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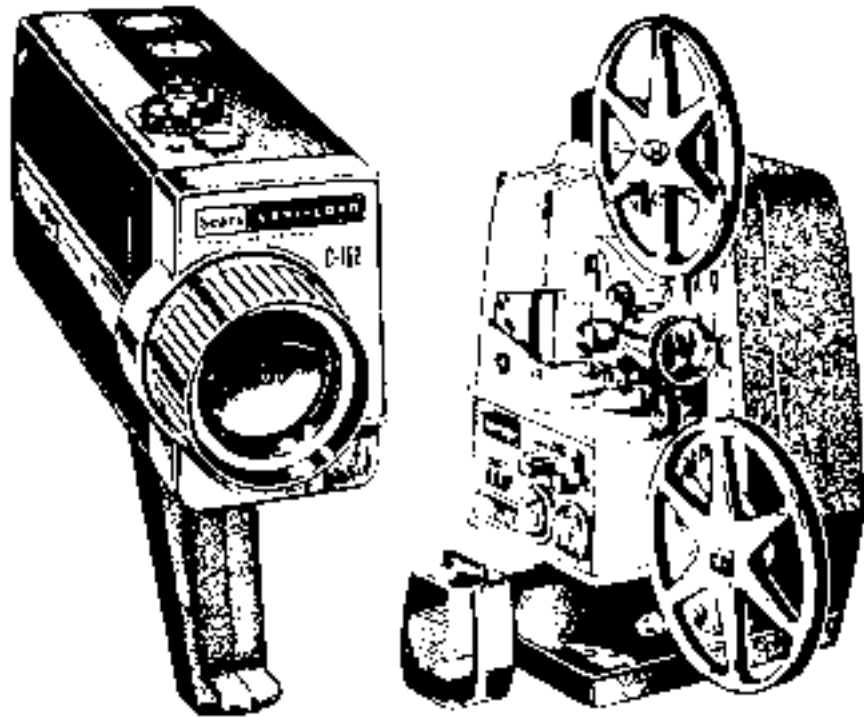
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A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian Club, Winnipeg, Manitoba

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## EDITORIAL

### Waning Vogue of the Intellectual

What's an intellectual if not what the dictionary calls him — "a person of superior intellect or enlightenment?" "Often used," the good book hastens to add, "to suggest doubt as to practical sagacity."

Once the dictionary concedes that much to popular usage, a word is well on the way to reversing its real meaning. A stink was once the smell of a rose opening to the morning dew. Now it describes the water in which a rose has been allowed to die and disintegrate.

Is the time approaching when to be mentioned as an intellectual is to be frankly called a fool?

The word is obviously becoming a label that few can carry with comfort. People in the process of "arriving" don't wear it as a status symbol, and men courting futures in the politics of the country forbear to flaunt it before the nation. A successful candidate in the last federal election was called an intellectual in a radio interview and this alerted him to spontaneous self-defence. He wished to correct this impression of himself, he declared. He was a man of action, not an intellectual.

What has brought this once coveted brand of distinction into low repute? Are the human attributes, it was brought into being to define, outmoded and useless in the modern way of life? Has civilization reached a stage of mechanical perfection where it can afford to stand still for a while and

function without guidance from enlightened human intellect?

No one would deny the practical scientist or practical sage a place among the elite, but can he be more than half a man if his potential to ponder the broader mysteries and purpose of human life remains unstimulated, uncultured and unchallenged?

It may be, of course, that such is the kind of person who can best match gears with highly organized systems of automation. Then let it be hoped that figures, codes and sliding rules can bring him to as full an understanding of his machine as the English language could if given a chance.

For it is reported that in some academic circles mention has been made of deleting English as a compulsory subject in some degree courses. This might speed a student on his way to "practical sagacity" and keep at bay the hazard of being stigmatized as an intellectual.

To avoid more than moderate exposure to the English language is also to shield a man from the diverting influence of some of the world's most powerful literature, and this should help keep his mind on the chosen track.

The view from the chosen position on the chosen track may be neither long nor broad, but can we not trust a materially well kept humanity to stay in focus while its needs are measured and its worth assessed?

The human race, though, has been growing for a long time, and has passed through many phases in the process. It can hardly be expected to shed all its quirks, including the "intellectuals", overnight. These are likely to stray underground to putter about in peace; to count the growing pains, the triumphs and defeats of the race and to ponder the causes and effects thereof. They will reach down the generations for a meeting of minds with as many

of their kind as ever committed thought to paper, and they may even unobtrusively play around with ideas of their own.

Practical sagacity has inherited earlier civilizations and driven them into the ground.

Not quite. On doomsday the ilk of enlightened intellect tends to crawl out of the caves and start building with tools polished in exile.

Caroline Gunnarsson

## IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

It is well that our readers remind themselves every once in a while how The Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic Canadian came to be formed. The following appeared in the first number of The Icelandic Canadian which was published in October, 1942.

### THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

— — — was organized in 1938 by a group of younger Icelandic Canadians for the purpose of perpetuating Icelandic culture and promoting good fellowship. It now has a large membership, most of whom express themselves more fluently in English than in Icelandic.

Our organization has long felt the need of a publication to broadcast its aims and objects, and to which our members could send original contributions. In this way, we believe that this new publication will play a leading role in promoting the aims and objects of the society, both cultural and social.

The staff of the "Icelandic Canadian" has been selected from our members and we take this opportunity of thanking them for their laudable efforts in the launching of this first issue.

ARNI G. EGGERTSON, President

## Ambassador Pétur J. Thorsteinsson

His Excellency Pétur J. Thorsteinsson, who was guest of honor at the 1966 National League Convention, was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Iceland to the United States of America and to Argentina, Brazil, Canada, and Mexico, in 1965.

His Excellency was born in Reykjavik, Iceland, in 1917, and received his high school and college education in Reykjavik. He received his degree in Business economics from the University of Iceland in 1941, and his law degree from the University in 1944. His scholastic record throughout was distinguished.

Following graduation, he embarked on a career in the Icelandic diplomatic service. He served as Attache, later Secretary of the Icelandic Legation in Moscow in the years 1944-1947; Assistant Chief of Division, Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Reykjavik, 1947-1951; Chief of Division, Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Reykjavik 1951-1953; Minister to the Soviet Union, 1953-56, and Ambassador, 1956-1961; Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany, 1961-1962 and Ambassador to France, 1962-1965. Simultaneously with these appointments there was service as Minister to Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Switzerland, and as Ambassador to Greece, Belgium and Luxembourg.

During these years abroad, his Excellency has served as Chief of Iceland's Mission to the European Economic Community; Iceland's permanent representative on the Council for Economic Co-operation and Development,

and Iceland's permanent representative on the North Atlantic Council, and since 1946 he has served as member or chairman of various Icelandic delegations to international conferences and meetings, including those on bilateral trade negotiations.

Decorations received include Order of the Falcon, Commander; Order of the Crown, Grand Cross; Order of the Oak Crown, Grand Cross, and National Order of Merit, Grand Officer.

Undoubtedly His Excellency has a wider and more intimate knowledge of foreign affairs than any other contemporary Icelander.

His Excellency was married, in 1948, to Oddny Elisabet Stefansson. They have three sons, Petur Gunnar, Bjorgolfur, and Eirikur.

During their stay in Winnipeg, the Ambassador and Mrs. Thorsteinsson were guests of Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. R. S. Bowles at Government House. At Government House, a cocktail reception was held in their honor, with over three hundred invited guests, including the consular corps, military representatives, Greater Winnipeg mayors, and Manitobans of Icelandic descent.

Ambassador and Mrs. Thorsteinsson, and Brynjolfur Johannesson, President of the Actors' Guild of Iceland, another convention guest, were guests of honor at a reception given by Consul-General Grettir L. Johannson and Mrs. Johannson and by the executive of the National League, at the Icelandic consulate.

On Sunday evening, the visitors attended a Convention church service in the First Lutheran Church. Other en-

agements included a visit to the Betel Home at Gimli, and to the Icelandic Department at the University of Manitoba, and a luncheon in his honor at the University.

In his Convention address the Ambassador spoke of the warm memories that he and his wife would carry away with them of the large number of friends they had gained during their visit. He paid tribute to Canada, an impressive land with a notable people of diverse racial origins, and he spoke appreciatively of the friendly warmth of Winnipeg, and the hospitality extended by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor R. S. Bowles and Mrs. Bowles.

The Ambassador spoke of the regret felt in Iceland at the loss of so many of its people through emigration, but felt that this sense of loss was outweighed by admiration for the achievements of the Icelandic people in Canada. Much has been done, he said, by Iceland to strengthen the East-West bonds, "and therewith grasp the outstretched hand of the Western Icelanders", for the mutual benefit of both.

In choice language the Ambassador traced the history of Iceland's foreign relationship, from the time in 1908 and shortly thereafter when France, Imperial Russia, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and The Netherlands appointed consuls in Iceland.

As Iceland's interest in world trade grew after independence in 1918, and the First World War, it had to send out trade delegations to carry on commercial negotiations on an ever increasing scale. A committee of foreign affairs was set up by Althing in 1928.

When Nazi Germany assaulted Denmark, April 10, 1940, Iceland assumed full control of its foreign affairs and soon opened legations in London, Stockholm and Washington.

Iceland has now been caught up in the main stream of world events largely as a result of two events or developments, the Second World War and the coming of the air-age. Iceland now has formal relationships with thirty-five countries, with ambassadors in eight: Bonn, Copenhagen, London, Moscow, Paris, Stockholm, and Washington; also ambassadors accredited to the Council of Europe and United Nations.

After reference to the twelve-mile fishing limit, a military establishment in the country, and other problems, the Ambassador in conclusion expressed his belief that Iceland had come successfully through its ordeal of fire, acting with firmness and a sense of responsibility, and had earned for itself a worthy place in the community of nations.

—W. Kristjanson





## Mrs. Pétur Thorsteinsson



Mrs. Pétur Thorsteinsson

The very first question Mrs. Pétur Thorsteinsson (Oddný Elisabet Björgólfsdóttir) asked was one which has baffled many a writer on migrations from Iceland to America. The question was put very bluntly and to the point:

What caused your parents to migrate to America. The question implies neither censure nor praise; Mrs. Thorsteinsson was merely seeking information. Or rather she was seeking a point of view, having undoubtedly given the question considerable thought herself. The question asked and the discussion that followed showed the alert and keen mind of the chatelaine at the Icelandic Embassy in Washington.

Mrs. Thorsteinsson is richly endowed with grace and charm which makes her an ideal hostess and fully qualifies her for the delicate yet demanding duties of the wife of an Ambassador at a Washington post. If Ottawa, to which the Ambassador is also accredited, were only a little closer to us, Vestur-Íslendingar, of the prairies, our wish would be that he and Mrs. Thorsteinsson visit Ottawa quite frequently and each time quietly steal away and renew friendships on this their first trip to Winnipeg. —W. J. L.

## Dr. John M. Fredrickson—Professor of Surgery

Dr. John Murray Fredrickson, formerly of Vancouver, B. C., has been named professor of surgery at a medical college in California after a two-year study on a research fellowship at a medical college in Germany.

Dr. Fredrickson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fredrickson of Vancouver, formerly of Winnipeg. He continued post-graduate studies at the University of British Columbia, after graduation there in medicine, and

subsequently spent three years at University Hospital in Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. He was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

His father, who served overseas with the Canadian forces in the First World War, was a member of the famed Winnipeg Falcon hockey team which won the world championship in 1920 and, after moving to Vancouver, served for a number of years as an alderman on the city council there.

## OUR PARLIAMENT IN ACTION

An Address by ERIC STEFANSON, M.P. for Selkirk, Man.

at the

ANNUAL CONCERT of the ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB,

Winnipeg, Manitoba, February 22, 1966

May I first say, that I am happy to be here with you this evening. It is always enjoyable to meet with and associate with a group such as yours.

At a gathering such as this, one has the opportunity and pleasure of renewing old acquaintances and, perhaps, of making some new friends. I did, however hesitate in accepting this kind invitation from your Committee, for several reasons: one being because parliament is in session—and I have always made it a practice not to be absent from the House except to take part in something special—therefore by my presence here, you will understand that I consider this gathering as something very special. Another reason I hesitated is because I am not an orator. I have never had the knack of having words flow easily. However, at the risk of giving a dull, or perhaps boring speech, I will have to depend upon your tolerance and understanding. Anything which I say to you here tonight will be said with sincerity, and all the views which I express are strictly my own.

I was told that I could choose my own subject on which to speak. Knowing that this would be a gathering of distinguished people from all walks of life, many of whom are better equipped with better education and knowledge than I possess, this created another problem.

Someone suggested that I might speak on the methods employed in becoming elected and re-elected to Parliament. There may be some who would like to have that formula. Even if I did have a formula, I would hesitate to divulge it, as there is always the possibility that it might be used for adverse purposes. That, automatically, ruled out that topic.

The subject which I have selected to talk about is our Parliament, or "Our Parliament in Action", with the emphasis on the image of Parliament. This may not be an entertaining subject on which to speak at a function such as this one and perhaps I should have selected one that is.

Before starting on this main topic however, I would like to make a brief reference to one matter that is very much in the minds of our people; I refer to our forthcoming Centennial Celebration.

The Centennial of our nation, coming up next year, is much in the minds of our people. This is a subject on which I could have selected to speak. However, I am quite sure that all of you are aware of the importance of that occasion. Icelandic organizations, I am sure, have some worthwhile projects with which to celebrate Canada's 100th Birthday.

While speaking at the Icelandic Celebration at Gimli last summer, John

Fisher, the Centennial Commissioner, pointed out that the success of Canada's Centennial depended upon each and everyone's participation in it.

