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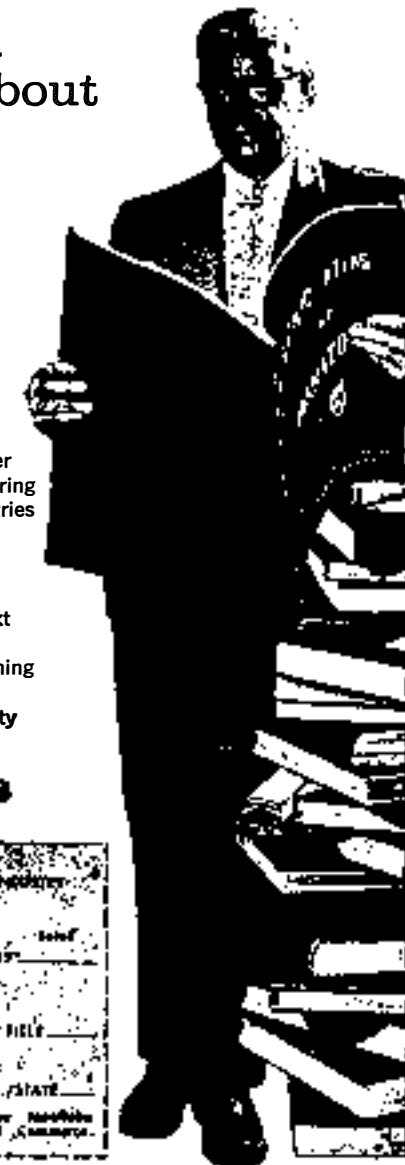
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The Icelandic Canadian

Vol. XX No. 4

Winnipeg, Canada

Summer 1962

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian Club, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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THE ARMS OF ICELAND

In "Iceland 1964", a handbook published on the sixtieth anniversary of "Landsbanki Islands" a reference is made to the Icelandic Coat of Arms in the following words:

"By presidential order of 17th June 1944, it was decreed that the **Icelandic Coat of Arms** should be a shield with the Icelandic flag drawn on it, and that the white cross on the national flag should be replaced by a silvery one on the shield. The shield-bearers are the old guardian spirits of the land, mentioned in Snorri Sturluson's Heimskringla (Lives of the Kings): a dragon, a vulture, a bull and a giant. The shield rests on a slab of basalt."

A picture of the Coat of Arms in colors, the same as the one on the front cover of this number of the magazine but smaller, appears on a following page in the handbook over the words:

The Arms of Iceland.

It is not without significance that the more uncommon word "Arms" is used rather than "Coat of Arms". The heraldic design is not something to be emblazoned on a modern equivalent of the tabard of a knight of old. The motif is protection rather than attack and the guardians behind the shield are equally a part as the shield itself, the two combining to form **The Arms of Iceland**. A symbol of an ever present protection is within the finest in the spirit of the people of Iceland.

EDITORIAL

The Canadian Identity

What is a Canadian?

Forty-five years ago, the Canadians on active service overseas had a definite answer. There was a clear-cut Canadian image. The Canadians had just taken Vimy Ridge and they were soon to be among the shock troops of the Allied forces in the storming of the Hindenburg line. The Maple Leaf and the Canada shoulder badge were worn with pride; a Canadian soldier was proud to be called "Canada". A Canadian, then, was simply a Canadian.

Who, at that time, were the Canadians? Ethnically, they were of diverse origins. Their forbears hailed from the British Isles, France, the United States, the Scandinavian countries and Iceland, the Ukraine, and other lands. Some had been immigrants themselves. In the tenth brigade, for one, there were a few Japanese, and there was a Boer corporal, by way of Saskatchewan. The 22nd Battalion, The "Van Doos", were solidly French-Canadian, but first and foremost they were Canadian soldiers. The 223rd Battalion and the 197th, The Vikings of Canada, were recruited from among people of Scandinavian and Icelandic descent, but overseas their personnel were simply Canadians. All members of the C.E.F. were simply Canadians.

What is a Canadian? What is the Canadian identity?

In war-time, and other times of stress, certain basic factors assume greater prominence, while others recede, tem-

porarily at least, into the background. The answer to the question "What is a Canadian?" does not today appear to be as simple as it was overseas, in the war of 1914-18. The topic is now a subject of considerable discussion, even sharp debate.

Bruce Hutchison, in his "Canadian Personality" and Earle Birney in his "Canada: Case History" express their opinion that the Canadian personality is still in the formative stage, but with certain definite features emerging. W. L. Morton, in his "Canadian Identity" also notes some distinctive Canadian characteristics. Hugh MacLellan writes a book on "The Two Solitudes". Dr. Marcel Chaput vigorously denounces the "wrongs" done the French-Canadian people, and proclaims their rights under Confederation. There is talk of a French-Canadian nation.

There are different concepts of the Canadian nationality. Are we a nation bilingual and bicultural, Anglo-Canadian and French-Canadian? Professor Jean-C. Falardeau says that "the basic fact about Canada is that society is not one but two", each cherishing its own culture, its own identity. He believes emphatically that it should be otherwise and observes an increasing number of Canadians who, like himself, are citizens of both cultures and have revolted against the old "Two Solitudes". "With the gradual rapprochement of the two cultures", he says, "after a long and sometimes bitter history of tension and conflict, has come

the realization that neither is the product of isolation with the other."

Has Professor Falardeau gone far enough in his thinking? Have those who talk of Canada bilingual and bicultural gone far enough? In Manitoba, today, forty-six percent of the population is of British origin, eight percent is of French origin, and forty-six percent is of other than British or French origin. What of the second forty-six percent?

Gibbon's book, "The Canadian Mosaic" has an account of the various ethnic groups in the country. A few years ago Mr. Justice S. Freedman, speaking at an annual concert of the Icelandic Canadian Club, presented the concept of the Canadian nationality being like a symphony. Both concepts allow for a 46:8:46 relationship, but in much more artistic terms than in bare figures.

This year, a conference sponsored by the Canadian Citizenship Council, in Winnipeg, devoted its sessions to a discussion of the Canadian Identity.

The old melting pot theory was mentioned, only to be summarily dismissed. The unanimous feeling was that all the people of Canada should be simply Canadian, but that each ethnic group had a valuable cultural contribution to make to the developing Canadian pattern. The claims of the French-Canadian people under Confederation were given recognition, but the overriding conviction was that the Canadian identity should be based on the concept of unity with variety.

What is a Canadian? We have now returned to the basic concept of the Canadian overseas in 1914-18, developed in terms of 1962. A Canadian loves his country and desires to make a contribution to it. This he can do all the better if he can transmit some of the cultural heritage of his ancestors, from whatever part of the world they may have come, to the enrichment of our Canadian way of life. Whether we think of it in terms of a mosaic or a symphony, the Canadian identity has unity with variety. —W. Kristjanson



ANNOUNCEMENT

The Magazine Board has decided to increase the subscription rate of The Icelandic Canadian from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per year, beginning with Volume XXI, Fall 1962. In the case of subscribers who have paid in advance the new rate does not become effective until the renewal falls due. New prepayment rates and the rate in Iceland will be announced by the Circulation Manager.

It would be very easy to justify this small increase exclusively on the ground of increased costs of publication. For instance printing has gone up 150% since the magazine started in 1942. One could also point out that the average size of the magazine is now 64 pages, at times 72 pages, but during the first ten years of publication it ranged from 40 to 56 pages. Another factor could be mentioned. The somewhat reckless advertising by national advertisers and governments during the boom years following the second world war is becoming history and from now on advertising media will be much more carefully scrutinized. The work of advertising agents is becoming increasingly onerous and here tribute must be paid to our able and enthusiastic advertising solicitor.

In order that there be no misunderstanding the Magazine Board hastens to add that the decision to increase the subscription rates is not based upon a desire to increase revenues to the extent that some monies might become available for salaries. From the beginning the magazine has been published on the voluntary basis and that policy will continue. The small honorarium of \$300.00 per year awarded to the Business and Circulation Manager

cannot be regarded as an exception to the general rule.

The Magazine Board, however, does not rest its decision to increase the subscription rates on the grounds stated above, cogent though they be. Its decision rests upon a conviction that on the merits The Icelandic Canadian is worth more than \$2.00 a year. To fortify that conviction we need but refer to remarks on the quality and purpose of the magazine that have from time to time been made by people in high places in Iceland, the United States, and in Canada.

However, in the final analysis, it is the subscriber who judges the merits of a publication.

The Icelandic Canadian has sought to make known the philological worth of Icelandic as a basic and a modern language, and the intrinsic value and pre-eminence of Icelandic literature, ancient and modern. At the same time it has provided a cultural liaison between Iceland and people of Icelandic descent in the West. It has sought to maintain the ties of kin and friendship among the Western Icelanders who are scattered far and wide over a continent and are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain those contacts except through a medium in the English language. In this service the editors have endeavored to maintain a high standard so that the record will have a literary as well as a factual value.

If the reader is satisfied that the magazine is fulfilling a mission subscription rates will not be a consideration.

**Magazine Board
of The Icelandic Canadian**



THE WINNIPEG CLINIC

DR. P. H. T. THORLAKSON and a Tradition in the Making

"He doesn't stay put long enough to get a good picture of him," can truly be said of Paul Henrik Thorbjorn Thorlakson, M.D., C.M. (Man.), F.R.: C.S.(C.), F. A. C. S., LL:D: Another way to give expression to the same thought is to say that a discussion of his varietal activities would have to be a book of many chapters.

In the limited space in this magazine only one chapter can be selected. That obviously will be the most important chapter—his work and his achievements in his chosen profession. But even so, it would not be fair to either Dr. Thorlakson or to the readers to make no reference to others. Just as a book has a table of contents, so a reference, little more than an enumeration of "contents" should be made to the most outstanding achievements which would form the subject matter of other chapters.

Three of such chapters must be specified; two, because the subject of each would be the founding of a permanent institution, to which Dr. Thorlakson has made a major contribution, the third because it would deal with an organization, which, because of the wide basis upon which it is founded, has most far-reaching potentialities.

Dr. Thorlakson was chairman of the committee of six in charge of the campaign for the establishment of a fund for the endowment in perpetuity of a Chair in Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba. It was a campaign extending across Canada, into the United States, and back



Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson

to Iceland. Close to \$225,000.00 was contributed.

Human values were not neglected. Dr. Thorlakson took the lead in planning and carrying out plans for the complete reconstruction of the Old Folks' Home at Gimli. A large new building was erected; the old one was given a complete overhaul and fully equipped. The whole underaking is on a sound financial basis and the former Old Folks' Home has been transformed into a properly planned and adequately equipped modern centre for the aged.

Dr. Thorlakson is Vice-Chairman of the Canada-Iceland Foundation. It was organized to provide funds, on both a casual and permanent basis, for

fostering and strengthening the cultural bonds between Canada and Iceland, and encouraging efforts among people of Icelandic descent on this continent who are on common ground with the Foundation in its aims and objects. In realistic language this means the rendering of assistance to the maintenance of Icelandic as a cultural language on this side of the Atlantic and the diffusion of the best in the Icelandic heritage into the Canadian cultural stream.

Dr. Thorlakson's activities, outside his chosen profession, have not been limited to institutions and organizations primarily serving Canadians of Icelandic origin. During a period of time extending close to forty years he has rendered innumerable services, all of which relate in some way or another to the development of good citizenship. Only one such service need be mentioned.

In 1960 Dr. Thorlakson became President of the Manitoba Council on Education affiliated with the Canadian Conference on Education which held its first general conference in 1959. The Manitoba Council held a meeting in Winnipeg in 1960, and another meeting in Brandon in 1961, both well attended and presided over by Dr. Thorlakson. These Manitoba Council meetings were in part preparatory to the huge Canadian Conference on Education held in Montreal in March 1962, attended by over two-thousand delegates. At that conference Dr. Thorlakson was chairman of the Forum on "The Citizen in Education".

