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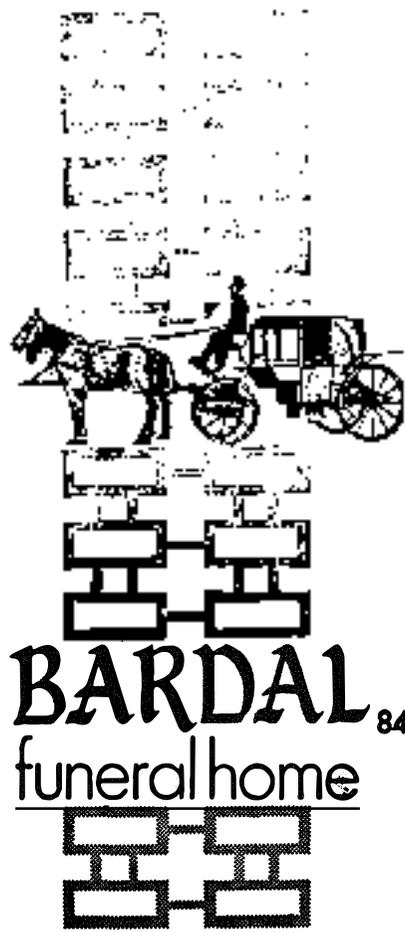
SPRING 1973

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The Icelandic Canadian

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Winnipeg, Canada

Spring 1973

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GUEST EDITORIAL — from Iceland

THE NATION IS AS ONE

Once again we Icelanders have been reminded that while we enjoy the comforts of our daily lives, the natural forces of our country may menace the lives of the people and disrupt our environment and way of life.

Our country has been built and fashioned by the fire that lurks in the bowels of the earth, this force of nature which has the power to form a new land and to reduce a verdant countryside to a desert.

Volcanic eruptions have for a long time been one of the plagues that have affected our land and people. Some twenty volcanic eruptions in the course of a century, or one every five years, have on the average afflicted our land and people since first settlement. Nevertheless today's generation has been rather inclined to look on this ancient evil as having lost its potency, albeit its splendor still served as a source of harmless variety for us.

Yet it is not two hundred years since the *Skaftá* eruption which caused the Icelandic people the greatest hardship in their history and brought one-fifth of the population to their graves.

However, it has been our good fortune in this century that loss of life and material damage from volcanic eruptions may be said to have been minimal in comparison with what was in the past.

The eruption which began in Heimaey in the Westman Islands the night before last is unique in this

country in that never before have volcanic flames erupted at the doorstep of a populous town since towns began to develop in Iceland a good two centuries ago.

Nearly all the inhabitants have now been evacuated from the Westman Islands, because of the obvious danger threatening. People were forced to abandon their homes and valuables and cherished mementoes to launch out into the unknown, infants at their mothers' breast and the incapacitated aged alike.

Yet the forces of nature along with the trials they caused, had this blessing in store that there was no loss of life.

It is now the unanimous wish of our nation that the inhabitants of the Islands may soon be able to return to their cherished homes and their employment, useful for the country.

The Westman Islands and the nearby fishing grounds have for ages past been a veritable treasure trove, a chest of gold—in earlier times for a foreign king; in recent times for the Icelandic nation itself. Some 15 per cent of all Iceland's exports have been from the Westman Islands. This has been one of the chief pillars of our national economy. This is due not only to bountiful fishing grounds but also to the remarkable enterprise and industry of the inhabitants. The people of the Westman Islands will not readily



Courtesy of Lögberg-Heimskringla

ship their oars even if adverse winds blow temporarily, but rather they will tackle anew their constructive, productive work, if at all possible", as Garðar Sigurðson, the member of Althing for the Westman Islands said today, when interviewed by Þjóðviljinn.

Þjóðviljinn endorses wholeheartedly the words of President Kristján Eldjárn in his broadcast to the nation yesterday.

"This is a great calamity for the people of the Westman Islands and for the whole nation, and at that what the extent of the calamity will be is

as yet not evident. But assuredly it is already evident that all hands are outstretched to salvage what can be salvaged. This is most certainly a matter of concern for the entire nation. The people of the Westman Islands may be assured of this.

It requires less than a catastrophe such as this to bring home to the Icelandic people that this small nation is like a large family, which realizes that what befalls one befalls all."

—W. K.

Transl. from the Icelandic paper Þjóðviljinn, January 24, 1973.



Courtesy of Kristján Magnússon, Reykjavik, Iceland

From news reports of the volcanic disaster that befell Heimaey the homes, as seen in this picture, have been destroyed by falling embers of molten lava, or by the intense heat.

The Westman Islands Disaster Relief Fund

From the sanctuary afforded us by great distance, we can imagine and even sense the horror and utter dismay experienced by the people of the Westman Islands, situated off the south coast of Iceland, when the roar and fury of the volcanic eruption burst upon them and suddenly threatened complete and permanent destruction of their homes and their means of livelihood.

Five thousand and four hundred of our kinsmen were forced to flee across a broad stretch of the North Atlantic, leaving behind all their cherished possessions to be consumed by fire or covered by many feet of hot volcanic lava and ash.

It has been estimated that twenty per cent of the source of income from export of the Icelandic nation was swept away by this dreadful holocaust.

Many thousands of Canadian and American citizens of Icelandic descent and many friends are now wondering what they can do, individually and collectively, under these tragic circumstances.

An emergency Committee has been formed to provide an immediate opportunity to contribute to a Disaster Relief Fund. We hereby send out an urgent appeal to everyone to respond generously and quickly by sending their cheques, made payable to The Canada Iceland Foundation, to the following address: 708 - 291 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 0B9.

Please mark your cheques, in the lower left corner, "Westman Islands Disaster Relief Fund". Donations will be acknowledged by official receipts and by a notice in the Icelandic Weekly Newspaper.

Signed on behalf of The Westman Islands Disaster Relief Fund,

Stefan Stefanson, Chairman

S. A. Thorarinson

Grettir L. Johannson

Paul H. T. Thorlakson, M.D.

Skuli Johannsson

tremendous possibilities of our Canadian North.

Doorway to development . . .

Canada has taken the first physical step toward building the long-awaited highway to the Arctic. A work camp has been set up at Fort Simpson, in the Northwest Territories, to house men who will be clearing land for the highway's 600-mile northern leg.

Government plans visualize a road reaching north from Fort Simpson — 650 miles north of Edmonton — to the Mackenzie delta settlement of Tuktoyaktuk, on the Arctic Ocean.

The Mackenzie Highway could be to the north what the Canadian Pacific Railway was to the west a century ago, the doorway to development.

The opening of the north has been part of the Canadian dream since shortly after Confederation, when infant Canada took over vast territories from the Hudson's Bay Company.

But an inhospitable climate and rough terrain have been enduring obstacle to the building of the transportation corridors needed to bring people and resources together on a large scale.

★

BRITISH COLUMBIA AIDS ICELANDERS

Provincial secretary Ernie Hall announced that British Columbia is sending \$25,000.00 to a relief fund for victims of recent volcanic eruptions in Iceland.

Hall said the money will come from the government's agricultural aid to developing countries and world disaster area fund.

RED RIVER LAND HISTORICAL ESSAY CONTEST

The Red River Valley Historical Society has announced March 1, 1973, as the deadline for its ninth annual contest.

The contest is open to all students in Grades 6 to 12 in the Manitoba, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota Red River Valley.

The contest is designed to record local history and preserve the heritage of the Red River Valley.

Features of the 1972-73 contest include more than \$200 in awards and scholarships to winners and a certificate of participation to each entrant. In addition, first place essays will be published in the Red River Historian.

Topics for the 1973 contest are: folklore of Red River land, biography of a Red River land pioneer, a place or artifacts of historical interest and a Red River land event of historical interest.

More than 3,000 essay kits have been mailed to schools throughout the Red River Valley.

Additional kits and information can be obtained by writing to Don Myr-old, executive director, Red River Historical Society, Minard Hall, North Dakota State University, Fargo 58102.

It will be sent to the Icelandic government through Canada's honorary consul-general in Reykjavik and go into a government fund there to help thousands of Icelanders who lost their homes as a result of the eruptions in the Westman Islands.

—Vancouver Sun Feb. 16

NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR THE CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION

On December 21, 1972, the Board of Directors of the Canada-Iceland Foundation passed the following resolutions:

1. That the Board of Directors of the Canada-Iceland Foundation agree to transfer the direction and control of the Foundation to a new Board, which will be representative of the Icelandic community.
2. That the officers of the Board be authorized to call a special meeting with three or more representatives present from each of the local Icelandic organizations. The purpose of this meeting will be that of discussing the objectives of the Foundation and its potentially important role in the community as the custodian of trust funds created to support educational and cultural activities as enumerated in the Charter.
3. To ask each of the following organizations to appoint one member to a new Board consisting of fourteen members:
 1. The Icelandic National League
 2. The Icelandic Canadian Club
 3. The Lögberg-Heimskringla Publishing Company Limited
 4. The Icelandic Canadian Magazine
 5. The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba—Íslendingadagurinn
 6. The Icelandic Cultural Corporation Inc.

7. The Jón Sigurdson Chapter of the I.O.D.E.
8. Canada-Iceland Foundation

This group will then be asked to appoint six additional members from the community at large.

It was further agreed that at the special meeting the Chairman of The Canada-Iceland Foundation, Mr. Grettir E. Eggertson, would explain the purpose and the function of the Foundation and the reasons why it must now be reorganized.

* * *

The special meeting mentioned above was held at the Parish Hall, 480 Victor Street on Tuesday, January 9th, 1973 at 8 p.m. with some twenty-five members from the above organizations in attendance. The Chairman, Mr. G. E. Eggertson explained that the Charter of the Foundation prohibits the officers of the Foundation from taking active part in the deliberations at hand.

After the purpose of the meeting had been discussed at some length, the unanimous agreement was reached "that the present gathering of representatives of various organizations place the plan outlined above before their respective organizations and ask each of them to appoint one member to serve on the new Board of Canada-Iceland Foundation."

The Secretary of The Canada-Iceland Foundation was then asked to read out the following main objectives

of the Foundation as laid down in its Charter Agreement. These are as follows:

*The main objectives of the Canada-Iceland Foundation as laid down in the Charter Agreement are:

1. To foster and strengthen the cultural bonds between Canada and Iceland.
2. To promote an understanding and appreciation of the related Icelandic and Canadian heritage in the fields of representative government and the rule of law.
3. To encourage and give assistance to the establishment and maintenance of Icelandic as one of the subjects in post-graduate and honour courses in English.
4. To assist or give scholarships to students studying Icelandic at Canadian Universities.
5. To assist Canadians of Icelandic descent in the study and enjoyment of,

and the production of, works in the arts, humanities, and social sciences.

6. To award scholarships to and otherwise assist students from Iceland to attend Canadian Universities, and students from Canada to attend the University of Iceland.
7. To encourage and give assistance to the translation of Icelandic literature into English and Canadian literature into Icelandic.
8. To encourage and give assistance to visits and performances and exhibitions and publications of Icelandic artists in Canada and Canadian artists in Iceland.
9. To assist in the collection and preservation of works of art, handicrafts, books, periodicals, manuscripts and documents by or relating to the people of Iceland or people of Icelandic descent.

* From "A Chapter in the History of Canada" by Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson — Icelandic Canadian Magazine, Summer 1961.

DR. P. H. T. THORLAKSON HONORED

Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson, of Winnipeg was selected in September 1972, as one of three prominent Western Canadians to receive the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews coveted and distinguished National Human Relations Award.

The Award is presented each year to those deserving Canadians who have contributed in promoting understanding and cooperation among the people of Canada and is in recognition of outstanding service to the community and humanity.

