The cart creaked and creaked as the oxen pulled it down the rutted incline to the ford. On either side the overhanging bushes were white with blossom.

Einar waved his arms enthusiastically.

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

Arthur Grey touched a branch.

"Berries," he said, making a motion of picking them and popping them into his mouth.

"Yes, berries," Einar said.

"No, berries," Arthur laughed.

The water at the crossing was shallow, but rippling swiftly over smooth stones. The oxen stopped at the river's edge to drink.

"Get up, Duke, Darky," Arthur urged. "Get there. Get up."

The animals needed little prodding. They knew that journey's end lay across the river, and they sloshed through the water, the cart behind them creased and jolted with Arthur and Einar clutched its sturdy sides.

Einar laughed. This was not a new and frightening experience. Many a river he had trod on his sturdy Icelandic pony in his homeland.

By harvest time Einar felt he had a workable knowledge of basic English, and when he was at a loss for connotations he simply brought in a word of his native Icelandic to round out the sentence. Now, now, with the help of the sign gesture, he made himself understood.

He had also become familiar with the ways of the community, and was fascinated by Grandpa Stewart's garden. Such varieties of vegetables had never been grown in Iceland. And the flowers! Their beauty

surpassed even the wild flowers he had known in his native uplands. Old Grandpa Stewart, though he walked with a cane, spent endless hours weeding and hoeing. One day Einar passed by to observe.

"Grow good," he said admiringly.

Old Grandpa Stewart nodded his head vigorously and glowed in quiet pride.

Einar worked with Arthur Grey, felling trees, putting up hay, driving the oxen on the stumpy puller, milking cows, feeding pigs, and other chores that farming in 1890 required. His small wiry body was on the go from dawn to dark, and he got things done. His keen mind, buoyant spirit, and easy manner won the Arthur's good will and respect, and he felt that even his dear boss, Sandy and his wife Jenn, liked him.

Many of the settlers of the community, Arthur told Einar, had come as early as 1880, mostly from Ontario and Quebec. Already a school had been built, which was also used as a place of worship. And in the French settlement a little Catholic church lifted high its white cross.

To these God-fearing people Sunday was a day of rest.

One Sunday, after the essential chores were done, Einar was busy in the bunkhouse, composing a letter, when Arthur entered.

"Letter," Einar entertained.

"To Iceland," Arthur asked.

"Ya. My love. Next year — my wife," Einar said happily.

"Better finish it," Arthur advised. "Sandy says we're to herd the steers to market in the morning. We ride the Indian ponies, Molly and Prince. It's a good thing you learned to saddle a horse in Iceland."

"Indian ponies better," Einar laughed.

He continued to write.

"Tomorrow I will be paid," he thought.

"I will send my wages to Solveig, and she can come in the summer."

He folded the letter and addressed it with a sense of satisfaction. Unmindful of

Arthur, he broke into recitation of Icelandic poetry.

Presently he spoke

"I want land," he said. "And a little house."

"The homestead next to mine is open. I'll lend you ten dollars so you can send all yours to the girl. Each month I receive an allowance from England. Here in Canada they call me a remittance man." Arthur laughed wryly.

"We can work together. Two men can build more easily than one. We can make our cabins near one another and work our homestead duties together. What do you say, Einar?"

"Good!" Einar agreed enthusiastically. "Tomorrow I get that homestead."

Winter snows came to cover the Manitoba landscape. Einar was accustomed to snow, but the cold penetrated more deeply than the less rigorous Iceland temperatures. Busy, Einar had little time to think of numbed fingers and frost-bitten cheeks.

Each Sunday it was the same. After the essential farm chores and Grandpa Stewart's chapter of Scripture, Einar spent the remainder of the day on his land, dreaming and working. It was a day apart, when his soul was free to aspire and worship God by the labour of his hands.

He attacked the business of felling trees for his cabin. They stood straight and tall along the ravine, but they fell before his double-bitted axe like Iceland's hay before a scythe. Though small of stature, he worked with berserk drive, his determined spirit like packaged dynamite.

By spring the logs had been skidded to the site he had chosen, and one day a bee of neighbors came to complete the frame. Later Sandy Stewart brought lumber and two windows when he went to Brandon for summer supplies.

It was sunset when Einar saw Sandy

returning with the load for which a winter's work had already been paid. His heart beat in wild excitement.

"The home will be ready when she comes," he thought as he ran to unhitch the team, and take them to the barn.

When the supplies had all been carried to the house, Sandy held out a letter.

"It's for you."

Eagerly Einar reached for it.

"Solveig has found a messenger to take it to the seaport," he thought. Then he glanced at the postmark.

"No . . . It's from Pembina, North Dakota," he realized. "From Jonas, Solveig's father."

In the bunkhouse that he shared with Arthur Grey, Einar tore open the envelope and hungrily devoured the news it contained.

"We are all in good health. We now have another child, Signhild, named for the little one we buried at sea on our journey to America. . . . I enclose letters from Iceland."

" . . ."

He unfolded the letters.

"Dear Little Sister," the first page began. "I am writing to you so you will not forget me."

"She is lonely," Einar said. "Longing for the sister half a world away."

It was the closing paragraph to her father that pierced Einar's heart.

"Cousin Olafur has moved to Vis where he has bought a little farm near the seaport. He came today bearing your letter, but I have had no word from Einar. I do not know where to direct a letter to him, and I cannot understand his silence. Without the money he promised to send I cannot go to America."

Einar hung the letter from him angrily.

"Olafur," he thundered. "That sheep thief! Now a respected farmer, no less, and a dispatcher of letters from America."

"Could he have withheld my letter? I sent the money in bills. Could he . . . Well, why

not? No worse to intercept a letter and use the money to buy a farm than to drive the sheep he guarded over the mountain to market and let that foxes kill them."

Einar stomped out, and headed for his untrusting cabin. In the shadows of twilight it stood bleak and forlorn as his own after despair.

Huddled on the threshold, he wrestled with his anger and disappointment. At length he remembered the morrow with its twelve hours of grueling toil. Still in a disturbed frame of mind he retraced his steps over the narrow trestlepath.

Arthur Grey was sealing a letter when Einar entered.

"My wife is coming to Canada," Arthur evaled.

"And I . . . nothing but bad news," and in his broken English Einar poured out his troubles and tears.

"You must write again," Arthur advised.

"Write, yes, but I have no money to send. I cannot borrow. It is not my way. I must ask her to wait."

"I am going to Brandon tomorrow," Arthur said. "Cheer up, old boy. Now write your letter and I'll mail it for you."

No word came from Iceland in the weeks that followed. In moments of doubt Einar felt a year of waiting was forever. A dark cloud hung over his life.

He had little time to brood. The busy season on the farm kept him continually active. Clearing and spading, plowing and planting. The toil was endless, but it was a sedative to ease his tortured soul.

He still dared to hope, and every spare hour went into completing the house.

"Here in my cabin I feel closer to my love," he thought wistfully.

In July Arthur went to Brandon.

"To meet my wife," he told Einar. "You'll be driving the team over on Sandy's breaking plough," he laughed.

"Slowpoke oxen," Einar complained with a grin.

The days were sweltering. Sandy clutched the plough handles and Einar prodded the oxen on with expletives in two languages.

"That Hudson Bay Company quarter. Whatever did Sandy want with more land?" Einar thought wiping the sweat off his brow with his red handana.

"An acre a day," was Sandy's motto. "We'll have ten acres broken before the laying starts."

The work progressed in spite of small shrubs and roots. The last furrow was turned over and the men were taking the tired oxen home when Einar saw Arthur pulling into the yard.

"What, here? Who?" Einar sleeted as he paused to wave a gay greeting to Arthur and the lovely girl at his side.

Then he became aware of the other one, climbing from the wagon as nimbly as if she were dismounting from her Iceland pony.

She ran to him.

"Don't you know me?" she said gaily as she took his work-hardened hand.

Later they walked the footpath to the little log house.

"You came," he marvelled.

"No letter last fall. No letter last spring. I began to distrust Olafur, so I rode to the seaport myself and found a long envelope addressed to me in a strange hand. Beside was the paid passage to America, and your sealed letter."

She took the envelope from her pocket, and Einar examined it closely.

"That's Arthur Grey's writing," he exclaimed. "He mailed my letter in Brandon, and sent your passage. Arthur, our good friend."

"Poor Olafur. I feel certain your Canadian dollars helped pay for his land," she smiled sadly.

"They were married in the Circus School after a Sunday service."

Einar felt proud in his neat homespun with Solvrig by his side, young and beautiful in Iceland's native dress that her own skilful fingers had fashioned, and carrying a spray of Grandpa Stewart's flowers.

"So we begin a new life in Canada, the

promised land for us and for our children." Einar whispered as they walked out into the bright sunshine.

Published in the Canadian Short Story Magazine and in The Western Producer

THE WINNIPEG FOLKLORAMA, 1978

The Winnipeg Folklorama of August 1978, was a greater success than ever, with 68,000 passport holders, a figure which does not include senior citizens.

The Scandinavian Pavilion was located at the St. James Civic Centre. The sponsor was St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, "Action 70's" group. Mayor was Robert Goodman and hostess, Miss Susan Johnson.

The Pavilion featured very good to excellent entertainment, with folk songs and dances, and traditional costumes, and a varied folk arts display and tempting Scan-

dinavian foods.

The Icelandic part of the program included the New Iceland Chorus, the Icelandic Saga Dancers, and young Bill Gossburn on the accordion. The ever popular trio of Bob Gouldman, Meroy Leckow, and Roy Sallows, was away at times on exchange with Latvian dancers and Scottish singers, dancers, and pipers.

Volunteer work, with weeks and months of preparation, is an important feature of the Winnipeg Folklorama, close to 3,500 this year. This applies to the Scandinavian Pavilion as well as the others.

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Greetings

from

A Friend

HON. JOSEPH THORARINN THORSON

(1889 - 1978)

by W. Kristjanson

Hon. Joseph Thorarinn Thorson, P.C., C.M., Q.C., B.A., LL.B., LL.D., was a distinguished Canadian and an international figure, who spoke the quietly and proudly of his Icelandic background. His parents, Stephen and Sigridur Thorson, of Winnipeg and Guelph, came to Canada in 1887. He was born March 15, 1889.

He graduated from Manitoba College in 1910 with Honours in Classics and the highest standing yet at the College.

He was named Manitoba Rhodes Scholar in 1910 and he attended New College, Oxford. At Oxford he studied law and was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, London, England, in 1917.

In World War I, he enlisted in the 22nd Battalion and served in France as an officer in charge of a Prisoner of War camp.

After the war he began law practice in Winnipeg. He was Lecturer of the Manitoba Law School, 1919-1926, and Dean of the Law School, 1921-1926.

Thorson entered on his long and active career in public life as Liberal Member of Parliament for Winnipeg South Centre, 1926-1930. He represented the Selkirk constituency, 1935-1942.

His prominence in Ottawa was recognized in 1938 when he was appointed Canadian delegate to the League of Nations.

In 1914 Canada was automatically at war when Britain was at War. In 1939, it appeared at first that the course of events would be the same. Thorson was opposed and pointed to the Statue of Westminster. He came under fire but the outcome of the debate was a Government measure and parliamentary action to declare Canada at War.

