

SUMMER 1960

The Icelandic Canadian



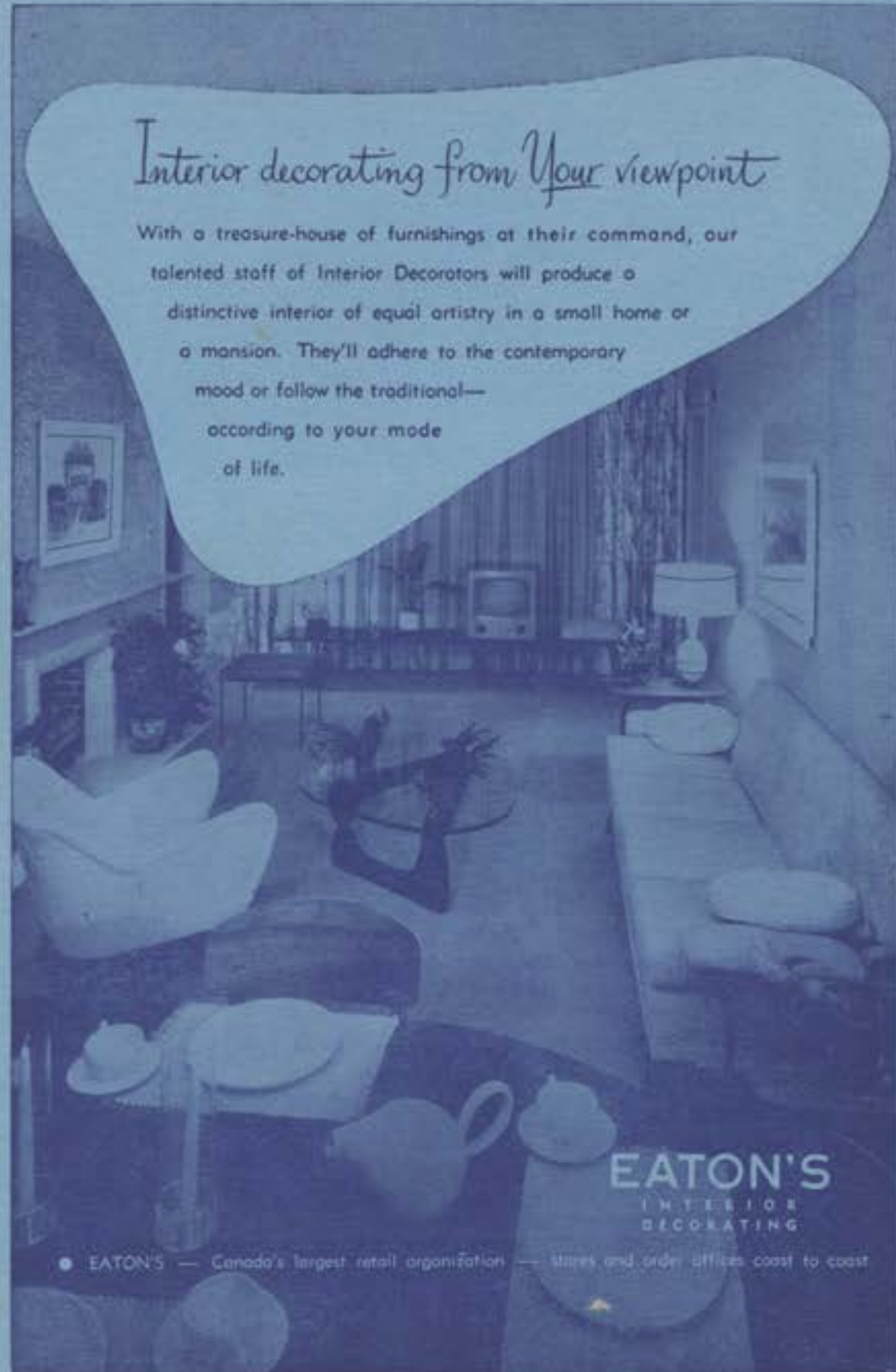
No precipice inspires with fear
The ardent seeker, whose heart sincere
The service of light has entered,
His thought on his mission centered.

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Beckons him to be on his way
The cliffs and the mountain scaling,
His courage and zeal prevailing.

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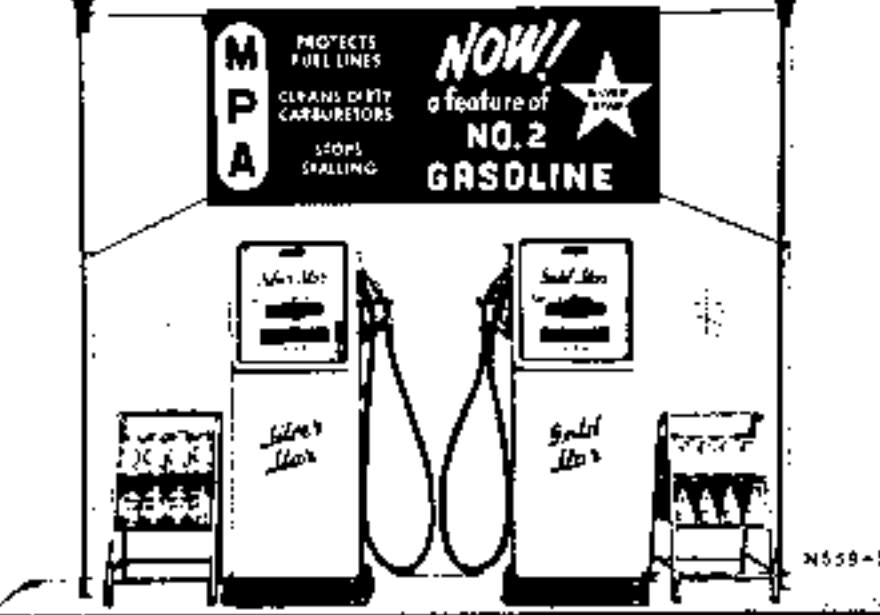


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The Icelandic Canadian

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Winnipeg, Canada

Summer 1960

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian Club, Winnipeg, Man.

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Subscription rates: \$1.50 per year in Iceland, Ill. kv. Single copies: 40 cents.

Representative in Iceland—Eira Ólaf Sigurðardóttir, 260 Vesturgötu, Reykjavík, Sem. 11812.

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EDITORIAL

GRADUATION

—A. Meld



This is the time of year when scholars approach a definite destination in their journey of learning. Although this implies that a new stage of wisdom has been achieved and that one has been elevated to greater capacities and higher thought, it also brings closer the realization that knowledge can never stagnate and that the future holds ever greater opportunities of accomplishment. Graduation denotes that during and demanding effort has already been put forth but it also implies that the future search for truth and wisdom will demand even greater sacrifice to meet the many challenges facing on the horizon. It is not the end of a journey but rather it is a more lagging along the road on to where one finds a wide to take on that will produce a white line of inspiration.

Not only should this unfolding flame be kindled in the course of academic learning, running parallel with it should be the gradual discovery of the essence of the 'School of Life'. Fulfillment of goals must be felt in both body and soul. The emphasis on material gain must give way to the attainment, satisfaction or accomplishment and contribution.

Let us not lose sight of the need for a consistent development socially, emotionally and morally.

Socially one must come to realize that the number and kind of social contacts are rapidly increasing. A consciousness and interest in others as a group, in mankind as a whole and a realization of ones relations and obligations to them, is a social stage that all thinking people must reach if they are to have their own noble material enlightenment.

Emotionally one must graduate by various stages to independence, self-reliance and self control. Generally the individual must move from a phase of uncertainty and irresolvable questions that are annoying and confusing, to a state of confidence that results in acceptable behaviour.

Lastly related to this need of moving towards a state of confidence, emotional behaviour is the need for a progressive moral development. Right and wrong must be carefully sorted. There must be a sincere seeking after the moral concerning prejudice, exploitation, domination and other wrongs.

beliefs. Above all a proper perspective of man's effort and the works of the Almighty should be maintained. As the greatness of God's creations become ever more apparent man's effort should seem less significant. Belief in God must become tempered to withstand premature conclusions concerning the mysteries of the universe. How infinitesimal man's space effort has been when we consider the thirty million visible heavenly bodies that travel in orbit without ever a mishap! It is essential that, as man progresses along the path of learning, he will come to realize more and more that by far the greater portion of truth and wisdom is still to be discovered.

As it applies to academic learning, so does graduation apply to life. Appropriately on the eve of his graduation our might well be inclined to pray:

O let me rise beyond my dreams,
Let me succeed in all that seems
So precious to my humble heart,
Give me courage to play my part
To shape a world where our can dwell
In peace and love, and refuse to sell
His soul to envy, hate and greed;
The sins that are the poisoned seed
Whose growth is like a running sore
And colonizes a slab of war.
O help me to right the wrongs that are
And from my thoughts all visions ban
Of selfish hopes, vain glory plans,
Of earthly schemes that are all man's.
Help me along the road of life,
A twisted path of toil and strife,
Where roses bloom with thorns unseen,
Teach me the sacrifice that's been
Disglayed by those that went before
To make my task a lesser chore.
Give me strength to fight the blast
Of reputation's squalls and gales so

—A.S.L.

Help me my limits to overcome
So at the end there may be some
Deed or act or thought or letter
I leave behind, mankind to better.

In The Editors' Confidence

In selecting the material for each issue the Editorial Board is mindful of the necessity of maintaining the proper balance among the diverse but complementary objectives of the Magazine. In order to refocus attention on our aims we would like our readers to note how this is accomplished in the current issue.

Our Icelandic heritage, representing the Past, but obviously an integral part of the Present, is featured by Dr. V. J. Eisdahl's excellent article, 'THE SOUL OF ICELAND'. Our essential Cana-

dianism, denoting the Present, is stressed by the article, 'A BASIC CONCEPT OF CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP', by the Chairman of the Board. In this article the author is appreciative and proud of the contribution of the many racial units, including that of our own small group, that constitute our evolving Canadian nation. Finally, it is obvious that our outlook towards the future need not be Mideastish when we won the long list of University graduates and scholarship winners, our potential leaders in the years to come.

—A. V.

THE SOUL OF ICELAND

An Address delivered by REV. VALDIMAR J. EYLANDS, D.D., at the Annual Book Concert, March 14, 1968 in the East Lutheran Church, Winnipeg

It may seem presumptuous to announce "THE SOUL OF ICELAND" as my theme. How can anyone speak of so intangible a thing as a soul? We can indeed not see a man's soul, but we can and do see its manifestations in many ways. A man reveals his soul in his facial expressions, in the manner of his speech, in his likes and dislikes, in his general attitude to men and matters, in short, in his culture, or the lack of it.

It is even so with nations. It is so with Iceland and its people. Their soul is revealed partly in the land they inhabit, in their manner of expression, in the things they build dear and in their general culture. You look at a map of Iceland and you see the sphere of this soul. You note its geographic position, its isolation, its majestic ocean, its lofty mountains, its fertile valleys—its mid-winter darkness its midnight sun, eternal contrasts of fire and ice. A sturdy Nordic race, with considerable mixture of Celtic blood, the Icelandic people have, for over a thousand years, retained their original peculiarities, their language and their passion for personal freedom. They have suffered much and they have fought well.

In Iceland, the primary medium of expression of thought was speech—the spoken and written word. The early inhabitants of Iceland were for the most part political refugees, men from the higher ranks of life in Norway, men who had refused to yield to a tyrant's yoke. They brought with them their



Rev. V. J. Eylands, D.D.

Norse tongue and it has been retained unaltered through the centuries. This old language, so powerful and pure in origin, they developed to such perfection of artistic expression, that one can say that Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," which is a masterpiece of beauty, is a "poor creature" truly applies to it. It is a language which, scholars agree, has no equals and beauty unequal, except modern Greek. Thus Iceland's first and greatest contribution is its language. The classical form of verbal expression. Having come into possession of this instrument of expression, it was soon put to noble use. The earliest and most potent writings of the era are sagas in Iceland, one of two kinds, the Sagas and the Eddas, or Nordic poetry.

The Sagas are histories of the nations of northern Europe, stories of the clans in the home land, of individual heroes and their achievements at home and abroad.

Of the purely historical writings of this class, the works of the famous Snorri Sturluson excelled. He undertook among other things to write a story of the Nordic race up to about the middle of the 13th century. The historic accuracy of his writings, as well as his mastery and unequalled literary style have given Snorri Sturluson a place among the immortals.

Of the local Sagas it can be said that while they fall short of the historical accuracy of the histories of Snorri, they are marvellously clear. The events, narrating for the most part heroic deeds, are fitted up on golden wings of exquisite expression and interspersed with both romance and pathos that cause us to thrill with pleasure as we read them. All these stories were for a long time preserved only by word of mouth. They were told by the skalds and saga men in the halls of old chiefs and at national assemblies and they rettered from house to house in the long winter evenings. A remarkable talent, not only for telling the tales, but also in remembering them, was developed.

After the adoption of Christianity in Iceland, it became the ongoing and noble task of monks and clerics in the newly established monasteries to publish the sagas, slowly and with great patience, reduce them to writing and teach them in the beautiful language which since has adorned them. While in the Dark Ages of our nations in Europe, the light of art, literature and beauty shone brightly in the homeland of Iceland, in the distant north.

After the sagas the poets, many of

the ancient people of Iceland was confronted with a yet greater task. The art of expression by means of language was applied to the highest ideal the soul of man can deal with, the Eddas.

