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The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XLI, No. 3

Winnipeg, Canada

Spring, 1983

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A North American quarterly published in Winnipeg, Canada,
dedicated to the preservation of the Icelandic heritage.

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Information regarding correspondence and subscription rates, see NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS on page 6 in this issue.

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HOLMFRIDUR (FREDA) DANIELSON

One of the founders, former editor, and Editor Emeritus
of The Icelandic Canadian.

It is tempting — almost compelling — to elaborate on all her countless activities. How she accomplished so much in the short span of a lifetime will always remain a mystery. Dedication, of course. What else? Inexhaustible energy? Sheer will power? Only she knew, but it is comforting and reassuring for mankind to know that women have been strong in the years gone by, are now, and will be for the years to come. Freda avowed though, that but for the encouragements and the loving support of her husband, Hjalmur, she could not have performed as effectively as she did. A strong woman and an understanding and loving husband working in unison! What an unbeatable team!

With the passage of time the actors leave the stage of life. Many are soon forgotten, but there are those whose performance deserves to be remembered and appreciated from generation unto generation.

—A.V.

EDITORIAL

TWO SCORE YEARS

by Paul A. Sigurdson

Now that *The Icelandic Canadian* has completed its fortieth year of publication it is perhaps an appropriate time to look back on what it has achieved, to measure its present value, and to cast a wary, prophetic eye to the future.

The Icelandic Canadian first appeared on the scene in October 1942. It was conceived and organized by the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg and was to be its sounding-board. The purpose of the publication was spelled out in the second issue and it may be worthwhile to list the gist of the five guidelines at this time — viz.

1. To assist in making the things of value in our Icelandic heritage a living part of ourselves.
2. To provide an instrument by which the children of mixed marriages may be reached to instil in them a better knowledge of our heritage.
3. To provide a means whereby Canadians of Icelandic extraction can become better acquainted.
4. To stimulate greater effort by making known to our readers the contribution of Icelandic Canadians to the highest and best type of citizenship.
5. To place before the people of Canada our interpretation of the position we take as Canadian citizens.*

From the above it is quite clear that the Icelandic Canadian Club wanted to pre-

*An interesting sidelight showing the sharp contrast of a "true" Icelander to the Icelandic Canadians occurred in a May issue of "Lögberg" (1942). In the article Johanna Knudsen accused the "Icelandic Canadian" that a part of its policy was to encourage (Canadian Icelanders) enlistments in the war. Looking at it objectively and in perspective, perhaps the criticism was to some extent justified. Few escape the fever of war.

serve, in print, the best of our Icelandic heritage, and weave it harmoniously into the strands of the Canadian fabric.

As might be expected the publication was launched with a small allotment of cash but with the brimming beaker of hope which so often characterizes those people with initiative and drive. A few gloomy prophets predicted its early demise but, as we now know, they were needlessly pessimistic. Not that the venture has had clear sailing. Financial support has been a recurring — if not continuous — problem; and with the rising costs of paper and printing the price of the magazine has increased twelve-fold — from one dollar to twelve.

But largely due to a small dedicated group of editors and staff *The Icelandic Canadian* has endured. It is true to say that all of the editors have served the magazine with dedication, competence and energy, and we list them for you below.

Laura Goodman Salverson (1942-3); Judge W. J. Lindal (1944-7); Holmfridur Danielson (1947-53); Axel Vopnfjord (1953-5); Judge W. J. Lindal (1955-70); Wilhelm Kristjanson (1970-78); Axel Vopnfjord (1979-). And we must not forget the loyal company of subscribers who have in increasing numbers provided the essential backing. In 1942 there were 300 subscribers, now there are about 1100.

The format of the magazine has changed little through the years. The convenient, easy-to-handle size is the same, the title type, once a modified italic, is now a more formal roman. In more recent issues the covers have shown more life and originality.

And now a word about the content. It is of necessity eclectic. Its common denominator of interest is the Icelandic in our

readers, the Viking blood — sometimes thinned, sometimes almost negligible, yet perennially meaningful. Because of this common interest the magazine attempts to cover the whole spectrum of human activity. *The Icelandic Canadian* is not just a scholarly publication, and yet deep scholarly articles have frequently appeared. It is not a sports magazine, and yet many sports articles have occurred. It is not a political, musical or historical magazine, nor one dedicated solely to the arts, yet such articles do appear. In short, the magazine is meant to be of interest to all — not in *whole*, and *all* of the time, — but in *part* and *some* of the time.

Therein lies its value. We learn from it what there may be in the Icelandic mind and culture which is worth preserving: the poetic tradition, the sense of individualism and independence, the noble characteristics of bearing pain and hardship, and keeping a lively spirit shining through it all. We want, if possible, to preserve these charac-

teristics, in spite of a society where too many have given in to despair, where too many have traded inner peace for outward show, and where too many, like Peer Gynt's onion, are all layers without a core.

Now we look forward to better years for *The Icelandic Canadian*. Perhaps the executive will one day see fit to alter its name to include our loyal American friends, who have contributed in large measure from the earliest year. Of course, costs will rise, editors will cry "wolf", and the financial chairman will scrounge around "tearing at his hair" seeking financial help, but we are confident this little "fley" launched forty years ago, will yet go on for some time.

As a fitting close, we quote from the constitution of the Icelandic Canadian Club founded in 1938. Its few words may best illustrate the value of the magazine. It is for "perpetuating Icelandic culture and promoting good fellowship". Wisely said. One is of little worth without the other.



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AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

SHOULD WE CHANGE THE NAME OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN?

(An analysis of the response to our survey.)

The survey was undertaken to determine whether our compatriots south of the border would prefer a more inclusive name. Regardless of the name, it is our impression that, judging from their support and contributions, a considerable number of our American friends regard our quarterly as theirs as well as ours. It is our hope that it should be regarded as such.

We received 46 replies (4% of our subscribers). Results: opposed — 38 (83% of the total); in favor — 8 (17%). Some replacement titles suggested were: The Western Icelander, The Icelandic Canadian/American, The Icelandic Heritage, Iceland Overseas, Vinland, Wineland, Vestur Islendingurinn, The North American Icelander.

Judging from the scantiness of the response, it can only be concluded that the great majority of our subscribers are satisfied with the name, or do not care.

In view of the overwhelming opposition to a change in name, we have decided that *for the time being* there will be no change.

The following are a few excerpts from comments made by our subscribers in response to our survey:

Do NOT change the name of MY magazine.

* * *

The present name is perfectly acceptable.

* * *

We both thoroughly enjoy the magazine, and appreciate deeply the work of yourself and other Board members.

* * *

Names ARE important. We form judgments on the basis of a name, and even

more often draw conclusions and make certain associations.

I am not trying to degrade the name, and I personally find no objection to it. However, I would ask you to seriously consider a name change to somehow include, or at least attempt to include, a wider range of North American Icelanders.

* * *

I like the name ICELANDIC CANADIAN, but would not object if "and American" were added. The price is O.K. and the contents. Articles such as the one by E. Leigh Syms on Viking Horns are most valuable and interesting.

* * *

I rather like the present name, but if there were any change, my next choice would be THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN/AMERICAN.

* * *

If you want to increase the number of your subscribers to reach the approximately 5,000 Icelanders (born in Iceland), who reside in the United States, we feel that a name change would be helpful. The Western Icelander (Vestur Islendingurinn), Vinland or Wineland come to mind as possible names.

The present format of the magazine is very conservative and old-fashioned. It is our opinion that it should be conservative, but it should be spruced up a bit to make it more lively. In its present form it is too dry and rigid for the average Western Icelander.

It is our hope that the criticism set forth in this letter will be taken as constructive, which it is meant to be. We will still like THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN and will read it even if it does not change one iota.

Since our Magazine was inaugurated, it has been a success. I, therefore, think it would be a mistake to change the name or the format. I would like to commend the Editorial Staff for its work on the publication.

* * *

"NEW ICELAND" TOUR

The Manitoba Historical Society will sponsor a two-day bus tour of "New Iceland" and other Icelandic settlements in the Interlake area of Manitoba on 24-25 September 1983. Cost of the tour will be about \$60-65 per person, which includes most meals and all transportation costs. Participants will be responsible for breakfasts and snacks and for their overnight accommodation at the Gull Harbour Resort on Hecla Island.

Participants will tour "Historic New Iceland", travelling along the "Colonization Road" between Winnipeg Beach and Riverton, with stops at Husavik, Gimli, Arnes, Hnausa, Sandy Bar and Riverton. The group will tour Hecla Island and stay overnight at the Gull Harbour Resort. After a tour along the Icelandic River, participants will travel to Arborg and Vidir. Returning to Winnipeg, the tour bus will pass through Lundar and the Shoal Lake Icelandic settlements. The excursion will leave Winnipeg at 8:00 A.M. on 24 September and return by about 8:00 - 9:00 P.M. the following day.

Participation in this tour is limited, so interested individuals should indicate their interest as soon as possible. Pre-registration (with a deposit) is required by the end of June 1983. For further information on the tour and for a registration form, please contact the Manitoba Historical Society (190 Rupert Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0N2 — 747-0559) or Eric Jonasson (885-5792).

* * *

KJERNESTED REUNION

The descendants of Elias Jonsson Kjer-

nested (1830-1906) are planning a reunion in the Husavick area in honour of the 100th anniversary of the family's settlement on its farm in "New Iceland". The date of the reunion is tentatively set for the first week in August 1983.

All members of the Kjernested family (both the descendants of Elias, as well as those of Elias' brothers, Kristjan and Fridfinnur) are invited to take part in this celebration and gathering of "the clan". For further information, please contact Eric Jonasson, Box 205, St. James P.O., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3J 3R4 (885-5792).

