

A very special place

The Round Table

Five small dining rooms with fireplaces
provide unique atmosphere.
Good food and superb service.
Congenial lounge.
Ample on-site parking.
Most major credit cards accepted.
Group accommodation for
banquets, etc.

Lunch: 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Monday through Saturday
Dinner: From 5 p.m. nightly
Sunday Brunch: 11:00 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Pembina at Stafford
453-3631

We take reservations

Your host,
Thrainn Kristjánsson



SPRING, (APRIL), 1985

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



Iceland's Second Largest City

THE BEST PART OF YOUR TRIP TO SCANDINAVIA COULD BE A FREE STOPOVER IN ICELAND.

**STOPOVER PACKAGES INCLUDE HOTEL, TRANSFERS,
SIGHTSEEING AND SOME MEALS.**

Now you can take advantage of Icelandair's Free Stopover Packages while you're taking advantage of our low fares from New York, Chicago, Baltimore/Washington or Detroit.

Fly Icelandair roundtrip to Norway, Sweden or Denmark and you'll enjoy a free 48-hour stopover in Reykjavik. Package includes roundtrip transfers between airport and downtown, 2 nights accommodations at first-class Hotel Loftleidir or Hotel Esja, continental breakfast daily and a guided city sightseeing tour!

Icelandair also offers a free 24-hour stopover to passengers traveling only one way.

For further information see your travel agent or call Icelandair toll free at 1-800-223-5500. Subject to change.




THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN, SECOND CLASS MAIL--REGISTRATION
No. 1909 -- PRINTED AT 358 ROSS AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN. R3A 0L4

Compliments of

BROOKE BOND INC.


Red Rose Tea and Coffee, Blue Ribbon Tea,
Coffee, Spices and Extracts,
Black Diamond Cheese

334 McDERMOT AVE. 942-1111



Icelandic National League

Organized 1918 Incorporated 1930



SPECIAL AWARD FROM THE
PRESIDENT OF ICELAND

President: JOHANN S. SIGURDSON, Lundar, Manitoba
Secretary: SIGURLIN ROED, 38 Monck Ave. R2H 1W6

Yearly membership to the league, Singles: \$3.00; Couples: \$5.00

Remit dues to the financial secretary,
LILJA ARNASON, 1057 Dominion St., Winnipeg R3E 2P3

T. & J. Family Billiards & Snack Bar

20 - 2459 - 54th Ave. S.W.

OPEN 11 A.M. TO 12 P.M.

CALGARY, ALBERTA — PHONE 243-3757

**ARNASON FURNITURE
(1977) LTD.**

ELECTROHOME T.V. SALES
AND SERVICE

PHONE 642-7954

BOX 130 GIMLI, MANITOBA

YOUR A.R.P. VALUE CENTRE

VIKING PHARMACY

Pharmacists:

Ernest Stefanson
Garry Fedorchuk

PHONE: 642-5504

Centre and Fourth GIMLI

TAYLOR BRAZZELL McCaffrey

4th Floor, Manulife House
386 Broadway, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3R6

TELEPHONE (204) 949-1312 TELEEX 07-57276

Gary T. Brazzell, Q.C. (also of Alberta Bar)	Shawn Greenberg David C. King Jack A. King (also of England and Wales Bar)	Lorne G. C. Milne Grant Mitchell H. Sanford Riley Rod C. Roy Charles A. Sherbo S. Glenn Sigurdson (also of Saskatchewan Bar)
Robert Carr (L.L.M. Harvard)	roger B. King Eric G. Lister Jacqueling A. Lowe	Marta J. Smith J. F. Reeh Taylor, Q.C. (also of Saskatchewan Bar)
Ronald L. Coke (also of Alberta and B.C. Bars)	Douglas J. Mackenzie D'Arcy McCaffrey, Q.C. Barbara J. McFarlane	Shelley M. Weiss
Garth M. Erickson		
Douglas E. Finkbeiner		
Paul B. Forsyth		
Robert T. Gabor		
Colin J. Gillespie		

MR. ERIC G. LISTER OR MR. DAVID C. KING ATTENDS IN GIMLI AND RIVERTON ON THE 1st AND 3rd FRIDAYS OF EACH MONTH

Offices are in Gimli at 3rd Avenue and Centre Street, between the hours of 9:30 - 12:00 and 3:30 - 5:00 p.m. with Mr. Lister or Mr. King and his legal assistant in attendance (TELEPHONE 642-7955)

In Riverton, Mr. Lister or Mr. King attends in the Riverton Village Office between the hours of 1:00 p.m. and 3:00 p.m.

THE WESTERN PAINT CO. LTD.

"THE PAINTER'S SUPPLY HOUSE SINCE 1908"

521 HARGRAVE ST., WINNIPEG, R3E 0Y1 PHONE 942-7271

J. A. SCHIMNOWSKI, PRESIDENT

VISIT OUR NEW ULTRA MODERN WALLCOVERING BUILDING

5E HARGRAVE & WILLIAM — FREE PARKING — PHONE 942-7317

FREE PARKING FOR 130 CARS

	Page
Guest Editorial: Eirik the Red and the Westward Movement - <i>Col. Loftur Bjarnason</i> .	5
Readers' Forum	10
Spring — <i>Kristine Lavdal</i>	13
People	14
Night of The New Year — <i>Stephan G. Stephansson</i> (Paul A. Sigurdson, Translator)	19
The Battle of Hastings: A Study in Tactics — <i>Col. Loftur Bjarnason</i>	20
Norm Bergman: Manitoba Chamber, Manitoban of the Month (December, 1984)	27
<i>Glen Dawkins</i>	27
Dan Johnson: Program his Play, Passion — <i>Barbara Huck</i>	30
Seeking the Perfect Pickerel Fillet — <i>Sandra Gotlieb</i>	33
The Art Show — <i>Paul A. Sigurdson</i> .	36
Icelandic Immigration: S.S. Waldensian, 1879 — <i>Donald E. Gislason</i> .	38
"New Iceland" Fishing Village Being Restored to Life	40
Book Review: Melody of Growth by Freda Björn. Copyright 1981 -- by Freda Björn McDonald	43
<i>Gustaf Kristjanson</i> .	43
Scholarships	44
In the News .	46
Broken Melody — <i>Elma Gislason</i> .	47
Index to Advertisers . .	48

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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

MAGAZINE BOARD:—

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (and Chairman of the Board) Axel Vopnfjord, 1 - 670 Gertrude Ave., Winnipeg R3M 2M9 (284-3079). ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Gustaf Kristjanson, 8 Selwin Pl., Winnipeg R3T 3N1; Kristine Perlmutter, 1327 Somerville Ave., Winnipeg R3T 1C1 (452-8462); and Eric Jonasson, P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg

Glen Jakobson, 1145 Dominion St., Winnipeg, Man. R3E 2P3; Nelson Gerrard, Box 925, Arborg, Man. R0C 0A0; Sigrid Johnson, 330 Brock St., Winnipeg; Joan Parr, 102 Queenston St., Winnipeg R3N 0W5; Paul Sigurdson, Box 885, Morden, Man.; Stefan J. Stefanson, Box 125, Gimli, Man.; Leigh and Shirley Syms, 109 Garfield St., Winnipeg; Eric Crone, 1091 Dorchester Ave., Winnipeg R3M 0R2; Lillian Johnson, 608 Westwood Estates, 429 Westwood Drive, Winnipeg R3K 2B9 (885-6942); Kristjana Gunnars, 24 Pelouquin Bay, Winnipeg R3V 1N2; Elva Simundson, Gimli, Man.; Norman Sigurdson, Apt. 4, 464 St. Mars Ave., Winnipeg R3C 0N4; Bob Brandon, 508 Aulneau St., St. Boniface (233-4499)

ASSOCIATES: Bob Asgeirsson, Vancouver, B.C.; Valdimar Bjornson, Minneapolis; George Hanson, Chicago; Bill Valgardson, Victoria, B.C.; H. V. Vidal, Brandon, Man

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD: Lorna Tergeson, 60 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg

BUSINESS AND ADVERTISING MANAGER: Eric Jonasson, P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg R3J 3R4 (885-5792)

BUSINESS SECRETARY AND CIRCULATION MANAGER: Mildred Storsater, 890 Valour Road R3G 3B4 (772-1707)

ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER: Stefan Jonasson, 408 Amherst St., Winnipeg R3J 1Y9

Information regarding
page 6 in this issue

Second Class Mail Registration No. 1909

Printed at 358 Ross Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3A 0L4

GUEST EDITORIAL

EIRIK THE RED AND THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT

by Col. Loftur Bjarnason

As nearly as historians are able to determine — and until accurate records were maintained, the dates of some events of historical importance are mere conjecture — Eirikur Thorvaldsson, known in English as Eirik the Red, sailed out of the West Fjords of Iceland one thousand years ago this year, namely in 985. Eirik had become embroiled with a neighbor over some high-seat posts, and he had to leave just ten steps ahead of a posse. He had heard rumors of a land mass having been sighted out to the west, so he set out to determine the truth of such rumors. To the best of our knowledge he was the first European to set foot on Greenland, and since Greenland is a part of the Western Hemisphere, he was, therefore, the first European to find and settle in the Western Hemisphere. As mentioned above, that was one thousand years ago.

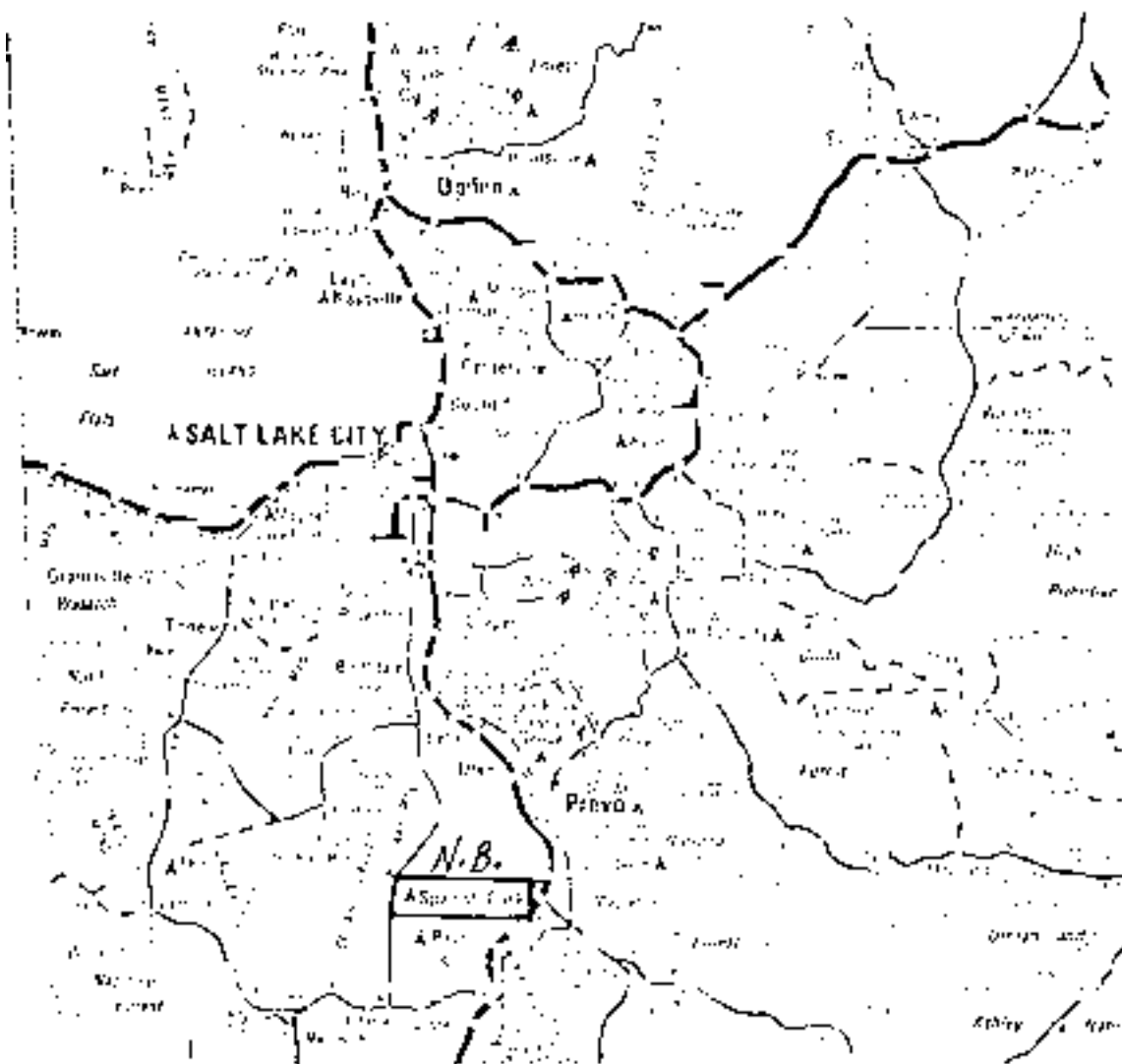
It was his son, Leif Eiriksson, better known as Leif the Lucky, evidencing the same spirit of adventure as characterized his father, who was probably the first white man to set foot on the continent of North America. At least he was the first white man, whom we can positively identify by name and regarding whom we have reliable information, to establish a colony and a base of operations on the American continent.

It would appear from the records that Eirik was born in Norway and that his red hair and beard were matched by his fiery and violent disposition. As a young man he found it advisable to leave Norway before retribution fell upon him. Settling in the West Fjords of Iceland, he considered himself to be an Icelander. His son Leif was probably born in Iceland though the

records are not entirely clear on this point. Certainly, most if not all of the members of the group that accompanied Leif when he landed on American shores were Icelanders. About some, Thorfinnur Karlsfni for example, we know a great deal. He is not only a prominent figure in *Grae lendingia Saga*, but he is also an ancestor of Haukur Lögmadur Erlendsson, one of the literary giants of the early 14th century. Hauker makes a point of mentioning him.