Recently Dr. Thorlakson was also honored at a special ceremony held in Chicago when he was made an Honorary Fellow of the American College of Hospital Administrators.



Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson

LAKE WINNIPEG FISHERMAN

Larus A. Sigurdson, M.D.

BY BOAT FROM GIMLI TO EAST DOGHEAD

On a cold October evening at the age of seventeen I became a Lake Winnipeg fisherman when I stepped from the Gimli Dock and boarded the small, but powerful, Manitoba Transportation Company's tug "Garry".

The wind was blowing into a real October storm when we left, and by the time we were about ten miles out of Gimli the wind had increased in intensity and the waves were high enough to wash over the bow of the boat. Since the Garry was quite short, it rose very high at the bow with each wave and as the wave passed, the stern rose completely out of the water, causing the propellers to spin wildly in the air until the engineer slowed down the engines. I tried to sleep on the cordwood pile and on the floor of the engine room but without success.

Next day we arrived in the Narrows between West Doghead and East Doghead. We docked at East Doghead after having traveled for about one hundred miles. We slept that night in an icehouse owned by my cousin S. V. Sigurdson. This was to be our sleeping quarters until we had built our cabin.

BUILDING OUR WINTER FISHING LOG CABIN

Early next morning John Johnson, who was the boss, selected a campsite and we began to work. First we clear-

ed the moss and the topsoil from a fairly large flat granite rock to a depth of about two feet. We then took our axes and worked in two gangs. John and Magnus Martin worked together and my best friend Lawrence, John's brother, age nineteen, and I aged seventeen, worked together cutting down tall pine trees. We cut off the branches and carried these heavy green logs to the clearing that we had made. We shaped the logs there and started to build. Stefan, John's youngest brother, age fifteen, stuffed the moss between the logs and busied himself with the cooking. Soon the cabin was built, with two small windows and one door made with boards. We made bunks and a table and shaped logs for stools. Lawrence and I made our own bunk and in place of mattresses used spruce branches. Finally we built kennels for the dogs.

GETTING OUR NETS IN ORDER

Day by day the weather became colder and finally the waves ceased and the lake became very cold and calm. We knew that this was our opportunity to row across the lake, a distance of nearly three miles, to get stones from West Doghead for our nets. East Doghead had no suitable stones because of the peculiar geological formation. We would be fishing in the Narrows between East and West Doghead, where the current was strong and the depth was about seventy feet. If we had used leads the nets would have been swept away. John

sent Lawrence and me to row across the lake in a skiff. We reached West Doghead and half filled the skiff with suitable stones. On the way back we saw, to our dismay, an enormous ice flow heading towards us from the North. It was pointed and threatened to cut us off. Our lives depended on the next few minutes so Lawrence said we would have to row as we had never rowed before to get on the East side of the point of ice before we were cut off. Needless to say, we made it, and rested on our oars for a long time before completing our return journey. The next two weeks we prepared our nets and gear for the winter fishing.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Early on a bright sunny morning we went down to the shore and were delighted to see that the lake had frozen over and it would only be a matter of days until we would be out fishing through the beautiful enormous ice stretching out before us as far as the eye could see. I took a small stone and threw it on the ice and saw it glide over the ice for an incredible distance. Although I had seen the ice freeze over in Gimli many times, this was different, for now, for the first time I would be fishing through it in order to make a living. A few days later John judged that the ice was over three inches thick and it would be safe to start fishing. We got into our clothes, harnessed the seven dogs and put out our nets and other gear into the sleighs. In order to be able to walk on the smooth ice we attached iron cleats to our boots. After travelling south for about three miles John stopped and cut an oblong hole into the ice and we began to set our

nets. How we lay nets under ice that is anywhere from three inches to three feet thick has puzzled many people.

THE JIGGER

In order to get the nets under the ice some of the fishermen used boards nailed together and pushed them with the running line by cutting holes in order to push it the length of the net, anywhere from thirty to sixty yards. Somebody invented a time-saving device which came to be known as a "Jigger". It has been said that Helgi Sveinsson of Lundar invented the Jigger. In any case, it is a cedar plank shaped like a boat, about twelve feet long and ten inches wide near the front and five inches wide at the back. It is fitted with a metal mechanism in a slot cut in the plank that pushes the Jigger forward each time the rope is pulled. In this way we were able to see through the ice the Jigger shoot forward each time that John pulled the rope. When he had worked the jigger thirty yards we cut another hole and pulled up the running rope. It was simple to pull the net between the two holes. This explains why it is possible to set nets under the ice that may be anywhere from three inches to three feet. We continued to do this until we had about twenty nets in a line. For the next few days we were very busy setting out nets for a distance of three miles to the south and north of our winter fishing camp.

The day after we set our nets we began to lift them, beginning with the first set. We caught fish of many types, such as pickerel, whitefish, tullibee, goldeyes, pike, catfish, saugers and perch. Pickerel and whitefish were in great demand.

In order to remove the fish from the nets, we pulled the net out of the

water a little at a time; working in the cold water, with Icelandic woolen mitts on our hands, were able to work fast. Fish were plentiful and they flew through the air, landing on the ice where they would flip their tails a few times and then lie still and freeze. When one pair of mitts were encrusted with ice, we took out another pair and continued without interruption.

One day while I was pulling a net out of a hole in the ice and walking backwards, I suddenly fell through another hole and flung out my hands instinctively, thus saving myself from being dragged under the ice by the very strong current. John told me to continue working for another two to three hours until we were ready to go back because I was needed.

The weather became colder with each passing day and then it snowed, covering the ice. Then the wind blew and snow drifts were piled very high in places. During blizzards we did not go out and on the other days we went south and lifted our nets there. In the afternoon we went North towards Black Bear Island where we had another string of nets. One day we saw a large black bear walking across the ice. John said there was no danger but it gave me an uneasy feeling that 900 pounds of bear could come charging at us within a matter of minutes.

ILLNESS

One day Jonas woke up with severe abdominal pains. Since we were about one hundred miles from the nearest doctor, we were concerned. I brought out the medicine box my mother had given me at Gimli and took out a bottle of patent medicine called "Pain-killer". I gave him two tablespoons of this but within a few minutes he rushed out of the cabin and vomited. He refused another dose. Next day he

was well enough to come with us out on the lake. This was my first patient.

RECREATION

The only recreation we had was to listen to an old-fashioned talking machine called a phonograph. John had brought out a few cylinders. One which I remember was "The Preacher and the Bear". The preacher was treed by a bear which started to follow him up and the preacher sang, "Oh, Lord, if you can't help me, for goodness sake don't you help that bear".

RETURN TRIP

The trip out on the "Garry" was child's play compared to the journey home. The snow was sparkling in the bright sunlight when John and I left the camp and headed south to our first stop at Bullhead. We crossed the lake and saw many areas in which the ice had broken and was piled up in long ridges. In addition to that, the snow-drifts were many and some of them very large. We left with our sleigh and seven dogs, and took turns riding on the sleigh. Sometimes we both ran to save the dogs. In the afternoon it clouded over and the snow was driven past us by the north wind, like a big white carpet. There were no landmarks to guide us but John soon saw the lights at Bullhead. We slept in Pali Gottskalkson's cabin for the night. The next morning we left for River-ton. This was the longer leg of our journey back so we did more running than the day before.

We continued mile after mile and there was nothing to be seen except snow and ice. Lake Winnipeg is a very large lake and I realized this fully as the day wore on. Once again we were to travel in the dark. Sometimes we

saw the stars and were able to detect the North Star. It was always behind us. John knew the way so I had no worries, but in spite of that I was glad to see the lights of Riverton. When we finally arrived we had

traveled about sixty miles in two days and were back in civilization. Next day I arrived by train in Gimli and my parents welcomed back their Lake Winnipeg Fisherman.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF WINNIPEG

"Iceland on the Prairies", a color movie with narration, was a special feature of the general meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg on November 22. This excellent film borrowed from the National Film Board, depicted many of the local Icelandic personalities of the early thirties—and some of their activities. Here we are taken from the Íslendingadagurinn at Gimli (then still known by its original melodious name), to the harvesting of wheat with binders (binders!), to politics-in-depth over coffee at Wevel Cafe on Sargent Ave.—then "Icelandic Main Street". Among the large and appreciative audience one could observe many a nostalgic smile of recollection, and the odd sigh for friends departed.

After the showing, Will Kristjanson our local historian (now Dr. Kristjanson), added some word-pictures of his own; and Dr. Larus Sigurdson paid a special tribute to the almost revered memory of our Dr. Brandon.

Then on December 8th, the Club staged their annual Christmas party for our senior citizens, demonstrating once again that those people, who have already made their contribution, are not wholly forgotten. If, as some maintain, it seems to be getting harder to mount a community effort, you could never prove it on this occasion. Whether it was a matter of giving free

"taxi-service" on a frigid night, or of giving freely of your talent to entertain others, or of cleaning up after the tasty and tastefully served lunch, all worked together with a will, and a smile. And judging by the smiles on the lined faces of the 90-odd guests, the effort was very much worth while.

Readers of the Icelandic Canadian magazine are hereby reminded of the annual Banquet and Dance of the Club, on April 6th, which will be held this year once more at the Fort Garry Hotel. It is well to secure tickets ahead of time. They may be obtained from any member of the executive, or from Viking Printers at 868 Arlington St., phone 774-6251.

This annual festivity has for a great many years been bringing together the Icelandic people of Winnipeg and environs, who are linked together by the silken cord of kinship and common traditions. Come and have a good time; and for greater enjoyment, bring another couple or two along with you.

The guest speaker will be Dr. H. E. Duckworth, president of the University of Winnipeg. Not only is Dr. Duckworth an excellent public speaker, but he brings his message from an institution that has had long and warm associations with the Icelandic people of Western Canada.

—H. J. S.

Part II of Solveig Sveinsson's story told of hospitality shown to a newly-arrived immigrant; how two silver quarters constituted a fortune and even 15 cents could open the gates to paradise for two young girls. A new teacher makes the school lessons come alive and 25 cents for "Good Literature" opens a view of a fascinating new world.

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH SOLVEIG SVEINSSON

Life went on. We kids of school age kept on going to school. Neither muddy roads nor biting cold weather could keep us away. Slowly but surely life was getting a little easier on the farm. Father was adding twice as much to the house, for much-needed room for his growing family. My girl friend and I had much less trouble getting the twenty-five cents for our paper.

Getting the paper to read and re-read was a must, but it was fast becoming not enough. I did not want to just read about things. I wanted to become a part of the world I had now discovered. I wanted to live with people who had parties and gave presents — beautiful presents, even dolls. I knew I was too old to have a doll of my own but anyway I could not help wishing I had one. People would think I was crazy.

"What would she do with a doll? She with all those kids to help look after!" And, of course, I was the oldest. I stared at the page that held all the pictures of the dolls for sale and half wished I was smaller again and maybe could have a doll. Then resolutely I closed my eyes, foolishly thinking that by closing my eyes I would also close out foolish thoughts.

But, no. The foolish thoughts persisted. The more I read the more dissatisfied I became with things as they were. The stories were the most up-

setting. They told about such a wonderful life. Homes large and lovely. Furniture in every room. People had fine clothes, gave parties and danced to lovely music.

I was fascinated by the fine manners of the people in the stories. So different from the people in the old Sagas and the Bible. Women always spoke softly, men lifted their hats as they passed women on the street, and pulled out chairs for them to sit on, even rushed to open doors for them. That just about settled it for me. I must get into a life where men rushed to open doors for me!

At school I studied harder than ever, and at home sometimes away into the night. I obeyed, of course my father's voice to blow out the light before I put the house on fire, but nothing could blow out my resolution to study and study hard till I could become a teacher and could earn money that would help me have my childish dreams come true. I would go through fire and — — — and whatever else it was that I would have to go through, to get what I wanted out of life.