* * *

THE EMIL GUDMUNDSON BOOK FUND

Readers of *The Icelandic Canadian* will have noted the death of Rev. Emil Gudmundson, D.D., on December 27, 1982.

One of his major accomplishments was his research into the beginnings of Unitarianism among Icelanders both in Iceland and in their pioneer settlements in Canada and the United States. This research culminated in a series of lectures which he delivered in 1981 in Winnipeg and Arborg and which dealt with a number of Unitarian religious leaders, including the clergymen Matthias Jokumsson, Magnus Eiriksson, Bjorn Petursson and Magnus Skaptason, as well as the poet, Stephan G. Stephanson.

Shortly before his death, Emil had integrated the substance of these lectures into a manuscript which he planned to publish in book form. In fact, he had already begun to discuss it with potential publishers.

The publication of this book is now being undertaken by Emil's widow, Barbara. Those who wish to honor Emil's memory by assisting with the publication may forward their donation to:

The Emil Gudmundson Book Fund
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321 Moorgate Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3J 2L4

PEOPLE

APPOINTED PRESIDENT AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF MANITOBA HYDRO



John J. Arnason

Mr. Arnason was born in Gimli, Manitoba, son of the late Vilhjalmur Arnason and Runa Arnason who is now 94 years of age. He received his Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering from the University of Manitoba in 1948. John, who resides in Winnipeg, is married with four children.

Upon graduation, he joined the Manitoba Power Commission as Rural Electrification Engineer followed by various years of service as a Station Design Department Engineer, Construction Engineer and Coordinating and Methods Engineer. This period of time encompassed that era when the Commission was deeply committed to the large rural electrification program in the province.

After the amalgamation of the Manitoba Power Commission and the Manitoba Hydro-Electric Board in 1961, and the resulting reorganization, Mr. Arnason was appointed Field Operations Manager, a position he held until his appointment as Director of Construction in 1966.

Subsequent to a further reorganization within the Corporation in October, 1971, Mr. Arnason was appointed to the position of Assistant General Manager - Administration. He later served as Assistant General Manager - Operations and Assistant General Manager - Engineering. On January 16, 1975, John was appointed General Manager - Corporate Operations, the position he now holds.

He is a graduate of the Banff School of Advanced Management, a member of the Association of Professional Engineers of Manitoba, the Canadian Society for Electrical Engineering, the Canadian Electrical Association, the Alumni Association of the University of Manitoba and the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce. He is a Director of the Industrial Applications of Micro-electronics Centre Inc., Manitoba Water Commission, Betel Home Foundation, and an honorary life member of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba.

The Icelandic Canadian heartily congratulates John on his appointment to this responsible and prestigious position.

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LEN AND KAREN AND THE HEKLA SINGERS AT THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL AT GIMLI, 1982



(Left to right) Kristin Stewart-Hay, Kristjan Vopnfjord, Erica Stewart-Hay, Tristin Tergesen, Linden, Karen and Len Vopnfjord.

* * *

NEW MAGAZINE BOARD MEMBER



Kristjana Gunnars

Kristjana Gunnars was born in Reykjavik, Iceland, in 1948, moved to Oregon in the States in 1964, and to Canada in 1969. Since then she has lived in Vancouver, Squamish, B.C., Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, and Victoria. She took her B.A. in Oregon, her M.A. at the University of Regina, and is taking her Ph.D. at the University of Manitoba now. All this in literature. She has published four books of poems, and stories, articles, reviews and incidental poems in various journals, etc. in Canada, the U.S. and Iceland.

We are pleased to announce that Kristjana is now a member of our Magazine Board.

PRESIDENT U SAN YU ACCEPTS CREDENTIALS
OF AMBASSADOR OF CANADA



President U San Yu greeting Mr. Björgvin Christopher William Westdal, Ambassador of Canada, before accepting his letters of credence. (NAB photo.)

— Courtesy of The Guardian, Rangoon, Burma.

RANGOON, Nov. 3 — U San Yu, President of the Socialist Republic of the Union of Burma, accepted the letters of credence presented by Mr. Björgvin Christopher William Westdal, Ambassador of Canada, at the Office of the President of Windermere at 9.30 a.m. today.

Also present on the occasion were Col. Aung Myint Baw, Director-General of the Office of the President, and U Thein Aung, Director-General of the Protocol Department, Ministry of Foreign Affairs. — NAB.

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JON ARASON (1494 - 1550), AND
THOMAS MORE (1478 - 1535)

The life and character of Jon Arason, Bishop of Holar (1524-50), the northernmost episcopal see of Iceland, bear some striking resemblances to those of his near contemporary Thomas More. Representing two distinct cultures on islands remote from each other, yet not unaware of each other,¹ the two men were enlightened humanists, servants of the state, spiritual leaders in the resistance to the Reformation, and martyrs for the old faith. Both were translators of significant works, both wrote poetry in the classical tradition and in new forms, both forwarded the cultural equality of women.

Arason's countrymen considered him their best poet of the era. Surveys of Icelandic literature always include his *Liomr* ("Leam") and his *Pislargratr* ("Passion tears"). Some of his epigrams are reminiscent of Martial, succinct and terse; their themes echo More's Latin poems, when they condemn the arbitrary power of kings and praise death as liberator and gift-giver. On his way to the scaffold, the old bishop composed the following quatrain:

*What is the world? a bitter cheat
If Danes must sit on the judgment
seat,*

*When I step forth my death to meet
Any lay my head at the king's feet.²*

As More's introspective **Dialogue of Comfort** anticipates modern man's search for self-awareness. Arason's poem on his horse *Moalingr* inaugurated the genre of *hesta Vista*, which uses humor to mask profound truths too piercing to be expressed directly. Unlike More, however, the ardent Icelander often broke through this jester's mask in passionate anger.

Both Arason and More spoke out for and worked towards achieving for women equal rights to a higher education. Indeed,

Arason went beyond More's idea of Women's equality when he (Arason) requested that his wife, the strong-minded daughter of a church-provost, should hear the confessions of both himself and their two sons, Ari and Bjorn, before they were led to the scaffold.

Both Arason and More were fervent patriots, yet put God first, national independence second. Like the London lawyer, the prelate tried to serve his king. He resisted only when the monarch, Christian III of Denmark, began, through a new body of church laws, to enforce Lutheranism on Iceland, which had adopted the Catholic faith by deomcratic process in 1000.³ He also protested the sending of Danish troops to enforce the collection of royal taxes. Circumstances prompted him to go further than More by offering not only his life but also the lives of two of his sons. A chronicle play quotes him as saying at his death: "If we could purchase peace and freedom for others with our lives, then we are prepared to die."⁴ More was canonized for dying "in the faith and for the faith" and Arason too owes his major fame to the fact that he died "a martyr for his faith and his country."⁵

These heroes of conscience took legal action against blatant misbelief, yet dealt gently with dissent when it was not seditious; More spared his son-in-law Roper, and Arason his son Sigurd. Politically the bishop of Holar reasoned like John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, when he appealed to the emperor, secular head of Christendom, to intervene in his country for the removal of tyranny and the safeguard of the old faith.⁶

Like many Icelandic priests of his day, Arason took a commonlaw wife, who gave him nine children.⁷ He defended the mar-

riage of the clergy as a lesser evil than concubinage. More in the *Utopia* allowed for both celibate and married priests, while he expressed elsewhere a firm preference for clerical celibacy. Early in his adult life he shrank from taking holy orders because he was not sure he could lead a celibate life. Would he have winked at its breach by Arason? The bishop was a loyal and loving husband; executed along with his sons, he resembles Utopian fathers escorted into war by their wives and children, the family being eager to stay together in death as in life. The two men's composure at their last hour puts the final touch to this brief parallel between their noble and winsome personalities.

Nancy Ruthford* Sodeman,
419 Valley Cove
Richardson, TX 75080, USA

1. Until the Reformation turned its trade toward the Hanse, Iceland had active commercial and cultural ties with England and even France. More refers to Iceland in his **Four Last Things**, 1557 WORKS, p. 74.
2. H. C. Hood, **Icelandic Church Saga** (London: SPCK, 1946), p. 155.
3. Frank Donovan, **The Vikings** (New York: Harper & Row, 1964), p. 107.
4. Trygvi Sveinbjörnsson, **Jon Arason**, Trans. Lee M. Hollander, p. 229.
5. Knut Gjerset, **History of Iceland** (New York: Macmillan, 1924), p. 301.

* Anglicization of Hrutfjörð.

A CHANGE OF SEASONS

by LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

I wait for the earth to awake from its winter,
To rise from the tomb of the dead;
The trees stand bare-boned
On the slate of the sky,
The color from earth has been bled.

Then slowly the buds on the trees start to form,

The green seems to burst from the brown:
The brilliance of spring
Leaps over the land,

Its splendor like rainbows at dawn.

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by LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

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AT CLOSE OF DAY

By Stephan G. Stephansson

Translated by Jakobina Johnson

When sunny hills are draped in velvet shadows,
by Summer Night —

And Lady Moon hangs out among the tree tops

Her crescent bright;

And when the welcome evening breeze is cooling

My fevered brow —

And all who toil, rejoice that blessed night time

Approaches now; —

When out among the herds the bells are tingling,

Now clear, now faint —

And in the woods a lonely bird is voicing

His evening plaint;

And when the breeze with drowsy accent whispers

Its melody —

And from the brook the joyous cries of children

Are borne to me; —

When fields of grain have caught a gleam of moonlight,

But dark the ground; —

A pearl-gray mist has filled to over-flowing

The dells around;

Some golden stars are peeping forth to brighten

The eastern wood; —

Then I am resting out upon my doorstep,

In nature's mood.