We can state with certainty then, that as early as 985-986 Icelanders had begun to emigrate from Iceland and to settle in the New World. This movement to the west has continued in spurts and starts until this very day. In such a brief study as this, it would be too much to try to trace all the various movements — some even to such far-away places as Canada, Brazil and Alaska — but I would like to discuss briefly one of them, namely the Icelandic emigration to Utah that began shortly after the middle of the last century.

The saga of the Utah settlement begins in 1851 when two young Icelanders named Thorarinn Haflidason and Gudmundur Gudmundsson were learning the goldsmithing trade in Copenhagen. There they met two missionaries from Utah who were preaching the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, popularly known as Mormonism. Thorarinn and Gudmundur became interested in this new religion and early in 1851 became converts. A short time later they returned to Iceland, or more properly to the Westman Islands, just off the southern coast of Iceland. Naturally, they soon began to tell their friends and relatives of the new religion that they had



embraced. A number of people expressed interest, among them were Samuel Bjarnason and his wife Margrét Gísladóttir and also Loftur Jonsson, the grand uncle of the writer. Thorarinn's proselyting was cut short by his premature death by drowning late in 1852, but Gudmundur continued to preach with such vigor that in the following year the Mormon Church sent Elder John P. Lorentzen to the Westman Islands to baptize those who had expressed a desire to become members of the Church and to

ordain as Elders Samuel Bjarnason, Gudmundur Gudmundsson, and Loftur Jonsson. The records show that these three were the first Icelanders to hold the office of Elder in the Mormon Church.

For the next few years the Mormons on the Westman Islands held what might be termed "cottage meetings" in the homes of the members because they were reviled by the community and harrassed by the authorities when they tried to hold public meetings.

Finding conditions intolerable in his

native country, Samuel and his wife decided to emigrate. With them went Gudmundur Gudmundsson and a woman by the name of Helga Jonsdóttir. The records show that they sailed from Liverpool on 7 January 1885 and arrived in Salt Lake City on 7 September. Because Iceland at that time was still under the administration of Denmark, Brigham Young, the leader of the Mormon Church, directed Samuel to proceed with his group to Spanish Fork, about 50 miles south of Salt Lake City, where a group of Danes had already established themselves along with some Welsh and English.

As time went on, this tiny band of Icelanders was joined by other Icelanders until by about 1875-80 there were several hundred — possibly a thousand living in or near Spanish Fork. By far the greater number came from the south of Iceland, that is to say from the Westman Islands, Rangarvallasysla, and Austur and Vestur Skaftafellssyslur. With only a few exceptions all who came before about 1900 came to join the Mormon Church.

There was no lack either of leadership or of ability among these emigrants from Iceland. Mention has already been made of Samuel Bjarnason and of his wife Margrét Gísladóttir. They were both outstanding citizens in the early days of Spanish Fork; indeed, they would have been outstanding in any community. Samuel acquired a huge parcel of land which he managed with great competence, eventually had great herds of both sheep and cattle, and built one of the finest homes in Spanish Fork. It was still a showplace when the writer was a young man. Possibly it is still standing. His wife Margrét lived until 1914 and was highly respected for her community spirit and her unending generosity to those in need. Gudmundur Gudmundsson settled in Lehi, a town about 20 miles north of Spanish Fork where he became well known as an excellent goldsmith and watchmaker. Loftur

Jonsson also was well known as a successful farmer, owning great tracts of land. His life was cut short, however, as a result of a farm accident in 1874.

Among the early pioneers were two who deserve mention, namely, Thordur Didricksson and also Eiríkur Olafsson who became famous as Eiríkur a Brunum. Each of these men wrote lively journals (as indeed did many of the Icelandic settlers) telling of their adventures in the New World. Both of these journals are fascinating reading, and both were of value to Halldor Kiljan Laxness when he wrote his account of the Icelandic settlement in Utah under the name of *Paradísarheimt*.

The writer hopes that he will not be considered presumptuous if he were to mention among the emigrés of note the name of his grandfather Gíslí Einarson who upon arriving in the United States took the name of Bjarnason. Gíslí was the son of Einar Bjarnason, Hreppstjóri at Hrífunes in Vestur Skaftafellssysla just to the west of Kirkjubæjarklaustur. Gíslí has been trained in Iceland for the priesthood and consequently enjoyed an excellent education. He spoke several languages and could read several others in addition to being a close student of science. He was known as the best veterinarian in Utah valley not only among the Icelanders but also among the other settlers. He was also a successful apiarist and wrote several articles on the technique of keeping bees that were published in the State apiarian journals and brought him considerable recognition. In 1876 Gíslí married Halldora Arnadóttir, the widow of Loftur Jonsson mentioned several times above. They had several children, among whom was the writer's father, Loftur Bjarnason, who became a prominent educator in Utah, being at different times, the principal of a major school, a Professor of Education at the University of Utah, Guest Professor at the State University at Logan, Utah, and State Supervisor of Public In-

struction for Grammar Grades and Junior High Schools.

One advantage that the Icelandic settlers of Utah enjoyed over those settling in other areas was the practice of the Mormon Church of sending missionaries out to preach the gospel. Magnus Bjarnason, Gudmundur Gudmundsson, Loftur Jonsson, Thordur Didricksson, Eirikur a Brunum, Gisli Einarsson Bjarnason, and scores of others not mentioned, returned to their native land as missionaries, thus keeping up cultural and linguistic ties much more vigorously than would otherwise have been the case. Even with this advantage, however, because of intermarriage with the Danes, the Welsh, and others of the English-speaking population, and because of the desire of the young people to be thought of as Americans, and finally because of the failure of the educators to foster the cultures and the languages of those arriving from foreign lands, Icelandic gradually ceased to be used as a language of daily communication. Perhaps if the settlement had been more numerous, it would have

lasted longer, but it is now difficult to find anyone of the original settlers or their offspring who has actual command of the language.

Even though there are now few who can speak the language, nevertheless Icelanders (and that includes those in Canada) can well be proud of the contribution that their landsmen and brothers have made to the cultural history of Utah. Many of the prominent educators, teachers, professors, attorneys, judges, singers, and poets of Utah are of Icelandic descent either on one side or both. Iceland has, to use the expression, "leavened the loaf."

Eirikur Raudi, that intrepid old Viking, who initiated the movement from Iceland to the New World would undoubtedly be proud of the achievements of his descendants who led the 19th century movement from Iceland to the Far West.

God gives every bird his food, but He does not throw it into the nest.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE SEND:

Correspondence regarding subscriptions to:
MILDRED STORSATER
890 Valour Road
Phone 772-1707, Winnipeg, Canada R3G 3B4

Business and Advertising Correspondence to:
ERIC JONASSON
P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg, Canada R3J 0H0
Phone 885-5792

Editorial Correspondence to:
AXEL VOPNFJORD
1 - 670 Gertrude Ave.
Phone 284-3079, Winnipeg, Canada R3M 2M9

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$15 per year; single copies \$4.50 (includes postage).
Overseas, the same rate.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS: Three or more \$12 each. Subscriptions if paid two years in advance, \$28.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY of Loftur Bjarnason Ph.D.

Loftur Bjarnason was born in 1913 at Logan, Utah, U.S.A., the son of Loftur Bjarnason and Ida Florence Holladay Bjarnason. Loftur (senior) was the son of Gisli Einarsson who had come to Utah in 1874 from Hrifunes in Vesturskaftarfells-sysla and Halldora Arnadottir, who was the daughter of Arni Asgrimsson from Undirhraun in Medalland.

Loftur grew up in Salt Lake City where his father was Supervisor of Grammar Grades and Junior High Schools for the state of Utah. He graduated from East High School in 1930 with a major in Science, then spent a year in Iceland learning the language and the customs of his Icelandic forefathers. He attended the Teachers College (Kennaraskolinn), studying principally under the direction of Freysteinn Gunnarsson. He also attended the University of Iceland where he studied under the supervision of such scholars as Sigurdur Nordal, Alexander Johannesson, and Arni Palsson. Near the end of the school year 1930-31 he applied for and was granted matriculation as a full-fledged student of the school. He thus became the first American of Icelandic descent to become a matriculated member of the University of Iceland.

Upon returning home, he attended the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, from which school he graduated in 1934 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts with a major in German and minors in French and English. Two years later he received a Master of Arts in German from the same school. After nearly two years' study at the University of Heidelberg, University of Iceland (attending classes under Professor Einar Olafur Sveinsson), University of Berlin, he attended Harvard University, earning the

degree of Master of Arts in Scandinavian and Germanic languages and literature.

In 1940 he was granted a double scholarship (the John R. Park grant and the Newell Scholarship) to complete the work for the Ph.D. degree at Stanford University. World War II interrupted his studies there, but he returned at the conclusion of the war, took the examinations, defended his dissertation (Categories of Søren Kierkegaard's Thinking on the Life and Writings of August Strindberg), and was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Germanic Languages and Literatures in June of 1951.

He has taught at a number of well known schools in the United States, including the University of Utah at Salt Lake City; The Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah; The University of Florida at Gainesville, Florida; and Stanford University at Palo Alto, California. For the last twenty-five years he has also taught Icelandic literature via University Extension for the University of California at Berkeley. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been Professor of Literature at the Naval Postgraduate School at Monterey, California. He is now retired and has resided for the last few months in Reykjavik.

His publications are principally in scholarly journals such as Scandinavian Studies, but he also writes for The American-Scandinavian Review, Lögberg-Heimskringla, The Icelandic Canadian and other popular journals and papers.

*To see the world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wildflower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.*

WILLIAM BLAKE

READERS' FORUM

From Paul A. Sigurdson, Morden, Manitoba. Due to an unfortunate oversight the three short poems in the December '84 issue: "Mind and Heart," "Judgment Day" and "Dancing Maidens of Babylon" are credited to Paul A. Sigurdson. Sigurdson is merely the translator; the poems were written by Stephan G. Stephansson. Readers should also note that the song listed in the table of contents as "Lara's Carol" should read "Sara's Carol".

From Donald E. Gislason, 442 Castlefield Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5N 1L5. It has been a pleasure reading *The Icelandic Canadian*. First of all, the two recent articles on Icelandic immigration and the readers' forum entry that I submitted have generated interest. Not long after the first article appeared there were several people who contacted me about the topic and my research sources. I was personally delighted to hear from them. Letters came from Manitoba, Sask., B.C., North Dakota, Minnesota and Virginia. As a result new correspondence has opened up and, in some cases, there has been research information exchange. This, I believe, is clear evidence that the journal is fulfilling its purpose.

I am glad to note pleas for research help such as LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer's request in the Winter, 1984 issue.

I was asked to give a talk and slide show last October 16th to the Toronto Icelandic Canadian Club. The text of that lecture came from my local research and material sent from Virginia and that led to a Toronto evening of "Why and How Icelanders Emigrated to North America Before the Turn of the Century".

In short, this journal provides for its readers, among other things, an avenue for information networks.

In addition, I read from time to time

articles by people who I know and I particularly enjoyed "A Story Well Worth Telling", by Emil Bjarnason. While I was still in school in Vancouver his father Paul Bjarnason gave me a signed copy of his translations *Odes and Echoes* as well as a copy from his library of Thorstina Jackson's *Modern Sagas*.

Please note that the remainder of the passenger list for the S.S. Waldensian (Autumn, 1984, p. 22) was not continued in the winter issue as planned.

Two small errata items: Autumn, 1984 issue p. 18, column 2, line 23 . . . and on to the 'sheds' . . . lines 34 and 35 . . . flow of immigrants which passed through . . .

I have not been able to complete the companion article for the 1878 passenger list submitted at Quebec City. I have promised to send this to you. It only requires a few hours in the provincial archives but I have not been able to get there. The passenger list itself, of course, is completed and I must make a new year's resolution to fulfill my commitment to *The Icelandic Canadian*!



GILBART FUNERAL HOMES LTD.

CHAPELS AT SELKIRK
AND GIMLI
Serving the Interlake
since 1935

ROY AND WES GILBART

482-3271

309 Eveline St., Selkirk, Man. R1A 1M8

A LETTER FROM ICELAND

by LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

Last summer my four-year-old son, Kristjan, and I travelled to Iceland. We were received with warmth and hospitality by the Icelandic people, met many relatives and made several new friends, including a man I had long admired, Halldor Laxness, and Halldor's wife, Audur, a lady who radiates Icelandic warmth. We walked upon land our ancestors had walked upon, enjoyed many Icelandic coffees beneath the midnight sun, visited Icelandic farms of past and present, saga sights and scenic sights. We brought home many happy memories of this land that is peopled by fishermen, shepherds, poets, artists, craftsmen and children, a land upon which the summer sun slips quietly behind the mountains, then rises a short time later to greet the new day; we also brought home a more thorough knowledge of the cultural fabric of Iceland and a trunk filled with sheepskins, wood-carvings and books!

This trip, to a large extent, came about because of a letter that was found in my grandfather's desk after his death. Now, because I believe the letter will give deeper insight into the loneliness the Icelandic pioneers must have felt, but also because the writer speaks about Iceland and World War II, I have decided to publish the translation that led me toward the discovery of my Icelandic relatives. This translation could not have been accomplished without the help of Sigurdis (Disa) Petursdottir of Njardvik.

* * *

Reykjavik, June 1, 1945

Mr. Einar P. Breidfjord
Upham, North Dakota

Health and happiness my good relative,
and thank you for the letter I have been

reading. You, poor relatives in America, knowing that your closest loved ones are on the battlefield and that all of their future is in doubt. As I read the news of your grandson in the Philippine Islands, I thought to myself that it could have been worse. Yes, we here at home can be thankful to God that we have escaped the war to the extent that we have, although we can not deny that we have lost men at sea because of the war, or that this loss has been any less in comparison to those nations which are really at war.