At the end of that school year the teacher came to see my parents. He told them something to the effect that I was a good student and would be able to pass the exams to enter a collegiate, (as high schools were known in Canada). I think both my parents were pleased with what the teacher

said about my studies but my mother worried because Dad would not be able to send me to school in Winnipeg.

I heard my mother talk it over with a neighbor lady. "She should go to Winnipeg anyway. She is getting to be a big girl," the lady said brightly. "She should be able to get three dollars a month looking after kids. She has had a lot of experience in that line. Of course my girl gets six dollars a month, but then she is nineteen and does everything. Three dollars is not bad to start with."

My heart sank within me as I listened. Go to Winnipeg and start working for three dollars a month. All of me rebelled against the idea of what that would lead to. No education, no books — probably working in somebody's kitchen all my life.

But to Winnipeg I must go. Trust to luck that when there I would find some way to go to school. I knew that once there I would have no one to seek refuge with except a casual acquaintance of my parents who might not mind keeping me for a night or two. It was a frightening prospect, but I must try it.

So to Winnipeg I went, holding a little box with my few belongings, and a dollar in my purse that my Dad gave me. I was to go to people my mother had written to and they would direct me as best they could.

My hostess had several places in mind when I arrived: Washing dishes at a restaurant and looking after children with more than one large family. She could not help sensing that I was not enthusiastic about any of them, so I guess she thought I was just a lazy little brat. Well, what else could she think?

I heard her worrying about me to a friend, The friend turned accusing

eyes upon me as, silent and ashamed, I dried dishes.

"Listen, my little friend", she said sensibly. "You can't be too particular when you have nothing. If you are ambitious you could perhaps make three dollars a month washing those dishes. Then you could at least buy yourself a decent pair of shoes. Better think about it, my dear."

I felt my face go flaming red and my heart sank — sank all the way down into my horrid shoes that I had so ineffectively been trying to hide. I knew as well as they how awful they were, but they were the only shoes I had. There was no way for me to hide my feet and I felt that I was going to cry, so hurriedly I left for my room.

I wished desperately that I was back home again where I could go barefooted without anyone looking at my feet. I wondered if Colin and Kris were crying for me to take them with me out into the woods to pick berries or to gather kindling for my mother to start the fire in the morning. Here I felt such a misfit that I dreaded having to go downstairs in the morning.

So I cried till I could cry no more, and then came the calm after the storm; the blessed relief that a torrent of tears gives a tortured heart. Saner thoughts crept into my mind and I knew that here I would have to stay I would go down town in the morning and accept the dishwashing job.

When I came down stairs the next morning there was a strange lady visiting with my hostess. They turned questioning eyes on me. I suppose my hostess wondered why I had gone to bed so early last night. Our visitor came towards me and smiled as she said:

"Good morning, my dear. Are you the little girl that wants to go to school?"

I was so taken back by her friendly attitude that I could not say anything, but I think I nodded my head.

"That is why I came so early, to get you before you went out", she said. "There is a family that lives not far from me; they are looking for a girl to stay with them. They have three boys, one thirteen, one eleven and one eight years old. The man works for the C.P.R. and leaves early in the morning. The mother is not very well." She came over and put her arm about me as she continued, "Do you think you could get breakfast for the boys and get them ready for school?"

"I'm almost sure I can", I stammered, not yet sure what she meant.

"Good girl. For that you would get your room and board and a dollar a month. Of course, after school you would have to help all you could."

"And — — — can I go to school?" I stammered again.

"Of course, my dear, that is why I came to tell you. They are good people. You will get by, I think", she smiled at me.

I felt like throwing my arms about her neck but my hostess was looking at me and I did not dare make a show of myself. The tears came to my eyes as I tried to make her feel my gratitude. With her arm about me I felt the warmth of her kindness seep through me, driving away the sense of

hopelessness of the night before. I felt like crying and laughing at the same time.

That day I moved to what was to be my home for practically three years. Even if I was homesick and sometimes felt pretty lost I was for the most part content with my life with those people. They were considerate of my comfort, but from the start I knew that I had better keep my part of the bargain or else. That was fine with me. I was thankful to have the chance to go on with my studies.

During the first month of school I took very little part in the games played outside during recesses. The girls were all so well dressed and seemed to know each other so well that I felt shy and odd amongst them and mostly stayed inside and studied my lessons. Studied and tried to hide my shoes under the desks. When a month had passed and I was paid my dollar I was let off early so that I could go down to Robinson's Department store and buy my shoes. I bought a beautiful pair of shoes but it took my whole dollar. But anyhow, I walked on air going back, happy not to have to be trying to hide my feet from people any more.

Walking down to school the next morning I was happier than I had been for a long time. In front of the school there stood a big group of kids mostly gathered about Jack—I don't remember his last name but all the kids called him Jack. He was about three years older than I and dressed, I thought, like a prince.

He reminded me of my brother Reggie, so witty and quick with his answers like Reggie was. Jack was always having a good time; mostly laughing and talking to the girls, and secretly I hoped that sometime he would speak to me for he was the loveliest being I had ever laid eyes on.

Because I was feeling so good that morning I walked through that group of kids boldly and sort of hop-skipped up the steps. Just before I reached the door Jack's voice sounded high and clear for all the world to hear —

"Hi, kids. Come quick and have a look. Old Book Worm has a new pair of shoes."

I thought I would die. Die right then and there on the school house steps. I have no idea how I got to my seat.

But no. I did not die. After the first shock there awoke within me a new emotion—a new strength. A slap in the face would have made me angry. I would have hit him back and we would have been quits. But this, as well as making me angry, also made me think. This was mean! This was cruel! To make me a laughing stock for what I could not possibly help. I was not going to take this sitting down.

I knew that I must have shown that I had felt like a stranger—a foreigner among my school mates. Some times because of my tattered shoes,

and other times because I was always conscious of where I came from. The cabin — bare-foot children running about — my parents, always working—working so hard and yet having nothing pretty and pleasant like the people about me now seemed to have.

Because of my own struggles I now saw and understood my parents better than before. Fate had shifted them out of the grooves where they belonged and dumped them down in the wilderness of a strange country where bewildered they might flounder for a while, but they would find their feet, and so would we, their children, find our feet and fall into step with a new life in this new and beautiful country.

I remember my mother saying, — "You have the blood of Vikings in your veins," and I decided boldly I would not let my schoolmates bully me any more. That I had nowhere to go for help made it a must that I have confidence in my own strength, but inside of me I cried a little. I was only fourteen years old.

I started that same day and went out bravely and joined in the games the kids were playing. They made it a little awkward for me at first but they soon learned that my tongue could be sharp and accepted me as one of them. I made friends among them that remained friends far into my long life.

—(to be continued)

THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY

The People vs Angela Davis

W. Kristjanson

On February 28, 1972, in the Superior Court of Richard Arnason, the trial of the century began, writes Charles R. Ashman in his book: **The Trial of the Century: The People vs. Angela Davis.** The location of this trial was for the first five months in Marin County; from November to June in the Superior Court of Santa Clara County in the city of San Jose, California.

The prosecution tried to prove that the 28-year old black Communist Angela Davis had conspired with the planning of the kidnapping of Judge Harold J. Haley in the Marin County Court room, August 7, 1970, a kidnapping attempt that led to his murder and the death of three prisoners in the court, as well as the wounding of other persons. The purpose of the kidnapers was to free certain convicts.

Who was this Angela Davis? She was Alabama born and as a young girl she had witnessed an anti-negro mob riot of such violence that it shocked the country. She was a brilliant student who had proceeded for post-graduate work in France and in Germany and was a candidate for her Ph.D. degree. In California, she became the leader of a Che Lumumba all-black communist group, whose purpose was to organize black people throughout the United States as militant communists.

She was engaged to teach at UCLA but was fired for communism. Her dis-

missal was censured by the 96,000 member American Association of University Professors and the courts reversed the decision. Rehired, she was again fired, this time for "extreme" speeches delivered outside the university.

The trial of Angela Davis is said to have been the most controversial, costly and longest trial in the history of California. There were eighteen months of pre-trial investigation with more than fourteen months of pre-trial hearings. Three assistant attorney's general conducted the prosecution, and there were eight lawyers for the defense. In eight weeks of prosecution the prosecutor presented testimony from 95 witnesses and some 200 exhibits. The trial lasted 47 days. The sum of two million dollars has been mentioned as the amount spent by the State of California for the trial. There were reporters from far and wide, including many communist countries.

Challenging the potential jury members was a long-drawn out process and the twelve jurors finally selected consisted of seven men and five women, all white save for one Mexican American.

In view of much anti-Negro and anti-Communist hostility and also the spectacle of the shambles at the recent Chicago trial, there was apprehension that there might be a break-down of judicial procedure at the Angela Davis trial.

Presiding Judge Arnason asserted control of the situation, preventing the apprehended break-down. "During the many months of pre-trial arguments and throughout the trial itself, Arnason established himself as a tough, but fair, presiding judge. Lawyers from both sides would repeatedly comment on his courtesy and on his protection of the defendant's rights without unnecessarily inhibiting the prosecution", says Charles Ashman.

The charge against Angela Davis was that she had bought and provided the weapons used in the Marin County kidnap-murder case. It was claimed that her motive was a consuming passion for the San Quentin convict George Jackson, whose freedom she desired and whose 17-year old brother Jonathan smuggled the guns and the ammunition into the courtroom where prisoners were being tried. Specifically, the charge was that she was guilty of murder in the first degree, of kidnapping, of aiding and abetting the commission of those crimes knowingly and with criminal intent.

Angela Davis admitted having purchased four guns used, but said that she had bought them after she received several threats against her life by extremists after the UCLA firing and that they had been taken from her room unknowingly to her. The murder weapon used on Judge Haley was a sawed-off shot gun.

There was no evidence that Angela Davis had been near the courtroom on the day of the kidnap-murder and the defense held that the entire voluminous evidence marshalled by the prosecution was circumstantial and to be rejected.

To make a long story short, on Friday, June 2, 1972, on the 48th day of the trial, the jury began to determine

the fate of Angela Davis. "Judge Richard Arnason had explained the law for ninety minutes and given them eleven alternatives—eleven possible verdicts they might reach— but it was understood, though unofficially, that this would be an all or nothing verdict" (Charles Ashman). Primarily, the Judge cautioned the jury to "be not governed by pity, passion, nor prejudice".

The jury found Angela Davis innocent of murder, kidnapping and conspiracy.

"Judge Arnason had been a giant. Now he was exhausted and a little overcome. He had turned to the jury after the verdict to thank them. He said he was without adequate words to express his appreciation.

. . . He read a quotation from G. K. Chesterton's 'The Twelve Men', written by the British author after he had served on a jury:

"Our civilization has justly decided that determining the innocence or guilt of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men.

When it wants a library catalogued or a solar system discovered or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done that is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing about.

That same thing was done, if I remember it right, by the founder of Christianity."

During the long drawn out trial, Judge Arnason had established rigid rules for behavior in and around the courtroom and had eased tensions.

"Seasoned courthouse veterans speculate that the fifty-year old former farm boy may have done as much to restore the aura of courtroom dignity as any judge in recent times."

Says Charles R. Ashman in his Dedication of his book on Angela Davis:

"Further, it is dedicated to Superior Court Judge Richard Arnason, who helped restore our faith in American jurisprudence."

* * *

In his personal communication, Judge Arnason says ". . . You are correct in surmising that I am of Icelandic descent. I am not the greatest authority on my family tree, but I believe that all four of my grandparents were born in Iceland although perhaps one of my grandmothers may have in fact been born in Canada. My father and mother were born in the United States and while I do know that I have collateral relatives from both sides living in the Provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, I have unfortunately had no close contact with them."