The Eddas contain the religious philosophy of the ancient Nordic race. The Eddas are the sagas of the gods, of their deeds and dwelling places. They are written both in poetry and prose. In these works poetry reaches heights of beauty which seldom have been met by mortals anywhere in the world. The wisdom, beauty and grandeur of the Eddic poetry are to this day, unsurpassed anywhere. In these poems meters link in perfect harmony. Measures within measures and figures within figures enshroud the lofty theme in majestic and dramatic mystery. Yet the expression is ever clear as crystal. The theme is carried on wings of leafless rhythm and rhyme with literary accuracy of systematic definition in accord with the most rigid laws ever laid down by the technique of poetry. And yet the subject matter, grand in thought and sublime in essence, never suffers from the artistic adornments. I am not convinced that any art, in any form in any land has ever surpassed the linguistic art of the Eddic poems of ancient Iceland. The Sagas and the Eddas are the precious contributions of Iceland's Golden Age to the culture of the human race.

The Golden Age was heralded by an epoch of virtue within and equities seen from without. At the end of this period the heart of the nation grew strong and free, became noble and sad. Yet there was one thing that would not die. Poetry lived on as incomparable embers in the soul of the people. At times it burned low, but here and there it would blaze anew. This time the Christian religion revealed and inspired the cause. Prior to the fall of

the Roman Catholic world we find two genres of poetry out of such local history that they have spanned the ages to the present time. One of these is an epic known as *Ljóta*, an Icelandic Ave Maria, in spirit so sublime, and in tone so perfect, that even to this day it is said in Iceland that an urn would have been broken in honour of *Ljóta*. The author was a devout monk, named Eysteinn. He wrote his masterpiece at the close of his life and dedicated it as a tribute to God, and to the Church he had faithfully served.

The other genre referred to is known as *Sóla-ljóð*. It may be termed a *lexicon comedia*, and contains all the principal ingredients of Dante's immortal *The Divine Comedy*. It is in verse, and the verses are laid in heaven and hell, as well as in an intermediate woman's land. It precedes Dante's masterpiece by many years, and is northern, while Dante's is southern. It is a classic of the first order. This masterpiece has attracted the attention of scholars, and has recently been translated into English.

The famous Passion Hymns, fifty in number, were written after the Reformation by Hallgrímur Pétursson. They contain a minute but delicate delineation of the sufferings of Jesus. Their most powerful effect comes from their most heartrending appeal to the moral nature of man to repent and believe, his use of God's love for man exhibited in the Saviour's suffering. Aside from their religious significance, these Passion Hymns have a great artistic value. They contain some of the highest literary gems that adorn the crown of Icelandic poetry.

Once again the life of the people of Iceland sank deep into a valley of despair, and was almost lost. During the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries the land was devastated by

plague and pestilence. The yoke of foreign oppression was upon the people's neck. In these dark days there developed a very remarkable form of poetic expression which shined long after the darkness lifted. Here I refer to the Ballads, or *Rímur*, poems. The form of the Icelandic ballads is unique. No other land has anything like them. For that reason they are characteristic and deserve attention, at home and abroad. These ballads are for the most part stories in verse of heroes and adventures with a lot of romance mixed in by shrouding in fog good measure.

The themes are partly native, but largely taken from the common store of European legends from the Middle Ages. Unfortunately many of these legends are trash. Yet occasionally they get into the hands of a real master, and then the ballads become rich, adorned with poetry, pearls. These crude ballads were set to chants, peculiarly weird, yet inspiring. And somehow we find in these ballads, when so charged the soul of a people who were bent, but would not break, who suffered, yet would not die, a people who would sing of chivalry though they were bleeding to death. But the modern Icelandic has ceased to chant his ballads. He is too civilized and materially preoccupied for that. Yet I believe that if even a real Icelandic school of music develops, containing expansions typical of the Icelandic soul, some master will find some of his kinsmen in an old strain from the Rhyme Chants.

At this point it may be in order to consider the folk music of Iceland as contained in legends and stories passed down from one generation to another and finally collected and published in large volumes. This kind of literature is very rich and in some instances unique. The legends may be classified as: 1. Stories of saints and miracle

men; 2. Hero legends; 3. Fairy tales; 4. Stories of outlaws, or *Óláfs-stories*.

The first two classes derive little in nature from similar legends of other peoples. In the other classes we find analogies. Under "Fairy Tales" we have not only the ordinary of stories, but stories of a rare class of beings, called "Huldufólk" or "Under-people". These unseen folk lived in rocks and boulders, but occasionally they became visible and associated with human beings. Here they often live with young men or maidens, and married them to their mysterious homes. The Under-people were a very kind and helpful to humans, but if offended, were apt to be very cruel. Many of these legends are extremely romantic and sometimes of the same kind as the famous "Ghost Stories" of the early ballad era. The most of these and of ghost stories in the world. Unfortunately only one man and writer has been back to earth, and this generally with a lot of trouble. His appearance in most of our modern shops and was a source of fear and superstition which at times bred evil on public. These folk are things of course, dark in darkness. Only heavy water, in some such point form could drive these ghosts back to their internal regions where they belonged.

The stories of the outlaws are perhaps the most interesting and characteristic of all the legends. They are by the most part tragedies. Although some of the outlaws were real criminals, most of them were men of noble parts—men who for some reason, were in disfavor with society or had lost an legal battles with their enemies. They had to flee to the mountain regions where they dwelt in caves, and to maintain themselves they became robbers and stole from the farmers. Some of the legends are so true to life and so poetic that eventually I think some master mind will transform them

into immortal dramas, even as Shakespeare in his day found his Hamlet in the Icelandic *Amleida* saga.

Contrary to popular belief there is no Renaissance in Icelandic literature. It is a continuous, unbroken line. The Rhymed and Ballads, and for the most part the language of the public and church press, held on for some time longer in its original form, unmodified and unaltered in various ways and made it an excellent medium for the hands of the modern writers in fiction, who are very busy and occupied about the middle of the nineteenth century. This new era of literary activity began with the publication of the *University of Copenhagen*, in such as Jonas Hallgrímsson, Páll Þórðarson, and Guðni Sveinsson. The first generation were teachers in a children school of Icelandic in Copenhagen, such as Mathias Þórðarson, Sveinsson, Halgrímsson, Þórðarson, Guðni, and Guðni Þórðarson. These first groups were followed by still another group of poets, poets of the class of the last century. Again the leaders of this latest poetic culture were several brilliant students at the University of Copenhagen. They had been motivated by the new literary realism presented by George Brandes and his disciples in northern Europe. Foremost among these literary leaders was Hannes Halstedt. Later to become the first Prime Minister of Iceland, Geir Þorbjörn, who later became an editor of an Icelandic Weekly in Winnipeg, and Einar Hjálmar Kjalvald, who later became one of the chief advocates of Spiritualism in Iceland, but who, in his generation, became one of the four most writers of Icelandic fiction. These men in turn were followed by our standing poets and literary men, such as Einar Benediktsson and Stefnir G. Stephansson.

Modern Icelandic poetry is in many instances both rich and beautiful. It is however, necessarily more universal and less national than the old. The modern Icelandic authors more or less follow the general pattern of European culture. Even the forerunners of them have been influenced by foreign masters. Jónas Hallgrímsson himself was moved by Schiller, and inspired by Heine, while Byronian influence is detectable in Guðni Bergþósson and Guðmundur Einarsson. Present day poetry in Iceland is the poetry of cultural modernists, general in scope and universal in spirit, but still retaining in form the peculiar Icelandic technique. The principal present-day poets in Iceland are: Davíð Stefánsson, Lárus Einarsson, Einar Guðmundsson, Jóhannes Jónsson, Jón Korlói, and Guðmundur.

Unless we classify the ancient Sagas as fiction, we cannot speak of fiction literature in Iceland until the nineteenth century. The father of fiction in Iceland was Jón Thorvaldson, who presented two peasant stories of great and lasting merit: "Félag og stúka", "Lad and Lass" and "Maður og kona" "Man and Woman". The present day fiction has become the most important treasure of Icelandic literature. Much of it is grown in native soil and as such has typical value, but much of it again has a common denominator with the fiction of the age in other lands. The most recent winners in Iceland emulate the most daring realists who have lately been so much in vogue in Europe, and the Icelandic authors have even surpassed the most radical of them in their unblinking and stark realism.

The principal fiction writers in Iceland are: Guðmundur Guðmundsson, whose English version of *Constr. the One Eye* was for a time among the best sellers both in America and England; Halldór

Keljan Laxness, recent Nobel Prize Winner, whose books, such as *Salka Valka*, and *Independent People* have given Iceland a great deal of provocative publicity; Guðmundur Hagarð, Kristmann Guðmundsson, Thorbergur Thorlaxson and Guðmundur Daníelsson, all of whom have had some of their works translated into English and several other languages. It is amazing to note the literary output of Iceland. Bookstores are almost as numerous as Reykjavik as service stations in big cities. Iceland, though small, ranks very high, and in some phases of literature the highest among modern nations.

The other arts are much less developed, and some are only in an embryonic stage. Architecture, for instance, that noble form of art, which someone has aptly defined as "frozen music", is hardly observable in Iceland. The country is devoid of building material except stone and soil which the dwellings were mostly built of until recently. City buildings and rural dwellings are now made from imported material, and very many stately buildings have been erected, but somehow they do not seem to fit the Icelandic landscape. Only in very recent years have people come to dream of native art in architecture, notable examples being the Museum of Linar Jónsson and the National Theatre.

From most ancient times, handicraft of artistic distinction and real beauty has thrived in Iceland. The women of Iceland have wrought wonders with their spinning wheel, furri loom and their needle, and the men with their knife. Carving in wood has since ancient times been a great art in Iceland. Old books, such as the first edition of the Icelandic Bible in 1584, contain hand-carved cuts, made of

wood, pictures, symbols and ornament of capitals which adorn their pages.

In recent years the ever-poor soul of Iceland has taken the canvas into its service, to express its sense of beauty. The people have turned to painting with almost phenomenal fervor. A traveller may see on almost any summer day, and in almost any kind of weather, men and women standing on hills or upon mountain slopes with canvas stretched before them and brush in hand, depicting the beauty of the native landscape. These paintings adorn, or at least appear on the walls of public and private houses. The names of Ágústur Jónsson, Jón Stefánsson and Jóhannes Kjartan are well known, not only among the Icelanders in the home land, but also in art circles in many lands.

On the other hand, in the high art of sculpture, the soul of Iceland has worked miracles. In modern times, Albert Thorvaldson, half-Icelandic and half-Danish, stands high above others on the pedestal of fame, one of the greatest sculptors in the world since the Italian masters. Einar Jónsson, while not enjoying the world fame of Thorvaldson, yet already well known in many lands, was a sculptor, who was an inspired artist if ever there was one. His is the art divine, of making out of marble a living soul. His museum in Reykjavik is a place where tourists from many lands pause awhile to see, sit at the shrine. Every creation of Einar Jónsson is a dream. There is mystery, there is poetry, there is music, and there is an indescribably psychic, spiritual element in every line. Yet his work is native. In all his works the soul of Iceland speaks, weeps, sings and prays.

Touching briefly on music, it must be said that in recent years, music, both vocal and instrumental, has reached a

high standard. The people of Iceland are a singing nation, yet we can hardly speak of a distinct Icelandic school of music. Many of the songs that pass as Icelandic national songs, and are used as such at gatherings and festivals both in Iceland and on this continent where Icelanders reside, are not of Icelandic origin at all. There are many modern Icelandic composers, some of whom have gained recognition abroad. But only a few of them differ in spirit and form, and only to a small extent, from their continental colleagues.

Iceland's greatest musician was the venerable organist of the Reykjavik Cathedral, Pétur Guðjónsson, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. His efforts were all applied to church music. While through him a new world of music was discovered for Iceland, yet that music cannot be said to be Icelandic. It is rather the classical music of the Lutheran Church at large, music which, as is well known, is distinguished for its grandeur and spiritual solemnity, rooted in the classical Gregorian chants. What has been said of Church music, applies equally to Icelandic hymns. The Passion Hymns are essentially Icelandic in spirit, and that is the reason they are so close to the Icelandic people, and dear to their hearts. But the bulk of the hymns found in the Icelandic hymn book are translations of the great hymns of the Protestant Church at large. There are, however, in the Icelandic hymn book a number of original hymns of rare spiritual merit, and magnificent construction, especially the hymns of Matthías Þórhjóstsson and Valdimar Briem. After the genius Guðjónsson, came the musical master, the beloved Svendþjófur Svendsson. More than any other man, he kindled the spirit of music in the soul of Iceland. At the millennium in 1874, he

gave his native land its national anthem, perhaps the loveliest anthem in the world. Although he lived almost most of his life, he gave his talents to his own people. His greatest contribution to Icelandic art was his collection, reconstruction and arrangement of Icelandic folk songs. Other collections of that kind have since been made, and modern composers have added a number of genuinely native melodies. But I think that it must be said of the music of Iceland that it is of a general nature than of a national nature.

A few composers, such as P. H. Sölbason, Sigurði Ragnars and Einar Leifsson, however, digging deep into the old native soil, bringing back in simple song the deeds and trials of Iceland's own past.