I know that you desire to get the current news of your relatives here at home, and that can be said in a few words, for as far as I know, nothing major has happened in that circle of people since I wrote you last. Papa is still well and in good health. He reads and writes, even though he has only one eye and far from good sight in that one. He is staying at Breidbolstad on Fellstrond with my sister Steinunn (married to Thordur Kristjansson, the son of Kristjan Thordarsson). I saw uncle Magnus Fridriksson and his wife last summer and they were both well and happy. They live at Stykkisholmur and are regarded highly by the villagers of that place. Magnus works as a public official. My brothers and sisters and I are all well. I am going to, for interest, give you a short sketch of our group of relatives, though I have probably done this before:

Steinunn and Thordur have had six children: Halldora has died, Fridjon is a lawyer, Gudbjorg Helga has graduated from the women's college, Sigurbjorg is a teacher, Sturla is an agronomist and Thor-gils is still a child.

Egill is the captain (helmsman) of a ship. He and Sigridur have one daughter, Holmfridur.

Sigmund is the principal of a school. He and Bjorg have two children: Halldora and Sigurd (named for Sigurd from Brunum, a former husband of Bjorg).

Ari (christened Arinbjorn) and Helga Jonasdottir have one daughter, Thorbjorg.

Berghora and I have three children: Gaukur is now finishing his high school exams, little Dora will soon be twelve years old, and Lola (named Olafia after her grandmother in Gardhusum Grv.) is now eight years old.

Sigrídur and Ingi Kristmanns from the Westman Islands have four children: Kristjan Agust is the same age as our Gaukur, Inga and Dora (twins) and Thorgils.

Kjartan, Helga and Frida are unmarried, but all are in good positions.

I scribble these lines to you from the National Library, where I am a librarian. I enjoy my job tremendously, although it has been very busy since the manuscripts came home from where they were hidden during

the war. There is always time for some independent education, and at no other place is there more information than here, not in all the country. At no other place can one find out more about our national history. Of course, this is no wealthy garden to take from as far as my vocation is concerned, which is, as you perhaps know, the Roman tongue and literature. For that reason I have had to spend many kronas to gather my books. I have been buying them from the United States, Argentina and Spain.

My uncle, I don't know what I should tell you further. Health here is more or less good, as is public success at this time. But I am not very optimistic that this will continue to be so to the end of time. On the contrary, many things now point to the reality that there is going to be a lessening of the war-boom. At that time the salaries will go down and there will be less jobs. But these things will go as God wills. I can

VIKING TRAVEL LTD.

77 4th AVENUE
GIMLI, MANITOBA
R0C 1B0 CANADA

PHONE: (204) 642-5114
After Hours:
PHONE: (204) 642-8276

GENERAL TRAVEL or HOLIDAYS

Airline tickets (all kinds), package tours, hotels, car rental, reservations to wherever you have to go by AIR, RAIL, SEA or BUS

AGENTS ALSO FOR:
*Voyageur Travel Insurance, Lloyds of London,
Mutual of Omaha, Blue Cross Travel Health Plan*

only hope that your wellbeing will flower, and that the same will be true for all of my relatives in America. I wish you all the best because I know that you have always remembered the fatherland and all of us at home with a warm feeling. May God give you a bright and happy evening of your life, my uncle. Be blessed and be happy.

Your sincere relative,

Thorhallur Thorgilsson

P.S. Could you send me a list of all the siblings of the Halldorssons, as well as all of our other relatives in America that you know of. I would be very grateful to have such a list. — Th. Th.

Four years passed between Disa's translation of the letter and our trip to Iceland. However, immediately following her work, I sent a letter to Finnbogi Gudmundsson, the head librarian at the National Library. I enclosed a letter to Thorhallur Thorgilsson or his descendants, and Finnbogi answered at once. He told me that he and Thorhallur's widow had decided to give my letter to Einar Thorhallsson, Thorhallur's youngest son, who was yet to be born in 1945. Einar sent me a list of the surviving members of the family a short time later. He also sent their addresses. I would like to thank Einar at this time, and I would also like to thank Audur Eydal, the daughter of Frida Thorgilsdottir, Thrudur Kristjansdottir, the wife of Sturla Thordarson, and Steinunn Thorgilsdottir and family for the special attention they gave us during our visit to my grandparents' homeland. And thank you Disa for driving us over so much of the country.

I would like to add one more note before I close. The other day, while doing research for a book I intend to write, I ran across a news release that brought Thorhallur's letter to mind. The item, found in

the September, 1943, issue of *The American-Scandinavian Review*, told about German planes bombing and machine-gunning passenger vessels and fishing boats along the coast of Iceland. The item goes on to say that, although neutral, Iceland had lost 1.5 per thousand of its inhabitants to the war, proportionately more than the principal countries involved.

SPRING

by Kristine Laxdal

The majestic goose flies overhead,
Killdeer on broken wing,
Robins in my backyard
Are harbingers of spring.

Buds on trees unfurling,
Gardens restored by the spade
Tulips, daffodils so proudly stand
Like soldiers on parade.

With open arms I greet you.
It's not so hard to see,
After a dreary winter,
You mean so much to me.

Oh, welcome Spring, oh, welcome!
I am so glad to be
A part of life eternal,
And God's great majesty.

- ASGEIRSON'S - LIMITED

698 SARGENT AVE. 783-4322
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

★

Headquarters for

PAINT • WALLPAPER
AND HARDWARE

PEOPLE

NEW PRESIDENT OF FESTIVAL COMMITTEE (ISLENDINGADAGURINN)



Glenn Sigurdson was born in Riverton, Manitoba, where he received elementary education and graduated from Riverton High School before entering the University of Manitoba. He received B.A. degree in Arts and the enrolled in Osgood Law School in Toronto.

Mr. Sigurdson has been with Taylor Brazzell McCaffrey, a law firm in Winnipeg since 1972. He is married to Maureen and they have two children, Paul and Sonja. Glenn has been on the Festival Committee for numerous years.

Parents: Stefan and Sylvia Sigurdson. Grandparents: Marus and Vilborg Brynjolfson.

* * *

CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE COMMITTEE

Mr. Stefanson, a chartered accountant, was recently elected chairman of the finance committee of Winnipeg's City Coun-



Eric Stefanson

cil. He has been a member since 1982, when he was elected in a by-election. He then won easily a year later.

Parents: the late Eric Stefansson, who for many years was Member of Parliament for Selkirk Constituency, and his wife, Sigrun (nee Sigurdsson). Grandparents: Sigfus and Sigurlaug Sigurdsson, and Kristjan and Rannveig Stefanson.

* * *

PRESIDENT OF LÖGBERG- HEIMSKRINGLA INC.

Modesty is one of the most laudable attributes of the human family, but this trait in the character of Einar Arnason has resulted in public unawareness of his notable contributions to the community at large.

Einar served in the Canadian army from 1939-1945 during World War II. He attained the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Royal Canadian Engineers Regiment. He was awarded the **Order of the British Empire** (military) for being instrumental in the development of a mobile flame thrower,



Einar Arnason

which was used very effectively by the Canadian and British forces in north-west Europe.

His voluntary community efforts have been extensive. He served on the Board of the Children's Aid Society for 15 years from the early 60's to the latter part of the 70's, having been the president for 3 years: Chairman of the Indian and Metis Conference during the 60's; President and Chairman of the Board of the Indian and Metis Friendship Centre, 1966-70; member of the City of Winnipeg Police Commission, 1972-74; member of the Manitoba Police Commission, 1978-82; presently President and Board Chairman of Lögberg-Heimskringla Inc.

How many of us have contributed as much to the welfare of society as this modest, self-effacing man?

Einar was born in Winnipeg on June 7, 1910. He was educated at Oak Point and Warren, Manitoba. He received his B.Sc. in electrical from the University of Manitoba in 1937. In his youth he worked as a fisherman, farm laborer, railway laborer, and electrical engineer. He is still working

full-time as the owner and manager of a plastic fabricating business entitled Plaxlab Products Ltd.

Einar and his wife, Thora, have two daughters, Yvonne Leigh Rose, and Jan Elizabeth Krents, also 5 grandchildren.

Parents: The Rev. Gudmundur Arnason and his wife, Sigrídur Einarsson. Grandparents: Arni Thorlaksson and his wife, Helga Kjartansdóttir; Einar Saemundsen and his wife, Gudrun Magnusdóttir.

A.V.

* * *

A DEDICATED MAN



Konrad Egilson

"Even though I grew up away from the main Icelandic settlements, I still acquired a life-long interest in my cultural heritage. This was due to the influence of my grandparents who lived with us. My grandmother spoke only Icelandic and, because she was blind, my grandfather often sat reading to her in that language."

* * *

Arnor Konrad Egilson, who is serving his fourth year on our Club executive, was born in Selkirk, Manitoba. His family

moved to live with his grandparents in Swan River while Konrad was still an infant. He was the eldest child of Konrad Egilson and Salome Egilson (nee Oliver). His mother was of Icelandic descent — her father, Stefan Olafur Stefansson, had anglicized his middle name to use as a family name when he came to Canada. After various careers as a librarian, wholesale book distributor and camera importer, Konrad is now retired.

He has made a major contribution to our community by listing the approximately four to five thousand Icelandic-language books currently being stored at Hofn. And we appreciate the efficient and dependable way he expedites the distribution of this newsletter each month.

The past is being repeated now when Konrad visits his eighty-nine-year-old mother each evening and reads to her in Icelandic.

—*Courtesy of the newsletter of The Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.*

* * *

LILJA ELIANNE LAWLER

Bachelor of Commerce (Queen's) 1980, Master of Public Administration (Queen's) 1981, Bachelor of Laws (Osgoode) 1984, was awarded first prize in the Law Day

1984 Essay Competition on the subject "What law is most in need of reform?" The competition was sponsored by the Law Reform Commission of Canada and the Canadian Bar Association. Her prize included lunch with the Governor-General, a meeting with Prime Minister Trudeau, and an introduction to the Senate and to the Supreme Court, as well as a position with the Law Reform Commission of Canada where she conducted research in the area of criminal procedure. At present she is completing her articling term with the General Counsel's department of Scotia Bank headquarters in Toronto.

Lilja is a granddaughter of the late Dr. V. J. and Lilja Eylands. She is the daughter of Sigrun Dolores and William Lawler of Scarsdale, New York.

* * *

ROSS LECKOW

Ross Leckow, a graduate in Law, a member of the Manitoba Bar, is continuing his studies toward a Master's Degree in International Business Law at Osgoode Hall Law School, York University, Toronto, on a Duff Rinfret Scholarship from the Department of Justice. His thesis is on the legal structure of Canadian-Soviet trade.



From right, essay winners Lilja Lawler, Louise Maguire Wellington, Leonard Abramowicz, Pierre Rainville, Robert Kaplan, Pierre Trudeau.



Ross Leckow

In his first year at the University of Winnipeg in 1977 he was a Student of Distinction and was awarded the Board of Regents General Proficiency Scholarship.

In his second year he was again a Student of Distinction and awarded the Board of Regents General Proficiency Scholarship, the A.R.M. Lower Scholarship in History and the Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship.

In his third year Ross was a Student of Highest Distinction and awarded the Winnipeg Rh. Institute General Proficiency Scholarship, the J. S. Woodsworth Scholarship in History and the Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship.

In his fourth year he was a Student of Highest Distinction and received the Silver Medal for the Second Highest Standing in Arts (Honours Course) and the Gold Medal in History (Honours Course), graduating with a Bachelor of Arts (Honours) Degree.

Ross decided to study Law at the University of Manitoba Law School. Graduating in 1983 he was on the Dean's Honour List, received the Sarah and Moses Cohen Prize in International Law and the

Honourable Mr. Justice Hudson Prize in Jurisprudence.

Ross articulated with Wilder, Wilder and Langtry and was called to the Bar in June 1984. In the summer of 1984 he was awarded the Department of Justice Duff Rinfret Scholarship, the B. B. Dubiński Scholarship and the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada Fellowship.

Since 1977, during the summer holidays, Ross was employed by the Historic Resources Branch, Government of Manitoba. His research papers published by the Branch include, "The Settlement of New Iceland" and still to be published a paper on "Sigtryggur Jonasson".

Before leaving for Toronto, Ross was the director and instructor of "The Winnipeg Icelandic Saga Dancers". He is the son of Meros and Lilja Leckow and grandson of the late Gudmundur (Mundi) and Stina Thorsteinson of Winnipeg.

* * *

LAW ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIP, MOXON AWARDS 1984



Katherine J. Young

Katherine J. Young is from Burlington, Ontario. She attended the University of Toronto from 1974-77 and majored in Architecture; from 1978-81 she attended

the University of Regina and majored in Psychology. She obtained her B.A. with Great Distinction and, in 1984, obtained her LL.B. from the University of Saskatchewan also with Great Distinction.

During her law school years, Kay worked during the summer of 1982 for the Native Law Centre. She researched and wrote short papers concerning the sentencing of native offenders in Canada and about the *Alberta Metis Betterment Act* ("Alberta's Metis Settlement Association: a Legislative History," Report No. 17, Legal Information Service, Native Law Centre, 1983). In addition, she prepared a summary of a lengthy paper on "Indian Hunting, Trapping and Fishing Rights in the Prairie Provinces," which was later adapted for publication.

In the summer of 1983, Kay worked for the Saskatchewan Law Reform Commission, where she researched specific provincial laws, especially the *Matrimonial Property Act*. In addition, she assisted the Director, Douglas A. Schmeiser, Q.C., to prepare a paper on Mobility Rights under the Charter (forthcoming in *13 Manitoba Law Journal*).

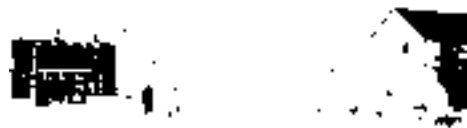
Throughout 1983-84, Kay acted as resource person for first year students, helped to conduct seminars on legal research, and assisted with the grading of legal writing assignments. During her law school career, she also participated three times as a judge on the Moot Court, became involved in campus legal services both at the U. of Sask. and at Saskatoon Community College, and served first as Managing Editor and then as Editor-in-Chief of the Saskatchewan Law Review. In the summer of 1984, she will be working with the Constitutional Branch, Saskatchewan Department of Justice before she leaves for graduate studies in England.