Judge Richard Arnason was born in Hensel, North Dakota, October 4, 1921, the eldest of nine children (three of whom were triplet sisters). He received his education in a one-room schoolhouse and paid his way through the University of North Dakota by continuing to do farm labor. There he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Commerce.

In World War II, he served briefly in the U.S. army before receiving a medical discharge.

He then turned naturally to law. An uncle of his was a justice of the

Supreme Court of North Dakota and the Dean of the Illinois law school. He received his L.L.B. degree from the Boalt Hall School of Law, in California in December, 1945. Prior to becoming judge, he was admitted to all the courts in the State, the U.S. District Court and the U.S. Court of Appeal. He became Judge of the Superior Court in the fall of 1963.

With reference to professional organization and other activities, Judge Arnason was a member of the Antioch Unified School District Board of Trustees for many years, serving on occasion as president. He has been President of the Antioch Chamber of Commerce on two occasions; president of the Antioch Rotary Club; District Chairman of the Delta Boy Scouts of America; Chairman of the Antioch School District Bonds Committee; Chairman of the Council for Coordinating Services to the Mentally Retarded of Contra Costa County; Counsel and member of the Board of Directors for the Delta Memorial Hospital; member of the Board of Governors of the State Bar of California; is a member of the American Bar Association; member of Conference of California Judges; member of the California Human Relations Agency Task Force; member of the Mental Retardation Area Board; and member of the Faculty of California Judges.

This impressive record of public and humanitarian service speaks for itself.

Val Werier

The Delight of Walking on a Manitoba Lake

For some time we have been contemplating spending a winter weekend at a lake and we finally got around to it, even though it was more like spring. However late in the season, visiting a frozen lake is one of the delights of Manitoba.

We had decided on Gimli, close to home and where there are kindred spirits. The sky was a milky grey, not altogether devoid of light but still effectively hiding the sun. It was the sort of overcast day when there are no shadows, but such was the brilliance of the snow when we reached Lake Winnipeg that it was painful to the eyes. It was a comforting thought in a way: sun glasses are more necessary on an outdoor jaunt in Manitoba winter than in the Caribbean.

It was with this heady feeling that we turned to the shore. The sunny days of early March had cleared the snow from the shoulder of the wide bank. It was a pleasure walking on the sand — a dry, soft path through the snow. Last summer's presence was still there in the dried leaves, the pine cones, and bits of wood smoothed by the water and sand. My daughter, Judy, picked some flat white stones which she later decorated with sketches of flowers.

The air was soft and it was so quiet that we could hear children's voices from afar. Then the ubiquitous snowmobile shattered the silence, but fortunately only for a minute or so. It was relaxing and peaceful walking by the frozen shore and we took our time as we headed for the pier.

Along the shore, their keels on wooden platforms, were a row of Lake Winnipeg fishing boats, squat and ungainly with box-like cabins which appeared like an afterthought. Handsome they are not, but they have a reputation of being seaworthy on temperamental Lake Winnipeg. A big black crow flew over the ice. Where were the seagulls during the winter?

We walked onto the pier, partly drifted over with snow, packed by the winds. Near the pier a blond youth from Winnipeg was fishing through the ice. He had come equipped with an auger and had drilled a hole about six inches in diameter.

"It takes about 12 minutes hard work to get through the ice", he said.

Remarkably, the ice was still four feet thick near the end of March. The youth had drilled another hole about 50 feet away out on the lake, but it had been a wasted effort. His auger was limited to four feet and there the

ice was deeper than that. However he had done well, and had caught more than 20 perch over the weekend.

In the distance, out on the lake, was a ridge of snow. It stretched across the horizon and we wondered what it was. Later that day, talking to some Gimli friends, we heard the explanation. The ridge is caused by the lake's current, alive throughout the winter. The currents ruptured the ice and forced up the snow to form a ridge beside a stretch of open water.

"These breaks are present even in mid-January at 49 below," explained my Gimli friend. "That's why, in the past, you would hear of tractor trains going through the ice at night."

Strangely enough, my Gimli friend had never gone out to examine a ridge. The one we saw was closer than usual to Gimli so we decided to walk out there the next day.

It was difficult walking at times for

the layer of snow had turned mushy and soft. Here and there the ice was exposed where the wind had swept the snow clear and the bare ice glistened with water. But we had no fears — the ice was four feet thick.

"I never thought I would be walking on the lake," said Judy.

It was refreshing and relaxing. The air was clean and the snow so white. There was something else. It was the stillness, the utter stillness. We stopped to enjoy it.

The ridge was about a mile from shore. It was four to five feet high. Behind it was the channel of water, about eight feet wide, and yellow and green against the snow.

This was one of the phenomenons of Lake Winnipeg. We found it interesting. Above all we enjoyed walking on the lake and we've decided to do it again in the future for it's a pleasant way to spend a weekend.



The first premises of Betel Home at Gimli, Manitoba, formerly Lakeview Hotel, was formally opened on September 3, 1915.

THE NEW ICELAND SONG

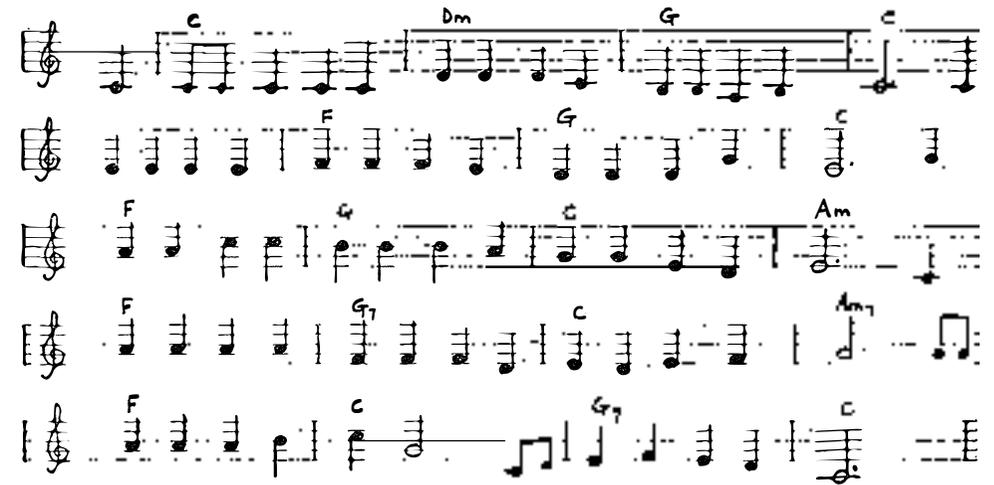
Solli Sigurdson
Rod Falson



1. We left mountains, geysirs, ice and fire,
Waterfalls and fjords.
We left our friends, our farms, our salmon stream.
We left the ocean far behind with all we could afford.
We left our homeland, Iceland, for our dream.

(Verses 2, 3, 4, and 5 on page 33)

6. We found prairies, lakes, and forest-swamp.
In the wilderness we fought
For our children, with our neighbors, hand in hand.
We made it all; we made it last, the good life that we sought.
We made Canada according to our plan.
7. At Islandingadagurinn
We meet in Gimlibæ
To celebrate the fortunes we have found.
To make sure the best traditions of old Iceland never die
In the children of this New-Icelandic ground.
8. At Islandingadagurinn
We crown the mountain maid.
Both young and old eat hardfiskur and skyr.
We come from miles around to join the old songs sung and played
At this legendary New-Icelander's fair.



2. In '75 New Iceland grew from Gimli's sandy shore.
We built our homes with all we found in nature's varied store.
Not huts of sod, oh, no, thank God. We built our homes with wood.
No sheep dung heat to warm our feet but blazing fires stood.
In this land of many wonders, we had gained what we came for.
3. But we'd left the trusty pony for the dog team and the sleigh.
We'd traded midnight summers for the fly infested day.
The bitter cold too took her toll and fate called many shots.
The raging flu and fever through the scourge of the small pox.
In this land of many wonders, mother nature had her way.
4. We changed the land and we changed too as we kept pushing on.
Geiri, Villi, Gudjon changed to Gary, Bill, and John.
From Reykjavik to Willow Creek from brennivin to beer.
From "Ja" and "Nei" to "Well, okay" from elskan mín to dear.
In this land of many wonders, we were coming right along.
5. We've lost the saga language and the old Icelandic poem.
But we've kept the viking spirit of the stock from which we've grown.
We gained a land that's mighty grand and looking through the years.
We got much more than we came for in the Iceland we built here.
This land of many wonders, we are proud to call our home.

SONG WRITERS OF NEW ICELAND

Sol Sigurdson, a well known Interlake songwriter and performer, recently recorded a new single at Century 21 Studios in Winnipeg.

Both songs are original material, the first one being "The New Iceland Saga", which was written last summer for a contest, by Sol and Rod Palsson, a close friend of his. The song won top honors by overwhelming odds and is to be used as the theme song of Íslendingadagurinn in future years.

The second number is called "The New Year's Dance" and was written solely by Sol only a matter of days before he made the recordings. The title explains the content of the lyrics perfectly, as the song deals with the fighting, fun and fury of a typical new year's eve in a small town.

The recording of these two songs however, was by no means an individual effort. Sol outlined that he owes much thanks to four artists who accompanied him—Wes Wilson, Fred Oleson, Dick Johnson and Lorne Martin. The arrangement used in both selections is a snappy, up-beat rhythm which worked hand in hand with the well chosen lyrics.

Sol gained his fame and made him-

self known about ten years back when he and a group of friends formed a singing group called the Whisky Jacks. Then Sol furthered his popularity with the local audiences when he recorded a long play album called "The Lake Winnipeg Fishermen". Sol explained that he was pleased with the way his first record was accepted, but said he looked forward to increased popularity in the recent one.

"The New Iceland Saga" depicts a very true picture of how the roots of the Icelandic heritage were planted in Canadian soil, while "The New Year's Dance" should hit home with anyone who has ever enjoyed New Year's eve in a small town.

Probably one of the most interesting aspects of the songs is that all artists involved in both the composing and recording are of Icelandic origin and all grew up in the River-ton-Gimli area. So, as was the case with "The Lake Winnipeg Fishermen", this record could easily become a down home classic and a lifetime member of the record racks in every Interlake home.



THE GAME

Stacked
Snug as crated eggs
The fans
A slanting hillside of humanity
Graded in the stands
By ticket number.

The sun
Sharp-rimmed and lava-red
Glares baleful
Through screens of carbon dust
Broods on the lofty press-box
Then lobs
Behind the stands
Like it sank forever
On Greece
And Rome
And Babylon.

As if to challenge death and darkness
The high lamps flood the field
with garish light
Dust-filtered
And cutting rays
Acute and small-angled.

The turf
Once paddy green looks Paris green
And the gray lime-lines
Like old and worshipped forms
Glow skeletal.

Rehearsal's done —
The ushers pause
The primal anthem sounds
from chaos

And form and law
Begin
The players hold their pose
Patterned
Like stars in a stadium-firmament
Studded in new creation
Kindled and expectant
For the turning on of time.

And then the kick.

The clock begins —
End over end
The ball wobbles
With thousands gravitating
To its fateful bounce.

This is the game
Another world
A unit of existence
An age-span
Where time's a measure
A comprehended magnitude
With start and end.

This is the game
A capsule-life
With death
Cock-sure and waiting
Four seasons away
Where the baggy-panted
black-striped Gabriel
Blows his final silver blast
Anr the Judge lays out his score for all.

This is the game
Where life and time
Have purpose
And all
Attuned to an oval cosmos
And an oval globe
Are certain of their gods
And of their goals.

