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The Fjallkona Address

Delivered at the Icelandic Day Celebration at Gimli, August 1, 1966

(Translated)

I am very happy to be here today, on this historic ground, to greet you and give you my blessing on this impressive festive occasion.

This I have done annually for over forty years.

Changes have taken place in these gatherings with the passing of time. Forty years ago many of the pioneers were present; their faces bore the marks of toil and the passing years. They have become fewer and fewer until now I have to look closely for the few remaining of my Icelandic-born children. I behold second, third, and even fourth generation Canadian-born.

But it warms my heart as I listen to your lively conversation to note how many there are who still speak the Icelandic language, even with an Icelandic intonation.

As I think of the time you have been in Canada—it is well-nigh a century since the first modern Icelandic settler arrived here—it gives me great joy to see how well you have preserved kinship with the old homeland. You gather in goodly numbers on Icelandic Day and in recent years you have been well-represented at the National Celebra-

tion in Iceland on June 17th. May these numbers increase with the years.

Many of the Icelandic immigrants to Canada of nearly a hundred years ago left behind them turf-houses, and on their arrival here they built log-cabins, but of greater worth than the gold and silver which they did not possess they brought another and greater treasure: a spirit of freedom, hope for the future, and an ideal of good citizenship in a socially conscious, democratic society.

Today, you in Canada and my children in Iceland have progressed far from turf-houses and log-cabins, but the old ideals are as important as ever.

Today, you in Canada and my people in Iceland are in the mainstream of world affairs. With the world in turmoil, with world-society afflicted with severe growing pains and dangers threatening, it is of the utmost importance that cousins east and west should work together and with others who cherish freedom and the worth of the individual to promote the ideal of good citizenship in an orderly world society.

In conclusion, once again, my blessing on this impressive festive occasion.

Address of His Excellency Hannes Kjartansson

delivered at the Icelandic Day Celebration, Gimli, August 1, 1966

Translated by HEIMIR THORGRIMSON

Mr. Chairman,

My dear friends, Vestur-Islandingar.

It was an honour and a pleasure for my wife and me to receive an invitation to the 77th Anniversary of your celebration held at Gimli—all the more so, as my wife Ellen, grew up in this area and has many friends and acquaintances here.

It is also my pleasure and privilege to bring you on this important occasion greetings and good wishes from the Government of Iceland and its people.

All of you, I trust, have in the past felt the warmth and friendliness that has come your way from the "Old Country". It is not strange that you of Icelandic origin who inhabit this land should have been the objects of this affection. It was indeed a serious blow to see a substantial portion of the small Icelandic nation emigrate to the West. On the other hand it can not be denied that it has been a source of strength to my Nation how persistently this small fragment of the Canadian people has assisted our cause in many areas and held high aloft the honour of Iceland abroad.

The occasions on which you have assisted us are too numerous to relate but above all do we recall how steadfastly you have remained true to the Motherland and how many of you still have personal ties with your relations

at home although two, three and even four generations have come and gone since your ancestors left Iceland.

It has been said that those who left Iceland for America acknowledged defeat because of poverty and lack of faith in Iceland; that these people abandoned the sinking ship while those who remained had the courage and determination to continue the struggle despite poverty and little hope for the future. In all conscience, I do not subscribe to this view. I think rather, that it was the pioneers who had the courage to face uncertainty, to venture into an unknown land where a language was spoken they knew not and customs were foreign to their experience. These were the men who dared face the unknown that they and their heirs might gain a brighter and a better future.

Undoubtedly the Icelandic immigrant had to overcome innumerable difficulties and suffer many disappointments. I recall that on a trip to this country sixteen years ago I met an old and venerable Icelander who had been in one of the first groups to emigrate. He described in strong terms how he was received and treated. According to his account they were brought in cattle cars to the vicinity of Winnipeg and here they were placed in an enclosure which was no doubt some sort of quarantine to ensure that the im-

migrants spread no contagious diseases. The old man described conditions in the enclosure as a veritable hell—unbearable heat, insufferable insects and indescribable filth. Many others, no doubt, had the same tale to tell but it must be borne in mind that the hardships and sufferings of the early pioneers were in a large measure the result of their ignorance. They lacked knowledge of the climate, habits and customs of the country and thus failed to prepare themselves for conditions they were to meet.

It is not a matter of surprise that many of these Icelandic pioneers dreamt about returning to their native land as soon as an opportunity presented itself. For most, lack of funds made this impossible during the first few years, but later these people became accustomed to their environment as they got to know the ways of living in the new land. Yet, in spite of changed circumstances most of them retained a strong loyalty to their place of origin and the thought occurred to them of returning later—but very few did.

As fortune would have it, much has changed for the better both for those who went away and for those who stayed.

We know today how well the small Icelandic group living in Canada has succeeded in gaining recognition and renown. During the early years of their stay in Canada the Icelanders were looked on in general as inferior people. They of course lacked knowledge of the language and the customs and manners of Canadians and moreover, most of them were destitute on arrival. Lack of means and experience notwithstanding, they were able to overcome these difficulties by prodigious exertion of hand and mind and were able to gain recognition for themselves and their old homeland, and for their

children the benefits of better schooling. In this incredibly short space of time you have succeeded in changing the attitude of Canadians towards you from one of indifference or contempt to one of trust and appreciation. No other national group of Canadians of comparable numbers now enjoys in greater measure the respect and recognition that is yours. We in Iceland are truly proud of your achievements and do not forget that, though few in number, the Western Icelanders have come to occupy positions of the highest trust in this vast land. We are further convinced that you and your descendants will continue to tread this path.

Happily, we who remained at home have also made great gains to which the astounding development of our country in the past few decades bears witness. Under the direction of capable and diligent leadership we have magnified the utilization of the products of land and sea on a scale no one could have foreseen thirty years ago. New agricultural machinery has been brought in on a large scale and more land brought under cultivation than ever before. The Icelandic fishing fleet is second to none and in its wake have come various industries, among them the quick-freeze plants that now account for the bulk of our exports. Nor must we forget the electrification of the country, the basis of industrial progress, which has also brought heat and light to our cities and towns and to the great majority of our farmsteads. The largest hydro-electric installation in Iceland is now under construction and will become the foundation of an aluminum extraction industry. These examples could be multiplied.

It is now a fact that we in Iceland enjoy a standard of living not excelled

by any countries other than the United States and Canada, a standard that is on par with that of Switzerland and Sweden. All this attests to the fact that in spite of centuries of poverty and oppression the Icelandic stock remains sound. This indeed is amply proved by what we have achieved both here and in the homeland. We have proudly and jointly upheld the Icelandic banner and have sought to make the "Old Country" known to the world and to create for it the good will of nations.

Iceland is no longer known solely for its incomparable literary treasures

but rather as a modern nation that lies mid-way between the dictator states of eastern Europe and the mighty democracies of North America.

Regardless of changed circumstances. I am convinced that it is our hope and wish that the bonds of kinship between all Icelanders at home and abroad may long endure. Certain it is that we in Iceland are proud of our cousins in Canada and that we will not forget the hardships they endured nor the tenacity and courage with which they overcame these hardships.

Address of William Appleby

at the Icelandic Day Celebration at Gimli, Manitoba, August 1, 1966

Mr. Chairman,
Virðulega Fjallkona,
Mr. Ambassador,
Your Worship,
Distinguished guests,
Ladies and Gentlemen,

Það er mér mikið gleðiefni og heiður að vera boðið að flytja ræðu hér á þessari sjötugustu og sjöundu hátíð Vestur-Íslendinga.

Eg á marga góða vini meðal Íslendinga, og þeir gera oft grín að mér og segja að eg sé hestur í Íslenzku.

Þessvegna vil eg fara með nokkur inngangsorð á ykkar móðurmáli, og bið fyrirgefningar því eg veit að Íslenzkan mín er ekki góð.

May I say, Mr. Chairman, how honored I am at having been afforded this

opportunity to appear on the programme of this, the 77th Íslendingadagurinn, and to present the Toast to Canada.

It seems particularly appropriate that Icelandic Canadians from all parts of Canada, should be meeting here today in celebration of the arrival of the original 235 settlers who arrived at Gimli on October 21, 1875, and in further celebration and recognition of the great and valued contribution which those original settlers, and approximately a further twelve thousand Icelanders who immigrated to this country over a period of two decades between 1870 and 1890, and subsequent settlers, and their descendants, have made to the life and development of their adopted country.

Today's celebration seems particularly appropriate, because of the fact, as our distinguished Chairman is aware from his work in the House of Commons, that Canadians generally are now beginning to display increasing interest in the Canadian Centennial Celebrations which will commemorate next year, one hundred years of Canadian nationhood.

Canadians have heretofore been reluctant to display much emotion or enthusiasm in celebrating their country's birthday.

July 1st has never been recognized in Canada in a manner even remotely approaching that in which the United States celebrates July 4th or for that matter in which France commemorates Bastille Day on July 14th.

I believe that celebrations held to commemorate St. Andrew's Day, St. George's Day, the 17th of March, July 12th and the first Monday in August, do, in fact, engender more genuine enthusiasm than what should be a much more important date on the Canadian calendar—July 1st.

Joseph Howe, a life-long and articulate champion of Responsible Government in Canada, said in 1871 at a Howe Family Reunion in Massachusetts:

"A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

For too long, Canadians, as a nation, have been ignoring the glories of their past, have been denying their national heritage and as a consequence, this regrettable lack in our national life has had to be filled in a largely regional way by Canadians of varying ethnic origins commemorating the contribu-

tions made to Canadian life by their forebears.

And I believe that Canada is a richer land because of it.

The Icelandic people are a proud and noble race, coming from an austere island where for centuries only the fit and the strong have survived, where the character and lives of its people have been moulded by the beauty and stern grandeur of the land,—an island originally settled in 874 by freedom-loving men who brought with them unique endowments of independence, leadership and courage which resulted in, among other things, the establishment of a National Assembly, having both a legislative and judicial function, in the year 930, which has survived to this day.

It is significant to note that one of the first acts of the settlers following their arrival at Gimli on October 21, 1875 was to establish by election, held on January 6, 1876, a governing council of five members, the first chairman of which was one Olafur Olafson (of whom Her Worship Mayor Violet Einarsson is in the direct line of descent.)

The Icelandic people are a scholarly and literate folk whose love of truth and learning have been portrayed and preserved in the Icelandic Sagas, which Dr. Watson Kirkconnell has described as being the most important contribution to European literature in the twelve centuries between Virgil and Dante.

The Icelandic people were dauntless explorers and navigators.

Erik Thorvaldsson, the Red, founded Greenland in the year 985 and about the year 1000, as the world's foremost scholars have so recently and dramatically affirmed, his son, Leifr Eriksson discovered Baffinland, Labrador and Vinland, which may have

extended as far to the South as the present state of Massachusetts.

The fabric of Canadian life has been enriched in many respects by the distinctive and valued contribution of the Icelandic people.

The past ninety-one years have witnessed a transition from the purely nationalistic traditions of Iceland to total assimilation and dedication to Canadian institutions and this country's way of life.

However, in the year A.D. 1966, we find Canada and the world generally going through a period of agonizing re-appraisal in which peoples of all nations are looking to the future in hope, but in wonderment and awe.

We live in an age of great scientific and technological achievement, in an age of lunar probes, inter-planetary travel and massive computers, an age of theological discourse and unrest which has prompted the great God in Dead theological debate.

We live in an age of political upheaval, of emergent African states and their vigorous expressions of ultra-nationalism, of diametrically-opposed political and economic ideologies.

We live in an age of rapidly changing values, when it is becoming increasingly important that the best tra-

ditions of the past must be recalled and cherished with pride fully in order to serve as a worthy yardstick against which new concepts and values may be properly compared.

We live in a country that enjoys the second highest standard of living in a world in which two-thirds of its people go to bed hungry every night.

We live in a world and in a nation, filled with paradoxes and challenging in the extreme.

It is apparent that the salvation of mankind rests upon its education and enlightenment the world over.

It is apparent that Canada has a great and noble future and that she must bear an ever-increasing share of the burden of world responsibility.