Kay has been awarded a scholarship from the Institute of Advanced Legal Studies for the graduate program at Cam-

bridge, where she will be entering Clare College. Her main interests center around constitutional law, civil liberties and administrative law, and she expects to study in these areas. The graduate program at Cambridge is course-oriented instead of thesis oriented, and Kay is planning to register in Administrative Law and in Comparative Civil Liberties, where she will undertake her major research paper with an eye to future publication. On her return to Canada in 1985, she will commence a clerkship with Mr. Justice W. Z. Estey of the Supreme Court of Canada.

*Parents: Donald and Norma Young.
Grandparents: Jon and Rosa Johnson.
Great-grandparents: Helgi and Asta Johnson;
Petur and Johanna Peturson.*

* * *



Dog team at Gimli, When? First Avenue looking south.

**ELIASON AND MALOWAY
INSURANCE AGENCIES**

MAGNUSE ELIASON
JAMES MALOWAY

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE

791 WELLINGTON AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.
PHONE 774-0639
AGENTS FOR AUTOPAC

NIGHT OF THE NEW YEAR

by **Stephan G. Stephansson**

(Paul A. Sigurdson, Translator)

Forsake me not, soul of the passing year!
Now let me feel the sanctity of others;
My destiny enweave with all my brothers,
Sharing every joy and every care;
Forgetting those most dark in prophesy,
Sullyng that virtue which is golden;
Truth and freedom e'er to me beholden;
Treasure, dearest thing to me.

Let me, when rank with rank contends for
gain,

Speak for the weaker men, their worth
revealing.

Fighting those with hearts of little feeling,
Minds too cold to care for common pain,
Let me defy those groups which ridicule.
Scorning me, themselves the profits taking,
Virtue's bloom and kindness forsaking,
Making arrogance the rule.

Give me heart to guard, however slight,
The will of others trusting and believing,
Caring hands with worthy fingers weaving
Laurel wreaths to crown the brow of Right;
Rejoicing when the day can tell the tale
Of some new victory—the night beginning
Tells that goodness had another winning,
Love right through my help may fail.

Brightness never fades from sight;
Twilight seems a constant glowing;
In the north a band of white,
Borders the horizon's height;
Lusterings of morning light,
On the eastern edges showing.

Soon the landscape sings in light,
Flowers in the meadows glowing.
Why lament a sleepless night?
Spring brings longings of delight,
Stirs the heart of every wight,
Starts the mother-earth to growing.

Now the green is on the lea,
Colors in the fields are showing;
Singing in the heart of me
Summer dreams of ecstasy,
In the distant blue I see
All my grandest hopes aglowing.

This precious night has passed away,
Enriched by friendly talk and singing,
Merrily we greet the day.
Morning's not the time to lay,
Let me see what wakes to-day,
Be a part of all my singing.

Thanks to those who spent the night
Joined with me to reap its pleasures!
Now the land on field and height
Takes the morning's gracious light;
Home I go with rich delight,
With my songs and joyous measures.

*Happiness? It is an illusion to think that
more comfort means more happiness.
Happiness comes of the capacity to feel
deeply, to enjoy simply, to think freely, to
risk life, to be needed.*

STORM JAMESON

VIDIR  LUMBER & SUPPLY LTD.

QUALITY HOMES MOVED ANYWHERE
IN MANITOBA AND SASKATCHEWAN

Phone (204) 364-2261,2,3

BOX 700, ARBORG, MANITOBA R0C 0A0



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS: A STUDY IN TACTICS

by Col. Loftur Bjarnason

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

Duke William of Normandy (Vilhjalmur bastardur) was a great-great-great-grandson of Göngu-Hrolfur (Rollo), the conqueror of Normandy, but he had become completely Frenchified. Apparently the only language he knew was the dialectal Norman French. He based his claim to the English throne mainly upon the promise of King Edward the Confessor that he should be Edward's successor. Since that decision was the prerogative of the Witenagemot, Edward had no right to make that promise. William the Conqueror was a usurper.

When Edward was on his death bed, members of the Witenagemot were in his chamber. One of them said to him, "Whom do you recommend as your successor?" Feebly but firmly came the dying king's reply, "Harold". The next day Harold (the Saxon) Godwinsson was elected by the Witenagemot as the king of England. King Harold II's mother was a close relative of Canute the Great (Knutur Sveinsson), the Danish conqueror of England. In all likelihood he spoke Old Norse (Dönsk tunga) possibly as fluently as his native Anglo-Saxon.

On October 14, 1066, less than a year after his accession to the throne, brave King Harold lay dead on Hastings' stricken battlefield, surrounded by his faithful huscarls who fought to the last man.

* *

This battle is one of the most interesting and possibly the most momentous of all English history. Certainly, it had more far-reaching results than any other battle fought on British soil. It is interesting first of all because it represented a major test of infantry versus cavalry. For the next four

hundred years the armored knight astride an armored horse dominated the tactics of every battle in Europe. The infantry, that is to say, the unmounted and unarmored troops were composed of mere boys or young men — the infants. The Battle of Hastings is interesting secondly because it demonstrated conclusively that leadership more than numbers or materiel determines the outcome of battle. One cannot read an account of this action without being struck by the fact that William displayed an understanding amazing for his time of the power of combined shock and missile attack. One has to wait for several centuries to find another commander with his perception in sizing up a situation and his speed in taking advantage of an opportunity.

We said a moment ago that the Battle of Hastings was momentous. To be more explicit, it ranks as one of the turning points of history in that it determined the cultural and political point of view of England and possibly of Western Europe. Let us pause for a moment and consider what we mean when we say that a single battle may determine the history of the people involved. Let us take a quick look at one or two such battles.

In 490 B.C. a relatively small group of Greeks — or Hellenes as they called themselves — turned back an invading army of Persians under their king Darius. This battle, fought at Marathon, on the east coast of Greece, became a symbol of heroism and patriotism. No one knows the exact number of the Persians involved in this battle, but most authorities agree that they outnumbered the Greeks by at least three to one. As an indication of how important the Greeks considered this battle we



Norman warrior of the Eleventh Century.

might mention that the great writer of Greek tragedy, Aeschylus, based his claim to fame not on the quality of his literary activity nor even on his acting but rather on the fact that he had fought as a simple soldier at Marathon.

Ten years later at Salamis the Greeks again inflicted a decisive defeat upon the Persian invaders under Xerxes, the son of Darius. This, incidentally, is the first re-

corded instance of the use of MARINES amphibious forces.

In winning these two battles, Marathon and Salamis, and in turning back the despotism of the east, the Greeks gained a favorable opportunity for freedom to develop. With the freedom of the individual went, however, interest in art, literature, music, political and social progress, all of those things that we now identify

with individual development and the democratic way of life.

Had the Greeks lost either of these battles, the whole history of Europe would have been different. Certainly, democracy would have died aborting. Art, architecture, philosophy, literature, and science would have suffered a set-back of hundreds of years. No, one can scarcely doubt that the battles of Marathon and Salamis were crucial turning points in the history of Europe and of the world.

Other battles of scarcely less importance might well be cited. The battle of Adrianople in 378 A.D. is often referred to as the one which broke the resistance of the decaying Roman Empire and allowed the invading Germanic tribes to pillage and lay waste the lands surrounding the Mediterranean — that sea which for nearly three quarters of a millenium the Romans had proudly called *mare nostrum* — “our sea.”

The stand of the Franks under Charles Martel at Poitiers in 732 shattered the advance of the Moors into the land of France. Who knows what French history would have been had the Moors dominated that country as they did Spain until 1492? What would have been the history of Western Europe? Could democracy and the democratic way of life have developed? Would we now be Mohammedans instead of Christians? Who can say?

We might mention other crucial battles, the battle of Chalons, for example, where the Huns under Attila were turned back, but let us return to the one which brought to England French culture, the French language, French laws, the use of masonry in place of timber in architecture; in brief, the battle which turned England from an orientation toward Scandinavia and the North of Europe to a sympathy with and an understanding of the great cultural resources of Central and Southern Europe.

This battle of Hastings or more properly, the battle of Senlac Hill was fought between Harold the Saxon, the son of Earl Godwin, recently elected King of England and William — sometimes called the Bastard because of his illegitimate birth — Duke of Normandy in western France. It was fought on 14 October 1066 at Senlac near the modern town of Battle, six and one half miles from Hastings and about 50 miles southeast of London.

When William landed at Pevensey, a few miles west of Hastings, on 28 September, he had just turned 39 years of age. His father, known as Robert The Devil, had died when William was only seven years old. Though illegitimate by birth, William had been reluctantly acknowledged by the semi-autocratic barons as his father's successor. This meant nothing after Robert's death; William was constantly in grave danger of his life until he succeeded at age 20 in winning a decisive victory over the rebellious barons at Val-es-Dunes. He had learned and learned quickly the art of war and the technique of handling men. At the age of 20 William was already an experienced commander and by the time he was 30 he was acknowledged to be the most capable military leader in western Europe.

William based his claim in England not on any right to the throne, but on the right to appear as a candidate for selection. When, on the death of Edward the Confessor in January 1066, the English Witenagemot, *without calling in other candidates*, elected Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, the king of England, William was outraged. He pointed out that he had as valid a claim to be considered a candidate as did Harold and decided to assert his claim by force of arms.

The fact that William organized, equipped, trained, and put to sea an invasion force in less than nine months is a tribute to his genius as a military leader. According to



Portion of the famous Bayeux Tapestry showing Duke William of Normandy's fleet, using typical Viking ships, making its way to England in 1066.

the best historical sources, he even had to build most of the invasion ships, for no where near enough were immediately available to him. As a part of his planning William arranged with Harald Hardradi, the king of Norway, to divert Harold the Saxon by an invasion in the north of England while William went ashore in the south. Bad weather and contrary winds delayed William with the result that Harold met and defeated the northern army at Stamford Bridge, just east of York, a full week before William landed.

On learning that William was plundering the countryside around Hastings, Harold hurried southward, calling up the shire levy as he went. His regulars — the so-called “housecarls” — the only professional warriors in England had fought valiantly and had won a great victory over the Norwegians on September 20th. They had been badly mauled, however, and many of them were not completely recovered when they were marched the 200 miles from Yorkshire in just two weeks.

The fact that Harold averaged 40 miles per day over horrible roads in going from York to London indicates that he and his elite troops were on horseback. The bulk of the army was on foot and could not keep up. From London, where he tarried a few days, waiting for troops to drift in, to Senlac he averaged only nineteen miles per day. This would indicate that most of his army was on foot. This is confirmed by the ancient records and by the tactics used in the battle itself.

Harold arrived at Senlac, about six and one-half miles from William's camp at Hastings, late the evening of 13 October. William of Poitiers, one of the old Chroniclers, asserts that Harold had hoped to get into position for a surprise attack that night or early the next morning but had misjudged the factors of time and distance. Considering the circumstances, this seems hard to believe. It would seem more likely that Harold intended to force William to call in his foraging parties but to avoid a pitched battle until the remainder of the

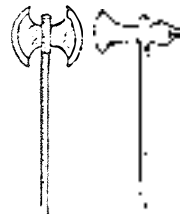
shire levies could catch up with him. In any event, the position that he took on the top of a hill astride the road leading from Hastings to London was an excellent defensive choice, but purely defensive tactics would scarcely force a man such as William to abandon his plans. Harold, a capable commander himself with a reputation for energetically seizing the offensive, must have been aware of this. We can only assume that either he held his adversary in contempt, as one of the old Chroniclers seems to imply, or that he intended to contain and hold William while waiting for reinforcements. William, on the other hand, must have known that time was on the side of Harold. Delay could only improve Harold's morale and reduce his own. He decided to attack at once.

As we mentioned, the place Harold had selected on the main road to London was a good one. William had to attack, take the long way around via Canterbury, or go back to his boats. To Harold's back was the great and dense forest, known to the Romans as *Anderida* and to the Anglo-Saxons as the *Weald*; on either side and to the front were steep slopes up which William had to drive his charges. Harold's right flank was further protected by a brook and marshy ground, his left by an arm of the almost impenetrable forest. The total of Harold's position from obstacle to obstacle was approximately 600 yards, his total strength probably between 6000 and 7000 men. The English, following their custom, fought on foot in a close formation, arranged as three sides of a square, in order to hold the summit of the hill. The front rank consisted of well-equipped, mail-clad warriors, the famous housecarls standing shoulder to shoulder with their shields closely locked. The rear ranks were the shire levies, untrained troops, who had only light armor, and some none at all. These shire levies, for the most part, were simple boys from the farms. They probably had little training

in arms and had no understanding of, or appreciation for, military discipline.

William's host, composed not only of his Norman vassals but of barons, knights, and adventurers from all parts of Europe, was arranged in a center, commanded by the Duke himself, and two wings, the left in charge of Count Alan of Brittany, and the right under Count Eustice of Boulogne. Each division consisted of three ranks: light-armed infantry in the first, heavy-armed foot in the second, and the mounted knights in armor in the third. The light-armed men had bows or crossbows, the crossbowmen being in the center and the archers on the wings. The heavy-armed foot had protective armor and swords. The mounted knights, in addition to their heavy defensive armor, carried long lances and maces or heavy swords.

The English on the top of the hill were armed with spears and long-handled axes. These axes with a broad cutting edge on a four-foot handle were called "Danish axes" and were originally intended as a boarding weapon. As far as weight is concerned they must have been intermediate



Danish Double-Bitted Axe.

between an axe and a sledge hammer. They were fearsome weapons indeed when swung by men hefty enough to use them effectively. In the Norman accounts of the battle we read of the ease with which these axes cut through Norman armor, lopping off arms or dragging knights out of the saddle. The light-armed shire troops carried mainly spears and stone hammers. They had little defensive armor; and,

curiously, there were very few archers. It was only after the Conquest that the long bow became the English national weapon. The stone axes, however, were much better weapons than one might imagine. True, they had no tempered edge, but one blow from a three-pound stone on the end of a two or three foot shaft was enough to crush a man's skull or break his arm. Moreover, it could be thrown and was then scarcely less dangerous.