"Soul" did I say? Dare any nation any longer call her soul her own? Now that all the migrating stars are beginning to sing together, now that the wisest rabbis may be seated on a table of variation around the globe, now that distances are abolished, and every man is next door neighbor to every body else, now that the Tower of Babel must be rebuilt, that all men be of one tongue, the tongue of life, are there we then pretend to possess our own soul?

And yet the soul of Iceland is reflected in our minds, in the spirit and soul of our lives. May we not then, like the poet of Kþjóttungur pray:

Lord, God of Hosts, be our God,
 and I shall be happy, as we are,
 and our soul.

SUMMER

Summer, a woman green and in bloom,
 Framed and heavy with the seed and fruit
 Of life in all its multifarious forms
 Now ripening to parturition and the stint
 Of labor that is also ecstasy.
 She cups her breasts and lifts her face to God,
 A shining countenance in fervent prayer
 For blessing on their numerous progeny.
 She lifts her heavy horn of plenty
 That all may feed upon her ample store
 And garner what is not consumed at once
 Against the season when the elements
 Conspire to spill and waste and obrogate
 The handiwork of light and warmth and love.

—Bogi Bjarnason

A Basic Content Of Canadian Citizenship



An address, slightly abridged, delivered by JUDGE W. J. LINDAL, before The Empire Club of Winnipeg on Citizenship Day, May 20th, 1960

Our statisticians tell us that of the people of Canada about 15% are of British origin, 30% of French origin and the remaining 55% have come from every other country of Europe and from many countries of other continents of the world. The 25% are often combined by historians and feature writers, and hence it may be said that there are three groups which, together, provide the content of Canadian Citizenship.

Prof. A. R. M. Lower, one of Canada's leading historians, born in Britain, says that the pattern of citizenship which is emerging in Canada is not British nor French nor British-French combination. It is a pattern, something distinctly, purely Canadian.

The disadvantages of the pattern are not too far changed, it may be said. But that it may be done, we are inevitable and make a feeling of optimism. The disadvantages are so very out and worse in substance and not so great in their quality. First, any such thing which has not ever a good job, anywhere, in the world!

By way of parenthesis I should add that because of the diversity of citizens we shall provide the content of our people's Canadian citizenship will never

become a vest pocket edition of Americanism. There will be similarities but the United States will never absorb Canada either culturally or otherwise.

The variant and diverse elements of Canadian nationalism are too many to refer to in one brief address. I am going to limit myself to three. They are in my view, the most important, and of the three the last one transcends the other two.

1. CANADA IS BILINGUAL.

It is good for the Canadian people that Canada is "bilingual". The world has become multilingual in a very special way, multilingual in that no one language transcends all others. There was a time when it was advocated that English should become the recognized and accepted world language, occupying on the world level the same position which French occupied in Europe for several centuries. No one advocates that now. There is reason to believe that the change has taken place. It is the loss of prestige or value of English. It is the internationalism that has changed. A world contains many tongues and spoken, many more translations made. There is internationalism, and yet, there is still many languages.

One need not spend a day in the United Nations building in New York in order to feel the multilingual atmosphere that prevails there. We in Canada, because of the very fact that Canada is bilingual, are acquiring a training in one of the fundamentals of world citizenship which we would not obtain if English were the only language spoken.

2. CANADA IS MULTI-ETHNIC

Even though Canada is bilingual and bilingualism is a definite national asset, that does not mean that there are only two national groups—the British and the French—and that all other groups in course of time become the one or the other. The French and the British are the two dominant national groups, or if we use the word ethnic in its widest current connotation, they are the two dominant ethnic groups. Hence it can be truly said that Canada is multi-ethnic.

No one would deny that Canada is the richer because it is multi-ethnic. But Canada, because of the great need of tolerance at all levels, especially now, it is fortunate that here in Canada the old melting-pot theory has disappeared, that it is no longer expected that non-Anglo-French groups should at once discard their distinctive cultural vestments. The new school of thought as to our citizenship-building is an integrating process, that each ethnic group, even the most of the two dominant ones, should be given an opportunity to make its contribution and nothing of intrinsic value should be discarded. Heredities intermingle in diverse environments so that in course of time a national tapestry is woven, richer in hue and color because of the very variety of content.

3. THE BRITISH PATTERN OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY

I now come to an element which I think, more than any other one element would, our Canadian citizenship.

Let me go back to Part 27, of the people of Canada who are, in truth, French, not British descent. Almost all of them to a degree that the exceptions merely prove the rule, know English, and English becomes the active Canadian language of their children. Someone will immediately say that the reason for this is that English is spoken with a majority of the Canadian people, is the generally accepted conventional language of the world, and is the language of our big neighbors to the south. All that is true, but it is not the main reason. I would say it is not the main reason why English has become the native language of Canada is not to be exaggerated. It is something, surely, but yet something which can be transplanted and cultivated elsewhere. In that way it can provide, and surely has provided, a most valuable ingredient in new soils.

It may be a little difficult to pinpoint this element in the British democratic process but it can be clearly seen in the perspective of its visible manifestations. Those manifestations may be thus summarized. Charters from Magna Carta to the Statute of Westminster; the parliamentary system of responsible government; the happy blending of the written with the unwritten part of the constitution; the protection of fundamental freedoms in the rule of law; the reverence of precedent and tradition, but only as a venerable background for peaceful and needed change. All this I would sum up as the British pattern of the democratic way.

It is always easy to give credit but it is never easy to prove and justify. The British pattern, or rather the human qualities of mind which gave birth to that pattern, can be most clearly illustrated by referring to countries where one would have thought the British influence had disappeared.

The first one is the United States

The American people quite properly point with pride to their love of liberty and their determination to defend the four freedoms. But if asked where the origin of that trait in their national character they may be reluctant to go far enough back. They will hardly say that their concept of liberty and human rights is an exclusively American development. They certainly will not say that it derives from the Dutch of New Netherland or the French of Louisiana or New France. It can be truly said that the experiment that ultimately began with the crossing of the Mayflower in 1620, I would like to say that when the first colonies rebelled and when the people defied, after victory won, to retain everything British in government. The aristocracy, the British concept of responsible government; at that very moment they were transplanting directly to American soil the finest they had brought with them when they crossed the Atlantic. And there it has flourished ever since.

India and Pakistan

As we all know, India was a British colony. British rule may be said to have extended over a period of about two centuries. In 1948, the United Kingdom voluntarily granted independence to the territory which was divided into India and Pakistan. Both are independent states and both have chosen to remain within the Commonwealth of

Nations, formerly the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is not the English language which draws these two great countries to Britain's keystone in the Commonwealth area. Nor is it commercial prestige or military pre-eminence. It is not even the crown. In India Her Majesty the Queen is merely the Head of the Commonwealth. It is that something deeper, I mentioned a moment ago. During those two centuries of occupation the British planted within that vast area, perhaps quite unconsciously, the finest and the best within themselves—the British concept of the democratic way of life. Free it will grow, and flourish, and vitalize, once in the solution of two new formations.

"During the war we cried 'Britain always be an England.' It is a bit of a lie, but a very old lie, and we should stand beside the English, not as slaves, but in the spirit of the people of the United Kingdom, and only the good England used. From I would be the moment become Irish, produce the fine and so."

"If there were no England
I would always be an England
Even in a foreign soil."

In passing, reference should be made to Ceylon and Malaya. Whether monarchies or republics both have chosen to be within the Commonwealth.

South Africa

I am not going to either reiterate or defend the position taken by the government of the Union of South Africa. But there is one very illuminating circumstance. The white people of South Africa are of two national origins, German and French descent. The significant fact is that a large majority of the relatively few who have remained Dutch and British, with a few of Ger-

policy of apartheid are of British descent. There is Alan Paton who a few years ago wrote "U.C. My Beloved Country", and Harry Lawrence. Both are members of the Parliament of the Union, and, needless to say, in opposition to the government majority.

The two groups in South Africa, the British and the Dutch, showed a remarkable spirit of cooperation in 1960, when the Constitution of the Union of South Africa was agreed upon only seven years after they fought each other in the Boer War. Later the British accepted the new African language so that South Africa became bilingual. But note something deeper than language in constituting has been demanded, the basic rights of human beings. The lead in an almost hopeless minority, in opposition to blatant violation of these rights, is being taken by South Africans of British stock. The humane use of justice and recognition of fundamental rights, which compelled one English king to sign a charter, who banned the extension of another, are still strong in an attitude of that nation. In a land that seeks to fill a grave, many governments derived from the original mother country.

Ghana and Nigeria

Ghana is now a fully independent and we can give a good deal of credit to Kwame Nkrumah. He is the one who led the country to freedom. He was a man who had a vision of what his country should be and he was not afraid to die for it.

Nigeria is now a fully independent and we can give a good deal of credit to Nnamdi Azikiwe. He was a man who had a vision of what his country should be and he was not afraid to die for it.

decided in advance that on being granted independence they will remain within the Commonwealth. Here it may be said of the British people that "They hid their hearts that they knew."

These are not accidents and the story is not the same elsewhere. The Dutch East Indies became independent but there is no connecting link between Holland and Indonesia. A part of what was formerly French Indo-China is now free, or at least the independence of Laos, Cambodia and the Republic of Vietnam is being maintained, but there is no attachment to France in sentiment or form of government.

The record shows that when an independent Commonwealth of Nations is not the English language nor the literature to which that language is a key. It is an attitude of mind that attitude of mind derives from a people whose finest quality has been nobility was upon a page of history by one of their great poets, Lord Tennyson:

When Freedom slowly brought us down
From precedent to precedent,
Yes, from Rameau to Le Divin de
Stravinsky, from Webster to O'Neill, and
from the country of the long and dark
days of tradition to the dawn of the
new world.

THE CANADIAN PATTERNS

Canada is a country that has a long history of being a part of the Commonwealth. It is a country that has a long history of being a part of the Commonwealth. It is a country that has a long history of being a part of the Commonwealth. It is a country that has a long history of being a part of the Commonwealth.

made law because the migrants to Canada can do so in the Anglo-Saxon, or better still, the Anglo-Geltic, background that "various combination of individualism and cooperation" as Lord Balfour described it, which to the newcomer has such a strong appeal. That is why I call it a basic content of our Canadian citizenship.

To this basic content of Canadianism there is added a full appreciation of the arts and other distinctive traits in the French dominant areas of heritages, values, and variant are brought in from many lands of man's climes.

In the second part of our is found to be a citizenship rich in those values which are so pertinent, important, in the present day world of tension and uncertainties. Surely the objective of that world must be a recognition of the best of our civilization, a willingness to create rather than clash, to help hands rather than clutch fists.

No country in the world offers a better training ground for the develop-

ment of those virtues than Canada. One can safely say that it is largely for that reason that Canada now occupies a position of prestige and influence far beyond her relative population, size, and heritage.

Canada, because of the content of its citizenship, with its fundamentals and its varieties, is providing a stage upon which the outside world can see in miniature as it were, the evolution of that which we feel from within is the destiny of mankind on this shrinking planet.

What the future holds we do not know. Again I go to an English poet. I repeat, as the Voice of Canada, the prophetic, the original words of Shakespeare:

I go to prove a soul,
I see my own as lines that stretch
I shall arise, What time that comes,
I know not."

AT A FUNERAL

By K. S. JULIUS

Translated by Bogi Björnsson

I feel content that you should grin
with me
Could you but witness what I mean
and see,
for you were not accustomed, not
your fate —
To be thus borne along by friends
in state.

But death has changed your state, so
that now
Your friends assemble in your home,
here
Their heads in rain, in grief, in illness,
And all unite in speaking well of thee.

VIÐ JARÐARFÖR

OF K. S. JULIUS

Íg held þú vinnu hléga dín suð
í þú
ó þort á þú, sú tytt augu þú,
þú hefur ekki verið við þú þú,
ó þú þú þú þú þú þú þú þú þú.

En dandim heldu hogan þú þú þú þú
og hegi þú þú þú þú þú þú þú
þú þú og auðvískt allir hneigja sig,
og enginn talir að þú þú þú þú.

PIONEERING IN STEEL PRODUCTION

The people of Western Canada had cause for giving expression to a feeling of pride in April last when C.N.R. Steam Engine No. 2743 was placed on rails in a special site in the Regent Park area in Transcona. That engine produced by the Vulcan Iron Works Ltd., of Winnipeg, belongs to the first class of steam engine produced entirely in Western Canada. Steam Engine No. 2717 was turned over to the Kowalski Club which will take care of it as a historical exhibit.

The reputation and sense of pride was all the greater among Westerners hereafter because one of them, Jon Olafsson, now retired and residing in Salmon Arm, B.C., produced all the steel castings for that class of steam engine. Three types of steel were required—carbon steel for the drive wheels, carbon vanadium steel for the engine frame and cast-iron-nickel steel for the crossheads, drawheads and driving boxes.

Jon Olafsson may truly be called the father of steel production in Western Canada. Fred C. J. H. Edge, retired Royal Canadian Engineer, writes:

"Jon Olafsson was responsible for the first heat of steel poured in Western Canada in 1906, and he was also in charge of all the steel castings contained in Engine No. 2717. This was built at Transcona Shops, near Winnipeg, and completed in April, 1926, being the first locomotive constructed in Western Canada. It was followed by nine others and Olafsson determined the composition of the steel castings in these ten engines, and the iron treatment involved. I understand that Eng-

ine 2717 is to be retained for exhibition purposes, and consider that Jon Olafsson's services should be kept on record".