It is a measure of the Canadian character, that Canadians look expectantly to the future, with confidence and with pride, armed with wisdom, knowledge and noble traditions, gained from an illustrious past, and the deeds of valour performed by our people and their forebears, over generations upon generations.

And not the least of these, are Icelandic Canadians who, I am sure, proudly join with me in a heartfelt toast to Canada, her future and her people.



Sigurdur Julius Johannesson

VOLCANO WITH A HEART

by Art Reykdal

The small funeral chapel was filled to overflowing. Its seats were packed, its corridor was filled, and outside its doors people crowded the sidewalk for two blocks down the street. A few young men who had chairs offered them to the old, many of whom spurned them with proud Viking independence. Heads white, backs bent, faces lined, they stood to bid farewell to the greatest humanitarian Manitoba Icelanders had ever counted among their number.

With five of his wife's nephews I bore the coffin down the chapel steps to the waiting hearse and thence to the graveside. Through tear-dimmed eyes I watched it lowered down into the earth, my last contact with one of the greatest influences my life had ever known.

Sigurdur Julius Johannesson was born January 9, 1868 at Laek in Olfus. Arnessyslu, the son of Johannes Jonsson and Gudlaug Hannesdottir. Johannes was a learned man, a carpenter and a stonemason, with a generous, open-handed nature that became his son's heritage. His neighbors constantly sought him out, both for counsel with their problems and for his skill as an artisan. But while he was always willing to be of service to others, he was not so successful at serving himself and his family of ten had to be broken up since he was unable to support them.

At the age of twelve Sigurdur was left to make his own way alone. With longing eyes, he watched his contemporaries going to school and the determi-

nation never left his mind that some day he would follow them. For several years he worked for board and clothing at a farm called Flodatangi in Borgarfjardarsyslu and for ten years after that he took such employment as he could find as a farmhand or as a laborer. His dream of entering school was never abandoned, but it was not until 1897 that he finally accomplished it. He was twenty-nine years of age when he entered Mentaskolann in Reykjavik.

With a hunger that had been denied for seventeen years, Sigurdur devoured his books and passed through the grades with a rapidity matched only three times in all the history of the school . . . but Sigurdur was the only one of the group who earned his living simultaneously with his studies. And where he found the time for it, God only knows, but this period saw the beginning of his fame as a writer, both in poetry and in prose. After graduating, Sigurdur became associate editor of Dagskra, under Einar Benidiktsson, a man later acknowledged the greatest poet of his time in Iceland.

From the first, Sigurdur's pen was dedicated to the championship of the underdog, a trait that often got him into the black books of the powerful. As a supplement to Dagskra he founded Aeskan, a children's paper in which potential poets and authors of the juvenile set were encouraged to test their skills. It is characteristic of Sigurdur that in a nation whose chief pride has always been her literature,

he should have been the first man to publish a periodical for children.

After two years with the paper, Sigurdur was able to buy Einar out and become sole editor of Dagskra. At the same time he entered medical school in Reykjavik. But political strife was rampant at the time and Sigurdur took a firm stand in the centre of the line of fire. With a free hand to direct Dagskra's content, his pen became increasingly scathing. As he says in one of his verses:

Lof se gudi; hann gaf mer aldrei tungu
Ad geta sleikt upp serhvern finan sko.

Praise be to God; He never gave
me tongue
To lick the boots that trample
people's rights.

But Sigurdur was never one to take half measures. His criticism of existing conditions became so severe that things became too hot even for him. In 1899 he fled Iceland and emigrated to Canada, the fangs of his enemies snapping close on his heels. To his native land he wrote:

Ef drottin gerði að gulli tár
sem geymir hugur minn,
þá vildi eg gráta öll mín ár
til auðs í vasa þinn.

If God would turn to gold the tears
That lie within my breast,
Then I would weep through all my
years
To fill your treasure chest.

Sigurdur arrived penniless in Halifax and set about getting to Winnipeg, Icelandic capital of Canada. Whenever possible, he found work and thus earned sufficient money to take him part of the journey. At other times he walked.

On arriving in Winnipeg, he found employment shovelling gravel for a

firm under contract to the railroad. The workers travelled ever farther westward as the tracks were laid, and worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Some, unable to stand the toil under the summer's burning sun, dropped out; but Sigurdur, though never a hardy man physically, kept on.

Just before Christmas, he was laid off, 140 miles from Winnipeg, and had to make his own way back. Seventy miles of the distance he walked, then he was picked up by a pack train carrying firewood. He was to collect his wages in Winnipeg, but when he got there he found the office vacated. Sigurdur was never paid for his first months of labor in the new land.

Fortune changed, however, when Sigurdur found work seaming tents that lasted through the balance of the winter and into the following summer. And romance raised its fair head in the person of Halldora Fjelsted. In keeping with the best traditions of romantic literature, the suit seemed hopeless at first. Her mother was opposed to the match, for she felt Sigurdur was destined always to remain a penniless poet. Besides, stories had reached her from Iceland of his volatile writings, and she couldn't understand his radical nature.

In the fall, Sigurdur went to Chicago, where he intended to enroll in a Lutheran theological seminary. There he again found work seaming tents. He worked by night and attended school by day, but the more he learned about theology the less he liked it. Sigurdur never was an atheist, but he saw a vast difference between Christianity and the church, and his lessons in theology served only to strengthen his conviction that the church was a material organization making a commercial business out of peddling spiritual values. He was too

honest a man to devote his life to preaching superstitions that offended his intelligence and gave up his studies before completing the first term.

Meanwhile, Sigurdur met three Icelanders who gave him financial backing for the founding of a newspaper: Stefan Thorson, father of J. T. Thorson, former president of the court of exchequer; Fridrik Sveinsson, artist, whose brother Jon (Nonni) was writer of note in Europe; and Gudmundur Anderson, whose son later played a part in Winnipeg municipal

Dagskra II brought out its first issue in Winnipeg July 20, 1901. The journal's policy was declared in the first editorial: "Dagskrá II will be independent of all groups, religious or political. It is against all wrongdoing, wherever it may be found, and will hop, dance the side of right. It will hop, dance and play when circumstances permit it, and take a serious vein when necessity demands that."

It was during this period that Sigurdur founded the Hagyrðingafjelag, an organization to which transplanted Icelandic writers came together once monthly. Each in turn read his literary output for the month past, after which the others discussed it, pointed out its faults, and the author corrected it to the best of his ability. If it was still felt to contain faults, the meeting at large tried their hands at correcting them, always with the consent of the author. Graduates of this society form a roll call of names later to become famous to all readers of Icelandic literature in Canada, including Guttormur J. Guttormsson, recognized today as the poet laureate of Icelandic Canadians. Guttormur credits Sigurdur with much of the early training that gave wings to his pen.

When Sigurdur tried to launch his newspaper, he had little money, scant equipment and no influence. It was doomed to failure from the first, and its demise came March 24, 1903, after publishing the initial works of such later famous writers as Stephan G. Stephansson and Guttormur J. Guttormsson.

With his editorial bubble broken, Sigurdur resolved to try his hand again at medical study. But he needed an income while he studied, and he couldn't find one in Winnipeg. Halldora was weakening under his pleas and he hated to leave that battle half won, but he postponed his suit and departed again for the States.

This time Sigurdur went to Harvard, where he met Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The open-handedness of the Arctic explorer matched that of the poet, and he invited Sigurdur to live with him. Sigurdur stayed with Vilhjalmur several months, finding employment meanwhile with a tent maker. When fall came, he went again to Chicago to enter medical school. He found work with an Icelandic jeweller, Hjalmar Bergman, and was able to work and study at the same time. At Easter he went north to Winnipeg and returned with Halldora Fjeldsted as his bride.

It was one of those matches decreed by the gods. For over fifty years Halldora devoted herself to the sustenance of her husband, providing the practical side needed to balance his idealism. She was the inspiration of his poetry, the solace of his sorrows, the pride of his heart and the reason for his being. During the hard years of medical school Halldora worked long hours to leave her husband time for his studies, and by the time they were over she had forgotten how to stop.

In the spring of 1907 Sigurdur left school a medical doctor. He went to

Wynyard, Saskatchewan, where he could practise his profession among his own people in an Icelandic community. He had once sought to become a minister. Now he started his life's work of preaching the gospel with deeds instead of words. Money never entered the picture; his aim was to heal the sick and his payment lay in being able to help them. Sigurdur Julius Johannesson was the nearest approach to Jesus Christ that I have ever known.

II.

But journalism called him again in 1914 and he returned to Winnipeg to become editor of Logberg and to practise medicine on the side.

When the Icelandic people first came to Manitoba, they brought with them two great loves—a love of literature and a love of argument. In order to express their love of literature, they needed a newspaper, and in order to express their love of argument, they needed two of them.

When Sigurdur became editor of Logberg, conflict between the two papers was at its peak. If a Lutheran did something worth recording, Heimskringla steadfastly ignored the fact, and Logberg likewise refused to acknowledge any accomplishment among the Unitarian-Conservative faction. Maybe this was smart journalism, for it was necessary to read both papers in order to get a full picture of Icelandic activities in the west.

Thomas H. Johnson, a director of Logberg and attorney-general of Manitoba, persuaded Sigurdur to take the editorial chair. On assuming office, he was told that Logberg represented the Liberal party and the Lutheran Church.

"I'll uphold the Liberal party," said Sigurdur, "for therein lie my con-

victions, but I'll never write a line in support of the Lutheran Church."

A compromise was reached whereby it was agreed that Sigurdur was to stay out of religious controversies—in that day a well-nigh impossible feat for a Manitoba Icelander. And for a man whose idols were Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll, Sigurdur was editing the wrong newspaper.

He wasn't always on the side of his employers. The wealthier Icelanders had begun to move in fashionable society and liked to don the trappings of riches. Icelanders have always been a proud race, but the truest of them look with distaste upon shallow grandeur. When a director of Logberg acquired a stately mansion staffed with uniformed servants who ate their meals separately from the family, Sigurdur found it time to speak. There had been no class distinction in Iceland, and the Icelanders weren't going to start one here with his blessing. Besides, the housemaid who was banned from her master's table was all too often a welcome companion in his bed. Sigurdur poured out his wrath in two columns of Logberg. Posterity bears no record of his target's reaction.

While Sigurdur's bile found vent the editorial columns, his heart belonged to Solskin, the children's supplement that he inserted into Logberg. It was printed separately from Logberg, only mailed out with the parent publication, and its youthful readers were encouraged to feel that it was entirely their own. When children entered Sigurdur's presence, the radical crusader vanished as though he had never existed, and only love remained.

When World War I broke out, Sigurdur removed his editorial guns from personalities and turned them on the government, the military and the British Empire. He was a pacifist. His

whole poet's soul shuddered at the of "wholesale murder," as he termed it, and his pen poured out his thoughts without let or hindrance. He pictured Great Britain as an autocratic butcher whose flag reeked with the blood of her victims.

Logberg had had an anxious time of it all during the period of Sigurdur's editorship; now it found itself straddling a stick of dynamite with the fuse lit. Action was started to charge Sigurdur with treason and, while the matter was dropped, the directors of Logberg sent up prayers that the episode would still their editor's volatile pen. Like most of their prayers, it went unanswered, for theirs was a god of vengeance whose pernicious nature revelled in the futility of Sigurdur's rantings. In sheer self-defence, Logberg fired its editor, November 1, 1917.

Sigurdur rounded up a few men with money and socialistic leanings and established a new paper which he called Vorold. Here he continued his warfare against war, but after a brief and hectic struggle the paper was forced to suspend publication due to lack of funds.

It was the death knell of spirited Icelandic journalism in the West. Since that time the Icelandic press in Canada could be personified by the figure of a prim mid-Victorian spinster who raised her skirts two inches in order to cross a mud-puddle, then stood frozen in the midst of the slime, petrified at the thought that she had exposed her ankles.

III.

In 1921, Sigurdur became medical officer for the municipality of Coldwell and moved with his family to Lundar. While journalism had always brought out his violence, medicine brought out his gentleness, and he is

remembered with love and reverence by every community that he served.