In his strong determination for Canada to



conduct her own affairs, as M.P. he advocated abolition of appeals to the Privy Council in England.

In June 1917, Thorson was appointed Minister of National War Service in the MacKenzie King cabinet. In October of the following year he was appointed President of the Council of the Exchequer Court of Canada, from which position he retired in 1964.

Thorson had a distinguished career in jurisprudence. He received international recognition when he was made President of the International Congress of Jurists in 1952 and again in 1958, and President of the International Commission of Jurists, 1957-1959.

When he was sightseeing in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in December 1962, he was

attacked by hold-up men. Ever a determined person, he resisted, and was shot in both hips.

Recovered from his injuries, he appeared in 1963 as a leading opponent of nuclear weapons for Canada, and he was elected President of the Canadian campaign for nuclear disarmament.

He was also a leading Canadian opponent of racial segregation in South Africa. As President of the International Commission of Jurists, he delivered a series of hard-hitting speeches condemning apartheid.

Thorson left his greatest mark when he took on Prime Minister Trudeau's Official Languages Act, claiming it to be unconstitutional. He was the natural choice in 1968 for President of the Single Canada League. His book, *Wanted: a Single Canada*, carried his message.

Confederation, Thorson argued, did not make Canada a dual French-English country, and he opposed Bilingualism beyond the requirements of the B.N.A. Act. Every Canadian has the right to speak his own language and preserve his own culture. He believed in a single Canada in which all Canadians, regardless of differences in ethnic origins, whether British or French, or neither British nor French, stand on a footing of equality with one another, both in the enjoyment of their rights in the fulfillment of their duties, without preferential treatment to the members of any component in the Canadian nation.

He failed in his appeal to the Supreme Court on the Official Languages Act, but in failing, he bequeathed us a legal right to challenge Acts of Parliament on the basis of their constitutionality.

Thorson has been recognized by honorary degrees from several universities: the University of Iceland (1960), the University of Manitoba (1958), and the University of Winnipeg (1970). The Government of Iceland conferred on him the Order of the

Falcon in 1939 and made him Grand Cross Knight in 1958.

He attended the celebration of the Centennial of Icelandic settlement in New Iceland and Winnipeg in 1975. On the cruise of the Lord Selkirk II on Lake Winnipeg he entered, with zest, into the activities on board.

A Winnipeg Free Press editorial paid tribute to him.

JOSEPH T. THORSON

Winnipeg has produced many colorful and controversial characters, but few have been as colorful and controversial as Joseph Thorarinn Thorson, who died in Ottawa last week at the age of 89.

In his long and richly-lived lifetime, Mr. Thorson was a teacher, soldier, politician, cabinet minister, author, demagogue, judge, but above all a staunch and stubborn fighter for causes in which he believed. Icelandic by ancestry, Mr. Thorson was what the Scots would call "a bonny fighter." The fact that the issues for which he fought were not always generally popular never deterred him from speaking his piece and having it heard across the nation.

2. *Winnipeg Free Press*, July 12.
3. *Ibid.*

Harold Thompson, President of Monarch Life Assurance Company

Monarch Life Assurance Company, of Winnipeg, has been featured on the financial pages of the daily press. Recently President is Winnipeg-born Harold Thompson.

In his article in *The Winnipeg Tribune*, August 18, Harry Markson says:

"The company's president, Harold Thompson, is the man mainly responsible for Monarch Life's spectacular growth during the past six years of so."

TWO YEARS IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

R. A. Bristow

Thanks to the United Nations World Health Organization, my wife, Sigrun, and I spent two years in South East Asia. Our stay lasted from September, 1975 to September, 1977. During this time we visited the countries of Bangladesh, Burma, India, Indonesia, Malaysia, Mongolia, Nepal, Sri Lanka and Thailand. Our home was Bangkok, Thailand.

I travelled to Bangkok in September, 1975, via the Atlantic and stopped for a week at each of the cities of Geneva and New Delhi. Sigrun joined me in October, 1975 via the Pacific with short stops at Vancouver, only because her plane lost an engine, Tokyo and Hong Kong.

We had some interesting experiences in each of the countries we visited. In fact, throughout our two years in South East Asia we were in a continual state of anticipation. Each day presented a different experience. The sameness that we came to expect living in Canada just did not present itself to us. A simple thing like walking down the street each day resulted in new encounters and new discoveries. For us there was no opportunity to become complacent or bored. The major reason for this, of course, is the fact that we did not stay in one place for any length of time and that we were meeting people of an entirely different cultural background than our own.

When Sig arrived in Bangkok in October, 1975, she found that not only her husband, but also an apartment and a maid were waiting for her. However, possession date of the apartment was not until November, so we had to spend several weeks at Hotel Florida (pronounced *Four ge da*), with the emphasis on the *da*.

During the 3 weeks that we stayed at Hotel Florida, we were completely surrounded by water as a result of Bangkok's

worst flood in 35 years. The heavy monsoons, coupled with high tides, resulted in most of the streets of Bangkok being flooded for about a six week period. We didn't mind the water all that much. What concerned us most was the snakes that we knew were swimming in the water. We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that four out of five snakes in Thailand are non-poisonous. (Those people with negative attitudes said that one out of 5 snakes is poisonous.)

A fun experience in Thailand is the bargaining. In Thailand you bargain for everything—even taxis. A common sight on the streets of Bangkok is a taxi or samlor (a 3-wheeled motor driven mini-taxi) stopped at the curb with a pedestrian with his or her head in the window carrying on a great bargaining session to settle on the amount of the taxi or samlor fare to go from point A to point B. After a few experiences of asking "how far" how much and paying more than we should have, Sig and I soon became experts in the bargaining game and could go almost anywhere in downtown Bangkok for 15 baht (75¢).

Taking a taxi during the flood was a daring adventure. When our bargaining session was over and we were in the car, the driver would steer a course through the water-filled streets and it seemed as though we were in a boat rather than an automobile. The waves slapped against the floor boards and many times came through the floors and soaked our feet. All too frequently the motor would get swayed and we would stall in the middle of a street in almost two feet of water. The driver then would negotiate with some of the teen-agers to push us to dry ground. This never cost more than 5 baht (25¢) which, of course, we paid.

Maid in Thailand vary from good to very good. Those who are employed by "Lazangs" (foreigners) look upon their selves as the elite and almost without exception can be classified as very good. Our maid, Amporn, was in the upper strata of very good since she had received some basic training from Sig. She was a particularly good cook. Perhaps the nicest time of each day for me was the morning. Sig and I rose regularly at 6:30 a.m. At 7:25 a.m. we would go to the dining room where exotic fruits, such as papaya and mango, would be waiting for us along with tea and coffee. When we had finished our fruit, Amporn would silently remove our plates and return with bacon, eggs and toast. Sig and I would enjoy a leisurely breakfast and then move to our balcony where we would sip on tea or coffee until 11:30 for work at about 8:00 a.m.

This was great from Monday to Saturday. However, Sunday was Amporn's regular

day off and, as a result, Sundays in our household required the new name "hardship day." If you can imagine preparing breakfast for yourself in 1951, then in a non-air conditioned kitchen, you can understand why we referred to our maid's day off as "hardship day."

Some of the incidents of difficulty in centralization were quite humorous. On one occasion I suffered from a gastric infection and had been advised by my doctor not to eat any spicy foods. Sig explained these all very carefully to Amporn, following which Amporn asked "today we can have chicken curry, Madam?" Needless to say, I can't have chicken curry. However, in all respects, Amporn's English was better than our Thai.

In answering a phone call which was for Amporn I just as explained in Thai that she was not home, but the way it came out was that there was "no more Amporn!"

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In November, 1975, Sig and I went to Indonesia where we spent 4 weeks on the Island of Java — about 2 1/2 weeks in Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia, several days in Surabaya, a seaport on the south east tip of Java, and a week in the mountain village of Ciloto. The island of Java is beautiful. It is completely cultivated and is a lush green from one end to the other. Java accommodates 85 million of Indonesia's total population of 135 million.

While in Jakarta we visited a docksyard where a brisk inter-island barter trade is carried on in a tradition that has remained unchanged for several hundred years. There were literally hundreds of small sailing ships at the dockyard with goods being loaded and unloaded. Tea, spices, fish, lumber, moved in steady streams to and from the ships. The sight of all this activity and the hundreds of masts with sails hoisted at varying stages was extremely impressive. It was confirmed to us that some of these ships will convert quickly to pirate vessels should an opportunity for easy plunder present itself.

The trials and tribulations of tourists on their own beset us in Indonesia. My colleague, my wife and I had arranged for first class accommodation by train from Jakarta to Surabaya a distance of about 1100 kilometers so that we could see some of the countryside. On arrival at the train station we were informed by the porter who met us that the train would not be pulling first class coaches that day. We were quickly hustled into a second class compartment with three bunks, which the three of us shared during the 24 hour trip to Surabaya.

We settled in for the night and early next morning my colleague went looking for the dining car. He entered into a casual conversation with another gentleman who was also in search of an early morning breakfast. In the course of discussion it was discovered that the train was pulling several first class coaches. The end result of this episode revealed that either our helpful porters or

someone on the train had sold our first class bunks to someone else, placed us in second class, and in all probability pocketed the proceeds of this second sale. As seasoned Asian travellers, we took this all in good spirits and made the most of a memorable train trip from Jakarta to Surabaya.

We didn't let the matter totally rest, however. On return to Jakarta we related the incident to our hosts and this subsequently resulted in a refund of the difference between the first and second class fare.

The tiny village of Ciloto is a three hour drive from Jakarta, up a winding mountain road through dense jungle and cultivated tea plantations. Ciloto is located in a valley high in the mountains. The air is crisp and clear. We were located in a comfortable cabin beside a small lake. Each morning we would find ourselves literally sitting in the clouds which floated by our window.

Breakfast in Ciloto was an experience. Promptly at 7:00 a.m. a man servant would walk down a steep hill carrying a tray loaded with boiled rice, beef stew, soup, boiled eggs and rice. A breakfast intended for three was if variably sufficient for a dozen. However, what we did not eat found its way to the local village children.

Perhaps that was why each morning the children would greet me with a bright smile and a shy salamat pakee (good morning). As the children became bolder their greeting in the morning and throughout the day was the one English word they knew, "goodbye".

We spent Christmas, 1975, in New Delhi, India. Our Christmas dinner consisted of lamb on a chicken, turnip soup of cream and spicy Indian curries. It was a bit lonely being away from Christmas in Manitoba. But there were consolations, sitting beside a swimming pool at Claridge's Hotel in 70 F. temperature, visiting beautiful rose gardens at the Lodhi Gardens, and a trip to Agra to see the Taj Mahal.

Shopping in New Delhi for a suit for Sig was particular fun. My colleague and I prac-

nally dragged Sig from shop to shop. The shopkeepers would bring out literally hundreds of brightly colored saris and twine them around themselves as we relaxed crosslegged on cushions on the floor. We eventually bought a lovely green silk sari from a shopkeeper who must still be telling stories of the mermaid. He persuaded Sig to allow him to show her how to wear a sari and then proceeded to help her try on at least a dozen of them.