William must have left his camp by about 4:30 or 5 o'clock, for by nine he had covered the six and one-half miles, deployed his troops as stated, and had begun the attack. As the troops moved out, according to the Norman account of the battle, a juggling minstrel named Taillefer rode forward up the height, tossing and catching his sword and chanting the *Song of Roland*, the favorite poem of the Duke. He was soon overpowered by English skirmishers, though he ran one man through with his lance and cut another down with his sword. These were the first casualties of an affair that was to last all day long. Neither the arrows and bolts of the first rank nor the charge of the second line of infantry coming up the hill made any impression on the English who, standing behind their interlocked shields, showered javelins and stone hammers at the enemy as they struggled up the slope. A charge of the heavy cavalry, led by the Duke and his half brother Godwin produced little more effect. The long Danish axes knocked the knights out of the saddles, cut off limbs, and killed the horses whenever the knights came within reach. The English resisted with such vigor and with such a shower of missiles that the left wing of the Norman attackers composed of Bretons under Count Alan broke and fled down the hill. The English right, thinking the battle won, pursued the Bretons down the hill in a wild, formless mob. Though the accounts of the battle do not specifically say so, these must

have been the green and undisciplined lads from the farms. Certainly, the veteran housecarls would not have bolted without an order from Harold, and Harold was too seasoned a commander to order a pursuit until a decisive result could be gained. As luck would have it, a charge by the total English forces might have been the right move at this particular moment, for as the Bretons fled, they uncovered William's left flank so that even some of his own troops began to fall back. In the disorder William was unhorsed, and the cry went up that he had been killed. Had Harold been able to counterattack at precisely this moment, he would undoubtedly have swept the field, for in the warfare of the ancient times the loss of the leader more often than not brought with it irresolution and consequent defeat for his lieutenants.

Harold's opportunity passed quickly, however, for William, seizing another horse — the owner of which when he resisted, was knocked senseless by a blow from the Duke's fist — raised his helmet so that all could see him and cried out, "See! I am yet alive, and with God's help, I shall yet win this battle today." After thus rallying his men and stopping their flight, he directed them to surround and cut to pieces the English mob which had come too far down the hill. This was quickly done, though one of the accounts states that "the English host seemed scarcely less numerous than before."

The whole action, however, probably suggested to a veteran leader such as William that the undisciplined and inexperienced troops on the hill might be lured off the hill by ruse as well as by accident. He, therefore, executed a charge this time on the opposite flank, followed by a deliberate retreat, thereby drawing another band of unruly troops off the hill. These were promptly ridden over and slaughtered. The accounts of the battle state that William executed this maneuver several

times during the day, thereby reducing the numbers holding the hill and forcing Harold to pull in his wings and reduce his front.

Charge after charge was levelled against the dwindling shield wall until the axe men must have been too weary to resist effectively. Remember, these axes were very heavy; flesh and blood could stand only so much. The charges were accompanied with high-angle fire from the Norman archers, shooting over the heads of the attacking knights and allowing their arrows to fall on the unprotected heads of the English. By far the greater number of the English wore no helmets, even those who did, wore merely the cup-shaped type with little or no brim. Such an arrow hit Harold in the eye just as the sun was setting, causing a mortal wound. Harold's two brothers who had also participated in the battle had already been killed. There was no one to direct the English resistance. At last a combined charge and missile attack broke the center of the shield wall, and the English were forced to fall back. Only the housecarls had the necessary experience to withdraw in fighting formation; the country lads simply broke and fled. Still, there was no question about William's victory, and, after resting for the night on the hard-won ground, he retired to Hastings and from there set out via Canterbury to mop up the scattered forces. No one seems to know why he took the round about way rather than the direct route. Perhaps he wanted to size up the situation before committing his forces too far away from the seashore.

As obvious as the tactical lessons to be learned from this battle are to us, they seem to have been completely overlooked by the knights of the time. For the next three hundred years the armored knight mounted on a great horse riding at full tilt against the enemy was the tactical unit on the medieval battlefield. The infantry was considered so unimportant that battle casualty lists

seldom mentioned their losses. The effect of fire power, that is to say, archers, was completely overlooked. It took a whole series of defeats at Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt to teach the armored knights that they could not face disciplined archers supported by infantry and co-ordinating cavalry. An appreciation for the combination of fire power and shock action had to wait even longer.

As to the qualities of leadership displayed by William, one cannot read the old records without being impressed by his tenacity, his quickness of mind, his ability to turn even that which seemed an advantage of the enemy to his own purpose. He was as great a statesman as he was a warrior. He set the pattern of administration which changed England from a disunited collection of semi-independent dukedoms into a firmly united nation. Had his successors been as sagacious as he, England would have attained military and cultural preeminence long before she did.

Greetings

from

A Friend

NORM BERGMAN: MANITOBA CHAMBER Manitoban of the Month (December, 1984)

by Glen Dawkins

"I've got two ambitions, those are to make the Manitoba Chamber of Commerce a more respected organization and a more financially independent one."



"One of the pleasures of having worked in Manitoba is that I'm fortunate to be able to walk into any community and recognize someone there," explains Norman Bergman, the Executive Director of the Manitoba Chamber of Commerce. "The best part is that most of those meetings are cordial."

In a business career that has spanned over three decades, the 71-year-old Bergman has had an opportunity available to a select few. Bergman has been able to see first hand how both the private and public sectors work. This experience, combined with his organizational knowhow and amiable nature, has helped Norman Bergman guide the Manitoba Chamber of Commerce through a most challenging and interesting period in its history.

"Right now, I've got two ambitions," explains Bergman, who seems to prefer

passing out the credit to taking it all himself. "Those are to make the Manitoba Chamber of Commerce a more respected organization and a more financially independent one."

The chamber is presently gearing up for a massive shot at both of these objectives later this month. The Manitoba Chamber of Commerce is sponsoring the first annual Manitoba Economic Outlook Conference, November 21, at the Westin. Under the chairmanship of Winnipeg businessman Tom Denton and along with Bergman's stewardship, the conference will include presentations by provincial Finance Minister Vic Schroeder and the United States Ambassador to Canada, Paul Robinson.

"You don't accomplish anything unless you have a good committee. One man can't do it alone," Bergman stresses.

Bergman says the timing of the conference is ideal since the economic statistics for the first three quarters will be out by then and experts will be able to give advice based on that information. But as this has been the first year for the conference, Bergman, who served as conference co-ordinator, says they really had no rules to go by. "It was catch as catch can," he says. "We had to put the program together with things that would interest businessmen from Manitoba and would be of interest to registrants from other parts of Canada."

Born and educated in Winnipeg, Bergman joined the MacArthur group of companies in Brandon in 1952. "I ended up as General Manager and Vice-President of all of his (MacArthur's) companies. It was a delightful association." Through that association he gained experience in the trans-

portation field. It would be experience that he would later put into practise.

The following year, Bergman was elected as a director for The Brandon Chamber of Commerce, beginning his long and fruitful relationship with the chamber of commerce movement.

In 1958, he was appointed Industrial Commissioner for Brandon and Manager of the Brandon Chamber of Commerce. As well, he became a member of the Manitoba Division of the Canadian Public Relations Society and, in 1959, was appointed to the Executive Committee of the Manitoba Transportation Commission, serving as the only member of the commission from outside of Winnipeg.

The commission was set up to advise the government on problems relating to transportation in the areas of rail, highway, air and water. He also prepared all transportation briefs and submissions for the City of Brandon from 1958 to 1968.

"I spent from 1952 to 1968 in Brandon," says Bergman, who also served as the general manager of the Public Cold Storage Brandon Ltd. He was also treasurer of the Brandon Poultry Products Ltd., and was appointed Vice-President of the Wheat City Investments' Public Relations and Development Department.

While still in Brandon he served on the Committee on Manitoba's Economic Future and sat on advisory groups on transportation, water, industrial promotion, community development and secondary industries. In 1964, Bergman was asked to be one of 24 members of the Woods Labour Legislation Review Committee. The committee was established by then Premier Duff Roblin and was made up of 12 members from management and 12 from labour. Their task was to review all existing provincial labour laws with a view to refining and improving them. As with the Manitoba Transportation Committee, Bergman was

wheatfield press

for genealogy, history and reference
publications and aids

publishers of:

"Tracing Your Icelandic Family Tree"

"The 1891-92 Census of Icelanders in
Canada"

"The Canadian Genealogical Handbook"

box 205, st. james postal station,
winnipeg, manitoba R3J 3R4
(204) 885 4731

Greetings

from

A Friend

the only member of the committee outside Winnipeg.

His rural background seems to have been helpful in 1967, when he was asked by then Minister of Industry and Commerce Sidney Spivak to act as special consultant in charge of co-ordinating rural participation in the January 1968 "Summit Conference". The result was the largest number of rural participants at a government-sponsored conference up to that time.

In 1968, Bergman was named Senior Development Consultant for the Regional Development Branch of the Manitoba Department of Industry and Commerce. "From 1968 to the present, I've been working out of Winnipeg and with the Manitoba Chamber of Commerce — which has a great rural orientation this year, because we have 57 members, only two of which are in Winnipeg." (the Winnipeg and St. James Chambers of Commerce)."

He later became special advisor to Bob Banman, Minister of Industry and Commerce, and to J. Frank Johnston, when the new Department of Economic Development and Tourism was created in 1979. Bergman retired from government services in 1981, following the provincial election.

That left him free to work with the Manitoba Chamber full-time. Having served in almost every capacity in the Brandon, Manitoba and Canadian Chambers, including a stint as president of the Manitoba Chamber, he agreed to take on the position of executive director "for three months." That was a year and a half ago.

The biggest challenge facing the provincial chamber was something that started just about the time Bergman was finishing up his tenure with the government. Up until last year, the chamber had all of its bills paid by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, as did most of the other provincial chambers in the country. However, in exchange for the Canadian Chamber's support, the provincial chambers were not

allowed to solicit business memberships.

The provincial chambers financed themselves with the Canadian Chamber's funding plus whatever additional revenue they could get from community chamber dues. In Manitoba's case, this worked out to an extra \$15,000 in memberships.

In exchange for lifting the restriction on business memberships, the Canadian Chamber started to withdraw its funding four years ago. The funding was officially halted Dec. 31, 1983. "Now we've had to re-align our financing and are working at replacing the money that we used to get from the Canadian Chamber," explains Bergman, who hopes to leave the Manitoba Chamber solvent enough to be able to hire a full-time executive director. "We're moving toward that but we've got a long way to go yet."

He would also like to see the provincial chamber as a more visible organization when he departs. In addition to this month's first Annual Business Outlook Conference, the Manitoba Chamber has its annual presentation of the Outstanding Business Achievement Awards. The awards recognize the achievements of businessmen throughout the province.

"It's another of the ongoing things to build up the prestige of the chamber," affirms Norman Bergman.

— Courtesy of the Mid-Canada
Commerce.

LUNDAR MEAT & GROCERY

A Full Line of Groceries
NOTED FOR ITS GOOD MEAT

K. VIGFUSSON JR. & FAMILY

Lundar, Man. R0C 1Y0

Ph. 762-5261

Ph. 762-5368

DAN JOHNSON: PROGRAM HIS PLAY, PASSION

by Barbara Huck



Credit for success of Manitoba Special Olympics program belongs to volunteers, directors, staff, says Dan Johnson. Note the Icelandic sweater.

The walls of Dan Johnson's office speak volumes about the man who works there. But even more articulate is what's not on the walls.

The son of a provincial minister, former brother-in-law of a provincial premier, firm friend of the current prime minister, Johnson could easily have succumbed to the young-man-with-influential-friends syndrome and plastered his walls with photographs of himself with any number of easily recognizable faces.

But there is not even one such self-congratulatory picture. Instead, the walls are covered with photographs, his own photographs, of children and adults involved in a host of activities, from swimming to skiing.

At first glance it appears simply to be the eclectic montage of a photographer with a fascination for faces. But a closer inspection reveals two central themes. All the subjects are mentally handicapped. And all are smiling.

Which says at least two things about the 35-year-old executive director of Manitoba Special Olympics.

His work is his play and his passion. And though the program he helped to initiate, fought for and still immerses himself in daily is copied right across Canada, he refuses to take himself seriously.

Credit to others

The credit for the success of his programs, he says, goes to the legions of unpaid volunteers, to the directors, to his staff, to the mentally retarded themselves — to everybody, in short, but Dan Johnson, who's just in this business because he loves it.

Others don't see it quite that way, however.

When Ted Irvine returned to Winnipeg in 1977 after a far-flung NHL career, he brought with him an interest in Special Olympics, acquired during a five-year stint with New York Rangers. Asked to initiate and promote the program in Manitoba, he headed to Prince Charles School and offered his services. He admits now he expected to be greeted with open arms, but instead the reception he got was decidedly cool.

"They didn't know much about the program. And what they knew they didn't much like," Irvine recalled recently. "So I got the big brushoff."

Except from Dan Johnson.

"What I remember is that Dan jumped right in and took a chance on me. We worked with the kids and hustled all over town to collect uniforms and equipment and we ended up taking 28 youngsters to Regina. It seemed like it was Dan and me against the whole world.

"But most important was the fact that Dan started at Square One, right at the

beginning, and then kept on going until he had built this thing into something spectacular."

High standards

So spectacular that Dr. Wayne Hildahl, now president of the board of directors, says Manitoba Special Olympics is not only the best program in Canada, but "probably one of the best in North America and maybe even the world.

"And the reason is Dan Johnson. He devotes himself to this. He's very demanding, sets very high standards, surrounds himself with dedicated staff and absolutely devotes himself to the kids."

The CBC's Scott Oake, a dedicated board member, echoes Hildahl.

"People right across the country are in awe of what's happened here. It's light years ahead of anywhere else. Other provinces simply copy what's happening in Manitoba.

"And it's all because of Dan. He's tireless, aggressive; he works 18 hours a day and the door to his apartment is always open."

Heady praise, if Johnson was in the business of listening. But most of it goes right over his head. He doesn't measure himself, or his accomplishments, by conventional yearsticks.