This is the game
A world of sense and meaning
Where right and wrong
Are sure as two directions
And gain and loss
Are seen and measured
By the rod.

The game
 Team battling team
 Assault upon assault
 Attack and counter-attack
 Unceasing
 Men smearing men
 In fights for prestige slots
 And coached to slavery
 Schooled and mechanized
 Ruled by coinage
 And the computer's odds.
 And always the crowd
 Peripheral politicians
 Roaring against themselves
 Rumbling threats
 Steak-filled idle multitudes
 Rooting hard for blood
 Mouthing arm-chair strategy
 And brilliant coups.

Performing strange rites
 And incantations
 Or praying cross-fingered
 To hex their foes.
 This is the game
 A minuscule
 See-saw of history
 Power undoing power
 Force lunging and recoiling on itself
 And man
 Game-bound
 Time-bound
 Self-bound

Reconciled to time
 And space
 And endings.

But every game runs out
 For all the final whistle blasts
 Proclaiming the absolute of opposites
 The victors and the goats
 Like good and evil
 Confronted
 Face to face.

Inevitably each sloping man-piled hill
 Crumbles
 Like a Babel
 Fragmenting in slow-motion
 Drifting into history.

In the shadowed lot
 Ten thousand groping fingers
 Turn on their own power and glory
 Bravely into the night they go
 The beautiful the kind
 And their high-keyed voices
 Fill in for the unutterable.

Subtly the carbon clouds drift in
 Shrouding the shining galaxies
 And seal-beams (guaranteed)
 Hold off the dark.

—Only the artificial lights glow on.

—Paul A. Sigurdson
 29/10/72

A STUDENTS COMMENT:—

ICELANDIC STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Kristine Jakobson

Kristine Jakobson, our most recent addition to the Editorial Board, is presently studying for her Honors degree in English and Icelandic at the University of Manitoba. She has been very active in extra-curricular activities and she played the part of the loyal and resourceful old-lady-wife in the play "The Golden Gate", presented at the Manitoba Theatre Centre and at the Icelandic Festival (Íslendingadagurinn) at Gimli, in 1972.

For the past twenty-one years the chair of Icelandic at the University of Manitoba has provided a source of inspiration and an avenue of approach for those interested in pursuing the study of the Icelandic language, literature, history and culture. I have been personally associated with the department of Icelandic for the past three years and have found the time very well spent as far as developing my interest in all aspects of the Icelandic heritage is concerned.

It would perhaps seem natural that I would be interested in studying in this field because of the fact that my ethnic background is Icelandic on both sides. However, the chair of Icelandic has been organized in such a way that it makes a contribution to the life of the university which is not solely dependent on the attendance of

students of Icelandic origin. There are many students who are not of Icelandic descent but, for various reasons are interested in becoming familiar with the Icelandic culture, especially the literature. However intense this interest may be, it would not be easy for such students to follow it up were it not for the Chair of Icelandic. One can only do so much on his own in this regard, especially if he is unfamiliar with the Icelandic language and has limited access to Icelandic books. The guidance provided by the professors in Icelandic and the extensive resources in the Icelandic collection at the University library have made it possible for the students to pursue this interest.

There is a variety of motives for studying Icelandic at the university level. Perhaps the most obvious, as I

have mentioned, is a desire to perpetuate the Icelandic culture and to learn more about one's own ethnic background. An interest in comparative mythology would also lead one to the study of the old Norse myths as recorded in such works as the Icelandic Eddic poetry. Furthermore, there is great interest in the study of Icelandic as a supplement to such courses as English, German and linguistics. As Icelandic is the only living classical language, it is of great interest to anyone studying the origins and development of the English and Old Germanic languages. I myself have found my acquaintance with the Icelandic language to have been an asset to me in my studies in English, especially in the Old and Middle English periods. The study of the unique literary tradition of Iceland is very interesting in itself and the sagas and the poems of the Elder Edda have long been recognized as literary masterpieces. Scholars of literature have paid a great deal of attention to them and have been influenced by them, especially from the stylistic viewpoint. It is certainly most interesting for a student of comparative literature to pay attention to the twentieth century literature of Iceland as well and also to the contributions which have been made to Canadian literature by people of Icelandic descent. The Icelandic literature has also provided many clues about the North for historians and anthropologists.

Prerequisites for beginning a program of studies in Icelandic are very encouraging for the student who is interested but feels that he is hampered by a limited background in Icelandic. It is simply not required that student have a background in this subject or any specific body of knowledge with regard to the proposed

course of study. Knowledge of Icelandic is, of course, a definite asset but the only requirement is an interest in the subject and willingness to accept the responsibility for the work involved. I have found the work load in my Icelandic courses to be fairly heavy as compared to my other courses. The more advanced courses in Icelandic tend to have fairly small enrolments and, while this necessitates a lot of work by each individual student, it is adequately compensated for by the personalized attention which the professor is able to give. For the most part, the classes are conducted as seminar discussions, often with lectures delivered by the students on some aspects of the material being studied. A number of primary Icelandic works are studied in a program in Icelandic. In my particular program I have studied the Elder Edda, Snorra-Edda, and such sagas as Njala, Laxdæla, Gísla Saga, Egil's Saga and the Vinland Sagas, to name a few. Besides these weekly seminars, we are sometimes fortunate enough to listen to guest lecturers. Our most recent speaker was a noted folklorist from the University of Iceland. There are also some students from Iceland in the classes and it is possible to learn a great deal simply from interaction with them.

We are fortunate to have two excellent professors in the department at the University of Manitoba, Haraldur Bessason and H. V. Larusson. Both these men are very capable in their field and have succeeded in creating a vital interest in their students which manifests itself in such diverse areas as the play *The Golden Gate*, which was presented by a number of students at Islendingadagurinn 1972, and in the proposed formation of an Icelandic Students' Club on campus.

According to the course guide for Arts which was published by the University of Manitoba Students' Union in the summer of 1972, Professor Bessason received a good evaluation for his instruction and was shown to be well-liked by his students. The course chosen for purposes of this survey was Icelandic 120, that is, History of Icelandic Literature 1120-1900. This course was rated well above average in relation to other Arts courses. It greatly stimulated interest in the subject area. As one student put it, "Icelandic 120 is an interesting course for any one having any amount of interest in the language as well as the history of Iceland itself. Professor Bessason presents the course very capably." Professor Larusson was also rated very highly. The course chosen for the survey was Twentieth Century Icelandic Literature and all those who responded to the questionnaire indicated that they found the course material to be very interesting. This indicates to me, along with comments which I have heard, that most students of the department of Icelandic are satisfied with the material and the way in which the courses in Icelandic are presented at the University of Manitoba.

At present, there are five courses available at the general level and five at the honours level, as well as a weekly seminar for adults who are interested in improving their knowledge of the Icelandic language. These are all full courses, that is, the period of study extends over the entire ac-

ademic year. The courses offered at the general level are as follows:

1. Introductory Icelandic — five hours a week, both terms. A general survey of Icelandic grammar with selected readings.
2. History of Literature, 1120-1900—four hours a week, both terms.
3. History of Literature to 1750—three hours a week, both terms.
4. Twentieth Century Icelandic Literature—three hours a week, both terms. Selected reading in major authors.
5. Old Norse Mythology—three hours a week, both terms. Selected readings involving a study of the religion of ancient Scandinavia from Old Norse mythical heroic literature.

The courses offered at the honours level are as follows:

1. Icelandic-Canadian Literature — three hours a week, both terms.
2. An Introduction to the Old Icelandic Language and Literature — three hours a week, both terms.
3. Old Icelandic Literature — three hours a week, both terms. A study of selected Icelandic sagas and Eddic poems.
4. Mediaeval Icelandic Historical Literature — three hours a week, both terms. Selections from *Íslendingabók*, *Landnámabók*, *Heimskringla*, *Hungurvaka*, and *Sturlunga*.

5. a) Snorra-Edda — two hours a week, both terms. A study of mythology, poetic form and skill.
- b) Gothic — one hour a week, both terms. A grammar of the Gothic language.

All honours courses in Icelandic require the consent of the department head. An honours student must select the balance of his program from Classics, English, German, History, Philosophy, Romance Languages or Russian, in consultation with the department head.

In conclusion, I feel that the department of Icelandic at the University of Manitoba is making a genuine con-

tribution to the preservation of the Icelandic literary heritage in Canada. Speaking for myself, I can say that I have enjoyed my studies in Icelandic and found them to be most interesting. I am deeply indebted to those who had the foresight to establish the Chair of Icelandic and to those who made possible the Icelandic collection at the University Library. For, without those people, my studies in this area would have been impossible. I am truly grateful for the chance to come to an understanding of so much that is uniquely Icelandic—its culture, literature, history and language.

—Kristine Jakobson



GIMLI SOCCER TEAM, 1910 — Back Row: Baldur Pjetursson, Skuli Sigurgeirsson, Joe Tergesen, Steini Finnsson, Archie Polson, Meyer Eyolfson, and Lawrence Viglundson.
Middle Row: Snæbjörn Olson, Siggi Bjarnason, Julius Stefansson.
Front Row: Valentinus Valgardsson, Lárus Sigurdsson, Magnús Johnson, Eggert Guðmundson (called Goodman), and Baldur Jónasson.

CECIL THORSTEINN ISLEIFSON VIOLIN PLAYER

by Mattie Halldorson



Cecil Thorsteinn Isleifson

A hobby is a favorite pastime or avocation. It will while away many an evening doing something different from that which one is obliged to do all day. Cecil Isleifson has such a hobby, which he began at the tender age of six when he became interested in the violin and its workings.

When Cecil was seven he built a cigar box violin with the assistance of one of his uncles and encouraged by his father.

In 1964 he started going to libraries to find out all he could about violins and how they were built. He studied the Stradavarius style and used it for a while but later he read about the Guarnerius violins and he uses that style now.

The wood is from imported European maple. The chin rest is walnut

and the top of the violin is made from spruce. The varnish finish will sweeten the tone and aging will improve it. Knowledge of the physics of the instrument is important in achieving the correct tone. Some tones can be perfect but due to some physical change one could have a different timber than the others. Cecil is studying physics, which will help him a great deal.

It is rather expensive to purchase the imported maple. Cecil feels that Canadian maple is equally as good. Recently he bought a slab of Birdseye maple which he will use for his violins. It will make very attractive instruments. He carves the scroll at the top, the chin rest and the tail piece. He is contemplating making the bow but he says it would cost quite a lot.

The Isleifsons have five children. Two of them have taken piano and violin lessons. Garry, who is seven, has shown considerable interest in carving. He made a Totem Pole for his class. His father helped him get started but Gary did all the finishing. He has also carved aeroplanes which are beautifully done.

I spent a very enjoyable afternoon with this interesting couple. They are in accord in the pursuit of this delightful hobby. Mr. Isleifson has sold some of his fifteen expertly constructed violins and the people who have purchased them have been very satisfied. He also repairs violins, guitars and cellos and does some piano tuning.

Cecil has a vast knowledge about the building of violins, which he has

learned from reading all about the structure of the instruments and putting it to good use. He showed me three violins which he had on hand and I found the tone very resonant.

Cecil Isleifson is the son of Osk and the late Thorsteinn Isleifson, born in

Cypress River, Manitoba. His wife is the former Deanna Isfeld from Winnipeg Beach, Manitoba.

What satisfaction Cecil Isleifson must derive from this delightful hobby of creating beautiful sounds on such an instrument as the violin.



MANITOBA THEATRE CONTINUES TO FLOURISH

As a prime example of the "cultural mosaic", Winnipeg has long been a strong supporter of the arts in their various forms. One of the most notable instances of this is the Manitoba Theatre Centre, which has been successful in proving the unlikely proposition that a professional theatre can flourish on the Canadian Prairies over an extended period of time.