My heart reflects the rest and sweet rejoicing

Around, above;

And beauty is the universal language

And peace and love.



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THE NARROWS — SIGLUNES SETTLEMENT

(Continued from the autumn issue, 1982)

by William Friesen

Around the year 1887 Icelandic settlements were established at Swan Creek and Mary Hill in what is now known as the Lundar district. From here the settlers heard of excellent fishing in the vicinity of The Narrows on Lake Manitoba. This induced a number of the men to move to the lake during the winter and establish a fishing camp on one of the islands. In time some of them decided to stay and settled in The Narrows district on both the east and west shores of the lake. At this time a Mr. Sifton had a ranch there and operated a Hudson Bay store just north of The Narrows on the East shore of the lake. He befriended the new settlers and helped some of them to get started. He even had some of his Indian employees build temporary homes for them. Most of the settlers had but little wealth besides a team of oxen or horses and what they could load on their wagons. However, they were young and energetic and looked forward to a brighter future.

In the eighties a series of cold winters and volcanic eruptions had made life very difficult in parts of Iceland. As a result they decided to follow their co-nationals of the seventies and migrate to Canada or the U.S. A few of them came direct to The Narrows, some to the already established settlements such as Gimli. Some went to the Dakota territory. Quite a few stayed in Winnipeg for a time to earn enough money to get started. Eventually many of these reached The Narrows-Siglunes district. Not all stayed. For a time there was a considerable movement in and out. The stories of a few of them will serve to illustrate the pioneer conditions they endured and the quality of the men and women that lived

(some died) and worked and finally prospered.

Pall (Paul) Kjernested

Paul Kjernested came to Gimli with his parents and his wife, Sesselja. Hearing of the plentiful supply of fish and good pasture for sheep and cattle available at The Narrows, Paul moved there in 1893. He bought a piece of land from Joe Bone, a local Metis, and used the log house Bone had built as a temporary residence while he looked for a site for a permanent home. He finally found a site on the shore of Lake Manitoba, two and half miles east of the Narrows. While the house was being built the family lived in a tent.

During the winter Paul fished on Lake Manitoba. A story that indicates the hardness of the man has it that one day while chopping a hole into the ice his axe slipped into the water and sank to the bottom. This was his only axe and he had to have it, so he quickly took off his clothes, dived into the water and retrieved his axe.

Over the years Paul had developed a skill as a bonesetter and had also gained quite a knowledge of herbs and how to use them in healing men and animals. In addition he used various liniments which were available at local stores. He discovered a local plant that had great healing qualities. In an area where doctors were out of reach his knowledge and skills proved of great benefit to the community.

Paul's second wife, Gudny, died in 1903. Three of his children were under ten years of age: this meant that he would have to engage a housekeeper. He hired Snjolaug Jonsdottir and she later became his wife. They had one daughter, Katrin.

Paul, like other men of his time, took his politics very seriously and was generous in the aid of his party. Many meetings and rallies were held in his farm home. This placed quite a burden on the women of the household who put in many hours of preparation for his guests, baking, cleaning, washing, and finding extra sleeping accommodation.

Life in those pioneer years was hard for the men, but it was probably even harder for the women. The men hauled water from the lake in winter in huge barrels for drinking and cooking. The women cut blocks of snow for washing and melted it in copper kettles. Cattle and sheep provided the meat for food. The men would slaughter the animal, but the women had to preserve the meat by making sausage, head cheese and pickling, and in the summer slicing and fast frying the meat and putting it into sealers and covering it with the rendered fat to seal the juices. The men had to shear the sheep; the women had to wash and card the wool. (taken from Kae (Katrin) Kjernested's account of the pioneer life of her parents).

Helgi Einarson

Another family that came to The Narrows was the Einarsson family. They arrived in 1889 and settled at the south end of the point east of The Narrows. They were probably the first Icelandic people in the area. A post office was established in 1902 and Mr. Einarsson became the first post master. By this time his son, Helgi, had already established a reputation as a capable boatman and he got the contract to carry the mail weekly from Kinosota across the lake.

This was hardly enough to occupy Helgi. He built his first boat, 20 feet long, to carry supplies between Westbourne and the settlement. His skilful handling of the boat impressed Mr. Morteneau, the Indian agent, who, consequently hired him to deliver treaty money to the Indians, using the

treaty boat. This involved a round trip lasting six weeks every summer.

In 1897 he built a fairly large boat powered by a gasoline engine, to be used for fishing and freighting on the lake. He had an assistant. One day, when a leak in the gas line filled the engine room with gasoline vapour, the assistant ignorantly lit a match and caused an explosion. He was near the entrance and escaped with little injury. Helgi, at the far end of the engine room, enveloped in flames, dashed for the door and dived into the water. The wet clothes saved his body but his face and hands were badly burned. After a month in hospital and another month convalescing, Helgi was back at work.

In 1901 he built another boat which he named *The Iceland*. It was larger than the previous one and powered by steam. He started a store at The Narrows and used his new steam boat to trade with the Indians on the reserves bordering the shores of Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis. In 1911 he moved his business to Fairford and established stores at Lake St. Martin and Dauphin River Indian Reserves.

During this period he married Sarah Stagg, a native woman. They had four sons and a daughter. The sons grew up to be stalwart young men and they carried on the occupation of fishing with their father, who by this time had moved his operation to Lake Winnipeg.

The youngest son, Henry, served four years in the second World War as a commando in a division of the Intelligence Corps known as the "Suicide Squad". He came home unscathed!

Helgi died at the ripe old age of 91. He was truly one of Manitoba's hardest pioneers. He is described by one writer in the Narrows-Siglunes history as "An enterprising man, an unrivalled navigator, and a rugged individualist".

Asmundur Freeman

Another family that settled in The Narrows district was that of Magnus and Helga Freeman. A son of this family, Asmundur (Asi), born 1877 in Iceland, established an outstanding record in fishing, shipping, lumbering, and manufacturing. In 1894 at the age of 17 he got a job on the survey gang that surveyed the whole Narrows and Siglunes area. He had above average ability and was willing to work. His duties were to do the camp chores and keep it supplied with fresh meat. He did his work so well that he was paid 25 dollars a month, a very good wage for that time.

He gained experience in fishing and also began farming, settling on a farm on the east shore of Lake Manitoba some distance north of the Narrows. In 1908 he bought a half share in the saw mill operated by Bjorn Mathews in the lumber business and steam boat operation. However, after a year he sold his share and moved across the lake to Reykjavik, at that time known as The Bluff. Here he married Gislina Sigurdottir. She was described as "a very attractive woman, always gay and jovial and possessing abundant energy".

In 1920 he sold his farm at Reykjavik and bought out Bjorn Mathews at Siglunes. He continued as an agent for The Armstrong Trading Company and in addition operated a large fishing outfit, employing as many as forty men during the winter season. In summer he was engaged in fishing on Lake Winnipegosis. More than that, he was the first man to ship a big outfit up the Hudson Bay Railway when the Department of Fisheries declared open season on the Nelson River in 1825.

In the meantime he established a manufacturing industry at Siglunes, which produced building lumber, fish boxes and floats. At its height it employed as many men as his large fishing operation. By 1940 the lumber at Siglunes was depleted so he moved to Gypsumville and carried on there

much as he had at Siglunes, except that he added the production of railway ties. In addition he had a big fishing operation on Lake Winnipeg. He retired to Lundar in 1950 at the age of 73.

Asmundur Freeman was truly one of the great entrepreneurs of the Interlake country. As a result of his energy, initiative, and business acumen, many of the young men along the east and west shores of Lake Manitoba had the opportunity to earn much needed extra money. This was especially true during the depression years that followed the first world war.

Mr. Olie Johnson, writing in the Siglunes history, says, "Mr. Freeman was endowed with a keen mind, sound business ethics, unflinching memory . . . well liked and respected by those who knew him."

The Freemans had seven children, six sons and one daughter. Asmundur died in 1970 and Gislina in 1973. They were both interred in the cemetery at Vogar.

Continued in a subsequent issue

Greetings

from

A Friend

SPRING

by Hannes Hafstein

Translated by Jakobina Johnson

The woods have wakened, birch and oak are gay,
The warbling birds have sought the bowers.
And zephyrs fondle tenderly in play
The leaves and flowers.

O, I have wished to move thee, forest fair,
To mountainside and dale and lea!
I'd clothe those homeland places bleak and bare
But dear to me.

I would I were an ocean current grand
And warm as beats my pulse in spring.
I'd circle round thy shores, dear fatherland,
And blessings bring.

O, could I like a balmy wind convey
The breath of spring from fell to sound.
All snows should then forever melt away
And flowers abound.

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LEIFUR HEPPI (THE LUCKY) AND VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON



Bob Rutford in the Antarctic*

Polar Explorer to
President of the University of Texas
at Dallas.

Perhaps the most striking evidence that Robert Rutford has a double professional life is the official name of a large geological feature in Antarctica: the Rutford Ice Stream.

Since 1959, Rutford has been so deeply involved in polar science and polar exploration that his activities in that field parallel to the career which brought him to UTD.

Maybe his interest was predictable. "I grew up in an area developed by glaciers," he points out. "And I've always been involved with the outdoors in cold climates. For instance, I spent four years as a commercial fisherman on Lake Superior to help finance my education."

He got his first taste of life in permafrozen wilderness right out of college. After receiving a B.A. in geography from the University of Minnesota in 1954, he

* Anglicization of Hrutfjörð

entered the Army and spent a year testing oversnow vehicles in Greenland.

But his polar experience began in 1959, shortly after he started work on his Ph.D. in geology at Minnesota after completing requirements for an M.A. in geography there. His studies led to the first two of nine trips to Antarctica, to conduct field work during the Austral summers of 1959-60 and '60-61.