I firmly believe that every organization should have a project to offer. We are a young country; we are a country rich in natural resources; we are multi-racial, multi-religious, multi-cultural, and when all these are combined together, they form a strong country, a country with a truly Canadian culture.

We have a country of which we can be proud. We therefore have something to commemorate, about which to celebrate on our country's 100th birthday. The success of this depends on organizations such as your own and upon the initiative of each and every Canadian. It is our hope that our Centennial Celebration may be a successful one which will result in a more understanding, tolerant and united people.

The topic which I have chosen to talk about tonight is "Our Parliament in Action". Being one of the Members who holds a seat in the House of Commons, I find the image which has been created of Parliament very disturbing.

I get the impression that the image of Parliament in this country is at low ebb. This is most unfortunate.

Five Federal Elections in the space of just over eight years has not helped the image of Parliament.

I would like to take this occasion to illustrate, or say a few words concerning our system of government:—Great Britain is known as the Mother of Parliament; while Iceland was the first country in the world to set up a democratic government. They established the Althing in 930. Iceland is therefore sometimes referred to as the Grandmother of Parliament. People of

Icelandic descent are richly endowed with the heritage of democracy and freedom. Canadians are also richly endowed with these characteristics. It is little wonder then that we strongly believe in democracy and cherish our form of government. This form of government gives to us all our basic freedoms, the freedoms which we would not be willing to relinquish.

In Canada, our way of life is based on the enjoyment of certain rights or, as they are generally known as basic freedoms. These basic freedoms have grown throughout the years in countries with democratic governments and have been accepted as if they were law. In our country, the Canadian Bill of Rights became law on August 10th, 1960. This Bill of Rights spells out some of these basic freedoms. Part I, Section 1 of the Bill spells out the following freedoms:

"It is hereby recognized and declared that in Canada there have existed and shall continue to exist without discrimination by reason of race, national origin, colour, religion or sex, the following human rights and fundamental freedoms, namely,

- (a) the right of the individual to life, liberty, security of the person and enjoyment of property, and the right not to be deprived thereof except by due process of law;
- (b) the right of the individual to equality before the law and the protection of the law;
- (c) freedom of religion;
- (d) freedom of speech;
- (e) freedom of assembly and association; and
- (f) freedom of the press.

These freedoms which none of us are prepared to give up or relinquish in any way are freedoms which we take for granted. It becomes apparent that, if we are to continue to enjoy these freedoms we should be prepared to defend them.

In the structure and work of the Government of Canada, these basic freedoms are given full recognition. The whole system of government, whether it is in the rural districts, village, towns, cities or provinces, and finally, in the nation, is on a free and democratic basis which is designed to guard these rights for every person.

It is through the freedom of expression and freedom of choice that people choose their representatives to the three levels of Government, namely municipal, provincial and federal. The British North America Act spells out the division of authority and powers granted to each level of government.

In a short address such as this, time does not permit going into any detail of listing the duties and functions of each level of government. I will therefore only touch upon the role taken by the Federal Government, except to say that each level of government is given certain rights of collecting revenue in order to carry out their responsibilities, and as there is only one source of revenue, the taxpayers, disputes do arise on the method to be used in carving up the "pie". Such disputes inevitably arise because, in some cases, the B.N.A. Act is not too clear in spelling out the exact duties of authority and, therefore various interpretations are placed on some sections.

The Federal Government consists of Her Majesty the Queen, The Senate and the House of Commons and, together, are known as The Parliament

of Canada. The Federal Government is divided into two branches—the executive and the legislative. The executive branch consists of Her Majesty the Queen, who is represented in Canada by the Governor General and who, in turn, is advised by The Prime Minister and the Cabinet. The legislative branch is composed of Her Majesty the Queen, The Senate and the House of Commons.

The Prime Minister is the leader of the political party with the largest number of Members to head the various Departments and these, along with the Prime Minister, become known as The Cabinet. The Cabinet is responsible for submitting to Parliament, at each session, the government's program of legislation. At the start of each new session, this program is defined in the Speech from the Throne.

The legislative branch is composed of 102 Senators and 265 Members of the House of Commons. When vacancies in the Senate occur, the Prime Minister makes the selection to fill these. These appointments were formerly of life duration but there now exists a retirement clause which specifies age 75.

The Members of the House of Commons are elected by the people for a period not to exceed 5 years. This can be for a much shorter period however, as has been the pattern followed during the past several years with five Federal General Elections taking place in the space of just over eight years.

All legislation introduced by either house has to be passed by both houses and then given Royal Assent in order to become law. Bills which come before the House are of three types—government bills, which deal with the legislative programme of the government and which are introduced by a government Member; public bills, which may

be introduced by any Member as of right and which deal with public law of the country, and private bills, which deal with the rights and privileges of private individuals and corporations and which may be introduced into parliament upon petition. I at present have two public bills on the Order Paper. At the start of a session, these are drawn from a hat, in order to establish their order on the agenda. Only a few come up for debate at a session. Public bills are sponsored to test public opinion and, eventually, many of these ideas are accepted by the government and become government bills and finally, become law.

The only reason Parliament has to meet every year is to approve the spending program of the government. It is logical therefore that this should have priority and that estimates should be dealt with early in a session. Until the estimates have been scrutinized and approved by Parliament, the government needs to ask Parliament for interim supply. This is generally granted on a one or two month basis at a time. The length of time is generally arrived at by agreement. This requires a government bill. For the current fiscal year, Parliament has now granted interim supply for the eleventh month, and if the 1965-66 estimates have not been approved by the first week of next month, the government will then have to ask for interim supply for the twelfth and final month of this current year. The government will thus find themselves in an unprecedented situation. No one can exclusively accuse the Opposition of holding up these estimates. There is a backlog of estimates for two whole years and the last estimates to be dealt with in the House were scanned over rather quickly. The Auditor General's Re-

port would indicate that estimates need to be carefully scrutinized.

The Federal Government is entrusted with power to legislate with respect to peace, order and good government generally, and in particular as follows:

- (a) National Defence;
- (b) Currency and coinage;
- (c) Banking;
- (d) Naturalization and aliens;
- (e) Criminal law;
- (f) Postal Service;
- (g) Trade and Commerce;
- (h) Navigation and Shipping.

Having indicated very briefly some of the authority and responsibility of the Federal Government and of Parliament, I want to come back to the image of Parliament.

I have heard some prominent business men and also some excellent farmers who are members of Parliament say that if they ran their business the way Parliament is run they would go broke or, if they ran their farm the way Parliament is run, they would go broke. I am not disputing these statements. I want to point out however that Parliament is not a Board of Directors: Parliament is a place for discussion and a place to advance suggestions and ideas. The government carries out the administrative functions with the assistance of a competent staff of civil servants. It is the duty of Parliament to carefully examine all government spending; it is the duty of Parliament to carefully examine all the legislation brought forward by governments in order to determine whether it is in proper form and in the best interests of Canada. If Parliament did not do this, the people would have a right to complain; Parliament would

not be doing its duty and our whole system would be in danger of crumbling. I would suggest that when a session begins the government should give priority to the spending program and that legislation should be secondary. I personally believe that if this were done, Parliament would function much better. The practice has developed where emphasis is placed on legislation and the estimates are placed in the background and often brought forward in the dying days of a session. You will then read a report which indicates that Parliament gave blanket approval to a certain sum of the government spending program. This type of report is not good for the image of Parliament. This situation can easily be corrected by dealing with estimates first.

It is very important that the government have a good House Leader. In my estimation, a good House Leader should be a man with many years experience in the House of Commons, a man who has carefully observed the moods of the House, one who has organized the business of the House and who has the knack of obtaining the co-operation of all sides of the House. During the long session of 1964-65, the Government House Leader lacked experience as well as judgement. The Prime Minister appoints the House Leader and therefore has to take the responsibility for this type of failure. The long session, through the reports in the newspapers, radio and television, helped to create a bad image of Parliament in the minds of people. For example, reports often referred to the flag debates as lasting six months. Many people, when referring to the flag debate still use the term "six months". This is erroneous; the flag debate lasted thirty-two days. Thirty two days is a long time for de-

bate but it is also a long way from six months. Here an image was created which I would say was erroneous.

The debate on the Canada Pension Plan lasted over twenty days, yet I have heard people say that it was hastily passed in the House of Commons, practically without discussion. Somehow, this image was created and I would say it is erroneous.

Sometimes when a debate is taking place in the House of Commons, I have heard people refer to the cost of this to the taxpayer. If it is a long debate, they say it is costing so much per day. This has appeared in the press, reporting that the cost is so much. Whether Parliament sits for eight months, ten months, or the full year, the difference in cost to the taxpayer is very slight. Members of Parliament and Senators receive an annual remuneration, so do the staff of the House of Commons. Therefore, any additional cost is very slight. I don't think it matters to the average citizen whether Members of Parliament are in session for six months, eight months, or continually, as long as they get the necessary work done.

The new rules and regulations adopted at the last session of Parliament puts a limit on debates and all business of the House. When the new rules were adopted, the lunch hour and the supper hour were eliminated. Many people are, no doubt, not aware of this and, I suggest, care less. These rules were adopted on a trial basis in order to see whether they would result in the speeding-up of the business of the House.

With five parties in the House of Commons, debate on many matters has often been extended. It has also created more bickering and political manoeuvring. This also has not helped the image of Parliament.

The news media of this country and all those associated with it have a definite responsibility. Their responsibility is to give factual and correct reports, or reporting. Dealing with the nation's business and, in fact anything relating to our country, should not be reported in a sensational manner. Straight, factual reporting may make for dry, dull reading and listening. However, it is not likely to create any erroneous images or impressions. I am not so naive as to exonerate politicians from their obligation and responsibility to keep the image of Parliament at a high level. They have a definite duty in this regard. From my own experience in the House, there are times when there has been too much bickering, too much political manoeuvring and even too much talking going on. There are times when silence is golden. We would have a more orderly House if Members would exercise more self-discipline and restraint. There are no doubt difficulties in achieving these objectives for one is dealing with human frailties.

Our aim should be to hold the image of Parliament at a high level. We all have some responsibility in doing this.

The position of Prime Minister is the most trying and difficult job there is in Canada. We have a lot of arm-chair quarterbacks who always know what should have been done. This is an easy assumption when you are not called upon to make the decision. You have all heard of the "hot seat", on some of the television programs. In the House of Commons at the opening of each day, the Prime Minister and his Cabinet are on the hot seat; this is during the question period. This is not an easy task, especially for the Prime Minister, for he receives the brunt of this enquiry.

Being a Member of Parliament has its up and downs, for it disrupts one's

normal way of life. However, it is an experience which you cannot buy nor acquire by attending school or university. Some perhaps consider politics a dirty game. My own experience is that politics is an honourable game and that the majority of people who seek office are honest, have integrity and are public-minded, with a desire to do good for their fellow man. I would recommend that any public-spirited individual set his goal towards becoming a Member of Parliament.

Our system of government, at times, may appear to be inefficient. Just like the businessman said, "If I operated my business the way Parliament operated, I would go broke." This may be true. Sometimes the wheels of government move very slowly and, on reflection, I think this is logical, for when one is dealing with legislation affecting the lives of all Canadians, and often future generations as well, one has to be certain that this legislation will do the job it is intended to do. Legislation sometimes has a tendency of curing one problem but creating another. It is therefore important that all angles be scrutinized and studied.

Our system of government, even with all its faults and shortcomings, is the best system that has ever been devised. Let us all, therefore, uphold, maintain and protect that system. Let us all do our part to restore the image of Parliament to the high level and respect which is its heritage and which it should have. We could have this objective as one of our Centennial projects—a project which would not cost the taxpayers one penny but, nevertheless, would be most rewarding to all of us.

## WHITEFISH AND PIKE ARE PRIME KEYSTONE EXPORTS



G. F. Jonasson

A high spot in Manitoba exporting the last two or three years has been overseas markets for fresh-water fish.

Sales already made—2½ million lbs. up to December 31—and the prospect they may increase are proving an important boost to the province's fishing industry.

The 1966 export movement got under way Jan. 24 with loading of two carloads at Winnipeg by Keystone Fisheries Ltd. to fill an 80,000-lb. order from Holland. Three other cars await loading as soon as shipping space is available to fill a 109,000-lb. order for Scandinavian countries.

One man's efforts started and expanded the trade. He is G. F. Jonasson, Keystone president and managing

director. The firm has operated in Winnipeg since 1930.

Manitoba's fishing industry had always been largely dependent on U.S. markets. But for years Jonasson nursed the idea there were potential markets in Europe, although his associates thought it a dream.

By mail, he kept knocking on the doors of overseas importers.

First breakthrough came in January 1962. A firm on France's Mediterranean coast asked the Canadian Embassy in Paris for names of Manitoba firms. The embassy recommended Keystone.

The inquiry was relayed to Winnipeg and Jonasson answered with a 2,000-lb. sample shipment. It proved satisfactory. Before the end of the year came two orders for 29,000 lbs. in October, and for 26,000 in December.

After the first, Jonasson made a hurried trip to Europe. His inquiries confirmed there was a possible steady market at least in France. And this could be extended to other countries. That was all he wanted to know, he says.

Back home, he started to explore other markets, again by mail. Browsing through a magazine, he noticed an item announcing publication of The Scandinavian Fishing Year Book Annual, printed in Copenhagen. He ordered a copy.

Soon he received a 600-page volume listing more than 1,000 firms in the

fish business. He picked two, and wrote to ask if they might be interested.

A five-line reply from one politely said no. A two-page letter from the other said they were very interested.

Jonasson packaged six fish and sent them off by air express. Two weeks later, he got a long-distance phone call asking if he had inventory supply of the quality of the sample. Keystone had 97,000 lbs. A price was agreed and shipment was requested as soon as refrigeration space was available.