M.T.C. is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary this year. Their opening production of the season, October 2-21, was "A Streetcar Named Desire" by Tennessee Williams, sometimes regarded as America's greatest living playwright. The play was first produced in New York just twenty-five years ago and was sensationally successful from the start, winning both the New York Drama Critics' Award and the Pulitzer Prize.

As performed by Manitoba Theatre Centre, the play has lost none of its impact in the intervening years. The

production was well mounted and most sensitively played and directed. The story of Blanche Dubois, a Southern belle whom poverty and personal tragedy have forced to retreat into a realm of fantasy that makes life possible to bear, is one which can be very touching. The pathos in the situation, and the contrast between the crudeness of the Stanley Kowalski character and the sensitivity of Blanche can easily be overdone. In keeping the characterizations believable and within bounds, director Edward Gilbert and the actors playing these roles have increased the tragic impact, not lessened it.

The presentation was a moving experience for those fortunate enough to see it, and if this standard is maintained in subsequent productions the Manitoba Theatre Centre bids fair to have another successful season.

— G. Kristjanson

Linda Curtis

NOW THAT'S PERFORMANCE

"Where there's a will there's a way" goes the old proverb, and a book I've been reading proves it's true.

Called *From Bad to Verse*, it's an unusual book written by an unusual man. He's an Albertan printer of Icelandic heritage named Art Reykdal.

Art has a compulsive urge to write. So overwhelming is this impulse, he typed every word of this book by hand and then had it professionally bound. It's the one and only copy.

The Book has 454 pages. At 35 to 40 lines on a page and about 10 words to a line, that adds up to around 160,000 words.

After writing the original copy, he typed each page twice . . . once to get the basic spacing and the second time to space the words so they made an even right hand margin. A linotype does this automatically, but Art was using an ordinary typewriter, so he had to do it all manually. Try it sometime and see how long it is before you start tearing out your hair.

So 160,000 words typed three times add up to 480,000 words!

Now **THAT'S** performance!

From Bad to Verse isn't his first effort as an author. He began by compiling a history of the Grettir Amateur Athletic Association of Lundar, Man. which was founded by his father.

Then came *An Autobiography of a Damned Fool*, and *Adventures in Frustration*. He saves letters and over the last 25 years has compiled five books of correspondence.

Ever since I've known Art, he's been dashing off bits of verse. It seems to come as naturally to him as talking. When a situation in the composing room, the news room, the city, Canada or the world intrigues him, he makes his sharp commentary in rhyme.

What's more, he can repeat them word for word.

The author has revealed much of his personality in his writings. They range from the cryptically critical through the pardonably profane to the sincerely sensitive.

He reams out reporters and editors for their frequent lapses in grammar. He pricks the pride of pompous writers and public figures and even takes a swing at religious hypocrites.

He recalls anecdotes surrounding his days as a magazine editor in Manitoba and the years he spent as a sometimes columnist, reporter and printer with the Atikokan Progress, the Lloydminster Times and the East Kootenay Chronicle before coming to The Albertan.

Among the many verses in *From Bad to Verse* is a touching one called *Farewell to a Friend*. It was written on the death of a dear, faithful, old-time family doctor who had been a friend to many. It reads, in part:

"Though we who loved him here below may drop a wayward tear,
"There'll be added joy in heaven now that Sigurdur is there.
"He'd seen so many go before. He'd stood so staunchly by,

"That we almost had a notion that the doctor couldn't die . . ."

Art would be the first to admit From Bad to Verse is no Pulitzer Prize winner, but it's entertaining. There's a little history, a lot of humor and some interesting recollections of days gone by. It pokes fun at the newspaper business and even names names.

In one chapter he records a mythical court scene in which The Albertan's city desk is converted to a judicial bench. Delinquent journalists are brought to justice for their crimes against society.

One scene summons Linda Curtis.

Judge: Linda Curtis you are charged with malicious mischief in that, on April 1, you did publish in The Albertan an interview with a mythical scientist propounding a theory that

the magnetic pull of the Rockies would cause high-rise buildings to tilt. The mass exodus from high-rise apartments that resulted from this story has thrown several real estate firms into bankruptcy. How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

Accused: Any intelligent person should have known it was only an April Fool gag. Turn Loof Lirpa backwards and what does it spell?"

Judge: Does any intelligent person read The Albertan? You will climb to the peak of Mount Logan and yodel, "I was only Foo-oo-ling."

You can't buy a copy of From Bad to Verse at any book store. But if you get to know its author, he may lend it to you.

The book will be an extra dividend, because just meeting Art Reykdal is a memorable experience.

ACTRESS MAY GET STAR ROLE

Actress Enid Finnbogason could be headed for stardom in a number of movies.

The St. Vital starlet, played the leading female role in the joke-football movie The Cheerleaders.

Paul Glickler, who directed The Cheerleaders, said a lot of interest was shown in the young starlet after a private screening of the movie in New York. He indicated a number of film jobs would likely be offered.

Enid is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Finnbogason, of 72 Triton Bay, St. Vital.

★



THE MID-WINTER CONCERTS

FRON CONCERT, JANUARY 25, 1973

Mrs. Hrund Skulason, president of Frón Chapter of The Icelandic National League, chaired the meeting. She mentioned the visit of the Brass Band of Reykjavik which Frón sponsored for their Interlake tour, reported on an open meeting in December which featured a film of Iceland, and informed the gathering that Frón will apothecate funds for the publishing of the book of laws, Grágás. She made special mention of the eruption in the Westman Islands.

Carlisle Wilson, well-known violinist, played three numbers: Adagio, by J. S. Bach (unaccompanied), Nigun, by Ernest Block and Romance, by Wieniawski.

Mrs. P. Stewart-Hay was the accompanist.

Mr. Wilson graduated from the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, studying with the Fine Arts Quartet. He has recently returned to Winnipeg.

Professor Haraldur Bessason read excerpts from a humorous article written by Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinson in Syrpa in 1907 about the Þorablót entertainment held in and around Winnipeg at that time. He

also read from an article in Lögberg about these entertainments.

The Winnipeg Boys Choirs, conducted by Mrs. Helga Anderson and Mrs. Corinne Villebrun, sang some interesting numbers, as follows:

The Three Choirs: Its a Small World, by B. Sherman.

Junior Boys, conducted by Mrs. Villebrun: Fairies in the Moonlight (Stóð eg út í tungsljósi) arranged by W. H. Anderson; and The Lamb.

Senior Choir, conducted by Mrs. Anderson: Blow Me Eyes, by N. Gilbert; She's Like A Swallow, arranged by Keith Bissell; A Whale of a Tale, by B. Sherman.

Grads Choir: Pussy Willow Cat-Tails, by G. Lightfoot; Dalavísur, Icelandic Folk Song arranged by W. H. Anderson, sung by Brendan McGurry, Peter Barnes, David Gibson, and John Erskine. The Impossible Dream, from Man of La Mancha.

The Three Choirs: Let There Be Peace On Earth, by B. Sherman, accompanist Miss G. Hashimoto, Guitarist Mr. O. Duggan, Flautist Valdine Anderson.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB CONCERT

On January 26 the Icelandic Canadian Club entertainment was in the form of a play acted by the New Iceland Drama Society, *The Outlaw*, by August Strindberg, was performed in a commendable manner and the cast of characters and technical crew deserve special mention for managing to prepare the play in a very short time. The director was Maureen Arnason.

THE ICELANDIC NATIONAL LEAGUE CONCERT

The main speaker of the Icelandic National League Convention, January 27, was Mr. Hallfreður Örn Eiríksson, Director of Research on Icelandic Folklore at The Arnarnaganean Institute in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Mr. and Mrs. Eiríksson have spent several months in Canada collecting Icelandic Canadian folk tales on a special grant from the Páll Guðmundsson Memorial Fund at the University of Manitoba.

On the above occasion, Mr. Eiríksson spoke about Icelandic folk tales, their function in Icelandic society past and present. He dealt specifically with Icelandic Canadian folk tales and gave examples to show how traditionally

Ted Arnason presented the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba Scholarships, S. A. Thorarinson the Canada Iceland Foundation scholarships, and Dori Stefanson the Icelandic Canadian Club scholarship. The list of recipients appears elsewhere. After the concert was over the young people of the New Iceland Drama Society served delicious coffee.

Icelandic stories often had to be adapted to Canadian circumstances and environment.

A duet was sung by Laureen and Carol Westdal, a solo by Gustaf Kristjanson and a solo by Carol Davis. Their accompanist was Snjolaug Sigurdson.

A distinguished honor was bestowed on Johan T. Beck, Jon Palsson and Pall Hallson, each of whom received a life membership, as well as Professor Haraldur Bessason, Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson and Mr. Hallfreður Örn Eiríksson, each of whom received an honorary membership.

A film on Iceland was shown.



A PIONEER STORY

BY DONNA GOTTFRED AND DONNA-MAE BRISTOW

During this year that we have been taking part in the Centennial Adopt-a-Grandparent plan, we had Thorun Page as our adopted grandmother. Since we have known her she has shared many stories of her youth with us, one of which we would like to tell you.

"Adrift On Lake Winnipeg"

The Johnsons were one of the twenty-two families living on Hnasa. The village had one general store, one boarding house, one school and a small park. Church services were held in the schoolhouse, fifteen miles north of Gimli.

The Icelandic people had a habit of naming everything that they owned. The Johnson's house was known as "Ísastöðum". They named their boat "Beta". This boat was the only one in good condition in the village.

The day of this story was one in June. Mr. Johnson had lent his boat to a neighbor who was to have returned it to its place at the lake. He himself was out logging. Mrs. Johnson had gone to Winnipeg the previous day with her youngest son, and a baby-sitter from the town of Gimli was left

to look after the other children.

At eight o'clock in the morning, after breakfast of bread, butter and milk, six-year-old Thorun Johnson and her eight-year-old sister Jonina were sent down to the lake to pick up a bag of fish. The fish was supposed to have been left on the shore by the man who borrowed the boat.

Arriving at the lake, which was a quarter of a mile away, they found that neither the boat nor the fish were there. Recognizing "Beta" a half mile up the shore, they decided to see if the fish was there.

When Thorun and her sister came close to the boat, they noticed that it was not tied too securely to the shore. It could easily have been blown away should any wind spring up, and this was not unusual on Lake Winnipeg in the spring. Knowing well that her father was busy, Jonina thought they should move the boat back to its proper place. She was a strong rower and they both agreed this task could easily be accomplished.

Unfortunately for them, they were too young to have sense enough to realize that the northwest wind that was beginning to gust would cause

them many problems. Instead of moving the boat half a mile down shore, they found themselves being pushed farther and farther out into the lake. It was all they could do to keep the boat upright. Jonina held the oars securely while Thorun used a jam pail to bail out water that splashed into the boat. They were in trouble and they knew it! Because this was the only boat in the village, they had no hope of anyone from there being able to rescue them.

Thus the day continued—over one wave and the next. In the afternoon, they spotted a sailboat and tried to wave it over—but to no avail. Jonina had given up hope completely. She wanted to jump in and end it all. Thorun, being the youngest of the two, wasn't going to have any part of that though, and convinced Jonina to wait. Perhaps they would reach the other shore, and although they had never met the people there, the girls were convinced that they would come to no harm.

By this time the sun had started to go down and they thought that maybe they would be lucky enough to drown while asleep. That way they would not feel a thing. These thoughts occupied their minds while they waited for darkness to come.