From 1963-66 he participated in research dealing with Antarctic geology, focusing on the continent's Ellsworth Mountains. In 1963-64 he led a University of Minnesota party in Antarctica, then became project leader when the principal investigator went on sabbatical.

"In about 1967 or '68 I said that was it, that I'd never go back again," he recalls.

Never say never.

After working from 1967-72 at the University of South Dakota, rising from assistant to associate professor of geology and chairman of both the geology and physics departments, he was appointed director of the University of Nebraska's Ross Ice Shelf Project (RISP) and Polar Ice Coring Office (PICO).

Established as part of a contract between Nebraska and the National Science Foundation (NSF), the RISP office conducted glaciological and geophysical research on Antarctica's Ross Ice Shelf. Rutford went to Nebraska to start the office and built it from the ground up. He hired the personnel, wrote project proposals, dealt with NSF and brought together scientists from 14 universities in seven countries to participate.

PICO was developed to provide ice drilling and logistic support capabilities for the Ross Project and to conduct associated re-

search in Greenland as well as in Antarctica.

NSF must have been impressed with his work. In 1975, he was appointed director of the Foundation's Division of Polar Programs, charged with carrying out all U.S. scientific activities in both the Antarctica and the Arctic.

With an annual budget totalling about \$50 million, the division funded and supervised not only the scientific work in the Antarctic but the supply lines, bases and logistics including operation of required ships and aircraft. The organization's responsibilities in the Arctic were a little narrower, dealing mainly with research.

Rutford's duties as director were to conduct the division's programs, make sure they complied with the Antarctic Treaty and to ensure the safety of all those involved.

He prepared annual plans and the division's presentation to both houses of Congress, also handling visits to Antarctica by members of Congress and cabinet officers. He dealt with representatives of various

Congressional committees, federal agencies, military units, universities and private business.

He was also directly involved in the negotiation of agreements between the U.S. and several foreign countries (among them Russia, Britain, Argentina, Japan, Denmark and New Zealand) for joint activities at both poles.

But that wasn't all. He served as chairman of the Interagency Arctic Research Coordinating Committee (composed of 14 federal agencies involved in Arctic research), as well as a member of both the Arctic and Antarctic Policy Groups (chaired by the Department of State); was the Deputy Head of the U.S. delegation to the Ninth Antarctic Treaty Preparatory Meeting in London; and advisor to the U.S. representative on the Scientific Committee for Antarctic Research (SCAR).

In the fall of 1975 he visited glaciological research centers in Russia as an invited guest of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. While there, he received a medal honoring his work from the Academy's Institute of Glaciology.



Rutford's love: Antarctica

When he left the NSF position in 1977, the Foundation also honored him with its highest award, the Distinguished Service Award.

After that it was back to academia. He returned to Nebraska as vice chancellor for research and graduate studies and professor of geology, also serving a year as the university's interim chancellor. But that didn't mean he abandoned his polar interests.

He chaired an experts group meeting in preparation for the Tenth Antarctic Treaty Meeting and served as a member of the U.S. delegation to two consultative meetings of the Antarctic Treaty Nations.

He is still a consultant to the National Science Foundation, a member of the National Research Council's Polar Research Board and serves on the Antarctic Section of the State Department's Ocean Affairs Advisory Committee.

All this activity has included travels along the lines of latitude as well as longitude. International science activities have taken him to Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, England, France, Switzerland, and Argentina as well as to Russia.

Most recently, he went to Wellington, New Zealand from June 12-26 and on to Leningrad June 27-July 11 to participate in the first international meetings examining questions surrounding mineral exploration and exploitation in Antarctica. In connection with this issue, he'll convene a meeting later this fall of a group of specialists interested in the environmental implications of Antarctic mineral development.

At last count, he had authored or co-authored about 30 articles in the areas of geology and polar science, including those on Antarctica in the 1976 and '77 Encyclopedia Britannica book of the Year.

What's the lure of polar studies? Exploration?

"When I became involved, I suppose that may have been part of it," Rutford admits. "Back then, almost any place you stepped in Antarctica was someplace nobody had been before. But then research in any form is exploration."

Perhaps the closest Rutford gets to putting his finger on it is pure scientific interest. "From the social standpoint, I guess polar research might not rank very high in importance, at least not yet, though it's not without some concern. I feel I'm part of a small group of people involved in monitoring Antarctica's future. But from the scientific point of view, some understanding of the area is essential."

— *UTD ADVANCE*
News from The University
of Texas at Dallas,
October, 1982.



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SKULI SIGURGEIRSSON (An Appreciation)

by Dr. V. J. Eylands



Rev. Skuli Sigurgeirsson

During the tenure of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod, many young men stepped forth from its ranks and offered themselves for service in the Christian ministry. Several of them are still remembered with gratitude by the generations they served. Skuli Sigurgeirsson of Hecla Island was one of those men, and the last native son to appear on the scene. It is doubtful whether he ever actually aspired to the ministry, but it seems that there was within him an inner urge which he could not escape. Even that is nothing unusual; many a man has engaged in a long struggle before he surrendered to the Spirit. It is safe to assume that the Call came to him intermittently, and even simultaneously from three directions. He knew that ministers were urgently needed and wanted in many vacant congregations in his Synod. Although he rarely spoke of it, he was aware of his own cultural background. His grandfather Sigurgeir Jakobsson had

been pastor in an important parish in the State Church of Iceland for twenty years. His great-grandfather had been decorated by the King of Denmark at the end of a long term as civil servant. Somehow he could never get over the feeling that he owed God something special for having been, as it seemed, miraculously saved from injury or instant death, in the great Halifax explosion of 1917, when he was a cadet in the Canadian Navy. When he finally decided, as a middle aged man, to respond positively to the call, nothing could further detain him, neither the pessimism of his associates nor the rather remote possibility of attaining his goal. From then on he never looked back. But the years passed by swiftly, years of preparation, of intense activity, of triumph, sadness and loneliness. The greatest triumph of his ministry came to him when the community in which he was born and brought up — the Gimli-Hecla Parish — invited him to become their pastor, and built a nice pastorate for him at Gimli. Such compliments are seldom granted local sons. After that came years of service in Saskatchewan, Minnesota and North Dakota. The years slipped by, and so did Sarah (Sigridur), his first and only love and constant inspiration.

Retirement followed with supply work in many places, some travelling and roaming among relatives and friends . . . many years of waiting until his dust was finally joined with hers in the cemetery of the town where they had lived together in the years of their greatest happiness.

Skuli did not change much by becoming "sera". The title and the clerical garb did not set him apart from other men. He never

developed the solemnity or the sanctimony which is frequently associated with the clergy. He did not speak in parables or obscure language, but expressed his opinions regardless of the weather vane. His laughter was loud, but it was also contagious. He would rather be a laugher than a lamenter among men because he believed that we live in a beautiful world in which the capacity for happiness is given to all people.

SEA QUEST

by Kristiana Magnusson

She is so vast a sea
so awesome
in her strength
and unrelenting rhythm,
and jet . . .
withal . . .
she is compassionate,
a mother confessor
to the millions
who, over the centuries,
have flocked to her shores —
shedding their burdens
on her pebbled sands,
recapturing joys
of childhood days,
wrapping about them
renewed strength
and inner peace
as they feel
the aching wonder
of the sea,
her timelessness
a glimpse of eternity.

Steeetings

from

A Friend

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MOUNTAIN MAN

by Marjorie Jones



Matt Olason crafted his buckskin outfit by hand, including the coyote-head hat and the beaded scabbard for his muzzle-loader.

Josef Scaylea/Seattle Times

Winthrop, Okanogan County — Matt Olason, mountain man of Methow Valley, pits himself against the rugged, high country armed only with a flint, steel and the gun.

"I stay out as long as I can convince myself I don't *have* to come back," says the silver-bearded 72-year-old.

Olason lives the life of a buckskinner "whenever I can get away."

Winter or summer, it makes no difference to him. If the snow is deep and the weather cold, he'll go on snowshoes. In summer he packs one of his Spanish mustangs and rides the other.

"My ordinary, everyday life isn't any different from any retiree," Olason re-

ports. "It's like anyone raising a few head of stock and irrigating, putting up hay in the summer and feeding a few cows and sheep in the winter."

Olason first visited this valley while stationed on Whidbey Island for the Navy. He returned after retirement in 1961 and has made his hobby the study of mountain men of the early 1800s.

What he has gained is great respect for the Indians and their skills.

"The Indian had learned to live with nature, something the white man has never done," he explains.

What's more, Olason says, the Indian adapted to every climate on the North American continent. It was from the Indian that the mountain men and fur trappers learned their survival skills.

"If he didn't learn, he went under," Olason says.

Olason learned survival skills in the Navy, where he served as an aviation radio and electronics specialist. What he gleaned through reading and practical experience in the High Cascades has been an extension of his military training, he says.

It can get bitterly cold in the mountains surrounding the Methow, but winter camping presents no problem for Olason, who grew up on the Saskatchewan prairies of Canada.

"Bivouacking in the boonies in winter? There's nothing to it. How do you think the Indians survived in Northern Saskatchewan?" he asks. (Temperatures of 50 below zero are not unusual in that prairie province.)

Olason won't take matches on his survival trips.

"The Indians never had them," he comments.

Olason uses his flint and steel for fire-making. He carries a replica of a muzzle-

loading gun and does use it, but he has other weapons, including a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight.

He hand-sews his buckskin clothes, coyote-head hat, moccasins lined with beaver and bearskin leggings.

Olason also has tanned many hides, "but I never sold a doggone pelt in my life. I just took enough for my own needs."

Olason also made his beaded buckskin scabbards for his gun and knife, and, except for the bead-work, an exquisite Indian saddle. His buffalo gunpowder horn for the muzzle-loader also is of his making.