Jonasson shipped the lot on open account, freight charges prepaid. The shipment, wrote the consignee, was highly satisfactory. But the firm was more interested in why it had been shipped on open account without the usual preliminary credit arrangements.

Jonasson answered he took it for granted the standing of the company and its long record was enough assurance he wasn't taking any risks. Business relations have continued on this basis since.

This deal was in November, 1963. The next order from the same company was for 206,000 lbs.

In the same way, Jonasson has pioneered markets for Manitoba fish

in France, the Netherlands, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Currently, he is corresponding with about 50 firms, some in communist countries and some in Australia. Already he has one inquiry from Russia.

The day after the recent shipments to Holland, Keystone had to refuse a phone order from a New York broker for overseas destination because supplies weren't available to fill it.

Dollar value of shipments already made may be less than \$750,000. But the significance of the new export markets is that fishermen are getting more for their catch.

Of the 2½ million pounds exported to December 31, about 600,000 pounds was whitefish. The rest has been varieties of which Manitoba produces a surplus—much of it jackfish or northern pike which are not always readily saleable in domestic or U.S. markets.

Because of the new export demand, prices per lb. being paid fishermen for jackfish, at about 14c, have doubled. And, for whitefish, prices to fishermen have advanced 30% to 40%.

From *The Financial Post*, March 5, 66

## JANET MADDEN'S SPORTS SUCCESS STORY CONTINUES

Janet Madden, high school student of Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, has again distinguished herself, this time in indoor field events. In January at an indoor meet of champions at the Arena in Winnipeg she was the winner of four events. Early in February in a meet in Vancouver, in which athletes for all over North America participated, she was one of four girls who broke

the Canadian record for 300 yards. Her time was 36.5 seconds.

In the Red River Relays held later in February in the Arena in Winnipeg, Janet won the 320 yard sprint, establishing a Canadian record of 39.3 sec. She anchored the Daniel McIntyre 440 yard relay team who won the race in 1:15.6, repeating their Canadian record of the year before. Janet was declared the outstanding athlete of the Red River Relay Meet.

## Letter From Kenya

Excerpts from a letter from  
MRS. J. W. DOWNEY



THE J. W. DOWNEY FAMILY SETS OUT FOR KENYA — James Downey is teaching at the Teachers College at Kagumo, Nejeri, in Kenya. The four children are (left to right) Gregory, James, Pamela and Laura Jean. Mrs Downey is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kristjanson, of 1117 Wolseley Ave. Winnipeg.

### Kenyatta Day

Kenyatta Day has come and gone with no uprisings. Rumours have been flying around the compound that Smith would declare unilateral independence and that there would be violent reactions here. All was quiet. Kenyatta setting the tenor of the celebrations with a very statesman-like speech calling for peace, the cessation of inter-tribal rivalry and further harmonious efforts; i.e., everyone working together to build a strong nation.

Apparently in past years on Kenyatta Day the people were asked to fast, no drinking or smoking and they were to walk in bare feet. Young men from the youth groups were quite abusive if anyone was caught going against regulations. This year everything was rather staid and formal. Dances were held in most areas on Tuesday night and on Wednesday the celebrations took the form of tribal dances put on for spectators in stadiums and speeches by various cabinet ministers.

Dr. Kiano, the M.P. for Kiambu, was present at Ruringo Stadium, a few miles from Kagumo. He looked magnificent in his Colobus monkey skin attire. Apparently he was the life of the party the previous night at the Outspan Hotel. He danced with all the ladies and endeared himself to our next door neighbor by giving her the special Indian greeting. We have some marvelous shots of the tribal dances.

#### David Livingstone, a native teacher

Yesterday, I met David Livingstone, a teacher at one of the local schools. I had been to observe a demonstration lesson he had given to a group of teachers taking a course at the college. They had been teaching in the vernacular and now were going to teach all courses in English. Although David has only Grade 7 plus teaching training and only three years using the English medium he is an amazing person. He is as bright as a button, just full of verve and personality. He had the teachers eating out of the palm of his hand. Some of them were real old-timers. In fact, one of them had taught David at school. There are rumors that David may be coming on staff at Kagumo. If he does he has promised to teach me Kikuyu.

#### A Visit to Nairobi

On Thursday and Friday Gary took us out to the Prisons Craft shop in Nairobi, where items made at prisons all over Kenya are on display. Their work is absolutely gorgeous. We saw a beautiful solid mahogany desk for about \$23.00, Scandinavian type chairs for \$17.00 and a solid mahogany coffee table for about \$17.00. The prisoners also do such things as wood-carvings, shoe-making, and weaving sisal mats, etc. We saw a pair of shoes made from

an elephant's ear. Trades such as these are important here and the program is geared to give the chaps a trade when they get out of prison.

#### A Journey to Malindi

The road trip to Malindi was quite a fascinating experience. The local people of the Giriama and Duruma tribes are relatively untouched by civilization. The women are bare-topped, except for their beads and armbands and have grass skirts, which they keep covered by a cloth wound around their bottoms. Watching them walk with bundles on their heads, in some cases balancing a couple of odd-shaped bundles, is quite an experience. I have never seen such grace of movement.

#### Returning to Kagumo

On the way up we had a beautiful sight of Mt. Kilimanjaro, the snow-capped top gleaming over the top of another range of hills. Driving up the hills around here makes one feel one is going up over the top of the world and off into the clouds. The clouds seem to hover below the edge of the hills. Also near here one drives by the Tabb Mountains. It is quite a sight to see the miles of flat-topped mountain range.

#### Christmas at Mombasa — on the Indian Ocean.

As I sit here on the white sands on the beach of the Indian Ocean, 5:30 a.m., Christmas morning, watching the sun come up over the horizon, with the breeze wafting gently through the palm trees behind us, my thoughts wander home. People here have tried to bring a little of the northern Christmas by putting up lights, decorating feathery green branches from one of

the local trees and setting up cards. However, it is not home.

Christmas Eve we had a couple of special treats. The children in the camp, that is most of the girls, got together during the week and put on a full-scale production of Cinderella at the social centre of the camp. The children used a variety of costuming, including such things as a nylon negligee for Cinderella's dress or a pair of black tights for the prince. The primary schools in Kenya have the children put on a lot of stage productions and it was very well done. After the play the children sang a number of carols for the group.

Later in the evening we heard singing and saw lights bobbing up and down along the road. A group of children and a couple of men, local Swahili of the Salvation Army, or Geshu (Army), as they are called here, came around singing Swahili carols and some old favorites sung with the local touch. Some of the children had a small drum-like instrument made with cocoanut shells. Janet tells me that up in Nyeri at the local church they use gourds strung with hide for drums, and sticks for rhythm instruments. Some Canadian friends of ours from Meru who are staying at another beach, dropped in for dinner at the evening so it was a little more homey. Apparently at their camp, Father Christmas was going to rise up and out of the sea, probably coming in on an Arab dhow.

Ships from all over the world have been coming into port at Mombasa over the past few days. Apparently most ships in the area try to arrive here for Christmas. In addition to the regular shipping a huge British aircraft carrier, the Eagle, arrived, and

other oil tankers and war vessels were turned back from the port at Dar es Salaam. The harbour can be seen from the Likoni Ferry which we have to cross and it was quite a sight to see the ships in port strung across the channel, all lit up with Christmas lights. We had gone into town Thursday night with Dennis and Mary Sparks, Canadians from Kagumo. The city was really hopping with 1500 men from the Eagle, others from the American frigate Dido and other assorted ships. Most of the local people and their children—Swahili, Arab, Asian and African, seemed to be out for the night also. We stopped for dinner at a small Asian hotel called the Taj. It was a real dump down a narrow little street off the main road but the food was delicious. I had curried prawns, a shell fish somewhat like shrimp. We saw some beautiful carved trays and table sets from Kashmir, which I would just love to get.

Life here is very slow and everything moves at a snail's pace (including me). Driving down the road one can see people lying in the boughs of trees, lazily eating oranges, pineapples, or mangoes, etc. One can see the local women drawing water from wells or pounding a root vegetable with a long mortar and pestle-type apparatus. A local fisherman comes daily on his bicycle with fresh fish in a basket. Another chap brings fresh fruit daily and this morning we got three lovely cocoanuts for 15 cents. It is so hot when you move away from the breeze that it is easier to sit here than to try to go around sight-seeing. We did, however, take the children to see Fort Jesus, an old Portuguese fort built in 1595, and the lost city of Gedi, an old Arab city.



## Distinguished Danish Scholar Visits Winnipeg



Professor Hans Bekker-Nielsen

Professor Hans Bekker-Nielsen, a distinguished medievalist from the University of Copenhagen and now a Visiting Professor at the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies at the University of Toronto, visited Winnipeg in March this year. During his visit there (on March 3rd) he lectured to a joint session of "Frón", the Winnipeg Chapter of the Icelandic National League, and of the Icelandic Canadian Club. In his talk he gave an interesting summary of the history of the renowned centre of Icelandic studies in Copenhagen, an institute which fittingly bears the name of its founder, Árni Magnússon, the man who brought to it the invaluable collection of Icelandic manuscripts about two and a half centuries ago. The following day, Friday, March 4th, Professor Bekker-Nielsen was scheduled to lec-

ture to students and members of staff at the University of Manitoba on **The Icelandic Sagas and their Medieval European Background**. Unfortunately a record breaking blizzard brought all intellectual activities at the University of Manitoba to a sudden halt on that day. However students and staff members were fortunate enough to hear Professor Bekker-Nielsen on March 11th when he stopped briefly in Winnipeg to give his previously announced lecture.

In recent months Professor Bekker-Nielsen has visited numerous universities in Canada and the United States to lecture in his special field of interest which includes mainly Old Norse, Icelandic literature on which he has written a number of scholarly works. These include articles published in such reputable journals as **Medieval Studies** (Toronto), **Germanic Review** (Columbia), **Fróðskaparrit** (a Faroese journal), and **Maal og Minne** (Oslo). He has also made very substantial contributions to the well known series **Bibliotheca Arnarnæana** (Copenhagen). In collaboration with the Danish scholars Damsgaard Olsen and Ole Widding he has written **A History of Ancient Scandinavian Literature**, published in 1965 by the University Press in Copenhagen. With Professor Widding he has written the biography of Árni Magnússon. Furthermore, Professor Bekker-Nielsen is a well known translator of Icelandic literature into Danish. Among his translations is one of a work by Rev. Jón Halldórsson, one of Davíð Stefánsson's **Gullna hlið-**

**ið**, and one of a book by Jón Sveinsson (Nonni).

In addition to the already mentioned publications Professor Bekker-Nielsen has served as assistant editor of the **Arnarnæan Dictionary of Old Norse** and contributed to the well known **Lexicon of Medieval Scandinavian Culture and History**. Furthermore his name is listed among the contributors

to the **New Catholic Encyclopedia**. Last, but by no means least, he is the editor of the impressive and exceedingly useful **Bibliography of Old Norse, Icelandic Studies**.

It is safe to assume that Professor Bekker-Nielsen's visit to North America will further interest in Old Norse, Icelandic Studies. **H. Bessason**

## Dr. C. Stuart Houston Wins Award

Dr. C. Stuart Houston, son of Dr. C. J. Houston and Dr. Sigga C. Houston of Yorkton, Sask., was the only Canadian among candidates who last fall were given awards offered by the James Picken Foundation in United States. The program of awards, announced by the National Academy of Sciences national research council, are given to selected candidates for the support of research and training in radiology and nuclear medicine. Foundation funds were approved for candidates for four advanced academic fellowships and five research fellowships. In addition 11 new research grants were added to the nine carried from the previous year, and two new scholars joined the four already being supported.

Close to 200 such awards have been made to individuals and institutions, both in the United States and abroad.

since the program was inaugurated 15 years ago to broaden the knowledge and improve the teaching of radiology.

Dr. Houston graduated in medicine in 1951 from the University of Manitoba and last year received his fellowship in the Royal College of Physicians in radiology. He is presently lecturer in diagnostic radiology at the University of Saskatchewan where he is conducting research in the configuration of vertebral bodies in retarded children unable to walk, as compared with the pattern of vertebral bodies in response to weight-bearing in normal children.

Dr. Houston's mother is the former Sigga Christianson, also a graduate in medicine from the University of Manitoba. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geir Christianson of Wynyard, Sask.

## 4 YEARS IN MALAYSIA



Courtesy—Regina Leader Post.

Reverend and Mrs. Walter J. Moris and family

Reverend and Mrs. Walter J. Moris, of Helena, Montana, left in August, 1965, for Jeselton, Sabah, formerly North Borneo. Reverend Moris is conducting an English-speaking ministry there in response to a request from the local self-sustaining church, received by the Lutheran Church of America. The period of service will be four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Moris are shown on the picture with their four children,

age four to ten years: (left to right) Karl, Karin, Kristina and Eric.

Mrs. Moris is the former Alena Halvorson, of Regina, whose mother, Mrs. H. T. Halvorson, is the former Jona Jonasson, from Selkirk, daughter of Bjarni and Thorunn, one time residents of Hallson, North Dakota, and later of Selkirk and Regina.

The following extract from an article by Ernie Mutimer in the Uni-

versity of Manitoba Alumni Journal, Winter, 1966, depicts the series of inoculations and vaccinations prescribed for our people proceeding on assignments in tropical Africa and Asia.

"The choice made, forthwith the paper war began.

Miscellaneous forms, statutory declarations, passport applications, invoices, last wills, testaments, testimonials, shopping lists, and bank statements were routine enough, and eventually completed.

But the concomitant assault by several graduates of the medical faculty was rather unexpected. Hypodermics in imposing array appeared from mysterious desk drawers. Ampules of strange liquids were injected in endless volume into the family bloodstream.