Jon Olafsson sought to make the best. Mr. P. B. Wright, a former writer, writing in *Western Business and Industry*, in 1951, in an article prefaced by a headline "A Self-taught Icelandic Metallurgist Showed the West How to Manufacture Its Own Steel", said in part:

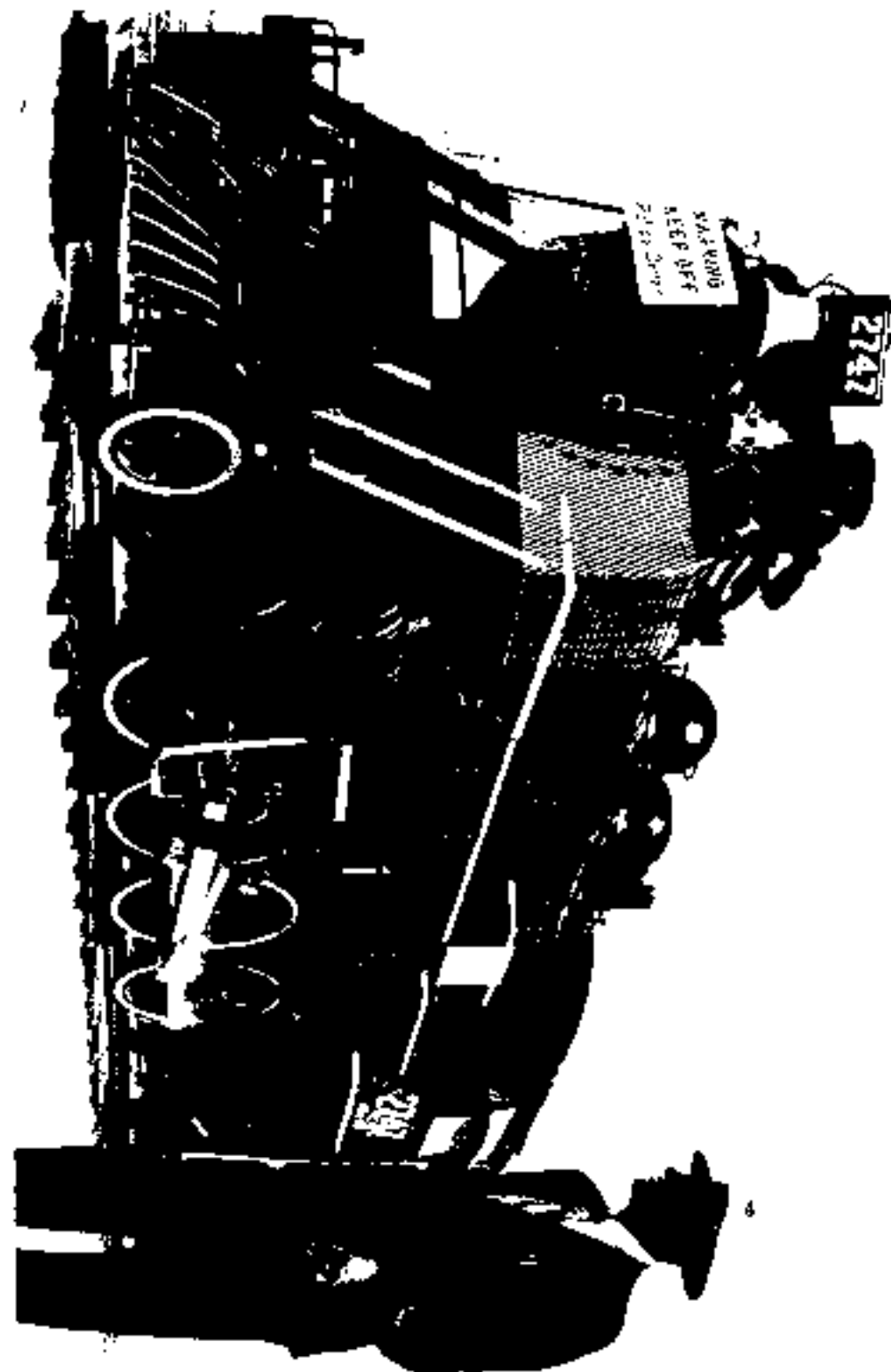
"Low quality steel didn't interest Olafsson. He took all time to study and spent three years improving his knowledge of the science of metals. After lengthy study, and days and nights of practical experiment, Olafsson got a product which he thought was a great improvement in producing high quality steel".

Jon Olafsson became the Chief Metallurgist with the Vulcan Iron Works Ltd. in 1923, and stayed with that company, until he retired in 1957. In a report issued last in the Second World War, John Mc. K. Isbister, then general manager of Vulcan Iron Works Ltd., made the following statement:

"The foundational history and development of Steel Manufacture in Western Canada is inescapably interwoven with the name of Vulcan Iron Works Chief Chemist and Metallurgist, Jon Olafsson. His is a long and enviable record of high quality steel production at Vulcan Iron Works."

STEAM ENGINE No. 2717

and JON OLAFSSON



The secret of success in the production of quality steel is in the preparation of the mix or "heat" as it is commonly called. In Winnipeg only scrap steel and iron is used. First the scrap has to be melted at temperatures ranging up to 3200 F., and all foreign substances removed through a process of oxidation. The next step to be taken, in the building of new steel is to add various new elements, depending upon what kind of steel is required. Hence not only theoretical knowledge, training and experience is required but also something bordering on intuition. The percentages in the mixture of the various elements have to be exact with particular emphasis upon the all important carbon content. Diamonds, the hardest known element, are made of carbon. Strange though it may appear to the layman, incidental air bubbles are found even in the best of steel. The fewer the air bubbles the better the steel.

In making cast steel the preparation of the mould is most important. When the steel is poured the mould is subjected to a sudden and violent change in temperature and if steam enters the liquid from the mould the heat is raised.

A man who prepares a mix of heat for steel or even he who casting can never be sure in advance whether the finished product is going to be a success. If the ingredients are not exactly right and the mould not properly prepared the heat will be a failure, good only as scrap to be remelted at some later date.

The difference between the expert and the novice can be clearly seen in the case of producers of iron casting, two or more of whom may be preparing the moulds and pouring the iron on the same shift. Here in Winnipeg the failures vary from 7% which

is considered excellent, to as high as 12% or even more. It often happens that one of two men with approximately the same experience and working in the same plant will consistently have a much lower percentage of failure than the other. These variations apply even more so in the production of steel.

Jón Ólafsson formulated a process of his own for preparing the heats. He says he cannot give an exact recipe for the mixtures. He is perhaps like the expert housewife in making a pastry. She will tell you she can "feel" it when the mixture of flour, shortening, etc. is right.

It is on the record that in 1911 Jón Ólafsson had perfected his process but did not have to scrap one heat, at least many thousands were put through.

WORLD WAR II RECORD

During World War II Jón Ólafsson acquired international recognition. A munition plate with a high resistance to shells was needed for combat tanks in the allied armies. Hamilton, Ohio was then the centre of steel production in Canada for many decades. In 1911 realistic trials were held on the Hamilton proving grounds by testing the resistance of armour plate produced in different steel plants in Canada. Armour Iron Works test plates, processed by Jón Ólafsson, surpassed all others. He produced a plate which had a resistance to penetration of 2000 foot-pound-seconds, (distance from target, weight or shell velocity.) The required resistance was 1225 foot-pound-seconds, and some steel companies found difficulty in meeting the required standard.

In a letter dated May 20, 1914, J. M. Hexton of the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom and Canada, in referring to Jón Ólafsson, wrote as follows:

"The metallurgy of this product (armour steel) has been directly under Mr. Ólafsson's supervision and guidance. His firm produced a 60 mm. cast armour plate which gave a remarkably good resistance to penetration on ballistic tests, and to date this record has not been exceeded in Canada."

Jón Ólafsson was born in Iceland in 1887. In 1910 he went to Scotland and in 1913 migrated to Canada. Iceland has no iron ore mines but with the rapid increase in the use of machinery of all kinds large quantities of scrap iron and steel are bound to accumulate. In fact, companies have been formed to gather and export the scrap. Jón Ólafsson has for many years been firmly convinced that a plant for the production of steel out of scrap could flourish in Iceland.

—W. J. Lindal

PUBLICATIONS BY ÁSKELL LÖVE

Recent botanical and other publications reveal that the contributions of Dr. Áskell Löve, of the Insprung Bjargvegur, University of Montreal, are being recognized and appreciated by the botanical world in his own country. Löve's name is on hand:

1. *Problems of the Phytogeography and Vegetation of the Arctic*, 1931, published by McGill University, Montreal, by Dr. Áskell Löve.

2. *Notes on the Vegetation of the Middle and Northern Canadian Provinces*, by Dr. Löve, reprint from *Botanica*, 1936, p. 129.

3. Review by Áskell Löve on "Flora and Vegetation of the Alps," by Carl F. Meyer, reprint from *Revue*, May 1938.

4. Review by Áskell Löve on "Vegetation and Flora of the Alps," by

In Iceland the trend is to build out of reinforced concrete and the particular need is for a small rolling mill to produce steel bars to reinforce the concrete.

In 1936 Jón Ólafsson went to Iceland for the express purpose of arousing interest in the production of steel. Formal and informal discussions took place with representatives of government and others. So far no action has been taken, largely because in the rapid expansion of industry in Iceland other undertakings had to be given priority.

Jón is going to Iceland later this summer and undoubtedly will urge upon the government and industrialists to give further thought to the possibility of establishing a steel plant in Iceland.

—W. J. Lindal

by David Uegla, reprint from *Ecology*, July 1939.

5. Review by Áskell Löve of "Practical Parasitology," by M. V. Nutton, reprint from *Ecology*, October 1939.

6. "Description of Superparasitic Chironomus and Chironomus Larvae in Groups," by M. S. C. in cooperation with Áskell Löve, reprint from *Canadian Journal of Zoology and Animal Ecology*, July 1939.

7. "Conspicuousness of Chironomus Larvae," by Áskell Löve and M. S. C. in cooperation with David Uegla, 1939.

8. "Recherches sur les Mares," a paper on this exceptional work in water, published by the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, New Delhi, reprinted by V. S. Chinnai, and edited by Áskell Löve.

REMARKABLE FAMILY SPAN OF LIFE



Sigrun Smith

It is thought remarkable that people live to the ripe old age of eighty or more years, and rightly so. It has come to our notice that four children of one family have a combined span of 700 of these "hundred" and eighty-six years (1886).

Egundur Johnson was born July 1870. Sigrun Smith was born in 1890. Gudrun was born in the year 1877. Björk Skúlason was born June 29, 1851. This was done on a farm near Reykjavik in Iceland.

Their parents were Gudrunniku Skúlason, born Dec. 27, 1836 in Skagaford, Iceland, and Gudbjörg Guðmundsdóttir, born in Skagaford May 31, 1841. They emigrated to Canada in 1876 and settled near Madawaska north of Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba. Later moved to a farm near Minnauast, North Dakota the same year.

Gudrunniku died August 16, 1917 and Gudbjörg died March 14, 1926.

This photograph of Sigrun Smith was taken when she was seventy years of age, to surprise her six children, on her birthday. She divorced her first husband, her youngest son, Max, who kept her sweet.

When Father died in 1897, the son, Steinar, decided to move to North Dakota. Steinar, aged fifteen, asked his father if it would help to help in the matter if she could attend in Winnipeg. Her father was a school teacher, so her mother, in the company of Steinar, stayed and was recruited in Winnipeg and married and raised her six children. In the words of the son, "the pioneers had something that will never again be found in people who enter the road called life."

Björk Skúlason, a renowned lawyer, is the youngest of this foursome. Being eighty-nine, he is Counselor General for the State of Oregon.

Many a story could be told of this family's interesting life, some sad and many happy events. I can know one very to live a century, things would be kept and records would be available to future generations.

The Icelandic Canadian is happy to recognize the children of this remarkable family.

—Marré Halldorson

THE BISHOP OF ICELAND

GUEST OF THE ICELANDIC LUTHERAN SYNOD OF AMERICA

W. Kristjánsson

A distinguished guest in honor at the annual conference of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod this year was the Most Reverend Signbjörn Finsson, Bishop of Iceland. The Bishop was the invited guest of the conference, held at Centenary, Manitoba, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Synod.

Bishop Finsson arrived in Winnipeg, May 28th. On Sunday, May 29th, the Bishop was present at the morning service at St. Stephen's Church, Silver Heights, in charge of Pastor Eric Sigmar, who is President of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod. The Bishop spoke briefly, extending greetings and giving his blessing to the congregation.

At the First Lutheran Church evening service the same day Bishop Finsson was the guest speaker. The Pastor in the Church, Dr. A. J. Eydals, and Pastor Eric Sigmar assisted at the service, which took the form of the traditional state church service, with responsive chanting.

The theme of the sermon was set forth in the question, "Who is Christ?" After a lapse of twenty centuries, the Bishop said, Christ's testimony stands unshaken. The words He spoke then are still the challenge, the proof in the treasure trove of mankind. The Bishop is a gifted speaker, scholarly and spiritually sensitive.

The evening service at the Lutheran Church was cancelled on this occasion to enable the minister and the mem-

bers of the evening congregation to accept an invitation to attend the service at the First Lutheran Church.

On Monday, May 29th, Bishop Finsson was honored at a lunch sponsored by the Executive Board of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod, and on this occasion he was presented with a pin set from the Board.