A highlight of our two years was our stay in Mongolia during the month of March, 1976. A buffer between China and Russia, Mongolia's 1.5 million square kilometres is inhabited by 1.4 million people, 20 million head of cattle and a large variety of fur-bearing animals and wild game.

Mongolia is rich in natural resources. Besides being the sixth largest copper producer in the world, there is oil production in the Gobi Desert, wheat, timber, furs, woollens, leather goods and probably untapped mineral wealth.

The capital city, Ulan Bator, is in a valley surrounded by mountains. Temperatures are extreme with highs of 90°F in summer and lows of -80°F in winter. Even with the low temperature it seldom snows in Ulan Bator Valley.

Standard dress in Mongolia is a type of buttonless silk kimono lined with fur, a sash at the waist, fur or felt hat and high leather or felt boots. In rural areas it is a common sight to see people dressed in this fashion, riding their sturdy, long-haired Mongolian horses.

About half of Mongolia's people are still nomadic. Their home is the yurt, which is shaped like a miniature circus tent. It is made from cow leather and lined with thick felt. Depending on the time of year, the door may be a single handloomed woollen rug, or many layers of beautiful Mongolian woollen rugs. The yurt can be set up or taken down within thirty minutes.

Two of Mongolia's customs will always be remembered. Surtseter and Arki. Surt-

seter is hot Chinese green tea with milk, salt and melted butter. Arki is similar to vodka. We visited a Mongolian nomad family about 100 miles from Ulan Bator. As is their custom, we were invited into their yurt and offered surtseter and slices of mutton meat. Following this, we drank the customary three glasses of arki that one is expected to drink when a visit is made to a Mongolian home. Our interpreter told us that while we might feel woozy from the arki, in the old days the glasses were twice as big.

On return from Mongolia we stopped at Moscow, intending to spend a few days sightseeing. On arrival in Moscow we found that something was not quite right. We had no visas and the authorities were not prepared to issue them at the Moscow airport. Also, we had no onward confirmed flight out of Moscow. We were escorted to and from the hotel for meals and when we wanted to shop we would phone the airport and this would result in a ground stewardess coming to the hotel, unlocking the door of the third floor, on which we were located, and with the words "follow me" we would be escorted to and from the airport. It was a humorous incident and we chose to consider ourselves special guests. Perhaps another time we will get to see the interior, as well as the exterior, of Red Square.

Our daughter, Dominique, arrived in Bangkok in May, 1976, for a three-month visit. She enjoyed herself in the "land of smiles" as Thailand is called, because of its friendly people. She particularly appreciated our magic wicker elephant into which she would toss her soiled clothes and the following day they would appear sparkling clean in her clothes closet. Airport enjoyed having Dominique with us and did everything possible to please her.

Something else Dominique enjoyed was shopping. Thai cotton clothing is essential in the heat and humidity. However, what Dominique, Sig and I enjoyed shopping for most of all was jewellery. Rubies and

sapphires are mined in Thailand and there are literally thousands of gem shops in Bangkok.

It is impossible to cover all the things we did and saw in South East Asia. In June, 1976, Sig, Dominique, and I spent ten days in the resort of Penang, Malaysia. Sig and I journeyed to Nepal in September, 1976 we spent Christmas, 1976, and New Year's Day, 1977, on the beautiful island of Sri Lanka. January, 1977, found us in India; in March, 1977, we were back to Nepal for

four weeks. From April to June, 1977, we were at our home in Thailand, in July we returned to Indonesia and spent a week on the beautiful island of Bali.

August, 1977, arrived and we returned to Winnipeg via Europe, where we visited Greece, Yugoslavia, Geneva, Switzerland, London, England and Iceland. We arrived home on September 8, 1977. And now we are preparing to return to South East Asia for a further two years.

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THE QUEENSTON PRESS

by John S. Matthiasson

Early in 1973 a Winnipeg housewife decided that she was "tired" of the selection of books available to potential readers through the retail outlets of drug stores, libraries and bookstores of Manitoba. They seemed to her to be typically of a depressing nature, in which heroes were alienated anti-heroes who found little of value in modern life. Also, the average book was a neatly packaged product of American publishers, with little if any entertainment value, rarely having a story to tell, and almost never leaving the reader with a feeling of enjoyment and pleasure.

Having a Canadian prairie background herself, she was convinced that the experiences of central Canadian life — of a life of struggle and conquest of adversity, of a successful struggle to survive — were given no credence or place in most contemporary literature. As the wife of an English teacher at Red River Community College, Joan Parr once Asgerusson knew that there was an "untapped fallow ground" of Manitoba writers who wrote of and understood the central Canadian experience, and yet found it difficult to convince the larger publishing houses that their writings would find a receptive audience if given a chance. These writers were told in their rejection letters that their writings were "regional." Joan Parr disagreed. To her, the rejection slips came because these writers accepted and often celebrated life, and the fact that the life depicted in their manuscripts had a Manitoban setting had nothing to do with their probable wider appeal. After all, Dickens wrote about the London of his time, but he is still read today, for he touched universal chords of understanding. He also wrote stories in the traditional sense of the term — stories that had a meaning for the "average, intel-

ligent, common-sense reader." To use Joan Parr's own words:

"She decided to do something about this situation, and what she did was obvious for her, but would not be so for most readers who might have shared her thoughts. She formed her own publishing firm, Queenston House, named after the street where she and her family live. Today, with twenty-five books either published or in pre-publication stage, Queenston House continues to publish from the basement of a house on Queenston, but it has also filled the void which Joan Parr identified in Canadian literature back in 1973; it is now possible to find in Canadian bookstores, libraries and drug stores books on the central Canadian experience.

The first volume published by Queenston House was appropriately titled *Winnipeg Stories*. It found its audience in May of 1974, the year of Winnipeg's centennial celebrations. A group of volunteers took it to stores around the city, finding outlets, and it was a resounding success. "Creary stands on its own, the literary merit and deserves a place on Canadian bookshelves." *Winnipeg Tribune*. This was the first of a series of highly encouraging and positive reviews which the other publications of Queenston House have received not only locally but in the press across Canada. Several volumes have found a place in university required reading lists, but more importantly for the publisher, who continues to almost single-handedly shepherd the venture, they have widened the audience of readers who want "well-crafted and well-written reading" which is also "good entertainment."

Queenston House now has one full-time employee, who assists Joan Parr at most stages of the publishing process. However,

manuscripts are read, and their fate decided upon, by the publisher herself. If a manuscript interests her on the first page, she will spend the remainder of a day reading it through, and if she is satisfied, the writer will see his or her work in published form. Some will have seen their first publication, for the publisher remembers her first goal of helping new writers. Others, such as Paul Herbert, who are already well-established, will see one more publication. The writer who submits a manuscript which is highly technical, or obscurantist, or simply not written in "simple, clear, domestic prose," will receive a rejection letter. One way or the other, she, the publisher, will decide. So far, her track record has been excellent.

In interviewing Joan Parr for this article, she and I discussed many matters related to publishing. She mentioned, for example, that at a recent American Book Sellers Convention which she attended in the United

States she learned that 48,000 titles had been published in 1977 in the U.S. alone. Book sellers can only manage to display one quarter of these. Somehow, she has found a market for Canadian, and more particularly, Manitoba writing, in this seeming glut. The books published by Queenston House have a difference, and so find readers, and that is what she set out to do. She told me that her housework had suffered as a result of her concentration on Queenston House, but her children had received a sense of independence because of it. They are probably proud of her work. Not all mothers have the talent and determination to do what she has done. Manitoba writers and their readers owe her a debt of sincere and deep gratitude.

(Requests for copies of publications of Queenston House, or the publication list, should be made to, Queenston House Publishing, 102 Queenston St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. R3N0W5.)

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THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT MOUNTAIN, NORTH DAKOTA

June 30th, July 1st and July 2nd, 1978

by Axel Vopnfjord

The village of Mountain, North Dakota population 219, was crowded with thousands of people on Friday, June 30th, Saturday, July 1st and Sunday, July 2nd, 1978. Cars were there from a large number of States in the American Union and from a number of Canadian Provinces. Parking was at a premium. In fact, every vacant spot in the village and surrounding countryside served as a parking area. The occasion was the three-day Centennial Celebration of the founding of the Icelandic Settlement in North Dakota, in 1878.

A great deal of credit is due to the Steering Committee consisting of the Co-Chairmen, the Reverend David R. Asplin and Orville Bernholt, the Co-ordinator, Eric H. Melsted, and also Dorothy Crowston, Howard L. Eirísson, Johanna Thorlaxson, Eggert Erlendsson and Roger Olafson as well as many others who were required for the planning and organizing of this mammoth historic project. Only those who have participated, even to a minor degree, at a similar event can realize the complexities of such an undertaking. The Steering Committee's performance was flawless.

It is a commonly accepted cliché that comparisons are shown but this Centennial does not take second place to any previously commemorated Icelandic Centennials.

At the Centennial Program on July 1st, the audience stood in reverent silence as the Reverend Hjalfríður Guðmarsson from Iceland sang — and a interpreter of people in the audience participated — "O Gud Vors Lands", the National Anthem of Iceland. The Reverend Ólafur Skúlason from Iceland, a former Pastor of the North Dakota Ice-

landic Parish, brought greetings from the President, the Bishop and the people of Iceland. The audience applauded when he said that people of Iceland refer to their kinfolk in North America not as Americans or Canadians but as "Vestur Íslendingar" (Western Icelanders), with the emphasis on "Íslendingar".

The Master of Ceremonies, the Reverend Eric H. Sigmar, Pastor of Messiah Lutheran Church in Auburn, Washington and a former son of the Parsonage at Mountain, interspersed his remarks — spoken, of course, mainly in English — with flawless Icelandic. The song was true of Valdimar Björnsson, former Treasurer of the State of Minnesota. Lari Björnsson's rendition of Stephan G. S. Stephansson's "Tú, Tú Langfrótt Egðir" was inspirational.

Last, but not least, was the fact that among the honored guests were Mrs. Margarethe Sigmar, of Kelso, Washington and Dr. Páll H. T. Thorlaxson of Winnipeg, niece and nephew respectively of that selfless humanitarian, the Reverend Páll Thorlaxson, the father of the North Dakota Icelandic community, who died at the age of 55 as a result of privations suffered during his untiring efforts to save the colony from extinction.

Dr. Thorlaxson presented the Chairman of the United Parishes' Committee with a copy of the Church Book (Kirkjubók) dealing with the pastoral activities of the Reverend Páll Thorlaxson — baptisms, confirmations, marriages, deaths and congregational meetings — meticulously recorded by him between 1878 and 1882 during his travels in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North

Dakota, Winnipeg and New Iceland. This book is a remarkable reference source.