After several weeks of harsh jabs, we were chemically immune to most planetary diseases.

My wife, however, quietly developed bloodpoisoning.

Heaven protect her from rusty needles!

The cure? Of course, another needle, this one sterile, large, antibiotic.

But this mass invasion by the medical profession was entirely successful. With the exception of that usual tropical digestive adjustment, which appeared faithfully on schedule and incapacitated us in turn for twenty-four hours, we remained healthy throughout the tour.

Preventive medicine had won on points" —W.K.

## Splendid Scholastic Record

Mrs. Lillian Vilborg (nee Bjarnason) MacPherson, wife of Lorne W. MacPherson of Seattle, Washington has a splendid scholastic career. In 1955 she was the winner of a scholastic award for the highest standing at Sargent Park School. In 1957 she was the Valedictorian in Daniel McIntyre Collegiate and in 1958 she was awarded a governor-general's medal.

Mrs. MacPherson graduated in Arts from the University of Saskatchewan in 1961, winner of two scholarships. She obtained the degree of Master of Librarianship from the University of Washington, Seattle, in 1965 and presently is Bibliographer in the Law Library, University of Washington.

Lillian Vilborg MacPherson is the daughter of Hafsteinn and Lillian Bjarnason, now of Regina, Sask. Her maternal grandparents John and Helga Johannson, live in Lundar, and her



Mrs. Lillian Vilborg MacPherson

paternal grandparents were the late Jacob F. and Vilborg Bjarnason, of Winnipeg, both deceased.

## THE THREE MID-WINTER CONCERTS

For the past 47 years the Icelandic National League has held its annual 3-day convention in Winnipeg beginning on the 3rd Monday in February. Each evening has usually been devoted to concerts and for the last 20 years or so these have been sponsored by Frón, the Winnipeg chapter of the League, the Icelandic Canadian Club and the League executive, in that order.

The last three sessions of the convention have been held in the Parish Hall of the First Lutheran Church and for the first time this year all the concerts were also held there. All were well attended, the audience numbering from 250 to 300 people.

Mr. Jakob F. Krisjansson, president of Frón, presided over its concert held on Monday evening, February 21. The main attraction was the appearance of a guest artist from Iceland, the well-known actor and singer Brynjólfur Jóhannesson. He is a man of varied and impressive talents and his reading of the 4th act of the play "Gullna Hliðið" by the late Davíð Stefánsson was masterly as was his rendering of the comic song "Seltjarnarnesið." Other items on the programme were vocal solos by Joy Gislason Autenbring, a singer of promise, and a duet by the young sisters Laureen and Carol Westdal, a charming and gifted pair. On behalf of the League, the president, the Rev. Philip M. Petursson made a presentation of an engraved silver bowl to Ambassador Pétur J. Thorsteinsson and Mrs. Thorsteinsson. Either by accident or design the singing of O, Canada and God Save the Queen was omitted and this practice was followed on succeeding nights—an innovation of doubtful merit.

The concert sponsored by the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Tuesday evening, February 22. It was well conducted by the Club president, Mr. J. J. Arnason, and offered a variety of good entertainment. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Eric Stefanson, M.P. for the Serkirk constituency in Manitoba. This was a thoughtful and well prepared address dealing with the day to day working of parliament. It contained few political overtones other than some observations on the usefulness of the so called B and B Commission. A delightful and distinctive flavour was given to the gathering by the appearance of a youthful group of Ukrainian folk dancers who performed with singular verve and skill. Other items were vocal solos by Alda Halldorsson, who possesses a voice of rare quality, and songs by a group of ten that recently appeared on the locally produced television show Canadians All. With one or two exceptions the songs had not been heard before in this city and many would have preferred more familiar selections. On this occasion, however, the group had selected songs written in the idiom of traditional Icelandic folk music and thus broken new ground. Technically, the performance of the group was more than adequate and blend and balance left little to be desired.

On behalf of the magazine and the Club, Judge Lindal, the editor-in-chief and John Arnason, the president, presented Ambassador Pétur J. Thorsteinsson with bound volumes of the magazine from the beginning. This was followed by awards to students presented by Judge Lindal, chairman of the Canada-Iceland Foundation and John Arnason, the Club president.

The Wednesday evening concert opened with introductory remarks by the League president, the Rev. Philip M. Petursson. The main speaker was His Excellency Mr. Pétur J. Thorsteinsson who gave an informative and exhaustive account of Iceland's foreign relations and its participation in and contributions to the work of various international organizations. He spoke with authority and conviction and left no doubt in the minds of his listeners that Iceland will be ably represented wherever he goes. In this we may vicariously take pride. As had been the case on Monday evening, the performance of Brynjólfur Jóhannesson was greatly enjoyed. The main selection was a reading of excerpts from Halldór Kiljan Laxness' "Íslandsklukkan". Here, perhaps, the audience was not

sufficiently familiar with the work to enjoy it fully. More to its liking were the songs and ditties rendered with the expressive gestures and vocal agility characteristic of this accomplished artist. To complete the programme were solos by Doreen Borgfjord whose fine voice was heard to advantage in a sensitive interpretation of a number of old "Icelandic" favourites. Elma Gislason and Snjolaug Sigurdson were the accompanists at all the concerts.

It is becoming apparent that a good many of our Icelandic people in the city are making it a point to attend all the entertainments held in connection with the League convention. This is a development encouraging to those who are devoting their efforts to the preservation of our ancestral traditions. —H. Th.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTER FROM

#### Nora and Gustaf Kristjanson

The arrival of the fall issue of the Icelandic Canadian certainly brought us in touch with Winnipeg once more. We're so involved with the activities of preparing lessons and other matters of the school routine that we don't have a great deal of spare time for anything. Also, we have no newspapers or television, and one can almost forget the existence at times of the outside world.

As always, the magazine is filled with interesting articles and items, including the editorial. May we take this opportunity to congratulate you on your appointment to the Committee surveying the work of the Canadian Pension Commission.

We find our experience here a most interesting one. One of the very useful things about an experience such as this

is the way in which one can rid oneself of ill-founded preconceived ideas. Although in many ways a very isolated spot, this is not just a "pastoral" Indian village. The natives here are trying to adjust to the twentieth century, just as elsewhere. I expect that later in the season I will be able to contribute something that can be used in the Icelandic Canadian, and it will likely have something of an "ethnic" connotation in one way or another. Incidentally, Norah and I have been asked to serve with the local Centennial Committee, so you see this Centennial business penetrates to the farthest reaches of the country.

Norah and Gustaf,  
Box 40, Campbell Island,  
Bella Bella, B. C.

## THE WOLF-SKIN COAT

by Loftur Bjarnason

The Wyoming winds can be cold at any time of the year, but in December they cut to the bone. They can blow hard enough to drive powdery snow right through the chinks around the windows of a well built house. Why, I remember that the wind blew so hard one December night that it tipped over a house trailer that I was towing home from Denver. But that was years later. I started out to tell about the wolf-skin coat and how it almost cost me my life. It all happened while Teddy Roosevelt was in the White House. We were living on a ranch in the western part of Wyoming—just west of the continental divide—where temperatures of 30 to 40 degrees below zero are not at all uncommon from the middle of December until the end of February and where the wind seems to blow all the time.

I had just turned fifteen, but I was big for my age and had been doing a man's work around the ranch for at least a year. During the summer I had pitched hay right along with the crew until all had marvelled at my strength and endurance. One night I heard my dad tell my mom: "You know, Sally, if that boy Joe continues to grow and work as hard next summer as he has done this summer, I'm going to have to pay him a man's wages just like the rest of the crew." My dad didn't know that I had heard him say this, for he thought I was asleep, but it made me feel like a full grown man all the rest of the summer.

But when fall came instead of letting me ride round-up with the cow hands, he made me go back to school with the other youngsters. This was a terrible let down, but I tried not to let it bother me too much. I still had my string of traps, and every evening I would set off after school to make the rounds. Depending on the weather it would take me anywhere from an hour and a half to two hours to make the ten mile circuit to see what the day's catch had brought in. Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays were always the best because I could get to the traps early enough to prevent any damage to the pelts from the coyotes, the crows, and the other predators which would sometimes damage a good skin or even eat the animal if it was left too long in the trap.

Things went well enough until the end of November when it began to get terribly cold. I realized that if I was going to continue trapping all winter and it is precisely in the winter that the pelts are really prime and command the highest prices—I was going to need a much better and warmer coat than the old hand-me-down sheep-skin jacket that my older brother had given to me when it became too small for him to wear. Not that it had not been a good jacket in its day. I remember how envious I was when he first got it. He let me try it on and wear it once in a while, but never let me forget that it belonged to him and not to me. It was really a beautiful

jacket when it was new, but two years of hard usage and rough wear had rubbed the fleece off on the inside, especially in the arms, and had actually worn the skin off in spots so that what was left of the fleece stuck out through the holes. Mother had patched both elbows and across the shoulders, but it was so thin that it scarcely held out a good stiff breeze, much less a Wyoming wind in December.

We were sitting in the front room after Thanksgiving dinner with a wild wind roaring outside, swirling the snow into huge drifts, and the pot-bellied stove almost red hot in the corner of the room, when my uncle who had been listening to my futile pleas for my father to get me a better coat, said suddenly: "What you need, Joe, is a wolf-skin coat. There's nothing like a wolf skin to cut the wind." I couldn't decide whether my uncle meant what he said or whether he was having a little fun, but I couldn't help but look over to the wall where my uncle's big wolf-skin coat was hanging from an antler prong. It was roomy and shaggy, with a high, full collar that could be turned up so as almost to hide one's head and with sleeves that were wide at the shoulder but tapered down to tight wrists. It was long, coming clear down to the middle of my uncle's calves. The front folded over and was held together with small polished wooden pegs which went through buckskin loops. It was indeed a handsome coat and one that would keep the wearer warm in any kind of cold or wind.

"Yes, Uncle Dan, that is exactly the kind of a coat that I need, but how am I to get it? Most of the wolves around here have been killed off, and anyway, the largest trap that I have would no more hold a wolf than a

piece of string would hold our old Short Horn bull."

"For a trapper, you're not very well informed," replied my uncle. "It's true that for a while they were pretty well cleaned out—what with the bounty on them an' all—but they still neak in. I don't know whether they come down from Canada or where they come from, but they are around. Ben Chichester was telling me only yesterday that they had got one of his spring lambs. He came across the torn up carcass scarcely more than a mile from his house. There must have been at least five in the pack to judge from the tracks."

"Why, the Chichesters don't live more than a few miles away," broke in my younger sister with a gasp. "To think that there are wolf packs roaming right around here. I'll be scared to go out to the barn after dark."

"If you want a wolf-coat," continued my uncle, "and want to do the neighborhood a real favor, go after this pack. As to traps, I have a brace of them hanging in the barn that you can use as long as you like. I know they'll hold a wolf because they've done it before."

"Daniel Holladay, how you carry on," declared my aunt. "This boy is only fourteen years old and way too young to go after a pack of vicious wolves. Why, they'd tear him to pieces."

"I'm fifteen now, Aunt Lily," I interposed mildly.

"I don't even care if you're eighteen," she answered; "you're no match for a pack of hungry wolves."

Neither my mom nor dad said anything, but I knew what they were thinking. My mom didn't even approve of my trapping jack rabbits and other small game, but knew that it was useless to tell me that I couldn't do it, especially since I had already earned enough by selling the pelts to buy a .22 long rifle. Any extra income was

welcome in those days, for times were hard, and it was not easy to get enough money to buy supplies and to clothe a family of eight. My dad, like most of the ranchers of the time, supplemented the family larder with a moose or an elk when the opportunity allowed. He was a crack shot and seldom needed more than one shot to bring down any animal, no matter how big it was. He had taught me how to use firearms—in fact, it was hard for a boy to get along in those days without knowing how to shoot. My dad especially hated wolves, for they caused no end of damage, particularly during the early spring before the cattle became old enough to protect themselves and were easy prey not only to wolves but even to coyotes. I knew that he would not discourage me as long as I used good sense and didn't expose myself to needless danger.

I decided not to say anything just then, but the next day I rode over to my uncle's place and as soon as I could get a chance to speak to him alone, I asked him to lend me the wolf traps he had spoken of.

My uncle looked at me in a way that he had never looked at me before and didn't say a word for what seemed to me the longest while.

"Ye-es," he said finally, "I should have known that you were grown up. Shoulders such as yours don't belong on a boy. When I said what I did the other night, I was half joking and I didn't mean for you to take me seriously. Still, if you're set on trapping wolves, which is a man's business and not for boys, the best I can do is to show you how to set the traps and to give you some advice."

With that he took a trap down from its peg on the side of the barn and showed me how to set it. "What do you use for bait," he asked.

"Why, I don't know," I answered. "A piece of meat, I suppose."

"Wolves usually like to kill their own meat," replied my uncle slowly. "Only if they are very hungry or feel very safe will they eat just any piece of meat they find lying around. Still, if you're lucky, you just might get one that way. It all depends upon how hungry and how experienced the wolf is." He stopped and looked at me closely as though to see how I would react. "The best thing to use is live bait," he said finally, "a jack rabbit, or some other animal. You stake it out in the center of three or four traps."

I looked at him hard. I must have had a big question in my eyes, for he went on in matter-of-fact tone. "The one thing that a wolf can't resist is a young foal."

I immediately heard in my mind the reaction of my mother to such a proposal. I knew also that my father would scarcely allow me to use one of his precious colts for wolf bait.

"I think a jack rabbit is probably all I can manage," I remember saying.