These fragmentary references to services wholly outside of Dr. Thorlakson's profession and main achievement, are the outward manifestations of an urge from within to help give permanent and tangible substance

and expression in this land to precious values in his heritage and in the potentialities of the nation of which he has become a part.

In these activities and in his attitude of mind in his chosen life's work Dr. Thorlakson is quite unconsciously laying the foundation for what in the future may well become "The Thorlakson Tradition".

As already stated, this brief sketch is limited to Dr. Thorlakson's chosen calling—the practice of medicine in which he has specialized in surgery. But in that practice there is something else, so closely a part of it that the two cannot be severed and must be regarded as one superb achievement. It is an achievement which has absorbed a lifetime's professional skill and training, and into which Dr. Thorlakson has injected a uniquely well balanced approach, partly inherited and partly acquired in halls of learning and in laboratories of science and research.

The reference here is to the Winnipeg Clinic. In February, 1961, the seven new stories of the present twelve story Winnipeg Clinic were completed and by the middle of this summer the enlarged Winnipeg Clinic will be in operation. In the February, 1961 number of "Canadian Doctor" there is an article entitled "Winnipeg Clinic Raises Its Heights".

The following extracts from that article provide a synopsis of the development of the Clinic from a medical office with a few private rooms in the Medical Arts Building to the present towering medical centre. But they do more than that. They convey the spirit, the attitude of mind (there is a vision of Dr. Thorlakson in many a line in that article) that prevailed in laying the foundation for the administration of that model medical institution, and in giving direction in the training to

be acquired and the approach to be made in the services to be rendered. The extracts follow:—

Founding the Clinic

"The Winnipeg Clinic had its origin in 1926 when the late Dr. Neil John Maclean invited Dr. P. H.T. Thorlakson to become a partner in the practice of surgery. They practised in the Medical Arts Building and as their practice increased others became associated with them. By 1938 the space in the Medical Arts building was inadequate. As suitable space could not be found in any centrally located office building the decision was made to construct a new building as close as possible to the centre of the city. When the building was partially completed the war situation suddenly became grave and the doctors offered to abandon the project but the government advised that the building should be completed because stone, lumber and cement were available in Manitoba and older tradesmen had not been taken into war industries.

"In 1940 Dr. Maclean retired from active participation in the affairs of the partnership but continued to act as a surgical consultant until his death in 1946.

Organizing and Financing

"Dr. Thorlakson assumed the responsibility of organizing the Clinic and making the financial arrangements for the new building.

"In October, 1942 the four Winnipeg Clinic founders and their associates moved into the new two-story building on the corner of St. Mary Avenue and Vaughan Street. At that time there was a pharmacy, a dietitian, and the nucleus of a library.

New Departments

"With the cessation of hostilities doctors released from the Armed Forces became available . . .

"In February, 1947 the first move was made into the new wing and in December the Department of Paediatrics was opened.

Permanent Organization

"A small Executive Committee had been responsible for the administration of the Clinic; now it was augmented by additional doctors. Special committees were formed, one to study qualifications for membership in the Winnipeg Clinic and another to study the powers and duties of an Executive Council.

"The Winnipeg Clinic practises medicine as a partnership. In March, 1949 a Corporation was formed to own and control the physical assets such as the equipment and furniture and to hold these in trust for the members. In the event of the Clinic ceasing to carry on, all the properties and assets remaining after payment of liabilities would be paid to the Research Institute.

Education and Research

"The property and building are not owned by the Winnipeg Clinic because the founders of the Clinic had agreed that the building should not represent a steadily increasing asset registered principally in the name of the senior members. They deeded the building and property to the Manitoba Institute for the Advancement of Medical Education and Research by an Act of Incorporation passed in March 1943. The arrangement subsequently entered into had a two-fold purpose: 1) To avoid multiple ownership by doctors of different age groups and eliminate

possible discussions on policy or future expansion with executors of estates of deceased members; 2) To identify the Clinic in perpetuity with medical education and research in this community which was the wish of the founders. . .

"The institute supports medical education and research in the community by undergraduate scholarships, grants and awards. In 1946 two annual \$750.00 scholarships were offered by the Institute to 2nd, 3rd, and 4th year students in the B.Sc. (Med.) course of the University of Manitoba. These students work for two summers or the equivalent of an academic year under the direction of the chairman of the University Department of their choice or a staff member nominated by the Chairman. Eighteen students selected by the University received these scholarships. Commencing in 1956 the Institute offered one \$1,200.00 scholarship annually under the same conditions for a period of 5 years and this year it was raised to \$1,600.00. The first grant made in 1944 was for the first electroencephalograph in the Province of Manitoba for use in the Winnipeg General Hospital . . .

Executive Council

"Ultimate control of the Clinic rests with the members who delegate responsibility to the Executive Council and their decisions are carried out by administrative officers working under the guidance of the Director.

"The Winnipeg Clinic is a completely democratic organization. Each member has one vote irrespective of his length of service, his present contribution or his financial contribution to the original formation and subsequent development of the Clinic. By majority vote the members can modify or rescind any bylaw or regulation. Approval of the Executive Council and members is required before any policy

is formulated or any major decision or commitment is made on behalf of the Clinic. Although no new member has been required to assume a personal liability, the members collectively own and control the Winnipeg Clinic and they have access to private financial records at all times . . .

New Construction

"The increased quarters were not adequate for long. In 1952 a temporary structure had been added to the main floor of the Clinic to provide additional space for the Departments of Paediatrics and Obstetrics and Gynaecology. In 1955 several moves were necessary to provide space for growing departments and an eastward extension of the building was considered. The following year a house on a lot next to the Clinic was converted into the Winnipeg Clinic Annex. Several departments moved into the Annex thus releasing 15 units in the main building. After three years of planning, construction was started in July 1959 on a new seven-story upward extension of the original wing.

Postgraduate Training Program

"In accordance with the basic principles upon which the Clinic was organized doctors have been encouraged to accept positions on the Medical Faculty of the University of Manitoba and on the teaching staff of the hospitals. At the present time 41 have such appointments . . .

"One year ago a Research Committee was formed to consider applications for projects to be carried out in the Clinic laboratory under the supervision of the doctor concerned and the Laboratory Director. An annual budget from the Clinic was allotted for this purpose. To date four projects have been approved. This is an addition to clinical trial of drugs which is arranged

on an individual basis. Several doctors are engaged in research projects outside the Clinic . . ."

A Magnificent Medical Centre

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In parenthesis or by way of footnote it should be added, what may perhaps be taken for granted, — that Dr. Thorlakson has been called to distant points to give papers on latest advances in his special field or on some phase of the evolution of the modern medical clinic. At the time of this writing he is delivering an address at the XIIth Middle East Medical Assembly, which is being held at the American University of Beirut, in Beirut, Lebanon. This is but the latest of many trips that have taken him to distant points in both hemispheres. He gave an address at the American Association of Medical Clinics, New Orleans, and another at a joint meeting of the British Medical Association of America and The American College of Surgeons in London, England. He gave a paper at a meeting of the Medical Association of Reykjavik, and has delivered countless papers at American and Canadian Medical centres.

A TRADITION IN THE MAKING

A tradition must rest upon the home as well as upon personal achievement, environment, and service in professional institutions and community organizations.

Dr. and Mrs. Thorlakson have a

deep sense of home and community responsibility. Their own home, their interest in the homes of their children, busy though both of them are, the emphasis they place on community service and contacts at all levels — together constitute one of the ingredients out of which this tradition is being moulded. Here Mrs. Thorlakson, Gladys Maree, nee Henry, is playing a major role. Then there is the emphasis placed upon the maximum education and training for young people. This is well exemplified in their own children: Tannis Maree Richardson, a mother of four children, is a graduate in Home Economics from the University of Manitoba; their twin sons, Kenneth and Robert, took extensive post-graduate work, practical and research, in England before joining the surgical division in the Winnipeg Clinic.

Dr. Thorlakson, no matter how busy, has always managed to find time to encourage the collective cultural and the individual professional contribution of the people of his kin to the development of the Canadian pattern of citizenship.

In his own profession he is so much more than a skilled and eminent surgeon. He is more than the head of the largest medical clinic in Western Canada. He has always taken a keen interest in the development of hospital and medical service in his community and has stressed the need of constant and continued research in the evolution of the medical service.

The pattern, laid out by Dr. Thorlakson for himself, expanding in the way his wife and children are fitting into the pattern, accepted by those with whom he is associated, gives ample grounds for the view that a Thorlakson Tradition is in the making, if, indeed, it has not already been permanently founded. —W. J. Lindal

Judge W. J. Lindal Honored

Judge W. J. Lindal, Editor-in-Chief of *The Icelandic Canadian*, was made honorary citizen of the town of Minnedosa, April 23, 1962, "with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto as recognition of the high esteem in which he is held by the people of Minnedosa".

This presentation was made at a gathering attended by some 50-60 citizens of Minnedosa, held in his honor on his retirement as County Court Judge for the Northern Judicial District of Manitoba, after twenty years of service.

Asked by a press reporter what was one outstanding personal achievement he remembered during his twenty years on the bench, Judge Lindal replied "rather diffidently but with some underlying pride, that in all these years only one decision he had given had been taken to appeal", "And that was dismissed with costs", he added.

Meticulous care in arriving at judicial decisions is indicated in the following quotation:

"An appeal came to me from a magistrate and there were no rules applicable regarding the procedure to be followed. I went all the way back to Norman French rules—about 1100— where it was held that if there were no rules the judge who has the power to try the case can make his own rules."

Numerous cases tried by Judge Lindal have been cited in the Manitoba law reports. "More of Judge Lindal's decisions have been written up by the law society than the combined total for the other nine county court judges."

Judge Lindal attended Wesley Col-



Hon. W. J. Lindal

lege, now United College, in Winnipeg, where he distinguished himself in his studies. He graduated with honors from the University of Manitoba, in 1911, the highest in his class, and won a silver medal in mathematics. He received his L.L.B. from the University of Saskatchewan, in 1914, and his L.L.B. from the University of Manitoba, in 1919.

The young law graduate commenced his practice in Saskatoon, in 1914, but his law career was interrupted by war service, 1915-19. He proceeded overseas with the 223rd Battalion, and served in France with the 27th, City of Winnipeg, Battalion, in the rank of lieutenant.

Law practice was resumed, in Winnipeg, on return to civilian life, and in 1926 the law firm of Lindal, Buhr, and Stefanson was formed. This partnership continued until Judge Lindal's

appointment to the bench, January 4, 1942.

In addition to his legal practice and service on the bench, Judge Lindal has been prominent in community life and public affairs in the provincial and the national field. He was chairman of the Board of Referees on Selective Service in Manitoba, during the second war, 1942-45; chairman of the Regional Unemployment Insurance Committee, 1945-47; and was chairman of the National Employment Commission, at Ottawa, 1947-1960. He founded the Canada Press Club in Winnipeg, in 1942, and was President until 1958 when he became President of the Canada Ethnic Press Federation.

Testimonial Dinner for Judge W. J. Lindal

The editors of twenty-four weekly ethnic newspapers in Winnipeg, members of the Canada Press Club, gathered to honor Judge W. J. Lindal, at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, in Winnipeg, May 31. The dinner was held on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Club. Judge Lindal was the founder and is the honorary President of the Club and the gathering was on the occasion of his retirement from the bench.

Judge Lindal was presented with a complete sport fishing outfit, and numerous congratulatory messages were received from people prominent in public life.

Judge Lindal has been for several years a prominent member of the Citizenship Council of Manitoba and was its first President. He was President of the Icelandic Canadian Club, in Winnipeg for three years and he has been chairman of the Editorial Board of the *Icelandic Canadian* for the past seven

years. He was the chief founder of the Canada Iceland Foundation and has been Chairman of that organization from its beginning.