During the Bishop's eight day stay he visited St. Mark's Church, including the Rev. Howard Aronson, Evangelist, Leominster, and Mountain, New Hampshire.

At the Second Conference at Centenary, Bishop Finsson delivered the anniversary sermon, which opened the conference, and at this occasion he presented a fund of 50,000 crowns from the State Church of Iceland to the Synod, for the exchange of pastors between the State Church and the Synod. The Bishop was presented with an illuminated scroll as the Honorary Patron of the Synod.

The Bishop's true spirit and depth of thought generated a desire on the part of even the youngest and in some instances the most Icelandic speaking members of the conference to reaffirm the bond with the Church in Iceland.

The readers of the Icelandic Canadian magazine will be interested to review the excellent article in Icelandic by Bishop Finsson, in the Winter, 1974 issue of the magazine, and the reference to Bishop Finsson by Pastor Eric Sigmar, in Miss Skalhótt's article, in the Spring, 1969 issue of the magazine.

GRETTIR THE STRONG

by ART BLAYDAL

The following are the first pages of a book by an author whose name is not a complete translation, but according to the author, as adapted to an English name. The original, "Grettis saga," is one of the favorite sagas of Icelanders.

When Harald the Fairhair, after a long series of bloody battles, had conquered all his opponents and declared himself king over all Norway, many of the nobles he had vanquished refused to submit to his tyranny and emigrated to Iceland, where they could establish a colony of their own. From the tenth century a descendant of these Norse nobles, Asmundur Thorgrísson, lived on a farmstead called Bláaz, along with his wife, Aslís, Bard, a cleric, and his sons, Atli and Grettir. The daughters of the family, Rannveig and Leif, had been married to two nobles, from whose farms

Grettir, Asmundsson was a modest boy. He possessed good and good qualities in his character, but his eyes had deep-set, and every year the good qualities were becoming increased. He seldom spoke to the other nobles, but he was always ready to listen to what was being said, and would never quarrel, but had an excellent opinion of himself when a noble man spoke with him. His sport usually consisted of wrestling, and his self-defense was exercised only by his quick but not aggressive eyes.

When he often set him a task, he did it as well as he could, but he had no special training in sword-fighting

made the request, and there was no love lost between father and son. He was sent to tend a flock of geese, and killed them all. He was to look after his father's house, and stripped its hide with a knife so that the animal, deprived of its winter coat of hair, was content to stay within the confines of the barn instead of wandering about in the cold and forcing Grettir to come looking for him. Asmundur suffered much from lameness, a condition that was greatly aggravated by the cold of winter. It eased his suffering, when enduring an attack of his affliction, to have his back rubbed with a hot cloth. Grettir considered this a task fit only for women and servants, so when he was asked to rub his father's back, he resented the order and complied with it only half-heartedly.

"You are growing slack," complained Asmundur when Grettir, growing weary of his task, rubbed with ever increasing vigor "Rúðhandi! Take care of your hand!"

"Do you want to rub my hand, father?" asked Grettir, with imposing earnestness. No, he was a pair of woolen mittens, with fringed borders used to keep warm, or spinning. Grettir took one of these and drew it down his father's back and the blood flowed.

Asmundur had a brother, Þorkeil, Kráfla, who was a cleric, and another, at the Althing, and a frequent visitor at Bláaz. In the spring of the year 1011, Þorkeil suggested that Bþing on his way to a session of the Althing and he

and Asmundur fell to discussing the future of the two boys, Atli and Grettir. About Atli, Asmundur had little concern, for he was a good-natured and amiable lad, efficient in all the tasks of the farm, but when the conversation turned to Grettir, he was not so optimistic.

"Let him come with me to Thingvellir," suggested Þorkeil, "and I shall be able to see on the journey of what stuff he is made."

Asmundur readily agreed to the proposal and Grettir, with the enthusiasm of youth, saw prospects of adventure in the journey. The way was long, and many overnight camps had to be made. One morning when the party awoke, they found that many of their horses had strayed. Grettir's among them, Grettir found his horse easily enough, for the animal had been hitched, but his pack-sack was gone from the saddle where he had left it tied. As Grettir began wandering about, looking for the pack-sack, he saw the rest of the party mount their horses and ride out, all but one, who walked around scanning the ground, apparently in the same predicament as Grettir. Grettir approached the other man and speaking to him, found that his name was Skeggi, that he was a house-churchman from a farm in Vínudalur, and that he now had lost his pack-sack. Skeggi had led the conveyance, abruptly he spotted something white lying on the ground, he saw both men, and Grettir, he passed by the man, but Skeggi, he turned back and threw a net over his shoulder.

Grettir approached him, pointing to the net, and the pack-sack, he said "This is your pack-sack, but it is not yours."

"What do you mean by giving up the pack-sack?" Grettir was certain that it was his, and he felt looking at the net,

the third. Skeggi suddenly seized his axe and swung at Grettir's head, but the boy saw his intention in time and, putting up his left hand, caught the handle of the axe below where Skeggi's hand held it and, wrenching the weapon from his grasp, gave him a blow with it that split his skull open. Leaving the dead man to bleed on the grass, Grettir picked up the pack-sack, perceived that it was his own, and, mounting, hastened to join the rest of the party. Thus Grettir Asmundsson killed his first man. He was thirteen years of age.

Of course, Þorkeil Kráfla wanted to know what had happened to Skeggi, for he was the leader of the group and responsible for its members. Grettir was a true Viking skald. Only an Iceland could commit manslaughter and with the blood of his victim still clammy and damped on his hands, turn around and compose poetry about it. He answered Þorkeil in rhyme, and when he had done so Skeggi was as nothing compared to what he did to the mouse. The rhyme in ancient Icelandic poetry consisted of never calling anything by its right name, but using instead some far-fetched epithet, and it has gone down the ages in a confusion of riddles that make the modern reader's head swim. But Þorkeil was accompanied by Grettir, and Grettir was a skald, and he knew what had taken place. He gave Grettir a clasp, he could, either good or evil, but he would have to be investigated at the law-gathering, and the subject passed upon. Grettir then returned on and tied on the hunted sheep and had his share of the

Þorkeil wanted to know of Skeggi, when his case was brought before the law-gathering, he was asked to tell the story to Skeggi's family, and Grettir

to the custom of the times. But the men decided that Grettir had acted with undue violence and as there was no evidence except his own word that Skeggi had made the first attack, he was outlawed and banished from the land for three winters. Grettir did not take his sentence personally, for he was tired of sailing at home and longed to see some of the world.

When Grettir returned to the gulf with the belongings which had been on him his father received him with a heart rather surprised. Asmundur knew an old seaman, Hattidli of Reval, who was preparing to set out for Norway, and he immediately sent a servant to ask Hattidli if he would take Grettir with him. Hattidli was not anxious to have a fault in Grettir's disposition on his ship, but he had great respect for Asmundur, and for his sake consented.

There were many who loved Grettir well, but few expressed any desire to see him return. The law asked his father to give him some escort to take on the journey, but Asmundur refused, feeling that he could do better unarmed until he had learned to control his temper. Asks, however, accompanied her son down the valley and when they were alone and a good distance from the house, she drew a sword from under her cloak and presented it to Grettir.

It belonged to your great-grandfather," she told him, "and many a hard fight has it seen. I give it to you, and pray that you may use it well."

II

On board Hattidli's ship Grettir immediately looked about for a place where he could be comfortable and made a berth for himself under a beam that was slanting on deck. He hung his coat in such a way as to form a partition

that against the wind and, taking his food and provisions with him, made singly made a living for himself as well as with the tasks of navigation. As the voyage advanced, Grettir began to compose such verses as remained the other men aboard, and singing them out to his comrades whenever they passed near his little den. As the small craft advanced he drew out his sea-storm lines up and all aboard had to work in hauling water out of the leaky hold. All that is except Grettir, who refused to leave his retreat. He fastened an anchor, the boat and then, increasing snatches at verse, took and digging sockets, exasperated, threw so much that he took to the Hattidli's feet to keep them from slipping underboard.

The weather slowly began to calm and the sea down near the boat to be calmer, but the wind was still strong and the deck gained on the day. With the warmer weather, the water which had been under cover during the gale, came out on deck and set the men to Grettir's dislike. Now the men began to ruin the tables on Grettir's table, and he told him that he had found another company at last; but he was not a monk, but a milk-sop. Grettir could not stand that. He sprang from his shelter, clambered down in the hold, and under and hauled hauling buckets so that they would keep him up and him. When the others saw how strong and active he could be, they praised him highly, and Grettir, much annoyed to Hattir, worked with ever increasing vigour, until the crew were right on receiving and repaying the buckets that he passed up from them out. Grettir was one of the most essential hands aboard.

But the party's rations were not their own. They divided into a lot and for their bearings, finally getting up on a

rock with such force that the bottom of the ship was shattered. Only with the utmost difficulty were they able to launch their ship's boat, and he with men and goods and rowed before the ship went to pieces. They made shore on a small island off the coast of Norway and were seen next morning by Thordinnur Karsson, who had a farm on the mainland close by. Thordinnur came out to the island on a large point to rest to the shipwrecked sailors, and brought men and cargo to shore. He took them into his home, where they stayed a week, while Thordinnur and his family did everything possible to cheer them and make them comfortable.

When Hattidli and his party went on their way, Grettir remained behind. Thordinnur had not asked him to stay, but he was too hospitable to ask him to leave, in spite of the fact that Grettir was fierce and sullen. He never offered to help with any of the work and never joined in a conversation, though he ate and drank heartily enough.

Christmas drew near, and Thordinnur prepared to go to another of his farms, a day's journey distant, where he had invited many of his neighbors for the festival. His wife was unable to go with him, for their daughter was sick and needed careful nursing. Grettir he did not invite, for he disliked the ill-natured lad and felt that he would be a danger on the merry-making. Grettir spent the entire day of Thordinnur's departure out of doors, not in the most amiable mood as being left to keep house with the women and eight dandified and dandy. He led his discontent by sitting on a headland watching the boats glide by, as parties went to attend convivial gatherings at homes of their friends.

Norway as that time was plagued by hardy robbers who pilfered and

robbed wherever they went, kidnapping women, holding them for a week or half a month, then returning them to their homes. Earl Erikur Hakonarson had declared them outlaws, and Thordinnur Karsson had also incited their wrath, so he had taken a strong part in the struggle against them.

As the day began to decline and Grettir was on the point of returning to the house, an approaching vessel attracted his attention. He observed that she stole along in the shadows of the islets, keeping out of sight as much as possible. As she stranded and the rowers plumped to the beach, Grettir mounted first and found they were twelve, all armed. They leapt into Thordinnur's boat, and thrust out his party, drew in their own vessel to its place, and pulled her up on the rollers.

Grettir sauntered down hill, kicking the pebbles before him.

"Who is your leader?" he asked curtly.

"I am," answered a stout comrade of Heimr Thordur. "This is my brother, Ogmundur III. Thordinnur knows us well enough. We have come to with a little something. Is he at home?"

"You are lucky fellows," laughed Grettir. "Thordinnur is away with all his men, and won't be back for a couple of days. Now is your time if you have old wares to sell, for he has left everything he values unprotected."

Thordur listened, then turned to Ogmundur and said, "It is as I expected. But what a character this lad is. He lets out everything without being asked questions."

"Every man knows the use of his tongue," said Grettir. "Now follow me, and I will do what I can for you."

Then Grettir took his Thordur by the hand and led him to the farm, talking all the way as fast as his tongue could

wag. As they entered the house he called Thordinnur's wife: "I have brought you guests for Christmas, so we shan't keep it in so dull a fashion as we expected."

"Who are they?" asked the housewife.

"Thorir, Thombi and Ognundur Illi, with ten of their comrades."

The woman was horrified. "What have you done, Gretti?" she cried. "These are the worst ruffians in all Norway. Is this the way you repay the kindness that Thordinnur has shown you?"

"Hald your tongue, woman!" growled Gretti, "and bring out thy clothes for our guests."

The woman ran away crying, and her sick daughter, when she saw the house invaded by such fierce-looking men, all armed, hid herself.

"Well," said Gretti, "since the women are too scared to attend to you, I will do it myself. Give me your wet clothes, and let me wipe your weapons and set them by the fire, so they won't get rusted."

"You are different from all the rest in this house," said Thorir.

"I do not belong to this house. I am a stranger, an Icelandic."

"Then I don't mind taking you with us when we go away."

Here the soldiers gave Gretti their weapons, and he wiped them and hid them aside in a warm spot. Next he removed the wet garments and brought them to the fire, which he kindled out of the pease-planting to Thordinnur and his men. By this time it was night. Gretti brought out logs and tapers, a tin ornaments, and made a roaring fire that filled the great hall with warmth and light.

"Now, then," said Gretti, "come to the table and drink. You must be thirsty with your long rowing."

"We are ready," said they. "But where are the cellars?"

"Oh, if you please, I will bring you ale."

Gretti went and fetched the best and strongest ale in Thordinnur's cellars and poured it out for the men. They were tired and thirsty, and they drank eagerly. Gretti kept serving them more, and at last he sat by them, telling tales and singing songs, though they were fast becoming too tipsy to fully comprehend all that he said. Not one of the house-chicks showed his face in the hall that evening. They stink about the farm, in the stables and sheds, frightened.