At home, Einar, their brother, went

up on the veranda at about ten o'clock in the morning and noticed the distinctive red colouring of his father's boat on the lake. Knowing that his father was logging and that the boat was supposed to be at shore, he ran out to where his father was. Mr. Johnson got his little son to drive the oxen home, while he ran to see what he could do. Of course there were no other good boats in the neighborhood, but one was found that could be patched. Working through lunch and into the afternoon, Mr. Johnson and a neighbour used rags and putty to patch this other boat. When it was finally ready, they set out and caught up to the girls about fifteen miles from Arnes Point.

No punishment was handed out to the girls, in fact no one spoke of the incident at all. The girls were sent to bed with just a supper of milk and bread, glad nonetheless to be there.

This happened in the year 1892. If a similar incident occurred today, the people who were lost would at least have some hope of rescue. A massive rescue operation would be undertaken to find them. Compare this to the almost hopeless situation of these two little girls of eighty years ago.

—Lake Centre News

SCHOLARSHIPS

ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA SCHOLARSHIPS

University Entrance Scholarship
\$125.00

MISS LORI-ANN S. JOHNSON
Riverton, Manitoba.

School of Medical Rehabilitation,
University of Manitoba, Physio-
Therapy.

University Scholarships

NELSON STEPHEN GERRARD,
\$125.00

4th year honors School of Fine Arts,
University of Manitoba,
Dean's Honour List.

RICHARD STEVENSON,
Calgary, Alberta.
\$75.00

University of Manitoba,
Dean's Honour List.

Special Essay Award — \$50.00

JULE NAZAREVITCH,
East Kildonan, Manitoba

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

Icelandic Good Templar Scholarship,

KEN KRISTOFFERSON, — \$200.00
Gimli, Manitoba.

In his final year for M.A. in Icelandic,
University of Manitoba.

Mundi Johnson Estate Scholarship

VALERIE PALSSON — \$100.00

Hnausa, Manitoba.

Second year Arts. Majoring in English
University of Manitoba.

J. Magnusson Estate Scholarship

KENEVA KUNZ — \$100.00

Second year honours student in Ice-
landic, University of Manitoba.

Miss Kunz is not of Icelandic descent.

Canada Iceland Foundation Scholar-
ship

PATRICIA BEAUFOY — \$100.00

First year Science and Icelandic,
University of Manitoba.

Canada Iceland Foundation Scholar-
ship.

MRS. LINDA EINARSON — \$100.00

Fourth year Home Economics and Ice-
landic, University of Manitoba.

Canada Iceland Foundation Scholar-
ship

JUDITH JOHNSON — \$100.00

First year Nursing, University of
Manitoba.

Harold Olson Scholarship

JONINA STRATTON — \$100.00

In her final year in the Faculty of
Fine Arts and taking Icelandic,
University of Manitoba.

Hon. W. J. Lindal Scholarship

KRISTINE JAKOBSSON — \$200.00
Neepawa, Manitoba.

In fourth year honours in English, also taking Icelandic, University of Manitoba.

ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIP

IAN MITCHELL JOHNSON —
\$100.00

Cranberry Portage, Manitoba.
University of Manitoba Science Freshman.

Selected from the Cadets across Canada to represent the Sea Cadet movement on an exchange with England and Sweden. This high honor gave him a five week good-will tour of three countries. We are sure that he will realize his dream of becoming a doctor and we welcome him into our "Scholarship family".

★

● Readers who may know the whereabouts and doings of any of our previous scholarship winners would be doing us a great favor by reporting the information to this magazine.

GRADUATES WITH FIRST CLASS STANDING

Sigurlina Augusta Narfason graduated with first Class standing from the Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, Ontario, receiving her Bachelor in Science of Nursing degree at the fall convocation, 1972. She previously took Registered Nurses training at the Victoria General Hospital in Winnipeg, winning a medal for proficiency in obstetrics and the administrators' award presented to the graduate who best exemplified the principles related to leadership, responsibility and social service. Other achievements since then are Diploma in Psychiatric Nursing from Allan Memorial Hospital, Montreal, Que., and Diploma in Nursing Unit Administration from the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. Presently she is on the teaching staff at



Sigurlína Augusta Narfason

the School of Nursing, Misericordia Hospital in Winnipeg.

Sigurlina is the daughter of Guðjon Erlendur and the late Guðrun Jökulros Narfason of Gimli, Minerva district.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

Four scholarships were presented at a meeting of the Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E., November 28, 1972.

The Johanna Skaptason Memorial Scholarship of \$150.00 was presented to **Jeffrey Donald Jonasson**, who graduated from Kelvin Collegiate, Winnipeg, in the spring of 1972 with an average of 89.5. He has also been awarded the Kelvin Scholarship of \$125.00 and the Royal Canadian Legion Scholarship of \$200.00. He has been prominent in sports, as well as in academic studies.

He is enrolled in Science at the University of Manitoba.

Jeffrey is the son of the late Einar S. Jonasson, a World War II veteran, and Mrs. Eileen (Einarson) Jonasson. A grandfather was Einar S. Jonasson, M.L.A. for the Gimli constituency.

The Elinborg Hanson Scholarships of \$75.00 each were presented to **Linda Gail Thorlakson** and **Christine Donna Kernested**.

Linda Gail graduated in the Spring of 1972 with an average of 88.3. She was a member of the Reach for the

Top team. She is enrolled in the Science course at the University of Winnipeg, where at the fall convocation she received the James T. Watson and the T. Eaton Scholarships.

Linda Gail is the daughter of Ellert Jonas and Aldis Thorlakson.

Christine Donna finished Grade XII with an average of 88. She is enrolled in the Science course at the University of Winnipeg. She has a brilliant record in extra-curricular activities, as well as in academic subjects. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kernested, of Gimli, Manitoba.

The Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E., Music Scholarship of \$75.00 was presented to **Sigurdur Albert (Siggi) Stephenson**, of Winnipeg.

He has a brilliant record in his academic subjects and at the age of 14 he has received first class honors (86) in his practical grade XI piano examination and honors in his history (music) examinations.

He is the son of Albert H. and Kristin Stephenson, of Winnipeg.

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IN THE NEWS

CHRIS ODDLEIFSON, OF WINNIPEG, PLAYS HOCKEY WITH THE BOSTON BRAVES



Chris Oddleifson

Christopher (Chris) Roy Oddleifson of Winnipeg has been moving up steadily in his hockey career and is now playing with the Boston Braves, of the American Hockey League.

His hockey career began playing in the minor leagues with the River Heights Community Centre (Winnipeg) team and then in the Junior ranks with the Winnipeg Monarchs (1967-1968) and the Winnipeg Jets (1969-1970).

In his Junior Hockey years, Chris was awarded the Leon A. Brown Memorial Trophy for the "most valuable player" with the Winnipeg Jets and the Johnny Peterson Memorial Trophy for team scoring leader with the Jets, and was selected for the First Team of All-Stars of the Western Canada Hockey League, in 1970.

Turning Professional, Chris was first round draft choice of the Oakland Seals of the National Hockey League. He played the 1970-71 season with the Providence Reds of the American Hockey League. In 1971, he was traded to the Boston Bruins, with whom he commenced the 1972-'73 season, but presently he is playing with the Boston Braves of the American Hockey League.

Chris attended Kelvin school and St. Paul's College in Winnipeg, where he is in second year. He is continuing his education during the hockey off season.

His parents are Irvin and Roberta Oddleifson of Winnipeg. —W.K.



SIGURBJORG STEFANSSON HONORED

Members of the board of the Evergreen Regional Library gathered at the Falcon Restaurant in Gimli, Sept. 14, for a dinner in honor of their first secretary, Miss Sigurbjorg Stefansson, who retired from office in 1972.

Miss Stefansson had been secretary of the committee which campaigned to get a regional library in the area, and when the 1965 vote was successful in setting up the largest regional library in Manitoba, serving five municipalities, she was appointed to the board by the town of Gimli and elected secretary. In this capacity she gave dedicated service in the five years of organization of the library and its three branches.

In addition she processed thousands of books donated to the library by the

Icelandic libraries at Gimli and River-ton. She also donated the land and the first building used as a temporary library at Gimli.

Gunnar Simundsson of Arborg, chairman of the board, presented Miss Stefansson with a hand knitted Icelandic stole and a set of the works of the Icelandic Canadian author Johann Magnus Bjarnason with a promise that as more came off the Icelandic press she would receive them also.

Mr. Bjarnason was a pioneer school teacher at Geysir and Lundar in the Interlake and later moved to Elfros, Saskatchewan and devoted his time to writing Icelandic stories about the pioneers. —Wpg. Free Press



THOMAS EIRIKUR SWANN PROMOTED

Thomas Eirikur Swann was promoted in August, 1972, to be National Field Operation Manager for Ford Motors Company, for all of Canada.

Thomas Eirikur is the son of John and Johanna Helga (nee Eirikson) Swann of Winnipeg and formerly of Arnes, Manitoba.



OPERA GROUP SHINES

Mr. Ronald Gibson, music critic of The Winnipeg Free Press, uses this heading for his article of the Opera Highlights concert, conducted by Mrs. Elma Gislason at the Rosh Pina Synagogue on February 4th. The first part of the program featured excerpts from The Marriage of Figaro and the second items from Verdi's Rigoletto and Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana. A commentator gave the story of the operas.

The soloists in The Marriage of

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Figaro were: Jack Goertzen, Jim Franklin, Alda Halldorson Wingfield, Linda Egerer, Karin Woods, Peter Sim, Delemar Mansell, Daphne Edwards, Shannon Wagner, Brenda Chrystall, Carolyn Mitchell. The chorus of 36 voices, sang "Giovani liete" and "Contessa perdono.—Ah tutti contenti".

In Cavalleria Rusticana by Mascagni, the soloists were Wayne Little, Garry Paterson, Kristin Johnson and Kathleen Smith.

The singers in Rigoletto were Gerda McKay, Barbara Lewis, Wayne Little and Jack Goertzen.

Mr. Gibson praised the performance and suggested "that such a good chorus might tackle the Prologue in The Heavens from Boito's Mefistofele".

Mrs. Gislason is to be commended for conducting and presenting this opera group. The next production will be at the Manitoba Theatre Centre May 24, and 25th. There will be excerpts from La Traviata-Verdi, Martha- Flotow and La Legende Du Venti-Benoit, fully staged and costumed, an evening to which one may certainly look forward.

— Mattie Halldorson

★

A RETURN VISIT

The Reykjavik Male Voice Choir will come to Manitoba in 1975 to take part in celebrations marking the 100th anniversary of the settlement by Icelanders at Gimli, in those early years known as New Iceland. The choir's itinerary during its tour in Western Canada has not yet been determined. The choir has come to Western Canada twice and performed at various centres, this in 1946 and 1960.

GRADUATES AS NURSE WITH "GREAT DISTINCTION"

Sylvia (Anderson) Koshyk graduated with "Great Distinction" from the St. Boniface Hospital School of Nursing, in Winnipeg, in July, 1972.

Sylvia is married to Mr. Peter Koshyk, of Winnipeg and they have three children.

She is the daughter of Mrs. Thorsteinn A. Anderson, formerly of Libau, Manitoba, and the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Guttormson, of Libau.

★

CANADIAN ENTRIES ACCEPTED

The following is an excerpt from Gene Telpner's column in the Winnipeg Tribune.

Canadian Entries will be accepted in the 1973 International Society for Contemporary Music to be held in Reykjavik, Iceland, June 18-24 of next year. Eligible are works in all genres including multi-media, electronic, film music, experimental jazz or pop. The Canadian section will accept no more than two works, and you must be a Canadian citizen. For full details, write to Canadian Section, ISCM, Canadian Music Centre, 33 Edward St., Toronto 101, Ontario.

★

RESEARCH AWARDS (announced December 20, 1972) FROM THE CITY OF WINNIPEG

Dr. A. J. Thorsteinson, entomology, \$7,500 — for services rendered to the city by the department of entomology.
FROM THE RAPESEED ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

Dr. Baldur R. Stefanson, plant science, \$5,000 — for developing improved rapeseed varieties.