He was given a car shortly after his arrival at Lundar, but it ended up in the ditch on his maiden voyage. Sigurdur simply left it there and never got behind its wheel again. When he was called to far corners of the district, he hired a driver, and the livery barn often saw the only financial gain to come from the visit. It was a common thing for him to supply the medicine he prescribed, and at a home where poverty reigned he often concealed money where it would be found after his departure. On one occasion he stripped and pulled his own woollen underwear over the frame of an invalid half-breed who had none.

But while God may love a generous man, people take advantage of him, and Sigurdur was frequently the victim of deadbeats. A section worker came to him to remove a cinder that was embedded dangerously close to the cornea of his eye. The Workmen's Compensation Board paid for the service, and a few weeks later the railroad man came to Sigurdur at a concert and asked if he had received payment from them.

"Yes," Sigurdur replied.

"Well, then you wouldn't mind giving me back the two dollars I paid you?"

Sigurdur, never a financier, had no recollection of having collected two dollars from the man, but he took him at his word and gave him the requested amount. Later the man brazenly admitted that he had been suffering from an overpowering thirst and had contrived the hoax in order to get the price of a bottle of booze.

On another occasion, Sigurdur was called to a farm to deliver a baby. The

(continued on page 40)

THE NIGHT I KILLED MR. IVEY

by June Morton

Mr. Ivey may have been willing and eager to meet his Maker on the night he died. He may even have suspected that he had some neighbors who wanted to help him do so. But I'm sure he didn't suspect me.

I don't remember that I ever said a word to Mr. Ivey. I said quite a bit about Mr. Ivey to my parents. I knew him only as a cranky old man who lived in a small cottage at the back of a lot and had a beautifully kept yard and many flower gardens. He would come out of his front door and shout at the children who were playing on the sidewalk. Even though, in truth, they were afraid of going in his lawn or near his flowers, he always berated them in a loud voice and told them they were ruining everything he owned. He frightened all of the children badly, but more particularly, he terrified me.

I told my parents at some length about cranky old Mr. Ivey, and I found them discouragingly non-committal. So obviously, I felt, there was nothing else to do but take after him in prayer.

I never doubted my heavenly Father's power, but so far I had had to take it on hearsay evidence.

A few weeks before, I had gone into a vacant lot in our neighborhood and demanded of God that He make His Presence known to me or that I be able to see Him, since I was supposed to believe in Him. I sat studying the

trees, and the sky, and the clouds, looking for signs of God's visibility, but He did not appear before me. I told my religious Icelandic grandmother about my talks with God, and she scolded me furiously for my presumptuousness. This also reminded her that she meant to speak to me about her objections to my jumping rope while singing Sunday school hymns. She also said that it was dreadfully stupid of me to forget the correct words, and that I was to discontinue immediately singing "Jesus Loves Me" and mis-phrasing the stanza, "He is weak, but I am strong."

This recent soul-searching had shaken me a great deal, but my belief had not faltered. I still went happily to Sunday school and got a gold star on the foreleaf of my Sunday school book for each attendance. And I carefully said my evening prayers to my heavenly Father, asking for such favors as I deemed necessary for my happy existence. I had few problems to discuss with Him, and most of them were simply greedy little requests that I wanted taken care of. Of course, I always addressed my prayers to my heavenly Father, but I addressed them loudly enough so the my earthly father who was sitting in the next room would hear them. I was quite certain that he would take care of most of them.

The night after Mr. Ivey had terrorized me by shouting at several of my

friends, I said my prayers as usual, asking for such gifts as dolls, gum, and various toys that I was desirous of owning. Then I prayed loudly on, including some requests for friends of mine who I didn't think prayed carefully enough for themselves. And then, of course, I always asked for God's blessing on my family, my friends and myself. But that night I whispered a sentence that I felt I didn't want my earthly father to hear. I whispered to God that I thought it would be nice if He made Mr. Ivey die. I then said a happy, loud, "Amen," and my father came in and kissed me goodnight.

I don't recall now whether it was the next day or the day after that I heard my parents saying that Mr. Ivey had been found dead in his little cottage. A terrible guilt and terror overtook me, and I suddenly felt it was too heavy and too loathsome to confide in anyone. I went about for several weeks, maybe even for a couple of months, with this tremor of guilt and fear tearing at my soul. When I was playing with my friends, I was thrilled when they were gracious and cordial to me because I knew, of course, that they wouldn't be if they knew how bad I really was. I reacted to anything they suggested doing with sycophantic glee. Then I would go home and weep quietly to myself. I said child prayers to my heavenly Father, telling Him of my guilt and begging His forgiveness.

It seemed to me that things happened that indicated God's displeasure with me. For instance, a pet caterpillar that

I had been keeping for some time was crushed when an unwary delivery man stepped on it. I put the caterpillar in a penny matchbox. I had heard my grandmother refer quite often to the necessity of a "Christian burial" and I felt he must have one. While I had never been to a burial service, I had attended a wedding, so I said as many of the minister's words at the wedding service as I could remember, and thought perhaps they would do. Then I placed the match box in the ground and planted a violet over it.

At long last I could no longer stand my guilt and felt I must tell my father about it. My earthly father, that is. So I told him all about my miserable prayer, and bawled, "That is why Mr. Ivey died."

My father's first reaction was annoyance. (I was relieved to find it wasn't rage).

"What do they teach you in Sunday school, anyway?" he asked.

What did they teach me? I was so confused I didn't know where to begin. I started to give him a muddled version of some of my Sunday school lessons. I added some of the things my grandmother had told me. And I was extremely uncomfortable. This was the first time I had ever had to teach my father something. It occurred to me that I didn't know how he felt about the things I was telling him.

Finally he interrupted my disconcerted rambling, saying, "Now look, dear, don't deliver greater powers to yourself than you have. You can't demand anything of God. Anyone's

death or life, or God's appearance before you. Mr. Ivey had been ill for a long time. That was probably why he was so cranky. Your prayers had nothing to do with his death."

It was wonderful to shed the great weight of the guilt from me and to find that my evil designs had no effect at all.

After that I went on praying to my heavenly Father, but stopped shouting

loudly enough so my earthly father could hear me. And I think my prayers had more humility.

I wondered if my father would insist that I stop going to Sunday school since my dramatic revelations had unnerved him. But he didn't. I was glad because I did enjoy getting the gold stars in my book for attendance.

June E. Morton, lives in Los Angeles, California. She was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota—where she went to school and attended the University of Minnesota. At that time she was June Ellen Bering—anglicized version of her father's surname, Bjerring. She learned to write and speak Icelandic, as well as English, in her pre-school years. —Tryggvi Bjerring.

University Evening Institute offers 36 courses

The 32nd year of courses for the adult public is offered by The University of Manitoba, through its Evening Institute. The programme includes many new courses as well as the perennially popular ones.

Among the offerings this year are courses in: writing, languages, political science, law, antiques, sociology, archaeology, reading improvement, effective English, art appreciation, interior decoration, music appreciation, architecture, astronomy, religion, psychology, advertising, period furn-

iture, investments and the selection of books for children.

The only requirement for enrolling is your interest in the subject. There are no examinations, and no previous experience or academic record is required. Classes are held weekly on the Fort Garry campus.

For further information and a brochure describing all of the courses, write to the Evening Institute, The University of Manitoba or telephone GR 4-9476.

Dr. C. M. Goethe dies at age 91

Dr. Charles M. Goethe, renowned throughout the world as a philanthropist and conservationist, died in Sutter General Hospital, Sacramento, California in July, 1966. Though ninety-one years of age he continued writing until a few weeks before his death.

Dr. Ralph W. Chaney, professor of paleontology at the University of California, has said of Dr. Goethe:

"The spirit of the man is part of the concept of us all. This spirit led to the development of character and patriotism. I believe we are at a point where we may do well to have in mind the teaching of this man in love of the country and the ideas for which it stands. Goethe's present is the key of the past. He is a worthy son of Mother Nature."

On March 28, 1965, on the occasion of Dr. Goethe's ninetieth birthday a gathering of 350 people met in Sacramento to honour the famous philanthropist. An avalanche of congratulatory messages was received, including one from President Johnson who said:

"It is always a pleasure and a source of pride to commend an American whose life has been so richly dedicated to the service of humanity."

Because of ill health Dr. Goethe could not attend but he sent this pre-recorded message which was played at the dinner:

"I get up at 4:45 a.m. I am at my desk by 6 o'clock and work through to 10 p.m., seven days a week."

In a four page leaflet issued shortly after his death appears a most delight-

ful account of his wooing of Mary Glide.

"I had fallen madly in love. Time and again I asked her to marry me and always her answer was: 'Your father and my father are so wrapped up in this pioneering of California that they overestimate the materialistic and neglect the spiritual. You are following their footsteps. I don't propose to marry a money-making machine.'"

The leaflet goes on to say that they were married in 1903 after Goethe had promised they would invest their money, except for simple living expenses, in human betterment.

Their joint lives up to her death in 1946 and his life from then on are a living testimony of the fulfilment of that marriage vow. Pursuing their scientific studies Dr. Goethe and his wife travelled all over the world. "They hiked, sometimes hundreds of miles. They climbed mountains in the Tyrolean Alps and in New Zealand."

"They explored in Chile's Magellan territory, in Manchuria and in Patagonia. They studied the almost extinct elephants of Ceylon and the Zebra giraffe of Africa."

In his constant writings and correspondence this great humanitarian shunned the capital "I" and invariably included his wife in that delightful touch "we-2". A higher compliment to a wife could not have been paid; more completely could not the ego have been eliminated. Goethe did not take a vacation after his wife died.

Dr. Charles M. Goethe always claimed that the main credit for present day



Dr. Charles M. Goethe

civilization goes to the Nordic race. He himself was of German-French-English descent, hence came within that category of distinguished peoples.

He, at times, narrowed his encomium to the five Scandinavian countries, all of which "we-2" had visited frequently. In one of the reports "we-2" said they had "become tremendously impressed with the contribution, over the centuries of the five Scandinavian countries."

Sometimes, when Dr. Goethe was complimenting the Scandinavian countries for their contribution to intellectual progress, which he said was out of all proportion to their numbers, he added, much to the delight of Icelanders, that Iceland was the first country in the world to become 100% literate. In his mind, if the countries were graphically placed in the form of an arch the relatively small keystone would be Iceland.

Dr. Goethe selected a most unique, and, to the staff of The Icelandic Canadian, a most acceptable way of showing his appreciation of the Icelandic

contribution. For many years he had been sending the subscription price of ten subscriptions to be sent to universities he specified. His reason, as stated in one of his letters, was to enable students, the intellectual leaders of tomorrow, to read the magazine. Last year, no doubt sensing that the end of the journey on earth might be nearing, he began to send monies in advance for later years and by the time he died he had paid the subscriptions for the ten universities, some to the end of 1971 and others to the end of 1972. All told he had paid for ten subscriptions for 15 years.

To The Icelandic Canadian and to The Icelandic Canadian Club a better or a more appropriate gift could not have been made. It will be a constant encouragement to greater effort. But it is more than that. It is a signal, to the Icelandic people and to Americans and Canadians of Icelandic descent, of one of the ways in which the Icelandic heritage can be a continuing contribution to the building of these two great nations. —W. J. Lindal



Linda Kristin Allen

MISS ICELAND

1966

Winner of the beauty contest at the Icelandic Day Celebration held at Gimli, August 1st, 1966.

Linda is a daughter of Mr. Herbert C. and Sylvia Allen, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Jonasson of 132 Ash St., Winnipeg.

★

Of the Moris Family in Malaysia

by Alene Moris

It is not an easy decision to make. My husband had been asked by the Lutheran Church of America to go to a congregation in Jesselton, Sabah, Malaysia, for a four-year term. We are in our late thirties, our children Karin, Kristina, Erik Johann and Karl Jonasson were then 10, 8, 6 and 4 years of age. We have families dear to us whom we would hate to leave. My mother, Mrs. H. T. Halvorson, lives in Regina; my sisters: Mrs. William Quick in Guelph, Ontario, and Mrs. C. V. Laban, in Toronto. My husband's mother and sister live in Minnesota. We were very happily serving a fine congregation in Helena, Montana. Sabah is situated in a critical part of the world across the South China Sea from Vietnam and in the spring of 1965 when we had to decide, Indonesia was attacking Sabah and Sarawak border areas. There were many reasons for not going.