Indeed, his has been a rather unconventional life, particularly for someone born into quite properly conventional circumstances.

The third child and first son of Dr. George Johnson, a general practitioner who turned his talents to politics under the Roblin government, and his wife Doris, Dan spent his early years basking in financial and emotional security of a large extended family of substantial means.

He was nine when his parents moved the family from Gimli into Winnipeg and he followed his older sisters to Robert H. Smith, River Heights and Kelvin schools.

He loved sports, but in a competitive family which eventually expanded to include six children, he was looking for a niche of his own.

So it surprised no one when he expressed a desire to leave Winnipeg to take physical education at the University of North Dakota.

In fact, he has spent much of his adult life trying to leave Winnipeg. But he has found that all roads seem to lead home again.

Greatly influenced by Kelvin teacher and coach Mike Kachmar, whom he described as "tough as nails, a man you could respect," he set his sights on coaching, majoring in physical education and biology at UND.

During the summers he worked in the mines at Thompson, farms in the Interlake, the freight sheds in Winnipeg and thought about living far away — in Australia, perhaps.

After graduation in 1970, he resolved to go Down Under. "But I needed about \$2,500," he recalled, "so I went to Labrador City to work in the mines."

His timing, however, was less than impeccable. When he finally got a job, it earned him only \$500 a month, \$300 of which went for room and board. He stuck it out for eight months before beating a retreat for home.

He went back to school, taking a year of a masters in exercise physiology and then, feet itching again, headed south for California to try to get a teaching job.

It didn't quite work out that way, however. He ended up delivering eggs to supermarkets with Mexican immigrants equally unqualified to work in the United States.

Eventually apprehended by the police, he was deported and told that if he wanted American employment he would have to make application in the approved manner, from Canada.

He answered an ad for a recreation direc-

tor for St. Amant Centre and spent "three of the best years of my life." Then, in 1976, he went to Newfoundland for a year where he worked as recreation consultant to special groups for the province.

The 12 months in Canada's youngest province taught him the business of politics (his sister Janis was then married to premier Frank Moores) and about regionalism.

"I remember once asking a fellow I worked with whether he'd ever been to the West Coast," he recalled. "And he said sure, he'd spent several days in Comer Brook."

Back home again in 1977, he found a job opening at Prince Charles School teaching phys.ed. He was there the following year when Irvine came knocking.

With others interested in providing better opportunities for the mentally handicapped, he was soon battling the the prevailing winds — holding competitions in floor hockey, putting athletes into regular cross-country runs. Irvine's enthusiasm for Special Olympics was right up his alley.

Still, he admits now he jumped in blindly. "I didn't know what I was getting into, what a fight it would be. And basically, I was fired from Prince Charles after it became clear what we were doing."

He battled day by day, calling on his friends and his large family, many of whom are still involved today, for support and help ("Thank heavens there were so many of us," his mother says. "He was really alone.") until Christmas, 1979. Then Canadian Special Olympics accepted a proposal from Brian Law at the Manitoba branch of the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded and "things just took off."

They funded him for 18 months to establish a board of directors and set up a program and in May, 1980, Manitoba Special Olympics was incorporated.

"We got an office in '81 and it just grew, primarily because of the need . . . nothing else," Johnson says today. "There just had

to be something for these people in non-school, non-work hours."

And what precisely does Special Olympics provide?

"We try to parallel the normative sports scene," says Johnson. "We use the same rules, the same training methods, the same facilities. Where possible we have our athletes compete with the mainstream.

"And we've only scratched the surface. Yet even so, the growth they show, not only physically, but socially, emotionally and psychologically . . . it just changes their whole lives."

The person he feels best encapsulates those changes is 20-year-old John Lavallee ("The Meathead," Johnson fondly calls him). He was in Johnson's first sports program. Today he holds down a full-time job, plays floor hockey in the integrated Manitoba league and works as a volunteer with Special Olympics. He's in the process of moving into his own apartment and has what Johnson terms perfectly normal interests for his age — beer and girls.

"I see no reason why, in the years to come, he can't be a coach at national or international games. He sums up everything we're trying to do."

Those kind of successes might eventually mean Manitoba will lose Johnson, Hildahl suggests.

"I know people here will be absolutely devastated to hear me say this, but I think we're almost at the point where Dan Johnson should leave Manitoba, to run the program for the whole country.

"Canadian Special Olympics has such a long way to go. And what he could do to the national program would blow the established practices apart.

"I'd hate to see him leave, but it would help so many people who can't help themselves."

—Courtesy of the Winnipeg Free Press, Saturday, Dec. 22, 1984

SEEKING THE PERFECT PICKEREL FILLET

by Sondra Gottlieb

The flat expanse of Manitoba is home to ducks, Icelanders and a renowned Canadian fish

SONDRA GOTLIEB, whose most recent novel is "A Woman of Consequence," is working on a book of humorous pieces about Washington. She is the wife of the Canadian ambassador to Washington.

* * *

All Canadians have to face the fact, in their heart of hearts, that Winnipeggers and in fact all Manitobans, are a superior people. When I was living in Canada, outside of my native Manitoba, I was careful not to flaunt my roots too frequently because nobody likes to be accused of snobbery. If, however, I thought Torontonians or Haligonians were getting a little hoity-toity, I would casually mention wheat, sunflowers, walking to school in 40 below (without complaint), the wind on Portage and Main, pickerel fillets and high achievers. My compatriots would sign with envy, and always come around to that nagging question: "Why Winnipeg?" All I could say, within the bounds of good taste, was, "Why Athens?"

So you will understand my hurt and anger when I arrived in the United States and Americans asked me if Manitoba was near British Columbia, a province about

2,000 miles away with a strange geography, including an ocean and mountains. I never saw an anthill until I went east to Ontario when I was 19, and I had always thought saltwater was a liquid used for preserving dill pickles, an autumnal pre-occupation.

Not all Americans are so ignorant about my native province. When I met Hubert Humphrey 20 years ago, he told me he was proud to call himself the Senator from Lower Manitoba. He knew that the province was north of Minnesota, filled with marshlands and wildlife, and contained a rich and unusual mix of people.

I believe Senator Humphrey asked me if Manitoba was the birthplace of the Flat Earth Society, because of its topography. When you drive from Winnipeg to Hecla Island in Lake Winnipeg in search of the perfect pickerel fillet, as I did on Labor Day, all you see is bright blue sky, black earth and the occasional tractor, turning over the stubble. The only place in the world where my husband lets me loose on the road is Highway 8 between Winnipeg and Hecla Island. I can see all the way to the place where the earth drops off and

Hecla Island on Lake Winnipeg retains the aura of its past as an Icelandic fishing village.

know I'll have time to stop the car before we reach the edge.

Senator Humphrey was right about Manitoba's unusual mix of people. A good way to find out about the origins of the average Manitoban is to stroll around the neo-classical legislative buildings in Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and look at the statues. There's Queen Victoria sitting on her throne, not far from Jon Sigurdsson, Icelandic man of letters, and Louis Riel, of French and Manitoba parentage, who was hanged for rebellion. Taras Shevchenko, Ukrainian poet, and Robert Burns, Scottish poet, are there as is a Kwakiutl totem pole. As far as I can tell, the Mennonite and Jewish settlers have yet to be honored by statues.

When I returned to Manitoba this time, I hungered for a really fresh pickerel fillet. The cognoscenti in Winnipeg suggested Hecla Island, a former Icelandic fishing settlement on Lake Winnipeg, which has been turned into a park. My husband and I persuaded our respective mothers, who are best friends and octogenarians, to accompany us. My mother was last there about 65 years ago when she was teaching school in Riverton, a town nearby. As we passed a certain spot near Riverton, she decided it was the very place she nearly died in a February snowstorm, walking back from visiting an Icelandic family. She also remembered that the family had treated her to boiled whitefish, coffee and vinarterta, an Icelandic torte filled with layers of prune and rich dough and flavored with cardamom seed. My mother's point was that the town and the landscape hadn't changed much in all those years.

Hecla is only a two-hour drive north from Winnipeg, and once we crossed the causeway from the mainland to Hecla Island, we were surrounded by the great marshlands that have been carefully preserved by the province. Actually I'm

wrong about Americans not knowing about Manitoba. At a reception in Washington for Ducks Unlimited, a group that raises money to maintain marshlands and game preserves in North America, every member knew where Manitoba was because the organization contributes money to preserve the vast marshlands of Lake Winnipegosis and Lake Manitoba.

Before we headed for the Gull Harbour Resort Hotel, where I hoped to find the perfect pickerel fillet, we passed through the restored village of Hecla. The Icelanders came to Manitoba around 1876, after the volcanic eruption of Mount Hekla in Iceland, to continue their fisherman's way of life on the shores of Lake Winnipeg. Eventually the Icelanders built little log houses, churches, a community hall and a sawmill. The most sought-after fish were pickerel, whitefish and Lake Winnipeg goldeye.

Despite their austere lives, the Icelanders prospered in Manitoba, and it has been maintained that Winnipeg has more Icelanders than Reykjavik. When I was a high-school student in Winnipeg, and all the girls had to wear a standard uniform — short black tunic, black bloomers and long black stockings — only the tall blonde Icelandic girls were shown to an advantage by the ensemble.

The Hecla fishing community has disappeared except for the few restored buildings and white fishing boats that reflect the simple and unadorned nature of the Icelanders' early life in the province. But the Gull Harbour Resort Hotel, at the far end of the island, was specifically designed to recall the Icelandic heritage; the roof is shingled, the walls are made of rough-sawn cedar, and there is a large open fireplace in the dining room. The area around the hotel includes an 18-hole golf course, tennis courts and many marked nature walks. In the winter, visitors come for cross-country

skiing, snow-shoeing, snowmobile racing on the huge lake and skating and curling on the rink. Curling is a great provincial sport, and during winter men and women can be seen walking around Winnipeg with brooms on their shoulders.

In the lunchroom of the Gull Harbour Resort Hotel, we sat near the windows facing the landscaped gardens, which are laid out in a vaguely Oriental style. You can see the wonderful mountain ash trees, with their clusters of orange berries, that grow so well in Manitoba.

When we asked for pickerel, the waitress informed us, "You can have pickerel for breakfast, pickerel for dinner, but not for lunch." Our faces must have revealed our shock and disappointment, because she backtracked and said, "Let me talk to the chef." Within a moment, she came back beaming and announced that fresh pickerel was in the pan. The real pickerel experts are our mothers, and they avowed that the fillets, golden crispy and tender, were the freshest they had eaten for too many years. We finished with vinarterta and Icelandic pancakes, rolled in cinnamon and served with strawberries. The menu also offers the standard steak and chicken, as well as Lake Winnipeg goldeye, and two surprising

items for an inland resort — clam chowder and shrimps. The manager said they had tried serving the Lake Winnipeg whitefish, but the customers mysteriously rejected it. Whitefish is delicious, but I suppose too humdrum for locals, who hanker for a taste of the exotic, like canned clams and frozen shrimp.

We left the mothers in the garden by the mountain ash trees while we strolled to the lighthouse, surrounded by the waters of Lake Winnipeg on both sides of the trail. The island is a nesting ground for herons, American bitterns and a huge variety of waterfowl, and the wildflowers have been left to flourish. The planners of the Gull Harbour Resort have successfully combined comfort and simplicity, amid the great marshlands and wilderness area of Hecla Island.

A meal that includes an appetizer of goldeye, and entree of pickerel and dessert is about \$15. Rooms range from \$45 to \$49 for a single, \$49 to \$52 for a double. The address is Gull Harbour Resort Hotel, General Delivery, Riverton, Manitoba, R0C 2R0, Canada; telephone 204-2354 or 800-442-0497.

—*Courtesy of the New York Times, November 18, 1984.*

LUNDAR BAKERY

ERIC & LIL JOHNSON

Lundar, Manitoba R0C 1Y0
PHONE 762-5341

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Please send subscriptions and correspondence regarding subscriptions to:

Mildred Storsater,
890 Valour Road,
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3G 3B4
Phone 772-1707

THE ART SHOW

by Paul A. Sigurdson

Have you ever had the rare good fortune of passing out — er, passing through a small town art show? Let me tell you it is an unforgettable experience. It has a way of sticking with you. It can grip you, stir you, overwhelm you. You will never be the same. It is a bit like going through a war. No, I'm exaggerating. It has not quite the same pitch of excitement. In fact when you come down to it, it has about as much rollicking excitement as a stroll through the morgue. Life that has become very still.

First let me describe the setting. It is usually a school gymnasium. The artistic atmosphere hits you hard right off. Pegboards are propped up in a truly ingenious helter-skelter fashion, hung with outstanding works of art. That is, they're standing out all over the place — even protruding from the basketball hoops.

Usually no attempt has been made to give the show order and form. There is no progression. No categories. No gradual movement to an exciting climax. The executive members have dispensed with all that kind of tom-foolery. They have opted for the natural, primitive effect, for the spontaneous. They realized it was pointless to try for a progression and a climax. There was after all a whole series of climaxes. All the exhibits were of equal excellence! And that was verified by all the executive members. How can you move to a climactic pitch when the first picture you encounter is so forceful, its colours come at you like a springing tiger? You see, Mrs. Black, who by the way is the president of the club, had placed her oversize eye-knocking oil four-square facing the main entrance. Mrs. Black thoughtfully didn't want anyone to miss the opportunity of having his eyes knocked out. What after that could be done to top such a wall-bonging climax?