Books written by Judge Lindal are *The Two Ways of Life, Freedom or Tyranny; The Canadian Citizenship Act and Our Wider Loyalties; and The Saskatchewan Icelanders, A Strand of the Canadian Fabric.*

His services have been recognized by the award of the Coronation Medal and Iceland's Order of the Falcon.

The following editorial appeared in the *Winnipeg Free Press.*

RETIRING JUDGE

The Manitoba bench loses one of its most respected members this week when Walter J. Lindal, a county court judge for the past 20 years, retires.

An Icelander who was brought to the prairies by his family when he was a small child, Judge Lindal has made a distinguished contribution to this province.

A brilliant student at Wesley college (from which he graduated as gold medallist in 1911), Judge Lindal decided to make a career in law and entered the University of Saskatchewan. He graduated with honors in 1914. When war broke out he went overseas, was gassed in the battle of Passchendale and spent several months in hospital as a result. In 1919 he was admitted to the Manitoba bar and in 1942 was appointed to the bench.

In 20 years on the bench Judge Lindal has demonstrated that he possesses the attributes which a good judge must have. These are a sense of justice, a knowledge of and experience with people at all levels and under all conditions, a knowledge of the main principles of law, and conscientious hard

work. Only one of the cases brought before him has ever been appealed to the supreme court and it was dismissed with the plaintiff required to pay costs. More of his decisions have been written up than those of all other Manitoba county court judges combined.

But it is not only in legal fields that Judge Lindal has distinguished himself. Although Icelandic by birth, he is passionately Canadian. To this end, he has devoted much of his life, off the bench, to the promotion of Canadianism and especially to the preservation of the identity of various ethnic groups. In 1958 he was elected first

president of the Canadian Ethnic Press Federation. He is also an author of note with a number of books and many articles to his credit.

Although he has reached the retirement age set for judges, Judge Lindal is young in spirit and can confidently be expected to continue to make his valuable contribution to the life of this province and its people.

Although Judge Lindal has retired from the bench, his mental powers have not abated, and he may well look forward to years of achievement and valuable community service.

Courtesy of the Winnipeg Free Press

—W. Kristjanson

Elman Guttormson, a news reporter for the Winnipeg Free Press, in March was awarded the top prize in the Western Canada news award contest. He was given \$100 and an engraved pewter mug for his report on the capture of Stony Mountain penitentiary escapee Percy Moggey last year.

Mr. Guttormson, a native of Lundar, Man. and member of the Manitoba legislature for St. George constituency, took a rifle and joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police hunt for the escaped convict. He helped in the capture and then telephoned his exclusive news story to the Free Press.

Mr. Guttormson has been with the Free Press for 15 years.



Elman Guttormson

Scholarship in Icelandic

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ICELAND

The Ministry of Culture and Education in Iceland offers an annual scholarship to students in Canada and the United States for study of Icelandic language, literature and history at the University of Iceland. The academic term extends from October 1st, to May 1st, and for the year 1962 the grant will amount to kronur 3000.00 per month. The present rate of exchange is kr. 43.06 for the U.S. dollar and about 40.8 for the Canadian dollar.

The following is the programme of studies:

- a. Elementary course in Modern Icelandic Language.
- b. Advanced course in Modern Icelandic Language.

c. Advanced course in Modern Icelandic Literature.

The scholarships may be repeated for a second and even a third term, and in those terms the student may study Icelandic philology which would include early Icelandic Literature, Icelandic Phonetics and Syntax, and History of Iceland.

Applications should be forwarded to the undersigned not later than July 1st, 1962.

HARALDUR BESSASON
Sec., The Icelandic National League,
Ste. 11B, Garry Manor Apts.,
Winnipeg 19, Manitoba

Canada-Iceland Foundation

AND THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIPS

The Canada-Iceland Foundation and The Icelandic Canadian Club are offering scholarships of from \$100.00 to \$200.00 for the 1962-63 academic term to students of Icelandic descent or other students showing an interest in Icelandic language and literature, who have completed Gr. XI or Gr. XII in one of the high schools of Manitoba, and who plan to attend the University of Manitoba or one of its affiliated colleges.

Qualifications will be based primarily on the result of the Departmental Examinations; but consideration will

also be given to qualities of leadership, and to need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications to the undersigned before August 5, 1962, together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community.

People who read this announcement are asked to bring it to the attention of any worthy candidate.

W. J. LINDAL,
Icelandic Scholarship Committee Sec.
788 Wolseley Ave.
Winnipeg 10, Man.

Annual Meeting Of The Icelandic Canadian Club



Arni R. Swanson
President of The Icelandic Canadian Club

The annual meeting of The Icelandic Canadian Club was held on May 28, when reports were heard, the Executive for the ensuing year elected and the Magazine Board completed.

Reports were given by the President, Gunnar O. Eggertson, the Secretary, Eleanor Nordal and the Treasurer Helgi Olsen. Mrs. Freda Danielson read a report on the Icelandic Canadian Bank Fund and the Library and Norman Nordal gave a report on the membership which showed an increase over the preceding year.

The following is the slate of officers and members of the executive for the ensuing year.

President, Arni R. Swanson,
Im. P. President, Gunnar O. Eggertson
Vice-President, William D. Valgardson
Secretary, Eleanor Nordal

Treasurer, Helgi Olsen
Corresponding Sec., Freda Danielson
Publicity, Caroline Gunnarsson
Social Convener, Lottie Vopnfjord
Refreshment Convener, Lara Olsen
Rep. of the Mag. Board, W. J. Lindal
Members at large:

Erlingur Eggertson, Norman Nordal,
Lara Sigurdson, Sveinn Sveinsson, Terry
Tergeson, Geraldine Thorlakson.

The Chairman of the Magazine Board gave a written report and a motion was passed that the report be published in the magazine. The Business and Circulation Manager, Hjalmur F. Danielson, submitted a financial report which was approved. Payment of the usual honorarium to the Circulation and Business Manager was confirmed and the increase of the subscription price of the magazine, from \$1.50 to \$2.00 was also confirmed.

The report of the nominating Committee for the completion of the Magazine Board was adopted.

The Magazine Board for the ensuing year consists of the following:

Chairman of the Board
Judge W. J. Lindal
Secretary, Miss Mattie Halldorson
Business and Circulation
Manager, Hjalmur F. Danielson

Members: Professor H. Bessason, Miss
Caroline Gunnarsson, Miss Salome
Halldorson, Arelius Isfeld, Gustaf Krist-
tjanson, Wilhelm Kristjanson, T. O.
S. Thorsteinson, Mrs. W. D. Valgard-
son

REPORT OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MAGAZINE BOARD

This has been a banner year in the twenty years of publicatio of The Icelandic Canadian. The satement is made in spite of the fact that the books show a deficit. However, if the price of an adding machine and collectible accounts are deducted the deficit is a mere nominal figure. On the other hand there was a satisfactory increase in the circulation.

What contributed to the success of the magazine this last year, but at the same time added considerably to the cost of publication, was the visit of the President of Iceland, His Excellency Ásgeir Ásgeirsson and Mrs. Ásgeirsson. The Icelandic Canadian joined with The Icelandic Canadian Club and the Canada-Iceland Foundation in tendering a luncheon to Their Excellencies at which the President, in complimenting the three organizations, said in part:

"Your quarterly, The Icelandic Canadian is excellent. It provides exactly the right kind of link with Iceland; and it is also important for us who look across to you from the shores of Iceland. There we can read about the youngest generation of Western-Icelanders and look at the pictures of students and soldiers, good-looking people and Icelandic of countenance."

An even greater compliment was paid by the President on his return to Iceland and in that compliment he was joined by the Canadian Consul General in Iceland, Hallgrimur F. Hallgrimsson. Fifty copies of the Fall 1961 number of the magazine were sent to Mr. Hallgrimsson. A letter over the signatures of the President and the Canadian Consul General, en-

closing a copy of the magazine, was sent to fifty leading citizens of Iceland. The first and last praagraphs of that letter, in translation, read as follows:

"We, the undersigned, desire to bring to your attention the magazine, 'The Icelandic Canadian' a quarterly which provides information on many matters concerning the Western-Icelanders. The magazine is of special value to all who are anxious to maintain the cultural bond with people of our kin in the West"

"We enclose herewith a sample copy of the magazine, and we trust that you will draw the attention of friends and acquaintances to this Icelandic national magazine (þetta þjóðræknisrit)."

Another function this magazine serves is that of making known to the English reading public the dual merits of Icelandic, first as a language both classic and modern, and secondly as one of the basic languages upon which English rests. It was information provided in The Icelandic Canadian, on the relationship between English and Icelandic which caused a linguist of Toronto, H. B., Scott Symons, to write:

"It seems to me that a study of Icelandic would teach Canadians much about the Englishness of English as a tongue. . . . In a remarkable way Icelandic is indeed a Canadian mother-culture, quite apart from its value as an independent culture."

A third function of The Icelandic Canadian is to provide a medium through which the descendants of the Icelandic pioneers, scattered far and wide, the mother tongue disappearing, the blood thinning by the increasing "mixed marriages", can maintain contacts with one another. The increasing circulation reaching out across North

America and beyond the seas, the hundreds of letters of appreciation, and words of commendation at public gatherings—all bear witness that the third function of the magazine is being fulfilled.

The magazine is more securely entrenched now than at any other time in its score years of existence. The

credit is due to the energy and zeal, and to the voluntary effort of all the members of the staff, both those who are serving now and those who have served in the past. Included must be the many contributors, also voluntary, who have sent in articles, poems, translations and news.

Promising Art Student



Vala Gislason and her display of oil paintings.

Vala Gislason, daughter of Oscar and Palina Gislason of Bow Island, Alberta, has completed her second year at Rocky Mountain College in Billings, Montana. Her major is art and after attending one more year at Rocky Mountain College Vala is going to an art school.

Last year some of her water-color paintings were selected with paintings of two other students for a display of "outstanding students art work". This year Vala specialized in oil painting.

Vala Gislason attended St. Mary's Academy in Winnipeg for five years (1951-1956) and took a painting course there for 4 years.

The falling carcass triggered a blast into the big trapper.

It was the beginning of his

Five day Duel with Death

Two hundred miles northwest of Great Slave Lake, the Willowlake River cuts the western edge of the mineralized Canadian shield and adds its small tribute to the mighty flow of the Mackenzie. In winter the Willowlake is no place for sun-bathing. Temperatures of 50 and 60 degrees below are the rule. But snowfall is moderate and the wooded course of the river offers shelter to men and animals. It is good fur country.

So Sigri Arnfinnson found it in the winter of 1936-37. Accordingly, he was well content with his lot on the second last day of February as he broke away from his traplines and headed toward his cabin near the riverbank. No shadow of worry crossed his mind. Winter still gripped the north country; but within a month or two he would be heading "outside" to cash in his pelts and take his reward for a hard season's work.

An Icelander who had adopted Canada, Sigri is a big man in the flesh and he loomed extra large in winter gear. His fur-trimmed parka hood outlined a broad face, marked by a wide mouth and prominent cheekbones. Over his left shoulder he carried a carcass of a lynx; in his right hand, the indispensable Winchester 45-70.

The old Indian fighters used to say that the only good Indian was a dead one. The same might be said of a lynx. A dead one should be past troubling

the living. The one on Sigri Arnfinnson's shoulder must have belonged to a different breed of cats.

As the cabin came into view, breaking the monotony of the white landscape and promising food and rest, Sigri quickened his pace. Near the door, he halted, propped his rifle against a log and slipped the carcass of the lynx from his shoulder. It was a careless and a fateful move. The sound of a shot echoed from the edges of the clearing. Sigri staggered, his hard frame twisting as though gripped by a giant's hand. His senses blurred for a moment and then violent coughing assailed him.