We were told that a congregation of Chinese Christians urgently needed an English-speaking pastor. The secondary education in Sabah is mainly in English to enable the students to qualify for Commonwealth Universities (Sabah has no Universities). Many young people cannot read or write Chinese enough to follow the Bible reading and hymns of the Chinese service. Their pastor, ministering in Chinese, knew that these young people would soon be lost to the church and as these very students would be the coming leaders of this young democracy, the loss would be especially

tragic. This problem sounded very familiar to a North American Lutheran. The readers of the **Icelandic Canadian** know well the language problem of a generation ago and the agonies it caused between parents and children, especially those concerning confirmation and religious training. My husband had served in the South Pacific with the U.S. Navy in World War II days. He had seriously considered going to Japan after his ordination in 1952, but a number of factors worked against it. Now this opportunity for service in Asia had come and when we heard that our church had been looking for two years for someone to answer this request, we felt we were meant to go.

How do you plan for four years in a country that is just a strange sounding name to you? We were told that there was a British Curriculum school which our children could attend; the Jesselton congregation that issued the call would provide housing, and medical facilities were adequate for routine health problems. The encyclopedia did not even list Sabah. We had to look under its old British Colonial name of North Borneo. We read that its size is about the same as the state of Maine and its population about 500,000 of which about 70% are native, meaning Bajous, Kadazans (Dussans) and Muruts. The remaining 30% are Chinese, mainly Hakka farmers brought from South China in the late 1800's by British plantation owners. There was a picture, so dear to encyclo-

pedias and travel magazines, of a naked native with a blow pipe gun. The article continued about rubber and timber, mountainous jungles, head hunters, elephants and monkeys and concluded with some frightening temperature statistics. One of the more recent editions added the information that the main towns and cities of Sabah had been completely demolished during World War II.

We sent to New York and Washington for books on this part of the world and began an intensive reading of the religious, political, cultural and historical life of these peoples. Ideally, we should have attended our School of Missions in Chicago but the need was urgent and the problems of language minor, so it was felt that we should go immediately. We stored our good furniture and household things with a member of our congregation in Helena, sold the rest and took only bare necessities.

Five months after our decision, we landed at the Jesselton airport. Coming in over the tops of palm trees, we saw a beautiful white sand beach. The airport was very modern and efficient. Members of the congregation were there to ease us through customs and the principal of the church school who had begun the English ministry in Jesselton greeted us with great relief and joy. Soon we were speeding along a good road and as I observed the city, I was truly baffled. My mental pictures of thatch-roofed houses built on stilts in the jungle had to melt away in the face of reality. There were many-storied business buildings, a crowded harbour, and trucks, motorbikes and bicycles rushing down the left hand side of the road. Eight miles from the airport, we came to our home, newly completed by the congregation. A concrete structure, facing the China Sea,

it is equipped with miniature stove and refrigerator and necessary furniture. I was absolutely amazed and said so to one of the men of the congregation. He answered, "Yes, we can make buildings in a hurry. It is the educated leaders that cannot be produced quickly."

With this one sentence he had summed up the main problem of the country. In the twenty years since the Japanese occupation and Australian liberation left the county in shambles, the physical program of the country has been astounding. Jesselton and Sandakan, the two main cities of Sabah, are both about 25,000 in population and have every modern convenience. However, when you go even a half mile off the main road, you will find conditions as primitive as any picture in the National Geographic. Here you find the stilt attap houses built over the tidal flats, the naked children and the shy women wearing the same black and gold dress of generations ago. Travelling up river into deep jungle country you find men with pierced earlobes stretched to the shoulder by heavy earrings, and the women tattooed in age-old patterns. Even in these remote places, however, one often finds a modest new school and small signs that new farming methods are being tried.

The church which my husband serves is an indigenous Christian Group. Many of the Hakka Chinese who immigrated to Sabah in the 1880's were already Christians, having been converted by missionaries from the Basle Missionary Society (Switzerland). Upon their arrival, these new Christians formed congregations, built churches and soon had a network of parochial schools in the coastal settlements. They flourished until World War II, when most of their churches and schools were burned and many of

their teachers and pastors tortured and killed. The people themselves were largely destitute and were forced to seek outside help. They appealed to The Lutheran World Federation for funds to assist in re-building their facilities and for personnel to assist in operating their schools. The Lutheran World Federation assigned this field of work to the Lutherans in America and since then there has been a partnership between the churches.

My husband's work is the traditional one of preaching, counselling, Bible studies, youth meetings and devotional meetings in the homes of different members. In addition, he teaches ten Bible classes each week in the schools. Even the government schools give time for Bible classes because religious knowledge is one of the subjects tested in the examinations which qualify students for overseas study. Trained clergymen are in great demand for these classes and the opportunity is exciting. University trained teachers

are also critically needed, so soon after our arrival, I began teaching English, literature, and music in our church school. The students are so eager and anxious to do well that it is a thrill to teach them. They have a charming lack of sophistication and much buoyant good spirit. Education is a precious privilege here and as yet only a relatively small percentage of school age children are actually in school. Canada sends teachers to the Government schools under the Colombo Plan and the American Peace Corps and the British Volunteer Service Overseas also help to ease the desperate shortage.

This experience is a great blessing to our whole family. It is thrilling to be doing God's work in such a crucial part of the world. The country is eager to become strong and vital. The problems are great but if Sabah's leaders can continue to give privileges to the country's real needs, the future is indeed hopeful.

DR. and MRS. S. E. BJORNSON HONORED ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dr. and Mrs. Sveinn E. Bjornson, formerly of Arborg, Manitoba and Winnipeg, and now residents of White Rock, British Columbia, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on August 7th, 1966.

A reception in their honor was held at Harstone Memorial Church, in Winnipeg, on their anniversary date by their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. S. Bjornson, of Wilmington, Delaware, and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Bene-

dictson, of Comox, B.C. Present were upwards of 200 guests, from Gimli, Arborg and Riverton, and other parts.

Dr. Bjornson is a well-known poet and community-man, and was awarded the Order of the Falcon in 1955. A keen chess player, he was Canadian Correspondence Chess Champion in 1945. Mrs. Bjornson has also been a prominent community worker, having been President of the Women's Alliance of the United Conference of liberal Icelandic Churches for twenty-five years and prominent in the foundation of the Hnausa Fresh Air Camp.

—W.K.

JAMES H. PAGE

James H. Page is well known to the fishermen on the lakes of Manitoba, being one of the most important fish producers in this province. He was born in Winnipeg but moved as a young man to Hnausa, Manitoba, where he became a fisherman and later a dealer in fish and cattle. In the year 1938 he joined with the late Mr. S. E. Sigurdson of Winnipeg and the late Mr. Charles Greenberg of Gimli in forming the Canadian Fish Producers Limited and has since then served with that company, most of the time as its president. During these years, the operations of the company have steadily expanded and today its exports of fish amount to over three million dollars.

Mr. Page married Sigridur Nordal; they have three daughters and four sons and 21 grandchildren. Three of the sons are engaged in the fish producing business. This fine family is Mr. Page's pride and joy.

Overseas Markets

In recent years Mr. Page became very interested in finding new markets for Manitoba fish so as not to be together dependent on the U.S. markets. In September, 1964 he accepted an invitation along with many other Canadian food producers to attend the British Food Fair held in London, England. At the Fair he and Mr. Peter Lazarenko of Northland Fisheries Limited displayed samples of frozen and packaged Manitoba fish and the Selkirk Whitefish—renamed Silverfin—which attracted particular attention.



James (Jimmy) H. Page

Mr. Page also interviewed importers in London and in Paris and found that the future looked promising for overseas markets.

On their return, Mr. Page and Mr. Lazarenko formed a company in November, 1964 to export fish to Europe—**Canadian Northland Foods Limited**—and appointed Mr. George Phillips as president and sales manager.

This new company has been exceedingly successful. In March this year the Hon. Gurney Evans, Minister of Industry and Commerce presented Northland Foods Ltd. and its president with an export award, a plaque and a desk set, on behalf of his government, for work well done. Following are the remarks made by the Hon. Gurney Evans at that time:

Canadian Northland Foods Ltd.

This company was formed by two Manitoba fish processors, namely, Mr.

J. H. Page of Canadian Fish Producers Ltd. and Mr. P. M. Lazarenko of Northland Fisheries Ltd., for the sole purpose of exporting Manitoba freshwater fish to Europe. Although it has been in operation for only a year, its carefully organized sales campaign and impressive results make it well worthy of an export award.

As the first stage in their export sales campaign, Canadian Northland Foods concentrated on distributing a sales brochure, illustrating Manitoba's freshwater fish, to fish importers throughout all of Western Europe. Great interest resulted with many letters of enquiry. The President of Canadian Northland, Mr. George Phillips then made a sales trip to Europe. He covered nine countries in five weeks and made sales presentations to 52 different importers.

Since Mr. Phillips' return, an average of two shipments per week of 10,000 pounds each of northern pike and whitefish have gone forward from Manitoba to 21 active customers in France, West Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Finland. The company's export sales in 1966 are running 33 percent ahead of last year and should reach close to a million pounds.

The fact that Manitoba freshwater fish is now being served in restaurants in France, is used to make fish products in Finland and is distributed to housewives through a chain of food stores in Germany—is a tribute to the export sales efforts of Canadian Northland Foods.

We congratulate Mr. Phillips and Canadian Northland Foods on this fine export accomplishment and wish them even greater export success in the future.



Svend Bergendahl

ETHNIC SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR AIR CANADA

The appointment of Svend Bergendahl as Ethnic Sales Representative for Air Canada in Winnipeg has been announced by J. S. Grahame, District Sales Manager. Mr. Bergendahl is a veteran of the travel industry having operated a travel agency for a number of years in Denmark and prior to joining Air Canada in 1962 was with the CNR for six years in Copenhagen. He was born and educated in Copenhagen and was a Sales Representative for the airline covering Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland. He is a member of the Skål Club.

★

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

FOR

MANPOWER DEVELOPMENT

IN MANITOBA

PRE-EMPLOYMENT COURSES

MANITOBA VOCATIONAL CENTRE (Brandon)

Appliance Repair & Motor Rewinding
Automotive Implement Parts Man
Automotive Mechanical Repair
Auto Body Repair
Arc Welding
Agricultural Sales
Basic Training for Skill Development
Barbering
Carpentry
Clerical, Bookkeeping, Office Machine
Clerk-Typist
Commercial Art
Construction Electricity
Electrical Technology
Farm Equipment and Mechanics
Gas Welding
General Drafting
General Woodworking
Hairdressing and ~~Beauty~~ Culture
Heavy Duty Mechanics
Plumbing
Radio & Electronic Servicing
Sheet Metal
Stenography
Television Servicing
Welfare Services Technology

MANITOBA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY (Winnipeg)

Arc Welding
Auto Body Repair
Bricklaying
Business Administration
Carpentry
Chemical Technology
Civil Technology
Commercial Cooking
Electrical Construction
Factory Woodworking
Hairdressing
Library Assistant
Machine Shop
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Medical Lab. Technician
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* Many other Trade and Technology Courses.

NORTHERN MANITOBA VOCATIONAL CENTRE (The Pas)

*Automotive
Arc Welding
Basic Training for Skill Development
*Carpentry
Clerical, Bookkeeping, Off. Machines
Clerk Typist
Commercial Cooking
Domestic Science & Home Management
*Electrician Industrial
General Drafting
General Electricity
Gas Welding
Hairdressing
*Heavy Duty Operators
Institutional Housekeeper
*Mechanic (Industrial)
Mining
*~~Plumbing~~
Radio & Basic Electronic Servicing
*Sheet Metal
Stenography
TV Repair
Waiter Waitress Training
*Woodwork
These Pre-Employment Courses lead to apprenticeships in designated trades

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE

1. Bursaries and Loans are available for needy and qualified students. Information about these may be secured from Mr. A. E. Gray, Student Aid Office, Room 46, Legislative Building, Winnipeg 1.
2. Training and Subsistence Allowances for unemployed persons, authorized under the Federal-Provincial Training Agreement, are available for eligible applicants. Information about these may be secured from local officers of the National Employment Service.
3. Information about financial aid to permanently physically handicapped persons may be obtained from the Provincial Co-ordinator of Rehabilitation, 615 Norquay Building, Winnipeg 1, Manitoba.