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ELECTED PRESIDENT

Dennis N. Stefanson was elected president of the Icelandic Festival of Manitoba at the annual meeting in November, succeeding Brian Jakobson. Ted Arnason was named first vice-president, Ernie Stefanson second vice-president, Haraldur Goodmanson treasurer and Miss Mattie Halldorson secretary. Heading various committees are Haraldur Bessason, Ted Arnason, Gordon Peterson, John Arnason, Ernie Stefanson, Dave Solmundson, B. Valdi Arnason, Rudy Bristow, Kardy Geirholm, Terry Tergesen, Dr. W. Kristjanson, Dr. K. Sigmundson and H. Goodmanson.

★

50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Pall Hallson of Winnipeg celebrated their 50th Wedding anniversary in December when they were honored by friends and relatives. Mr. Hallson was born in Iceland and came to Canada in 1913, lived for a period at Foam Lake, Saskatchewan, later moving to Winnipeg where over the years he was employed in the retail merchandising field. Mrs. Hallson was born at Winnipegosis, Man., They were married December 14, 1922, in Winnipeg. They have three children, Kenneth Hallgrimur, a senior-executive with Manitoba Hydro, Norman Paul, a senior official with Texaco oil company, and Linda, Mrs. Simon Friedman of Richwood, New Jersey, U.S.A. There are 10 grandchildren..

★

Njall O. Bardal Representative of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba of the Masonic Order to the Grand Lodge of Iceland

Njall O. Bardal, of Winnipeg, has been appointed representative of the

Grand Lodge of Manitoba of the Masonic Order, to the Grand Lodge of Iceland. He will present his credentials in Iceland in April of this year.

Njall Bardal has been an active member of the Masonic Order in Winnipeg since his return from the prisoner-of-war camp near Hong Kong, in 1945.

★

CITIZENSHIP COUNCIL OF MANITOBA CELEBRATION

The Citizenship Council of Manitoba held its annual dinner and dance featuring the various racial or ethnic origins of our population, at the Winnipeg Inn, Saturday, October 7. The following excerpts from a newspaper account give a good picture of the event. Recent arrivals from Iceland, in national costume, were included at last year's dinner.

"The ballroom of the Winnipeg Inn was a colorful mosaic of minorities Saturday night as more than 250 persons dressed in the costumes of many countries celebrated the 21st anniversary of the Citizenship Council of Manitoba."

"Guests included native Canadians, Canadians who know what being granted citizenship means, and some very recently-landed immigrants, including five Asian refugees from Uganda who arrived in Winnipeg from Uganda only two or three days before."

Mr. Fox, born in Yugoslavia, said the Thanksgiving holiday is a time to reflect on the "tremendous contribution made to Canada by the growing number of new citizens who have broadened our cultural heritage . . .". Mr. Fox likened the "rich mixture of peoples and religions in the province to a symphony".

★

60th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Johann Thorvaldur Beck of Winnipeg were honored by friends and relatives in December on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. Both were born in Iceland and came to Canada, Mr. Beck in 1919 and Mrs. Beck with her parents when a young girl. They were married in Winnipeg December 2, 1922, and over the years have lived in Winnipeg. They have four children, sons Hans Raymond and Richard Leonard, both electrical engineers, and Alan Agust, a pharmacist, and daughter Johanna Violet, Mrs. Robert Publow, who is a graduate nurse. Adopted son Michael Beck is a graduate in arts of the University of Manitoba. There are 12 grandchildren. Both Mr. and Mrs. Beck have over the years been active in the affairs of Icelandic organizations including the First Icelandic Lutheran Church, the Icelandic National League, the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg, and the IOGT.

★

REGISTERED SOCIAL WORKERS IN MANITOBA

In a list of registered social workers in Manitoba three Icelandic names appear:

Asta Eggertson.

Audrey Fridfinnson.

Evelyn (nee Kristjanson) Downey.

★

Mr. Joe Sveinson, Mayor Pro-tem of Gonzales, California, was elected last September, Vice-President of Monterey Bay Division of the League of California Cities.

In addition to the positions in public service mentioned, Mr. Sveinson is a member of the Monterey County

Coordinating Centre, Poverty Committee and the California League of Cities Law Enforcement Committee.

★

Arnold A. Isford, graduate of the University of Manitoba in 1950, is executive vice-president Transducer Controls Corporation, Los Angeles, California.

★

Alan B. Finnogason, of Winnipeg, is president of the Manitoba Tourist and Convention Association.

★

WALKING-THE-STREET

by Marion Johnson

"Hi girls" —
You called to us
Behind your sly and sheepish smile
Beneath your shabby clothing.
The stench of liquor
did not dull
your brain
to read
the neon lights

What made us hide
With virgin pride
The gay reply
"Hi guy"?

★

Dr. Robert H. Thorlakson, of Winnipeg, has been named Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Manitoba.

★

William D. Valgardson's short story, "Dominion Day", which appears in "The Fiddlehead", spring 1971 issue, has been selected for a Canadian Anthology.

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BOOK REVIEWS

WASHINGTON ISLAND, 1836-1876

by **Conan Bryant Eaton,**

Printed by Bayprint Inc.,
Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.
81 pp. 9" by 6", paper, 1972—\$3.00

(Order from C. B. Eaton,
Washington Island, Wisc. 54246

History may be divided broadly as general or local. The latter portrays life in small communities, usually featuring the story of individuals. Each has its place. Local history at its best has human warmth and interest that general histories do not have.

"Washington Island, 1836-1876" is an interesting, readable local history of a small island on the west shore of Lake Michigan, off Green Bay, and some 175 miles north of Milwaukee. It is of special interest to people of Icelandic descent in North America, for a 27-page section is an account of the first permanent Icelandic settlement in North America, subsequent to the Utah pioneers of 1855. The early immigration movement of the Icelandic people to Wisconsin, Ontario, Manitoba, and North Dakota is closely linked.

Wisconsin became a state in 1848 and in the years immediately following settlers arrived in increasing numbers, including to Washington Island. In 1872 there were about 300 persons there.

Turning the pages of our book, we can follow intimately the activities of the pioneers on this heavily wooded island. Racial elements included Irish, Germans, Norwegians, and Danish. Fishing was originally the most prom-

inent occupation, but there were lumbermen, farmers and boat-builders. In 1863, 5,800 pounds of delicious maple sugar were processed. A church, a school, and a post office appear on the scene.

This book relates the familiar story of how the Danish store clerk, William Wickman, formerly of Eyrarbakki, Iceland, convoyed four young Icelanders to Washington Island in 1870. Wickman is said to have written to the prospective immigrants that the waters of Lake Michigan were a mine of gold and that "land can be had for homesteading and you can let your hogs run wild and catch them in the fall, fat".

The fact was that most of the desirable land was already taken. In 1873 some fifty Icelanders arrived in Milwaukee but a relatively small number settled permanently on Washington Island. By the end of the century there seems to have been some twenty Icelandic-born settlers there in a total Icelandic population of a little over 100, including women and children.

The tenor of life of the Icelandic pioneers is intimately portrayed, their homesickness, adjustment to a climate that was in turn intolerably hot and bitterly cold, diet, and work in the forest.

This is a story carefully researched, with wide reading of Icelandic sources—including letters and many personal interviews. There are numerous pictures of people and places. It is attractive in appearance. Altogether this is a valuable addition to the Icelandic saga in North America.

—W. Kristjanson

ICELANDIC FOLKTALES AND LEGENDS,

by **Jacqueline Simpson.**

206 p. Berkeley, University of California Press. —\$7.50

Reviewed by **George Hanson**

Iceland abounds in folktales which have, in many cases, come down by word of mouth through many generations. These stories—of which there are two major groups (folk legends,"—þjóðsagnir and "fairy tales," æfintýri) were first collected by Jón Árnason (1819-1888), librarian of the National Library, and Rev. Magnús Grímsson (1825-1860) and published in two volumes, *Íslenzkar Þjóðsögur og Æfintýri* Leipzig, 1864 and 1866), with the assistance of the German scholar, Konrad Maurer. This monumental work, largely the work of Jón Árnason, was again published in a new edition of five volumes (Reykjavík, 1954-1958).

This excellent selection, translated by Jacqueline Simpson (whose other books include, among others *Everyday Life in the Viking Age* and *The Northmen Talk*), is taken from the first three chapters of the 1864-66 edition and is divided into seven chapters—The hidden people, Trolls, Water-dweller, Ghosts, Black magic, Buried treasures, and God and the devil. In these stories one encounters terror, pathos, poverty, and even humor as the various types of supernatural beings make their rounds, either seen or unseen by humans. Some ghosts bring evil and may even attach themselves to a particular family or locale, others may bring good fortune; and in some stories the "hidden-folk" may fall in love with a human. The last story in this collection, called "My Jón's Soul", became the basis for Davíð Stefánsson's well-known play,

"The Golden Gate". Although many of the stories are firmly localized in the Icelandic countryside, Jacqueline Simpson shows many foreign parallels, especially with other Scandinavian and British folktales.

Although this is not a comprehensive collection, there are enough stories to give the reader a good insight into Icelandic folktales which are amongst the richest in the world. This translation is the only one of its kind available (the translations of G. E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon being long out-of print). It is also true to the original. Included are helpful notes to each story, a bibliography, an index of tale type and a general index.

★

POEMS OF TODAY — From Twenty-Five Modern Icelandic poets selected and translated by Allan Boucher.

(Published by Iceland Review, Reykjavík, 1971)

In his foreword to this slim volume, the translator (Mr. Allan Boucher) suggests that "the poetry of a nation—especially of its contemporary poets—is the best possible key to the inner truth about it." To those English-speaking readers, therefore, who would like to savour something of the "inner truth" of modern Icelandic writing, there could hardly be a more satisfactory way than to acquaint themselves with this recent publication.

Mr. Boucher concedes that "all translation is more or less an approximation" and this could hardly be otherwise, given the fact that a language is as much a reflection of a nation's character and overall culture as it is a means of communication. Culture and character can be very subtle entities and extremely difficult

to translate. However, the translations of these particular poems are amazingly faithful to the original compositions—in concept, in theme, and in movement. The translator makes every effort to use the identical rhythm and metric pattern employed by the poet in each selection. As a result, both the idea and the texture of the original version is remarkably well maintained. Occasionally he is less effective in this regard, as when in Hannes Petursson's "Dream" (Draumur) the line "við gamalkunnan ós" becomes "at the familiar estuary" (surely more prosaic and more laboured than the original). One might quote other similar examples, but not a great many. The effect is nearly always relatively accurate both in meaning and in texture.

What emerges in this collection — which spans more than two generations of poets — is a body of verse showing great sensitivity and often-times a deep-felt emotional response to the environment. This response is expressed through a strong and vigorous imagery. Identification with natural surroundings is very evident.

At the green February sky
stare the cracked eyes
of lakes from the land's cold face

In such a way does Stefán Hörður Grímsson describe a winter day. Somewhat more conventional is Steinn Steinar's "Return":

"Oh greenest earth, Oh moist and
softest mould
concealed by nightlong darkness
from my view,
I am your child that wandered
far afield
and now at last I have come
home to you.

There is very little, however, of elaborate metric or rhyme scheme in this collection. The effect is very modern, much of it free verse and unrhymed.

More than two dozen Icelandic poets are represented in the volume. From Jóhannes úr Kötlum through to such recent artists as Iina Björk Árnadóttir and Jóhannes Björn the selections present a group of writers who are searching for a poetic idiom that speaks for the age in which we live as well as for the land that gave them nurture. **Gustaf Kristjanson**

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