Everything is constructed as authentically as possible. Olason checks with his books and his collection of Remington and Russell prints for accuracy.

His painstaking efforts have resulted in first-place prizes in the Winthrop Forty-Niners Festival parades for years. His trophies fill a corner of the house he lives in near Mazama.

Olason was born in Pembina County, N.D. of Icelandic heritage. His family

moved to Saskatchewan, Canada, when he was 5, and returned to this country in the '30s.

Musically inclined, Olason learned by ear to play the banjo, piano and guitar and to sing. Today he dons his vest and derby hat and he plays "in almost every beer parlor and honky-tonk in the valley."

Although he lives alone, Olason is far from a hermit. He resides in a cabin owned by friends, who live next door. He helps with their ranch work. His wife died when his son, Kenneth, was an infant and the baby was raised by his sister. Kenneth now lives in Belfair, Mason County.

And what has this mountain man proven to himself after his many efforts to show it's still possible to survive in the wilderness?

"Yes, you can live off the country," he concludes, "but only during hunting season."

— *The Seattle Times*
July 28, 1982

IN THE NEWS

ICELAND'S PRESIDENT BRINGS HER WARM WIT TO SEATTLE

*Excerpts from an article
in Seattle's Post-Intelligencer,
September 23, 1982.*

She has come from the Land of Fire and Ice to help inaugurate Seattle's Scandinavian Today celebration.

She's Vigdis Finnbogadottir, president of the Republic of Iceland. But just call her President Vigdis, she insists. Everybody goes by the first name back home, she says.

In a relaxed press conference yesterday at the Westin Hotel, Vigdis held forth on a brisk array of topics from her symbolic governmental role to Iceland's 1975

women's strike to her beliefs about the importance of cultural exchange.

Like the opposites of her home soil — a North Atlantic island where volcanoes and glaciers abound — Vigdis, 52, is an amalgam of cool reserve and warm wit. She appeared casually patrician in a peach-toned outfit and a pillbox hat.

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this long

find another
environment

out of the dream
whole

the coast drops gentle
into sea, slow
shore
sand mixtures
mud
pure mud

long stretches of pure mud sands

& above high-
tide mark
rock reef cliff

river currents erode

particles
waves fling
animals/lives
against this rock

grind shells
this sand is fragments
(mussel, cockle, sea snails, sea urchins)

fragments

of other lives

pulverized

between our fingers

this sand is rich in
 coral
 white
 shining
 dream
 home
 of seaweed/marine flowers

submarine meadows
 we long
 for
 warm seas
 we forage
 in
 beds of plants & the eel grass begins to die
 in this longing
 fire

let us
 out of the smoke
 whole
 whole

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**PICTURES MADE BY AREA ARTISTS
 ARE DONATED TO PEMBINA COUNTY
 NURSING HOME**

Enclosed in a letter from Mr. Gunlogson



Presentation of the Historical paintings to Bert Olson of Glasston, chairman of the Pembina County Nursing Home board, and Mrs. Ruth Hollis, Cavalier, hospital administrator, was made by Mrs. Harold Jensen Sr. of Neche and W. J. Sturlaugson of Cavalier, who act as co-chairmen of the art project. They spoke in behalf of the donor, G. B. Gunlogson, who was unable to be present.

Pictured, left to right, are Bert Olson, Mrs. Jensen, long-time historian and past president of the Pembina County Historical Society, Ruth Hollis, Mr. Sturlaugson, current president of the Pembina County Historical Society and seated in the wheel chair is Loa Gunlogson, sister of G. B. Gunlogson.

Through the generosity of G. B. Gunlogson, Racine, Wisc., donor of the Icelandic Arboretum, the first of a series of historic pictures were presented to the Pembina County Memorial Nursing Home.

The paintings are exact reproductions of Neche, Pembina and Cavalier. They were done by the artists from photographs taken at the turn of the century. The artists are Alice Wyman of Pembina and Harriett

Samson of Cavalier and their work was financed by Mr. Gunlogson. Mrs. Samson was paid for the framing and matting only as she donated her artistry work which was much appreciated. The paintings are exact reproductions from photographs taken at the turn of the century.

The purpose of the program is to preserve authentic history for future generations to see and to encourage the talents of

our local artists. The art program will be continued and pictures of other communities will be exhibited as soon as they are completed.

This county is fortunate in having such a non-resident dedicated citizen as Mr. Gunlogson, as through his generosity and concern, many fine county projects have been realized.

Now famous, he returns periodically to visit his old home (that is also located in the Arboretum) and to revive memories of the difficult but very memorable days he spent in the county with his pioneer parents and

to note the wonderful progress made since that time.

FOOTNOTE

The enclosed newspaper item is about an experiment. The purpose is to encourage local artists and stimulate interest in the old home town. If the experiment appears to be worthwhile, it may be extended to other part of the country.

Arrangements have been made to have paintings made of Mountain and Akra and some other old Icelandic center up there.

Should other communities wish to join in this effort, Mr. Gunlogson would be willing to pay for additional paintings.

ARTIST OF LIFE

by Len Vopnfjord

Tender white hands
 You'd swear the only work they'd known
 was love
 Stony green eyes
 You'd swear they'd watched the only work
 she knew
 Slip through
 Those fingers
 But the pictures she paints
 Are alive
 With the colours of a love that lingers
 In the room up the stair
 In the soul living there
 In the heart of an artist of life.

Temple bells ring
 A melancholy beauty in their hollow timbre
 Memories thrive
 On sounds that were alone
 The day that they were born
 Remember
 That the sadness you feel
 Is the child
 Of the beauty of a love so tender
 That survives up the stair
 In the soul living there
 In the heart of an artist of life.

MUDDY TREASURES SHOW VIKINGS WEREN'T REALLY SO BLOOD-THIRSTY

by Graham Heathcote

YORK, England (AP) — A woollen sock, a toilet seat, Oriental silk — out of a millennium of mud comes proof that the globe-travelling Vikings weren't the ravaging rovers historians made them to be.

"The old English image of the Vikings as simply blood-thirsty bands of pillagers vanished with these finds," says Richard Hall, an archeologist.

"We dug down and found a cocoon of waterlogging, a time capsule of everyday life," said Hall, who led a tour through a muddy concrete hall fashioned out of the hole left from the excavation.

Hall was one of some 400 people who, for five years, dug up the leftovers of the lives of an estimated 30,000 Vikings. Workers discovered the sophisticated settlement when a central district of York was levelled for rebuilding.

Starting April 14, 1984, electric cars will carry tourists through a tunnel of time that goes back to AD 866, when the Vikings came to York, 302 kilometres northwest of London.

Archeologists are eager to display what they found in a \$3.9-million reconstruction of Jorvik, the Anglo-Saxon name for the settlement.

"We have skeletons, 15,000 objects, a quarter-of-a-million pieces of pottery, some of the best preserved Viking-age buildings ever discovered and five tons of animal bones," Hall said.

The digs disclosed intimate details of Vikings life. There is a toilet seat, keys, tools, games counters, the seeds in the

blackberries they picked and a knitted woollen sock.

"They were a great trading nation with a sophisticated monetary system," Hall said.

"We will show the range of products in which they traded — silk from the Far East, amber from the Baltic, pottery from the Rhineland, cowrie shells from the Indian Ocean.

"We will display the workshops where they operated wood-turning lathes and made coins.

More than 500,000 people visited the hole during excavations, from May, 1976, to 1981. Visitors coming to see the exposed ruins, as well as the cathedral of York Minister, museums and art galleries have made tourism the third-largest industry in York. Candy and cookies-making are the two top industries.

The Vikings surged out of what is now Denmark and Norway at the end of the eighth century AD. Their first recorded raid in Britain was in 793, on Lindisfarne monastery on the north-eastern England coast.

York, founded by Romans in the first century as a base for the Ninth Legion, was the second largest English city by the time the Vikings seized it from Anglo-Saxon kings.

The Scandinavians lost York when King Erik Bloodaxe was expelled in 954, but kept their influence under the rule of Anglo-Saxon earls in the newly created kingdom of England, until the Norman conquest in 1066.

THREE GENERATIONS

by Dora Sigurdson

1. Grandmother, An Icelandic Immigrant Woman—1889

“We’re going to America”, my husband said today.
 “There’s nothing here to keep us, Dear. We’re only in the way.
 Your brothers need this piece of land when your folks’ time is past.
 We have no place for farming, and the kids are growing fast.”

But Father, when he heard this news, was very much upset,
 And talked of splitting up the land, but Jon, he can’t forget
 The stories of New Iceland, with many acres free,
 Where a man can make a living and raise a family.

My Jon was called a traitor and deserter by my dad,
 For running out and quitting, although times were very bad.
 “My grandfathers were fishermen,” said Jon, “That’s not for me.
 They both became the victims of disasters on the sea.

I’ll take my children to a land where there’s a chance to grow,
 And never more be hungry; I’m determined that we’ll go
 Where icebergs don’t surround us, and no volcanoes stand
 To send the molten lava and the ashes o’er the land.”

“Whither thou goest, I will go.” We packed and said good-bye:
 Amma, Afi and the children, trying not to cry.
 We stood on deck at twilight, together silently,
 And sadly watched our homeland as it sank into the sea.

We live in Manitoba. We have a little shack.
 The flood came; someone left it and they aren’t coming back.
 The land is dry again and things are going fairly well.
 The folks who came the first years — they have other tales to tell.

The scurvy and the hunger, the cold and homesick men.
 They knew there wasn’t any chance of going home again.
 The smallpox came and went, and left a lot of scars and tears
 In the graveyards and the hearts and faces of the pioneers.