He seemed to understand, and once more went over the setting of the traps and the best way to place the bait. "Good luck," he said, as I rode out the gate onto the road. "Thanks," I answered; "I'll let you know how it goes." How was I to guess that he would know almost as soon as I how it was to go.

The next few weeks brought high hopes but meager results. I baited the traps with jack rabbits and other small game at different times, and I even managed to catch a coyote, but he gnawed his paw off and escaped before I got to the trap. I was not really surprised when I found just the paw in the trap, for I had heard that coyotes often did just that when they were caught. I decided, though, to set my

wolf traps only on Fridays or on the evenings before holidays so that I could ride out early in the morning and thus give the wolf less chance to do the same. Still nothing happened. I often found tracks to show that wolves, lured on by the bait, had indeed investigated the traps, but had been too wary to get caught.

It was clear that the wolves were so wary because they smelled man on the traps or on the bait. The Friday afternoon before the Christmas holidays I set my traps in what I considered a likely spot, placed a live jack rabbit in the centre of the circle of traps, and smeared the traps with the fresh blood of a newly-killed rabbit to take away the scent of man. Something told me when I went to bed that night that the next day would be an eventful one in my life. Little did I know just how eventful it was to be, or how near to death I was to come when I went out to see what I had caught. Still, I knew that I had been very careful to remove every possible scent of man and had done everything that might insure success.

The evening I asked my father whether I might borrow his new .30-.30 rifle the next morning. He looked at me knowingly and asked me where I had set the traps. When I told him the details of where and how I had set them up, he replied slowly: "It just might work, but if you have a wolf in a trap, you might find it better to have a hand gun. Why not take my .44-.40 Colt along?" Although this type of gun would be useless at any distance, for close work it would be even better than a rifle, so I agreed without hesitation. The previous summer he had given me lessons and had taught me to hit a tin can on a post three times out of five at twenty paces. We used Western ammunition, that is to say, lead bullets, hand made in our own bullet mold.

These bullets are not steel jacketed and they tend to spread when they encounter any resistance such as a bone. I remember once my father shot a coyote with this .44-.40. The hole made at the point of entry was not much bigger than my finger, but the bullet had mushroomed so that it had broken the collarbone and had ripped the ligaments loose and had torn a hole in his shoulder where it went out that I could put my fist in. I knew that anything I hit with this gun would go down just from the impact and would be badly crippled, if not killed outright.

The next morning as soon as I had fed the stock and done my chores, I saddled my pony, strapped on the .44-.40 which felt like a cannon against my hip, and rode off. As an afterthought I snatched up my .22 rifle and of course had my skinning knife, a well tempered razor-like blade about six inches long.

Dawn comes late in December, and the sun was just rising as I rode up the little rise leading to the draw where I had set my traps. It was a cold morning; the wind was in my face and a light snow had begun to fall which muffled the pounding of my pony's hoofs. In fact, there was scarcely any sound at all except the creaking of the saddle under me and the loud beating of my heart. Somehow—and I can't explain how—I knew something was in one of my traps. I could not yet see it; the rise before me cut off my vision, but I could sense it. I reined my pony to a halt, got off slowly, and crept on all fours up the little rise. Before me at a distance of about 200 yards were my traps. In one of the traps was a beautiful white she wolf. Near the caught animal and almost nudging her as though to say "Come on, get out, and let's be off!" was a huge male wolf.

"What a giant", I thought, "he must be 150 pounds if he is an ounce." A few yards off to one side, sitting on their haunches and watching the other two were five other wolves, two of them scarcely more than cubs and three of them full grown. All were in their prime. Even the cubs which had undoubtedly been dropped that spring were well developed for their eight months.

What was I to do? To shoot a wolf with a .22 at any distance and get a clean kill is, as any hunter will tell you, almost impossible. A .22 is excellent for small game, say a jack rabbit or a cottontail, but is entirely too light even for hunting coyotes to say nothing of wolves. I half drew dad's .44 out of the holster before I considered that even Buffalo Bill himself could not have shot a wolf with a revolver at 200 yards. Something had to be done, but what? If I just lay there with the snow gently falling on me, I would soon be covered up. Should I get back on my horse and ride back home for help. Perhaps that would have been the most sensible thing to do, but before I knew it, the power of decision was taken away from me.

Perhaps the wind died down just a little and carried a faint whiff of my scent to them, or perhaps my horse who was ten or fifteen paces behind me and out of sight of the wolves made some slight noise. Whatever it was, the huge leader of the wolves pricked up his ears and turned and looked directly toward me. Everyone knows, of course, that wolves have excellent power of scent, but not the very best of eyesight. They can, however, see movement. If an object is not in motion, it may escape the attention of a wolf, but if it moves ever so slightly, it will be seen.

I don't really believe that the wolf saw me, or if he did, that he recognized me as a human being. At best he would have seen merely a dark object on the crest of the little hill. Whatever it was he saw, however, must have made him suspicious, for he held his ears up straight, moving them gently back and forth, all the time looking in my direction. The other wolves did the same as soon as they noticed what the leader was doing. As at a word of command, one of the wolves who had been sitting apart from the leader and the beautiful white wolf got up and sauntered in my direction as though to find out what it was by getting a closer look and a clearer scent. I could see that he did not actually sense any danger; he was merely curious and, like any wild animal, very cautious. Now it was too late to get up and ride home. I had no choice but to remain. As he trotted slowly up the hill, the thought occurred to me that if he came close enough, I just might be able to hit him in a vital spot and bring him down. My rifle was already in position. Carefully, I released the safety and followed him through the sights as he came toward me. The snow, floating gently down, was enough to obscure vision at 200 yards but not enough to cause any trouble at 80 yards. And that is how far he was from me now. Now he had slowed to a walk. Apparently he still couldn't make up his mind what that dark smudge in the snow meant. I expected any moment that he would smell me, but still he came on, walking rather stiff leggedly, obviously ready to turn and run at the slightest danger. I still followed him in my sights, knowing that even the slight movement of the barrel or even the gentle rise and fall of my body in breathing would not escape his notice.

(Continued on page 46)

## SCHOLARSHIPS & AWARDS

Sixteen scholarships were presented at the Annual Concert of The Icelandic Canadian Club, on Tuesday, February 22, 1966, by W. J. Lindal, secretary of the scholarship committees of the Canada Iceland Foundation and The Icelandic Canadian Club. (Home addresses outside of Greater Winnipeg are set out in brackets).

1. **Donald A. Flatt**, 793 St. Mary's Road, St. Vital, **Icelandic Good Templars Scholarship, \$200.00.**
2. **Frederick Dean Anderson**, 103 Ruttan Bay, Fort Garry, (Libau, Man.) **The Icelandic Canadian Club Scholarship, \$100.00**, presented by John Arnason, the Club president.
3. **James Duncan Anderson**, 10, 43 Edmonton St., (Libau), **George Magnusson Estate Scholarship, \$100.00.**
4. **Marjorie Anderson**, United College, (Libau), **Mundi Johnson Estate Scholarship, \$100.00.**
5. **Marion Scrymgeour**, 406 Moorgate St., St. James, **Harold Olson Scholarship, \$100.00.**
6. **Tryggvi Smith**, 409 Moorgate St., St. James, **Jon Olafsson Stal Scholarship, \$100.00.**

The following scholarships were awarded by the Canada-Iceland Foundation. All the recipients are taking Icelandic at the University of Manitoba from Professor Haraldur Bessason. Each scholarship is for \$100.00.

7. **Shirley Una Bjarnason**, 1010 Garfield St. Winnipeg.
8. **Richard H. Hordal**, United College, (Gimli).
9. **Ingibjorg Karen Johannsson**, 5-668 Sargent Avenue, Winnipeg.
10. **Lynn Laura Magnusson**, University Residence, (Hnausa).
11. **Lorna May Medd**, 736 Oak St., Winnipeg.
12. **David Pentland**, 194 Oak St., Winnipeg.
13. **Joan Sigurdson**, 8-587 Broadway, Winnipeg.
14. **Linda F. Sigurdson**, 120 Lenore St., Winnipeg.
15. **Herbert G. Solmundson**, 2-510 Grey St., Winnipeg
16. **Judith Ann Taylor**, 306 Dromore Ave., Winnipeg



## The Icelandic Canadian Club (Toronto Chapter)

This title is significant and may be a foreboding. If there is a Toronto Chapter of The Icelandic Canadian Club that implies that there is or there should be an overall or central body co-ordinating various Icelandic clubs. Furthermore, the co-ordinating body need not confine itself to clubs in Canada but could extend its service across the United States as well. Here there is a most constructive hint which should not go unheeded.

The Club in Toronto came into existence in the fall of 1960 under the name "Icelandic Canadian Club of Toronto". An October 27, 1960 list shows a membership of fifty-seven. The first officers were:

President, Mrs. Fanny Peacock.  
V.-President, Mrs. Rosa Vernon.  
Secretary, Mrs. Erla Macaulay.  
Treasurer, Mrs. Laufey McMillan.  
Social Convenor, Mrs. Siggí Elvin.  
Auditors, Mrs. Joan Ross and Mrs. Dora McFarquhar.

As reported by Erla Macaulay (Mrs. R. C. Macaulay) the Club began with a nucleus of a half dozen ladies getting together for a "kaffi sopa". In that letter was enclosed the subscription fee to The Icelandic Canadian and the magazine now has a number of Toronto subscribers.

The Club has made steady progress and at present there are about 120 members—remarkable when one considers how relatively few Icelanders are in Toronto. The present Executive are:

President, A. B. Marteinson  
Vice-President, V. R. Kristjanson  
Treasurer, Emily Ridding  
Corr. Sec. Margaret McMullen  
Recording Sec., K. McMullen



A. B. Marteinson

Membership, Ruth Laban  
Social Convener, Begga Petursson  
Auditor & Librarian, H. Broughton  
Publicity, R. Byron

Meetings are held regularly on the third Tuesday of each month from September to May. The January, 1966 meeting was a popular "Icelandic Foods" gathering, close to 100 attending. The speaker was Dr. Hans Bekker-Nielsen, who teaches Icelandic at the University of Toronto. In the course of his remarks it was learned that he has thirty students attending his lectures, most of whom are taking post-graduate work. Only a small percentage are of Icelandic descent.

The writer of this report happened to be in Toronto at that time and was invited to attend the meeting. Dr. Bekker-Nielsen, who is Danish, speaks Icelandic fluently. Though a young man he seems already to have caught the "hrynjandi", the poetic flow of the Icelandic language.

—W. J. L.

## ICELANDIC NIGHT ON CJAY-TV

Television station CJAY carries program called "Canadians All" under the direction of Mr. Richard Seaborn. Various ethnic groups prepare programs of their own folk songs and folk dances in their own language, and these appear every Sunday evening at 9:30. On January 23rd, 1966, an Icelandic program was presented. To launch this project a meeting of a few people was held last August with Mr. Seaborn. Those meeting with him were: Mattie and Salome Halldorson, Snjolaug Sigurdson and Haraldur Bessason.

Mattie Halldorson organized a choir of ten mixed voices. The singers, who gave an excellent performance were: Pearl Johnson, Linda Sigurdson, Doreen Borgford, Augusta Nielsen, Mattie Halldorson, Heimir Thorgrimson, Reg Frederickson, Thor Fjeldsted, Jack and Lorne Goodman. They were accompanied at practices and trained by Snjolaug Sigurdson. At the performance they were accompanied by a six piece orchestra. Mr. Seaborn made all the musical arrangements for the songs as well as for the dance routines.

Audrey Fridfinnson was a stately and beautiful "Fjallkona" (Maid of the Mountains) and appeared on the screen while the choir sang "Ó Guð vors lands". The remaining songs, which the choir sang, of which the composer and poet were required to be Icelandic, were: "Sofðu Únga Ástin Mín", "Nú Grætur Mikinn Mög", "Austan Kaldinn á oss bljes", "Nú er vetur úr Bæ", "Kindur Jarma í Kofunum", "Fyrst Allir Aðrir Þeyja", and "Hjer er Kominn Hoffinn".

The lady members of the choir wore the Icelandic dress of the various styles (upplut, skautbúningur, peysuföt and samhengja) which were kindly loaned by Mrs. V. J. Evlands, Miss Ida D. Swainson, Miss Caroline Gunnarsson and Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson.

The Westdal sisters, Lauren and Carol sang a duet, "Bi, Bi, og Blaka" and Pearl Johnson sang "Fífil Brekka Gróin Grund." Pictures of Icelandic scenery, loaned by Jakob Kristjansson, were flashed on the screen at intervals throughout the performance. Comments in English, indicated the subject of the songs.

Alternating with the singing, a group of 16 little girls danced Icelandic Vikivaka dances taken from a book sent from Iceland. Snjolaug Sigurdson and Mrs. P. H. Westdal organized the group, which was trained by Mr. Sam McConnell, head of the McConnell Dancing School. The girls wore the Icelandic "upplut" made by the mothers, with the help and direction of Mrs. P. H. Westdal and Mrs. R. Vopni. They danced to the tunes of "Olafur reið með björgum fram", "Góða veizlu gjöra skal" and "Öxar við ána" The dancing of the girls, the training of Mr. McConnell and the attractive dress all added up to a delightful performance. The names of the girls and their parents are: Diane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Axford; Steinunn and Elinborg, daughters of Professor and Mrs. Haraldur Bessason; Anna Maria, daughter of Mrs. Lilja Clausen; Arlene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Danielson; Colleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gunnar O. Eggertson;

Carol and Patrice, daughters of Mrs. Geraldine Kennedy; Marcia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Leckow; Nancy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Macdonald; Helga, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Stefanson; Allene and Candice, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Siggs; Shirley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Vopni; Laureen and Carol, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Westdal.

Altogether our Icelandic program was a very creditable performance and

compared favorably with the other ethnic programs. Thanks are due to all that helped with this project.