He had been shot with his own gun.

One well-placed shot from the Winchester could fell a moose at a good range; the heavy slug that struck Sigri Arnfinnson had travelled less than a foot from the muzzle before plunging into his chest. It was a staggering blow, under which many a man would have collapsed on the spot. This moose of a man stayed on his feet. For a minute or two, driven perhaps by shock and anger, he trotted back and forth on his snowshoes hardly knowing what he was doing.

Cold realization of his plight restored a measure of calmness. It was merely the grim irony of fate that he had been shot by a dead lynx; the falling carcass had pulled the trigger. But he was entirely alone on the Willow-

lake. The nearest trapper lived a hard day's journey to the east. The nearest doctor was at Fort Simpson, one hundred tough miles to the south. No one was likely to call on him at this time in the dead of winter. If he were to survive, it could be only by his own super-human effort.

Resolved to act, he bent down to untie his snowshoes. Immediately blood gushed from the wound in his left side and a violent burst of coughing racked his frame. Yet he felt no acute pain. The torn and pounded flesh must still be numb. Stoically ignoring the bleeding and coughing, he stripped off the snowshoes and, straightening up, strode into his cabin.

With his clothes off, after an awkward struggle, he was able to size up the damage in the mirror. It was anything but reassuring. With full muzzle velocity, the heavy slug had ripped upward through his body like the point of an impaling spear. Blood oozed from a gaping hole in his left side and from another in his upper back. The coughing persisted and bloody froth smeared his lips. It was obvious that his left lung had been pierced. The bullet must have passed very close to his heart and might have nicked this vital organ; but he could not tell exactly.

Thus, for a minute or two, Sigri appraised the damage; but he quickly realized that he could very easily bleed to death where he stood. Disregarding his wounds, he grabbed some thick towels and ripped them apart, then, wadding the material, stuffed it into both holes. With strips of towel, he made a rough bandage and tied it around his chest to hold the wads in place. For a critically wounded man, this was no small achievement. But Sigri knew it would not be enough.

He had to have a disinfectant; and, lacking anything of a commercial sort he would have to use boiling water.

It would be dangerous to leave the cabin and to subject his damaged lung to the icy touch of 50-below air; yet there was no alternative. With stubborn resolution, he struggled into his clothing, picked up ax and pail, and trudged down to the river's edge. Using only his right arm, he chopped laboriously through the ice covering his water-hole and filled the pail. Then he plodded back to the cabin, coughing harshly into the frigid air, and split some kindling one-handed. A hot fire soon brought the water to a boil. Stripping to the waist again, Sigri removed the bandage, pulled out the wads, and with the boiling hot water cleansed and partially cauterized his wounds. It was a painful task, for by this time the numbness was leaving the damaged flesh, and he had to twist and turn to reach the hole in his back.

Nevertheless, once he had applied clean wads and a fresh bandage, he felt the delayed pangs of hunger. Sensible of the need to keep up his strength, he cooked and ate a solid meal.

What next? Over a strong cup of tea, Sigri considered his position afresh. Nearly two hours had passed and he was still alive and kicking. Could he make it to George Wilson's cabin the next day? A day's trek through the bush in 50-below weather? No, that was out. Should he retire to his bunk and, rising occasionally for food and other necessities, wait out the days and weeks in hope of rescue? A less indomitable spirit might have chosen this alternative; but not this iron Iclander. He decided to play it tough; to keep as active as possible and to carry on some of his regular work.

Thus resolved, he hit the hay, but through the long night hours he found it practically impossible to stay asleep. At an early hour, he rose, determined to beat this problem. After breakfast, he went out and cut a bundle of tree branches. These, he thawed out and then lashed together to form a rough cradle which would hold his body almost upright in the bunk. He may have been wiser than he knew, for thus he also cut down the coughing at night and reduced the chances of severe hemorrhage. In any event, the effort required to make the cradle paid off in a less sleepless second night.

The second morning, Sigri checked his wounds and found they were still bleeding. This worried him, as he knew a large loss of blood could be gravely weakening. Nevertheless, he not only drew water, chopped wood and fed the inner man in his customarily hearty way but also turned a hand to his pelts and trapping equipment. He did not even shirk the hard muscular task of working fresh pelts. As he demonstrated to his own satisfaction that he could carry on much as usual his confidence increased.

It was thus, alone yet resolute, that Sigri Arnfinsson fought his way through the second day of his ordeal, and the third and the fourth. The persistent bleeding remained his chief worry.

On the fifth day, help finally came. By a remarkable coincidence, both George Wilson and Ole Loe, Sigri's employer, had decided to drop in. Wilson, on foot, arrived first; but Loe landed by plane almost on his heels.

"Sigri has been shot", shouted Wilson, as Stan MacMillan of Mackenzie Air Service taxied the ski-equipped plane to the riverbank. Loe and Mac-

Millan climbed down and the three men raced anxiously to the cabin.

They might have spared themselves the mental anguish, for "There in the cabin sat Sigri, looking remarkably hale and hearty except for a slight pallor and a distinct tendency to perspire. His side was just beginning to stiffen up".

So Ole Loe put it; and if the iron Iclander was overcome with relief he gave no sign of it. All he said was: "The only thing that really bothered me was the perspiration. I was wringing wet all thetime".

At Fort Simpson, two hours later, Sigri maintained his reputation for stoicism and physical endurance. When the plane landed, Loe and MacMillan were all for rushing the patient to the hospital. Sigri would have none of this. He was hungry and insisted upon being fed. So the party was diverted to the home of motherly Mrs. Hanson.

"There", reported Loe, "Sigri tied into a meal that would have done credit to the healthiest man in the Northwest Territories. Then, and only then was he willing to let the doctor look him over".

In the cabin on the Willowlake, the rescuing trio had been astonished at Sigri's survival, after seeing the terrible damage done by the 45-70. The doctor at Fort Simpson, after making a professional examination, was even more astounded. The bullet had missed the heart by a fraction of an inch, and the spinal column by a slightly greater margin, fortunately for the big trapper, but it had torn its way through the left lung as well as the muscles on the left side and upper back.

"Nine out of ten men", said the doctor, "would have died of such a wound".

The marvel was not only that Sigrí Arnfinnsson had survived but that he had performed hard physical tasks for several days after being critically wounded.

In February of 1938, having won his measure of fame through Robert L. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" program, broadcast from New York, the big trapper again bounded into the northerly city of Edmonton.

This article written by IAN C. MacDONALD, appeared in the March, 1962 issue of TRUE, The Man's Magazine, published by: Fawcett Publication Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

SIGRI (Sigurbjorn) ARNFINNSSON is the son of Bjorn and Anna Arnfinnsson, formerly of Lundar, Manitoba, but now deceased.

Bjorn and Anna Arnfinnsson settled at Lundar, in 1901, and there they continued to reside, except for a sixteen year period at Siglunes, Manitoba.

Sigrí Arnfinnsson resided for some time at Lake la Biche, Alberta, and now makes his home on Vancouver Island.

"Here I am," he boomed, "healthy as a musk-ox, mighty glad to be alive, and ready to go north again at the snap of a finger."

Where he is today, I do not know; but I venture to say that he is still very much alive. The Sigrí Arnfinnssons of the Old North were bred too tough to kill.

Resolution on the Canadian Identity

On March 30 and 31 last, two organizations held both separate and joint functions. It was the biennial meeting of the Canada Ethnic Press Federation and also a Seminar of the Citizenship Council of Manitoba.

The theme of the Seminar was "The Canadian Identity" and that subject was the central item on the agenda of the biennial meeting of the Federation. At the Seminar the theme was discussed by four groups:

1. Cultural, W. J. Lindal, Chairman.
2. Political, Peter McClintock, Chairman.
3. Economic, Prof. R. C. Bellan, Chairman.
4. Social, Jean Lagasse, Chairman.

In the cultural group a resolution was passed which had the day before received unanimous approval at the biennial meeting of the Federation, and later was approved by the Executive of the Citizenship Council of

Manitoba. The resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved that we accept the following as guiding principles in the evolution of the Canadian Identity:

"Canada's official English-French bilingualism is a national asset.

"Language studies are cultural assets and the study of a second or more languages should be encouraged.

"Canada is multi-cultural, a unity with variety, which will enrich our distinctive Canadian Identity."

This resolution has been commended by both Anglo-Saxon and French leading Canadian citizens as expressing in concise form the three essentials of the pattern of citizenship being evolved in Canada, namely, English-French bilingualism, cultural values in language studies, and a distinctive unity with variety in Canadian citizenship.

Caroline Gunnarsson Honoured



A signal honor came to Caroline Gunnarsson of Winnipeg in recognition of her creative writing when the annual Canadian Women's Press Club awards were announced June 2. Miss Gunnarsson, women's editor and

columnist for the nationally circulated Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer published in Winnipeg, was named first-prize winner in the column category and presented with a bronze medal and \$100 cheque at a dinner in Lower Fort Garry, held during the club's triennial general meeting in Winnipeg.

Miss Gunnarsson, who was born in Iceland and came to Churchbridge, Sask., at the age of ten, has been women's editor of the Prairie Farmer since 1952. For three years during the Second World War, she edited the Canadian Women's Army Corp Newsletter.

The Board of this magazine is glad to announce that Miss Gunnarsson has agreed to join the editorial staff. A guest editorial from her pen appeared in the Winter 1961 number of the magazine.



Mrs. Thelma Wilson

President of Music Teachers' Assn.

Mrs. Thelma Wilson of Winnipeg was elected president at the annual meeting this spring at Portage la Prairie of the Manitoba Registered Music Teachers' Association. Mrs. Wilson and her husband Kerr are widely known in musical circles in both city and province.

Þjóðsöngur Íslands

eftir MATTHIAS JOCHUMSSON

Ó, guð vors lands, ó, lands vors guð!
 vér lofum þitt heilaga, heilaga nafn.
 Úr sólkerfum himnanna hnýta þér krans
 þínir herskarar, tímanna safn.
 Fyrir þér er einn dagur sem þúsund ár
 og þúsund ár dagur, ei meir,
 eitt eilífðar smáblóm með titrandi tár,
 sem tilbiður guð sinn og deyr.
 Íslands þúsund ár,
 eitt eilífðar smáblóm með titrandi tár,
 sem tilbiður guð sinn og deyr.

Ó, guð! ó, guð! vér föllum fram
 og fórnnum þér brennandi, brennandi sál,
 guð faðir, vor drottinn frá kyni til kyns
 og vér kvökum vort helgasta mál;
 vér kvökum og þökkum í þúsund ár,
 því þú ert vort einasta skjól;
 vér kvökum og þökkum með titrandi tár,
 því þú tilbjóst vort forlagahjól.
 Íslands þúsund ár,
 voru morgunsins húmköldu hrynjandi tár,
 sem hitna við skínandi sól.

Ó, guðs vors lands! ó, lands vors guð!
 vér lifum sem blaktandi, blaktandi strá:
 vér deyjum, ef þú ert ei ljós það og líf,
 sem að lyftir oss duftinu frá;
 ó, ver þú hvern morgun vort ljúfasta líf,
 vor leiðtogi í daganna þraut,
 og á kvöldin vor himneska hvíld og vor hlíf,
 og vor hertogi á þjóðlífsins braut.
 Íslands þúsund ár
 verði gróandi þjóðlíf með þverrandi tár,
 sem þroskast á guðsríkisbraut.

The Icelandic National Anthem

translated by W. J. LINDAL

O God, our Lord! Our country's God!
 We worship and praise Thee, we hallow Thy name.
 From stars of the heavens Thy hosts of all times
 Weave a garland in joyous acclaim.
 Unto Thee is one day as a thousand years,
 A thousand years only a day,
 Eternity's floweret with tremulous tears
 That prays Thee and passes away.
 Iceland's thousand years!
 Eternity's floweret with tremulous tears
 That prays Thee and passes away.