But they were used to working hard, and very soon they got ahead,
 And tamed the virgin wilderness. Now farms are there instead,
 With cows and sheep and chickens, with vegetables and grain.
 They are not rich, but know that hunger won’t return again.

We keep in touch with folks back home. Our leaving is forgiven.
 I know we’ll never see each other till we meet in heaven.
 I often think of Iceland and the way it used to be
 Before the big eruption that caused us all to flee.

When we were young and carefree, and everything was grand,
 We loved our homes and folks and friends and all our lovely land —
 The rivers tumbling down the steep descent toward the sea,
 With waterfalls and cataracts and bubbling melody.

The lofty mountain ranges where the sheep alone could climb,
 The pony trails, the meadows where we had such happy times,
 The midnight sun, the valleys, the glaciers far away,
 The hills where little people live (at least that’s what they say).

The cosy house of sod and stone, where loving people dwell,
 The church where all assembled at the ringing of the bell;
 All this is far away, but as I work I often sing
 The good old songs of Iceland, with the comfort that they bring.

2. The Daughter

I Still remember when we left our happy mountain home,
 How hard it was to go so far away;
 But Papa said there was a country with a lot of land,
 And where the children go to school each day.

We came to Manitoba in 1889.
 My father has a farm with cows and sheep.
 He says the work is hard but still that everything is fine.
 I say my prayers as I lay down to sleep.

My mom is really busy; I help her all I can.
 I am the oldest of a group of eight.
 I hardly ever get to school; I’m Mother’s helping hand.
 I learned to read, but other things can wait.

I can count and write the numbers, and multiply and add,
 And read a little English in my book.
 I sing Icelandic hymns and songs I learned from Mom and Dad,
 And I can spin and sew and knit and cook.

The years have passed; I married. We moved quite far away
 To a settlement where no one lived before.
 We have some healthy children and we’re busy every day,
 Few neighbours near . . . It’s ten miles to a store.

I never learned much English; I understand it, though.
 I can speak it well enough to just get by.
 But in our home Icelandic is the one we really know;
 And we teach our children, or at least we try.

We always had enough to eat. Depression days were tough;
 But things were getting better every year.
 Then came the war just at the time our boys were old enough.
 They had to go; that was a time of fear.

The agony of parting, it was worse than I can tell.
 Dear god, there’s nothing worse than all this pain!
 If you just bring our sons back home again, alive and well,
 I’ll never ask for anything again.

Now years have passed; my work is done; I only have to wait.
 My partner has gone first and waits for me.
 I hope to meet so many loved ones by the Golden Gate.
 There is no fear, just waiting patiently.

3. The Granddaughter

In the dry and dirty thirties, I grew up on a farm,
 So luxury was what we never knew.
 The pictures in the magazines seemed from another world
 And something only for a lucky few.

When i was just a little girl, I liked to do the chores;
 There was no cash to pay a hired man.
 So early in the morning and also after school
 We children helped our dad to work the land.

We always had enough to eat, but never fancy food.
 We grew up happy, healthy and secure.
 I always felt so lucky and that everything was good,
 But the war was very tragic to endure.

I wished for university, but that just couldn't be.
 So many things I wished that I could learn.
 I worked and then got married, and raised a family.
 They all went off to college in their turn.

When they were all grown up and gone we took a holiday,
 A charter flight to see our ancient ground.
 We planned to see our relatives, had written off and on,
 And bought a map to find our way around.

"Going home, going home," kept running through my mind
 As the plane was flying onward through the night.
 I wasn't worried in the least about what we would find.
 The folks in Iceland proved that I was right.

They met us and they made us feel that we were welcome home.
 Their well-known hospitality was great.
 I wished my Mom and Dad had a chance to come along.
 Prosperity came many years too late.

They all were so surprised that we still knew our mother tongue.
 I'm glad our parents taught it to us well.
 And when we said good-bye, we hoped to meet again sometime.
 Back home we had some happy tales to tell.

In great anticipation we await another year,
 And hope some folks will visit on this side.
 We never want to lose again our relatives so dear.
 Our hearts reach out across the ocean wide.

A HORATIO ALGER STORY

by Bishop Bernard Skagfjord

During the year 1929, in Canada, the economy was on a rapid decline. Canada's youth, like today, found themselves at near nil seeking opportunities of employment. Farming also was on the decline. Over 500,000 young Canadian men 21 years to 25 years of age left for the United States seeking opportunities they could not find at home. I was one of that great exodus.

It was on a cold 40 degree below zero morning Dec. 17, 1929 I left Foam Lake, Sask., on my long journey to California, via train. As the wheels of the train clicked along the rails, they seemed to sing "Dream Train", a popular song of that day.

I arrived in Oakland on the morning of Dec. 24, 1929 and rode the ferry boat across the Bay to San Francisco. Nearing San Francisco this young man was very much awed by the large buildings of this magnificent city, which has been my home for over 50 years.

My uncle and aunt met me at the pier and I went to their home in Daly City, a suburb to San Francisco, and stayed with them for a few months.

After the holiday season, I began to pound the "sidewalks of San Francisco" on foot, looking for work, with no avail. After seeking work for two months, running out of money, of which I didn't have much to begin with, I became very discouraged, when a neighbor living next door to my aunt came over and told me to come with him to his place of employment which was the Southern Pacific Railroad. He said he had spoken to his boss, an English man by the name of Auton, as there was an opening for a machinist helper. March 6, 1930 marked my first day working for the Southern Pacific Railroad, which employ-

ment lasted until my retirement October 29, 1973.

The first half of my near 44 years was working as a machinist helper, machinist helper apprentice and machinist. The last half I worked as a supervisor. I held this job until my retirement, the song "Dream Train" coming true.

My working years found me busy in fraternal activity, church, scouting and union activity. The place where I first was hired was organized into the Machinist Union by a young Irish lad and myself. I remained active in this organization until I was promoted to a supervisor. During the time I was an apprentice, I ran for the only elective position in my lifetime. It was the financial secretary for our local union. I ran against two machinists and received more votes than they did together, also was the first and only apprentice to hold such a position.

I took a very active part in the promotion of safety in our shops. The year 1946 I was appointed Chairman of the Shop Safety Committee by the management with the cooperation of the management and the union. We were able to reduce accidents over 60%. This earned us a citation from the United States Department of Transportation, and a plaque from the Southern Pacific Safety Department.

Being a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) I was very active in church work in leadership positions.

During my working years, I met a wonderful girl — now my wife of nearly 49 years. We raised 3 children and have 4 granddaughters. We bought a home in the early part of our marriage in which we still live.

None of our achievements were without sacrifice, hard work, faith and trust in the Lord.

When I retired in 1973, I felt sure I was going to be free from extensive activity and that I would take my time leisurely. I came to a great surprise early in 1974. I was called to be First Counselor to our Bishop. My labors were with the youth, and they kept me young and active. Two years later, at near 68 years of age, I was called to be a Bishop, and presided over a congregation of over 800. One Icelander presiding over people from many different lands, where 15 different languages were spoken by people from many different cultures and

backgrounds. It was a most interesting experience in which all of us grew into one happy family in the Lord's work.

After 5 years as Bishop, I have been released, but called to serve as a Stake High Counselor, with an assignment to be an Advisor to other Bishops and their congregations.

All my success I attribute to living the gospel of Jesus Christ and having faith and a testimony of Jesus Christ.

I hope the other young men who came to the United States at the time I did have as beautiful success stories to tell. It would be interesting to hear some of them.

POINT ROBERTS COULD BE "MOUSE THAT ROARED"

by Carolyn Price

Point Roberts could be the mouse that roared if it takes the right approach, according to a transplanted New Yorker who recently visited the Point.

Joseph Coons, president of a Bellingham office supply and equipment company and member of that city's Rotary Club, was the guest speaker of the Point's annual Chamber of Commerce meeting Dec. 10.

And what an inspirational talk it was!

"This is almost considered kind of like a different state by the people in Bellingham," Coons said, "But you're not just a peninsula sticking down from Canada with a nice marina."

"You're near-a-way, (as opposed to far-a-way), from the rest of Whatcom County," he said. "There is no where else in the United States quite like Point Roberts, but, I think you can capitalize on that difference."

Coons pointed out that Point Roberts is in a most unusual political situation since travel by roadway through Canada is mandatory to reach the Point. Coons explained, however, that Point Roberts resi-

dents just don't pay enough attention to its uniqueness.

"There are big opportunities here, you don't have to dare to be different, you already are!" he exclaimed. "You should capitalize on your uniqueness, not hide your head underground."

"You've got to ask yourself, 'what can Point Roberts offer that no one else can,'" Coons said. "Brainstorm . . . find a theme . . . design a new logo. Give the community at large a chance to pitch in and help."

Coons indicated that the Point has tremendous community strength and the Chamber should take advantage of it.

"You are already working," Coons said. "With 52 members in your Chamber, well, that's about 10 percent of your population. If 10 percent of Bellingham's population joined the Chamber of Commerce, that would be 5,000 people and what a number that would be."

—*Courtesy of the Ocean Star Point Roberts, Washington.*

BOOK REVIEW

by Kristjana Gunnars

GUDMUNDSSON, FINNBOGI. Stephan G. Stephansson, In Retrospect, Seven Essays. Reykjavik: Menningarsjodur, 1982. Dist. in Canada and the U.S. by Turstone Press, 201 - 99 King Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

* * *

Last fall, or August 1982, the Menningarsjodur in Reykjavik published a collection of essays on the poet Stephan G. Stephansson, by Dr. FinnboGI Gudmundsson, director of the Icelandic National Library. The essays contained in the volume all appeared at one time or another in Iceland and Scandinavia and were written over the course of thirty years or so. The Icelandic Cultural Fund saw fit to support a translation of the essays into English, partly because of the Stephan G. revival that took place in Alberta this summer, when the poet's homestead was renovated and turned into a historic site.