The choir sang the same program at a concert of The Icelandic Canadian Club, at the time of The National League Convention, held in the parish hall of The First Lutheran Church, February 22nd, 1966. The dance group performed at the banquet of the Club held on March 18th, 1966 at the Marlborough Hotel in the Skyroom ballroom. —Salome Halldorson

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTER FROM

## Louise and Steinthor Gudmunds

Our new address: 3129 Chelsea Road, Sacramento, California, U.S.A. Yes, we have moved to Sacramento after having lived in San Francisco Bay Area (Berkeley mostly) for over 30 years. Our son, Nikulas, lives here and we're not too far from our friends. The Bay Area is about 85 miles away.

Son Jon, and family moved to El Centro last month which is about 600 miles from B.A. It is in the desert where it gets intensely hot in summer and extremely cold in winter. We wish they were here but he has a good position there and that's what counts. He passed the Bar Exams last May and is now established with a law firm.

Nick is a system engineer with IBM. He designed and implemented the program for the California Highway Patrol computer which finds stolen

cars. It went into effect in California last April 1st, 1965. Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona have adopted it.

The Icelandic Society of Northern California is very active and flourishing. It has four big affairs a year. The membership is over 300 but perhaps one-third of that are non-Icelandic spouses.

We have quit work altogether and don't plan to resume. I taught until middle of August and gave a recital last April. It feels good not to be tied to any extra-curricular work.

Charlene, Gwen and I are going to see the Winnipeg Ballet December 14—on first American tour concert series. Excellent write-up. Am looking forward to it.

## THE PICTURE

From THE WHITE MANSION, by frú Elinborg Lárusdóttir

Translated by W. Kristjanson

Everything at the San centred on quiet and rest for the patients. The hospital authorities tried to enforce regulations strictly, yet some of the patients balked at discipline and wanted to have things their own way. A patient from the north country, Grimur, carried on with physical exercises, even strenuous ones, such as the high jump. After one such effort he had a hemorrhage and he was never on his feet again.

A new arrival, Halldor, from one of the most remote parts of the country, arrived in September. He wore a yellowish-brown woollen tuque, of coarse varn, but very warm. His clothes were of dun-colored Icelandic wadmál, or varn. The brown complexioned, weather-beaten countenance and his clothes harmonized in color.

"This man is not ill", we said, and, judging by Halldor's actions and manner, he himself was of the same mind. He was from the first unrestricted in his walks and he slept outside, in a sleeping bag, no matter what the weather was like. He was bored with his idle existence and looked half-contemptuously on the life we led.

"This idleness, this eternal lying in bed, is of itself enough to make any healthy person ill", he said, more than once.

"Why did you come to the San, if you are not ill?" he was asked.

"I had pneumonia and a slight cold after. The doctor decided this for me. I see now I could have recovered soon-

er at home. There I had something to tinker at", he said, with a note of annoyance in his voice.

Halldor would often take long and strenuous walks up into the mountains and the wastelands. He looked on us, who could not follow him, as weaklings, not worth our fodder. When a patient, who had been up and about had a sudden relapse, he shook his head and said, as if this came as no surprise to him:

"What can you expect at a place like this? There should be a large farm here and all the patients should work. That would make for a little more wholesome way of living and a lot healthier people than lazying around in this useless existence, year on end."

There were bath-tubs and showers at the hospital, but Halldor scorned these. He had a system that he considered much healthier—a daily plunge in the brook at the foot of the lawn, regardless of the weather—whether there was a warm breeze or a snow-storm.

Halldor's mode of life was for us a source of wonder and admiration, but fortunately no one followed suit. At first we fully expected that he would suffer for this, but it did not seem to do him any harm.

One day Halldor did not go for his walk, but sat huddled on the bench by the infirmary. We asked him if he was ill, but he shook his head.

No, he was not ill, and he did not intend to be ill. "I hope that I shall get

away from the San in reasonably unimpaired health, since I have kept myself in condition with walks and cold baths."

"Perhaps you don't intend to die", some one exclaimed. "Perhaps it will turn out that death is wholly unnecessary and uncalled for."

"No. Of course I can die. But it is possible both to speed up and slow down the coming of death," he answered calmly. Many of the bystanders laughed heartily.

We went for a walk, but we did not like this state of affairs, to see him sitting motionless and staring into the distance. We felt certain that he was ill, but that he would not concede this, either to himself or to anyone else.

I went for a short walk and when I returned I sat down on the bench beside him. I had, however, no thought of engaging him in conversation, for he was a man of few words and kept aloof. I was surprised when he broke the silence.

"Have many people died here since you came?" he asked.

"Yes", I replied.

"Have you seen anyone die?"

"Yes, I have", I replied, surprised at his question.

"Weren't those terrible moments?" he asked, with some intensity. "Were you not afraid?"

"No. I was not afraid. Eventually we shall all stand at death's door", I answered, in a philosophical vein.

"I know that", he said, shrugging his shoulders, as if he did not think much of my answer.

"But did you not have an uneasy feeling? Have you no fear? Did not the question occur to you where the departed had gone? Whether anything remains except the cold, lifeless withes

which are said to contain the immortal spirit that dwells in each and every person?"

"Yes. Something like that", I answered, hesitatingly. "But I thought that you were concerned with life rather than death."

"You are right. But if I begin to think about life here and on the other side; on the meaning of this complicated earthly existence. I want to find some answer, but I never get any nearer to it, so it is most likely best to think as little as possible about death and the grave. But I can't be here for any length of time. Death is a constant visitor here and he is rapidly approaching." This he said, giving me a sad look.

I looked at him and smiled. He saw that I attached no meaning to this and he was visibly annoyed, for he knit his brows.

"I don't say this just offhand. Somebody on my ward is fev, but which one of us, I don't know."

His words gave me a shock, the smile faded from my lips, and I was at a loss for a reply. The thought of asking him what grounds he had for his belief flitted through my mind, but I refrained, for questions seemed to annoy him. Anyway, he would say what he wanted to say.

"You mustn't think that I am afraid to die, if that is to be. But, at the same time, I don't want to go right away. I have a little girl whom I must look after until she is able to look after herself." So saying, he reached into his pocket and brought out an old picture, quite scuffed, of a girl with wavy hair and deep dimples in her cheeks.

"There she is at the age of three. She cried when I left, and begged me not to stay away for long. I hope you will not mention this to anyone."

I promised. He was certainly a queer customer, but so very human in his love and concern for his little girl. Perhaps she had no mother—no one to look after her save him. For her sake he wanted to live.

"If—if I should die here—please see to it that this picture goes with me to the grave", he said, and leaned toward me, so that the people who were now returning from their walk would not hear.

I nodded agreement. Any word was superfluous. For a moment our eyes met. The expression on his large-featured, old-looking face, ordinarily cold and hard, was serious. Below this mask a heart beat with love and concern for a little, golden-haired girl.

I think he must have appreciated my silence. He stood up and got into his sleeping bag. On the following days he wandered about, restlessly, but he did not go for long walks, nor did he take his accustomed plunges. On one occasion I met him just outside the infirmary. I noticed that he put his handkerchief to his mouth when he coughed. The handkerchief was saturated with blood. Greatly alarmed, I

tried to say something, but he motioned to me and went inside, as if nothing had happened. When I went outdoors after the rest period, I noticed that he had taken his rest outside. He was unusually pale at meal time.

The following morning Halldor did not come downstairs. I asked the nurse what was the cause. She replied that he had had a serious hemorrhage, and that he was at death's door. I hastened upstairs. He was so far gone that he was unable to speak. I saw, however, by the light that appeared momentarily in his eyes, that he appreciated my coming. The picture lay on the table; he motioned to me to take it. I did so, and leaning over him I repeated my promise in a low voice.

Halldor died that evening. The picture was placed on his bosom and accompanied him to the grave.

But for a long time, before I placed the picture where it belonged, I sat and looked at it. I looked at the child's sweet face, with the smiling eyes that had looked with expectation and longing for the return of the father who was no more.

---

**David Randle Wooley**, age 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Wooley, Snow Lake, Man., was presented on New Year's Day, with the James Reed Memorial Scholarship for the second year in a row. It was presented for the highest marks achieved in Grade 12 scholastic year 1964-65 in the Snow Lake

School. He received a cheque for \$100 and an engraved medal. At present David is a 1st year university student at United College, Winnipeg.

David's mother is the former Lillian Anna Johnson whose parents are Kari and Anna Johnson from Baldur, Man.

## BOOK REVIEW

### WESTVIKING. *The Ancient Norse in Greenland and North America.*

By Farley Mowat. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1965. 494 pages, maps and drawings. \$10.00.

**Westviking**, an extensive volume by the widely known Canadian writer Farley Mowat, is a highly imaginary reconstruction of the Icelandic saga accounts dealing with the settlement of Greenland and the discovery and attempted colonization of North America by the Norsemen. It is always a fair approach to evaluate work of this kind in terms of what the author set out to do, and how successfully he achieved his goal. In this case, we have Mowat's own words on both scores in his foreword:

"There is no point in pretending modesty about what I have attempted. I have made a reconstruction of the Norse saga voyages which follows no previous book (except the original saga sources) and which is at variance with most, but which I am convinced is closer to the truth than any previous attempt. In detail I believe I have resolved a number of outstanding problems, including the degree of Celtic participation in the westward thrust; the real scope of Erik the Red's explorations; the geographical concepts of the ancient Norse as these applied to the western regions; the conflict between the two main saga sources dealing with the western voyages; the identities of the several native peoples the Norse encountered; the detailed tracks followed by all the voyagers; the identity and location of the landfalls, havens and

settlements; the major factors which prompted, shaped, and sometimes doomed the efforts of the westward venturers; and many lesser matters."

It would have been pleasant, indeed, to be able to report that the author had succeeded in solving, in this one book, the numerous and knotty problems concerned, which learned and brilliant specialists from many lands have wrestled with unsuccessfully. Unfortunately, a critical examination soon brings to light that he has fallen far short of his goal. His book, interesting reading as it is otherwise, offers, in a great many cases, mere conjectures, which can not be substantiated on the basis of the historical evidence. A case in point is his misleading interpretation of the early history of Iceland, where he assumes the existence of an extensive settlement of Western (Celts and Picts), who, upon the arrival of the Norsemen, left for Greenland. This, in turn, leads him to the conclusion that Erik the Red's "most compelling reason for sailing west was probably the prospect of raiding the previously untouched Western settlements of Greater Ireland", which the author identifies as Greenland.

Furthermore, his treatment of the Icelandic sources is generally highly arbitrary, and contains numerous misconceptions. These could have been avoided, had he not shunned consulting scholarly works in the field. Had he done so, he would, for one thing, have found that leading Icelandic historians have, after careful examination and evaluation, come to the conclusion

that **The Saga of the Greenlanders** is an earlier and a more important source than **The Saga of Eiríkr the Red**, previously generally considered older and more trustworthy. This presents the whole question of the discovery of America and Icelandic voyages to Vinland in a different light. (Cf. Jón Jóhannesson: "The Date of the Composition of **The Saga of the Greenlanders**", *Saga-Book*, Vol. XVI, Part I, Viking Society for Northern Research, University College, London, 1962).

In view of Mowat's uncritical treatment of the saga sources, it is not surprising that he accepts the Kensington Stone as genuine. This reviewer, not being a runologist, prefers to take his stand with leading Scandinavian runologists, who, after careful examination have rejected the stone as not authentic.

Undeniably, Mowat has brought together much valuable information

within the covers of his detailed volume. In the opinion of this reviewer the most valuable sections of his book are his discussions concerning the likely location of Vinland, and other areas on the North American coast visited by the Norsemen. Here his special knowledge of ships and sailing, of the topography in question, and his acquaintance with Eskimos and Indians, are seen to good advantage.

In short, while the general reader should be cautioned against reading Mowat's book, by and large, as a factual and trustworthy history, he will find his reconstruction of the events involved vigorously written and in many ways a fascinating story, for the elements of high drama are all there.

The book is attractive in appearance, and includes a number of useful drawings and maps. There is a good index, but, regrettably, no bibliography.

**Richard Beck**  
University of N. Dak.

**Wayne Douglas Pickering** of Leslie, Sask., son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pickering, was the top graduate in the College of Engineering at the University of Saskatchewan at the Fall Convocation, Saturday, November 6th, in Saskatoon. He won the university prize in engineering. Mr. Pickering received the Bachelor of Science Degree in Engineering Science Physics with distinction.

Other awards he has won include a Kimberley-Clark Canada Ltd. scholarship, Trapp Memorial Scholarship;

Interprovincial Pipelines Co. Bursary; W. C. Wells Construction Co. Ltd., Scholarship and American Society for Testing Materials Prize.

Wayne Pickering is at present studying towards a Master Science degree in Control Engineering at the University of Saskatchewan on a \$2,500 Saskatchewan Graduate Research scholarship.

His grandparents on the mothers side are the late Jon and Arndis Stefansson of Elfros, Sask. H. J. Stefansson, of Winnipeg is a brother of his mother, Stebba, nee Stefansson.

(Continued from page 36.)

## THE WOLF-SKIN COAT

60 yards and I began to have hopes that I could make one shot do the trick. He stopped and began to move his head slowly from side to side. Carefully I aimed just below his ear and squeezed the trigger. Reflex action caused him to leap slightly into the air, but I don't think he really felt anything. It was one of those lucky things that one hears about but scarcely expects to do. I had hit him in the brain. One shot had done the job.

With the report of the rifle the other wolves with the exception of the one in the trap turned and were out of sight almost before I could get to my feet. There are few animals faster than a Western Grey Wolf and few animals more tricky and dangerous as I was to find out before the day was over.