APPLICATIONS

Advance applications for enrollment at the Manitoba Vocational Centre (Brandon), the Northern Vocational Centre (The Pas), and the Manitoba Institute of Technology (Winnipeg), are now being accepted. Applications and a Synopsis of Courses are available from the Principal of each school. All questions on the Application Form should be answered in full, and a transcript of the applicant's last school marks or a certifying letter from his school principal should be attached to the application form.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Parent and students who want more information about courses, costs, admission standards, etc., should write to:

BRANDON

R. A. Jones, Principal,
Manitoba Vocational Centre,
BRANDON, Manitoba

THE PAS

S. P. Didcote, Principal,
Northern Manitoba Vocational Centre,
THE PAS, Manitoba

WINNIPEG

A. R. Low, Superintendent,
Manitoba Institute of Technology,
2055 Notre Dame Ave.
WINNIPEG 23, Manitoba

All Training Programs at the Manitoba Vocational Centre (Brandon); the Northern Manitoba Vocational Centre (The Pas); and the Manitoba Institute of Technology (Winnipeg) are sponsored jointly by the Government of Canada and the Government of Manitoba.

Hon GEORGE JOHNSON, M.D.
Minister of Education

B. SCOTT BATEMAN, B.A.
Deputy Minister of Education

R. W. DALTON, B.A., B.Ed.
Assistant Deputy Minister

E. B. ANGOOD, B.Sc., Eng. Sc.
Director, Provincial Vocational Schools

THE THORVALDSON BUILDING

University of Saskatchewan



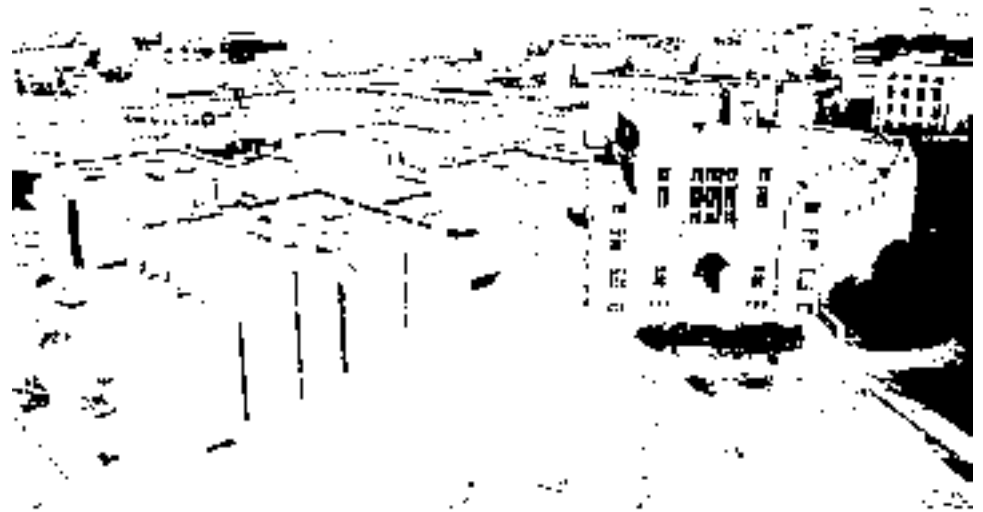
Close-up of entrance to the Thorvaldson Building

The Icelandic Canadian is glad to be able, at this somewhat late date, to publish photographs of the Thorvaldson Building, University of Saskatchewan. One is an aerial photograph showing the Thorvaldson Building on the left and the other, taken at ground level, shows the dignified entrance.

The Icelandic Canadian greatly regrets that in the article in the last issue on the official opening of the building

the name of the immediate past Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. F. L. Bastedo, was inserted instead of the name of the present Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Robert L. Hanbige. He was present at the ceremony and occupied the seat reserved for the Lieutenant-Governor. Also present was Hon. E. M. Culliton, Chief Justice of Saskatchewan.

—W. J. Lindal



Aerial view of the campus with Thorvaldson Building in the left foreground

Sigurdur G. Wopnford

a member of the Manitoba Boundaries Commission

A Manitoba Boundaries Commission of fourteen members has been appointed by the Manitoba Government for the comprehensive task of studying school boundaries, vocational school regions, Metro Winnipeg's municipal boundaries, and the re-evaluation of municipal boundaries throughout the Province. This will involve the entire patchwork of local boundaries in the Province and public hearings will be held throughout Manitoba.

Commission chairman is Robert G. Smellie, former minister of Municipal Affairs in the Manitoba Government. Other members include R. H. G. Bonnycastle, former chairman of the Metro Corporation, Dr. W. C. Lock-

hart, Principal of United College, and Winnipeg alderman Ernest J. Enns, and Sigurdur G. Wopnford, reeve of Bifrost municipality, whose home is in Arborg, Manitoba.

The commission has agreed to give requests for consolidation of school districts—especially in the Interlake area with its many one-school districts—immediate priority. Mr. Wopnford's knowledge of the Interlake district will be called into use there. He has been reeve of Bifrost municipality since 1949, and councillor for twenty-two years, and has experience as a school trustee.

Mr. Smellie has described the approach toward local government changes as unique in Canada. W.K.

SIoux AWARD HONORS

In the fall of 1964 the University of North Dakota named six alumni for Sioux Award Honors. Of the six men listed for outstanding achievements two were sons of Icelandic pioneers in North Dakota, Dr. O. W. Johnson of Rugby, N. Dak. and B. Fredrick Davidson of Minneapolis, Minn.

★

DR. O. W. JOHNSON

Dr. O. W. Johnson, brother of Mrs. V. J. Eylands of Winnipeg, is the son of the late Gudbjartur and Gudrun Johnson, who homesteaded in the Mouse River settlement near Upham, N. Dak. Their home has been noted for erudition and willingness to sweat and sacrifice to achieve learning. After having enrolled as freshman at the University of North Dakota, Olafur Johnson had spent all his money, but undaunted by such handicap, he washed dishes at a restaurant to earn his dinner, and applied to be an assistant to an undertaker at embalming a body at night to earn his breakfast. He was somewhat aided financially by his older brother, the late Nels G. Johnson, who at the time was teaching school, but later became Associate Justice of The Supreme Court, with headquarters at Bismarck, N. Dak.

Dr. O. W. Johnson received his B.A. degree from the University of North Dakota in 1927. Presently, he with his brother Kristjan, operate the state-renowned Johnson Clinic at Rugby, N. Dak. Aside from his duties as physician, he is active in 10 medical associations.



Dr. O. W. Johnson

He is past president of the North Dakota Medical Association, a past member of the Board of State Medical Examiners, past director of the Mental Health Association for North Dakota, and is a member of the board of directors of the North Dakota State Heart Association, a member of the board of directors of the National American Cancer Society and president of the North Dakota Division of the American Cancer Society. From 1961-1963 he served as vice-president of the University Alumni Association.

Radiating cheer and good will Dr. O. W. Johnson inspires the confidence of his many patients who adore him.

★

BJARNI FREDRICK DAVIDSON

The other recipient of the Sioux Award Honors is B. Fred Davidson of Minneapolis, Minn., a native of the

Gardar community, N. Dak., his parents being the late Magnus and Sigurbjorg Davidson. His paternal grandparents, David and Thordis Johnson came from Gimli to North Dakota and homesteaded in the Gardar area as did his maternal grandparents, Bjarni and Gudbjorg Jonasson, who also were grandparents of Dr. S. Alfred Hanson, listed in this article.

B. Fred Davidson received his high school diploma from the Model High School, affiliated with the University of North Dakota. He gained his B.A. degree in Commerce from the University of N. Dak. in 1927. During his college years he was among the boys who worked in the kitchen and dining room, and during vacations sought any available work, and still graduated with honors.

Soon after his graduation Fred became affiliated with the Gamble-Skogmo Inc. in Minneapolis, and has ever since rendered the company faithful service, so that his duties and responsibilities have steadily increased. At present he is serving in a corporate administrator capacity.

He is vice-president, treasurer and director of Founders Inc.; assistant secretary and director of Macleod's Limited, a Gamble-Skogmo subsidiary; a director of Cussins and Fearn Co. Inc., director of Marshall Wells of Canada; Steadman Bros. Ltd. He also serves on the board of a number of other Gamble affiliated companies; is a trustee of the B.C. Gamble Foundation; secretary, treasurer and a member of the board of trustees for the P. W. Foundation, and is a director of the Third Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis.



Bjarni Fredrick Davidson

Such has been the career of a man who came from an unproductive farm in North Dakota. In his early years he suffered various afflictions. His mother died when he was only five years old. His older brother Sig Davidson perished in the Spanish flu that struck Camp Grant at the beginning of World War I. When he was still a youth, his kind stepmother, Gudrun Reykjalin Davidson passed away.

But the clouds turned into sunshine. Fred married the lovely Lillian Reynolds of Hope, N. Dak. who has ever been his aid and inspiration. They have two children, a son, Ronald, and a daughter, Lou Ann, and six grandchildren, all in Minneapolis. Also constituting Fred's family are two brothers, David, merchant in Cavalier, and John, who keeps up their parental home, with his sister Kristine. Other sisters are Anna (Mrs. Magnus Asmundson) of Milton and Thordis (Mrs. Ingvald Matthiasson) of Cannon Ball, N. Dak.

—Lauga Geir

Ben Sivertz Commissioner for Northwest Territories Retires

A short time ago Ben Sivertz, Commissioner for the Northwest Territories in Ottawa, indicated that he was retiring this year. His name came up in the House of Commons on Friday, May 13, this year, and a number of very complimentary remarks were made about him.

Hon. Arthur Laing, Minister of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources, said in part:

"We are all concerned and saddened by the fact that it has been intimated to us that the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories intends to leave the service some time in 1966. I want to say that I have not met any person whose sense of humanitarianism as applied to people is greater than that of Mr. Ben Sivertz. This quality of understanding and compassion, if you like, has been tremendously beneficial because of the nature of his task in the territories and the people with whom he has to deal."

Hon. W. G. Dinsdale, Member for Brandon-Souris in Manitoba, in part said:

"I rise to endorse what the Minister has said with respect to Commissioner Sivertz. I agree that he has made an outstanding contribution to the north during his term of office.

"I believe the reason for his success stems from his background. Mr. Sivertz is an Icelander . . . I believe his warm-hearted acceptance by the residents of the Northwest Territories arises from the fact that he has been able to com-

municate with them. He has been regarded as one of their own kind."

Ben Sivertz, full name Bent Gestur, is the son of Mr. Christian and Elinborg (nee Samuelson) both deceased, who settled in Victoria, B.C., in 1901. Ben was born in 1905. The following is the gist of part of an article on the Sivertz family, by Halldor J. Stefansson, which appeared in the Summer '49 number of this magazine.

"After finishing his senior matriculation at home Bent set out to see the world, at first on a bicycle, sleeping the first two nights in the woods. Later he went down to the sea. For ten years he sailed, crossing the Pacific to Asia and Australia half a dozen times, and steaming up and down the coast from Chile to Portland Channel. He learned what there was to learn about seamanship and picked up his Mate's and Master's papers enroute. In between he managed to finish three years at University, take Normal training, and serve on the staff of the Vancouver School Board. Being a member of the Naval Volunteer Reserve, he interrupted his last year at the University, when called on duty by the R.C.N. in 1939."

In 1916 Ben Sivertz joined the Department of External Affairs and became chief of the Canadian Consular Service. He has for some years been Commissioner of the Northwest Territories.

—W.J.L.

MISS MANITOBA — Joanne Holm

by Shirley Una Bjarnason

The winner of the Miss Manitoba contest this year is Joanne Holm, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Arnold Holm of Winnipeg. Doctor Holm is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Holm of Lundar, Manitoba.