There is another noteworthy feature of the show. There is absolutely, positively — I'll swear to it if you want me to — no sign, no hint of that ugly spectre of professional jealousy. There is only unprofessional jealousy. Mrs. Green, a club member — but not in the ranks of the celestial executive — dropped by to "look things over" on the evening before the show. There she discovered, that by a clumsy oversight, someone had hung Mrs. Violet's wispy little landscape in the most remote and most dimly lit corner of the gymnasium. Mrs. Green, who is a friend of Mrs. Violet — she has a congenital knack of wrenching people's noses — decided to correct the oversight herself. She did not wish to annoy the executive with petty details. Thereupon she simply switched Mrs. Violet's wispy little landscape with one of Mrs. Black's bold creations. After all Mrs. Black had a total of forty-seven of her "œuvres" represented, and she would be pleased to discover the oversight had been corrected. But strangely enough, Mrs. Black was not at all pleased. In fact she insisted the correction was worse than the oversight, and promptly switched the pictures again. She explained that the light in the corner served to enhance Mrs. Violet's wispy landscape — only she expressed it in a slightly different way, with words like "it looks better in the dark" or some such highly sophisticated judgment. However, Mrs. Violet, who truly believed her wispy little landscape would save the show from mediocrity, got one up on the president. Shortly after the opening of the show while the crowds were milling about, she marched in, wearing a look of spiteful determination, and did her own switch in front of all the people. Mrs. Black saw the look and not wishing to turn her show into a wrestler's ring decided it was wisest to look

the other way, that is, turn the other cheek. But she hasn't spoken to Mrs. Violet since.

Let us now imagine we are there at the show. There must be about 300 entries. It seems everybody and his dog is represented. As I browse around I come to the conclusion that there must be quite a number of dogs in the town. The works are hanging — more or less — from masonite pegboards. A tag below each picture gives the name. The names are revealing. There is one showing a boy feeding hay to a cow, and the name of the picture is "Boy Feeding Hay to a Cow" — just in case there might be any doubts. And there is another one showing a dog chasing a frightened rabbit. I was impressed with the title "Dog Attacking Rabbit". Now there was a bold sally of the imagination! All the pictures have price tags as well. The prices range from five to thirty dollars except for Mrs. Black's. You come to realize that her "œuvres" are the best in the show because they are all very large and all range from fifty to one hundred fifty dollars.

However, it is the variety which strikes you as the essential trademark of the show. As I said before there are about 300 pictures. Believe it or not — about 250 are mountain scenes. All of these have towering mountains in the background and a lake and trees in the foreground. Did I say variety? Why I should say! The mountains themselves are so different! Sometimes the mountain is only one great high peak. Sometimes there are many peaks on the mountain. Sometimes the peaks are symmetrical and sometimes asymmetrical. Sometimes they are jagged peaks like dog-tangs and sometimes smooth and rounded like breasts. Some mountains are much different, they are curved like a camel's back! And the colors! Talk about a variety! Every hue of blue you've ever seen! But you will realize — if you observe closely — there are no table mountains. There is something so bland about table mountains. Phew! What is the joy in painting a table mountain? What fun is it to stroke

a dull horizontal line clear across the canvas? Why not have the thrill of soaring up and plummeting down over and over again as if your brush were riding a roller-coaster?

I don't want to omit the spectators. After all it was for them the show was organized. Here was their opportunity to wade knee-deep in culture. They stroll about pausing here and there, smiling, frowning, chortling as they react to the strangeness before them. It is revealing to note their comments. You begin to understand their deep feeling for art. Such discriminating phrases as "this is nice" and "this is very nice" and "this is pretty nice" are commonly heard, but sometimes someone comes up with a truly memorable gem like "damn good" or something equally inventive. Mr. Soames, the bank teller, a tall thin man who wears a bewildered look as if he has suddenly been dropped in a strange place, thinks Miss Pinky's picture — a beehive dripping with honey — is the best in the show, and I assure you this comment springs purely from sound artistic judgment and has nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that he's taking her on a moonlight cruise next Friday. Nosdrugis, the school teacher, is interesting to observe. He pauses before a picture, peers, cocks his head left, squints, cocks his head right, steps back three paces and peers again, steps back another pace and accidentally knocks over one of the displays, bringing the whole place into new life.

It was whispered to me that one of the paintings is missing from the show. A nude. One of the members, an upstart newcomer from the city, had put it up for display. However, Mrs. Black ordered it taken down and banned till doomsday, pronouncing that she didn't want *her* show transmogrified into a hall of pornography! There were so many clean subjects she declared, so why should they have to display anything as dirty

as a female nude? She gave a definite emphasis to the word "female".

There are other sidelights I could go into about the show but you get an idea of its artistic singularity. Suffice it is to say it was a success. Everyone liked it and thought it was "very very nice". That is, everyone except the upstart from the city. He accosted Mrs. Black — in front of all the executive — after the show, and called her a small-minded, spiteful tight-girdled bitch. Then

he announced he was quitting the club, saying "It's all fourth-rate art anyway."

As you might expect Mrs. Black was not pleased with this succinct analysis of her character, and rallying her supporters voted to ostracize the upstart member forever from the club and all future shows. All the executive supported her and agreed when she pronounced the art of the town must remain — I think she used the word "pure". That shows you how dedicated to the purity of art people are in a small town.

ICELANDIC IMMIGRATION

**S.S. WALDENSIAN
(Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.)**

(Sailed from Glasgow, July 10, 1879, arrived in Quebec on July 19, 1879)

by Donald E. Gislason

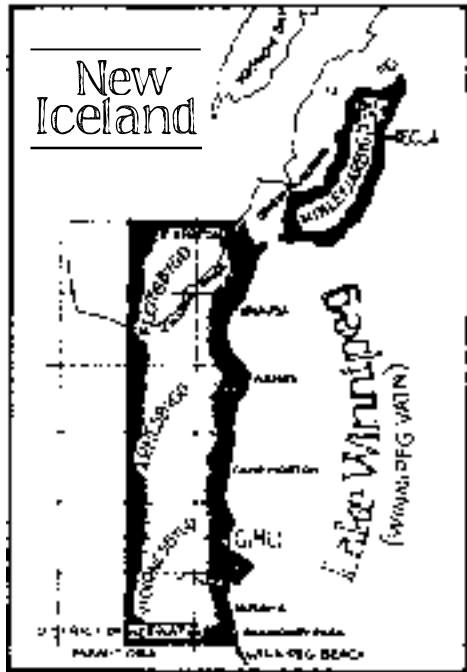
(Continued from the Autumn issue, 1984)

Name	Occupation	Age		Destination
		M	F	
98. Olavia? Olafsdottir (Gudrun)	Domestic		25	Minnesota, first sent to Toronto
99. Gudrun Jonsdottir	Domestic		59	Minnesota
100. Kristin Jonsdottir	Domestic		68	Minnesota
101. Hallgrimur Einarsson? (Einarsson)	Labourer	26		Minnesota
102. Gudjon Einarsson? (Einarsson)	Labourer	25		Minnesota
103. Adalbjorg Jonsdottir	Domestic		26	Minnesota
104. Sigtryggur Gudjonsson	Child	4		Minnesota
105. Arni Gudjonsson	Child	1/2		Minnesota
106. Sigbjorn? Thorsteinsson (Sigurbjorn)	Farmer	30		Minnesota
107. Rosa Gisladdottir	Wife		34	Minnesota
108. Gisli Gisladdottir? (Sigurbjornsson)	Child	4		Minnesota
109. Thuridur Arnadottir	Domestic		60	Minnesota
110. Maria Thorsteinsdottir	Domestic		17	Minnesota
111. Thorgrimur Fridriksson	Labourer	22		Quebec — assisted passage — stop in Toronto
112. Kristin Fridriksdottir	Domestic		21	Quebec

Name	Occupation	Age		Destination	
		M	F		
113. Einar Jonsson	Farmer	45		New Iceland via Toronto	
114. Rannveig Sigurdsdottir	Wife		45	New Iceland via Toronto	
115. Gudrun Sigurdsdottir? (Einarsson)	Domestic		21	New Iceland via Toronto	
116. Benedikt? Sigurdsdottir? (Einarsson)	Girl	?	13	New Iceland via Toronto	
117. John Davidson? (Jon Davidsson)	Farmer	36		Minnesota	
118. Magiborg? (Ingibjorg) Jonsdottir	Wife		36	Minnesota	
119. Marselina Jonsdottir	Girl		12	Minnesota	
120. Helga Stefania	Infant		1/2	Minnesota	
121. Einar Einarsson	Farmer	44		Manitoba	
122. Gudbjorg Gudmundsdottir	Wife		40	Manitoba	
123. Kristjan Gudmundsdottir? (Einarsson)	Family		13	Manitoba	
124. Fridfinnur (Einarsson)		10	Manitoba		
125. Sigurdur (Einarsson)		7	Manitoba		
126. Asmundur (Einarsson)		4	Manitoba		
127. Jacobina (Einarsson)			2	Manitoba	
128. Einar (Einarsson)		1/2	Manitoba		
129. Kristin Haldersdottir? (Halldorsdottir)		Domestic		36	Nebraska
130. Fumefa?? Grimsdottir		Wife		51	Toronto
131. Jon Gottskuldsson? (Gottschalksson)	Child	12		Toronto	
132. Baldvin Jonsson	Farmer	59		Toronto	
133. Jona Hallgrimsdottir	Wife		48	Going to Ontario — friends in Uxbridge (or Bracebridge?)	
134. Jon Hallgrimsdottir? (Baldvinsson)	Child	12		Toronto	
135. Thorsteinn Hallgrimsd. (Baldvinsson)	Child	11		Toronto	
136. Asta Stomur?? (Baldvinsdottir)	Child		6	Toronto	
137. Bjarni Olgeirsson	Farmer	42		New Iceland	
138. Gudrun Asmundsdottir	Wife		48	New Iceland	
139. Anna Asmundsdottir? (Bjarnadottir)	Child		11	New Iceland	
140. Geirmundur Asmundsdottir? (Bjarnason)	Child	10		New Iceland	
141. Gunnar Asmundsdottir? (Bjarnason)	Child	9		New Iceland	

(Continued)

'NEW ICELAND' FISHING VILLAGE BEING RESTORED TO LIFE



Life is slowly being pumped back into Hecla Village that remnant of New Iceland which died temporarily after Hecla Island was made into a provincial park.

Now, the provincial parks branch is lovingly restoring buildings and welcoming back several former residents to run services in the village. This will be a welcome development for those visiting Hecla Provincial Park and Gull Harbour Resort Hotel.

New Iceland offered hope for a better life because the Icelanders were able to improve their standard of living while maintaining their language and culture. Here they were able to fish and farm part-time as most of them had done in Iceland, before fleeing economic hardship and a volcano.

Life in New Iceland was different in some ways. Ice-houses had to be built because North Americans preferred fresh

fish to the traditional dried fish popular in Iceland. Since the ocean around Iceland seldom froze over, the fishermen also had to learn how to fish through the thick winter ice on Lake Winnipeg.

Commercial fishing on Lake Winnipeg was pioneered by Icelandic fishermen like those on Hecla Island. Whitefish, goldeye and, later, pickerel were the most sought-after fish. Catches were initially good, but the stocks became depleted as more and more fishermen worked the lake. By 1969 catches of these species were alarmingly poor and, when the lake was closed to fishing between 1970 and 1972 due to mercury pollution, many fishermen left the industry for good.

Hecla Village was at the peak of its prosperity in the 1920s when homes like that of Sigurgeir Sigurgeirsson were built. New Iceland ceased to be a self-governing colony in 1887 when it became part of Manitoba, but the Icelandic community continued to thrive. A community hall erected at the southern end of the village hosted countless plays and dances. The settlement was still isolated from the mainland, however, which occasionally proved to be a considerable disadvantage. When islanders were seriously ill they had to be taken to the hospital in Gimli as there was no doctor at Hecla. This was a difficult and dangerous journey over thin ice in the fall or uncertain ice in the spring.

Although Hecla did prosper for many years the settlement slowly declined. The sawmill closed because the best timber along the shores of Lake Winnipeg had been used up. Commercial fishing, the main source of income for the islanders, became unprofitable due to much competition and low prices, and the farmland never proved very productive. When Hecla

school was closed in 1966, as part of the school consolidation program, most remaining families with school-age children also left the island.

In order to save their community and provide employment, the residents approached the provincial government in the late 1960s to have Hecla Island developed as a provincial park. The park was officially designated in 1969, and developed under the joint federal and provincial governments' fund for Rural Economic Development (FRED). Although many of the buildings in Hecla Village lay empty for several years while their future was being determined, work is now under way to revitalize Hecla Village in order to provide a glimpse of how life on Hecla Island once was, and how it is today.

Says Glen Suggett, of the parks branch:

In Phase I a self-guiding trail has been developed through the heart of this Icelandic settlement, utilizing a trail brochure and signs at key points of interest, to provide visitors with a glimpse of how life once was on Hecla Island, and how it is today. Phase I is now finished with the signs and trail brochure available on site. Initial building stabilization has been done to prevent further deterioration of the structures most in need of repair.



Helgi Tomasson conducts commercial fishing demonstration for tourists.

Phase II of the program began this spring. The emphasis this year is upon completing the stabilization of all the structures along the self-guiding trail. Some of the highlights:

The Tomasson's boarding house is being refurbished to appear as it did near the turn of the century; the school has been reroofed and will be repainted; the church has been painted; the Sigurgeir Sigurgeirsson frame house has been returned to its appearance, as it was during the peak of the community in the late 1920s; Villjalmur Sigurgeirsson log house has been refurbished to appear as it did in the early 1900s; a whitefish boat has been restored for display, and two ice houses will be refurbished as well.

Planning is now under way for Phase II of the project involving the renovation of selected building interiors for a variety of purposes. The Tomasson's boarding house, for example, could become a bed and breakfast style accommodation; or it could become a fisherman's museum.

Public input into the planning of the village's future is being sought as part of the Hecla Management Plan. Public meetings have been held in Winnipeg and several communities surrounding the park in July, but public comments and ideas are still welcome. Write to the Parks Branch, 280 Smith Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1K2.

In planning the development of the village to date, the parks branch has not attempted to depict a particular era in its history. Rather, an attempt is being made to blend the past with the present. The village will continue to be a working village. Richard Williams, postmaster and operator of the general store, will sell groceries, gasoline, and souvenirs as his father did before him. Binni Sigurgeirsson, who lives next to the church, fishes for a living and has a variety of fish for sale to park visitors. The old fishing station near the village wharf is also being renovated for retail sales of fish, so visitors may

expect fish to be readily available for a campfire meal, or for those leaving the park to enjoy at home.