The wolf in the trap was crazy with fear and was jumping around wildly. I knew that I had better dispatch her at once, or she would pull her leg loose from the trap and get away. I scrambled to my feet and turned to get on my horse just in time to see him top the rise heading out full speed for home. This was a new twist! A well trained cow pony will stand stock still wherever the reins are dropped. He will not bolt or stray. My little pony was not completely trained, and anyway he must have caught the scent of wolves and seen the one I shot leap into the air. In any event, there I was, nearly five miles from home, with one dead wolf and one in a trap. I ran down the hill and as soon as I got close enough I shot her in the head with my .22. I must have been too excited

or perhaps panting too hard from my run down the hill because the first shot missed the brain and hit the lower jaw. There she stood with blood and froth dripping from her mouth, snarling and growling as only a wolf can do. While I was maneuvering for a clear second shot, I kept praying that the trap would hold. Even with her mangled jaw she would have been sure death to me if she were to get hold of me. I considered using the revolver, but decided that if the rifle could kill one wolf, it could kill a second. Finally I was able to get a clear aim, and she went down in a heap. "What a wonderful day," I thought, "two wolves with only three bullets—and these from a .22."

Without worrying how I was to get the pelts back to the ranch now that my pony had bolted, I set to work to skin the animals. I started on the white one which had the most beautiful coat that I have ever seen on any wolf. It looked even better close up than at a distance. The fur was close and thick with the characteristic long wolf hairs interspersed among the shorter fur. She was big for a bitch; she must have weighed between 80 and 90 pounds but looked even bigger because of the thickness of her fur. It was no easy task to skin her there on the ground. It would have been so much simpler if I could have gotten her back to the ranch where I could have put a noose around each hind leg and strung her up so that I could have free room to work on her. As it was I had to wrestle her back and forth, rolling her over this way and that in order to flay her.

It was slow work, and before I was more than half through it had begun to snow in earnest. This was bad. To carry two wolf pelts five miles over rolling prairie is not too bad if the weather is right, but to carry such a load in four to six inches of new snow would tax anyone's strength.

I had just finished skinning the wolf and had begun to roll up the pelt when I realized I was no longer alone. I caught out of the corner of my eye a blur of gray as something moved swiftly from one clump of sagebrush to another about 150 yards away. I raised my head just in time to see another blur somewhat closer and off to the right. Then I realized that the wolves had returned. The wolf that I had just skinned was the mate of the huge male wolf and the mother of the others. They had returned to see what had happened to her. As anyone knows who has watched wolves carefully, they can be so cowardly and despicable as to pass all belief; on the other hand they can be utterly fearless at the very times when you expect them to be cowardly.

I realized all of a sudden that I was in trouble. I had no way of telling whether I had surprised only part of the pack when I fired on them or whether there had been more lurking behind the low hills. Was I facing only five now? — or ten? — or fifteen, or more? The snow was coming down faster and faster. There could be any number of wolves around me, closing in silently and waiting for the right moment to make the fatal rush.

I knew that my .22 would be useless now. If several of them rushed me, I could not swing around fast enough to draw accurate aim. I put the rifle down and drew the old .44-40. This, as everyone knows, is a powerful weapon at close range, but has too slow a velocity to be accurate at any distance.

They seemed to know that I was at their mercy. Still, they were wary and moved in very carefully, allowing me no chance to draw aim and fire. All I could see was a blur as they moved from sagebrush to sagebrush. Twice I fired at distances I knew as hopeless, but I was frightened. Once I heard a yelp, and I knew I had hit home, but how vital was the wound I could only guess. Finally, I caught one out in the open and I fired carefully. He went down in a heap, rolled over and did not move again. Was he dead? Wolves do not normally play "possum", but could I be sure? That meant only three left, if no more had joined the pack. But had more joined? I couldn't be sure.

I picked up the skin of the dead wolf with my left hand, and tucked it under my arm, carrying my .22 with the same hand. My right hand I kept free to carry my revolver. Thus I moved away from the carcass of the dead wolf and toward home. I had not gone a dozen steps when I got a perfect shot at another wolf—one of the cubs—which jumped at me from not more than thirty feet. I fired at point blank range and he dropped in a heap almost at my feet. That was the signal for the attack. Without warning two others leaped at me from out of nowhere. I remember firing twice at them and seeing out of the corner of my eye another—the huge male leap straight for my throat.

His hot fetid breath nearly stifled me as he knocked me off my feet. I remember a horrible pain in my left arm as I flung it up to protect my throat. At the same time I heard a loud bang in the distance.

The next thing I knew, I heard my father's voice saying, "Gently now, lift him easy; he's got a nasty wound there in his left arm." I lost consciousness again and remember nothing more

until my mother was feeding me soup. I was at home and in bed. The whole family including my uncle were standing around my bed and looking at me.

As they told me the story afterwards, I learned that just as the huge male wolf leaped for my throat, my father and my uncle had come over the rise. They had become worried when my horse came bolting home riderless. While my father was saddling up, he had sent my older brother to get my uncle and together they had ridden out to investigate. Just as they came over the little hill where I had first spotted the wolves, they saw me go down. Without even getting off his horse, my father had thrown his rifle to his shoulder, aimed, and fired with a single movement. The force of the bullet had knocked the wolf far enough from his target so that he missed my throat and had closed his jaws on my

left arm. The skin of the she wolf which I was carrying had broken the force of his jaws so that instead of severing the arm completely, he had opened a nasty wound and broken the bone.

"How about the wolf skins?" I remember asking.

"Nothing to worry about," said my uncle. "After we brought you home, your father and I went out and gather up the wolves. You had killed five of them yourself in addition to the big dog wolf that you lured into jumping on you as we came up."

The next winter, as I rode my rounds looking after my traps, I wore a long wolf-skin coat made from the skins of the wolves that I had killed. Moreover, I had a big wolf pelt mounted on felt at the side of my bed—the beautiful white wolf that had been caught in the trap.

## MY SOLILOQUY

I may not pass this way again,  
And pluck lush roses 'mong the prickly briars,  
Nor ever feel the cooling breath of age  
Quenching out the flares of inner fires.

But should I not in retrospect I think  
Of Sinias I have climbed in youth's bright day,  
The bitter waters set for me to drink,  
As mirages of my life pass slow away.

Withal, I think the journey's worth the cost  
Of dreams I had to scuttle on the way;  
Still grudgingly I hope they aren't lost  
That I'll come back and salvage them some day.

Quite Hamlet like, I pen my soliloquy,  
As measured years mount up to make my score,  
When life will gently whisper unto me,  
"That's all there is, there isn't any more".

Reed Gudmundsen

N.B. Brother to Fanny G. Brant, who has contributed to this magazine. The brother, who was a doctor, composed the poem shortly before he passed away in January, 1965.

## The Canada Ethnic Press Federation

One of the most successful conferences of The Canada Ethnic Press Federation was held in Ottawa, February 24, 25 and 26 last. In attendance were the Executive as well as some other members of the Federation, the representation being from Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 24, the delegates appeared before the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, on their invitation. This was the final appearance before the Commission. Hon. W. J. Lindal, who was chairman of the delegation, submitted a condensed summary of the position unanimously taken by the Federation in its original brief and subsequent submissions. A discussion followed lasting all afternoon, in which members of the Commission as well as of the delegation participated.

The formal opening of the conference was on Thursday morning at which the following cabinet ministers were present: Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, Hon. Mitchell Sharp, Hon. Paul Hellyer, Hon. John Nicholson and Hon. Jean Marchand.

In the afternoon the group, headed by the President of the Federation, Charles E. Dojack, appeared before Commissioner John Fisher, and officers of the Centennial Commission. Last summer the Centennial Commission had appointed an Advisory Committee of seven from the Canada Ethnic Press Federation to advise the Commission on Centennial projects of special interest to the ethnic groups of Canada. There now are three projects either already in operation, or being organized.

They are:

a) An ethnic Canadiana consisting of books to be written on the histories of the various ethnic groups. The authors are selected by a special Selection Committee appointed by The Canada Council and wholly independent of the Centennial Commission. A number of authors have already been selected but the list has not yet been completed. Each author selected is given a grant by the Centennial Commission.

b) The Centennial Commission is giving support to special centennial supplements to each publication which are to issue during the summer of 1967.

c) Plans are under way for a pre-centenary visit in October this year of all the ethnic editors to the Province of Quebec. Shortly afterwards there is to be a corresponding visit by French editors to centres of ethnic population such as Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. This project is still in the formative stage but the prospects are very promising.

On Friday at 6 p.m. His Excellency the Governor-General and Madame Vanier gave a reception in Government House to all in attendance at the conference. The Governor-General was lavish in his praise of the luncheon tendered him and Madame Vanier last spring in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg. He said it was the highlight of their western trip and was an excellent example of how six public-spirited organizations could work together.

On Saturday morning the formal part of the meeting of the Executive



Committee was completed. At that meeting, the President of the Federation. Charles E. Dojack, the Founder and Life Past-President, W. J. Lindal, and the first Vice-President, Dr. J. M. Kirschbaum of Toronto, were continued as the liaison committee between the Federation and the Centennial Commission.

At noon on Saturday the recently appointed Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, Hon Jean Marchand, tendered a luncheon to the delegates in attendance at the conference. He addressed the gathering and the President, Charles E. Dojack expressed the vote of thanks.

## FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

Out in his swish new motor car,  
This Romeo and his lass,  
Scouring the country fast and far,  
Found himself out of gas.

A splutter, spurt, and then a stop — —  
"Too bad". (This with a smile.)  
"In the tank there's not a drop;  
Next source, a 'country mile'".

"All is not lost," replied the lass  
And dug into her purse.  
"We'll remedy this sorry mess;  
Things could be vastly worse."

With that she brought and held aloft  
A crock marked "Holland Gin".  
Forearmed makes the battle soft  
'Gainst error and its twin."

The boy's eyes lit up with glee — —  
"Can this be truly true! ! !  
I'll say, you are the girl for me,  
I do, I do, I do."

"Not so fast," the girl broke in;  
"Your appetite's too keen.  
This isn't vodka, nor yet gin;  
It's gas — it's gas-o-lene."

**B. B.**

## IN THE NEWS

### THE PLACE OF ICELANDIC IN WESTERN CULTURE

Selecting the above as his title Hon. W. J. Lindal, Q.C., addressed the Icelandic Canadian Club of Toronto at its regular March meeting. He dealt with the migrations of Norsemen, including the Danes, during the Viking period (800-1100) to the British Isles, Normandy and Iceland. He quoted authorities to show the importance of the "Old Norse-Icelandic" (a term he said he copied from Professor Haraldur Bessason) to the development of the English language during the following centuries, 1100-1400. He dwelt in considerable detail on what he termed the amazing accomplishment of the Icelandic people in preserving Old Norse-Icelandic and streamlining the language without loss of the classical grammar and syntax. The speaker drew a parallel between Iceland's Golden Age of Literature, following the settlement of Iceland, and the "little" Golden Age of Icelandic literature in America during the half century following the Icelandic migrations to the West.

★

### FRED INGALDSON, Basketball Star

In October last year, Ed Rearden, writing in the Winnipeg Tribune said:

"St. Andrews Dunlops, defending Manitoba champions announced Fri-

day that Fred Ingaldson easily the best basketballer produced in these parts has replaced veteran Jimmy Bulloch at the helm."

Ingaldson's climb up the basketball ladder of fame started in 1952 when he, as a junior played with the Winnipeg Light Infantry, who that year won the Dominion Junior Championship. He went to Montana to play for the Montana State College and in his senior year 1955-56, was the leading scorer and won the Most Valuable Player Award. He returned to Winnipeg and was on the St. Vital Bulldogs who were the runners up in the Canadian Senior Basketball Championships. Ingaldson then went to Ontario and for two years played with the Tillsonburg Livingstons. He was selected for the Canadian 1960 Olympic team.

Fred returned to Winnipeg and has been player coach for four years, first with Carlings and then the IPAC Bufaloes. The Toronto Dow Kings won the Dominion championships in 1964 and added Ingaldson to its 1964 Olympic team.

As was expected the Dunlops won the Senior league championships this year and are, at the time of writing playing in the Dominion round robin championships in Winnipeg. Writing in the Winnipeg Free Press on March 26, Jack Bennett says:

"Those who know him will insist Ingaldson has the sharpest basketball mind in Canada."

Jim Daly, the Pan-Am man, has seen Ingaldson perform in Japan and South America. He says:

"Fred knows the playing habits of every top amateur basketball player in the world. Don't think he doesn't know everything about St. Andrews opponents either."

All eyes are on him in the championship contest out in the University gymnasium.

★

## News Summary

Dr. Oskar Thor Sigvaldason has taken over a position with H. G. Acres, consulting engineers at Niagara Falls, Ont., after four years of post-graduate studies in London, England, where last year he completed his Ph.D. thesis in concrete technology at the University of London. Dr. and Mrs. Sigvaldason during their stay overseas toured the British Isles, Iceland and the Continent. Mrs. Sigvaldason is the former Catherine McMullen of Toronto.

★

George E. Browne, 1965 graduate in electrical engineering from Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., has entered the employ of the Iron Ore Company at Schefferville, Que. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Browne of

Elliott Lake, Ont., and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kristjanson of Geraldton, Ont.

★

Minnesota State Treasurer Val Bjornson is writing a two-volume history of the state, to be published in 1968. Mr. Bjornson, with whom history has been a lifelong hobby, noted in Minneapolis that a five volume history of the state was published 30 years ago by the late Governor Theodore Christianson. Mr. Bjornson said his history will be published by Lewis Historical Publishing Company of New York.