Twelve finalists competed in the contest. On the Sunday prior to the crowning the girls were invited to a swimming party where they were seen by a committee of five judges. Joanne was not present at this function as she was in Indiana attending her sorority convention. Monday, the contestants were taken out for dinner to the International Inn. Tuesday was talent night. Joanne sang "Don't Take Your Love From Me," a song by Henry Nemo. Joanne suspects that talent counted for a fairly large number of points. Wednesday was spent at the races. The girls enjoyed themselves immensely there as they were encouraged to bet on the horses. Joanne was given the honour of presenting to the winning horse the Miss Manitoba Cup. The dress rehearsal for the pageant was held on the Thursday night. Friday was the big night: the night on which the surprised and radiant Miss Holm was crowned Miss Manitoba of 1966.

The points were divided according to talent, poise, beauty, manners and education. Joanne feels that education played a greater part in deciding the winner than was actually thought, as Miss Manitoba reigns as an ambassador of Manitoba.

Joanne's prizes were many. She received a Merle Norman cosmetic kit, two suits, two coats, sportswear, a hat,



Joanne Holm

an evening gown, a hair dryer, luggage, a wiglet and a course at the Academy of Modelling and Self Improvement.

As Miss Manitoba Joanne has presented the trophies to the winning entries at the Agricultural Show. She was a guest at the Aquatennial in Minneapolis. She attended the Altona Parade and Sunflower Festival. Joanne was a guest of the Selkirk Fair and Regatta and she crowned the queen at the High Neighbours' Festival in Transcona.

The coming year will be a busy one for Joanne. She will be taking her third year Home Economics as a full-time student this fall. Her university education will demand a large portion of her time as will her duties as Miss Manitoba. The Miss Canada Pageant will be a wonderful experience for her: one that she will always remember.

Volcano With A Heart

(continued from page 20)

family was reasonably prosperous and Halldora sent them a bill, which they ignored. She sent several statements without response, then gave up. Twenty years later the farmer called her on the telephone. The boy was joining the army and, his birth never having been registered, he needed the doctor's signature in order to procure a birth certificate.

"When you pay the bill of twenty years standing," Halldora told him "Sigurdur will sign the paper."

She never heard from the man again and wisely refrained from telling her husband what she had done.

Sigurdur and my father were at opposite poles politically and crossfire between them often became venomous. I can conjure a weird picture of myself, as a toddler, hiding in terror behind my mother's skirts while the two men I was destined to love the most spat fire and brimstone at one another in the heat of a political argument.

In 1926 Arthur Meighen visited Lundar on a political campaign. Dad admired the Conservative leader, supported him, campaigned for him and named his youngest son after him. Sigurdur, on the other hand, considered him the personification of autocratic arrogance.

In the course of his address, Meighen said, "I am told that there is a man in the community who has gone abroad speaking in a foreign tongue and calling me a thief and a murderer."

Sigurdur, sitting in the audience, sprang to his feet. "Name the man!" he demanded.

"I understand you are the man. Is that right?"

"I have never said in so many words that you are a thief and a murderer,

but I have told people much of the truth about you. I have said that you are the most disgraceful prime minister Canada ever had. I have said that you were responsible for the Wartime Election Act, the Conscription Act and the Deportation Act; that you are hostile to the Hudson Bay Railroad; that you want to kill the Crow's Nest Pass; that it was your fault the old age assistance law was killed; that you hold a shield of defence over embezzlers within the government that you dishonor; and that you are the worst and most dangerous perpetrator of violence that ever lived in Canada!"

The Lundar Trading Store, presided over by my father and his partner, was Lundar's chess headquarters, and I suspect that the game often took precedence over business. Dad was engaged in a game one day when a drunken half-breed entered and proceeded to make a nuisance of himself. Dad found it impossible to concentrate under this distracting presence, so he grabbed the half-breed and sent him sailing out the door, assisted on his way by a well-aimed kick.

Sigurdur rounded the corner just as the half-breed landed in a heap on the sidewalk. Like Dad, Sigurdur hated drunkenness, but he considered drunkards as victims of a disease, while Dad regarded them as contemptible weaklings whose condition was self-imposed and therefore deserved no sympathy. Sigurdur walked into the store and proceeded to give Dad a tongue-lashing that reverberated across the entire village. A witness has told me that he marvelled at Dad's taking it in silence, but there was nothing else he could do. He had too much respect for Sigurdur to throw him out and that would

have been the only way to silence him.

But when Sigurdur was needed, quarrels were forgotten and he came. When my grandfather fell ill, Sigurdur was at the station, ready to board the train for Winnipeg. The message came that he was wanted and he went immediately to my father's house. He sat over the old man all night, and in the morning he saw him die.

There have been better medical technicians than Sigurdur, but what his brain couldn't do, his heart accomplished. His presence inspired his patients with confidence. He was so kind, so good, so understanding. He filled them with the spirit to fight off sickness. Sigurdur needn't have died to get to heaven. He carried it within his heart.

IV.

Sigurdur always had a profound interest in young people, and if they happened to have a bent towards literature, his interest was just that much greater. It was in this way that I became his literary godson.

He gave me one motto: "Never be a journalistic coward or a literary prostitute. Speak your convictions, be they popular or otherwise. Your pen won't change the world, but you can have a fine time trying."

During the final years of his life, Sigurdur saw everything that came from my pen almost as soon as it was written. When he found flaws in my style they were speedily removed, but never did he attempt to edit content.

The second issue of my magazine, *Vagabond*, contained the most controversial article I had written up to that time, a satire on the genealogical records so dear to Icelandic hearts. I was certain of castigation when I took it to Sigurdur, and his face as he read it was a study of conflicting emotions.

He would read a passage, flame flashing from his eyes, and I would brace myself for the charge. Then he would mutter, almost to himself, "En það er alveg satt, samt," and go on reading.

When he was finished, he said, "It will never be popular; you've butchered too many sacred cows for that. But is it what you believe?"

"Yes."

"Then print it."

In his last years, Sigurdur suffered frequently from recurrent illnesses, and I had to await permission from his wife before I could visit him. One Wednesday noon, a *Logberg* publication day, I was told that Sigurdur wanted to see me after work. When I got there, I found him in bed, his face sallow and drawn, his voice coming in hoarse whispers. I was sure I would never see him alive again.

"Komstu með *Logberg*?" he asked.

I nodded assent.

"Lestu það fyrir mig."

I started to read, hesitating over the unfamiliar Icelandic. As I went on, I gained confidence and Sigurdur seemed to understand. I could have read Chinese if he had wished it.

When I came the following day Sigurdur was shaved, rosy and had just returned from a drive. He wasn't ready to die yet.

Sigurdur translated two of my verses into Icelandic. In one instance he improved the effort so much that I translated the translation back into English and threw away the original.

In the last year of his life, he set me a task. "Read Icelandic," he said. "Never mind though it is difficult at first; keep on reading and understanding will come. Then translate the sagas and give them to the children."

I couldn't say no, but I dared not say yes. "I wish you were fifty years younger," I told him. "Then you could help me."

"Perhaps I will."

It was a long time before I thought again of Sigurdur's request. I was immersed in the publication of a book and thought little of anything else. But the day came when the last lines from the last page of type had been washed, removed from the form and returned to their case. The press stood silent and idle. The pages were folded, gathered and lay now on the book-binder's workbench awaiting his needle and thread. Autobiography of a Damned Fool was finished, and I was without an occupation. The long months of printing had left their mark and the very thought of standing at a press revolted me. I wouldn't look at a piece of type again until I had had a good, long rest. The making of books is a nerve-wracking occupation, the reading of them a soothing one, and I had a thousand volumes in my library just waiting for the moment when I should sit still long enough to enjoy their companionship.

I thought of Sigurdur and other old men who had inspired me with their wisdom, encouraged me with their words, and enriched me with their friendship. And I thought of bridging the gap that lay between us. The same blood flowed in our veins, the same

emotions stirred our hearts, but the same language didn't always flow from our lips. They had thrilled to the clash of Grettir's sword, had been haunted by folk tales of hobgoblins and ghosts, had laughed at the drollery of K. N. Julius, had had their hearts touched by Sigurdur Julius Johanneson—and they couldn't share the experience with their children, for they had emigrated to a new land and these things belonged to the old. With more gall than ability, I took Grettissaga in one hand and an Icelandic-English dictionary in the other and started in on the task Sigurdur had assigned to me.

But it was to another elderly friend, Oli Hallson of Eriksdale, that the lot fell of offering editorial assistance. On the eve of May 12, 1956, I was at Oli's house. That night I dreamed of Sigurdur—just a fleeting glance—and he said to me in Icelandic: "Arthur, I feel so much better now."

I knew then that Sigurdur was dead, and in the morning I returned to Winnipeg to find the premonition verified.

I phoned Halldora on my arrival and she asked me to be a pallbearer at the funeral. "I love you," she said, "for in so many ways you are like Sigurdur."

"They will all be young men," Halldora continued. "Sigurdur was a child at heart."

Therein lay his greatness.

You had so many traits, both strong and clear,
That could so well improve this earthly sphere.
There never was a problem of mankind
To which you wouldn't turn your soul and mind.
And while the blood ran briskly through your veins
We had no equal for your heart and brains.

And out of Iceland, was there not more need
And wider field for charitable deed?
The very loss your native land sustained
Her children who had crossed the ocean gained.
So far from home, on unfamiliar shores,
They needed such a sacrifice as yours.

The treasures which the rest of us pursue
With brawn and brain had little worth to you.
To heal the sick, that always was your aim.
You had no time mere worldly wealth to claim.
And though the poor lacked all accoutrement
You served them still, and never charged a cent.

You termed yourself an infidel, and yet
A truer Christian few have ever met.
The path of the Samaritan you trod
Without recourse to any "hand of God."
And as you freely gave your all to each
You practised what the churches only preach.

The road was steep and rough, the years were long.
Your frame was fragile, but your will was strong.
And when, at last, you tottered from the track,
You were the victor, for you could look back
On having lived for almost ninety years
And been the one to dry so many tears.

Centennial Report

Canadian Icelandic Centennial Committee

Readers are referred to the news item in the last number of this magazine entitled "To Establish a Leifur Eiriksson Commemoration Trust Fund."

As indicated in that news item a meeting was held in the Winnipeg Clinic, June 30, last. At that meeting it was decided that each of the Icelandic organizations in Winnipeg be asked to approve in principle the establishment of the Trust Fund and to appoint two from their respective organizations to be members of a permanent committee to carry out the purposes of the Fund and report back at a meeting to be held on July 21, in the Winnipeg Clinic.

At that meeting reports came back and the representation on the general committee was completed as follows:

The Icelandic National League —

Rev. P. M. Petursson
J. F. Kristjansson

The Icelandic Canadian Club —

Leifur J. Hallgrimson.
John J. Arnason.

The Icelandic Day Celebration Com.—

Eric Stefansson, M.P.
S. Alex Thorarinson.

Canada-Iceland Foundation —

Hon. W. J. Lindal, Q.C.
Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson

North American Publishing Co. Ltd. (publishers of Logberg-Heimskringla)

Dr. L. A. Sigurdson
K. W. Johannson.

The Icelandic Canadian —

Wilhelm Kristjanson
Miss Mattie Halldorson

The Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E.—

Mrs. H. F. Danielson
Miss Ena Anderson

Consul General —

G. L. Johannson.

Chair in Icelandic —

Prof. Haraldur Bessason.

The Committee, as above constituted, held a meeting, again in the Winnipeg Clinic, on August 4, to elect a central working committee and its officers.

At the meeting the following were elected as the Central Working Committee and Officers:

Chairman, Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson.
1st Vice-Chairman, Prof. Haraldur Bessason
2nd Vice-Chairman, Consul General G. L. Johannson
Treasurer, John L. Arnason
Secretary, S. Aleck Thorarinson
Assistant Secretary, J. F. Kristjansson
Member at large, Hon. W. J. Lindal, Q.C.

At that meeting Prof. Haraldur Bessason presented a proposal for the erection of a bronze plaque in Ottawa as a centennial project on which would appear appropriate excerpts from the Grænlandingasaga, setting out in suitable detail the discovery of America by Leifr Eiriksson, a native of Iceland, and the subsequent early voyages to America.

The proposal was unanimously accepted in principle, the exact wording and translations on the plaque to be given final approval at a subsequent meeting.