O God, our God! We bow to Thee.
 We offer our spirit, our soul to Thy care,
 Our Lord and our Father, from age unto age,
 And we whisper our holiest prayer.
 We pray and we thank Thee a thousand years
 For Thou art our refuge and guide;
 We pray and we thank Thee with tremulous tears,
 Our destinies with Thee abide.
 Iceland's thousand years
 In the cool of the morn are but dewdrops of tears
 That shine in celestial tide.

O God, our Lord! Our country's God!
 Our life is a quivering tremulous reed,
 Forsaken we die, on a path from this dust
 To the heavens Thy Light will us lead.
 Each morn be our guide and with joy we are blessed;
 Each day be our leader, O God;
 At night be our shield and in peace we will rest;
 To the nation a sceptre and rod.
 Iceland's thousand years!
 Give strength to our people, diminish their tears
 On their course to a kingdom of God.

THE DUST OF THE ROAD

by ÓLAFUR JÓHANN SIGURDSSON

translated by AXEL EYBERG and JOHN WATKINS

The Icelandic Canadian is glad to acknowledge its indebtedness and its appreciation to Professor Loftur Bjarnason and the University Extension, University of California, for their permission to reprint "The Dust of the Road". The translation appears in "Anthology of Modern Icelandic Literature" compiled and edited by Loftur Bjarnason and published by the University Extension, University of California, in Berkeley, Calif.

Appreciation is also extended to the original publishers of the translation, The American-Scandinavian Review, to the author and to the translators.

In the Anthology Prof. Bjarnason has an introductory note on each author selected. The note on Ólafur Jóhann Sigurdsson is as follows.

"Ólafur Jóhann Sigurdsson was born at Álftanes, just outside of Reykjavik on September 26, 1918. Most of his early life he spent at Grafningur, that picturesque area just south of the lake at Thingvellir. That he was sensitive to and influenced by the breathtaking natural beauty of his environment no one can doubt who reads his stories.

At the age of fifteen he left home and went to Reykjavik, determined to become a writer. This was in 1933, and

for the next few years—the very depths of the depression—he lived a hand to mouth existence by writing children's stories. In 1936 his novel *Skuggarnir af bænum*, (Shadows of the Farm) appeared. Although this book did not solve his financial problems, it at least brought him recognition and acceptance as a capable writer.

The suffering and frustrations that he had experienced during the depression years are reflected in his next work *Liggur vegurinn þangað?* (Does the Road Lead There? 1940).

In 1943-44 he attended Columbia University as a fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, studying under Manuel Komroff. It was while he was there that he published *Fjallið og draumurinn* (The Mountain and the dream, 1944) probably his best work to date.

As the selections in this anthology indicate, Sigurdsson is as much at home in the Short Story as he is in the novel. A master at creating a mood, he leads the reader quietly and gently from one point to another as the story unfolds. Without being overly sentimental or mawkish his sympathy is with the underprivileged, the destitute, and the suffering. He is unquestionably one of the best of the younger writers in Iceland today."

THE DUST OF THE ROAD

1.

Here the river ran, deep and blue, long before men laid the road to the Northland and built a bridge over the river. Here the dwarfed birch wood burgeoned in the spring and shed its pale leaves in the autumn, long before men put up a summer hotel right at the head of the bridge and fenced the woods around with barbed wire.

But on the other side of the river and beyond the brushwood we see a green meadow above the lumpy surface of the river bank. Two white swans waddle majestically in a quagmire like two sedate matrons. And we say: This meadow was gray with withered grass early this spring—but now it has turned green!

Ur-r-r! Ar-r-r! The cross-country bus speeds home to the hotel, the sun glistens on its shiny paint, and the dust whirls high in the air in rusty brown columns. Out of it steps an elderly woman, tall and sharp-featured.

"Where are our bags?" she asks in a severe tone.

"They're in the back," says the bus driver.

"And where is my bag?" asks a young man, hopping nimbly out of the conveyance. He is wearing a gray jacket and gray knickers. He has a long pipe in his mouth and a small camera in his hand. He is slender and athletic. He carries his head high.

"Your bag's in the back," says the bus driver, blowing his nose vigorously into a speckled handkerchief.

But when they have at last got their own correct bags and those only, they all three walk up the stone steps to the summer hotel, the young man

first, then the tall, sharp-featured woman, and finally the man with the corporation. But the cross-country bus proceeds in the direction of the next stop. Inside it are other people who must go still farther to the Northland.

2.

The kitchen was full of fumes and smoke. It was fragrant with the smell of roast meat and boiling hot coffee. The cook pushed his maculate cap onto the back of his head, crossed his arms on his stomach, and told pungent stories about the women of Hamburg. He had got to know the women of Hamburg when he was on the ship. He had not been on the ship since the year before last. It was, of course, a hell of a mistake ever to have left it. But good heavens! It had never occurred to him that these shapeless creatures here dressed up in skirts were so altogether lacking in every estimable and obvious womanly accomplishment. They didn't seem to have any soul, much less an ordinary body.—"I don't know what you should be called," he said.

"You should talk," said Stina. (She had legs like telephone-poles) "You ought to keep your mouth shut, you soulless beast!"

"And you ought to go to Hamburg," said the cook with a snicker. "You ought to see what they're like in Hamburg."

"It's nothing to me what they're like in Hamburg," said Stina, tossing her head in high dudgeon. "They are, of course, just perfect for you and other creatures like you, who have no soul and believe in nothing except getting drunk—and other things still worse."

"I have a soul," the cook protested. "I have a big soul."

"No," said Stina, "You haven't a trace of a soul, you miserable wretch."

"I'm religious," said the cook. "I'm very religious."

"That's a lie. You don't believe in anything sacred. You've said so yourself."

"I believe in you," said the cook.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to blaspheme like that?" said Stina, and let fly at him with her dripping wet dishcloth. The cook sprang toward her and tried to kiss her. She struggled with might and main, but nevertheless he succeeded in kissing her not once but many times.

"Disa!" she called out loudly. "Help me, Disa!"

The fair-haired girl, who had been drying the dishes, looked at them smiling, but her assistance in the matter was not required, since the cook loosened his grip, roaring with laughter.

"Well, well?" he said triumphantly. "I always thought as much!"

"Shame on you, you big brute!" said Stina, wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron. "Can't you leave me in peace, you nasty good-for-nothing you?"

"Don't be so hypocritical," said the cook. "I'll be as silent as the grave about it . . ."

"About what?"

"You know what I mean," said the cook conceitedly with a significant wink.

"You think yourself smart, don't you?" said Stina sniffing disdainfully.

The fair-haired girl kept on drying the dishes. She was short and sturdy, her neck was white, her eyes were clear. Now and then she looked for a long time out of the window, looked at the brushwood and the river that

flowed rippling by and lapped softly against the pillar of the bridge, looked at the meadow green with rushes and the towering, distant peaks. Sometimes she imagined that behind them was a blue vault, where a mysterious knight was waiting for her. And sometimes she sang the song about Joseph and forgot to go on with the dish-washing, but continued to sing:

"Let's get the preacher started,
I must not be faint-hearted!

O Joseph, Joseph, mention but the
day."

It was the national anthem of the summer. She was just going to hum it when the waiter in the dining-room stuck his smoothly combed pate into the kitchen and made strange signs with his red pencil.

"Three new guests," he said in a flurry. "Two milks and one coffee—right away!"

3.

"Eat more vegetables, Thorleifur," said the sharp-featured woman.

The man with the corporation took the glass bowl and put a few cabbage leaves on his plate. "I do eat vegetables, my dear," said he.

"Drink more new milk," said the sharp-featured woman, passing him the pitcher.

"I do drink new milk, my dear," he said humbly, filling his glass.

"Oh, this meat's not all that it should be! Do you think so?"

"Huh? Were you speaking to me?" asked the young man with a start.

The sharp-featured woman whetted her voice: "I only said that this meat's not all that it should be."

"I don't find anything wrong with it," said the man with the corporation.

"Don't you find anything wrong with it?" asked the sharp-featured wo-

man in a suspicious tone.

"Yes, yes, my dear," said the man with the corporation. "The meat's not all that it should be."

"It's strange that we shouldn't get salmon. Now that we've finally got to the country. Say, waiter! Don't we get salmon tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course," said the waiter.

"That's fine," said the sharp-featured woman. "Don't you think it's really very pleasant here?"

"Huh? Were you speaking to me?" asked the young man.

"I only said it was really very pleasant here."

"Yes indeed," agreed the young man. "It's really very pleasant here, exceedingly pleasant . . ."

"It's so delightful to look at the river," said the sharp-featured woman. "What a perfectly incredible amount of water runs by every minute!"

She looked around exultantly, like a scientist who has made a remarkable discovery.

"Absolutely right, my dear," said the man with the corporation. "Absolutely right. By jove, what a lot of quart bottles it would fill, hee-hee-hee!"

"You think about nothing but those horrid bottles," said the sharp-featured woman, frowning. "I'm certainly glad we've got away from the city."

The young man had inadvertently put his knife in his mouth. He glanced obliquely across the table. But neither of his table companions had noticed that he had put his knife in his mouth.

4.

It is going on twelve o'clock when the day's work is over. Instead of going to bed she ties a flowered kerchief around her head and puts on a light gray summer coat.

"Where are you going, Disa?" asks Stina, yawning.

"I'm just going for a little stroll. You have to get a breath of fresh air once in a while."

"I need a breath of fresh air too," says Stina, looking dolefully at her substantial legs. "But, my word, Disa, I'm completely exhausted from all that beastly drudgery."

She yawns audibly as the fair-haired girl disappears through the door. "Have a good time, Disa dear!" she called after her.

The land breeze rustles through the brushwood, and a thousand thrushes fly chirping from bough to bough. Here is a wagtail, there a finch. There is song and life in every bush; at this time of the year the day is at its longest and the birds have no time to sleep. They have too many things to do; some are just finishing the building of their nests; others are waiting for tiny beaks to break through the shells of speckled eggs; while still others are stuffing worms into their young.

And variegated flowers stretch up out of the grass along the winding path. Here is the mountain avens, here are the wood crane's bill and the water avens. The silver-gray moss spreads over the lava chunks like a warm fur cloak, the leaves stir in the breeze, rays of light hover over the highest branches. And the young girl goes out of her way in order not to step on the two dark snails creeping slowly along on the reddish grown earth. She thinks to herself: how wonderful it is to get out into the open.

Footsteps in the wood! There is a distinct rustling in the leaves. Somebody clears his throat, so that she looks around. She sees a young man in a gray jacket and gray knickers. "Good-evening," he says, lifting his cap.

"Good-evening," says she.

The path is narrow. He walks for a while close behind her, without so much as a word crossing his lips, and his footsteps are light and bold. But the young girl has suddenly become weak in the knees and shoulders, it is as though someone were looking right through her, so that she longs to run out into the copse and hide herself in the deep bushes. Before she knows it, she has stumbled and fallen: there is an old, dried up stick lying right across the path.

"Look! You've skinned your middle finger," said the young man helping her to her feet.

"No," she whispered, "it's only a little scratch on my first finger."

"It seemed to me it was your middle finger," said he.

"No, it's my first finger," she repeated.

"It's no fun to stumble sometimes . . ."

"I only stumbled on that old branch," she muttered, brushing the dust off her light gray summer coat.

"Wait a minute!" (He took a fresh handkerchief out of his pocket and tore it into narrow strips.) "I'll bind it up for you."

"No, no! There's no need . . ."

"Oh, yes, it's better to bind it up," he said, drawing her hand towards him. "Otherwise you might perhaps get bloodpoisoning. There now, am I not a good doctor?"