★

Miss Olivia M. Arnason, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Arnason of Seattle, Washington, in January was elected president of the student body of the Helen Bush School for Girls in Seattle. An honor student, she won the election over six other candidates. Miss Arnason, who teaches piano in her spare time, plans to enter the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Wash. next fall to continue her studies in literature, sociology and music, and later visit relatives in Iceland and Norway.

★

Ab Magnusson, general superintendent of the country elevator division during the past ten years, retired in February after completing 37 years of service with the Saskatchewan Wheat

Pool. His retirement follows 42 years in the grain trade. to Eddie Kristjansson of Ruttan.

Born in Iceland Mr. Magnusson came to Canada in 1902 as a boy and settled in 1905 with his parents in the Leslie district where he attended school.

Mr. Magnusson entered the employ of the wheat pool in 1927 as agent at Norquay in the northeastern section of the province. Prior to this he had been a grain buyer in his home town of Leslie. His first job was as helper

From 1928 til 1948 he was travelling superintendent for the wheat pool in the Wadena, Canora and North Battleford district, was appointed divisional superintendent in 1948, and in 1954 made general superintendent for the northern half of the province.

Mr. Magnusson was active in hockey and baseball as a young man and today is an avid curler. In recent years he attended the Banff School of Advanced Management.

## Pre-Centennial Canadian News

In this and the other three issues of the magazine during the calendar year 1966, articles, editorials, news and other items relating to the evolution of the Canada of today will be published under the above general title. A considerable part of the material will be selected from "Canadian Scene" of Toronto. The editor, Miss Ruth Gordon, is working in close co-operation with the Centennial Commission and attended the three day meeting of the Executive of The Canada Ethnic Press Federation, held in Ottawa, February 24, 25, and 26 this year.

## CANADA IS FOR EVERYONE

For the first time, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has published a breakdown, by federal political constituencies, of Canada's racial origins. For this purpose, Canadians are divided into 11 ethnic groups: British Isles, French, German, Italian, Jewish, the Netherlands, Polish, Russian, Scandinavian, Ukrainian, native Indian and Eskimo; and three general categories: "Other European", Asiatic, and

"Other and Not Stated". In Quebec the major ethnic group is French in every constituency except four in Montreal. In Notre Dame de Grace, the British exceed the French by more than two to one; in Jacques Cartier and in St. Antoine-Westmount, the British just exceed the French. In Mount Royal, the Jewish just exceed the British, who in turn narrowly outnumber the French. In all other provinces, the Bri-

tish Isles provide the paramount ethnic group, ranking first in all but 17 of their 190 constituencies. In ten constituencies outside Quebec, the French form the largest group. These are Ottawa East, Stormont, Timmins, Cochrane, Nickel Belt, Nipissing and Gengarry-Prescott in Ontario, and Kent, Gloucester and Restigouche-Madawaska in New Brunswick. In Queen's-Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and in Waterloo North, Ontario, and in Rosethern, Saskatchewan, the largest ethnic group is German. In Dauphin, Manitoba, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, and Vegreville, Alberta, the largest group is Ukrainian. In Provencher, Manitoba the largest group is Dutch. Only in the remote Northwest Territories do the native Indians and Eskimos form the largest ethnic group.

Of 265 federal political constituencies, all except six contain representation of at least 13 of the 14 ethnic classifications. Quebec's Iles de la Madeleine is racially Canada's purest community, with representatives of only eight different ethnic groups. Bellechasse has only nine ethnic groups and boasts the country's highest figure as being 99.7 per cent French. Montmagny-L'Islet has ten ethnic groups while Kings, Prince Edward Island, Kent, New Brunswick, and Dorchester Quebec, each have 12 groups. Ten constituencies—five in Quebec, three in Newfoundland, one each in New Brunswick and the Yukon

—have 13 groups. The other 249 constituencies contain representatives of all 14 ethnic classifications. Three constituencies, all in the heart of Tory Toronto—Davenport, Spadina and Trinity—have more immigrants than native-born Canadians. Toronto's York Centre contains the most immigrants—60,232 and Quebec's Magdalen Islands, the fewest—37. From *Canadian Scene*

\*

### LARGEST RIG IN THE WORLD

Canada's first off-shore drilling rig, being built for Shell Oil of Canada by Victoria, (B.C.) Machinery Depot, is the largest of its kind in the world—so large that it is being built in sections to be floated into place and assembled in the Pacific Ocean, somewhere in the company's leases which extend 100 miles off-shore, from the U.S. border to the Queen Charlotte Islands. It will go into operation late in 1966.

The rig is higher than a 30-storey building and will stand on the ocean bottom in depths less than 135 feet. For water depths up to 800 feet, it will float 80 feet below the surface. Nine large anchors weighing 30,000 pounds each will hold the \$9,000,000 semi-submersible oil drilling vessel on location in its floating position. It is designed to withstand the worst storm that could be experienced.—*Canadian Scene*

### SALE OF THE BOOK "THE ICELANDIC PEOPLE IN MANITOBA", by W.

Kristjanson have, according to reports, been very good. Orders have been received from abroad, from Iceland, Denmark, England, and Germany, as well as from the United States. A number of public libraries have bought the book. The price is \$7.50 and the book is available from the author at 1117 Wolseley Avenue, Winnipeg 10, Manitoba, Canada.

## NATO LETTER

Nato Letter is published monthly by the Nato Information Service, under the authority of the Secretary General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In the issue of January, 1966, under the general title "Iceland's Place in the World" there are four articles. They are: "The Foreign Policy of Iceland" by Agnar Kl. Jónsson, Secretary General of the Icelandic Ministry for Foreign Affairs; "Iceland's Foreign Trade", by Þórhallur Ásgeirsson, Secretary General of the Icelandic Ministry of Commerce; "Iceland's Cultural Heritage" by Dr. Helgi P. Briem, of the Icelandic Ministry for Foreign Affairs; and "Science and Industrial Development in Iceland", by Steingrímur Hermannsson, Director of the Icelandic National Research Council.

The following are an indication of the value of this published statement of "Iceland's Place in the World."

"When Iceland became a sovereign country in 1918 she declared herself permanently neutral . . . When the Second World War broke out, the people of Iceland still hoped that their declared neutrality would be sufficient to protect them. . . . By the end of the war, therefore, little had survived of Iceland's policy of 'permanent neutrality' . . . Iceland is of great strategic importance as a link for her powerful partners in the Atlantic Alliance." —Agnar Kl. Jónsson.

"In recent years foreign trade has expanded at a remarkably high rate. . . . Here I come to the most important long-term problem facing us in the field of foreign trade, that is the emergence of the European Marketing organ-

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planning; the best management-labour-government co-operation in the nation; realistic business climate and practical assistance programs help industry realize full potential. Manitoba's physical advantages:— plentiful land, water, power and raw materials; diverse manufacturing base; skilled and vigorous labour force; strategic location, excellent transport and rich markets.

**SPECIFIC OPPORTUNITIES**

The boom has only started. Proven opportunities available right now, are: iron and steel plant; integrated vegetable oil plant; vegetable freezing plant; egg melange plant; agricultural implement plant; glass container plants; livestock feed facilities; soft goods manufacturing facilities; kraft paper board mill; dimension stock lumber mill; chemicals complex.

PROVINCE OF

**MANITOBA**

● For details write Department of Industry and Commerce, Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada.

**NATO LETTER**

izations and how Iceland can safeguard its interests, isolated as it is, in a commercially divided Western Europe. Iceland is, with Ireland, one of the few Western European countries which is a member of neither EFTA nor EEC."—Thórhallur Ásgeirsson

the herring fisheries from being a lottery of three months in the summer to a fairly certain industry of nine months duration or more."

—Steingrímur Hermannsson

If requests come in for the complete articles they will be published—W.J.L.

"It fell to the lot of Iceland to conserve an important strain in the culture of Northern Europe, about whose history between 800 and 1200 A.D. we would know very little were it not for what was written here in Iceland. Iceland's culture is its literature, and a surprisingly rich literature it is. . . . The Eddas contain practically everything we know of the old religion of Northern Europe. . . . The Sagas are family histories. . . . There are Sagas about the outstanding families in nearly every district in Iceland, and many of them are so well written, that we seem to know the people described there better than our next door neighbors".

—Dr. Helgi P. Briem

"Iceland almost completely escaped the industrial revolution, and as a matter of fact very few changes took place before the beginning of this century. It is often difficult to find concrete examples of the effect of science on economy. A good example, however, can be found in the development of the herring industry. For many years fishing for herring was a lottery, employing a great number of people for approximately three months during the summer and completely dependent on herring being available off the north or north-eastern coasts of the country. The fluctuations were tremendous and their effect on the economy was severe. . . . This new knowledge and technique has completely changed



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## WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

### DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Tryggvi Halldorson of Wynyard, Sask., were honored by friends of the community in December on the occasion of their 60th wedding anniversary.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Sigurbjorn Sigurdson of Vancouver, B.C., formerly of Riverton and Winnipeg, last fall were honored by family and friends at the Vancouver home of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sigurdson on the occasion of their 50th

wedding anniversary, and subsequently at a family dinner at the Vancouver Tennis and Badminton Club.

Following their marriage Mr. Sigurdson was for a number of years a merchant at Riverton, and coming to Winnipeg took over the post of chief of the fisheries branch of the Manitoba department of mines and natural resources. A gifted musician, he formed and directed over the years choir groups in New Iceland, and in Winnipeg was long director of the Icelandic male voice choir and the choir of the Icelandic First Lutheran Church. He is an accomplished cellist.



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Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdson have seven children, Harold in Vancouver, Fridrick at Hamilton and Baldur at Sarnia, Ont., Agnes Helga and Louise, both in New York City, Helen, Mrs. A. A. Ekeberg of Tacoma, Wash., and Thora, Mrs. Gordon MacLeod of Toronto, Ont. All were graduates of the University of Manitoba. There are 12 grandchildren.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Sigurthor Sigurdson were honored last November by relatives and friends on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary at the home of their son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gallagher at 822 Downing Street in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdson were married in Winnipeg in 1915 by the late Rev. Runolfur Marteinson. They had eight children, of whom seven are liv-

ing. The latter are Thor, Gudni, Thor-dur, Ragnheidur, Mrs. William Suffka, Eirika, Mrs. J. Jameson, and Mrs. Gallagher, all of Winnipeg, and Barbara, Mrs. Clyde Sinitsin of Vancouver, B.C. A son, Johann, lost his life while serving overseas with the R.C.A.F. during the Second World War. There are 21 grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn S. Johnson of Glenboro were honored by relatives and friends in November on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary.

They were married in 1915 at the home in the neighboring Argyle district of Mr. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Olgeir Frederickson, by Rev. Fridrik Hallgrimsson. They have two daughters, Ellen, Mrs. Reg. Rawlings

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of Glenboro, and Margaret, Mrs. R. E. Helgason of Burnaby, B.C.

Mr. Johnson was born at Gardar, North Dakota, in 1887 and came to Canada in 1902 with his parents who settled in the Grund district near Glenboro. Mrs. Johnson was the former Hilla Fredericksen. Four years after their marriage they took over the Fredrickson farm where they lived until their retirement in 1958 to make their home in Glenboro.

Over the years Mr. Johnson served on the board of Grund Lutheran Church, the council of the Rural Municipality of Argyle, Glenboro Pool Elevator Association and Glenboro Hospital board. He was also variously secretary-treasurer of both Hola and Hekla school districts.

Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn Johnson of Foam Lake, Sask., were honored in September on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. Following their marriage they farmed for a number of years in the Kristnes district and in 1949 moved to make their home in Foam Lake.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hrappted of Leslie, Sask. were honored at a gathering in Leslie Hall in December on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. They have lived all their married life on their farmstead seven miles north of Leslie, a showplace in the community.

★

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## ITEMS FROM FELAGSBLADID

Published by the Icelandic American Club of Southern California

### WINDS OF HURRICANE PRO- PORTIONS BUFFET ICELAND

Iceland suffered under one of its worst winter storms on January 29th. Winds of up to 141 kilometers per hour aided by snow and freezing temperatures created havoc and caused millions of kr. damage around the country. The winds tore roofs of houses, broke windows, tossed cars and people around and tore ships from their moorings in the harbors. The 10,000 square foot roof of the new warehouse and office building of

Hekla HF in Reykjavik tore off in one piece and landed in an empty parking lot that moments before had held 20 to 30 new cars imported by the firm.

Several small boats sank in Reykjavik harbor under the weight of the ice that froze on them in the freezing weather.

Several ships tore loose from their mooring in Reykjavik and one of them the fishing trawler Sólberg was beached by the high winds. During the height of the storm the wind was

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so intense that the only contact possible with some of the ships tied up at the piers in Reykjavik was by radio as the weather and the rising sea made the piers unpassable. The high seas also forced the closing of the coastal street of Skúlagata in Reykjavik as the street was more or less under water. Two airplanes overturned at Reykjavik airport in the high winds.

★

Ragnar Boasson is the name of the most famous Chef in Los Angeles. He hails from Seyðisfjörður and is now Chef at the Ambassador Hotel Coconut Grove. He is married to a charming American wife.

★

The very popular Mr. and Mrs. Geir Jón Helagson (Regina) from Squamish, B. C. were in Los Angeles visiting

their many friends. They own and operate a beautiful motel in the town of Squamish, B.C.

★

Axel Axelsson is the new president of the Leif Erikson Association for 1966. Axel just returned from a Christmas vacation in Iceland and needless to say, he enjoyed it immensely.

★

Mr. Petur J. Thorsteinsson, our new Ambassador in Washington has given \$25.00 to the Félagsblaðið for the benefit of the paper. This is the first gift in money the paper has received in its 15 years of existence. Mr. Ambassador, we thank you very much for your generosity and thoughtfulness towards us here in the west.

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