The first essay is largely a brief overview of America in Icelandic literature, from the saga age to the time of Stephan G. Then the introduction to the first volume of the poet's selected letters is reprinted. The third essay actually begins the insights into Stephansson which the book was meant to be. Here we find sections from the poet's correspondence with his friend and fellow writer Johann Magnus Bjarnason. The exchange of letters is interesting for three major reasons: they give some insight into the personality of both authors, they contain statements of poetics and on the art of writing by both, and they show up the literary life of Icelandic Canadians just after the turn of the century. The essay is a fine eye-opener for Canadian as well as Icelandic students of history and Canadian

culture. One of the revelations the essay has to offer is the extent of literary involvement among Icelandic Canadians at the time; the level of discussion and participation were intense.

In the fourth essay, light is shed on another aspect of Icelandic-Canadian life and the hardships of a settler's life. The chapter focuses on the exchange between Stephansson and Mrs. Dalmann, the wife of the poet's friend and neighbor, Gisli Dalmann. The dialogue began when Gisli lost his life on his way to the West Coast from Alberta to try settlement there. Stephansson wrote a poem in his memory, where he harmed the urge Dalmann had felt to keep moving instead of staying where he was. Mrs. Dalmann took exception to the poet's opinion and accused him publicly of soiling her late husband's reputation. The two exchanged poems and letters to each other in the Icelandic publications in the Canadian West. The significant thing about this dialogue is Stephansson's insistence on his position, even when it is directed against a woman who is in mourning. The poet is revealed here as someone who really did behave equally to women and men. Aside from this, the essay shows up the nature of the conflicts Icelandic settlers were struggling with, and how personal differences found vent in poetry and letter-essays. There is a real sense of community that emerges in the apparent interest everyone seemed to take in this exchange.

The fifth chapter deals with Stephansson's trip to Iceland in 1917, when he was officially invited to read around the country, and during which time he wrote his book *Heimleidis*. An image of the poet emerges as someone caught between loyalty

to the two countries, unable to confine himself to either one. He wrote about how the childhood district had slipped out of his hands, about the absence of people who were there before, and of his gratefulness to the kindness everyone showed him. Yet, his gratitude and affection are sad; everything somehow seems too late. The weariness of a life of farming seems, after all, to have made deeper imprints in his mind than the joys of childhood and youth recollected. Underneath the accounts of feasting and celebrating, there is a tinge of pathos over the man who finds himself, after all this, with empty hands. It is surprising that Dr. Gudmundsson chooses to eliminate or leave out a description of Stephansson's parting moments with poet Matthias Jochumsson which are described so eloquently by the then young David Stefansson. As it is, we only see the rumors of jealousy on Jochumsson's side, which are probably overemphasized considering they remain a rumor and nothing more.

The sixth chapter is fairly insubstantial compared with the others: the author discusses various of Stephansson's belongings and why they were important to him. The essay was placed there in deference to the Stephansson site at his former homestead, since the belongings in question are displayed there. But a survey of how and why certain gifts came his way may seem immaterial to those who want depth of information on the man and his writing.

That depth is, however, provided in the final essay, titled "Stephan G. Stephansson's Conception of Himself as a Poet." This is the only essay I know of that consistently shows how the poet thought of himself and his poetry, why he wrote, who he thought his audience was, where he thought he stood in relation to Icelandic literature as a whole, and a hint of his own poetics. It is worth buying the whole book for this essay alone; the author is generous

in quoting relevant passages from the poet's letters and poems that border on the subject. We get a picture of someone who knows he is read but fears he may be overestimated by his admirers. His lack of self-confidence is sometimes at odds with his will-power and strength of feeling and conviction. We see how the collected poems (*Andvokur*) emerge from being almost an impossible dream to actual obsession when it comes to proofreading, and how he gains strength from the experience. The task of re-reading all his writing and selecting the best appears to have been a trauma and an education for Stephansson, and he seems to have come to terms with his own output in the process.

In general, the collection of essays gathered here provide an introduction to the poet for those who want to know more, and the appearance of the book must be a welcome to any Stephansson admirer. No major statements are made about him or his work, there is no critical assessment of academic judgement to look for. Instead, Gudmundsson selects and presents as much as he can of the poet's own comments. He shows some of what there is to see; the rest is up to the reader. Some might find the absolute objectivity here a fault, others will be relieved by it. After all, Stephansson's greatness as a poet, his contribution to Icelandic and Canadian literatures, and his indomitable spirit are all a fact; there is no question there. We are simply in the position of observers, just as we are with Shakespeare. You cannot argue with greatness, but you can admire it. It seems that Gudmundsson has the same sort of approach; his assumption is that whatever touches the poet and his work must naturally be of interest, and the best thing he can do is collect from the vast stores of documents he happens to have access to as director of the Icelandic National Library, and put it on display.

BOOK REVIEW

by Professor Haraldur Bessason

(Translated by Axel Vopnfjord)

FROM VIDIDAL TO THE WESTERN WORLD. Memoirs of Valdimar J. Eylands, D. D. Dr. Theol., Pastor Emeritus, First Lutheran Church. Published in Reykjavik, 1981 — 187 pages, 37 illustrations. Icelandic version in Lögberg-Heimskringla June 2, 1982.

* * *

My relationship with Valdimar Eylands extends over more than a quarter of a century. As pastor of the largest Icelandic congregation in North America, as the president of the Icelandic Evangelical Lutheran Synod, as well as the president of the Icelandic National League, he was at various times the spiritual and secular leader of the Icelandic people on this continent. In this respect he reminded me of the chieftains of the ancient Republic of Iceland, whose power was both temporal and spiritual. Then, and subsequently for many years he devoted most of his time and energy to his church in Winnipeg, but he also responded unstintingly to requests for various types of ministerial services in the surrounding country districts. I benefited by this because he often invited me to accompany him on those trips, and thus I became acquainted for the first time with some of the Icelandic communities. We made trips up along Lake Manitoba on both sides, to the New Iceland communities, and to North Dakota. Valdimar drove a good automobile, then a recent model, but he seemed inclined to "step on it" as we say in Iceland. When the speedometer approached the number 80, and I remarked that we were covering the ground in a hurry, the driver assured me in his genial manner that the highways in North America were good and solid. I was thus reassured,

and since I noted that the pastor was a competent driver, I decided that there was nothing to fear. I was informed later by knowledgeable people that ministers and medical doctors had a reputation for driving at excessive speed on the highways. It behooves me however, to emphasize that our journeys pre-dated the time when the speed limit was reduced almost to zero.

The above recollections came to me as I read Valdimar's latest book. In part it is an autobiography, and the distances in time and space are so great, and the destinations so many that the author could not possibly have reached them in time without "step-pin" on it" a good deal at times.

The Memoirs of Dr. Eylands comprise twenty-three chapters. Dr. Kristjan Eldjarn, former president of Iceland, wrote the introduction, and Rev. Bragi Fridriksson, Dean of Kjalarnes, wrote the epilogue.

The first three chapters deal with Dr. Eylands' youth on a farm named *Laufas*, in the valley of Vididalur in northern Iceland. The first chapter is called **the Paternal Homestead**, the description of the place being both precise and concise. It appears that the author must have had extensive notes at hand, or that he kept a diary from his youth, and subsequently verified his remarks in the same manner as Thorvaldur Thoroddsen did, long time ago. In this chapter the attention is drawn, not only to the type of land which was being farmed, but to the people themselves, their ancestors and descendants. There was oppressive poverty on this paternal homestead as in many other rural areas of Iceland in the first decade of this century. Sometimes the reaction to economic distress can disturb the equilibrium of the most tranquil. This

may be one of the reasons why the author's father sometimes found it difficult to control his emotional outbursts, as in the instance when he punished his son on discovering that he was pretending to read his catechism, when in fact he was reading an old saga. But the author's father-image is frank and clear. Father and son were not always in agreement on things in general, and sometimes they exchanged sarcastic remarks. Doubtless the two were too much alike, temperamentally. But the severity of Jon Danielsson was only on the surface, and in moments of stress camouflaged his innate integrity and fidelity. From the record he emerges as a man possessing virtues which the adversities of life could not crush. The same is true of other people with whom Valdimar deals in his book which abounds in personal delineations of individuals where their idiosyncrasies are strikingly depicted. There is for instance the grand-mother, Helga Halldorsdottir, who administers occasional precautionary chastisement to her sons. However, the author deals gently with the somewhat dubious behavior of some of the people mentioned. One of the most praiseworthy features of the book is the author's ability to describe people's eccentricities in shades of gray rather than in pure black and white. At times the author skillfully allows people to reveal their attributes by a rendering of their conversations.

In one of the chapters the author discusses the classic Icelandic Sagas, how they were read and discussed in his childhood home, and of what questions this reading material aroused. This chapter is particularly important as evidence of the cultural value of this ancient literature, and its appreciation. Similar opinions could be expressed concerning other parts of the book. Even though the chapter headings alone would lead one to think that the author is following trodden paths, that suspicion vanishes with further reading.

Valdimar has a keen eye for the distinctive and noteworthy aspects of life, and when a trained mind and keen observation go hand in hand in the work of a writer, he will succeed in extending the boundary of the field which the art of writing has long sought to cultivate. Valdimar breaks new ground in a manner that without question places him in the forefront of outstanding biographers of recent times.

In Valdimar's book one finds numerous instances of how profound seriousness is interwoven with gentle humor. In other parts he strikes one or the other of those cords with one hand. In the chapter entitled **the Abode of the Doomed** he relates a very tragic experience which fell to him as a minister. This episode is unique in Icelandic biographic writings. It is written with deep understanding and sincere sympathy for unfortunate persons who break their ship on the rocks of monstrous adversity and unspeakable misfortune.