Finally Thorir said, "I'll tell you what, my men. I like this young chap, and I doubt if we'll find another so handy and willing. What say you all to our taking him into our band?"

The pirates hezged their drinking horns on the table in token of approval and Gretti agreed that he would go with them if they were still of the same mind when the ale had left their heads, but by now they were so drunk that he proposed they should go to bed.

But first of all, said he, "I think you will like to run your eyes over Thordinnur's storehouse, where he keeps all his treasures."

"That we shall!" cried Thombi, staggering to his feet.

The storehouse was detached from the main buildings. It was very strongly built of massive logs, firmly mortised together. The door was solid, and the building stood on a strong stone foundation, with a flight of seven steps leading up to the door. Adjoining the storehouse was a narrow building divided out from it by a partition of planks. As they approached, the travellers staggered against one another, nursing intoxicated heads and trying to sing.

Drawing back the bolt, Gretti flung the door open and showed the twelve rovers into the treasure. He held a flaming torch above his head and showed the silver-mounted drinking horns, the embroidered garments, the rich fur mantles, gold bracelets, and bags filled with silver coins. The drunken men dashed upon the spoils, knocking each other over and quarrelling for the goods they wanted. In spite of the noise and tumult Gretti quickly extinguished the torch, stepped outside and locked the door, leaving the twelve rovers locked in the storehouse, unarmed, with their weapons lying by the fire in the landhouse.

Gretti ran to the house and shouted to Thordinnur's wife, but she would not answer.

"Come!" shouted Gretti. "I have caught all twelve, and all I need now is a weapon. Call up the churls and set them quick. No moment can be lost!"

"There are plenty of weapons here," answered the poor woman, emerging from her hiding place. "But, Gretti, I don't trust you."

"Trust or no trust," said Gretti, "I must have weapons. Where are the servants? Here, Kolbrinn! Sveinn! Gamli! . . . Gamund the cowards, where are they skulking?"

"Over Thordinnur's bed hangs a great halberd," said the housewife. "You will also find a sword and helmet and cuirass. We have no lack of weapons, only of the pluck to wield them."

Gretti seized a helmet and spear, girded on the sword and dashed into the yard, begging the woman to send the churls after him. She called the eight men, and they came timidly—but it is to say, four appeared and took the weapons, but the other four, after showing their faces, ran and hid themselves again.

Meanwhile the pirates had been trying the door, but it was too massive for them to break through, so they tore down the partitions of boards between the storehouse and the kitchen at the side. Mad with drink and fury, they broke down the door of the side room and came out on the platform at the head of the stone steps just as Gretti reached the bottom.

Thorir and Ognundur came together, armed with splinters they had broken from the planks and hurled into weapons. The brothers plunged down the narrow stairs with a howl that rang through the snow-drift forest for miles. Gretti planted the spear in the ground and caught Thombi on its point. The sharp double-edged blade, three feet in length, pierced him and came out between his shoulders, then rose into Ognundur's breast with a splash. The wretched man crashed down the steps, tried to rise, staggered, and fell again. Gretti planted his foot on Thorir, wrenched the spear out of him, and ran up the steps to cut down another rover as he came through the door. Then the rest came out stumbling over each other, and as they came both Gretti bowed at them with the sword, or thrust at them with the spear.

In the meantime the churls came, armed, but too frightened to use their weapons to any purpose. The pirates saw that they were being worsted, and their danger sobered them. They went back into the room and ripped the planks and they had obtained several strong poles, then came two together down the stairs, wailing out Gretti's blows with their staves. They lapped him back and allowed space and time for those behind them to leap down to the ground. They did not realize that they were assailed by a single enemy, so those who had leaped from the platform, instead of attacking

Gretna from behind, ran away across the farmyard; and those who were left wading off his blows lost heart when they found themselves unsupported. Fires now leaped down and ran towards the main house. Gretna, after them. Gretna followed them into the gloom of the backhouse, snuffing by right and left. The chivalry, content that the pirates had cleared out of the yard, did run rather to pursue them, but returned to the backhouse. The housewife urged them vainly to go and help Gretna, but they had had enough.

The back-house was open on the side facing the sea, while the farther side was closed with a door, thence Gretna came shadow. But the room shone on the water, and he could see the black figures of the invaders cut sharply against his silver background, so Gretna could see where to strike while he himself was enveloped in gloom. He killed two more of the ruffians; then the remaining four made a dash together, past him. Though the door had separated into pairs that in opposite directions Gretna went after one of the couples and tracked them to a neighbouring farm, where they dashed into a granary and hid among the straw. Unfortunately for them, most of the wheat had been thrashed, so that only a few bundles remained. Gretna followed them into the granary, shut and bolted the door behind him, then chased the poor devils like rats from room to corner till he had cut them both down. Then he opened the door and cast the corpses outside.

Meanwhile the weather was changing; the sky had become overcast with a thick fog that rolled up from the sea, so that Gretna, returning home, was

that he must abandon the pursuit of the remaining pirates. Moreover his strength was failing and a sense of overpowering fatigue stole over him.

The housewife had placed a lamp in the window as a guide to Gretna in the fog that melted into snowfall thick and blinding. Gretna struggled through it with difficulty and when at last he reached the house and staggered in through the door, he could hardly speak. He went to the table, took a horn of ale, drank some, and threw himself down among the rushes on the floor by the fire to sleep, his strong hand still grasping the stool.

When Thordinn returned home and saw the pirate vessel still lying in his own backhouse, he despaired for the life of his wife and daughter, but both women came out of the house to greet him and tell him all that had taken place.

"It is a wise proverb," said Thordinn, "which says 'Never despair of anyone'. But I must go in and have a word with Gretna."

Thordinn walked with his wife to the house, and when he saw Gretna he held out both his hands to him, and thanked him.

"This I say to you," said Thordinn, "which few would say to their best friends, that I hope some day you may need my help, and then I will prove to you how thankful I am for what you have done. I can say no more."

Gretna thanked him, and spent the rest of the winter at his house. The story of what he had done spread through all the country, and was much prized. And Thordinn gave Gretna as a present the sword which had hung above his bed, with which Gretna had killed so many of the ruffians.

Cover Verse

It is very fitting that on this occasion we should publish a poem by the late Einar P. Jónsson who passed away in May last year. A brief article on his appearance in the Summer 1959 issue of this magazine. The poem selected

"Þjórn ljóssins" was translated by Mrs. Jakobine Johnson, Einar's sister-in-law, and the translation appeared in her latest book of translations, "Northern Lights."

ÞJÓSS LJÓSSINS

of Einar P. Jónsson

Hauzer's skíta ekki þag þess manns,
er helgöður þjónum samleikans,
lífar til ljóssins helða,
að lífa hinn dýrtu lífa

E hverdur ágróðans egg þann,
þann andlega brattseka kunningmann.

Að klifa upp björgu lífan
og að bráttinu skyggast lífa.

Í þess mekast hátt andi er mörkumunum
dregtu myndir í austurhimnum
og ljóðþóttir lífa að sevi
með þjóðlið og helðis lífa.

Að ksa' um í myndir og björgu lífan
að þjóti upp ákunnilegi virgjandans
Einn lífgur að líkna samu
með þjóti og þerra lífan.

Eit að' er strandu þat áðal lífos,
þess lífbráttu talsmanns samleikans
Eitinn og og lífgu,
væðillan dýrtu þjóti.

SERVANT OF LIGHT

by Einar P. Jónsson

translated by Jakobine Johnson

No precipice inspires with fear
The ardent seeker, whose heart sincere
The servant of Light has entered,
His thought on his mission centered.

Each sentinel of the dawning day
beckons him to be on his way
In chills and the mountain scaling,
His courage and zeal prevailing.

His thoughts take shape where fair
and high
The main writes a pledge in the
eastern sky,
And rivers of light are flowing
In time with the cool winds blowing.

A longing is born to star that light
Where sorrow lacerates through the
longest night
And with its healing powers
Transforms the darkest hours.

Thus through the ages his torch bears
light
The earnest spokesman of truth and
light,

The pen and singer bears
Word and song his eternal glory.

Coincidence, Telepathy—or What?

In view of the recent great discoveries in the fields of electronics and radiation I now deem it timely to record an incident that I experienced nearly half a century ago. It may not be so much a scientific value at the moment, but it at least challenges serious thought and in time may prove to furnish our slight lead to the solution of a question that has long intrigued the minds of scientists, as well as the uninitiated. Dreams are a phenomenon that has never been thoroughly understood, nor satisfactorily explained, and yet it may be one of the steppingstones to the correct solution of some of the mysteries of the mind.

On the night of May 28/29, 1911, I was sleeping soundly in my home in a Saskatchewan town when I had what I considered to be a remarkably dream. And it was not a mere insect dream, but a triple one. I woke up twice during the night, and each time when I dozed off again I was preoccupied in mind to again to the same location and to a similar view.

After the third scene it was already daylight, and at once I remarked to my wife what an unusual and parallel dream I had had; and forthwith I recalled it as minutely as I could remember its details. The gist of it was as follows:

I dreamt that I was standing on a main-street corner in the centre of a little town that for my consciousness was located somewhere in western Canada. The street ran from south to north and I had a clear view of rather broad, grassy lots below the town, stretching across a body of water that met the horizon. I could see no boats

or ships on the water, but a great number of people was coming slowly on foot up towards the town. Presently the street and sidewalks filled with men, women and children, all starkly clad and mostly in night attire.

Suddenly I sensed that there had been a disaster on the water and that these people were survivors who had managed to escape. I peered minutely at one and all of those who passed by me to see if I could spot any familiar faces, and finally I discovered one. Looking up to where I stood was a man whom I had known so well in my younger days in Dakota, and he was with me one or twice in Winnipeg, and with him was someone whom I recognized in my dream, but could not recall immediately on waking up. The man was Hannes Petrusson, a well-known prominent businessman of Winnipeg, and his companion, as I later recalled and learned, was his wife, Ellie, whom I had previously seen on occasion, but not often. By the time my mind awoke I could see that they were greatly disturbed, and the winds passing between us confirmed that a tragedy of some sort had taken place. But just what was said I had forgotten when I awoke after the last act of the dream. Hannes had nothing on but his pajamas, and his usually slick and well-groomed hair was ruffled and a bit soiled, which even in my dream I remarked and wondered at. His wife's apparel I either did not notice or immediately forgot.

At no other time in my 77 years have I dreamt about these people, and so the occasion must of I had no knowledge

of the fact that they had been passengers on the Empress of Ireland or any other ship. I was unaware of their intention to take a trip anywhere in any manner at that time. And so partly because of my slight acquaintance with the Petrussons and partly because of the vividness and persistence of the dream, my reaction was one of astonishment, and for that reason I felt constrained to write the dream forthwith, as I did.

A few hours later, at about 11:00 a.m. the same day, the news came over the wires that the Empress of Ireland had gone down in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the first press report the following day listed the Petrussons among the missing. A day or so later, however, it was announced that they were among the saved, but stranded and without funds at Father Point. All their clothes and baggage went down with the ship and their projected trip abroad was

abandoned. In due course they returned to Winnipeg and are still there, I believe, now in retirement.

As far as I know I am not especially sensitive to radiation or mental suggestion, but I have had only one other experience of a similar nature. Telepathy, if there is such a thing (as I think there is), is probably the answer. In my relaxed state during sleep I may accidentally have been attuned to Hannes' thinking and thus have seen with my mind's eye what he was pondering and looking at. The mechanical radio is not necessarily the only transmitter of such delicate and intangible impulses. At this stage, however, speculation on my part is idle. All I can do is to state the facts as I have done, and leave the rest to those who are better equipped to interpret the phenomenon, if indeed anyone, so far, can provide a rational and scientific solution. —Paul Bjarnason

BOOK REVIEW

LYRUVGGJA SAGA

Reviewed by Dr. G. G. Jónsson, University of Toronto, Canada. The book is published by the Icelandic Sagas Society, 100 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Price \$12.00.

The book is a new saga, written by the author, G. G. Jónsson, and published by the Icelandic Sagas Society, 100 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. It is a new work in the field of medieval literature, and it is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the study of the sagas. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is a very good example of the art of the sagas. The book is a very good example of the art of the sagas, and it is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the study of the sagas. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is a very good example of the art of the sagas.

has been undertaken, a fairly task for a poet, and the result is a mess, warty and welcome addition to recent saga translations in the same vein.

The present translation is slightly based on the edition of the *Lyruggja* saga by H. G. G. Jónsson in *Altnorrönska Sagabibliotek* (1897), ed. by G. G. Jónsson in the *Íslensk Fornrit* series. It is a very good example of the art of the sagas.

In a review, it is not possible to do justice to the author's work. The book is a very good example of the art of the sagas, and it is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the study of the sagas. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is a very good example of the art of the sagas. The book is a very good example of the art of the sagas, and it is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the study of the sagas. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is a very good example of the art of the sagas.

classics, therefore, are equally sound and trustworthy.

The real name of the *Eybyggja* saga is "the saga of the Florsings, the people of Fyl, and those of the Alpa-fjord," an appropriate designation, for it is the story of a wide country side, dealing with the life and the deeds of prominent families and individuals in the area of the Southfiness peninsula in Western Iceland. This, in turn, accounts for the circumstance that the saga is far from being as close knit as the other great Norse sagas, in fact, it is quite episodic, although a close look reveals a pattern of events that appears on the surface, resulting from the occurrence of certain characters, especially the person of Sigmund and his other links in the action building the gaps between the apparently disconnected episodes.