They kept on walking along the path and exchanged brief, unimpassioned remarks which did not seem to have any particular meaning. He walked ahead, she behind.

Finally the path turned to the left. The wood was highest here and the blue river could be seen through over-

hanging branches. He stopped. She stopped too.

"Well, I guess I'd better turn round and go home . . ."

"Shouldn't we take a stroll down to the river?" he asked cautiously.

"It's bedtime," said she. "I'm going home."

"Do you work at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Let's take a stroll down to the river," he said in a bolder tone.

"No, I'm going home. I must go home . . ."

"Arne'nt you at all romantic?"

"Huh? Me? Romantic?" she repeated and could not help laughing. "Oh, I don't know," she said.

"Let's just take a little stroll down to the river," he said firmly. "Then we'll walk back to the hotel together."

They sat down side by side on a moss-covered rock. The river flowed on past them and the whirlpool played against the bank. It was as though the meadow on the other side slept, but far in the distance rose the mountain, high and rough-hewn, with the fiery red glow of the evening on its peak and soft, blue shadows in its ravines and gorges. Everything was still and fragrant.

"It's no small amount of water that runs past us every minute," said he, pointing to the river. "What a lot of quart bottles it would fill! Hee-hee!"

The fair-haired girl was silent.

"Look!" he said, getting up and walking over to the very edge of the rock, "Just look here!"

"What is it?" she asked, also getting up and walking over to the very edge of the rock. "What is it?" she repeated, staring down into the depths.

"O-o-oh!" He threw his arms around her and pulled her back. "You came close to falling into the water!"

"But how?"

"It's dangerous to stare a long time into the whirlpool. You had started to lean forward. You were just about to lose your balance."

He still kept his arms around her, and when she was convinced that he had saved her from real danger, she said:

"Oh, good gracious! I should have turned back before and gone home . . ."

"Good heavens, look!" he shouted and let go of her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's a most peculiar bird," he said, trembling with excitement and pointing up toward the hollow in the woods.

"A bird?"

"Yes, a great big bird alighted there. It was jet black with white spectacles."

"Spectacles?" she said, not knowing what to make of it.

"Yes, as I live and breathe! Let's go!"

He seized her hand and they ran up into the hollow. But there were only two innocent-looking curlews, which flew away screaming, and one sleepy godwit, which sang "Woodarawood" and also flew out of sight. None of them wore spectacles.

"Where is the peculiar bird?" she asked archly.

The young man looked in all directions and then said somewhat embarrassed: "It was quite true. But he has probably flown a little farther away."

"The peculiar bird?" she said laughing.

"Yes, let's sit down here for a little while. Who knows but he might come back again."

"I'm going home," she said.

"Not right away," said he, sitting down on a heathery hillock.

Glowing clouds drifted across the clear, blue sky. The breeze had died down, there was quiet and calm in the

wood. Dew fell on grass and leaves, the heavy fragrance of birch assailed their senses—and in the hollow grew a few wild orchids. The young man plucked them and made a bouquet. He had long, slender fingers, which seemed to shrink from getting soiled. The fair-haired girl sat still and stared at his diamond-checked socks and his strange brown leather boots. — I should have turned back, she thought.

"Aren't they pretty flowers?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"Yes, they are pretty."

"Wouldn't you like to have them?"

"Thank you," she whispered.

"I'll fasten them on you, if I may."

"Where?" she asked, moving a little closer to him.

"Here," he said and touched her.

She drew back quickly, as if she were thinking of running away. But it was too late. She could not avoid unbuttoning her light gray summer coat and spreading it out so that her dress would not get wet with dew. She was already well on the way toward the blue vault beyond the distant, tower-like peaks draped in the roseate glow of the evening. And she closed her eyes as she was borne swiftly on—in paralyzing expectation and hidden fear until quivering ecstasy and lacerating pain were entwined together, unravelled again, and woven together anew. And the world was forgotten, tomorrow was forgotten, everything was forgotten and lost, except the blue vault, which gleamed before her closed eyes, became bluer and bluer, moving closer and closer, until everything was over, everything was past, and the blue vault crumbled—the blue vault was no more.

She was so exhausted at first that she did not dare open her eyes. But when she did open them, the sky was just as it always was, with dull gray

wisps of clouds floating here and there. But the red glow of the midnight sun was gone—and the dream in the mountain had disappeared, the birds were silent, and no mysterious tone was hidden in the murmur of the river.

On her light gray summer coat crawled a dark green caterpillar, looping steadily along. She had always been deathly afraid of caterpillars, but now she was afraid no longer. She gazed at it there in front of her until it crawled off her coat and disappeared in the grass. Then she buried her face on the young man's shoulder as if she wished to hide herself.

"Say, what's your name?" she whispered.

He did not answer her. All was calm and peaceful, as though every sound had died.

It was after one o'clock when she stole into her room. She opened the door carefully so as not to waken Stina. But in spite of all her caution the hinges creaked mercilessly. She undressed in haste and forgot to put her clothes neatly away. Not until she had got into bed, did she notice that Stina was not in the room. Stina was nowhere to be seen.

5.

The tall woman ran her eyes over the food on the table, squinted, and shook her head.

"This is the fifth day we've been here," she said, "and they're still serving us this disgusting hash! What in the world is the matter that we don't get steak? We had steak the first evening—and that was the end of it. Always salmon or always hash. Waiter! Aren't we going to get steak tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course," said the waiter.

"Where is Thorleifur?" asked the

tall woman, sitting down at the table. "Perhaps you have seen him?"

"No," said the young man. "I haven't seen him."

"Goodness only knows where the man has gone. Waiter! Perhaps you have seen him?"

"Sorry," said the waiter.

"What in the world is the matter that he doesn't come to his meals on time? Maybe something has happened to him?"

At that moment the man with the corporation ambled into the dining-room. He flung his arms out into the air and smiled to both sides. It was obvious that he was in unusually good humor.

"Better late than never," said the tall woman with a searching glance. "Where have you been anyway?"

"I'm sorry, my dear, I went to take a look at the woods over there. Gorgeous woods. You ought to take a look at it too, my dear."

"Yes, I can see that you found it beautiful all right. You must have forgotten what the doctor said . . ."

"The doctor, my dear . . .? What did the doctor say? What the devil did the doctor say?"

"You ought to know that best yourself. But how did you get hold of that filthy stuff?"

"Huh? Get hold of what, my dear?"

"I don't want to listen to any of this 'my dear' nonsense. You know what I mean. It's quite obvious that you've got hold of that filthy stuff. It doesn't matter where you are; you always manage to sniff out the liquor. You can do that all right, even if there are some things you can't do. Yes, and I don't care in the least who hears me."

The man with the corporation wiped the beads of sweat off his forehead. "Shouldn't we begin to eat?" he in-

quired politely. "Look! It's a wonderful dinner!"

"Oh, is that so? You don't usually call this hash wonderful!"

"Oh, is it hash? That's annoying. That's very annoying. Do you think we should eat this hash . . .?"

"Drink our new milk," said the tall woman. "Eat your vegetables. That's what you need."

"I have no desire for new milk . . . I've drunk gallons of new milk today . . . But don't look so downcast, my dear. We'll get better food tomorrow . . ."

"We're going away tomorrow," said the tall woman.

"Huh? Going away where?"

"Away from here," said the tall woman crossly.

"But why, my dear? This is such a delightful place."

"Yes, but we're going away just the same," said the tall woman dryly. "I don't care to live on nothing but hash day after day."

"There must be some misunderstanding, my dear. I'm sure it can all be straightened out . . ."

"No. I know you, my good man," said the tall woman. "We're going away tomorrow, no matter what anybody says. Are you going to be here long?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked the young man.

"Yes, are you going to be here long?"

"No," said the young man, bashfully. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"That's natural," said the tall woman. "Nobody can live on this wretched hash day after day."

6.

When they arrived at the moss-covered rock, a red glow was playing over the peaks of the mountain, and the river flowed past them as when they had sat there the other day.

They looked at the two swans which flew up from the quagmire on the other side and disappeared in the distance, and they looked at the long, transparent shadows in ravines, gorges, and hollows.

"O-o-oh!" said he, throwing his arms around her. "For heaven's sake be careful! You almost fell just now."

"Did I almost fall?" she said, wrapping herself around him.

"Yes, you're so reckless."

They were silent for a long time. The chirping of the thrushes echoed all through the woods. The wagtail peeped. The mallard flew swiftly through the blue spring night: Swish! Swish! Before you know it, she had disappeared.

"Have you got your life insured?" he asked her all of a sudden.

"My life insured?" she said. "No. I haven't."

"You ought to get your life insured . . ."

"Why?"

"Why?" he repeated and had his answer cut and dried. "It pays for itself many times over. I have the forms with me, if you'd like to take out a policy."

"But why should I do that?" she asked again, unable to understand his laconic logic.

"It's the best thing to do," he said obstinately. "It's just like putting money in the bank, and besides you have a moral obligation toward those you leave behind—if anything should happen."

He groped around him with his hands as if he were looking for a stalk of grass to chew (and his fingers seemed constantly to shrink from getting soiled), but there was no stalk of grass on the moss-covered rock.

"Toward whom" she asked perplexedly.

"Toward those you leave behind, I said. Your relatives, for example."

"But I have no close relatives," she said sadly.

"Really. That's funny."

Again both were silent. The glow on the mountain peak grew fainter, and the shadows stretched out longer and longer, intersected and merged into one. There was a slight splashing in the ripples of the stream along the bank, but the sound of the splashing was never the same—and the line of the current was never the same, but changed constantly, while shadows and flecks of light alternated.

At last she said in a low voice: "Perhaps you would like me to get my life insured?"

"Would I?" he asked in surprise. "No, it's all the same to me. But on the other hand, in your position I wouldn't hesitate. I have forms with me that you could use . . ."

"Well," she said. "In that case I'll take out insurance."

"Say! Let's go up into the hollow," he said.

"We'll get wet. The dew has started to fall."

"That makes no difference."

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "But do you love me?"

"Oh, yes," she said, snuggling close against him. "Enormously. Enormously."

"Let's go up into the hollow. This will be our last evening for a while."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

She said nothing. Her head drooped.

"It's absolutely impossible to live on this hash day after day."

"Do you think the food is bad?" she asked in surprise.

"Let's not talk about that," he said abruptly. "Let's go up into the hollow."

7.

In the kitchen there were the same fumes and smoke. The cook had just finished broiling the steak. He tilted his head on one side as if he were considering what subject would be most appropriate for discussion. He had stopped referring to the women of Hamburg. Instead of talking about the women of Hamburg, he made long speeches about the merits of the Fatherland; and the Icelandic girls had risen greatly in his esteem since the other day.

"Those who have roamed around in foreign countries," he said, "know best how good it is to be home . . ."

"I don't take much stock in these foreign countries," said Stina.

"It's fun to be there sometimes," said the cook sagely. "But it isn't fun to be there always . . ."

"Fun? It may very well be fun to roam around all that foreign trash for those who have no soul. For my part, I can say that it wouldn't be any fun for me."

"Have I no soul?" asked the cook.

"Oh, yes," said Stina smiling at him. "You have a soul. You have a big soul."

"I'm also religious," said the cook.

"Yes," said Stina. "You're religious. You're very religious."

"And you're so hold und schön und rein," said the cook, taking her into his arms.

"Ee-ee!" screeched Stina. "Stop this nonsense! You mustn't squeeze me so hard . . ."

The fair-haired girl took no part in the conversation. It never occurred to her to mix up in other people's secrets. Her own secret gave her quite enough to think about.

Once she had dreamed of a handsome knight in magnificent attire. He came riding swiftly over hill and dale.