One of the latter chapters in the book is entitled **Earnestness and Gaiety** in which the author relates a number of humorous incidents in which he became involved during his long term of service. Each incident is funnier than the previous one. Those who have seen Valdimar in the pulpit would not suspect that he is a humorist. Actually he has a keen God-given sense of humor. Many are the interesting stories he has related at gatherings of friends and associates. These humorous anecdotes occupy about five pages in the book. He probably could write a few volumes of similar material, but has decided to present only a few choice selections.

A considerable portion of the book deals with the education of the author. His ambition and application to his courses did not bring him to the desired reward of any final examination in Iceland, the lack of funds being the chief obstacle. However, he received a good portion of his training in

Iceland. In the process he walked alone across a dreary and dangerous mountain range, in the midst of winter in order to write an examination at Akureyri. Another well known resident of Hunavatnssysla emulated Valdimar's achievement many years later. In order to enable himself to defy the notorious sharp edged stones on the mountain pass he fashioned himself special shoes with soles cut from an automobile tire. This man knew well the old story about the necessity of being provided with "lunch and new shoes" on a long mountain journey. His shoes, with the unusual tire soles, gave him good service on a long road to fame and fortune. His friends and school mates nicknamed the shoes, and called them *the eternal shoes*, and one of the best known artists in the country drew a picture of them which was widely circulated. This story about that enterprising young man who came from the same municipality as Valdimar, reminded me, that figuratively speaking, Valdimar came also well shod and with good provisions out of his native valley. Otherwise his journey in Iceland, and in North America would not have been such as it turned out to be.

One could deal extensively with the author's main career. It became his function, more than that of anyone else, to build a bridge in the history of the Icelandic Lutheran Church in America, from the solid Icelandic tradition to English and American churchmanship. I refer here particularly to the transition from the Icelandic to the English language. The author met this difficult challenge with tact and determination. He was particularly well suited for this necessary and delicate assignment of the assimilation process, partly because he became so perfectly bilingual in his field that he could switch smoothly from one language to the other without the slightest effort or ambiguity. This bilingual ability manifested itself, not

only in the worship services of the church, but also in extensive writings in both languages, dealing with the history of Lutherans from all lands who had organized congregations in Canada, and particularly of the origin and activities of the Icelandic Synod.

It should also be mentioned here, that apart from the two languages here referred to, there was a time when Valdimar had to speak in Norwegian in a North Dakota parish where he served for some years upon graduation from the Seminary.

In concluding this review of Valdimar's book it should be mentioned that although an octogenarian, Valdimar Eylands writes so well that he has never done better. There is every reason to wish him happiness and many years of good health that he may continue to mark with his pen the road which he has found both solid and satisfying.

IN THE NEWS

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

The Thorvaldson Scholarship has been awarded to James Oliver Lindal who is enrolled in the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Manitoba. James is the son of Joseph and Emily Lindal, Fisher Branch, Manitoba.

The Einar Pall and Ingibjorg Jonsson Memorial Scholarship has been awarded to Verna Mae Johnson who is enrolled in the Faculty of Science at the University of Manitoba. Verna is the daughter of Frank and Verna Johnson, Ashern, Manitoba.

The Canada Iceland Foundation Scholarship has been awarded to Linda J. Kristjanson who is enrolled in the Master's program in Nursing at the University of Manitoba. Linda is the daughter of Albert and Joan Kristjanson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**FILMS AVAILABLE FOR LOAN*
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(Most films are ca. 25 minutes, color with English soundtrack — 16 mm.)

Three Faces of Iceland

(1975) A film on the country and the population, made on the occasion of the eleventh centenary of the settlement of Iceland (874-1974).

On Top of the World

(1975) A film on Reykjavik (the capital) today.

Spring in Iceland

(ca. 1970-73) Tourist attractions, landscapes, sheep and ponies, etc.

Prospect of Iceland

(ca. 1965) A general Introduction of Iceland.

Iceland, Flight Over

A view of Reykjavik and different parts of Iceland from the air. Shows very well the geology of Iceland (15 min.).

King of the River

(1978) A film on salmon fishing in Iceland.

Hekla

(1949) A film on the volcanic eruption of Mountain Hekla in 1947.

Surtsey

(1964) A film on the volcanic eruption off the south coast of Iceland, birth of a new island, Surtsey, in 1963.

Days of Destruction

(1974) The drama of a volcanic eruption in the populated Westmann Islands

*** Contact:**

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in 1973. A town of ca. 5000 inhabitants covered with pumice and lava.

Fire on Heimaey

(1975) A film on the volcanic eruption in the Westmann Islands in 1973. Fighting the lava flow — reconstruction of the town.

HOW LONG WE LIVE

Life expectancy at birth in Europe, the U.S.S.R., Japan and the U.S.A. in the latest year for which data is available (in order of life expectancy by females).

Country and Reference Period	Male	Female
Iceland (1975-76)	73.0	79.2
Japan (1979)	73.5	78.9
Netherlands (1979)	72.4	78.9
Sweden (1979)	72.5	78.7
Norway (1978-79)	72.3	78.7
Switzerland (1978-79)	72.1	78.7
France (1978)	68.9	78.0
United States (1979)	70.0	77.7
Denmark (1978-79)	71.3	77.4
Finland (1978)	68.5	77.1
Federal Republic of Germany (1977-79)	69.4	76.1
Austria (1979)	68.9	76.1
England and Wales (1976-78)	69.9	76.0
Italy (1974-77)	69.7	75.9
Spain (1976)	69.0	75.9
Greece (1976)	70.6	75.2
Belgium (1976)	68.9	75.2
Poland (1976)	67.0	75.0
Ireland (1976)	69.0	74.9
German Democratic Republic (1976)	68.8	74.4
Czechoslovakia (1978)	67.1	74.1
USSR (1976)	63.0	74.0
Scotland (1976-78)	67.6	73.8
Northern Ireland (1976-78)	67.3	73.8
Hungary (1979)	66.7	73.6
Bulgaria (1976)	69.0	73.3
Portugal (1976)	65.0	72.6
Romania (1976-78)	67.4	72.2
Yugoslavia (1976)	65.6	71.0

SCHOLARSHIPS OFFERED

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION

We invite students of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent to apply for the following scholarships which are offered or processed by The Canada Iceland Foundation.

Emilia Palmason Student Aid Fund

Two awards of \$500.00 each to be given annually. The recipients must be of good moral character, Icelandic descent, college calibre and primarily in need of help to continue their studies in high school, college or at University level. They are asked to sign a pledge that "somewhere along the highway of life" they will try to provide comparable help to another needy student. Closing date for applications **June 30th**.

Thorvaldson Scholarship

One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. This annual scholarship will be awarded to a student in University or proceeding into a University in Canada or the United States. The recipient must demonstrate financial need and high scholastic ability. Closing date for applications **September 15**.

Einar Pall and Ingibjorg Jonsson Memorial Scholarship

One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a High School graduate proceeding to a Canadian University or the University of Iceland. Closing date for applications **September 15**.

The Canadian Iceland Foundation Scholarship

One scholarship of \$500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a University student studying towards a degree in any Canadian University. Closing date for applications **September 15**.

Students wishing to apply are asked to submit applications with supporting documents indicating which scholarship they wish to apply for. Information and application forms are available by telephoning 475-8064 or contacting:

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c/o M. Westdal, Secretary
40 Garnet Bay, Winnipeg Manitoba
R3T 0L6

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If you have love in your life, it can make up for a great many things you lack. If you don't have it, no matter what else there is, it's not enough.

ACCOLADES

Unkind fate has not dampened your keen sense of humor.

* * *

The unforgiving years have not dampened your youthful zest for living.

* * *

Your refreshing spontaneity will never yield to conformity.

Canada Icelandic Foundation

Balance sheet for 1982

ASSETS	1982	1981
Cash in bank	\$ 13,488	\$ 9,418
Bank of Nova Scotia Certificate of Deposit	65,350	10,000
Accrued interest receivable	992	
Investments with Winnipeg Foundation (note 1)	<u>66,500</u>	<u>66,500</u>
	<u>\$146,330</u>	<u>\$ 85,918</u>
 CAPITAL		
Designated trust bequests (note 2)	\$ 93,550	\$ 38,000
General Fund	<u>52,780</u>	<u>47,918</u>
	<u>\$146,330</u>	<u>\$ 85,918</u>

Directors: K. Kristjanson, President
Norman Bergman, Treasurer

STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE AND GENERAL FUND

	1982	1981
Revenue		
Interest on investments		
Winnipeg Foundation	\$ 8,286	\$ 6,730
Bank term deposits and savings accounts	5,929	1,862
Bequest, Jenny Olafson estate		3,000
Donations	<u>130</u>	
	<u>14,435</u>	<u>11,592</u>
Expenditure		
Advertising and general	133	89
Grants	6,000	7,050
Professional fees	350	
Scholarships	<u>3,000</u>	<u>2,700</u>
	9,483	9,839
EXCESS OF REVENUE OVER EXPENDITURE	4,862	1,753
General Fund balance at beginning of year	<u>47,918</u>	<u>46,165</u>
GENERAL FUND BALANCE AT END OF YEAR	<u>\$ 52,780</u>	<u>\$ 47,918</u>

ACCOLADES

No circumlocution can to the minutest degree lessen the impact of the truth you have spoken.

* * *

The years seem to have dropped from you as if they were autumnal leaves.

Across the troubled waters of human affairs your life shines like a beacon light, summoning mankind to decency and good will.

* * *

To you life is a challenge and an adventure.

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