While Sigmund, in particular, during the latter half of the saga, the Icelandic has the position of a co-protagonist, above the others, it is not so means for only a society holding the stage in this varied and interesting drama. The characters are remarkably lifelike, men and women alike, not least Askel Snorr's great rival, a noble and sympathetic leader of men. As a matter of fact, there is a whole gallery of strongly individualized personages, attesting the mastery of the unknown author in character portrayal.

Further, the *Eybyggja* saga has a great cultural-historical significance, for it abounds in descriptions of the traditions and the customs of the Norse men of old, their religious beliefs and tenets, their folkways and local practices making the saga

"a veritable treasure trove for the folklorist, the archeologist, the student of myths and traditions."

Professor Schuch is primarily responsible for the translation of the text, and a careful comparison with the Icelandic original shows that his translation is not only painstakingly accurate, but rendered into fluent English as well. He has succeeded excellently in reproducing the clear and vigorous style of the saga, which is remarkably free from all artificiality, and at the same time he has to an uncommon degree retained the spirit of the original.

The *Eybyggja* saga has three main roots, and spans a little over a century of the thirteenth century, which constitute an important part of the low and large genuine Prose. The reader has translated these and with his customary effectiveness, the author has managed to reproduce in his translation all the virtues that concern the language, and the particular quality of the remarkable genre of Old Norse, particularly in Prose, to those common with those very helpful and relevant is one of the maps, in particular the one in the locality in Western Iceland where the saga takes place. In connection with the notes, one minor comment is, however, in order. *Skuggi*, in the meaning "dweller, man" referred to in the note on page 2, should be *skuggi*, *Ueyjarskuggi*, "islander", still common in Icelandic, not least in the plural *eyjarskuggjar*.

The book is well printed and in the best of appearance in that respect it also does honor to all concerned.

—Richard Beck

Graduates and Scholarship Winners

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

GRADUATES

Bachelor of Arts (Honors Course)

Andrea Kathleen Sigurðsson, of Winnipeg won the University Gold Medal, Daughter of J. J. Sigurðsson, Principal of Selkirk Collegiate.



Donald Wayne Swainson

Donald Wayne Swainson, of Winnipeg, last spring was awarded a \$1500 scholarship from the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Foundation for a year's post-graduate work at the University of Toronto.

Bachelor of Science (Honors Course)

Ellen Victoria Jacobson-Frost, Class Honors, See Icelandic Canadian, Summer 1970.

Doctor of Medicine

Arni Einarður Einarsson, B.Sc., Azola, Saskatchewan.

Anesthesiology Diploma

Arnold Wilford Holm, M.D., of Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Science

Dorothy Elaine Barkman, Class 5, 1970.

Phyllis Thordis Johnson, Winnipeg.

Dorey Eilann Jean Skarlatberg, Gladstone.

Ellen Anderson, Selkirk.

Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering

Mervin Gosat Wilkins, Herby, Man.

Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering

Geoffrey Charles Barkman, Gladstone.
Gary Wayne Stephenson, St. James, Manitoba.

Robert Bruce Johnson, Fort William.

Bachelor of Laws

Gilbert Raymond Goodman, B.A., Winnipeg, Man.

Bachelor of Pedagogy

Lois Dawn Frederikson, B.A., Winnipegosis.

Jean Odette Poir, B.A. 1970, nee Asgerson, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Education

Galuzandur Kristján Freckner, B.A., School Principal at Stow-wall, Manitoba.

Norita Olive Johnson, B.A. Ne-
wood, Manitoba.

Conrad Wilhelm Sigurdson, B. A.,
St. James, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Science—Geological

Alan Gardner Stevenson, Winnipeg,
son of Andrew Lee Sigurdson.

Bachelor of Commerce

Peter Ronald Erdmanson, Winnipeg.
Won scholarship last year. See Ice-
Canadian, Summer 1949.

Bachelor of Science in Home Economics

Lillian Joyce Borglund, Arborg,
Manitoba.

Margherita Stephenson, St. James,
Manitoba.

Certificate in Education

Ellen Hennin, B. A., Transcona,
Manitoba.

Certificate in Nursing—Public Health

Inez Olga Johanna Schramm, St.
Kirk, Manitoba.

Certificate in Nursing Education — Teaching and Supervision

Esna Karijussan, Winnipeg, S.
T. C. Can. Winter 1950.

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

Royce Karter Eversley, Carleton
Place.

Bachelor of Arts

Harold Leslie Williams, Elm St.
Manitoba.

Michael James Battersby, Winnipeg.
Helen Joan Laursen, Winnipeg.
Gordon Stuart Johnson, Arborg.

Anna Gudrun Johnson, Gimli.

Annabelle Stefanson, Swan Rock,
Manitoba.

Ailix Lanne Thorsteinson, Win-
nipeg, Manitoba.

★

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS IN UNDERGRADUATE YEARS, UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Eric George Clemens

Eric George Clemens, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Paul Clemens of Elm Grove, Man-
itoba, won the following scholarships:

Manitoba Association of Architects
Scholarship (1947) — \$1000.

Manitoba Association of Architects
Prize for best design in books and
ketches (1948) — \$250.

Canadian Paper and Printing Insti-
tute Scholarship (1949) — \$1000.
Ivanhoe Memorial Foundation Prize for
best design in books and ketches (1949).

Manitoba Association of Architects
Prize for best design in books and
ketches (1949) — \$250.

W. J. G. Mack Memorial Scholarship
Given to the student who has attained
Distinction in Education at the University
of Manitoba (1949) — \$1000.



Eric Sigurdson

Eric Sigurdson, son of Dr. and Mrs.
Lars Sigurdson, Winnipeg, won the
L. M. Borden Memorial Scholarship
for second highest standing in Second
Year Engineering — \$2000.

For previous honors see Ice-Can.
Summer 1949.

★

Elizabeth Sigurdson, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Ole C. Sigurdson of Swan
Rock, won the Second Year Home
Economics Students' Society Bursary—
\$1000.

For previous honors see Ice-Can.
Summer 1949.

★

Miss Joan Bjerding, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Karl Bjerding of Winnipeg,
won the T. Eaton Co. of Canada Lim-
ited Prize for tag design—\$250.00.

Derwyn John Frederickson, son of
Mr. and Mrs. John Frederickson of
Beano, won the following awards:

Rhetoric Prize—highest standing in
American History — \$75.00.

Livermore Murray Soronow Mem-
orial Scholarship, Arts and Science

Third Year, for next highest average
in last Easter Scholarship winners—
\$4000.

Winnipeg Life Underwriters' As-
sociation Scholarship (for highest
average in Third Year Arts, General
Honors, or Latin Philosophy) — \$1000.

Robert Frederickson, son of Mrs. L.
Frederickson, Elmwood, won E. M.
Borden Memorial Scholarship for sec-
ond highest standing in First Year
Engineering — \$2000.

★

SASKATCHEWAN UNIVERSITY

The names of the following graduates
of Icelandic extraction appeared in the
Convocation Program of the University
of Saskatchewan, May, 1950.

Bachelor of Arts

Monica Barbara Boldwin, Regina.
Graduated with Great Distinction
and won the Honorary Bursary in
Psychology.

Margaret Emelia Karsjotsson, Car-
leton Place, Sask.

Mundli Eivind Josephson, Saskatoon.

Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering

Charles John Ramdison, Semans.

Bachelor of Science in Home Ec.

Cecaldine Sharon Johnson, Sask-
atoon, Sask.

Doctor of Medicine

Francis Augustine Horner (nee
Magnusson), Saskatoon, winner of
C. V. Mosby Book Award 1950.

Bachelor of Science in Nursing

Helen Valerie Frederickson, Regina.

Diploma in Agriculture

Harold Hakkon Bjornson, Saskatoon.

Diploma in Education

Wanda Sharon Gail Thorlindson
B.A., Weyburn, Sask.

Diploma in Nursing

Alice Elizabeth Bjornson, Illinois
Helga Laila Johannson, Waders.

**DOCTOR OF MEDICINE
MCGILL UNIVERSITY**

Hugh Gull Robson, B.Sc., won the Gold Medal for having had the highest marks in two subjects in Medicine for all the years of his course. He also won two prizes, one from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the province of Quebec, and the other from a children's hospital in Montreal. He was designated as one of the six most outstanding students of the year. He is the son of Mrs. Bergtora and Mr. Hugh Robson, lawyer, in Montreal, and the grandson of Gosh Jónsson, editor of Tímarit, the publication of the Icelandic National League, of Winnipeg.

Miss Raquel Anselmann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kristof J. Anselman of Winnipeg, has since her graduation been Lecturer in Interior Design at Manitoba University. A year ago she was appointed Assistant Professor of Interior Design in the Department of Architecture.

She has been taking summer courses at the University of California in Los Angeles where she stays with her two sisters, Miss E. B. Pudy during the summer months.

Miss Selma Ohlson, daughter of William and Rannvrig Ohlson of Morden, Man., graduated as a nurse from Victoria General Hospital in May 1959. She is at present nursing in Kilbuck Hospital.

WINS ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP

Paula Thorkelsson

Paula Thorkelsson—Born Nov 8th, 1937 at St. Boniface Hospital. Her parents are Margareta and Paul Thorkelsson, of 1112 Wolsely Ave., Winnipeg. On graduating from Gordon Bell High School she entered St. Boniface School of Nursing for a three-year course. She graduated from there in June 1959, and won the St. Boniface Alumnae Scholarship which she is now using to further her studies at the Allan Memorial Hospital in Montreal, Que.

Paula has passed her eighth grade at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario.

On graduating from Allan Memorial Hospital, she will travel abroad. In preparation for visiting Iceland, she is now studying the Icelandic language.

Her grandfather, Sollaies Thorkelson, resides in Victoria, B.C.

A \$2,500 Fellowship from the Archdiocesan fund of E. Wachs, Pullinger, Stevens and Braden of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., was awarded this spring to Svenni E. J. Sigurdson of Winnipeg. The fellowship provides for graduate study in architecture at the

**University of Pennsylvania's School of
Fine Arts**

Morine Barbara Baldwinson

Morine Barbara Baldwinson, Regina, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts with Great Distinction at the second part of the University of Saskatchewan's 10th annual Convocation May 13. She also won an honors bursary in psychology.

MISS SELLA JOHNSON HONORED

On Friday evening, May 27, a social gathering was held in the Alborg Community Hall to honour Miss Sella Johnson, principal of the Ardal Collegiate. The occasion arose from the fact that the Encyclopaedia Britannica of Canada Ltd., has donated a complete set of 21 volumes of the encyclopaedia to each of 1,000 qualified English speaking or bilingual high schools in Canada. The company made the suggestion that in each case the set of books should be placed in the school in honour of some distinguished community leader in the sphere of education and culture, and the citizens of the Ardal school district chose Miss Johnson as the person who would fully merit this honour.



Miss Sella Johnson

Miss Johnson has taught in Alborg altogether for twenty-one years, and during the past four years she has been the principal of the Collegiate. She is recognized as an outstanding teacher with a real flair for getting the best out of her pupils as well as imparting knowledge and building character in the youth under her guidance.

At the reception and presentation on May 27th, several speakers paid tribute to the fine work done by Miss Johnson in the school and in the community during her twenty-one years of faithful service there. Pastor Jack Larson spoke of her generous service as a Sunday School teacher and S. S. Superintendent for many years. Mr. S. Vopuljard, Reeve of the Municipality and chairman of the Division School Board, spoke warmly of Miss Johnson's fine ability as a teacher and community leader and made the presentation. Walter Nechipouck, president of the student council, spoke of her devotion to her students, her ability to give them each and all individual attention and guidance, and her knack of developing their best abilities.

The students of the Ardal school entertained with vocal and instru-

mental course. Miss Johnson thanked the students and the community for their loan and for the enjoyable evening's program. Following the entertainment, lunch was served.

ANNUAL MEETING of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB



Gunnar O. Eggertson

Gunnar O. Eggertson, B.A., F.F.B. is the newly elected president of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

The annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Monday, June 13th, at the lower auditorium of the Lutheran Church. Vice-President H. J. Stefanson was in the chair.

The annual reports pertained a year of activity. The second and final installment of the club donation to the Betel Home for the furnishing of a room has now been forwarded.

H. F. Daníelsson, Business Manager of the Icelandic Canadian magazine, reported a surplus and stated that the number of subscribers is at an all-time high. He stated that requests for the magazine are being received from Iceland including a request for a con-

Miss Johnson was brought in by Alborg, the daughter of Olaf and Ragnhildr Johnson, parents of the clublet, now both deceased.

plete set from Kiel University, West Germany, and a request for exchange from the Warsaw University, Poland.

Judge W. J. Lindal, Chairman of the Editorial Board of the magazine stated that contributions to the magazine have been received for 50 and 60 page issues three & consistently a copyover of copies. Judge Lindal also stated that possibly a new arrangement of the magazine through the medium of the Canadian Land Foundation to the magazine and through the Foundation.

Hölnfríður Daníelsson, secretary of the club, are only a very few copies of Iceland's Thousand Years remaining in stock and that requests for more are still being received. Mrs. Daníelsson reported a substantial financial surplus from the publication subscription.