A luncheon meeting of the Central Working Committee was held in the home of Consul General G. L. Johannson on August 11, at which a draft of the wording on the proposed plaque was given careful consideration. A number of suggestions were made and the matter was referred back to Prof. Bessason to revise the wording and then to send a copy of the revision to each member of the Working Committee for further consideration.

The last meeting of the Central Committee was held on August 17, at the home of Prof. Haraldur Bessason.

At that meeting the final revised wording to be placed on the proposed plaque was approved.

The name of the general committee and the executive working committee was discussed at considerable length. It was felt that both the name Leifr Eiriksson and the word Centennial should be there but the words Canadian and Icelandic also had to be there and the name must not be too long. Finally it was unanimously agreed that the general committee be called "The Canadian Icelandic Centennial Committee" and that the trust fund be known as "The Canadian Icelandic Centennial Trust Fund".

The Chairman reported on the steps being taken to establish the needed contacts in Ottawa.—W.J.L.

J. E. Martin gives a Paper for the Manitoba Historical Society

One of the projects being considered for the near future is one that should be of concern to Manitobans of Icelandic descent, wherever located. This is an "operation clean attic", which would encourage the transfer of old documents from private homes and businesses to the Provincial Archives. There is no reason why Manitobans of Icelandic descent as well as others should wait for the Manitoba Historical Society to take the initiative in this matter.

Mr. Martin has been the Executive Secretary of the Manitoba Centennial Commission during the past year.

—W. K.

★

At the annual meeting of the Manitoba Historical Society, held on June 15, 1966, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Mr. Joseph E. Martin, gave a paper on an important event in the

early years of settlement in the Red River Valley, the battle of Seven Oaks. This tragic event took place on June 16, 1816, 150 years ago.

In his annual report, also presented at this meeting, Mr. Martin reviewed the Society's manifold activities during the past year. These included, besides the monthly addresses on Manitoba historical subjects, a popular field trip in September to the site of the former village of Millford, a familiar name to the readers of Nellie McClung's *Clearing in the West*, and to some of the Souris north fur-trading posts of 150 year ago.

The Society has in recent years sponsored a series of ethnic histories of Manitoba. Two of these have been published in the past year: *The Icelandic People in Manitoba*, by W. Kristjansson; and *All Things Common*, a history of the Hutterians, by Victor Peters.



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Report from N.A.T.O. Defence Conference

by Charles E. Dojack

In July a two-day NATO Defence Ministers' Conference was held in Paris. It was the first such Conference since France's disinterest in NATO. France's Armed Forces Minister did attend however, which would indicate that France still is interested in the activities of this group.

The British Defence Minister, Mr. Denis Healey, told the meeting of 14 Defence Ministers, that Great Britain's economic problems were very serious and that the drain on the foreign exchange caused by its troops in West Germany could only be resolved with financial help from other countries, particularly West Germany. According to Mr. Kai-Uwe Von Hassel, the West German Defence Minister, the West German Government has not resolved its decision regarding its contribution toward a greater share to the financial upkeep of the British Army of the Rhine. If help was not to come very soon Britain will likely reduce its Rhine Army by some 20,000 men. It now has 52,000 men in its Rhine Army.

Canada's Minister of National Defence, Mr. Paul Hellyer's main contribution at this NATO meeting was recognition of his mobile forces program. The Conference gave special attention to the part which the Allied Command Europe Mobile Force could play. NATO gave directions for the development of financial arrangements for this force. Mr. Hellyer offered a second Canadian battalion for this force. This battalion will be selected from established forces now in Canada.

U.S. Defence Secretary Mr. Robert McNamara, supported the principle of an annual defence planning review on a five-year basis. He stressed the need for improving the process of reviewing the defence efforts of member countries, and urged a greater contribution by member countries. Mr. McNamara warned that the United States was carrying too big a share of Europe's defence both in manpower and dollar support.

The process of moving NATO to Brussels is progressing slowly. Brussels has its problems at the moment and does not appear too enthusiastic. Canada's Defence Minister, Paul Hellyer, is most optimistic in hoping to have all Canadian units out of France by the deadline next April. He also pointed out that his efforts to have the children's move delayed until the end of the school year next June is gaining support from the French Government.

Generally speaking this NATO Conference did have considerable disorganization and a lesser significance than expected. The Alliance appeared to be in a somewhat depressing state. This could be due mainly to the French eviction notice and the costly and wasteful process in moving NATO to Brussels. One of the most assuring notes of the Conference was the 14 ministers re-affirming their determination in pursuit of their objective "of maintaining peace and security, to continue to take all measures to provide a deterrent to war and to ensure the defence and integrity of the North Atlantic Area."

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The Bravest Little Boy I Ever Met

The following account appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press column "Coffee Break". April 8, of this year:

GOOD FRIDAY, so full of significance to the world, seems like a most appropriate day to tell you about the bravest little boy I have ever met. His name is Donald Solvason, of Woodlands, Man., and he'll be 16 on April 18.

I spent a wonderful afternoon at the modest home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Armann Solvason, and also met Donald's two extremely polite brothers. In most ways, Don is just about like any other Manitoba lad of his age.

He loves sports, watches just about everything he can of the sporting world; most of it through the medium of television. And of course he does his school work, although in this department I'd say he's way above average. His mother let me check some of Don's Christmas exams. He had 97 in his French term paper and 96½ in spelling on what was the neatest exam paper I've ever seen.

You'll realize how amazing the last part of it is when you consider the circumstances. You see, Donald Solvason is almost completely helpless and does his exams with a pencil held in his mouth. Since birth his arms and legs have been useless and he is almost fully paralyzed.

But when fate dealt him this blow at birth it compensated by giving him an indomitable spirit and cheerful nature that makes his mind master of his body.

Up until about 18 months ago Don-

lands because he could sit up partially in a special wheelchair. The schooling was really made possible by the principal there at the time, Mrs. Jonina E. Wood, who could see no reason why the boy shouldn't be in school.

Don was very happy in school with the company of other young people, but 18 months ago doctors in Winnipeg tried to operate in order to help relieve his disability. Unfortunately the operation was a failure and made things worse because it left Donald unable to even sit up anymore.

This meant he had to leave school. Now he is forced to lie down all the time in a slightly twisted position. Even writing with the pencil in his mouth is an extremely difficult task.

"But he never gives up," said his mother Marie Solvason, who spends many hours with him reading to the boy or turning the pages so he can read himself.

Being away from school makes it a much more lonely life for the lad. He keeps up with Grade 9 through the Manitoba department of education correspondence course.

"I'd like to get through Grade 12 at least," Don smiled as I admired the tremendous work he did on all of his examination papers.

But it won't be easy for the young boy who spends most of his life in the living room of the spotlessly clean little home. Don is well aware of his desperate disability, but he optimistically says that some day he'd like to be a sports announcer.

I wondered to myself as I sat there if there wasn't some device that would make Donald's life a little easier. Per-

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haps a remote control TV set he could operate with the pencil in his mouth. Or a gadget that would flash the pages of a book automatically on a ceiling such as I've seen in U.S. hospitals.

Frankly, Donald Solvason and his family don't ask for or seek anything. And the last thing in the world they want is sympathy. But with a birthday coming up, I know some cards would be appreciated by Don, particularly from sports personalities.

I'm grateful that Mrs. Wood, who is now a teacher here at Sargent Park School, made it possible for me to meet and know the Solvason family—especially Donald. It was a revelation and made a deep impression on me.

There's an old saying that just about everyone has a cross of some kind to bear. Donald Solvason bears his with more dignity and lack of fear than anyone I know.

Donald is taking the full Grade IX course with the Correspondence Branch of the Department of Education and is doing excellent work. His writing is clear and good, much better than that of many people with the full use of their hands. —W.K.

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GRADUATES, SCHOLARSHIP AND AWARD WINNERS

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA — 1966 GRADUATES

RICHARD THOMAS JOHNSON
(B.A. from Reed College, Texas), re-
ceived the degree of Master of Arts
(M.A.) in English. His father is John S
Johnson, the president of the Icelandic
Old Folks Home Society. Richard was
born in Chicago in 1938.

GERALD DUANE PALSSON, (B.Sc.
from U.B.C.), received the degree of
Bachelor of Library Science (B.L.S.).
He lives in Kinnaird, B.C.

DAVID JOHANN JOHANNSSON,
received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.
He is the son of J. B. Johannsson, the
treasurer of Strondin.

COURTNEY GRANT PALSSON, re-
ceived the degree of Bachelor of Arts.
He comes from Kinnaird, B.C.

JULITH ANN THORFINNSEN, re-
ceived the degree of Bachelor of Arts.
She comes from Kelowna, B.C.

SVAVAR TRYGGVASON, received
the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Born
in Iceland in 1944 and came to Can-
ada in 1953. Son of Svavar and Svein-
bjorg Tryggvason, of Richmond, B.C.

ALBERT LEONARD SIGURDSON,
received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.
He lives in N. Vancouver, B.C.

GORDON ALEXANDER OLAFS-
SON, (B.P.E. from U.B.C.), received
the degree of Master of Physical Edu-
cation (M.P.E.). He is from Vancouver,
B. C.

JOHN MICHAEL REYKDAL, re-

ceived degree of Bachelor of Science.
He comes from Haney, B.C.

BENEDICT EDWARD THORLAK-
SON, received the degree of Bachelor
of Science in Agriculture. He comes
from Vernon, B. C.

DAVID FRANKLIN BJARNASON,
received the degree of Doctor of Med-
icine.

Those named above are definately
of Icelandic origin. Those who follow
are possibly of Icelandic origin as well.

ELIZABETH ANN STEPHENSON,
received Bachelor of Arts, Vancouver.

KENNETH D. ERICKSON, received
Bachelor of Arts, Powell River.

TIVE JENNIFER LINDAL, received
Bachelor of Education, (secondary).

DONNA MAE VALGARDSON, re-
ceived Bachelor of Education, (Elemen-
tary) from S. Burnaby.

ERIC GOODMAN, received Bachelor
of Education, (Secondary), from S.
Burnaby.

ARTHUR RICHARD OLSON, re-
ceived Bachelor of Education, (Elemen-
tary).

PRUDIK JOHN LINDAL, received
Bachelor of Science.

UNA MARGARET DOBSON,
(B.S.W. from Manitoba) received
Master of Social Work (M.S.W.).

GARY VIKING HERMAN JOHN-
SON, received Bachelor of Com-
merce, New Westminster.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA 1966 GRADUATES

The following are Manitoba University graduates of 1966, who are descended from Icelandic pioneers but are the product of mixed marriages. The three listed are all related, being the great-grandchildren of the Icelandic pioneers Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Jonsson, of Riverton (Icelandic River) 1883 to 1888, and later of 645 Elgin Ave., Winnipeg.

CAROL DAWN JOHNSON, B.A., daughter of Donald Morris Johnson and June (nee Bowman)—and granddaughter of J. Bergman Johnson and Emily (nee Morris).

PAUL IVAN HART, B.A., son of Gerald Hart and Emily (nee Johnson) and grandson of John Johnson and Maria (nee Valdason).

ARTHUR JOHNSON BARTON, B. of Sc. and Education Certificate—son of Arthur Barton and Anna (nee Johnson) and grandson of Thorgils (Gillis) Johnson and Gudrun Rosa (nee Hall-dorson).

NOTE: We are indebted to J. Bergman Johnson for sending us this list of graduates which we had overlooked in our original list. As it is getting more and more difficult to get all the names from the University lists, it would be appreciated if parents and relatives sent us the names of graduates and scholarship winners, especially if the names do not give a clear indication of Icelandic descent. —S.H.

★

Marvin R. Borgford of Arborg was one of five Manitobans among 30 post-graduate students who in May, last, were awarded \$3,000 fellowships each in community planning by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

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IN THE NEWS

At the annual meeting of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities eastern district convention held at Ashern, Man. in June, Kari Byron of Lundar, Man. was made an honorary member in recognition of his 35 years as Reeve of the Rural Municipality of Coldwell and close to 20 years as an executive on the board of the Union. Prior to becoming reeve he was a councillor for two years.