Two of the Reverend Thorlaxson's grand-nephews, the Reverend Harald S. Sigmar — Pastor of Our Redeemer's Lutheran Church in Seattle, Washington and a former son of the Parsonage at Mountain — and the Reverend Eric H. Sigmar were major participants. The Reverend Harald delivered the major oration. His reminiscences of the Golden Jubilee in 1928 of the founding of the Icelandic colony in North Dakota were a valuable contribution to the history of this momentous event. In 1928, the Reverend Haraldur Semar, the father of the Sigmar brothers, was the Pastor of the Icelandic Parish in North Dakota. The Reverend Eric performed superbly as Master of Ceremonies.

A century had passed but the pioneers were not forgotten. Their descendants remembered. Their sacrificial, heroic ordeal was still fresh in the minds of the present generation. Guðmundur J. Guðmarsson aptly described the settlers' plight in the following verse from his classic, "Sandy Bar", which applies equally to the settlers in Pembina County as it did to their counterparts on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg:

Here, in vain, they struggled hard
Screwed bodies hunger-tired
Lost the years they most desired
Overcome with care
Body broken went on dreaming,
Victory vision faintly gleaming.

Vowed to gain their own destruction
From the depths of Sandy Bar
Rise to dignity and honor,
From despair at Sandy Bar."

This translation of "Sandy Bar" was by Paul Segurdson of Morden, Manitoba, a grand-nephew of the Reverend Páll Thorlaxson. Paul and his mother, Palna Thorlaxson (Sigurdson), were both present.

The dedicated man who gave his all on behalf of the colony was appropriately recognized. The beacon light he kindled was still burning brightly across the troubled waters of human affairs, beckoning, summoning the settlers' progeny to emulate and perpetuate the ancestral "Victory Vision", and to confront with equal tenacity and courage the challenging problems facing them in the complex and uncertain world of today.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN, published by the author, is a quarterly journal devoted to the history, culture and life of the Icelandic people in North America. It is published in English and Icelandic. A subscription price of \$10.00 per year is charged in advance.

Subscription orders should be sent to the author, Axel Vopnfjord, 1000 St. James Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2N 1G1, Canada. Telephone: 942-1111. The author can be reached at his home, 1000 St. James Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2N 1G1, Canada. Telephone: 942-1111.

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AT THE FORESTRY STATION

Stephan G. Stephansson

On good men's graves 'tis said green grass will grow,
Nor fade when winter mantles them with snow;
Green mounds they stand as if the earth imparts
To them some measure of its inner glow.

His grave, whom life had wrunged with ruthless doom,
His nether earth now clothes in beauty's bloom.
Her kind caress condoning sin and lust
And shrouding memories in tomb's grateful gloom.

Here stand the woods, where desert once had hold,
Tended by loving hands, now long since cold.
Through these green trees, god-given will to good
Streams out from him who planted them of old.

Monuments crumble. Works of mind survive
The gates of time. Men's names have shorter life.
Forgetful time may mask where honor's due
But mind's best edifices live and thrive.

The honored dead have tugged to higher land
The driftwood left at high tide on the strand,
As if directing living hands to build
Arbors of green and gold at their command.

In times to come all folk, not just the sage,
Will read the record on this dead man's page,
When hamlet, hill and fell are framed in woods
The hallmark left by him upon his age.

Translation by Thorvaldur Johnson of the poem:
Staddir í groðrarstíð

NOSTALGIA

Stephan G. Stephansson

Translated by Thorvaldur Johnson

If you should come back home in spring
When evening sun long gilds the land,
Where in the mountains' magic ring
Your childhood scenes are close at hand,
Where green and grassy banks surround
The old familiar wrestling ground,
Where each remembered path and track
Some youthful run brings back.

Then comes your youth to look at you
From gall and den and dell and bog,
And meets you on the moorland too
Reminding of some long-lost spring,
From heath and hill remembrance flows
Where green grass in the sunshine glows,
From new-mown hay-swaths wet with dew
Your youth looks back at you.

* * *

AFTERGLOW

Stephan G. Stephansson

Translated by Thorvaldur Johnson

Throughout all the ages
Matter is with life imbued;
Flaming stars in stages
Die to be with fire renewed.
Creation, growth and heat and flame
Eternally are Nature's aim.

Quickens life and passes,
Mind and heart complete their play;
In the cosmic masses,
On some far off New Year's day
Galaxies of frozen suns
Will blaze again as they did once.

Through the myriad night-eyes
Of the blazing skies go blind,
Still, some hidden plan lies
Deep in the eternal mind,
Setting free through time and space
Waves of life-imbuing rays.

Light of day abating,
Glimmers now the afterglow,
Only left the waiting!
Dark of night is closing now
On this head that seeks its ease
And hopes that night will bring it peace.

GLIMPSES OF ISLENDINGADAGURINN, 1978

by Kristine Perlmutter

Each morning of the 89th Annual Icelandic Festival at Gimli saw a large crowd lined up to begin the day with pancakes, orange juice and coffee at the ever-popular pancake breakfast. For many of the best which flocked to Gimli for Isleendingadagurinn, the pancake breakfast kicked off three days of activity and renewal of acquaintances.

President Ernest Stefanson and his Festival Committee injected variety into this year's program, as well as carrying on those events which have become Icelandic Festival traditions.

The beach festival, which provided music in the dock area on Saturday from 1:30 p.m. to sundown, proved to be a very popular addition.

Also, on Saturday afternoon another new event generated a great deal of excitement, especially among the younger members of the crowd. A demonstration of skateboard stunts featured the Pepsi Demonstration Team.

In addition to the regular dances which have been associated with the Festival, the Saturday night "Darktown Strutters' Hall", featured old time, bluegrass and jazz music.

The ever popular New Iceland Drama Society this year presented a Marc Conalett comedy entitled "Hogang, Boeing". Directed by Terry Sargent, the play was very well done. An entertaining look at a bachelor in Paris and engaged to three stewardesses at the same time.

The highlight of the new additions to this year's Festival was the visit of Endrik Odafsson, International Grand Master of chess, from Iceland. Mr. Odafsson is Iceland's most renowned chess player of all time and his visit confirms Iceland's time-honored interest in chess. In honour of his visit, an exhibition chess match was



Mrs. Lara M. Terjesen

started, featuring a sixteen foot chessboard with live chessmen.

Isleendingadagurinn has acquired a considerable reputation in recent years and is said to be the second largest folk festival in Manitoba. A look at the list of the entertainers at the 1978 Folk Festival reads like a "who's who" of folk musicians in Western Canada. The performers were polished and entertaining, and even the rain did little to dampen the enthusiasm of a large crowd of listeners. The program began at 7:00 p.m. and many had left or were tired and soaked before they got to hear Graham Shaw and Tom Jackson at nearly 1:00 a.m.

The ten mile road race, on Sunday morning, attracted 150 competitors. Rick Bourrier, of Winnipeg, set a new unofficial

mark of 47 minutes and nine seconds. Several heart rehabilitation patients jogged the distance.

The traditional events of the Festival Monday were as usual. The parade drew many spectators. Although the large group of Mariners, the Scottish pipers, and others, make some people skeptical about its Icelandic character, the parade is colourful and interesting, and adds a great deal to the enjoyment of the Monday festivities, especially for the children involved.

The traditional festival program on Monday, August 6, 1978, was opened by the singing of "O Canada" and "O Gud Vorr Lands". Those in attendance were welcomed by Festival President Ernest Stefanson and by the Fjallkona, Mrs. Lara H. Terjesen. Both addressed the gathering in English and Icelandic.

The Toast to Canada was proposed by Mr. Freeman Meldsig of St. Thomas, North Dakota, U.S.A., chairman of the 1978 Icelandic Centennial Celebrations in North Dakota. His address emphasized the fact that the future of any nation lies in its young people and that youngsters must be taught pride in where they come from and what they have accomplished. He concluded his remarks by reading a congratulatory message from the Governor of North Dakota.

The Toast to Iceland was proposed by Mr. John Craig Lakot of Toronto, Ontario. Mr. Lakot, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Canada, is the son of the late John David Lakot and his wife Signy, who is of Icelandic descent. Mr. Lakot spoke of the pride he feels in his association with the Icelandic community, and his message was concise, but moving.

As a businessman, he said he was particularly impressed by Iceland's record in the area of industry and commerce. He concluded his speech with Lord Dufferin's message to the Icelandic settlers in which he encouraged them to teach their children

about their Icelandic culture and to help them to appreciate the fine qualities they inherited from their Icelandic ancestors. This message, phrased so long ago, is equally appropriate for those raising children of Icelandic descent today.

Greetings to Isleendingadagurinn were brought from Mayor Ted Arnason of Gimli, U.S. Consul General, Michael Carpenter, Manitoba Minister of Education, Keith Cozens, Mayor Robert Steen of Winnipeg, and Icelandic Consul General, Aleck Thorarinnson.

Additional entertainment was provided by the New Iceland Choir, under the direction of Shirley McCredy, and by soloist Filma Gislason. These artists were well received. They performed traditional songs in the Icelandic language.

During the three days of Isleendingadagurinn 1978 there were, of course, numerous other activities and presentations. The Festival reminds us of our Icelandic heritage and makes me proud to be, as the T-shirt slogan proclaims, "A Product of Iceland. Made in Canada."

MRS. LARA TERJESEN FJALLKONA, 1978

Mrs. Lara Terjesen Fjallkona at the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba, 1978, has long been active in community work. She was one of the founders of the Gimli Chapter of the Icelandic National League, and was president 1968-1976. In this position she actively promoted the teaching of Icelandic, in the Gimli public school, at an adult evening school, and at an Icelandic language summer camp.

She is a past president of the Gimli Women's Institute and was a member of the Gimli school board for six years, including two years as chairman of the Board. She was an active promoter of the founding by the Gimli Women's Institute of the Evergreen Regional Library, which serves Gimli, Arborg, and Riverport.

TOAST TO CANADA

Mr. Freeman Melsted

It is indeed a pleasure for me to be here and to bring to you a greeting from fellow Icelanders south of the border.

As I thought about this topic I began to see that just maybe I was a suitable candidate for this assignment.

My Dad, Benedikt Valdimar Melsted, was born in Iceland, my mother, Gerthdur Sigridur Jacobsdottir Freeman, was born in Nelkirk, Manitoba, and I was born at Gardar, North Dakota. This maybe I could be an eligible candidate to give a toast to Canada.

Much has been said about the Icelandic emigrants who left Iceland to come to the North American continent and gradually arrive at the west bank of Lake Winnebago at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. These early adventures have been written and accounted for in speeches, books, and articles. The past, as we here in the present read about it, appears to have been very interesting and at times one might wish that we could have been around and lived those wonderful days. Much as we would like to recall the past, we still have to live in the present and it is for all of us to look towards the future.

If I might use our Centennial Program as an example, over 50% of all the committee's membership were young people who should be around 15 years from now to make plans for our next bicentennial celebration in 2003. The young man and lady who stood on the reviewing stand and announced each of the floats were both in their 20's. These young people did a wonderful job of taking turns describing each and every float as I went by the reviewing stand. The young man is a grandson of the Grand Marshall, Mr. Gudmundur Jonasson, who is 90 years young. I have worked with young people all my life, and I am convinced that the future of any country depends on its young people. We often get into the habit of blaming the

young people for all the ills of our nations, where we should take time out and blame ourselves. I have been told that a child is most vulnerable between birth and the age of three. During this time the child acquires most of its habits and reactions to society. Our young people live in a very active environment and thus need more careful and dedicated supervision at all times. I firmly believe that our young people are doing a good job of growing up and trying to fit into this modern everyday complex society. If you, for a minute, think that our young people are not up to your expectations, just try to compete with them in mathematics, science, or music.