She heard the thunder of hoof-beats in the distance and went out to meet him. He took her with him, carried her in front of him on his horse—and they rode away into the enchanted realms of the future. Or did she dream of a mysterious knight who dwelt in a blue vault beyond the towering mountain peaks? She glided to the vault on wings of pain and bliss, glided farther and farther, felt the fragrance of the knight's clothing, sensed the knight in the same way as the grass senses the dew, until the dream broke like a string that is stretched too far, and a shamefaced silence hovered over the earth.

Today her hands are rather shaky. She has already broken two expensive glasses and one expensive egg-cup. And crash! The steak platter slides out of her hands and lies in a hundred pieces on the floor.

"Great Jerusalem!" shouts Stina, throwing up her hands. "Are you out of your senses, Disa? What do you think the old witch is going to say to this?"

"I don't know," mutters the fair haired girl foolishly, sweeping up the fragments.

"She'll be fit to be tied," volunteers the cook.

"Yes, she'll fly off the handle," Stina agrees. "It takes less than that to make her fly off the handle."

The waiter sticks his smoothly combed pate into the kitchen. "Three are leaving with the cross-country bus," he says, "Six new ones are coming this evening."

The cross-country bus leaving! The fair-haired girl gives a start and stops sweeping up the fragments of the platter. She hastily smooths the wrinkles out of her apron and runs out of the kitchen. But she is too late.

"He didn't say good-bye to me, didn't say good-bye to me," she thinks, staring as if hypnotized after the bus, where it speeds across the bridge, speeds south along the highway, and recedes rapidly into the distance.

At this moment she does not remember that she has just insured her life for fifteen hundred crowns—out of sheer sense of duty to her relatives. Nor does she remember that she has likewise paid a year's cash premium in advance, so that she has not a red cent left in her purse.

At this moment she remembers only his diamond-checked socks and his strange brown leather boots.—And she keeps on staring southwards, although the cross-country bus has disappeared behind the rise and the gray smoke columns have long since vanished.

"I should have turned back that evening," she thinks, and everything runs into a formless haze before her eyes. But out from the hotel sounds the national anthem of the summer:

"Let's get the preacher started,
I must not be faint-hearted!
O Joseph, Joseph, mention but the
day."

And the river flows by, deep and blue. And thus it flowed by on its way to the sea long, long before men laid the road to the Northland.

Graduates, Scholarship and Medal Winners

BRILLIANT STUDENT WINS \$2,500.00 FELLOWSHIP



Donald Wayne Swainson

Donald Wayne Swainson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingi Swainson of Winnipeg, has been awarded a University of Toronto Special Open Fellowship of \$2,500 plus fees, to be used in the session 1962-63 in the University of Toronto.

Donald graduated in Arts (Honours Course) from the University of Manitoba in the spring of 1960 and was awarded a \$1,500 scholarship from the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Foundation for post-graduate studies in the University of Toronto. He won an I.O. D.E. scholarship and in the spring of 1961 obtained his Master's degree in History with First Class Honours.

Mr. Swainson is at present studying for his Doctor of Philosophy degree, the subject of study being Canadian History in the Confederation Era.

During the summers Donald Swainson has lectured on British History and European History.

SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS MEDAL OF MERIT



Elizabeth Anne Sigurdson

Elizabeth Anne Sigurdson, won the School of Home Economics Medal of Merit. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oli Sigurdson of Swan River, Manitoba.

★



Eric Laurence Sigurdson

Eric Laurence Sigurdson, son of Dr.

and Mrs. L. A. Sigurdson of Winnipeg, won the following:

1. University Gold Medal in Engineering Physics.
2. Athlone Fellowship of British Government for Engineering training or study in Britain at University of London. (Eric was one of 41 students in Canada to win this award).
3. American Society for Testing Materials Student Membership.

★

James Temple Watt graduated in Modern History from the University of Toronto, May, 1962 and plans to proceed to post-graduate studies. Mr. Watt is the son of Mrs. Johanna Watt, formerly Johanna Johannesson, of Toronto, and the late James Watt and grandson of Mrs. Asdis P. Johannesson, formerly of Winnipeg now residing in St. Catharines.

★

T. EATON CO. PRIZE

Marilyn Ida Eyvindson was the winner of a T. Eaton Prize for Best Designed Rug. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Eyvindson, Carberry, Man.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA GRADUATES

Bachelor of Arts

Benson, Haraldur Asgeir — son of Gisli Benson, Gimli, Manitoba.

Erlendson, Mragaret Lynn — daughter of Mrs. Margaret and Mr. Leifur Erlendson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Helgason, William Allan—son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Helgason, Winnipeg.

Isfeld, Gudmundur Bjorgvin Arelius—son of the late Agust and Olina Isfeld, Husavik, Manitoba.

WOMENS' CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

Kathryn Gail Oleson won the Womens' Club Scholarship. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Tryggvi Oleson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

★

RECEIVES 100 IN LATIN

It is not uncommon that students receive 100 in mathematics or some science subjects but it is very rare indeed that a student receives perfect marks in a subject in the humanities such as languages. Such an exception is Gudmundur Eiriksson, son of Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Brynjólfsson of Vancouver.

In his examination last spring, out of a class of between 1500 and 1600 students, Gudmundur was the only one who received 100 marks in Latin.

★

C. V. MOSLEY BOOK AWARD

For highest standing in subjects indicated — 4th year Dentistry, Orthodontics—won by Peter Gordon Roy Thordarson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Thordarson, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Kristjanson, Ronald William—son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Kristjanson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sigurdson, Albert Frank— son of Mrs. S. Sigurdson, Selkirk, Manitoba.

Stefanson, Thora Anna—daughter of Mrs. Fanny Stefanson and the late Ingi Stefanson, Winnipeg, Man.

Thorvaldson, Patricia Joan—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Thorvaldson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Valgardson, William Dempsey—son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Herbert (Dempsey) Valgardson, Gimli, Manitoba.

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Hansen, Wendy Lorraine—daughter of Mrs. Hansen and the late Stefan Hansen, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Science

Ayotte, Brian John Stefan—son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Ayotte, Winnipeg. Mrs. Aytte was the former Anna Katrin Stefanson of Piney.

Erickson, Bruce Magnus—son of Mr. and Mrs. John Erickson, Winnipeg.

Skaftfield, Ronald Thor—son of Mrs. J. H. Skaftfield and the late Mr. Skaftfield, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Stefanson, Gary Alan—son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Stefanson, Winnipeg.

Bachelor of Commerce

Johnson, Leo, Edward—son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.

Bachelor of Social Work

Thorsteinson, Aldis Lynne—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johann Thorsteinson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Diploma In Art

Arnason, Yvonne Leigh—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Arnason, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Master of Science

Eyvindson, Roger Karton—son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Eyvindson, Carberry.

Bachelor of Science and Home Economics

Eyvindson, Marilyn Ida—daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. K. Eyvindson, Carberry, Manitoba.

Sigurdson, Elizabeth Ann—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oli C. Sigurdson, Swan River, Manitoba.

Electrical Engineering

Thorsteinson, Glen Oliver—son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. S. Thorsteinson, St. James, Manitoba

Johannson, Robert Johann—son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Johannson, Langruth, Manitoba.

Geological Engineering

Johnson, Magnus Earl—son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.

Bachelor of Education

Solmundson, Franz Julius—son of the late Mr and Mrs. J. J. Solmundson, of Gimli, Manitoba.

Bachelor of Pedagogy

Sigurdson, Sigg, honors — guardian Mrs. S. Nordal, Selkirk, Manitoba

Doctor of Dental Medicine

Thordarson, Peter Gordon Roy—son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Thordarson, Vancouver British Columbia.

Certificate of Education

Arnason, John Hiebert—son of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnason, Winnipeg, Man.

Johannson, Thorkell Wallace—son of Thorkell (Kelly) and Gudrun (Sigvaldason) Johannson, Arborg, Man.

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Undergraduate Scholarships and Awards

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, SPRING 1962



Kenneth Lincoln Johnson

Kenneth Lincoln Johnson, son of the well known curler Leo E. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, obtained the highest standing in First Year Dentistry and was awarded the \$250.00 Shaw Dental Laboratory Scholarship. He also won University Bronze Medals for highest standing (minimum 75) in the following subjects, Anatomy and Biochemistry.

★

Elin Margaret Josephson, daughter of Arni and Laura Josephson of Glenboro, Man, was awarded a \$200.00 Canada-Iceland Foundation Scholarship for highest marks in Icelandic.

★

John Harvey Finnbogason, son of Mrs. Ethel and the late Sam Finnbogason of Bissett, Manitoba, received an Alexander Robert Leonard Memorial Scholarship of \$200.00, 4th year Honors Arts.

★

Hjortur Dale Olafur Amundson,

son of Mr. and Mrs. Oli Amundson, St. James, Man., received a Winnipeg Gallery and School of Arts Bursary of \$100.00, Third Year Fine Arts.

★



Jo-Ann H. Stefansson

Jo-Ann H. Stefansson, granddaughter of Johanna and the late Gudmundur A. Stefansson, for many years a leading singer in the First Lutheran Church, received a \$300.00 James A. Richardson Scholarship, awarded in 1st, 2nd and 3rd year Arts.

★

Dennis Norman Magnusson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Magnusson of Minot, North Dakota, was awarded a T. Eaton Co. Ltd. \$125.00 scholarship and a \$100 Isbister Scholarship, 1st years Arts.

★

Wilfred Franklin Sigurdson, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Sigurdson of Oak Point, Man., received a Sara Wolfson Memorial Scholarship of \$100.00, 3rd Year Pre-Medical.

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Music Medalists and Award Winners

ELFROS YOUTH TOPS FESTIVAL



Raymond Stephanson

An eleven year old Elfros, Saskatchewan boy, **Raymond Stephanson**, was chosen the most promising entrant at the annual Melville Music Festival and received the fifty dollar Rotary Award presented by Mr. E. Towlie.

Raymond, who is a pianist, was chosen out of a field of 140 entrants during the three-day festival. He was entered in five piano solo competitions and was the winner in four.

The parents of this talented boy are Mr. and Mrs. Eric Stephanson, Elfros, Saskatchewan.

★

Mr. Valdi Bjarnason was engaged by Foam Lake-Wynyard School Unit Board at their last regular meeting, as music director for the unit. His duties will include the organization of bands. Next school term he will take charge of the music program for all grades.

Parents: the late Sigurdur Bjarnason and Thora Hansen Bjarnason. Grandparents, pioneers, the late Friðrik and Mildfríður Bjarnason. Maternal grandparents the late Hans and Herdís Sigurbjörnsson, Mountain, N. Dak.

★ WINNER AT THE WINNIPEG MUSIC FESTIVAL



Winner of the Junior operatic solo-Gilbert-Sullivan, Patricia Gail Johnson competed with four other junior vocal winners and won the W. H. Anderson trophy at the music festival.

Patricia Gail Johnson, 14 year old daughter of Helgi and Shirley Johnson, Garfield St., Winnipeg, Man., chose as her solos for the competition "The God of Love My Shepherd is"

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by Eric Thiman and the Icelandic folk-song "Á Sprengisandi" arranged by Einarson. Mr. Greene, the adjudicator, remarked "You are a fine little artist, simple and natural. The quality of your voice in the folk song had the cold cleanliness of the north—it was in perfect tune throughout."

Two years ago Patricia won the Ladies Orange Benevolent Association Trophy.



Kathy Hanneson

Kathy Hanneson, 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hanneson of Waterdown, Ontario, won the Gold Medal for taking highest honors in the piano class at the Kiwanis Music Festival in Hamilton, Ontario. Kathy competed in a class of 18 and is the pupil of Mrs. V. Klodt.

Kathy is the granddaughter of Hall Hanneson and the late Mrs. Hanneson (Sesselia Thorleifson) of Langruth. Tryggvi Hanneson of 878 Banning St. in Winnipeg is an uncle.