The following is the slate of officers for the ensuing year:

P. Pres.—Miss Catherine Gunnarson
President—Gunnar Eggertson
Secretary—Mrs. Lara B. Sigurdson
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Hölnfríður Daníelsson
Treasurer—Helgi Olsen

Executive members at large are: Judge W. J. Lindal, Mrs. Lottie Vopnþingd, and Sveinn Steynson.

Social Convener (provisional) is Mrs. Ema Anderson. Membership convener is Mrs. Hölnfríður Daníelsson, and Publicity convener is Miss Catherine Gunnarson.

The entire slate of the magazine board was re-elected.

A very pleasant social hour with refreshments, brought the evening to a close. —W. K.

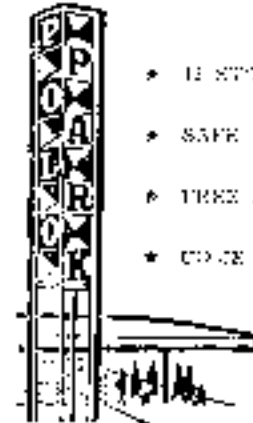
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In The News

APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF CANCER SOCIETY DRIVE



A. R. Swanson

A. R. Swanson last winter was appointed chairman of the 1960 campaign of the Manitoba Division of the Canadian Cancer Society. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Ragnar Swanson of Winnipeg, he is a graduate in Commerce of the University of Manitoba, was first employed in the investment department of the Great West Life Assurance Corporation of Canada for seven years. Mr. Swanson has been a director of Barris Bros. and Denton, investment dealers for six years, and spent the past five years with that firm in Montreal. He was recently appointed to Winnipeg headquarters as resident director for Western Canada. During the Second World War Mr. Swanson served two years for four years as an officer in the Canadian Arctic Army.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Arni Johnson of Silver Bay district near Ashcroft, Man., last March celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Born in Iceland Mr. Johnson came to Canada in 1888. Mrs. Johnson was born in Saskatchewan, daughter of the pioneers Triflandur and Helga Johnson. They lived for a short period following their marriage in Winnipeg and have spent the past 36 years at Silver Bay. They have four daughters and six sons. There are 29 grandchildren.

*

TWO VETERAN FISHERMEN HONOURED

Two veteran Manitoba fishermen, Gudmundur Submundson of Carleton Place and Harry Davidson of Oakview, were honoured at a banquet and dance at Oakview in March by fishermen of the province in recognition of their being the oldest living men who had fished the waters of Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. Both have reached the age of 80. Mr. Submundson had fished Lake Winnipeg since he was ten years old and Mr. Davidson at Lake Manitoba for 55 years.

More than 200 attended the Oakview function at which Gudmundur Peterson was chairman and Hon. G. H. Winney, minister of mines and geology, was speaker. Both were given presentations by Helgi K. Thomsen on behalf of the Manitoba Federation of Fishermen and many members of the provincial Order of the Redfish Hunt by Mr. Winney. Other speakers

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were Theng Guðmundsson, M.L.A. for St. George, J. G. Gagnon, deputy minister of mines and resources, and S. S. Sigurdsson, director of fisheries.

*

WJNS \$500 POST-GRADUATE AWARD

Dr. Kjartan L. Johnson of Pine Falls, Manitoba, last winter received the Winnipeg Clinic Research Institute General Practitioners' Post-Graduate Award, given annually by the Manitoba Chapter of the College of General Practice of Canada to one general practitioner in Manitoba in recognition of good general practice.

This is the fifth year it has been awarded. The award carries with it remuneration in the amount of \$500. The recipient may take the course in Canada or the United States any time during 1961. Dr. Johnson will go next April to the Cook County Post-Graduate School in Chicago, Ill. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Finn Johnson who for several years lived in the Otto district near Londen, Man. and spent their later years in Winnipeg.

*

Dr. Richard Beck, head of the Department of Scandinavian Studies at the University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. Dak., and president of the Icelandic National League in North America, left early in June for Ireland where he was invited to attend and speak at various functions and events. He is spending most of the summer in Ireland and, during the latter half of July, is visiting Norway. Among other things, Dr. Beck will

speak at the 40th anniversary celebration of the Students' Union of the University of Iceland and, in addition, was scheduled to deliver a lecture at the university. He is also speaking at the Icelandic Good Templars' convention in Reykjavik and at various functions throughout the island.

*

LONG RECORD OF COMMUNITY SERVICE



Grímur Jóhannesson

A long record of service to community and province was recalled with the death last March in Siglunes Hospital at Siglunes, Manitoba, of Grímur Jóhannesson of Ashern at the age of 57. Born in Iceland, Mr. Jóhannesson came to Canada with his parents as a child and received his education at Atholrig, Man. He attended Manitoba Agricultural College and subsequently worked in the dairy department before taking over management of the Ashern Farmers Creamery in 1915. At Ashern he was secretary-treasurer of the school board for seven years, president of the



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hospital board for five years, and served on the board of directors of the Associated Hospitals of Manitoba as representative for the Interlake area. He was one of the founders of Grace Lutheran Church in Ashern and served on the board for ten years. He was a past president for the Lakeside Division of the Manitoba School Trustees' Association, and president at his death of the Dairy Manufacturers' Association of Manitoba. Surviving are his wife Anna, and two daughters, Heula and Patricia.



Sigurbjorn Sigurdson

Sigurbjorn Sigurdson, director of the Fisheries Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, Province of Manitoba, retired last spring after 20 years with the department.

Honoring Mr. Sigurdson on the occasion were many organizations to whose causes and work he contributed much. These included the Manitoba Federation of Game and Fish Associations, Fisheries Benevolent Association, Prairie Fisheries Federation and the Manitoba Department of Mines

and Resources. Over the years Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdson have been active in Icelandic cultural, church and social affairs in Manitoba, and were long members of the First Icelandic Lutheran Church in Winnipeg.

They plan to move to Vancouver where they have a son, Haraldur. Daughter Helen lives in Tacoma in the nearby State of Washington. Their other children are daughters Agnes Helga and Louise in New York City, Thora in Toronto, Ont., Baður in Sarnia, Ont., and Frederick in Hamilton, Ont.

MEMORABLE MEETING OF WOMEN'S ASSN., BJÖRK

Miss Salome Halldorson of Winnipeg, long a Manitoba educationist and teacher and a former member of the Manitoba Legislature for St. George, was speaker and outlined the history of the group at the 50th anniversary of the Lutheran Women's Association, Björk, at Lumbia, Man., held in the Community Hall at Lumbia in April. Rev. Jon Bjarnan, pastor, was chairman and speakers included Mrs. Karl Byron, current president of Björk, G. A. Breckman, congregational chairman, poet and pioneer Viglas J. Guttmanson who read a poem he had composed in honor of the occasion, and Einar Guttmanson, present MLA for St. George. Other guests were Mrs. Gudrun Siglason, a charter member of the group, and Mrs. Eldra Halton, a member for 49 years.

LECTURE ON TWO FAMOUS ICELANDIC AUTHORS

Two eminent Icelandic American educationists were speakers at the 50th annual meeting at the University of

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Chicago as May of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies. Professor Leifur Bjarnason, professor at the United States Naval Post Graduate School at Monterey, California, spoke on Iceland's modern author and Nobel Prize winner Halldor Laxness, and his works, and Dr. Richard Beck, head of the Department of Scandinavian Studies at the University of North Dakota, on the Icelandic author Gunnar Gunnarsson and his works. Prof. Bjarnason is a former treasurer and Dr. Beck has been president three times of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies.

★

INFORMATION REQUESTED

In a letter published in the April 21st edition of *Tíðing Heimskiptinga* Icelandic weekly published in Winnipeg, Mrs. Frank Thomson, Magdalen Thomson of 517 Jefferson St. Northeast, Minneapolis, New Mexico, says she is trying to locate information about plays written in Icelandic but available in English, or originally written in English but of Icelandic authorship.

Mrs. Thomson's name explains

I am in friendly contact with a theatrical producer here who is inter-

ested in the international field including the Icelandic, and would like to survey available material. Any information you would generously give me would be appreciated. I am of Icelandic parentage but have been hopelessly out of touch for most of my adult life.

★

HON. THOR THORS APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO CANADA

His Excellency Thor Thors, ambassador of Iceland to the United States since 1978, and during that period minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Canada in June was named ambassador to Canada. Simultaneously the Canadian Legation in Reykjavik was elevated to the status of embassy and R. A. Mackay named Canadian ambassador there.

★

JUDGE BENSON RETIRES

Judge Armodur Benson, County Judge at Bemis, North Dakota, announced in March he will retire and, consequently, no stock election will be the United States absence take place this year. Judge Benson was born in the Prudhoe district near Akia, N. D., on July 28th 1886, and is married to Hildur and Marja Benson.

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J. W. McVicar

Difficulties and hardships of those pioneer days were many but these did not deter this young man from securing an education. He completed his Grade 8 studies at the age of 21 and, completing high school studies, entered the University of North Dakota in 1906. He obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1913 and two years later graduated in law. He set up his practice in Bottineau. From 1916 to 1930 he was State Prosecutor. He was elected judge in 1951.

ICELANDIC HORSES IMPORTED

Last fall a company was formed in

Arvick, Sask., which, among other things, imports Icelandic horses to Canada. The firm is known as the Red Diamond Ranching Company and heading it are T. B. Lees and T. F. Laxdal of Arvick. Last year Mr. Lees and Mr. Laxdal went to Iceland where they purchased 33 horses as the nucleus of their herd. They added another 10 head, brought from Iceland last spring. All of the animals are registered as purchased in government statistical records in Iceland and have been registered with the appropriate Canadian government department in Ottawa as purchased Icelandic horses.

NEWS SUMMARY

Gayle Finson, a Grade 9 student from Vidler, Man., last winter was the top Manitoba competitor in the junior judging contest held among Canadian F-H Club members in conjunction with the selection of the All-Canadian Holsteins, a breed of cattle extensively raised in North America. She had a score of 136 points out of a possible 140. Gayle stood first in judging at the agricultural fair at Arborg, Man., where her calf was awarded second prize. Her calf also won at the Teulon Interlake F-H Rally. Gayle is secretary-treasurer of the Vidler F-H Club and attended club camp at Gimli in 1959.

Dr. A. J. Thorssteinson, head of the department of entomology, University of Manitoba, last spring visited Kansas State University as the annual "guest scholar". He gave two lectures on the behaviour of insects in relation to their food. Dr. Thorssteinson has been doing research in this subject.

Scandinavians from across the lower mainland of British Columbia on June 24th celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Scandinavian Central Committee there with a gala Scandinavian Midsummer Festival in the picturesque Swedish Park in North Vancouver. Highlights of the festival included the crowning of a Midsummer Queen, a program with artists from the various Scandinavian language groups performing and an evening dance. The Scandinavian Central Committee coordinates the activities of Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish and Icelandic groups in Vancouver, New Westminster, and surrounding area.

Dr. Richard Bock, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., head of the Department of Scandinavian studies, University of North Dakota, last March represented the Modern Language Association of North America at the installation of the new president of Moorhead State

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College, Moorhead, Minn. The Modern Language Association of North America is an association of language teachers with membership in both Canada and the United States. Its headquarters and library are in New York City.

Einarlak Winge of Reykjavik, Iceland, official representative of Iceland at the Winter Olympic Games in California, last March 7th was guest of honor at the Lannabla celebration held by the Icelandic Society of Northern California in the American

Lagoon Hall in the city of Berkeley. More than 200 people attended and the society's new president, George Brown who hails from Manitoba, extended welcome. There was a plentiful supply of Icelandic food which had been prepared by Mrs. Eymundson, Mrs. Baldvinsson, Mrs. Skousen and food director Mrs. MacLeod.

★

Four years as a physician and mes-sienger in China was the record of Dr. Alice J. Hayes, the former Steinunn Johannsdottir, who died in March at Los Angeles, California. She was buried there in Forest Lawn Memorial Gardens beside her husband, the late Dr. Charles A. Hayes. They are survived by an only son, Dr. Arthur Courtney, who lives in North Carolina.

★

Esther Lecher, of Bakersfield, Calif., in June won the girls' high school tennis championship for South Central California. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lecher, 2117 West California Avenue.

★

Dr. Sigurdur Thorsinnsson, head of the geology section, Museum of National History in Reykjavik, Iceland, in May was invited to give a series of lectures at the University of Washington in Seattle. During the winter Dr. Thorsinnsson lectured at Stanford University and at the University of California at Berkeley. His opening lecture in Seattle was presented May 11. His topic was Iceland's 1000 Years of Struggle Against Fire and Ice.

★

A recent November issue of Life Magazine featured a display of striking stamps which they felt were the most beautiful in the world. Included were five stamps from Iceland. These

were the only ones from any Scandinavian country. ★

ICELANDIC SAGA VERIFIED

In the 'Saga of Burnt Njall' an important incident is the burning of Njall's farmhouse. In 1928 excavations were made at the site of his farm, and for beneath the surface some burnt grains of corn were found. These were found seven feet under the ground with some burnt barley and straw. Recently these were sent to Canada for study and research and it was decided to determine the exact age of the burnt corn by measuring the radioactivity of the carbon 14. It was determined that the corn was 1020 years old, with a possibility of error of sixty years each way. This meant that the corn was burnt somewhere between the years 959 and 1090. This fits exactly with the details of the story of Burnt Njall which relates that his house was burned down in the year 1012.

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