Our future depends on our young people, and since I have the greatest respect and confidence in our young people, I have no fear for the future of our nations. Be it Iceland, United States, or Canada.

I believe that our young people, and probably all people should have more pride in themselves, their homes, their home towns, and their nation. We should all be proud to be an Icelander, or an American, or a Canadian. Show your pride.

A few years ago I had the privilege to travel to the Kennedy Space Center at Orlando, Florida, with a student of mine who had just won a free trip to the Kennedy Space Center because she was one of the seven highest rated science students at the International Science fairs. While there, we attended a banquet for these young scientists. Each student had to stand up and give the name and the name of their home town. My student rose and stated her name and said that she was from St. Thomas, North Dakota. Next a young man rose and gave his name and stated that he was from a little town in South Missouri. He was asked to name his town and he said, Joy, Missouri. I am sure that many people in that audience

may have probably thought of Joy and St. Thomas as being towns of equal size.

Be proud to stand up and be counted.

The United States and Canada have been neighbors and have set the example that it is possible for two nations to live together without an armed patrol along their border. This has been done for the last 100 years and will probably continue for the next 100 years. Canada is a very large, beautiful country with its thousands of acres of open prairies, thousands of acres of woodland, thousands of acres of majestic mountains and thousands of miles of breathtaking shore lines.

Canada, I salute you. This nation is a place where a person can commune with nature and God, where people from all nations can work and live together in harmony and faith in one another, and where the dignity of man is upheld at all times.

In closing, I wish to read this letter.

Dear Freeman:

On behalf of the people of North Dakota, Grace and I are pleased to extend greetings to those attending the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba.

We, in North Dakota, recognize the importance of the migration of Icelanders from Greenland, Manitoba, to Pembina County, North Dakota 100 years ago. Since that time, the descendants of these Icelanders have settled in many parts of North Dakota and throughout the United States.

We are very proud to number these Icelandic people among our state's most distinguished citizens.

With best regards to all,

Sincerely yours,

Arthur A. Lusk

Governor

State of North Dakota

THE BUILDER

by Art Reykjal

He never grew old. He was upright and strong.
He was eager for life to the end.
To the pilgrims he met as the road rolled along.
He was staunch and forever a friend.
As with hammer and chisel, with level and plane,
He fashioned the stock of his trade.
So with love and compassion, through pressure and pain,
He fashioned the friendships he made.
But there's one above all whose bereavement is sore,
As she dreams of the one she loved best.
While tenderly lingering over the store,
Of mementos now sacred and blessed.
They held to each other for forty-nine years.
In harmony, comradeship, love,
And the courage he fostered will shine through her tears.
As she waits to rejoin him, above.

TOAST TO ICELAND

Mr. JOHN CRAIG EATON

Mr. Chairman, Virðulega Fjallkoma, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I consider it a great honour for me to be asked to present the Toast to Iceland.

As a third generation Canadian, of Icelandic descent, on my mother's side, and Irish on my father's side, I suppose I have a mixture of blood that is historically at home in Iceland.

I also am proud that my Annu Stephenson was born here at Gimli in 1878 and my grandfather Fredrick came to Gimli when he was six years old; my mother Signy had the honor of being your Fjallkoma in 1967.

Much has been said in the past about Iceland's great cultural and historical accomplishments, which are well known and justly deserved, but being a merchant, I would salute your industry and commerce.

Consider a land of 220,000 people, one third the size of the City of Winnipeg, that can produce frozen sea products, in the order of 70 to 80 thousand tons at a market value of 100 million dollars with markets in the United States, Western and Eastern Europe and Japan. Could you imagine what Canada's gross national product would be if we had that kind of production?

A country of this size that has a shipping fleet "Icelandic Steamship Lines" with 24 ships that carry Iceland's produce over a million miles a year. Canada by comparison would have to have a merchant fleet of 2,000 ships to equal that accomplishment.

Iceland, with its own international airline is surely the smallest country in the world to compete successfully on major trans-Atlantic lines with the world's largest carriers. In the past few

years we at Eaton's have come to know and appreciate the fine wool fashions, ceramics and hand-crafted jewellery that is manufactured in Iceland.

A few years ago Eaton's in Winnipeg had a successful Iceland merchandising promotion that has developed into an ongoing merchandising function. We are pleased to report that our stores across Canada carry Icelandic merchandise on a regular basis and our purchases in total are now in excess of one million dollars per year.

We are assembled here today to salute Iceland, an unpolluted land in a world of growing pollution. They had the courage and vision not to industrialize to the extent that their environment would be in danger and to maintain their culture by restricting the importation of other races that would be required to service large industrial development.

In closing I would like to think that Canadian Icelanders are living up to the charge that was given to them by Lord Durlerut in 1877 when he spoke to the Icelanders at Gimli and I quote:

"I trust that you will continue to cherish for all time the heart stirring literature of your nation, and that four generation to generation your little ones will continue to learn in your ancient sagas that industry, energy, fortitude, perseverance and stubborn endurance have ever been the characteristics of the noble Icelandic race."

Vad Íslendingar eru í Vesturlöndum hagsa-
ðstímað vaxing og auðgagn heim til Íslands.

Achulega oskum við alls eina best fyrir
modurlandið okkar.

Gað blessrykkur öll!

ICELANDIC PIONEER WOMEN, 1891



Back row, L. to R., Mrs. Johann Briem, Mrs. W. H. Paulson, Mrs. Arni Fredericksen, Mrs. H. Hermann, Mrs. Jon Bonason, Mrs. S. Christophersson, front row, Mrs. Sigrbyggur Jonasson, Mrs. Trudis Bergmann, Mrs. Jon Bjarnason, Mrs. Trudis Fredericksen, Mrs. Pall Barða.

(Gudrun) Mrs. Johann Briem

April 17, 1865 - April 15, 1937

Arrived with her parents in New Iceland, in 1876. She was an active member of the Fraternal Congregation at Revere and for many years she was Superintendent of the Sunday school there. The family home was at Gimli.

(Jonina) Margaret

Mrs. Wilhelm H. Paulson

Feb. 4, 1862 - April 2, 1896

She was an active member of the Women's Society of the First Lutheran Church, at Winnipeg.

(Sigrbjorg) Mrs. Arni Fredericksen

Aug. 14, 186 - July 8, 1941

She arrived with her parents with the Kinnarson group, in 1874, and came to New Iceland in 1875.

She and her husband were prominent members of the First Lutheran Church. In they moved to Vancouver.

(Magnea) Mrs. Hermann Hermann

Jan. 22, 1846 - Feb. 3, 1920

She arrived with her husband from Iceland in 1890, settling first in Gardar, North Dakota, then in Winnipeg.

Magnea and Mrs. Lina Bjarnason were sisters.

(Helga) Mrs. Jon Bjornsson

Jan. 18, 1842 - Dec. 16, 1932

She settled first in New Zealand, then in Argyle (Baldur - Glenboro district), with her second husband, Jon.

(Caroline)**Mrs. Sigurdur Christopherson**

May 17, 1886 - Dec. 9, 1923

Caroline was the daughter of William Taylor and niece of John Taylor, Government Agent with the Icelandic pioneers in New Zealand.

The Christophersons pioneered in Argyle, where they were active members of the Liberty Congregation. In 1904 they moved to Crescent near White Rock, B.C.

(Rannveig) Mrs. Sigtryggur Jonsson

Aug. 26, 1853 - Aug. 7, 1916

She arrived from Iceland in 1876 then newly married.

(Godrun)**Mrs. Rev. Fridrik Bergmann**

Sept. 29, 1868 - Sept. 10, 1938

She arrived from Iceland in 1891 and was married to Reverend Bergmann in 1895. They resided at Grafton, North Dakota before coming to Winnipeg.

(Lara) Michaeline**Mrs. Dr. Jon Bjornsson**

May 16, 1847 - June 17, 1921

Her active and varied work for church and community has been recorded elsewhere.

(Godny) Mrs. Fridjon Fredericksen

Oct. 26, 1886 - March 9, 1948

Godny and her husband, Fredson, were married en route to Canada in 1875. She and her husband were prominent community workers.

(Halldora) Mrs. P. S. Barral

July 1, 1865 - Oct. 10, 1943

She arrived with her parents in New Zealand in 1876. She was an active member of the First Lutheran Church.

Winnipeg, Manitoba
 Artists: *Illustration by*
 W. K.

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MEMORIES OF MANITOBA**PART II**

(Continued from the previous issue.)

Legislation by Axel Egnund of an article by Jonas Thordarson in the Icelandic HÍMA LR BLZI published in Reykjavik, Iceland, February, 1972.

Icelanders like the ancient Greeks, tend to be argumentative. Their Winnipeg counterparts were no exception. Many a heated debate took place in their meeting place on Sargent Avenue in the winter days. Tempers flared to a red hot pitch when that fiery, visionary, humanitarian, poet and journalist, Dr. Sigurdur Lajos Johannesson (commonly known as "Saggi Jól") pronounced "Yule" opposed conscription during the World War I. But there was unanimity amongst them when they discussed ways and means of saving a reckless Icelandic from the gallows. The most memorable and bitterly contested controversy took place during the latter part of 1929 between the so-called "Labbakur" (Pleasers) and "Spermann" (Sparrows) government. It is almost impossible to render the exact meaning of this word in acceptable English perhaps "Government Barmy Barmers". The story of these two "dummybrooks" and this one incident of an uncharacteristic display of harmony will now be recapitulated.

In 1917 during World War I the Borden Government had decided that it was necessary to conscript men for overseas service. The Winnipeg Icelanders held a meeting of the Good Templars' Hall to discuss the pros and cons of the government's decision. Some were there who bitterly opposed conscription. Supporters of the government's action deemed it essential to explain why all loyal Canadians were obligated to accept conscription in view of the critical situation of the war in Europe. The opinion of the

majority was that mankind's supreme achievement, DEMOCRACY, was in serious danger. "Saggi Jól" was the chief spokesman for the anti-conscriptionist faction. He was a confirmed pacifist. War to him was an abomination. Pangermann broke course in the hall. This was but one example of the "derring-do" of this street, beloved stormy petrel of the Winnipeg Icelandic community of sixty years ago.

In 1924 an Icelandic known under several aliases, was sentenced to death in Alberta for murder. He pleaded innocence, but was convicted on circumstantial evidence. The Icelandic community was stirred. It was proud of the law-abiding reputation of its members. It was unthinkable that an Icelandic should go to the gallows. For once there was no dissension in the community. A fund was established to appeal the sentence. Contributors were liberal. One of the ablest lawyers in Winnipeg at that time, Hjalmar A. Bergman, was hired to represent the defendant. He succeeded in having the death sentence changed to life imprisonment. This man remained in prison until he died of cancer in 1943. He was regarded as a model prisoner, and parole for him was being considered at the time of his death.