One of the activities provided twice a summer in the village for park visitors is a commercial fishing demonstration. Helgi Tomasson, a long time Hecla resident, sets his nets near the village wharf on a Saturday evening. The following morning he lifts the nets, displaying his catch and sharing his lifetime of experience fishing Lake Winnipeg. With the help of volunteers from the audience, the catch is filleted and fried up for all to enjoy as a Sunday brunch. The most recent demonstration attracted over 170 visitors when it was held on August 12.

The development of attractions in Hecla Village will help broaden the appeal of Hecla Provincial Park and enhance its range of recreational activities. Visitors can learn about the park's cultural history in the village, its natural history along other hiking and self-guided trails, as well as enjoy the Gull Harbour Resort Hotel, family vacation cabins, a round of golf, swimming, sunbathing, picnicking and camping.

— *The Winnipeg Real Estate News*
Friday, August 31, 1984.

It is difficulties that show what men are.
EPICURUS

* * *

Wealth consists not in having great possessions, but in having few wants.

EPICURUS



ELF PRANKS

A driver in the northwestern Icelandic town of Bolungarvik left his car outside the magistrate's office with the engine running while he dashed inside. Coming out a few minutes later, he discovered that the car had moved and was parked in a nearby garage.

The runaway car had driven itself down a hill, round a corner, over the pavement and into the driveway before parking itself neatly in the garage. Since it was unlikely to have travelled there under its own momentum, the explanation was obvious: **elves!**

The car had been parked on the spot where a large rock once stood, reputed to be the home of elves (who have a tenacious hold on the Icelandic unconscious). Apparently the elves were angered by their eviction from their traditional home; solutions suggested by locals include bringing in the pastor (and a higher authority) or simply placating the elves by replacing the rock in its original setting.

— *Courtesy of Newsletter of Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.*

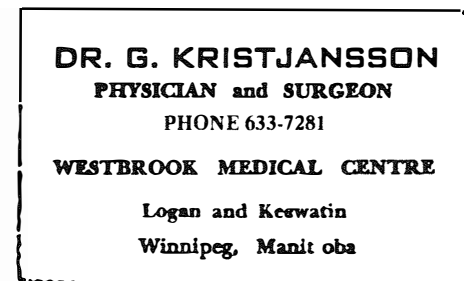
Life is not a having and a getting, but a being and a becoming.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

* * *

One who fears limits his activities. Failure is only the opportunity to more intelligently begin again.

HENRY FORD



BOOK REVIEW

by Gustaf Kristjanson

Melody of Growth by Freda Bjorn. Copyright 1981 by Freda Bjorn McDonald.

* * *

Readers will recall the publication in recent issues of *The Icelandic Canadian* of poems by the Seattle writer Freda Bjorn. We have been privileged recently to receive a book of poems by this writer, poems which have appeared in various papers and periodicals and which are now collected into this handsome little volume.

The title "Melody of Growth" is most appropriate, since growth and change are such prominent themes in her writing and her whole life experience appears to have had the quality of a melody:

*"The melody of growth is inner glow
In every spark of life."*

as she expresses it. There is obviously an inner glow in the poet herself, a glow that reaches out to embrace the simple glories of nature and the mysteries of the universe beyond our senses. As she puts it in one of her poems: "I seek the thoughts that are sublime." A strong spirit of optimism pervades almost throughout, although a more sombre feeling is evident in some of the selections, notably in one entitled "The Jungle". There is a sense of wistful sadness as well in "One Dark Night".

As far as style and manner of presentation are concerned, these might best be described as traditional. Many of the works are written in sonnet form, and in the opinion of this reviewer she handles that form better than she does any other. Figurative language and verbal imagery are used with telling effect. An example of this is provided in the poem "Street Scene", where she is able to create an image and response to that image most effectively in six short lines.

Perhaps the most important charac-

teristic of these poems overall is the strong response shown by the poet to nature in all its forms. Another is her powerful involvement with family and loved ones. Several of the poems are dedicated to specific people in her life.

In a foreword to the book mention is made of the fact that in her mother's heritage there is an Icelandic "poet laureate". Ms. Bjorn herself has something of the quality that makes up a poet laureate in her ability to pay tribute to people and places she has known. Titles such as "America", "Forever England", "Ode to Canada" and "Iceland" attest to this ability. In the last named of these she writes:

*"This ancient land, home of democracy
Deep cradled in the rugged northern
tide,
Will seal its emblem, sacred liberty,
On every loyal heart with living
pride . . ."*

Thus her tribute to Iceland.

There are about a hundred and twenty poems in this volume. Any reader who enjoys themes of love, nature, and remembrance expressed in rather traditional style should try to acquire the book. He or she will find the poems uplifting and satisfying.

UNCERTAINTY

by Paul A. Sigurdson

Above, the hawk awaits its prey,
Below the songbird bravely sings:
Its one defence on freedom's way
Are fragile wings;
The only payment for its lay,
Its warblings.
Do I hear the echo of its rapture,
Too filled with morning joy for death to
capture?

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, 1985.**

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, 1985.**

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, 1985.**

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, 1985.**

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:

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

Sigurdson Fisheries Ltd.

Agents for
**FRESHWATER FISH MARKETING
CORP.**

Telephone Nos. 378-2456 — 378-2365

Dealers in Johnson Outboard Motors,
Fishermen's Supplies and Bombardier
Ski-Doos.

RIVERTON

MANITOBA

GIMLI AUTO LTD.

Your Ford, Mercury,
Lincoln Dealer
Covering the Interlake

Phone 642-5137

SCHOLARSHIPS

EMILIA PALMASON STUDENT AID FUND AWARDS

The Canada Iceland Foundation is pleased to announce the 1984 recipients of the Emilia Palmason Student Aid Fund Awards who will each receive an award of \$500.00. This is the fifth year that two students have benefitted from the generous donation made by Mrs. Emilia Palmason Olson, of Bellingham, Washington, who set up the fund and established the criteria for these awards. The fund is deposited with the Canada Iceland Foundation. The recipients for 1984 are Bruce Kjartanson and Laureen Wood.

Bruce Kjartanson completed his first year in the Faculty of Science and is now enrolled in the Honours Geology Program at the University of Manitoba. Bruce is the son of Johannes (Joe) and Joy Kjartanson of Riverton, Manitoba. His paternal grandparents are Jon and Kristjana Kjartanson of Hecla Island. His maternal grandparents are the late Albert and Verna Thorarinson of Riverton.

Laureen Janet Wood has completed her second year in the Faculty of Human Ecology at the University of Manitoba. She has in view a profession as a Director of a Day Care Centre. Laureen is the daughter of Olof and James Wood of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Her mother's parents were Sigurbjorg and Magnus Magnusson. Sigurbjorg was from Baldur, the daughter of Jakobina and Olafur Oliver. Magnus was from Hnaua, the son of Ingibjorg and Magnus Magnusson.

These students have shown by their record that they are diligent, conscientious and successful. The letters of recom-

mendation which accompanied their applications say they have set high moral standards for themselves and indicate that they will be making a good contribution to society.

In accepting this award they have pledged to try to provide comparable help to another needy student "somewhere along the highway of life." With establishing this promise as part of the criteria of the award, Mrs. Olson has set in motion something of a chain reaction where recipients of this aid will bear in mind at some later date their obligation to another needy student.

Mrs. P. H. Westdal
Secretary
Canada Iceland Foundation

* * *

WILHELM KRISTJANSON MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

Students of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent are invited to apply for the Wilhelm Kristjanson Memorial Scholarship, which is offered by the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba. The scholarship will be awarded to a student who has completed one year of post-secondary (university or junior college) education and is continuing his/her studies this year. The amount of the award is \$200.00. The closing date for applications is May 15, 1985. For an application form phone 474-9330 (days) or 453-2693 (evenings) or write to:

Dr. John S. Matthiasson
Department of Anthropology
University of Manitoba
R3T 2N2

IN THE NEWS

ICELANDIC CANADIAN
FRON EXECUTIVE

- Past President* Les Ullyot
- President* Neil Bardal
- 1st Vice-President* Peter Thompson
- 2nd Vice-President* .. Norma Kristjansson
- Treasurer* Vi Hilton
- Corres. Secretary* Christine Olson
- Recording Secretary* Astros Martin
- Social Chairperson* Iola Nicklas
- Refreshments* Judy Taverner
- Constitution* Marion Muldon
- Liaison* Mary Fournier
- Youth* Gunnar Valdimarsson
- Scholarship* Astros Martin
- Archivist* Dora Banks
- Publicity* Lee Brandson
- Membership* ... Gisli and Joyce Sigfusson
- Newsletter* Eric Jonasson
- Special Projects:*
- Icelandic Language
- Classes Lee Brandson
- Icelandic Room and
- Centre Dora Banks

* * *

ICELANDIC FESTIVAL
OF MANITOBA
ISLENDINGADAGURINN
Officers for 1985

- President* Glenn Sigurdson
- 1st Vice-President* Len Vopnfjord
- 2nd Vice-President* Lorna Tergesen
- Past President* Harald Goodmanson
- Treasurer* Ernest Stefanson
- Board of Directors:** Margorie Alexander, Cam Arnason, Ted Arnason, Tim Arnason, Maurice Eyolfson, Kris Goodmanson, Fred Isford, Arthur Kilgour, Ric Nordman.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB
OF B.C. NEWSLETTER

Globe-Trotting President

Our Club President, Bob Asgeirsson, recently returned from a film assignment in the Far East. While in Bangkok, Thailand he filmed an Earth Receiving Station for satellite images. After his five-day stay in Tokyo, Bob commented that "Tokyo is more American than the U.S.A." As proof of this he was able to satisfy his 'Big Mac Attack' in the Ginza section of the city.

Visitors from Gimli

We are happy to hear that Ted and Marjorie Arnason who head Viking Travel Ltd. are planning to be in Vancouver on March 9th for the Thorrablot. Those attending can get complete information about their Charter Flight to Iceland leaving Winnipeg on July 23 and returning on August 13th.

Thank You

Our Club is grateful to two members who have helped begin what we hope will be an extensive collection of material in English about Iceland. Mrs. Gudrun Bjerring has donated a large collection of the *Icelandic Canadian* magazine, and Mrs. Anna Nash passed along some *Icelandic Review* magazines. It is planning to gather books, magazines, pamphlets, etc. about Iceland and North Americans of the Icelandic descent into a collection to be housed in the lower auditorium of the Lutheran Church of Christ, 585 West 41st Avenue, Vancouver. If you have any English-language articles that students and others find useful, please phone Konrad Egilson at 1-604-321-9581.

—Courtesy of the newsletter of the Icelandic Canadian Club of B.C.

GEYSIR DISTRICT CENTENNIAL

"The settlement of Geysir began in April, 1885, when three men, Jon Petursson, Eyjolfur Einarsson and Sigurdur Fridfinnsson moved to the district called Fögruvellir or Efríbyggd, situated on both sides of the Icelandic River" (from *Faith and Fortitude — a History of the Geysir District 1880's - 1980's*).

The Geysir Community is observing the centennial of this event by having a *Geysir Centennial Day* on August 4, 1985.

The Geysir Ladies' Aid "Freyja" is marking the event by erecting a historical marker where the Geysir Evangelical Church stood until it was struck by lightning in June 1983. The unveiling will take place on August 4, 1985 at an eleven a.m. outdoor worship service. This will be followed by a program, and coffee lunch at the Geysir Community Hall.

For additional information, please contact Lillian Skulason, 376-2329 or Brian Fjeldsted, 376-5140.

* * *

BROKEN MELODY

by Elma Gislason

"There is no music in a rest,
but it has the making of music in it."

Ruskin

A score of music I was giv'n
to write my life upon.
I scan amazed what I have writ,
look carefully thereon.

At first, a sweet and tender lilt,
harmoniously strong;
My heart and soul nostalgia fills,
memories of childhood throng.

Now, a quickening pace is felt,
You feel the the rush of years,
the harmony grows fuller, rich,
more intricate, the time
rise to an exultant pitch
when cherished goals are reached.

Now and then, discords jarring
to rippling laughter turn,
sadness, anger, in succession
to happiness return.

Life's passion in tumultous peaks,
in zeniths of melodious strains,
its great gift of gifts — parenthood —
proclaims.

I scan once more with eagerness,
note details I have missed:
the little breaks — wee short rests,
the silences that press
the heartbeat onwards, and that bless
what has been and is to be.

Near the bottom of the score —
two rests — much longer than before!
I sense a slackening of pace,
Cadences no longer race,
new goals no longer call.

But, the harmony flows on
sweet and true, new visions form.
How long will be my song, how long
before the blest eternal rest?
Will I be giv'n a melody,
another score to write
Celestial harmony?

* * *

No one can give you better than yourself.
CICERO

* * *

An ox team, when?

Index to Advertisers

	Page		Page
Arnason Furniture	3	Lundar Bakery	35
Asgeirson's Limited	13	Lundar Meat & Grocery	29
Bardal Funeral Home	I.F.C.	Neil Bardal	I.B.C.
Brooke Bond Inc.	2	Round Table	O.B.C.
Duffy's Taxi	42	Sigurdson Fisheries	44
Gilbert Funeral Home	10	T. & J. Billiards	2
Gimli Auto	44	Taylor Brazzell McCaffrey	3
Greetings from a Friend	26	Taylor Pharmacy	12
Greetings from a Friend	28	Vidir Lumber & Supply	19
Icelandair	1	Viking Pharmacy	3
Icelandic National League	2	Viking Travel	12
Investors Syndicate	48	Western Paint	3
Kristjansson, Dr. Gestur	42	Wheatfield Press	28

Illustration

PIECES TO THE INVESTORS FINANCIAL PACKAGE

A comprehensive portfolio of services usually associated with banks, stockbrokers, trust companies and insurance companies — all presented by one person in the privacy and convenience of your home.

Let an *Investors Financial Planner* help put together your package.

Investors
SYNDICATE LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: Winnipeg, Canada

786-4716