MUSICIAN PAINTS

Mrs. Corinne Cowan of Saskatoon, who is an accomplished musician, has turned her talents to painting. Her ability was recognized recently, when the Archives of the University of Saskatchewan chose a sketch submitted by Mrs. Cowan as the cover for their annual booklet on the history of Canada.

Mrs. Cowan has been painting seriously for the past two years, and has taken several art courses and University night classes. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Helgason of Wynyard. Her grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Brandur Sveinbjornson of Wynyard.

—Wynard Advance



Miss Judy Thorfinnson won the Foam Lake-Wynyard School Unit Bryant Oratorical Contest. A Grade XI student at Wynyard Composite High, Miss Thorfinnson represented the unit at a zone contest at Kamsack, where she placed high in competition with students from eight other units.

She is the daughter of Walter and Fjola (Arnason) Thorfinnson of Wynard. Her grandparents are Hattie and the late Fred Thorfinnson of Wynyard.

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IN THE NEWS



Donna Rae Johannson

Donna Rae Johannson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Johannson, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hillman of Markerville and Mr. and Mrs. Hromundur Johannson of Calgary, an outstanding student of the Spruce View High School a year ago won the Rotary "Adventure in Citizenship" competition. For this achievement Donna was awarded an all expense trip to Ottawa. Because of her outstanding speaking ability Donna spoke to many organizations upon her return.

Despite the requirements of her school work and her position on the Students Union Donna found time to work on her 4H activities. At the elimination competitions held in August she was successful in winning the coveted trip to the Royal Winter Fair held in Toronto.

Not content to rest on her laurels Donna was selected as Luther League representative to the League's conven-

tion in Milwaukee, Wisc. So enthused was she with the work of the League that she paid her own way to the Convention held in Miami the following year.

This spring Donna completed her grade 12 at the Composite High School at Red Deer, Alberta. She has entered a Hospital in Calgary where she will train for a nurse.

★

AIRLINES STEWARDESS EXCELS



Arletta Anne Readmond

Arletta Anne Readmond, United Airlines Stewardess at International Airport at Los Angeles, California is the daughter of Roy and Helga Readmond, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Her uncles F. A. and Jacob Josephson reside at Sinclair Manitoba where her mother grew up. She has an aunt, Mrs. Harry Marvin of Churchbridge, Saskatchewan.

Arletta completed her stewardess

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training at Cheyenne, Wyoming and is presently serving on board United Mainliner flights out of Los Angeles. She attended the San Fernando Valley State College at Northridge, Calif. She worked as a dental assistant at Reseda, California. When the Southern California Dental Assistants Association held their 19th Annual State Convention at Los Angeles Arletta was awarded the trophy for her demonstration.

★

OTTO BERGMAN WINS GOLDEN BOY AWARD



G. O. BERGMAN

G. O. "Otto" Bergman of Flin Flon was among 12 Manitobans honored in May for outstanding service to the province at the annual Golden Boy awards dinner at the Marlborough Hotel in Winnipeg.

Mr. Bergman is credited with having helped promote many community projects at Flin Flon over the years and was among community leaders there instrumental in organization of the Flin Flon Community Club, one of the biggest of its kind in the province,

and the well known annual Northern Manitoba Trout Festival and other projects that have served to bring Flin Flon and northern Manitoba into the public limelight in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Bergman retired earlier this year after having been manager of the Flin Flon branch of the Royal Bank of Canada since 1929 when the town was first established.

The Golden Boy award was established some years ago by the Manitoba government to honor leaders in various fields of endeavor who by their efforts and activities contribute to the general development of the province.

★

HALFDAN THORLAKSON controller of Hudson's Bay Company Stores

Halfdan Thorlakson of Vancouver, B.C., an executive there for a number of years of the Hudson's Bay Company, nationwide retail trade group and pioneer trading organization of the Canadian North, this spring was named controller of the firm's chain of stores in the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta.

★

LEIFUR THORARINSSON, ICE- LANDIC COMPOSER, LAUDED

Praise was accorded Leifur Thorarinnsson, Icelandic composer, by the New York Times following the first performance in New York City in December of some of his musical works. Writes the Times' critic:

The first Icelandic composer to have his music performed by the Composers' Forum is Leifur Thorarinnsson. Four of his works formed the first half of the third Forum concert Saturday night at the Dehnell Library, sharing a pro-

gram with the young New York composer Richard Maxfield.

Mr. Thorarinnsson, who lives in New York, studies with Gunther Schuller and works at the United Nations, presented the interesting saga of a man who has come out of cultural isolation into the busy world of contemporary thinking in a very short time. This progression was aptly demonstrated by his music.

Finally in two pieces from 1961, Mr. Thorarinnsson seems to have arrived. "Mosaic" for violin and piano seemed on first hearing a clever and intricate piece of latter-day twelve-tone thinking. "Points for Three" for piano and strings, seemed even better, highly organized and full of interesting sounds.

Future developments on the part of the composer should be worth watching.

★

DUE RECOGNITION ACCORDED RETIRED CHIEF JUSTICE GUDMUNDUR GRIMSON

In an article on the editorial page of *Logberg-Heimskringla* Dr. Richard Beck pays merited tribute to Hon. Gudmundur Grimson, retired Chief Justice of North Dakota. Dr. Beck very appropriately includes a letter from President John F. Kennedy, which reads as follows:

The White House
Washington

December 19, 1961

Dear Mr. Chief Justice:

It has been my great privilege to learn of your many years of dedicated service to your State and country and your lifelong concern for our youth. Your continuing work with young people and many contributions in their interests are certainly worthy of respect

and the fact that one of those whose life has been touched by your influence feels compelled to make these accomplishments known is high tribute indeed. May I also commend you—not only for your service but for the spirit that inspires such devotion.

I am sorry to hear of your illness, but hope that you are making rapid strides toward recovery and that the years ahead will be richly rewarding.

With best wishes,

John Kennedy

Gudmundur Grimson has during the years supported every worthy Icelandic cause, including the Icelandic Canadian. He is one of those who early saw the need of a publication in the English language devoted to the best in the Icelandic heritage.

The Magazine Board joins the host of others in hoping that the retired Chief Justice may recover from his present illness and be spared to enjoy years of sunset contentment, and satisfying meditation.

★

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE HEADS RETARDED GROUP

Erlingur Bjarnason, a prominent Vancouver business executive, has been appointed president of the Association for Retarded Children of British Columbia. The Association operates 45 special schools for trainable retarded children, workshops, occupational centres and recreation programs throughout the province.

P. H. Erling Bjarnason is a graduate in Pharmacy from the University of British Columbia and is Merchandise Manager of Cunningham Drug Store Limited of Vancouver. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bjarnason of Vancouver, formerly of Wynyard, Sask.

CARL INGIMUNDSON PROMOTED TO MANAGER



Carl Ingimundson

Carl Ingimundson, a native of Manitoba, in May was named manager of the northwestern region. Ontario Hydro Electric Commission, and took over the post on June 1. He was previously manager of Hydro's east central region.

Born at Selkirk, Man., Mr. Ingi-

mundson entered the employ of Ontario Hydro in 1950 as executive assistant to the director of frequency standardization division. He later served as administration and planning engineer and subsequently was appointed executive assistant to the assistant general manager of administration. He was named east central region manager in April, 1961.

Before joining Ontario Hydro Mr. Ingimundson worked as design engineer with English Electric Co., of Canada Ltd. and was vice-president and general manager of Commonwealth Electric Corporation Ltd.

He is a graduate in electrical engineering of the University of Manitoba and a member of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario. In his new position he is responsible for administering the region's 94,800 square-mile area which has 11 generating stations and some 54,000 customers.

Mrs. Ingimundson is the former Vera Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dori Anderson, formerly of Selkirk. A brother of Mr. Ingimundson, Dr. A. B. Ingimundson, is a Gimli dentist.



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University of Saskatchewan Graduates

The following students of Icelandic extraction were among those graduating at the University of Saskatchewan, May 11th, 1962.

Bachelor of Arts

Myrtle Eloise Olson, Churchbridge.

Heather Gail Peterson, Regina.

Bachelor of Commerce

Robert Kenneth Laxdal, with distinction, Yorkton, Sask.

Gary Lynn Peterson, Regina, Sask.

Bachelor of Science Home Economics

Inga Elaine Helgason, Foam Lake,

Bachelor of Laws

Shannon Howard Martin, B.A., Wynyard, Saskatchewan.

Awarded the Cronkite Prize in Jurisprudence.

Diploma in Agriculture

Leo Nordal, Leslie, Saskatchewan

Diploma in Education

Gudrun Thorvur Helgason, B.A., Foam Lake, Sask.

Additional Honours and Scholarships were won by the following:

Mundi Irving Josephson, B.A., B.Ed., Honours in English.

Stephanie Thordis Arnason, Second Year Scholarship in Arts.

Wayne Douglas Pickering, W. C. Wells Scholarship in Engineering.

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IN WESTERN CANADA

Miss Wendy Hansen, whose name appears in the list of the graduates of Manitoba University in this issue, is leaving this month in the company of three friends for a tour of the European continent. In September she will spend ten days in Iceland visiting relatives of her father, the late Stefan Hansen.

DR. L. A. SIGURDSON

★

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★

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News Summary

Jonas Kristinsson was elected president at the annual meeting in April at Los Angeles, Cal., of the Icelandic-American Club of Southern California. Roy Staner was named vice-president, Asa Hauks Drexler secretary, Oddgeir Pálsson treasurer and Mrs. Olive Swanson trustee. Some 80 people attended the meeting.

★

A. Rodney Thorfinnson, assistant director of the Saskatchewan Hospital Association since 1961, has been named executive director of the association and took office May 1. Prior to his appointment as assistant director he was consultant in hospital administration with the Saskatchewan department of health. He is a graduate in arts of the University of Saskatchewan and studied hospital administration at the University of Toronto. Mr. Thorfinnson succeeded J. D. McMillan who this spring was named administrator of Saskatoon City Hospital, Saskatoon, Sask.

★

Gudmundur F. Jonasson of Winnipeg was named a vice-president at the annual meeting in April in Quebec City of the Fisheries Council of Canada, a trade association. R. L. Payne of Vancouver, B. C., was elected president, succeeding Ross Clouston of Montreal, Que. Mr. Jonasson is owner and manager of Keystone Fisheries in Winnipeg and at the Quebec City meeting represented the Prairie Fisheries Federation of which he is president.

★

H. Steinthorson of Winnipeg retired in April as president of the North American Lumber and Supply Company Limited. His successor is W. K. Konantz of Winnipeg. Mr. Steinthorson

joined the firm in 1915 and was an executive for many years, becoming president in 1955. He was also president of the Citizens' Lumber Company Limited, McIlrath Lumber Company Limited and North American Buildings Limited.

★

A biography of Dr. Richard Beck, professor of Scandinavian studies at the University of North Dakota, is to be included in the Dictionary of International Biography which is published by UNESCO and is due to come off the press this fall in London, England. Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, a British writer, is honorary general editor of this United Nations publication and made the announcement recently concerning the inclusion of Dr. Beck's biography.

★

At the annual meeting in May at Gimli, Manitoba, of the Betel Home Foundation all principal officers were re-elected. They are past president Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, president Grettir Eggertson, vice-president K. W. Johannson, secretary J. Victor Jonasson and treasurer Skuli Backman. The Foundation is the governing body of Betel, home for the elderly at Gimli.

★

Eric Wilson, youthful Winnipeg cellist, won top place in the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Junior Hi-Lites program presented weekly during the winter months over Television Station CBWT in Winnipeg. Performing on Junior Hi-Lites were young people in the fields of music, drama, dancing and other arts. Eric is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Wilson, widely known Winnipeg musicians. Mrs. Wilson is the former Thelma Guttormson.

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Mrs. Albert Johnson
Res. Phone SPruce 4-6753

S. L. Stefansson
Res. Phone JUstice 6-7229

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