Attended several meetings in the Good Templars' Hall held to consider the foregoing case. For once — perhaps only once — the stubborn, opinionated Icelanders were of one mind in their resolve to assist their misguided countryman in every possible way. No one knew much about him. He had dissociated himself from the Icelandic

centenary and had spent most of his adult life in the Northwest Territories, but this incident is an illustration of the Western Icelanders' resolve to maintain the dignity and honor of their community.

The most incident of all controversies that divided the community into two hostile factions took place during the latter part of 1929. It originated from the community's plan to participate in the millennial celebration of the founding in 930 of Althing, the world's first Parliament, at Thingvellir, Iceland. Much was written in the Icelandic weeklies, *Lögberg* and *Hinnskringla*. Many meetings were held in the Good Templars' Hall, but at times the attendance was so large that it was necessary to make arrangements for these spacious accommodations.

The beginning of this impasse took place in 1926. At that time the Icelandic National League appointed a committee to explore ways and means of enabling the Icelandic community to participate in the celebration at Thingvellir. Many Western Icelanders wanted to attend, but the committee had no funds to make the necessary arrangements. It finally decided to ask for financial assistance from the two provinces, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where Icelandic settlers were most numerous. The response was positive. As soon as this arrangement had been revealed, strong opposition to it became evident. Dr. Brandidr J. Brandsson, that eminent respected physician, expressed the view forcibly that it was degrading to the Icelandic community to accept government funds for this enterprise. Numerous articles pro and con appeared in the Icelandic weeklies, the bitter tone in which they were written exemplified the intensity of feelings generated by this issue. In moderate language characterized discussions at many a meeting held to try to reach a compromise. The controversy continued for about two years then subsided completely.

It appears that Hjalmar V. Bergman, in one of his articles written in the Icelandic weeklies, stressed the fact that Icelanders had never expected or accepted governmental bounty. Hence some wags facetiously assigned the derogatory nickname, "Spennamenn" ("Government bounty hunters") to the committee appointed to make arrangements for participation in the millennial celebration at Thingvellir and its supporters.

In reply to Bergman's articles Dr. Rosgvindur Petursson, the chairman of the committee, stated that he paid no attention to the fact that a few "Labbakutur" (Phidlers) were critical of the committee's action. These two nicknames, "Spennamenn" and "Labbakutur" persisted throughout the controversy. No compromise was reached. The two factions went separately to the celebrations in Iceland. One result of this "doughbrook" was that some people who formerly had been the best of friends became bitter antagonists.

The poor laureate of Sargent Avenue, Ludvik Kristjánsson (Lullu), seemed only to K. N. Julius (Kainu) among Western Icelanders as a humorist, composed many a comical story about the controversy. Some he published in the Icelandic weeklies, some he recited at meetings. His gentle humor was universally appreciated.

Immediately west of the Good Templars' Hall was a building occupied by two Icelanders. Hjalmar Gíslason conducted a publishing business there. For a short period prior to World War I a third Icelandic Weekly, *Vísind*, was printed there. Its editor was Dr. Sig. Jón Jóhannsson ("Siggi Jón"). The other occupant was Halldor (Dorn) Swan from Húsafell in Vopnafjörð, Iceland. He manufactured weatherstrips used for insulation. He also produced bows and arrows for archery clubs, probably the only Icelandic in Canada ever to do so. He himself was an excellent archer.

Between Agnes and Victor streets was a building owned by Ólafur Þorgeirsson, publisher and for many years Icelandic consul. He published yearly a magazine, ALMANAK, which today is a rich source of information regarding the history of the Icelandic settlements in North America. Another publication of his was the maga-

zine, SYRPA, which was in circulation for many years.

(To be continued)

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NANCY JOHNSON

London, Ontario, C.A., Film Producer

Well known to London and south western Ontario television viewers as a regular personality on CLEO-TV's daily news magazine "LIVE!" Nancy Johnson is a six-year veteran of the broadcasting industry. In addition to her on-air work, Nancy's full-time position is in the Promotion Department where her responsibilities include Public Service, Sales Promotion and Community Relations.

Nancy's position has given her diversified experience in train and studio production as both writer and producer. She has been responsible for all charitable campaigns on-air including past ones like the United Way and events for associations like Big Brothers, the Red Cross, Central Volunteer Bureau, Goodwill Industries and the London Humane Society. In sales promotion her background is in marketing research as well as print and studio produced presentations for use by the Sales Department.

Nancy is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario. At graduation she was selected for the "Merit Award" presented to the outstanding man and woman of the graduating class for their participation in extra-curricular activities. Community work continues to be an important part of her life. Presently, she is on the Board of Directors of both the London Ad and Sales Club and the London Middlesex Mental



Photo: Mark McCurdy

Nancy Johnson

Health Association. She is also media consultant to the Red Cross, Board, Doctors Clinic, Advisory Board and the London Chapter of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews. As well, Nancy serves as a member of Session at First St. Andrew's United Church.

In 1973 Nancy Johnson joined "Creative Services" with award winning cinematographer Mark McCurdy in order to provide complete film production facilities

for London and south western Ontario businesses. Since that time the company has met with such success that its market has been extended to include the area stretching from

Windsor to Ottawa.

Nancy is the daughter of Magnus and Pauline Johnson, formerly of Winnipeg and now of London, Ontario.

GRADUATES AND AWARDS

1977

Helga Stefansson, of Winnipeg, received her Bachelor degree in Honours Economics from the University of Manitoba with First class honours in the spring of 1977. She received the John M. Gordon prize for the highest standing in Honours Economics and was awarded \$8,000 in grants and bursaries.

Helga's parents are Prof. and Mrs. Baldur Stefansson.

Josephine Hilda Zeller received her Bachelor of Education degree from the University of Winnipeg in October, 1977. She is the daughter of the late Joseph and Helen Zeller, of Inwood, Manitoba.

Josephine has a teaching career of more than thirty years.

1978

BRANDON UNIVERSITY

Bachelor of Education

Dennis Gary Erickson, B.A.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Master of Arts

Allen Ernest Johnson, B.A., B.Ed.

Robert Valdimar Olsson, B.A.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours)

Graham Calvin Asmundson

Eric Glen Svendsen

Bachelor of Laws

Paul Elen Svendsen

Bachelor of Arts

Bruce Kevin Anderson

Ulfur Guðmundson

John Edward Guttersen

Aari Thor Johannesson

Carol Diane Kristjansson

Kenneth Luther Olson

Bryan Douglas Lutz

Steen Lutz Jenderson

Bachelor of Fine Arts

Stanley Patrick Olson

Master of Science

Carol Margaret Bjornson, B.A.

Connors, Gordon Vally, B.Sc. (Honours)

Bachelor of Science (Honours)

Terence Rodney Asper

Bachelor of Science

Prof. Jon Borgfjord

Karl Erik Nelson

David Karl Olson

Lary Ross Sigurdsson

Bachelor of Home Economics

Eric Dawn Eddleton

SPRING, 1978

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN SASKATOON

Bachelor of Science Honours

Mary Ann Hanson

Doctor of Veterinary Medicine

Kenneth Charles Johnson, B.A. (Master)

Bachelor of Education

Donald Gordon Christmanson

Andrea Joy Sigurdson, Winnipeg

1978

UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG

The University Gold Medal in Dramatic Studies

(General programme)

Barbara Jo Ann Magnússon

University Gold Medal in Economics

Keith Eider Christensen

University Gold Medal in Statistics

Keith Eider Christensen

Degrees

Bachelor of Science

Neil Herbert Brandson

Mark Ernest Johnson

Leonard Harvey Threlkerson

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

Althea Lou Shekeli Hecla-Jonsson

Randall Laurence Nielson

Bachelor of Arts

David Carl Bjornson, LL.B., LL.M.

Pivlas Diane Bjornson

Keith Leon Christmanson, B.Sc.

Patricia Edith Johnson

Carolyn Catherine Kristjansson

Guy Madden

Barbara Jo Ann Magnússon

Margaret Mary Wopford

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

Eric George Gerrard

Allan Julius Lantz

Kris Linton Oiser

Diploma in Agriculture

Arthur Bruce Dalmar

Master of Education

Oiva Alexander Retvis, B.A., B.Ed.

Bachelor of Education

Mira Johnson

Johana Nancy Phillips, B.A.

Certificate in Education

Jeanne Christine Boudal, B.A.

John Stephen Finarson, B.A.

Nelson Stephen Gerrard, B.F.A. (Honours)

Gester Owen Jacobson, B.P.E.

Jeanne Adèle Sigurdson, B.A.

Master of Business Administration

Gudruna Ina Palmason, B.Com. (Hons.)

Bachelor of Commerce (Honours)

Paul Douglas Erickson

Robert Lindsay Gosselin

Gregory Elmer Nodal

Ulafys Lenore Sigurdson

Douglas John Stefansson

Master of Natural Resources Management

Kenneth Dallas Meed

Bachelor of Environmental Studies

Gisli Svavar Hartarson

Doctor of Medicine

Douglas Edward Eggerson, B.Sc.

Bachelor of Occupational Therapy

Ingrid Bronda Lightsey

Bachelor of Physical Education

Bryan Edward Magnússon

Diploma in Physical Therapy

Karlus Oatsborg

Svend's Janina Sigurdardottir, B.A.

Diploma in Occupational Therapy

Guðrún Arnadóttir

Diploma in Dental Hygiene

Sylvia Marlene Lindal

Special AwardsMaudlin Bergsson, Secretary
Guðrún E. Þorsson, Editor

Guðmundur Albert Hjartarson

TRAVEL BETWEEN AMERICA AND ICELAND

by Stefan J. Stefánsson

(Condensed)

Travel by people of Icelandic origin in America to their old homeland prior to World War I was limited to very few. The first group visit from America to Iceland took place in 1930. The occasion was the Millennium Celebration of the Icelandic Althing established in 930 A.D. These people brought back a variety of stories about old Icelandic places and the way of life. This instilled in some at home in America that they too might make a visit to their old homeland.

Travel developed after the Second World War. The National League of North America actively involved in the 1950's organized a flight to Iceland in the summer of 1951. The last of others to follow this flight coincided with the maiden flights of Lufthansa. Another successful group flight was conducted by the League in the summer of 1955. Two groups travelled in 1958 and a large charter group in 1961.

A flight was promoted in 1974 on the occasion of the celebration of 1100 years of organized settlement in Iceland. Two hundred passengers left Winnipeg early in July for a four week tour, including the National Celebration at Thingvellir. League President Mr. Stein Jóhannsson spoke on behalf of the people of Icelandic Stock in America and Dr. P. H. E. Thorarson, of Winnipeg, spoke on behalf of Canada.

The people of Iceland recognized with some 1400 persons from Iceland attending the Centennial Icelandic Festival at Gullfoss in 1975.

This popular event put pressure on the National League to provide in 1976 for a charter flight to Iceland. The League members had hitherto very freely of the time and energy in connection with these flights and the League executives did not and itself prepared to make the League a travel agency.