★

Squadron Leader A. K. (Art) Swainson of Winnipeg this summer took over duties with the integrated legal staff at air division headquarters of the Royal Canadian Air Force at Metz, France. While at Metz Squadron Leader Swainson will be responsible for handling legal matters concerning personnel serving with all R.C.A.F. units in France and Germany. He had served at training command headquarters in Winnipeg for two years prior to going overseas. He was accompanied by his wife, the former Marion Olson, daughter of Mrs. Cathrine Olson, and their three daughters, Cathy, Nancy and Signy. Squadron Leader Swainson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingi Swainson of Winnipeg.

★

Mr. and Mrs. Eggert S. Felsted of Vancouver, B.C. in February were honored by family and friends at their home at 4376 McKenzie Street on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. They were married in Manitoba in 1916 by the late Rev. N. Steingrimur Thorlaksson and subsequently lived in Winnipeg for 37 years before leaving in 1953 to make their home in Vancouver. Mr. and Mrs. Feldsted have five children. They are

Beatrice, Mr. Ron Rutherford of San Matao, California, Carol, Mrs. Ross Wilson of Seattle, Wash., Dr. Egger T. of St. Barbara, Cal., Elaine, Mrs. Edward Carlestrom of Seattle and Robert John Cecil, also of Seattle. There are 19 grandchildren.

★

Paul Bjarnason of Vancouver was one of four British Columbia writers who received awards in March from the Vancouver and Mainland branch of the Canadian Authors' Association in recognition of their work. Mr. Bjarnason, a poet and translator, was honored both for his writings and his translations of Icelandic poetry. Honored with him were Bertrand W. Sinclair of Pender Harbor, novelist and short story writer, Hubert Evans of Roberts Creek, novelist, and Mildred Valley Thornton of Vancouver, artist, critic and writer.

★

Harrill Bjornson in May was appointed news editor of the Winnipeg Tribune, succeeding G. R. Goodman who was named managing editor of the paper. Mr. Bjornson, 32, will have charge of international, national and local news. He was born at Punnichy, Saskatchewan, the son of Mrs. Lilja Bjornson (nee Eyrickson) and the late Kristinn H. Bjornson who lived at Wynyard, Sask. for some years before moving to Winnipeg. Mr. Bjornson began his journalistic career with United Press International and later was on the editorial staff of the Edmonton Journal. He joined the Tribune in 1962 and, prior to his appointment as news editor, was telegraph editor. He is married with four children.

★

A scoutmaster and five members of the Second Gimli Scout Troop in May were selected to represent Manitoba at the Boy Scout Jamboree which was

the right place for Ford

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held in Iceland in July. They were Scoutmaster Len Thordarson, Queen's Scouts Brian Cook and Neil Sanders, and Scouts Douglas Thordarson and Kris Kardal.

★

THE MANITOBA PROVINCIAL ELECTION

At the last provincial election in Manitoba held on June 23rd, 1966 Canadians of Icelandic origin had the distinction of winning five seats. That accomplishment must be read in the light of the census figures which in the census of 1961 were as follows:

Population of Manitoba	921,686
Icelandic ethnic group	14,547

It is noteworthy that the five elected belong to three political parties: the Progressive Conservatives, the Liberals and the New Democrats. It should also be noted that in the constituency of Lac du Bonnet, won by Oscar Bjornson, there are virtually no. what might be called Icelandic votes, and in Rock Lake, won by a newcomer, Henry J. Einarson the percentage of Icelandic votes is relatively very small.

The five who were elected are:

Hon. Geo. Johnson, in Gimli Constituency, Prog. Con., who has been in the Roblin government since it took office in 1958.

Elman K. Guttormson, in St. George constituency, Liberal, who was first elected to the Manitoba legislature in a by-election in December 1956, and has been re-elected in every provincial election since that time. Mr. Guttormson works for the Winnipeg Free Press.

Oscar Ferdinand Bjornson, Prog. Cons., was first elected in the General election of 1959, and was re-elected in 1962 and again last summer. Mr. Bjornson was technical adviser for five years to the Government of India during the last war. He resides at Lac du Bonnet.

Rev. Philip M. Petursson, N.D.P., was elected for the first time to the Manitoba legislature in the last election. He is a retired Unitarian Minister and is President of The Icelandic National League. He resides at 681 Banning St., Winnipeg.

Henry John Einarson of Baldur, Man., is another newcomer, being elected on the Progressive Conservative ticket in the last election for Rock Lake constituency. He served three years in the last war and has since that time been engaged in what is called mixed farming, grain producing and stock raising. He specializes at growing seed wheat.

To them all The Icelandic Canadian extends congratulations.

W.J.L.

★

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

September 5, was the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Guttormur and Olavia Finnbogason of Winnipeg. Mrs. Finnbogason is a daughter of Pall S. and Halldora Bardal, Winnipeg pioneers.

Three years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Finnbogason moved to Lundar, Man., where they lived until 1933 when they came back to Winnipeg.

The Finnbogasons have five sons: Paul Johann of Brandon; Thomas Oscar, Allan Bardal and Wilmar Herbert, all of Winnipeg and David Christian of Edmonton. Four of the sons served in World War II, all in the R.C.A.F. Chris was too young.

Mr. and Mrs. Finnbogason, together with their five sons, all married and bringing up children, are one of those large Icelandic families which are adding lustre equally to their heritage and the fabric of Canadian citizenship.

★



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At the Icelandic Celebration Day at Gimli there is a parade in which a number of floats appear. This year the winning float was that of "Tip Top Meats." The driver of the float was Joey T. Arnason representing a Viking. Beside him in Icelandic costume was Mrs. B. E. Johnson of Winnipeg. The float included eight young girls in Icelandic costume.

★ JANET MADDIN ADDS TO HER LAURELS

Competing in the British Empire Games in Jamaica last August was seventeen-year old Janet Maddin, of Winnipeg. Her events were the 220 yards, the 440 and the relay. She cleared the semi-finals in the 440, but did not survive the finals. The Canadian relay team placed fourth in their event.

Later in the month, on August 29, Janet competed at the Canadian Age Class track and field meet at Richmond, British Columbia. There she won four gold medals, in the juvenile women's 100, 220 and 400 yards, and the 4x110 relay, where she was anchor leg for the winning Manitoba team.

At this meet, Janet set new Canadian records for the age class competition in the 220 and the 440, 24.7 seconds

and 56.4 seconds, respectively, but her best in open competition is 23.6 seconds in the 220, a Canadian record, and 55.1 seconds in the 440 yards.

—W.K.

★ EINAR ARNASON PRESIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY OF WINNIPEG.

Einar Arnason, of Winnipeg, was elected in June, 1966, President of the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg. He also serves as president of the Indian Metis and Friendship Centre and chairman of the Indian and Metis Conference of Manitoba and is Lt.-Col. in the Canadian Reserve Force.

Mr. Arnason is president of Plaxlab Products of Winnipeg.

★
Professor Barney Stephanson and six children of Edmonton, Alta. this summer took up residence for one year in Trinidad where Prof. Stephanson will lecture in agricultural engineering during the coming term at the University of Trinidad. They were to be joined in September by daughter Ann who will be attending Trinidad University during the coming term.

★
Dr. Thorvaldur Johnson, distinguished Manitoba plant scientist, this summer was named a Fellow of the American Phytopathological Society, a group concerned with plant diseases. Dr. Johnson, who is a scientist at the federal department research station at Winnipeg, was given the award for his long-term service to the field of plant pathology and outstanding contribution to plant research.

★
Baldur Rosmund Stefanson of Vestfold, Man. received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Manitoba last spring. Mr. Stefanson is employed in the plant science department of the



Baldur Rosmund Stefanson

university. He is the son of the late Gudmundur and Jonina Stefanson of Vestfold. His wife is the former Sigga Westdal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Westdal. ★

Leonard Vopnfjord of Winnipeg last spring was awarded a Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation second-year planning fellowship worth \$3,500. Mr. Vopnfjord, who is the son of Prof. and Mrs. Axel Vopnfjord of 1206 Dominion Street, Winnipeg, received his bachelor of commerce degree from the University of Manitoba in 1965 and completed his first year of a master's course in urban and regional planning at the University of

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Washington this year. He will attend the University of British Columbia during the coming term.

★

Raymond Stephanson, pianist from Elfros, Sask., won top mark of 88 in the piano solo concert group, senior open class, at the music festival at Saskatoon, Sask. last spring. The runner-up scored 85. Mr. Stephanson is a pupil of Lyle Gustin of Saskatoon.

★

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bjarnason of Victoria, B.C. continue to advance in the field of education. Last spring at the University of British Columbia their youngest son, David, received his degree in medicine

and is now an intern at Civic Hospital in Ottawa. Son Harold Jr. is working on a thesis for his Ph.D. degree in economics at Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A. He received his B.A. degree from the University of Manitoba, then went to Iceland on a year's scholarship. Later he attended State College of South Dakota and obtained his master's degree in science. After completing his theses this fall he will take over a position with the Canadian Wheat Board in Winnipeg. Daughter Carol Gudveig, Mrs. William Foster of Courtenay, B.C. graduated as a registered nurse from Winnipeg General Hospital, then obtained her diploma in public health nursing from the University of British Columbia in 1965. Mr. Bjarnason Sr. was a merchant at Gimli, Man. for many years before moving to the Pacific coast.

★

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Investors Syndicate of Can. Ltd.	50	Thorarinson, S. A.	4
John Leckie Ltd.	7	Thorlakson, Dr. P. H. T.	6
Leland Hotel	51	Viking Printers	3
Drs. C. and S. Malkin	4	Vopni, R. B. and Co.	3
Man. Com. on Alcoholic Educ.	61	Westbrook Medical Centre	4
Manitoba Pool Elevators	46	Western Paint Co. Ltd.	7
Manitoba Hydro	2	Whitehall Laundry	5
Manitoba Sugar Co. Ltd.	56	Winnipeg Hydro Electric System	58
Montreal Trust	8	The Icelandic People in Manitoba	62
Macdonald Shoe Store Ltd.	52		

the case of the SPOUSE of a SOUSE

- If your husband (or wife) is an alcoholic, your life is pretty rugged.
- Meal times are uncertain. Social affairs are a terrible risk.
- Bad temper, abuse, violence threaten.
- Accidents, even death are a possibility.
- Trouble with the police may happen any day.
- The home budget hasn't balanced in years!
- If you're fed up, if you're desperate, there is help.
- Al-Anon is a fellowship of people with the same problems, sharing them to find answers and help each other. Anyone with an alcoholic in the family is welcome.
- The Alcoholism Foundation of Manitoba and the Salvation Army Harbour Light help families as well as the alcoholic.

If you can't take it any more,
if you're crying for HELP,
CALL OR WRITE

Al-Anon
c/o Alcoholics Anonymous of Greater Winnipeg - 942-1462
181 Pioneer Avenue, WINNIPEG 1

Alcoholism Foundation of Manitoba — 453-1044
124 Nassau Street, WINNIPEG 13

or
Salvation Army Harbour Light — 943-6573
221 Rupert Avenue, WINNIPEG 2

*They can help you with your problems.
They may help you with your alcoholic!*

66-22

CLARKS

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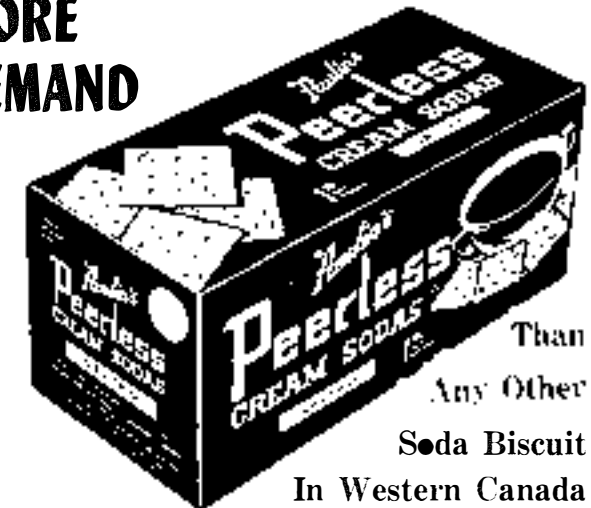
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OPEN 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. MONDAY thru SATURDAY

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