Consequently Viking Travel Ltd., of Winnipeg, now of Gullfoss, was founded. Viking Travel organized a successful group flight of 227 passengers to Iceland in 1976 and two non-stop flights from Winnipeg in 1977, both of three weeks duration. One flight was promoted in 1978. These flights have had the active cooperation of the patriotic societies in Reykjavik and Akureyri.

STREET SCENE

by Freda Björn

It started me as he looked
up within his hand an empty cup
And as my fever in the tin
A wave of sadness harbored in
His eyes I up but mine grew dim
I saw someone I knew in him.

VALGARDSSON OPENS SLOPES IN A DIFFERENT WAY THAN MOST

By Miliokas

MOOSE JAW — Before competition begins in any of the IS sports that make up the 1978 Saskatchewan Winter Games, an opening ceremony is held at each of the competition sites.

Even such ceremonies were held Thursday. Each involved a special guest. Of those 11 guests, the most "special" had to be Todd Valgardsson.

When the 19-year-old native of Moose Jaw scied down the slope at the White Track Ski Resort, Thursday afternoon, officially opening the alpine skiing competition, he did so in a fashion quite different from any of the athletes who followed him.

Valgardsson skied down on one leg.

Back in December 1976, Valgardsson injured his right leg in a car accident. In January 1977, he had the leg amputated just above the knee. By April 1977, he had already returned to the sport he had enjoyed for six years. Valgardsson was skiing again.

In fact, Valgardsson, a first-year arts student at the University of Regina, was near doing all the things he'd done before his accident — skiing, although not competitively, golfing, swimming, and even playing badminton and volleyball. He was even driving his car again, thanks to an accelerator that was adapted to allow him to use his left leg.

Valgardsson's return to skiing was initiated by his father, who in a six-week to two-day period, athletes' head, lost April in Beard.

"There were nine countries represented there," he says. "It wasn't really a competition, but more or less a personal competition." We carried it all, guess made. Everybody guessed how long it would take for them to ski down the slope and the time



Todd Valgardsson skied down on one leg.

tried to do it in that time. There were a few curses and screams there.

What did his parents think about the idea of his returning to the slopes so soon after the accident?

"They were happy about it," Valgardsson says. "They were glad I was able to get right out and do what I had been doing before, not just hang around the house."

Jeanne Valgardsson, Todd's mother, does admit, however, that she wasn't so clear the immediately.

"As a mother, I was pretty apprehensive about Todd skiing so soon," she says. "I didn't say no, but I was pretty apprehensive."

He's done quite well. He recovered a lot sooner than we or his physicians thought he would. The ski week I think made him realize that there are so many people who have worse things to contend with."

"The boot and ski are standard equipment," he says. "For poles, I have skates equipped with small runners from ski on the ends. The skates I use are my hot bar skis. If you overuse them, they can be as hot as a toaster. And, I am trying to get a newer boot than the one I am using now."

Vargjasson says he would now like to have the opportunity to work with hand-capped people himself.

Unfortunately, there is not as yet a ski and prosthetic for the handicapped here in Saskatchewan. There soon may be though.

Several weeks ago, Susan Ull, a skier who worked with the hand-capped in British Columbia, had a special clinic at St. Louis. Vargjasson was there.

"It was very helpful," he says. "We're

having another clinic this weekend—we're not sure where yet—trying to start a program in Saskatchewan right now, it's a little through the Saskatchewan Ski Association, but we have to get a program of our own."

"I don't think of myself as being a hand-capped person. I think of myself as being a very normal person. I do everything I did once before—except ride a bike. I still haven't seen able to master a bike."

Especially as he battles with the province's coefficient—a gamey, wretched Vargjasson has his ceremonial hat on White Track, Thursday, certainly would be on the bike.

—*By Bill G. Smith*

From the author's recent translation of the book, "The Handicapped Skier," published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, and distributed in Western Canada by the Icelandic Book Store, Toronto.

Icelandic Farmstead Names in Manitoba

The following farmstead names are from communities from the Rural, Manitoba Quarter section, section, township and range are given in some cases.

MARY HILL

Bonnie and Hazel Bjornsson — Fairisle
Gudmundur and Mikkel Gudmundson — Ranges
S.E. 2 — 10 SW
Bjorn and Gudrun Johnson — Hester
Sylvia and Petra Olafson — Fairisle
Joe and Bruce Sanderson — Greyson

OTTO

Jens and Johanna Halvorsen — Nyaband
S.E. 33 — 16 SW
Frederick and Asik Stuardson — Backka
S.E. 34 — 19 SW

THE FISHERMAN WHO HOOKS BUREAUCRACY

by Roger Newman

What will the bureaucracy do about Albert Holm, a Groulx fisherman who objects to selling his catch through a federal Government agency—the Freshwater Fish Marketing Corp.?

Since 1969 the corporation has been the sole marketing body for the 20 million pounds of freshwater fish caught annually by fishermen in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the Northwest Territories and a small part of northwest Ontario.

While the Winnipeg-based FFMCO ostensibly was formed to improve the financial lot of inland fishermen, Mr. Holm contends it has had the opposite effect. He says the corporation is driving many fishermen to the brink of bankruptcy with its low prices and complete control of the market. Furthermore—unlike many citizens—it is not reluctant to tangle with a Government agency. This characteristic has recently prompted him to adopt a novel method of demonstrating his dissatisfaction with the corporation.

His form of protest was to bypass the middleman—the corporation—by sailing his 60 foot boat into the heart of Winnipeg and offering his catch of 10,000 pounds of fresh whaike directly to the public.

His first sale took place on Saturday at the city's Alexander docks after Mr. Holm and his crew had navigated their refrigerated vessel the 60 miles via Lake Winnipeg and the Red River to the downtown district. Before setting out Mr. Holm, who has fished Lake Winnipeg for 47 years, placed ads in Winnipeg papers saying his whaike would be sold for \$8 a pound—versus the \$1.75 to \$2 price in retail stores. His bargain attracted long lines of buyers, with the result Mr. Holm was sold out after the weekend's business. His success led him to hold a second whaike sale the following week.

While the queues were not quite as long the second time, the response was likely to encourage Mr. Holm to continue his sales activities.

He says his main objective is to prove he can sell fish better than the bureaucrats and was spurred to action because the corporation was paying only 11 cents a pound for whaike this year—a 20 per cent drop from 1977.

There are too many middlemen in the corporation, said Mr. Holm—when it was set up it was only going to be a buying and selling agency. Then the politicians got involved and it was soon into a whole host of other areas like transportation and fishing supplies. All the sidelines operate at a loss and the money comes out of fishermen's pockets—without our consent.

So far FFMCO officials have been silent about Mr. Holm's marketing activities. They can hardly approve of his ads which read: "We sell at a fair price. You buy at a fair price. Everybody but the bureaucracy benefits." Nevertheless, there is nothing illegal about Mr. Holm's sales, since marketing regulations permit fishermen to sell their catch directly to consumers. These same regulations, however, prohibit sales to wholesalers and make this area the exclusive domain of the FFMCO. Consequently, Mr. Holm could be in trouble if wholesalers turn up at his sales.

"This has been my dream for a long time and it has finally come true," he beamed after his first Winnipeg sale. "By selling our fish ourselves we are getting a better price and the consumer is getting something he can afford."

He doubts, however, that many of the west's 5,000 fishmen would follow his lead, not enough have the necessary refrigeration equipment. In fact, about half have less

than \$2,000 a year from fishing and have to take other jobs. But a large number are unhappy with the FIMC and have called for an inquiry into it. Federal Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlanc looked into allegations of inefficient management and expressed con-

fidence in FIMC chairman Peter Moss. However, FIMC president W. R. Parks recently resigned for "personal reasons" and the changes may not be over yet.

—*Globe and Mail*
June 14, 1978

SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED

The Canada Iceland Foundation Scholarship

The Canada Iceland Foundation offers or processes scholarships to students of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent.

1. High School graduates proceeding to a Canadian university or the University of Iceland.

2. University students studying towards a degree in any Canadian university.

Scholarship awards shall be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of their examination results by December 1, 1978, to:

Professor Haraldur Bessason
Department of Icelandic
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Icelandic Canadian Front Scholarship

The Icelandic Canadian Front of Winnipeg is offering a scholarship of \$100 for the academic year of 1978-79 to a student of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent who has completed Grade XII in Manitoba and is proceeding to studies at one of the three universities in Manitoba.

Qualifications will be based primarily on Departmental or Board examination results, but consideration will be given to qualities

of leadership and community service and need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community by December 1, 1978, to:

Ms. Signe Johnson
Icelandic Library
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Icelandic Festival Scholarship

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba offers two scholarships of \$100 each to students who have already attended a university for one year. They are tenable at any one of the three universities in Manitoba.

The following is the basis for selection: Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent.

A first class "A" academic standing is desirable, a "B" standing is the minimum.

Participation in extra-curricular or community activities, in school or in the general community.

Applications for these scholarships with relevant supporting information, including age, the name of the college or university attended, and a transcript of marks, are to be forwarded by December 1, 1978 to:

Dr. W. Kristjánsson,
1117 Wolseley Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3G 1J9

THE SIGURDSON-SIGURDSON FAMILY REUNION

Over 160 persons, including direct descendants of Kristinn and Margret Sigurdson and of Danne, and Kristjana Sigurdson, and wives and husbands met in a family reunion at Lunenburg, Manitoba, June 24. They came from far and near, from Southern California, Bellingham, Washington, Vancouver, Chilliwack, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Toronto, Detroit, Varden, Burner Lake (North of Elm Point, Ontario) & Wood, in Manitoba.

There was a reunion of two cousins who had not seen each other since at Shorncliffe, England, in World War I, and there was a first meeting of several second and third cousins.

The gathering was in the spacious Community Hall, where tables were prepared for afternoon coffee and evening dinner.

In between times the assembled first mingled in animated conversation.

The enlarged and framed pictures of the two pioneer couples on the wall presided over the assembly.

The children were specially included in the afternoon program, featuring piano and guitar solos, a gymnastic display, and sets danced in costumes.

A letter was read from the sole surviving immediate descendant of the two pioneering families, Mrs. Valerie Jensen of Holm, Vancouver, aged 97.

At the dinner tribute was paid to "Our ancestors' na brigðral."

A dance—dances old and new rounded off the evening.

An example of the excellent staff work by Dorothy Bryckman and her assistants, including Margit Danjón and Leonard Danjón, one of the proceedings in the hall was a live-generation family tree prepared for each family on attendance.

Kristjan and Danne were cousins, their early origin was in Hordholl, Dalavysla-

land. Danne lived many years at Holmgar, Staðelnes, where Eric the Red spent his last winter in Iceland before moving permanently to Greenland.

Kristjan and his family arrived in Winnipeg in 1857, twelve years after the first Icelandic settlement of New Iceland and Winnipeg, and the year in which 1700 emigrants from Iceland arrived in Canada. He located on Ross Ave.

Kristjan, his son Magnús, and Jacob Crawford were the first settlers to arrive in the St. Paul Lake district, east of Lunenburg in 1898.

Danne arrived in 1894, direct from Iceland. The two families had the typical pioneering experiences and they helped to build up a new community with its vigorous continuity life.

The breaking of the ground by the pioneers opened the field for many opportunities for the children and grand children.

W. K.

Hekla Club of Minneapolis-St. Paul Honors Bjorn B. Björnson

A meeting of Hekla Club of Minneapolis-St. Paul, April 28, was in the nature of an advance recognition of the 70th birthday of Iceland's Honorary Consul in Minneapolis, Bjorn B. Björnson. Nearly 200 persons were present.

Bjorn Björnson's notable career as peacetime journalist and wartime correspondent and broadcaster, and community worker, was given recognition.

Barbara Gudmarsson, Hekla Club president, was chairman of the meeting and master of ceremonies was Senator Joseph A. Josephson, who has been Senate member for 24 years. Program chairman was Vera Younger.

EMIL GUDMUNDSON RECEIVES DOCTORATE

Meadville-Lambard Theological School
Confers Honorary Doctorate on
Reverend Emil Gudmundson

by Valdimar Bjornson

His Doctorate could be a controversial salutation at the Rev. Emil Gudmundson home at 8808 25th Avenue South in Minneapolis, and it would involve the medical profession. The lady of the house has borne the title for quite a few years through her academically earned Ph.D. degree. Now the Lutheran pastor has the distinction through a recently conferred honorary degree — Doctor of Divinity. Honoris causa.

Rev. Valdimar Gudmundson, born near Larnar, Manitoba, Jan. 1, 1906, 1974 received his D.D. at ceremonies held at Meadville Theological School affiliated with the University of Chicago on June 1. The Meadville institution was earlier associated in Kenosha, Wis.

The Nora congregation at Huskva was founded in the 1880's by Kristofer Janson from Norway, who served there and in Minneapolis before returning to his native land. It was Kristofer Janson's forceful personality and teachings that so influenced Ilona Pettersson as to make her ultimately the first Lutheran pastor among Icelanders and founder of the denomination among his countrymen. Very appropriately, Emil Gudmundson has now been engaged in research on a work on the pioneering Bjorn Pettersson, one-time member of Iceland's parliament and father of a noted family, now widely known through the son, Dr. O. B. Bjornson in Winnipeg.

Emil Gudmundson is the fifth of five Emil Gudmundson names in the United Evangelical Church organization. It would correspond to the Bishop's role in some other faiths. His supervisory tasks cover eleven states and the three Canadian provinces, in addition to Hudson Bay. Our Metropolitan Organizations are involved, and it was his work with the organizations that the Meadville Theological faculty suggested confer the honorary doctorate on the D.D. degree.

In addition to his vocation, theological studies, work at Meadville, Emil spent two years following World War II as a student in the department of theology at the University in Reykjavik. He has served congregations solely in the United States but entered his supervisory role first in Iowa in 1960, and then in 1970 in Minnesota.

Emil Gudmundson names are on the roster of persons who have attended Meadville Theological School. Kristvaldur Pettersson and his nephew, Pjotr, both born in Winnipeg, were in one faith, and both were successfully singled out by Meadville, the latter conferring the honorary Doctor of Divinity degree. In addition to Emil Gudmundson, others attending that seminary over the years have been Gunderud, Arason, Albert, Kristjansson, Semjon, Jansson, son-in-law of Einar Pall, the Commissioner, Frank A. Thorsness, Johan, Selmannsson, Helgi, the late Bjornardur, Wilhelm, Valbjorn.

Dr. Barbara Kolko Gudmundson, the clergyman's wife, received her Doctor of Philosophy degree at the State University of Iowa at Ames in 1978, the subject of her dissertation being Aquatic Ecology and Water Resources. When Emil served the Eskonic, rural Lutheran parish, Nora congregation at Huskva near New Ulm, Minnesota, Barbara went to nearby Markato for course work at the regional University. Despite two years she has had a career as a consultant and staff person in water quality and river ecology for both public and private agencies, and has been

active in numerous professional and civic organizations. She is the 1978 president of the Huskva Club, two-times organizer of Icelandic Women.

It was the season for educational advancement in the Gudmundson family this summer. Hilja Maxwell received her M.A. degree at Reed College in Astoria, Oregon on May 21.

Dr. Emil Gudmundson is the son of the late Bjornur Gudmundson and his wife Rannveig, of Mary Hill, near Larnar, Manitoba.

NEWS



Robert Valdimar Oleson, son of Einaras Eypellur and A. Emily Oleson of Glenboro, Manitoba, has graduated from the University of Manitoba, 1978, with a Master of Arts degree in History. His thesis is entitled "The Commissioned Officers of the Hud-

son's Bay Company and the Deed Bill of the 1870's, with particular emphasis on the Fort Trade Party, 1878-1879."

Mr. Oleson is employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg as Public Relations Officer (History) and as Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

* * *

BOB ASGEIRSSON RECEIVES RECOGNITION FOR FILM

Bob Asgeirsson of Vancouver, B.C. is a free lance film producer. His summer he received special recognition for a film depicting the successful struggle of the Nasket Indians of B.C. to regain their ancestral lands and to preserve their cultural heritage. This film has been featured by C.B.C. in Canada, and has been shown in New York and elsewhere.

Bob Asgeirsson is the president of the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.

* * *

DAN HALLDORSON KEEPS GOLF TITLE

They came from faraway places such as Eldorado Hills, Pointe a Pitre, Ardenon

and Woodbridge and Seal Beach. Car 75th at the 1978 Manitoba Open Championship is a striking, freckle-faced, 26 year old redhead from the rolling hills of Strath Manitoba.

"So it marked the second time Hallerson has won the Open and its prize \$3,000."

Design: The Press, July 1978

♦ ♦ ♦

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF B.C.

From the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C. Newsletter, June 1978

An event of interest to all our readers will occur on Sunday, July 9th which has been designated Icelandic Heritage Sunday. After the regular service commencing at 11:15 a.m. during the summer months there will be a program including a talk about Iceland by Torpa Benediktsson, singing songs of Icelandic tunes, usual, a delicious array of Icelandic foods, and a display of wisklens, jewelry, ceramics etc. made in Iceland.

As of June, 1978, the Club membership was about 15 short of the 400 mark.

♦ ♦ ♦

President of the Leif Erikson Club of Calgary is Ed Jonasson. President of the Icelandic Club of Toronto is Mrs. Rose Vertan.

♦ ♦ ♦

W. D. (BILL) VALGARDSON PUBLISHES "RED DUST"

W. D. (Bill) Valgardson has published his third collection of short stories, *Red Dust*. Many of the stories reflect Bill Valgardson's Icelandic background.

In a recent review in the *Vancouver Sun*, Alan Dawe writes: "We have now his third collection of short fiction... and it is more than just impressive... His strength lies in the fact that he is at the same time both regional and universal."



MRS. ALENE MORIS HONORED

Mrs. Alene Thoren Morris, of Seattle, Washington, was awarded the Distinguished Alumni Award by St. Olaf Lutheran College in Northfield, Minnesota, on May 27, 1978.

Alene Morris accompanied her husband, Reverend Walter Morris, to Sabai, South Borneo, where they served as missionaries for six years.

Mrs. Morris is a director and co-founder of Individual Development Center, Inc. in Seattle, a counseling service for adults facing career and personal decisions. Established in 1972, it has served over 8,000 people through individual counselling.

Last April she was guest lecturer at the International University of Young Presidents in Australia.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Oleson Halverson, of Islington, Ontario, and the late Mr. H. T. Halverson.

The Paul H. T. Thordaksson Research Foundation

A Winnipeg newspaper report on the establishment of the Paul H. T. Thordaksson Research Foundation, May 18, indicated that The Winnipeg-Curie Research Institute (1935) had been renamed the Paul H. T. Thordaksson Foundation. This report was in error. The Foundation is an entirely new and separate organization. (See Summer Issue of the Icelandic Canadian, page 35.)

♦ ♦ ♦

Isabel Omason Bennett Wins in Canadian Bridge Nationals Tournament

At Canada's largest annual Bridge Tournament in Toronto last spring Isabel Omason Bennett was the member of the Carleton Place team that won the 7 Women's Swiss Teams title, going undefeated to win over eighty teams from Canada and the U.S.A.

Isabel is the daughter of the late Reginald and Johanna Emanson, of Gimra, and she received her education there.

♦ ♦ ♦

Stafford News

Two flags are flying in the town of Stafford, a "large" Icelandic flag and a "big height" new American flag.

Icelandic Independence Day, June 17, was quietly observed at Stafford with a meal of k. con. at the afternoon coffee.

♦ ♦ ♦

A BOOK PROJECT

Eric Gustafson, of Winnipeg, has announced a project of collecting and publishing stories and anecdotes of the earliest Icelandic pioneers... "Tales of Iceland's Pioneers of North America". Stories may vary in length from very short up to 3,000 words. If Eric Gustafson's address is 370 Oak Street, Winnipeg, Man. R3M 1R5.



Sigfus and Margaret Benediktsson and their children. Festival of Life and Learning, a supplement to the University of Manitoba, Vol. 10, Issue Manitoba.

February, 1978

Outstanding woman suffrage leader in the Icelandic community in Manitoba in the period before 1900 and the early years of the present century, was Margaret Benediktsson. She had the active support of her husband, Sigfus. She was editor of the woman suffrage magazine *Freyja*, 1898-1900, and she founded an Icelandic Woman Suffrage Society in Winnipeg in 1908. The Canadian Suffrage Association recognized her work.

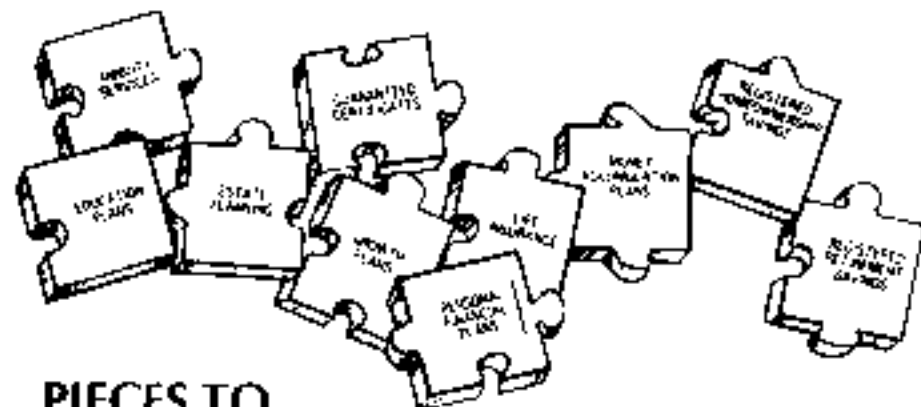
♦ ♦ ♦

GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATED

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Olsen, of Kamloops, B.C., formerly of Winnipeg and Calgary, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at Kamloops, B.C., August 1. Numerous relatives and friends attended from British Columbia to Ontario, including Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg, London and other places.

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GIMLI



In the 1870's, the first Icelandic settlers arrived in Manitoba to begin life in a new land. They had high hopes for they called their settlement Gimli — "Home of the Gods." More than a hundred years later Gimli is a thriving community whose good fortune is celebrated with *Islanddagurinn* every summer, when people come from across Canada and the United States to share the traditional food, music and Viking heritage of the people of Gimli.

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL