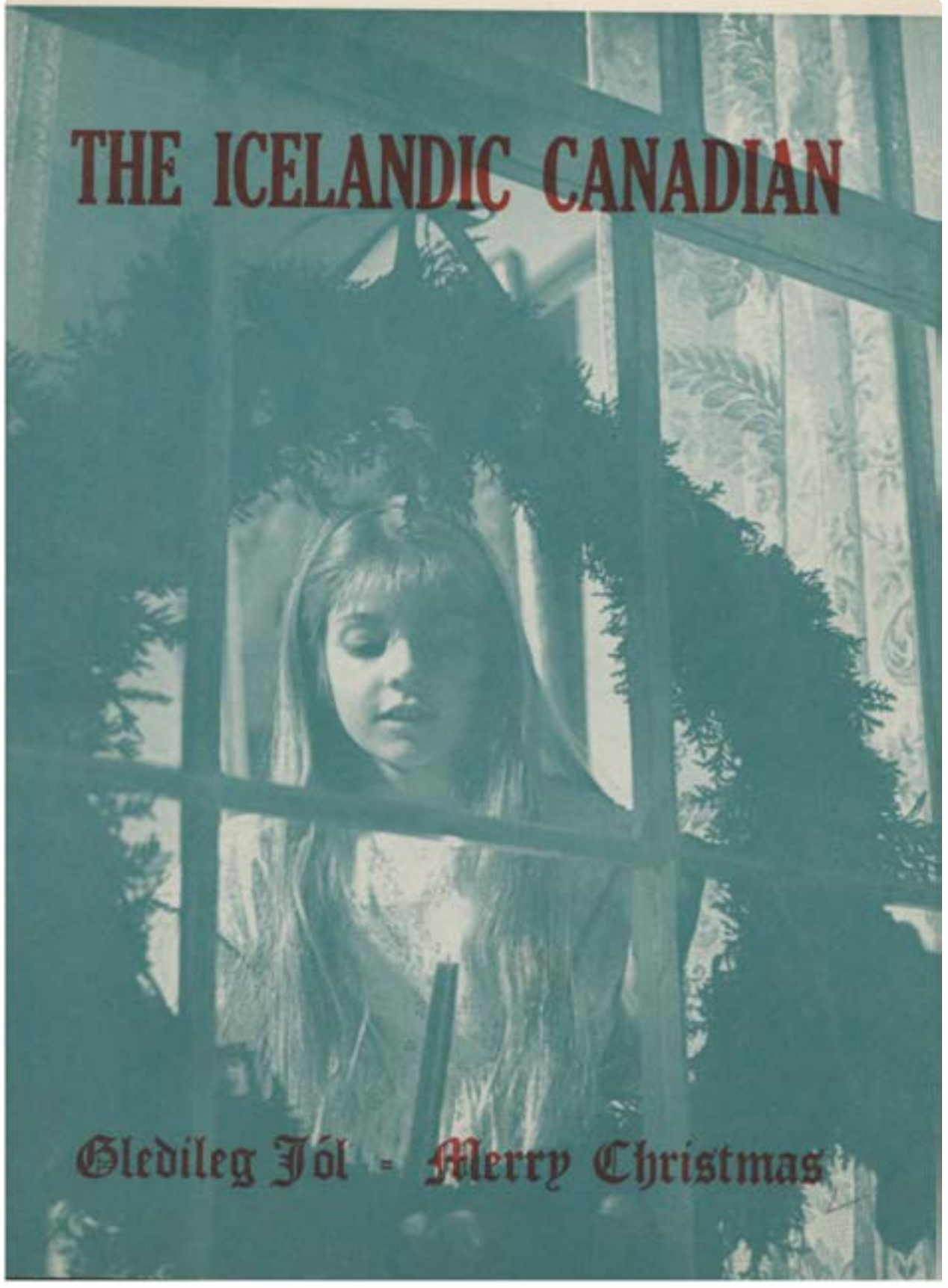
WINTER 1970

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



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OF GOOD HUMAN RELATIONS

"After thousands of years of living and working together,, we should all be masters at getting along with each other", says a Mediagram of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews. It continues: "But of course we aren't—and never will be for that matter. . . . The practice of good human relations cannot just be learned; no knowledge in the head will ever make up for lack of feeling in the heart".

Generally speaking, we may "never" MASTER the art of good human relations, but, fortunately, there are many people who are masters of this art. We are all privileged to know such people.

Bright or dim, the ideal of good human relations is ever before us. It is reflected in our daily lives and in organizations such as the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, Rotary and Kinsmen's clubs, the Y.M.C.A., and the Y.W.C.A., and the Church. It was the ideal motivating the founders of United Nations at San Francisco, in 1945.

May the ideal of good human relations shine brightly everywhere at Christmas, 1970, in lands now blessed with peace and as a beacon light in war torn lands of better times to come. Paul Bjarnason, in his "The Peace Garden" had a vision of "a bond of eternal peace".

"The forts with the mold have mingled
We've melted the guns into plows.
The swords that the sentries jingled
Will serve us to prune the boughs.
The "foe" that we harmed and hated
Are helping to plant the trees;
For blindly we both awaited
This bond of eternal peace."

— **W. Kristjanson**

FROM THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN
TO THE READERS:

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Gleðileg jól og farsælt nýtt ár

Fantasia On The Mediterranian

BY DR. L. A. SIGURDSON

PART TWO

On April 2, 1970, the good ship Fantasia, having left Egypt far behind, arrived in Cyprus. Since the docking facilities were inadequate, we anchored off the city of Limassol and were taken ashore by tender. We took a taxi in order to see the most interesting sights on the island. One of these was the Kolossi Castle, which was erected by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Since I was the corps surgeon for the Knights of St. John in Winnipeg, I was a small part of all this medieval splendor. On the way back to the ship, we went to the Roman Stadium and the Sanctuary of Apollo. It seemed strange, as we drove through the Greek and Turkish districts that only a few years ago, this country was on the verge of civil war and Canadian troops were sent early to help keep the peace and are still there.

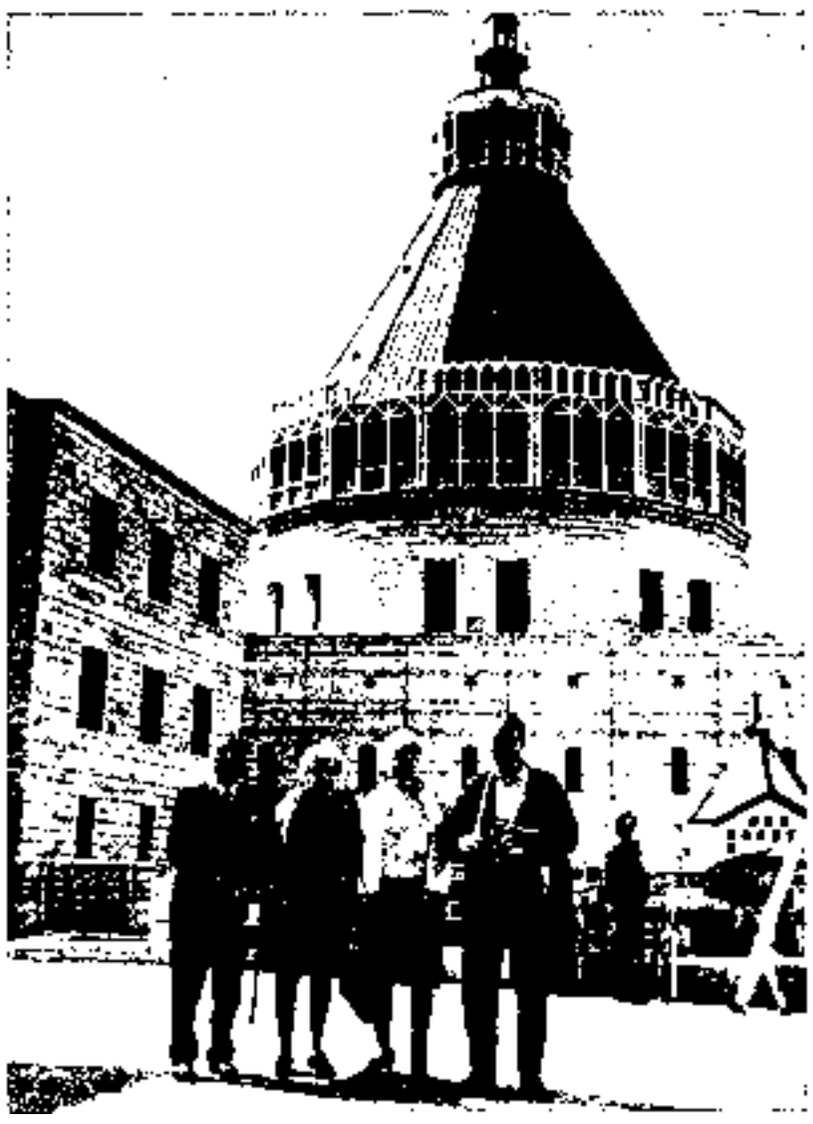
Our next stop was to have been Beirut in Lebanon, but our captain decided not to go there because fighting between Lebanese troops and Palestinian guerillas had broken out in the densely populated south part of the city and the risk to ship and passengers was too great. So we headed for Haifa in Israel.

Haifa is the largest seaport in Israel and is the bridge between the civilizations of Asia and Europe. On the morning of April 3, we left by bus for an excursion into Galilee. On the way out of Haifa, the guide pointed out the prison where Eichmann was confined and tried for his extermination of the Jews during the second world war. A little farther on, we saw the place where he was executed. On leaving Haifa, we passed Mt. Carmel, where the prophet Elijah called down fire from heaven to confound the priests of Baal. A giant statue of the prophet with his staff upraised stands at the top of the mountain.

Historians have described "the Galilee" as one of the most beautiful countries in the world. To be sure, there are no great mountain ranges, and no mighty rivers. It is an inland country with no picturesque beaches or rocky cliffs. But the air is clean and pure. We rode along a paved road through fragrant acres of citrus fruit orchards. Wherever we looked the land was under cultivation. Even the rocky hillsides were terraced and green with vineyards or vegetable gardens. There were flowers everywhere.

We stopped for a few minutes on the side of a hill overlooking Cana and one of the passengers read an account of the first miracle at the marriage in Cana from the gospel according to St. John.

At Nazareth, we visited the new Church of the Annunciation, which has recently been built on the sight of an earlier temple. We lunched at a Kibbutz on the Sea of Galilee, where the meal was prepared and served by the young residents, who live a communal life. The buildings were mod-



Dr. and Mrs. Larus Sigurdson and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Sveinsson at Nazareth, Israel

ern, the food well prepared and served. There was a large shop where native handicrafts, produced by the residents, were for sale.

In the afternoon, we drove north along the Sea of Galilee where we saw a Byzantine church, now being reconstructed. On the floor is a beautiful mosaic picturing the birds and animals found in the area. The church was built to commemorate the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. Farther on were the ruins of Capernaum where archeologists are unearthing the home of Peter the Apostle. There is also the ruins of a porch of a second century synagogue, in which Jesus is said to have preached.

We returned to the Kibbutz for afternoon coffee and Allan and I went swimming in the Sea of Galilee. This is really an inland fresh water lake connected by the River Jordan to the Dead Sea. The Hebrew name is Kinneret, which means the waters of the gentle harp, because to the ancients, the waters sang a soothing melody. When we came to the River Jordan I was disappointed, because where we visited it, it was narrow and the water was muddy. However, since this was the place where John the Baptist baptized Jesus, I, along with many others, dipped our hands into it. Many pilgrims from distant lands come every year to bathe in its waters.

On April 4, we went to Jerusalem. Our first stop on the way was Bethlehem. For millions of people, this is one of the most sacred places in the world because it is the place where Jesus, the Saviour, was born. Much has happened to this town, which has changed from a small village with an inn and a stable to a modern city with a large Church of the Nativity. We went inside and walked up the imposing aisle of the basilica with its great brown columns along each side. At the far end in front of the altar was the entrance to the Holy Manger. After descending several very steep stone steps we came to a room in the centre of which was the Star of Bethlehem which marked the place where Jesus was born. Nearby was the "milk grotto" where Mary nursed her child. Finally we came to the nativity crypt. The original stable was a cave in the rocks. Now the floor is covered with a marble slab and there, lying on a white embroidered pillow was a waxen image, a doll-like representation of the child Jesus. Behind was a large painting illustrating the visit of the three wise men.

After lunch in a restaurant in the new city of Jerusalem, we went by bus to visit the old walled city. Our first stop was at the top of the Mount of Olives, facing the beautiful Damascus gate. Millions of people from all over the world have stood here and gazed at the city where western civilization was born, because here the three great faiths of Judaism, Christianity and Islam had their beginnings. On the slopes of the Mount of Olives are the last resting place of the prophet Zachariah, the monument to David's son, Absalom, and the tomb of Rachel, all mentioned in the Old Testament.

We then drove to the Jaffa Gate and entered the "City of Peace" even though it has, over the centuries withstood many destructive sieges, in which the warriors on each side fought and died with great courage and to a great extent because of Jesus. Since the "six day war" the city of Jerusalem is no longer divided and we were free to walk with our guide for about three hours within the walls.

Of all the places we visited three were of tremendous interest. When I saw the wailing wall, with hundreds of Jews weeping and praying, it was easy to see why this small part, all that remains of their once mighty temple, means so much to them. The very beautiful Mosque of Omar, the dome of the rock, must have a similar impact on the Arabs because here Mohammud is supposed to have mounted his horse and gone straight to heaven. Finally, as I walked along the Via Dolorosa, the way Jesus followed on the way to his crucifixion, passing the various stations of the cross and visiting the Garden of Gethsemene, I realized that this was a powerful force to the thousands of Christians who have walked along this narrow road.

We returned to the Jaffa Gate through a narrow street which was full of small shops and bazaars. We returned to Haifa late in the evening, passing through the city of Tel Aviv after dark. It was the Sabbath and the shops were all closed and the streets almost deserted.

At midnight, we left Haifa for Rhodes, a distance of about four hundred miles. We arrived in the city of Rhodes early on Monday morning, April 6. We went by taxi across the island to Lindos. The driver stopped at his home on the way and gave us each a lemon almost as big as a grapefruit picked from a tree in the front vard. On the road we passed donkeys carrying loads of grass or great baskets of vegetables. The men in the fields were cutting hay with sickles, and there were shepherds, each tending a small flock of sheep or goats. The air was fragrant, with perfume from the orchards of citrus fruit.

In ancient times, Lindos was a great sea port. Today it is famous for its spectacular ruins. We climbed the Acropolis and saw the ruins of the temple of the Lindian Athena, built 2400 years ago. On our way back to the town of Rhodes, we saw the most interesting building of all, namely the castle of the Knights. The crusaders built this to endure throughout the centuries and it still stands as a testimony to their faith in the cause that meant more to them than life itself.

The museum of Rhodes is in the Hospice of the Knights, built four hundred years ago. Inside are precious relics of the past, coins, pottery and statues dating back more than two thousand years. There are two very beautiful statues of Aphrodite. Rhodes is also famous for two other statues, the first, the Laocoon, now in the Vatican Museum in Rome the other the Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. This was a statue of the sun god, which stood astride the entrance to one of the harbours. Less than a century after it was built, it fell into the sea. The Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent and the Temple of Apollo are also in Rhodes. We went through some of the shops where fine embroideries and ceramics were sold before returning to the ship.

On April 7, we landed in Kusadasi, Turkey. From there we drove to Ephesus. This was one of the sacred cities of antiquity, the others being Smyrna, Antioch, Damascus, Athens, Jerusalem and Alexandria. Because of its superiority in cultural and economic fields Ephesus became the most famous city in Asia Minor. One of the seven wonders of the ancient world was the Temple of Artemis Ephesus. For fifteen centuries, this was the centre for religious pilgrims in the ancient world. The temple, which was four times the size of the Parthenon, was considered to be a perfect building from the point of view of architecture, art and sculpture. Our first stop was at the Basilica of St. John. Other ruins in the neighborhood were the Church of St. Mary, the Library of Celsus, the great theatre and the Agora.

The museum is filled with priceless treasures, among them a fresco of Socrates. Its most famous masterpiece is the statue of the earth goddess, the symbol of nature and chastity. She was the protector of sailors and forest animals. Her many breasts symbolize the life giving properties of the earth. She was the mother goddess, Artemis.

At noon, we sailed for the island of Patmos. Here we took a taxi part of the way up the side of a mountain to the Byzantine Monastery of St. John, the Divine. We had to climb about one-hundred steps to get to the door.

From there we had an excellent view of the island, the Aegean Sea and the neighboring islets. By the very nature of the strategic position of Patmos it was found necessary to make the monastery into a fortress against the attacks of the Venetians, Turks, pirates and even the Knights of St. John. On the walls of the central church were many frescoes including one of the twelve apostles with Jesus in the centre. The library high up in the monastery contains thousands of printed books and manuscripts. These 13,000 documents give a very accurate account of the centuries which have passed since the founding of the monastery. Many of the books are beautifully illuminated and the bindings are remarkable. One of them contains fragments of the original gospel according to St. Mark and the Book of Job. After leaving the library, we went through the monastery's treasury. Here we saw many examples of ecclesiastical embroidery and objects such as chalices, crosses, scrolls and medallions made of gold or silver, many of them decorated with precious stones. On the way back, we stopped at the cave where St. John saw the vision which inspired him to write the Book of Revelation.

Our ship sailed at eight o'clock in the evening and on April 9, we arrived at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, a distance of about 600 miles from Patmos. We went by taxi along the panoramic road, which gave us a wonderful view of the walled city. We finally reached the gateway to the inner city which dates back five hundred years. No notor traffic is allowed and we walked with many others along the narrow streets paved with flat stones. One street was closed to all traffic because they were making a moving picture of the Napoleonic era. The place was occupied by actors in French uniforms and three cornered hats and actresses in high waisted gowns of the First Empire. The town itself is situated on the east coast of the Adriatic with a mountain range behind it. This gives it a Mediterranean climate.

Early in the afternoon, we were on our way to Venice about three hundred miles away. In the evening, the captain and crew held a farewell party on the Fantasia. As a climax to the dinner, the waiters paraded through the dining room each carrying a baked Alasak flambeau.

On April 10, the voyage came to an end in Venice. We took a water taxi on the Grand Canal to St. Mark's Square, where we saw many famous buildings dating back through the centuries. In the afternoon, we were on the plane to London and from there back to Winnipeg.

MY BATTLE WITH "SANDY BAR"

by Paul A. Sigurdson

I may as well confess it in the beginning. I know it is a blasphemy of sorts. But Gutti, who had a rare sense of humour, would forgive me. So I hereby confess to all Icelanders, young and old, pure and not so pure: many times in the last six years I wish Guttormur J. Guttormsson had never penned his monstrously good poem "Sandy Bar". Now I've said it; I've bared my secret soul. I begin to hear the protest wails from Gutti's admirers and friends. But stop! Before you inundate me with angry protests, allow me to explain.

I believe I was twelve when my uncle Thorstein J. Gislason first read me the poem "Sandy Bar". At the time I could not understsand more than a small fraction of it. But I remember being impresssed by the rich language and the dynamic rhythm. When it had been explained to me, I was thrilled by its dramatic impact. I was caught up in a sense of excitement and urgency. Like all great poetry it stirred my blood and appealed as much to my heart as to my head. There were others present at the reading and I remember the enthusiastic discussion which followed. It was a masterpiece of western Icelandic poetry they agreed, and it expressed the deepest feelings of all the pioneers and pioneer kin who had struggled to gain a new life in a harsh land.

My high school years slipped by. I forgot "Sandy Bar". I all but forgot Icelandic. Life was offering so many immediate rewards. The war raging in Europe. Poetry was passe. Patriotism was the "in-thing".

Later in my varsity years I remembered "Sandy Bar" again. I looked it up and struggled with its heavy language. Again I discussed it with my uncle. Its stature had not diminished. I promised him I would translate it some day and he admitted that would be a great achievement, because already several writers had broken their quills in the attempt. Some, he said, had pronounced the poem untranslatable.

Any man with moderate sense would have closed the book then and there and forgotten about a translation. I should have said: "Let the poem lie in its perfect pristine form. Keep away. Don't meddle. Don't ever try to translate the untranslatables." Yes. That's what I should have said. How many frustrating hours it would have saved me! How it would have saved the wear on my harassed brain. In the years to come, poring over the crossed-out lines on my paper, how often I had to squeeze and strain to draw out that happy sequence of words which transcends a sickly, crawling line into a shaft of sounding gold.

For many "the power of sin is the law". Like the willful child who must touch the hot pan after being warned of its danger, I, with a similar innocent trust and childish disregard for another's opinion, decided to attempt what should not be attempted. I resolved to begin my translation of "Sandy Bar". I now had behind me

five years of university, a year's sojourn in Iceland, two years at the King George Hospital "Chess Club" ("polio ward" is the accurate but less romantic name) and six years of teaching English. I convinced myself I was prepared.

I made three agreements with my secret self. One: I would complete the job even if it took a life time; two: I would settle for nothing which my own critical judgement pronounced second-rate; and three: I would not read any translations already done. I did not want to fall into the same traps as others; nor did I want, in any way to cheat my imagination of the chance of spontaneity, by being subconsciously pre-charted by another's words or phrases. I lived up to my first two promises. I confess I broke the third on only one verse: the third.—It proved to be the Gordian Knot.

I began my translation in earnest in the spring of 1964. In the following January I sent what I thought was a fairly good translation to Guttormur himself. .The translation was complete except for the third verse. I still had not "broken" the third verse. I explained I was having problems with it and I hoped he might supply a clue. But I also wanted to know what he thought of the other nine verses. I was not overjoyed with his reply. I received his letter dated the fourth of March 1965 in which he says:

Eg þakka þér fyrir velvild þína; en eg lít svo á, að kvæðið sem er hér um að ræða sé eitt af þeim íslenzku kvæðum sem ómögulegt er að þýða á enska tungu á þann veg að efni og form haldi sér. Það hefir fjórum sinnum verið revnt að þýða þetta kvæði, og kannske oftar. Það má heita fullreynt.

I thank you for your goodwill, but to my mind the poem in question is one of the Icelandic poems impossible to translate into the English language so as to preserve content and form. Four attempts have been made to translate this poem, perhaps more often. It may be said that it has been fully tried.

And with the forthrightness which made him the great man he was he continued:

Eg er ekki að halda því fram að þetta kvæði sé betri en mörg önnur á ensku. Sannleikurinn er sá að flesstar þessar þýðingar eru, þegar bezt lætur, bara hliðstæðar, og mjög mismunandi.

I am not claiming that this poem is better than many other poems that have been translated into English. The fact of the matter is that most of these translations are, at the best, not on par with the original and of varied quality.

And then as he redirects me and encourages, he reveals his generosity and goodwill:

Margt virðist benda til ag þér láti betur að frumkveða en þýða (þú ert ekki sá eini þar) og til þess vil eg hvetja þig, og óska þér til lukku.

There are many indications that the writing of original poetry is more in your line than translation (you are not alone in this respect) and I would encourage you (to use your talents) accordingly. I wish you good success.

Of course I was disappointed. After all the agonizing work I told myself I deserved a word of praise. Disillusioned I put "Sandy Bar" into a remote drawer and turned to more tangible chores.

A few months later I reassessed the situation. A translation is a translation, I argued in profound debate with my wise-self and my idiot-other-self. I would not give up my translation! In spite of Guttormur's advice I would try again. "Sandy Bar" was too good a poem to go untranslated! The English world deserved an opportunity to read it and feel, however imperfectly, something of the drama and pathos of the poem. And Guttormur—did he truly and absolutely believe in his

poem's unassailability? Or was there behind it, the last wistful hope of the poet, that he has created something rare, perfect and unmatched to keep eternally in his own personal sacred shrine? I came to the brutal conclusion that no poem was untranslatable; that each poem only lost value in the process. "Sandy Bar" would lose some of its value, I was ready to admit. It was my responsibility to keep the loss to a minimum.

I attacked the poem again with renewed enthusiasm. I rewrote and retouched the nine verses. Number three stood as impregnable and hard-sheathed as Drangey. My problem was I didn't fully comprehend the Icelandic! I was floundering about in darkest ignorance. In desperation I turned to Professor Haraldur Bessason. He answered me as follows (Feb. 1967) after a thorough analysis of the first four confusing lines:

Eg lái þér ekki fyrir að lenda í vandræðum með þessar línur, því að þær eru óþarflega myrkar. Eg bar ofangreinda skýringu einu sinni undir Guttorm sjálfan, og sagði hann að hún væri rétt.

I do not blame you for getting into difficulties over these lines; they are needlessly obscure. I referred the above interpretation at one time to Guttormur himself and he said it was correct.

My success with the other verses had depended on my discovery of an acceptable triple rhyme of feminine endings. This in itself is a formidable undertaking. In Icelandic, nouns verbs, adjectives and infinitives abound in feminine endings. In English there are relatively few. The "ing" ending is the most common and there is a constant danger for the unwary to over use this form. As my translation stands, four out of the ten stanzas are 'ing" stanzas. There is also the temptation to use the more sophisticated words which have the Latin root. But these words by their very nature are unpoetic. They lack the lustre, the force, the sharp ring of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables. Compare: "transportation", "nation", and "relation" to words like "ship", "sing", "heart", etc. The Latin is vague, anemic.

What adds to the difficulty is that the triple rhymes also must be made up of words common enough to escape the reader's feeling of artificiality. Time and again I discarded a word because it was too unusual and therefore did not ring true*. My breakthrough on the third verse came when I hit upon the word "uncharted" to rhyme with "sturdy-hearted" and departed". Had "Sandy Bar" been twenty verses instead of ten I might still be looking for suitable triple rhymes. I see by the date on the manuscript it was the thirtieth of April, 1967. Four years had gone by. I was gaunt and word-weary but I finally had a complete translation.

It felt good. Being human I gloated a bit. I had cracked, stormed and taken the impregnable fortress—or at least, so I believed. I sent copies to Will Kristjanson. Haraldur Bessason. and Judge Lindal. The general response was not negative. but not overwhelmingly enthusiastic. The first verse was a little weak. The odd word was not accurate and so on. I wasn't angry. I was only weary—weary of translating —weary of juggling my vocabulary for rhymes—weary of whipping my imagination to produce the right word in the right place and to create the cadence which would maintain the dramatic surge of the lines. I had done my best. I had worked long hours. My battle with "Sandy Bar" was over. It was a good translation. It must be a good translation.

* For example "bleary" is an acceptable English word; and it rhymes perfectly with "weary" and "dreary". I tried to outargue the critic inside me who refused to accept it. In the end I gave in to my taste. "Bleary" would sound forced because its usage has been so often restricted to the phrase "bleary eyed".

In July that summer sufficiently removed from my "translatoritis" I went to see the original site of Sandy Bar. Most writers go to the source of a story for inspiration. I went for consolation. A friend and neighbor of mine, a staunch Mennonite, Dr. Unruh, drove with me. He had known about my translation and had read some of my earliest attempts. In fact I must give him credit for my decision to use the word "thunder-jar" in the first stanza. When I first read him the translation he was so strongly impressed with the first four lines that he cried out "Man, you can feel the thunder jarring!" I had had doubts about the word "jar". Needless to say, after his comments my doubts were dispelled.

There was little to see at Sandy Bar: a boulder strewn beach, a few clumps of wind-battered willows and a low sloughy meadowland. Dr. Unruh, in one of his adventuresome moods matched his driving skill and horse power against the suck of the slough and ended up by driving admirably into a state of immobility. Dr. S. O. Thompson of Riverton had driven out with us, and now two Icelanders and a Mennonite found themselves "mired" at Sandy Bar. Later over coffee after a "cat" had drawn us out, Dr. Thompson read my translation and made much of the word "mired", chuckling on its aptness to our recent experience in the slough. I believe I laughed too. My translation was worth something after all!

Later we visited the cemetery to find Gutti's grave and as the sun poured down its warm splendour and the strong lake wind sighed through the pines, I stood beside his headstone and silently asked him to forgive my meddling with his most precious poem.

We returned home and I filed the translation away. I forgot about it for two years. Then one day out of curiosity I took it out; and with it on my left and the original on my right I went through the poem again. When I read verse eight I could scarcely believe my eyes. I knew I had been free in translating it. But I also remembered being proud that I had so neatly handled the intended metaphor. I felt I had really written a new verse! My vanity told me it was a masterpiece in itself .But what did I do? It was too free so I junked it.

Another year passed. The once-finished translation was now unfinished. It lay in the files. Verse eight had a cruel X drawn through it. Then one day Will Kristjanson appeared at my front door. Very casually he mentioned he was interested in my "Sandy Bar" for the centennial year. With this new stimulus I promised him I would finish it and send him the final draft. That night my manuscript came out of exile and I began to wrestle with its meaning again. Two weeks later I had rewritten verse eight, strengthened verse one, changed a few words and a few lines, and the thing was done. Sko!

How good is the translation? I can not tell. The proof is in the reading. I have yet to read other translations, although I have read Bjarnason's verse three (it has several weak aspects), and Kirkconnel's verse eight, which seems more scholarly than poetic. I only know the task has been a tremendous challenge, with all the frustration and satisfaction such a task provides.

I hope I have captured that emotion which overwhelmed Guttormur that stormy night so long ago and made him pay tribute, in verse, to the humble, yet holy deeds of our fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers, and to all our kin who came to a harsh land at the cruelest time of the year; and broke their bodies and their hearts on the brutal rack of fate. If I have done this passing well, Gutti will forgive me.

SANDY BAR

by Guttormur J. Guttormsson

Once a walk at midnight taking,
Gusts of rain around me shaking,
Sky and earth alight and quaking,
Lightning-blaze and thunder-jar;
There beneath the poplars tow'ring,
In my footprints soaked from
show'ring,
Traces of a camp were showing,
Mired deep at Sandy Bar;
Long-forsaken, near-forgotten
Settlers' home at Sandy Bar.

They sleep nameless. To this dreary
Land they ventured, brave but weary;
And how cold and lonely, eerie,
Huddled neath the northern star;
Where it seemed, awake or sleeping,
Death was silently up-creeping;
Just as if its raven-blackness
Hovered over Sandy Bar;
For its shadow-doom was waiting,
Watching all at Sandy Bar.

The last call came. The sturdy-hearted,
Stricken, one by one departed;
—Heaven's passage yet uncharted;
Death had come intruding there.
Even the strongest felt their failing,
Feared the unknown deep for sailing:
—Were their souls prepared for
crossing?—
Doubts prevailed at Sandy Bar.
Nameless, nagging fears beset them,
Haunting all at Sandy Bar.

Here I lingered, sorrow-shaken,
Thinking on what death had taken;
Homes of promise, burnt, forsaken;
Ashes from a fallen star.
Heaven's flashing shafts were telling
Of the skeletons here dwelling;
Where the settlers' dreams were buried,
In the mounds at Sandy Bar;
Infant-hopes of sturdy manhood,
Came to naught at Sandy Bar.

Here, in vain, they struggled, mired;
Sinewed bodies hunger-tired;
Lost the years they most desired,
Overcome with care.
Body-broken went on dreaming;
Victory-vision faintly gleaming;
Vowed to gain their own distinction,
From the depths at Sandy Bar;
Rise to dignity and honour,
From despair at Sandy Bar.

With me the heavens wept. The
thunder
Sobbed and split the clouds asunder;
And I bowed in tearful wonder,
Knowing how they suffered there.
Suddenly I heard a singing;
Axe and hammer faintly ringing;
As the spirits of the fallen,
Came to life at Sandy Bar.
Clearing trails to truth and honour;
Pioneers at Sandy Bar.

May their hopes go onward streaming;
Help the settlers' vision-dreaming;
Be a constant beacon gleaming,
Like a faithful guilding star.
May their spirit never perish;
May the men with honour cherish,
And fulfill their worthy labour,
On the land at Sandy Bar;
Reaching for the high ideals,
Willed to them at Sandy Bar.

They have left a half-told story;
Deeds begun which promise glory.
—All the grasses frozen hoary,
Sprout again tho withered there;
They, like grass-tips first to waken,
Bore the brunt and first were taken;
But I know the frozen, fallen,
Live again at Sandy Bar;
Flourish with a sweeter fragrance,
Round the graves at Sandy Bar.

Suddenly my heart was glowing;
Refreshed, I felt my hopes up-flowing;
From every grave that light was
showing,
Pure and eternal as a star!
So let their potent bodies golden,
Forever in their tombs be holden;
Leased of God and now retaken,
Buried deep at Sandy Bar.
More than flesh and all its grandeur
Lives today at Sandy Bar!

Thunderheads were northward sailing;
Dark and heavy clouds were trailing,
Heaven-opening star by star;
There I saw a highway streaming,
Bright with constellation-gleaming;
Clean and true as men had dreamed it,
Soaring over Sandy Bar;
Heaven, homestead of the settler,
Shining over Sandy Bar!

translated by paul a. sigurdson

MELTING POT OR MOSAIC?

OR YET ANOTHER PATTERN.

Melting pot or mosaic, or yet another pattern? Should Manitoba become a melting pot or should it be a mosaic of many different cultural groups, each retaining a distinct identity? Or should we look for yet another symbol representing yet another social pattern of evolution in Manitoba?

A Manitoba Cultural Mosaic Congress met in the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg last October, to debate this core question, with its varied facets and implications. The Congress was financed jointly by the federal and provincial governments, although the responsibility for its organization and operations rested with interested private citizens, and is looked on as the beginning of a more extensive study.

"About 375 representatives of Manitoba's many ethnic groups, as well as observers and resource people from across Canada and abroad met in an attempt to discover the desires and goals of peoples of all ethnic backgrounds and to interpret in terms which would benefit the community as a whole." The Congress attempted to formulate guidelines to recommend both to federal and provincial governments regarding the future of cultural minorities in the province and the contribution of a variety of ethnic cultures to the cultural life of the province as a whole.

The "melting pot" theory was rejected by Secretary of State Gerard Pelletier, expressing the stand of the federal government, and by others. Dr. Watson Kirkconnell substituted for the oft-mentioned mosaic idea, one concept of "many voices, one chorus"; also the concept of a cultural tapestry where the gifts of all, in their myriad variety, have been woven into a single national achievement."

After three days of seminars and workshops, a host of resolutions were submitted the plenary session on the last day. The plenary session found time to process only sixteen resolutions, but the rest, some of them half-baked, some of them conflicting, but many of them constructive and worthwhile, were to be passed on for the consideration of the authorities concerned.

Space does not permit a full account of this important congress, but it should be mentioned that one of the resolutions submitted to the plenary session was to make French and English official languages in Manitoba (The resolution was defeated). In the event of another congress, people of Icelandic origin would be interested participators. Furthermore, people of Icelandic origin in Manitoba—and other communities—would do well to hold a congress of their own to discuss the future of the Icealndic cultural heritage on this side of the Atlantic. The Icelandic Canadian Club is already considering this project.

—W. Kristjanson

THE MANITOBA CULTURAL MOSAIC CONGRESS

The Manitoba Cultural Mosaic Congress was held October 13 through 17, in the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, Manitoba. The Icelandic community was represented by Dr.. John Matthiasson and Tim Samson on the steering committee and at the Congress by Dr. Matthiasson; W. Kristjanson and Miss Mattie Halldorson of the **Icelandic Canadian,** and Mrs. Laura Tergeson and Miss S. Stefansson, from Gimli.

The subjects were many and varied — Education, Government services, Language, youth organization, media and communications, cultural exchange. The final session was a plenary session where all the resolutions submitted by the committees had been edited for the groups to consider.

The first resolution was:

Whereas English and French are the official languages of Canada within the public agencies of the Federal government

BE IT RESOLVED that the Manitoba Mosaic Cngress recommends that the Government of Manitoba study ways and means of preserving the multilingual and multicultural reality of the Manitoba Mosaic.

There were 16 resolutions passed, some dealing with the preservation of ethnic material in archives, easily accessible to groups for research, and the translation of "ethnic" literature into English and French.

I felt the congress worthwhile and would recommend that more of our Icelandic people attend the sessions when another Mosaic Congress is planned.

Mattie Halldorson

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK —

NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

As a reader of the Icelandic Canadian you are invited to take an active interest in the increase of the circulation of the magazine. The circulation is increasing but we would like to see it increase more and faster. We believe the **Icelandic Canadian** has a mission: apart from bringing pleasure to the readers, a mission to promote the preservation of our Icelandic heritage and thus to contribute to the enrichment of our country's cultural riches.

The chief form of participation requested by your editorial board is a recommendation of the magazine to those of your friends and acquaintences who are not now subscribers but who would likely be interested to become subscribers. Furthermore, there is the standing offer of three or more gift subscriptions at Christmas for $2.50 each. A number of these gift subscriptions would be gratifying.

Notable Public Service

Dr. S. E. Peterson

Sveinbjorn Eggert Peterson was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1933, and grew up in a number of small towns in Manitoba and northern Ontario. He received an Isbister Entrance Scholarship to the University of Manitoba in 1948 and entered United College. He entered the honors program in Mathematics and Physics, but in 1951 withdrew from the university and joined Canadian National Railways as a telegrapher in British Columbia. He secured leave from the company to return to the University of Manitoba in 1952, and graduated with a B.A. in English and History in 1954. In 1956 he was transferred to C.N.R. headquarters in Montreal and was engaged in economic research in the Department of Research and Development, the Department of Merchandise Services and later the Freight Sales Department. He was appointed Manager, Freight Sales Development in 1962.

He resigned from the Canadian National in 1966 to pursue post-graduate studies in management at the University of Western Ontario. The following year he entered the doctoral program at the Sloan School of Management, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, specializing in international business policy, economics and law and political process. His doctoral thesis, **Management, Motives and Society** inquired into the relationship between sociological characteristics and attributes of personality among the upper classes in Iceland, and their implications for economic development. During his doctoral studies he held various fellowships from the Sloan School as well as from the Canada Council and the Province of Quebec.

He has been a consultant to the Canadian National Railways on corporate planning, forecasting and managerial control and spent three months in East Africa as a consultant to the Economist Intelligence Unit on railway costs and pricing in connection with their assignment to analyze surface transportation for the East Africa Community and the World Bank.

In 1970 he joined the Canadian government in Ottawa as Head, Specialized Studies in the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources.

He has written a number of major reports in the course of his employment and consulting assignments. An article on "Economic Regulation and Problems of Extraterritoriality" is forthcoming in a Canadian law journal.

He married the former Donna Munroe in 1954. They and their seven children have resided in Pierrefonds, Quebec, (a subsurb of Montreal) for some years.

—Haraldur Bessason

New TV Star In The Firmament

Last winter the CBC's public affairs program "Weekend" was looking for a female interviewer who possessed just the right blend of "glamour" and perceptive journalistic ability to team up with ace news announcer Lloyd Robertson to host the prestige Sunday evening show. The attractive blonde who made her appearance on the television screen that February evening was an immediate success. The CBC had obviously found the person they were looking for.

She is Kay Sigurjonsson, and her success as a television personality tends to obscure the fact that for her the Weekend show is just a sideline. For many years Miss Sigurjonsson has enjoyed considerable success in an educational career and as a public relations expert. She is presently employed—in a full-time capacity—as Executive Secretary of the Association of the Women Teachers' Federation of Ontario. This position entails handling publicity and information of all kinds for the Association. She is also frequently required to go out of Toronto to address meetings for the organization.

Prior to taking on her present duties with the Women Teachers' Federation, she was with the University of Toronto Press as public relations officer. She had originally gone to Toronto (to St. Hilda's) for Graduate studies on the Cumming Fellowship and a Canada Council grant.

Kay was born in Brandon, Manitoba, the eldest of five children. She began her schooling at Neepawa, Man., took most of her elementary schooling at Sudbury, Ont., and her high school education at The Pas. She was a scholarship student in her college years, which were spent at United College in Winnipeg, and at the University of Manitoba, where she was a gold medallist in her final year in Honours English. She also received a gold medal for her studies in the Faculty of Education at the University of Manitoba. Her teaching career took her to such

far-flung places as Quebec City, Vermilion, Alberta, and Vancouver, B. C., as well as United College in Winnipeg (collegiate division).

Her involvement in education has come naturally. Kay's father is J. E. Sigurjonsson, a retired school principal who spent most of his adult years in the teaching profession. Mr. Sigurjonsson was principal of Selkirk Collegiate at the time of his retirement from teaching. Kay's mother (of Scotch-Irish descent) is a graduate of Brandon General Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Sigurjonsson live at 57 Kenaston Boulevard in Winnipeg.

Now in her second season with the Weekend program, Miss Sigurjonsson displays a poise and intelligence while interviewing public figures that would be the envy of many broadcasters with years of experience. It is to be hoped that we will continue to receive the benefit of her talent for a long time to come.

—G. Kristjanson

PASTER O. DONALD OLSEN APPOINTED ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN CANADA LUTHERAN SYNOD

Pastor O. Donald Olsen, who originally hails from Winnipeg, and has for years served as pastor of a Calgary congregation has been appointed assistant to President D. W. Sjoberg of the Western Canada Lutheran Synod.

Rev. Olsen took his grade school education in Winnipeg and then proceeded to his B.A. degree at the University of Manitoba. Following that, he studied at Northwestern Lutheran Theological Seminary, where he received a B.D. degree in 1958. That vear he was ordained by the Icelandic Synod of the United Lutheran Church.

At the time of ordination Pastor Olsen accepted the call of the Argyle Lutheran parish, Glenboro, Manitoba. In 1962 he served under the Board of American Missions in organizing Hope Lutheran Church in northwest Calgary. This congregation was organized on October 28, of that vear with 89 confirmed adults and 70 baptized children. The present membership, after Pastor Olsen's eight vears of service is 330 confirmed adults and 250 baptized children.

"The work of the Canadian Missions will mean that I shall be involved in two things that excite me", says Pastor Olsen. "One is the planting and nourishing of new congregations in the traditional ministry . . and the other is trying new approaches . . . in new situations. Next week I go to Vancouver and then the week after I go to Winnipeg for two meetings."

Pastor Olsen is married and he and his wife have five children.

The Olsens have taken up residence in Edmonton. **—W. K.**

ALL ABOARD

by Johannes P. Palsson

Ask not a mortal to understand
His innate compulsion to ravage the land,
Rape Virgin Prairie to rear Mammon's whore,
Rending his hair that her charms are no more.

Spiking our profits with spoils of greed,
Spurning the counsel of plain human need,
Fouling blue waters, the earth and the air,
We eat and we drink and we breathe in despair.

Such are the least of our sinister acts,
Satan alone barely knows all the facts,
As agents of power by right of the rod,
We read the computers for orders from God.

Gone are illusions sacred, sublime,
Since the late Einstein deposed Father Time,
No more a sin to eat cutlets than kraut,
The cults of the mystique are on the way out.

Celestial glamor is fading so fast,
One fears even Heaven itself may not last,
The ranges of stardom, man now demands,
Prove measureless rubble and bleak desert sands

The solace of poet and lover and loon
The libertine, Science, has stripped of the Moon,
Addled by voltage of over-charged head
Announces with gusto, romance has gone dead.

Divining all space in its dizziest heights,
She dabbles in patents and trafficking rights
Or burrows a hole in the heart of the earth
Where heroes do battle and mothers give birth.

Her weird calculations new worries forebode,
As waxing in numbers the race must explode,
She dares keep a-throbbing the down-and-out heart—
The dumb-founded spirit and heaven apart.

Let us announce her a fraud and stay free,
Free to admit our wits are at sea,
No more encumbered with cradle and hearse,
Cruising aboard The **Great Universe.**

Who knows the course or cares any more
If it calls for a landing and hostel ashore?
Existence is one, hence we as it were
That well designed marvel of Everywhere.

An acquaintance of Dr. Palsson, resident on Manitoba prairie land complained in a letter how men have despoiled the prairie since they first saw it, unspoiled. Dr. Palsson answered with the poem "ALL ABOARD".

AWARDED GENERAL MOTORS SCHOLARSHIP

Augusta Lynne Magnusson

Augusta Lynne Magnusson, of Winnipeg is the winner of a $4,000 General Motors scholarship. Her award is on the basis of an outstanding academic record combined with qualities of responsibility and leadership, demonstrated in school and extra-curricular activities.

Lynne attended Daniel McIntyre Collegiate in Winnipeg, including grade XII. On her final examination in 1970, she had an average of 93%. She was editor of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Student paper, which was awarded first rating by the University of Minnesota. She was a member of the D.M.C team in the challenging TV series "Reach For The Top", a member of the Collegiate gymnastic team and won the first place medal in balance beam and free exercise in the MSSAA provincial championship in 1969. She received the Governor-General's medal in 1970.

Lynne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Agnar Rae Magnusson, of 747 Garfield Street, Winnipeg..

The Creation Of The Universe In Northern Mythology

Howard S. Reilly

At some point in his life, every man is curious to know its meaning—where it came from and where it is going. Every culture attempts to supply answers to these questions through its religion, its science, its art. What we know about the Northern European answer to these questions is contained in archeological finds, in the rock carvings of the Bronze Age in Sweden and Norway, in the runic inscriptions which precede writing in the language of the people, in folk traditions, and in literary works.

Our concern tonight is with the last group of evidence, the literary works. The literary works which survive are primarily Icelandic manuscripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, composed more than a century after Christianity had become the dominant religion in the North. The two primary literary texts are the Eddic Poems, and the Prose Edda of Snorri Sturluson (1179-1241). These are the works of art in which the artist was free to select from the fragments of the old tradition what appealed to him. In both works the old knowledge is set forth as the oracular utterance of a god, a giant, a prophet, or by a mysterious and unknown person. The settings are mysterious and occult. Pictures are drawn, phrases used, that cannot be explained in an everydav, rational sense. In Völuspá, the speaker is a sybil (seiðkona) who remembers the early days of the world at Odin's bidding and sings to gods and men,

forn spjöll fíra
þau er fremst um man[2]

She remembers back to the beginning when nothing existed, before any of the nine worlds had come into existence:

Ár var alda
þar er Ymsir bygði
vara sandr né sær
né svalar unnir
jörð fannsk ævá
né upphiminn,
gap var ginnunga
en gras hvergi.[3]

Ginnungagap is the great void; space is **undifferentiated,** the primal elements do not yet exist, nothing grows or moves.

In the next stage, the first of the nine worlds appears, Muspell, a world of fire and light, Völuspá does not directly describe this stage; for this we must turn to Snorri's account. Muspell is inhabited by creatures capable of living in fire. The chief of them will become the god's great antagonist at **ragnarök,** the end of the world.

The second world mentioned in Niflheim, a world of cold and darkness and water. The stage is now set for further creation. Two poles have emerged in the universe, a dualistic view. Rivers of water flow forth from Niflheim and freeze, but where the ice faces

Muspell, a thaw occurs and Snorri tells us:

> "And then by the might of that which sent the heat, life appeared in the drops of running fluid and grew into the likeness of a man."[4]

This stage of creation is thus explained in physico-chemical terms: polar elements interact and the energy present in the fire brings forth life. The universe of living things comes out of water by fire. At the end of the universe's cycle, at **ragnarök,** the balance of the seasons will be upset, and terrible cold and snow will precede the ultimate destruction by fire. This will be a sign that the universe is resolving itself into its elements fire and water, and a sign that the cycle is at an end.

The next stage of creation sees the formation of a living creature, as has been mentioned, from the coalescing of the life atoms in the water acted upon by the sun. Here we find an evolutionary idea of creation, the gradual emergence of a higher life form. This first creature is Ymsir, a giant, "with the likeness of a man"[5] The idea of giants as ancient creatures is found in other parts of the world. The Book of Genesis tells us of the time before Noah—"in those days were there giants in the earth"[6]

The giants are huge and mighty, like the mountains which symbolize them: being ancient they have great memories and possess much knowledge. but they are devoid of moral life. "In no wise do we consider he was a god", says Snorri in speaking of his Ym and his descendants the frost giants. "he and his family were all evil".[7]

The emergence of a moral universe may be marked by the arrival of these purer, more refinded beings ,the gods. Auðumbla, the cow who fed Ymir, licks some salty iceblocks, and after three days of licking a whole 'man' emerges, named Buri. Snorri tells us that Buri was "handsome and tall and strong,"[8] so in his attractiveness he was unlike the giants who were crude and misshapen. We are not told who Buri married but they had a son Bor who married Bestla "daughter of the giant Bölthorn"[9]; thus their sons Oðin, Víli, and Vé, who we are told are the first three gods, are descended from Ymir on their mother's side, a kinship relation violated when they conspire to kill him.

These three gods slay Ymir and create the universe out of the parts of his body: his skull is used for the sky, his flesh for the earth, his blood for the sea. As the giant Vafþrúðnir tells Oðin:

> Ór Ymis holdi
> var iorð um scapuð
> en or beinon biorg
> himinn or hausi
> ins hrimkalda jotuns
> enn or sveita sior.[10]

Contained in this myth is the idea of the universe as an entity, a whole, which the single body symbolizes. Yggdrasil, the world tree, is a living symbol of the oneness of the universe.

The remaining stages of creation are the work of the gods who fashion Miðgard, the world of men, and create the elves, dwarfs, and man. The gods take counsel and regulate the movement of the heavenly bodies, give names to the different times of the day, and introduce counting in years. Time enters the picture. In summary, then, the Northern view of creation may be said to include a physics- chemical theory of creation, an evolutionary theory, and a divine theory.

The creation of man happens in this manner: Walking along the seashore, Oðin, Víli and Vé find two tree trunks and create man and woman from them. The first god gave them spirit and life, the second, understanding and the power of movement, the third, form and the life of the senses. (In Völspá, the three gods are Oðin, Hoemr and Lóðurr:

> önd gaf Óðinn,
> óð gaf Hoemr
> lá gaf Lóðurr
> ok litu góða[11]

The pair are then given clothes, and names, Askr and Embla.

Each of the gods has his special powers but the real strength of Asgard lies in the joint deliberations in their Circle of Judgment seats beneath the world tree. Symbolizing all that is good, the gods are holy. But specialization means limitations and mistakes of judgment are made which mar their holiness and bring about their doom. Perhaps the very act of creating the world, involving not only destruction but the murder of an ancestor, was a kind of original sin. One critic has pointed out that the killing of near kin remained the capital crime for a German[12], and points out that in Völspá,

> Broeðr munu berjask
> ok at bönum verðask,[13]

means the approaching end of the world. Thus one might view the world's cycle as stertching from Ymir's murder to the "skeggjöld skálmöld . . vindöld, vargöld"[14] of the end.

The golden age of the gods, the period of peaceful pursuits, the age of building and inventions, the telling of the runes and the playing of chess on the golden chessboards must come to an end. The gods must be destroyed, and with them will end the sub-world they have created, the world of men. The cycle must run its course, but being a cycle, at its end the opportunity for a new and better cycle will present itself. Creation—**birth**—"the beginning to be different from what one was before", ends in death, the "ceasing to be the same"[15], but death is followed by rebirth, a new life, a new golden

1 A talk given before the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg, March 20, 1970 as part of the Department of Icelandic, University of Manitoba annual concert.
2 Sophus Bugge ed., Norroen Fornkvæði, Christiania, 1867, Völspá, v.1.
3 Ibid., v. 3.
4 Snorri Sturluson, The Prose Edda trans. Jean I. Young, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1966, p. 33.
5 Ibid.
6 Genesis 6:4.
7 Snorri, op. Cit, p. 34.
8 Ibid.
9 Ibid.
10 Sophus Bugge ed., op Cit, Vafprúðnismál, v. 21.
11 Sophus Bugge ed., op. Cit., Völuspá, v. 18.
12 Francis B. Gummere, The Oldest English Epic, MacMillan, N. Y., 1929, p. 173.
13 Völuspá, v. 45.
14 Ibid.
15 These quotations are taken from a translation of a speech attributed to Pythagoras in Ovid's Metamorphoses, trans. Mary M. Innes, Penguin, 1955, p. 341.

age in which gods and men will be brought once more to the state of innocence and peace which existed before things began to go wrong.

The sybil tells us,

Sér hon upp koma
öðru sinni
jörð ór oegi
iðjagroena . . .

Finnask æsir
á Iðavelli

og um moldþinur
mátkan doema
ok minnask þar
á megindóma
ok á Fimbultýs
fornar rúnar

Þar munu eptir
undrsamligar
gullnar töflur
í grasi finnask
þærs í árdaga
áttar höfðu.

APPOINTED EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE MANITOBA CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

Dr. E. P. Johnston has been appointed executive secretary of the Manitoba Conference of the United Church of Canada. His region is the whole of Manitoba and northwestern Ontario where he will work in liaison and general communication work between the national boards of the church, the presbyteries and the conference. Dr. Johnston, who comes from Dauphin, has taken the job for three vears as an experiment project.

Dr. Ernest P. Johnston received his B.A. and B.D. degrees at United College, Winnipeg, now the University of Winnipeg. He was a medallist in philosophy.

He was ordained into the United Church of Canada in 1947 and has served in several churches in Manitoba and Northwestern Ontario, including Baldur, McCrearv, Clandeboye, Whitemouth and Nipigon. He served the King Memorial Church in Elmwood, Winnipeg, 1957-1966, before proceeding to the Dauphin church.

His doctorate he received two years ago.

Dr. Johnston is the son of the late

Dr. E. P. Johnston

Paul and Helga Johnston, of Banning Street, Winnipeg. Both parents were Icelandic. Maternal grandparents were Mr. and Mrs. Halldor Bardal, of Winnipeg.

Dr.. Johnston is married to Bertha nee Welsh, and they have five children.

SNJOLAUG SIGURDSON

By Caroline Gunnarsson

Coffee first, then the interview, Snjolaug Sigurdson decreed as she drew me out of the cool autumn rain into the welcoming warmth of the home she shares with her mother on Palmerston Avenue in Winnipeg. She had given me permission to write about her for the Christmas issue of the Icelandic Canadian, and coffee could have waited, for the chill of the day was dispelled the moment she opened the door to me and smiled.

Snjolaug Sigurdson

As we chatted over coffee, Snjolaug became quietly articulate at the thought of all the children and young people she had taught piano since she started that part of her career at seventeen. All were grand youngsters and many were gifted, she said. Did I remember Thora Asgeirson, who had won such acclaim as a talented child pianist? She was married now living at Stillwater, Oklahoma; she had four wonderful sons and was still pursuing her music.

Accounts of Snjolaug Sigurdson's triumphs on concert stages in Winnipeg and New York are carefully filed in newspaper libraries in both cities, and that's as well. They are rarely mentioned by Snjolaug herself. When she speaks of New York it's to recall a city she loves for the happy memories she collected there—memories of her teacher, Ernest Hutcheson, then president emeritus of Juilliard Institute, who helped her find pupils and opened up to her opportunities to accompany noted artists on the concert stage; memories, too, of many friendsh . and the ' : class of remarkable children in Brooklyn to whom she taught piano.

A stage attendant who complimented her on the splendid behavior of her pupils during a recital in Steinway Hall, seemed surprised when told that they were all from Brooklyn, where less than perfect behavior is sometimes expected. But respect is the basis of discipline; it's a two-way street and children are responsive creatures.

A friendly presence in the Sigurdson home is the piano which half fills the living room. Pianos have loomed large in Snjolaug's life since as a child at Arborg, Manitoba, she received her first lessons from itinerant teachers who came out from Winnipeg on week ends. One was Trvggvi Bjornson, who later moved to New York and still teaches music in New Jersey. He advised Snjolaug's parents to send her

to Winnipeg for concentrated studies, and when she was fourteen, he recommended her to one of Winnipeg's outstanding musicians and tutors, Eva Clare. On one wall of Snjolaug's upstairs study hangs a framed photograph of Miss Clare. The study also contains a mahogany music file full of sheet music, inherited from Miss Clare's estate.

Snjolaug also cherishes a small mahogany chest with many shallow drawers, which once belonged to Ernest Hutcheson, her distinguished teacher in New York. "It's called a Tyndale cabinet," she explains, but it's really a music file. Mr. Hutcheson's sons gave it to me as a keepsake when he died."

Under Miss Clare's tutelage Snjolaug quickly earned her degrees in music and received the highest marks for Manitoba in the examination for her ARCT. These were years of frequent radio performances and recitals, well received by Winnipeg critics.

She became organist and choir director in First Lutheran Church while still very young, and for six years taught music in Riverbend School for Girls, now Balmoral Hall.

When she went to New York in 1946, Miss Clare recommended her to Ernest Hutcheson, and the Icelandic Canadian Club awarded her a scholarship of $1200.00.

Snjolaug's debut with a recital in Times Hall in the spring of 1950 was hailed as a triumph by New York critics. The New York Times called her performance tasteful and refined, said she brought color and delicacy to her smaller pieces and showed a fluent technique allied to musical sensitivity. She gave recitals in Carnegie Recital Hall and Berkley Institute, always to the acclaim of New York critics.

Although she accompanied many famous artists on the New York concert stage, she remembers with a special glow those associations that led to lasting friendships—among them the Icelandic vocalist, Maria Markan and Gudrun Simonar, as well as Winnipeg violinist Pearl Palmason, who performed in Town Hall, New York, and now plays with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Invariably Snjolaug was mentioned by the critics as a sympathetic, proficient and sensitive accompanist. At home the Winnipeg newspapers followed her career closely and proudly.

She flew to Reykjavik, Iceland, to give recitals in the summer of 1954, and returned to Winnipeg in 1956. Here she was welcomed as a much missed favorite daughter, both in the city's musical circles and in the Icelandic community, where she has always given generously of her time and talents.

On a visit home during her stay in New York she gave a recital to a large crowd in First Lutheran Church. This recital, in aid of the Icelandic Canadian Club's scholarship fund, was warmly praised by Winnipeg critics as a performance of high calibre and skill. One paper said that in a difficult program she varied her recital "from tempestuous tempo to lilting lyricism.

Two years ago the Icelandic National League in Reykjavik invited her to Iceland, where she played over radio and television with the Icelandic symphony. She also gave a piano recital at Isafjörður, arranged by Ragnar H. Ragnar, once of Winnipeg. "I shall never forget the pleasures of that visit, nor the warmth and friendliness of the people," she says.

Snjolaug Sigurdson inspires warmth and trust and the home community quickly involved her in musical activities. For several years she travelled with a University of Manitoba concert group, giving concerts and workshops in rural areas. She has played over CBC as a soloist and with the CBC Winnipeg orchestra.

She is an examiner for the University of Manitoba School of Music, and an adjudicator of musical festivals in rural areas.

Last June she was asked to return to her old post as organist and choir director in First Lutheran Church. Through the years she has trained singing groups for Icelandic events.

"I enjoy my home community," she said with a smile that was bright and eloquent.

HECLA ISLANDERS DONATE THEIR CHURCH

The Icelandic pioneers built the first church on Hecla Island in Lake Winnipeg in 1890, and a second church was built and dedicated in 1939.

At a special dedication service October 18 the Hecla Island congregation donated their church to the parks branch of the Manitoba department of tourism and recreation in trust "for future generations who visit our Island." The church property including the two cemeteries were deeded to the Central Canada Synod of the Lutheran Church of America at the same service.

Under the direction of a board of trustees, including the present Hecla church council, the church pastor, Rev. Mr. Kirkwood, and the resident parks branch superintendent, the church will continue to provide a worship program, open to all denominations and designed for a tourist population. The board is appointed by the Central Canada Synod. The congregation is anxious that the church should not "just sit there as a shrine".

The service was traditional with Icelandic hymns and the bible texts read in Icelandic by Mrs. H. W. Sigurgeirson of Hecla. Kristmundur Johnson, president of the Hecla Island church council, presented the church keys to parks branch director Walter Danyluk. Following the service the ladies of Hecla Island played host at a reception in the community hall.

Although the church lands become the property of the Central Canada Synod, the parks branch will be responsible for the care and maintenance of the church properties including the cemeteries. The church will continue to be available to the islanders for special services such as baptisms, weddings and funerals. The cemeteries may only be used by Hecla islanders.

The church will be the focal point of an historic Icelandic village which will be re-created as a major attraction in the new Heca Provincial Park now under development.

The formal legal resolutions donating the church building to the parks branch and the church land to the Central Canada Synod was made at a congregational meeting in the community hall October 18.

AGNES HELGA SIGURDSON

Her full name is Agnes Helga Sigurdson, and as Agnes she was first known in her Manitoba community. With the development of her musical career, she chose to use the name Helga.

Born in Riverton in 1921 Helga Sigurdson moved to Winnipeg with her family in 1930. There she studied under the well-known music teacher Eva Claire.

During these years Miss Sigurdson showed promise of a musical career. She received her A.M.M. (Man.) and L.R.S.M. (London, England) in Winnipeg.

Recognizing the young artist's talent, the National League promoted the raising of a substantial scholarship fund to send her to New York for advanced study. She studied with Madame Olga Samaroff Stowkowsky (wife of Leopold Stowkowsky) and she pursued further study in Paris with the world-famous teacher Emma Boynet. In January, 1945, she made her debut at Town Hall, New York.

Previous to this, in the summer of 1948, she visited Iceland, where she gave a number of piano recitals. Also, in October of that year, she returned to Winnipeg and gave a recital in the Playhouse theatre.

A joint recital by "Maria Markan soprano and Helga Sigurdson" at the Playhouse theatre on March 30, 1951, was an important event in the Icelandic community in Winnipeg. Miss Sigurdson's program featured Liszt and Chopin. "She has a strong Norse personality which is reflected in her touch", said the Lögberg review.

Agnes Helga Sigurdson

On the completion of her music studies in New York, Miss Sigurdson took up permanent residence there, in pursuance of her music career. She has taught music and she has engaged in some concert work. On her visit to Winnipeg, she has given performances over CBC radio. She has several original compositions to her name.

Her most recent appearance in Canada was in Vancouver, in the Spring of 1970, when she gave a benefit performance for the Scholarship Fund of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia. On this occasion the music critic Max Wyman described her performance of selections from the works of Chopin, Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Schumann and Gluck Silotti as technnically excellent.

In residence with Miss Sigurdson in her New York home is her sister Louise, who is a nurse. **—W.K.**

GLIMPSES OF

THE ARBORG DISTRICT

by **HOLMFRIDUR DANIELSON**

PART 2 (conclusion)

In this second section of my article on Arborg, no attempt will be made to give statistics, as such, but mainly, the readers will be invited to taste the flavour of some facets of the social and cultural life of the district from pioneer days and to the beginning of the 1940's, which was pretty well the end of an era in the line of self-made entertainment, and spontaneous fun in many fields of cultural endeavour.

Games and Sport

In the beginning the settlers were too busy with innumerable chores to participate in any sport, as such. There was no tradition of sporting events brought with them from Iceland. If people went skiing or skating in Iceland it was more from necessity than for fun. The farmers did race their horses in the narrow paths on their way home from market in exuberance and good fun, and the children and younger people sometimes went skating on the frozen ponds, using at times, for lack of skates, the leg bones of sheep and other animals. But mostly people, young and old, were too busy to indulge in such frivolities. The same applied during the first few years in the Arborg settlement. Still, folks did not go about with long faces and grim looks. They worked hard as a matter of course, but they got together for companionship, helped each other in the work, and enjoyed visits, occasional dances, and plays, and little parties at Christmas time. They were diligent in observing religious services in their homes before there were public services; they tended their precious libraries, added to them as means allowed and read avidly when they had time.

The whole stretch of the settlement was along the banks of the Icelandic River, and when it froze in the fall the children looked at it longingly, wanting to skate. Parents showed them how to tie animal leg-bones under their thin home-made skin slippers, and off they went! We were fortunate in that one of our neighbors owned a pair of skates and willingly loaned them to us. Of course they were man-sized boots, but they had attached skates, not the clumsy clamped-on type, so we put on several pairs of woolen stockings, stuffed the toes with paper and took turns gamboling up and down the river pushing a kitchen chair in front of us. Our neighbor across the river Thordur Olafsson (Doddi) was an enterprising lad and soon he had a skating rink going on the river bank. All hands turned out to help him build the board fence, and the men helped him build a shack with seating facilities and a stove. There was much exuberant running back and forth all winter as we sloshed water on the rink to flood it, carrying it in pails from a hole cut in the river ice. We diligently shovelled and swept snow off the

ice and soon there was a gay crowd of youngsters enjoying the wonderful sport of skating. We even organized little carnivals, with costumes and races.

Later the rink was built on the river down town, and by now Bert Wood had interested the boys in hockey! He trained the boys and played with them and it was not long before there were some excellent hockey players in Arborg. All the players were Icelandic except one young French-Canadian and Bert himself. Some of the best players were two sets of brothers, Kjartan and Barney Johnson and Grimur and Ingi Johannesson. Contests between Arborg and other towns were held regularly all winter, mainly Riverton, and Teulon, later expanded to encompass many other neighboring towns.

It was a real trial of fortitude to play a sixty-minute game in the open in 10-15 below, or even colder. It was no sinecure either, just to watch the game! A large number of the villagers would turn out to stand in stiff rows on the hard-packed snow all around the rink, which was piled as high as the fence. There was a very keen competitive spirit, especially between Arborg and Riverton, and we in Arborg could certainly outshout the few visitors from Riverton who had come to support their team. In the ten-minute intervals between periods, the players would hie themselves into the skating shack to get warm, while all the rest of us dispersed to the nearest homes to thaw out our frozen limbs. But it was fun! The older people were not wanting as spectators, and were keenly appreciative of the skill and dexterity of our young players.

We girls, determined not to be left in the lurch, learned to play hockey too. We were considered good enough to play against the "business-men's" club, and there was much hilarity, many a bruise, and some black eyes, but we held our own fairly well.

The greatest pleasure was the regular skating nights (when there was no hockey) when the rink would be crowded with young people (and older ones, too) all skating blissfully in pairs, often to gramophone music. Afterwards some of us would skip over to Mother's place (and later, to my place) and dance in our moccasins, have refreshments and a sing-song.

Baseball soon became well organized, with all-day tournaments on Sundays, our team playing against all and sundry from far and wide. Here again competition between Riverton and Arborg was hot, and the spectators at times did not feel too friendly to each other. When cars came into general use, the visiting contingent could hold their own against the home crowd, and outshout them if need be.

When the curling bug bit Arborg in the mid-thirties, hockey started to fall into the shade. Even the High School hockey was soon more or less abandoned as all the boys (and girls, too) became enamoured of curling. For many years the Arborg High School rink curled in the Manitoba bonspiel, and twice in the 50's were Manitoba champions, narrowly beaten in the National finals in Ottawa, in 1958, I believe.

The senior curlers in Arborg became very adept too, winning many trophies in bonspiels in various parts of Manitoba and in Winnipeg .I am not familiar with the names of all of these, but I know the Arthur Sigurdson (son of Sigurjón) family has a houseful of trophies and prizes, won by himself, his wife Magnea, and his sons, Don, Arthur Jr. and Randy.

In the twenties and thirties we had

the most wonderful snowshoe parties. It was exhilarating to tramp into the woods and open prairie on a cold moon-lit night, enjoy a brisk two-hour hike and then come home to a warm house and enjoy dancing and refreshments. Hjalmur had just bought the very first Victor Orthophonic gramophone, that was sold in Manitoba (so he was told by Eaton's) and amassed a large collection of records, classical music and dance music, and many an evening was spent pleasurably at our home, after skating and snowshoeing playing the gramophone, dancing, singing and drinking coffee.

When the river froze in the fall we used to organize large skating parties, to skate all the way west to Framnes, a distance of some four miles, taking wieners, buns and coffee with us. There we were met by the Framnes young people, lit bonfires and had a gay time.

Now no one in Arborg skates for the pleasure of waltzing to music, around and around the rink. Now there are no more snowshoe parties, and very little hockey, I believe, but curling, curling, in a frenzy of excitement all winter.

Musical Activities

In the earliest days of settlement there was not much instrumental music. Some of the young men played the mouth organ or the accordion for dances, and played very well. Soon there was an organ in the church (the Félagshús) used for church services, concerts and to accompany the fiddle, mouth organ and accordion at dances.

As mentioned before, the coming of the Sigurjón Sigurdson family was a real event in the musical life of the village, and in many other aspects of cultural life in the community. Sigurjón played the violin, and both Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdson (Jóna) sang in the choir, she being the leader and driving force in setting up a good church choir. They were both natural leaders in cultural endeavours, and served in many capacities in church and community work. Sigurjón was for years president of the congregation, and Jóna president of the Ladies' Aid, and leader of the Sunday school.

The first station agent at Arborg stayed only about two years, and then came Mr. and Mrs. H. Douglas Gourd, two charming persons who entered at once into every aspect of our cultural life, and lived among us as if they were kith and kin, for all of 36 years until 1948 when they moved to Vancouver after he was retired. Mrs. Gourd played the piano and both joined the choir soon after arriving, she being soprano soloist. It did not take them long to master the words of the Icelandic hymns and other selections that were continuously being rehearsed for concerts, etc. Mr. Gourd could read the Icelandic papers fluently, in English—that is to say, he understood the Icelandic well enough to translate into English as he read!

An orchestra was soon organized, Sigurjón played the violin, Edward L. (Eddv) Johnson, the bass violin; Dr. J. P. Palsson, Asbjorn Palsson and Sigurbjorn (Bjossi) Sigurdson played wind instruments. Bjossi (Sigurjón's brother) also played the cello. Mrs. Gourd was the pianist, and Asgeir Fjeldsted played the flute, I believe.

There were many other members of the orchestra from time to time, too numerous to be listed here. One of them was Andy Erickson, who later had a dance orchestra, himself playing the saxaphone. This orchestra played at all the dances around the community.

FIRST ORCHESTRA IN ARBORG, 1913

Top row: Eddy Johnson, Asbjorn Palsson, Mrs. Gourd, Asgeir Fjeldsted, Sigurjon Sigurdson. Front row: Dr. J. P. Palsson, Sigurbjorn Sigurdson

Asgeir and his wife Ingunn (Inga) were a delightful addition to the cultural life of Arborg. He was manager of the Sigurdson-Thorvaldson store, which was next to the Corner Store. They were a handsome couple, of varied accomplishments. Both sang in the choir, she as contralto soloist. Asgeir had a lovely voice, and was in demand as actor and singer in all the musical plays which were so popular at this time. Later, as their sons grew up, two of them, Herman (tenor) and Thor (baritone) became excellent singers, sang in the choir, and entertained the community (and later Winnipeg, as well) with their solos and duets. They have now been members of the First Lutheran Church choir, in Winnipeg, for about twenty years.

The second and third generations of the Sigurjon Sigurdson family have carried on the musical tradition. The exceptional achievements of Snjolaug are well known and need not be recounted here. The brothers Arthur and Carl are both very musical. Carl plays the guitar and the piano, largely self-taught, I believe. Arthur plays the violin, and for a time during the fifties, Arthur, his wife Magnea and their two sons Don and Arthur Jr. had a fine little dance orchestra, which played at dances and concerts in and around Arborg. The youngest son, Randy, plays the violin and guitar. Magnea is a teacher of piano, accompanist, choir director and organist for the Lutheran choir since her teens and a leader in the musical activities of the town.

Just around 1920 Brynjolfur Thorlaksson, an eminent conductor from Iceland came to Arborg to organize and conduct choirs, children's and adult's. During a period of many years he stayed in various Icelandic communities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and also in North Dakota, doing that type of cultural work. While in Arborg he had a very good children's choir, and a large adult choir with members from all over the community. These choirs were specially trained to sing at the celebration at Gimli in the summer of 1925, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the first Icelandic settlers.

In the early thirties the Lutheran choir sojourned to Winnipeg, en masse, to sing over the radio, in connection with a special church service. The musical activities, to this day, continue to be varied and spirited. To celebrate Manitoba's Centennial, Arborg and district set up a whole week's continuous round of activities: Centennial ball, pageants, rodeo, Fashion show, carnival, with rides, booths, antique auction, etc: Agricultural fair, Exhibits, horse show, livestock show, barbecue, street dance, free pancake breakfast, Pioneers' Homecoming banquet: and much musical entertainment For weeks during the early summer, Mrs. Elma Gislason, well-known teacher of piano and singing, and choir conductor, went from Winnipeg to Arborg regularly to train a large Centennial choir, which entertained at the concerts. Some of their music was taped by the radio station CFRW/FM, and later presented over that station on Sept. 4, in the cultural series which is being sponsored by the Icelanders in Winnipeg. Mrs. Gislason also prepared an elaborate children's pageant and choir, which was a great success.

School Days

As mentioned earlier, the Ardal School District was organized in 1905. It was not many years until a two-roomed school was built, and in 1914 the Sisters of the Order of St. Benedict established a convent and school in Arborg. The Sisters had come to Winnipeg around 1905, from Duluth, Minnesota, to take charge of the Holy Ghost Parochial School.. Their orphanage expanded and they found a spot in Arborg to move to, — about 300 acres a quarter of a mile west of the town site, and south of the river. By 1914 they had a two-storey frame building, with basement and attic, and seventy-five orphans were moved from Winnipeg. One room, 24x19 became a classroom, where the Sisters taught grades 1-8. By 1924 several of the Arborg children were attending as day-pupils, and the village people were petitioning for a high school. The Convent School was greatly enlarged, to a handsome stone and stucco structure, with four classrooms and chemical lab. as they were now teaching grade 9 to 11, as well as a business course. They were also highly efficient teachers of piano, and many a musical aspirant got excellent training here. There were boarding students from Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and also a growing number of day pupils. As the years went by the number of orphans diminished, a complete High School was started in Arborg, and the need for the Convent School was no more. The building was sold and is now used for a Senior Citizen's Home.

In the fall of 1914, the senior teacher at the Ardal school, Miss Ingibiorg Petursson (later Mrs. (Rev.) Sigurdur Olafsson) took pity on a few youngsters who had completed grade 8, and had no place to go. With the sanction of the school board, she generously offered them to attend school and study gr. 9, with such help as she could give them, which was considerable and most

efficient! Nine of us took advantage of this golden opportunity—three of the girls being from Riverton, The effort was not without good results as all passed creditably at the Departmental exams the following June. One girl attained the highest aggregate marks in the Province, and a prize in Canadian History. A classmate got the second highest marks. The following year only four of us continued into grade 10, with a new teacher after the New Year: Miss Emma Sigurdson. The same girls attained the highest and second highest marks in the Province, this time in reverse order. This, in spite of the fact that one of them could not start school until after New Year. Now, of course, there is a fabulous High School complex in Arborg, with all the facilities to induce students to high achievement. In the far-off days of 1914-16 some of the students had to work for their board—and work hard—and study in odd stolen moments!

Miss Sella Johnson taught at the Ardal High School at various times, sometimes for lengthv periods; has been assistant Principal for many years and Principal from 1956 to 1961, inclusive. She is considered an exceptionally fine teacher of English and has produced many plays with the students. She has been honored by the District for her outstanding contribution in the educational field and community culture in general.

Dances and other fun

The Dorcas Societv sponsored three main events every year: The big pre-Christmas Bazaar. the Hallowe'en Dance and an English plav later in the winter. There was much bustling activity to make beautiful hand-worked articles for the bazaar, which were sold or raffled for a small fraction of their value. All the exquisite work woud fill many a proud hope-chest.

The New Year's Dance and the Hallowe'en Dance were the highlights of the "fun" events each year. Young people and older people flocked to these delightful fun-fests and all had an exhilarating time. There was no sitting-out the whole dance in cars. No one needed to fortify themselves with drinking or riotous behaviour, the high spirits and spontaneous fun was enough to fill everyone with enthusiasm. The young gallants (and many older persons) thought nothing of jumping into a car to trek to Winnipeg (sometimes on impassable roads) to rent ten or twelve elaborate costumes from Mallabar's. There was also a profusion of beautiful and ingenious home-made costumes, — and a prize was given in each category, for Ladies' and men's costumes. I remember at one Hallowe'en dance, there were eight costumes, that I had made from year to year, being proudly displayed by various friends.

The Dorcas girls often had some strenuous work to do before these affairs could be held in the hall, as there was not enough money to pay a regular caretaker, and the hall was sometimes in a deplorable condition. I recall at least three occasions when a large contingent of Dorcas members got down on their hands and knees and scrubbed the whole floor, the day before the dance (or bazaar). But we were not too tired the next day to have a rollicking good time at the dance.

We marked out a grass tennis court on Mother's property, right beside the Danielson menage, and played enthusiastic tennis. Again the older people (some of them) took a vital part in this sport, and we sometimes had day-long tournaments. On more than one occasion two carloads of

MUSICAL PLAY "APINN", 1939
David Jensson, H. Danielson, Thor Fjeldsted, Thorbjorg (Mrs. M. M.) Jonasson, Magnus Sigurdson

friends came from Winnipeg and we played tennis all Sunday, in relays. A quick survey of resources proved that we could set up a miniature cafeteria in our large basement, and lunches and coffee were served at intervals. Later a tennis court was also marked out on the empty space between the railroad and the Main Street, and many a happy game was played there, even a few spirited competitions.

We played enthusiastic (if not perhaps verv skillfull bridge and even organized duplicate bridge, which was fun, even if sometimes a bit painful. We had dinner parties, house parties and several real "Swinging" parties in the warehouse of the railroad station. Mr. Gourd industriously pushed all the bales and boxes up against the wall and left a large floor space for dancing and games.

The Dorcas girls visited each other in the evening and sat until late at night doing fine hand-work, and listening to the radio. My best friend and I spent many an evening thus occupied and then we had to take each other home, which was a lengthy process, as one would walk almost all the way home with the other, so of course she had to turn around and walk almost all the way home with HER! We usually came to a reluctant and final parting at the railroad track, which was approximately half way between the two homes.

Conclusion

I am afraid I have come to the end of the space alotted to me for this article, so these sketchy and inadequate "glimpses" will have to come to an end. I have been able to touch on only a few of the activities indulged in by an industrious, happy people. There is no mention of the numerous and profitable Household Arts extention courses, sponsored by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture, where so much good community spirit was engendered and so many ingenious concerts held. Nor of the Dominion-Provincial Youth training courses held in Arborg in 1937 and 1938, where a community committee did such a splendid job, and one of the members was in charge of the choral work and drama activity during the courses, with a culmination of fine concerts. There is no recounting of the Red Cross work, the War work, the Save the Children activities, the willing and extensive relief work which involved everybody in the early days, and many during the hard years of the depression. (It was not that the people in Arborg were so hard hit by the depression, but many newer immigrants, farm families in the far outlying districts were in distress, and needed help). There is not time to tell of the fine people who worked in the relief of the sick, such as Stefan Gudmundsson, who helped both men and animals, set broken bones, pulled teeth and prescribed powerful potions that gave relief to many an ailing person. His wife, Gudrun, was a competent midwife. Then there was the flu epidemic of 1918-19 when whole households were laid low, and Dr. S. E. Bjornsson often made laborious trips from Gimli to administer such aid as he could, while those of us who were lucky enough not to succumb to the disease kept nightly vigil over the sick and dying.

There are scores of activities and endeavours that deserve detailed treatment, so that a real picture may be drawn of community life. There was the extensive work of the United Farm Women, and the leadership of Mrs. Andrea Johnson in many community endeavours, such as the establishment of the Arborg Red Cross Hospital, for which she has received just recognition. There is the work of the I.O.G.T. with Joe Johannsson as faithful worker, showing moving pictures in the Hall once a week. These were silent movies, and to make them more interesting and alive, Hjalmur (when he was home on week-ends) would drag his Orthophonic to the hall on a hand-sleigh, to play appropriate music to accompany the picture which made it more interesting and alive.

There is not space to recount the activities of the Federated Church, which was organized in 1923, a Ladies' Aid in 1926, and a church built in 1928. The L.A., although small in numbers, played a very active part in community and cultural life.

I would have liked to write a little about the work of Johannes Palsson, violinist, and his sister Lilja (Mrs. Martin) who although they lived at Geysir and Hnausa, respectively, took such a generous part in musical activities in Arborg. And about the Johnson girls (sisters and cousin) who delighted the community for many years with their singing, and many other singers who have developed during the latter years. But there is not enough space here to do so.

It would take many chapters, nay, a whole book, to give the story of the activities in Drama in Arborg. It was really the most glamorous part of our cultural life, and lasted for forty years, from the coming of the first settlers. During the most active time, from 1920 to 1940 it approached near professional standards and brought much distinction to Arborg in two drama competitions in Winnipeg (Icelandic) and the Free Press Shield, as winners of the first all-Manitoba drama festival sponsored by the Manitoba Drama League in 1932. The following year the cast was invited to participate in the National drama competition in Ottawa, but for financial and other reasons they were unable to accept this honor.

There was always an abundance of high spirits and enthusiasm in all that we undertook to do. There was excellent co-operation and teamwork, with a minimum of petty seeking for the limelight, or striving for personal glory. It was a good and productive life and built up a great deal of creative talent, which has found its way into many spheres of activity in the wider fields of community work in the Province of Manitoba. My sincerest wish is that my old home community of Arborg may continue to progress in every sphere of activity, but particularly in the field of creative endeavour, which is the foundation for inner happiness and satisfaction.

MRS. BJORG ISFELD HONORED

Mrs. Bjorg Isfeld

Mrs. Bjorg Isfeld, choir director and organist at the First Lutheran Church in Winnipeg, for the past twenty-five years, relinquished her position.

Warm appreciation of her many years of faithful and efficient service was expressed at a capacity gathering in her honor at the Parish Hall of the church, September 27. Dr. Eylands, former pastor of the Church, paid tribute to her for the excellence of her work, the dignity and efficiency with which she carried out her manifold duties, and her willing sacrifice of time and energy. Mr. Oscar Bjorklund President of the Church, made a presentation to Mrs. Isfeld of a handsome purse and paid further tribute to her unfailing devotion to the music life of the congregation.

Mrs. Isfeld responded with a warm address of thanks and spoke of her happy association with the congregation.

A NORDIC MUSEUM AND A VIKING STATUE MODEL PLANT AT GIMLI, MANITOBA

The English wife of a Canadian Forces sargeant and the German-Dutch executive secretary of the Manitoba Design Institute, a branch of the provincial Department of Industry and Commerce, have conceived a bold plan that might help to make Gimli the Icelandic centre of North America. Mrs. Margaret Rankin with her husband Fred brought to Gimli considerable artistic talent and an enthusiastic interest in Nordic artifacts and the Viking Ship museum in Oslo, Norway.

The Rankins now contemplate the possibility of a retirement future for themselves at Gimli. They have a small gift shop in the office of the Norseman Motor Hotel at Gimli, which they manage for its owner, Mr. Mickey Beauchemain.

They have developed the Viking theme in plastic souvenirs, made on the spot but their choice item is a nine-inch high miniature Viking statue, modelled by Fred Rankin and made into a mould which they use to turn out their little Vikings, which are rapidly catching on with visitors at Gimli as well as the local population.

The outcome of the interest shared by Mrs. Rankin and a Mr. Norget in Viking ships and museums, was a meeting of the Gimli Chamber of Commerce, to discuss the prospects of establishing a Nordic Museum and Viking Ship model at Gimli, to complement the already popular Viking statue.

Present at the August 19, meeting were also Norman Bergman, consultant with the Manitoba Department of Industry and Commerce, Eric Stefanson, manager of the Interlake Development Corporation, Siggi Wopnford, Reeve of the R.M. of Bifrost, representing Mayor Ken Reid of Arborg; representatives of the Icelandic National League, including Gimli president Mrs. Laura Tergesen, and Arborg president Gunnar Simundsson; Lt. Col. John Ayers, of C.F.B. Gimli, and Douglas Kozlowski, of the Gimli Town Council.

Almost all of the 25 persons present expressed an opinion on the subejct, most of them favourable, and none in dissent. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that a museum should be on an Icelandic theme, rather than embodying all the ethnic elements in the area, in order to attract support from all of North American people of Icelandic descent. The groundwork must be laid first by local people, artifacts collected while still available (thev are fast disappearing, and the current exodus from farms on Hecla Island is hastening the need for urgency.(An enthusiastic local committee is needed to start the ball rolling, and to draw up feasibility plans. Once this is done, assistance can then be sought from beyond the local community. To succeed, the interest and support of prominent Icelandic-Canadian citizens should be sought, and the possibility of receiving encouragement and help from Ice'andic groups throughout the country should be a good one.

The following steering committee was appointed, to meet soon as possible and study the matter, drawing up a plan to submit to the September 16 meeting of the Gimli Chamber of Commerce, which is not acting as a sponsor for the project, but merely as a catalyst to which a committee can report, and from which further action can be taken if approved.

On the committee are S. J. Stefanson, Ernest Stefanson, Mrs. S. J. Tergesen, Mrs. F. Rankin, Ted Jenkins and Frank Cronshaw.

Any readers who are interested in this project and would like further information, may contact any member of this committee, at Gimli.

—Ethel Howard

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION AND THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB SCHOLARSHIPS

The Canada-Iecland Foundation and the Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg are offering scholarships of from $100.00 to $200.00 for the academic year 1970-1971, to students of Icelandic descent or other students showing an interest in Icelandic language and literature who have completed grade XII in one of the high schools of Manitoba and are attending one of the universities in Manitoba.

Qualifications will be based primarily on the results of the Departmental or Board examinations but consideration will also be given to qualities of leadership and the need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonails from two leaders in the community before January 10, 1971, to:—

W. J. Lindal,
Icel. Scholarship Com. Sec.,
536 Central Park Lodge,
70 Poseidon Bay,
Winnipeg 9

Address at the Lundar Centennial Homecoming August 1st, 1970

by Elman Guttormson

Thank goodness for anniversaries!

We Manitobans are an undemonstrative group of people. We are basically shy and perhaps a bit withdrawn.

But at certain times—and given certain reasons—we overcome this natural reticence and celebrate with enthusiasm. Such a time is 1970—our Centennial Year—when we proudly recognize the fact that Manitoba was the first province to join the original four in the experiment of nationhood. We are thus the first daughter of Confederation, and we also represent the first westward step in a country that has reached out from sea to sea.

In this happy year of celebration, many things have been undertaken. The peak, of course, was the very delightful visit of Her Majesty the Queen and members of the Royal family.

Even so, this was just one event in a whole series which together make up the centennial celebrations of our province.

One of these events is our centennial homecoming — a homecoming that brings back to us many people from our province and community, who now live in scattered parts of the world. We warmly welcome them, not as guests, but as fellow members of our community who have come home —albeit for a short visit.

But whatever you are, or whatever you do, the molding of your character and the development of your skills began right here. So we know that your homecoming here means a great deal to you—in memory and in association.

The very fact that you have come brings this point home, and I do want to reiterate how pleased we are that you are with us.

Apart from the influence of family and church, the greatest memories that people have of an area are its schools and school days. If one then wants a central theme—indeed a rallying point, it would be the school.

So let me tell you about our school, and permit me to hope that in so doing it will awaken memories: memories of events, memories of things that have given shape and direction to your own lives.

Before we had our school we had to have people to use it. And so when John Sigfusson came here in 1887, which incidentally, was just six years after this part of Manitoba was incorporated with the original postage stamp province of 1870—it was appropriate that the first Franklin school should be built close to his farm. The legal description of the first school site was the SE quarter of section 30, township 19, range 4 west.

Perhaps for those of our generation it might be easier to say it was four miles south-east of Lundar.

Other settlers who arrived in this district about the same time as John

Sigfusson were Louis Lindal and his brothers. They farmed in an area which I reluctantly report was then known as Siberia, and today carries perhaps the equally expressive name of Stony Hill a few miles north-east of here.*

Now if you think that in those pioneer days the women didn't play their part, you are sadly mistaken. We have feminists today, who think they are a new breed. But let us see how women got their start in our area. The first two children born here—back in 1887 were Juliana Sigfusson, whose parents we have already mentioned, and Salome Halldorson, daughter of early pioneers Halldor and Kristin Halldorson.

These two certainly were not the first two children to attend Franklin school, but of course were the first born in the area to attend. And the grounding must have been good. Salome served in the Manitoba legislature for a term in the 1930's, and is the only Icelandic woman to be elected to a Canadian legislature. Indeed, she was the first student from this district to graduate from the university. She won her B.A. in 1910, and was awarded the bronze medal in modern languages in her final year, and also served in the popular post of lady stick.

And to keep the record in balance, I am of course happy to remind you that Salome's school mate, Juliana Sigfusson had an uncle, Skuli, who served with distinction in our Manitoba legislature for nearly quarter of a century.

But in any case, to go back to the school, it was built on its original site in 1889, after a number of families had arrived here from Iceland, carrying with them the concern for education and interest in scholarship that has long been the hallmark of the Icelandic people.

The school was erected by the men and boys in this area who cut out the timber and fashioned it into logs for the school and indeed for family shelter.

This early school was opened in the summer months only. The older children usually missed a month of school as they had to stay home to help with the haying and harvesting of vegetables for the winter.

There were no vans in those days and the children walked to and from school each teaching day.

The parents were known to have gone over the trails used by their children in the early spring to lay straw and saplings over the wet ground to try and keep their children dry after the rains. Often the children went barefoot. As Salome Halldorson said in her autobiography: "Shoes were expensive and not indispensable."

I think that all of us can visualize the way the early settlers looked with hope to the first teacher, Ingvar Bu ason, in whose hands lay the education, and perhaps the future of their children. We can, in our minds eye, see the care and dedication of this man—and of others who succeeded him in those early years—Bjorg Thorkelson, Arni Anderson, his sister Maria, Emily Anderson, William Eccles and Joe Johannson.

But the real point that I would like to make is that while teaching conditions and teaching aids may have changed, we are fortunate in having amongst our present day teachers, the same dedication and love of learning of their early predecessors.

Like many of us, these teachers were interested in the history of the school in which they taught. They no doubt followed the fortunes of Franklin school when in 1911 they started to

move it to Lundar, but it got stuck enroute and was located for several months on the present site of Terry Lysaichuk's farm. It wasn't until the next year that it was moved to the present site of the Lundar school.

And when, in 1914, as some of the earlier graduates were moving across to the trenches in Flanders, their younger brothers and sisters, or children were housed in a new two-storey four classroom school. This school was strikingly modern for its time, with playrooms in the basement for boys and girls, and which indeed actually taught a small grade 12 class for a short period of time.

From this modern edifice, the next stage in history of the school was less dramatic. The two-storey school mysteriously burned to the ground in July, 1947, and for the next two years, school was conducted wherever space was available. Indeed, two old CNR coaches were moved onto the school grounds and served as classrooms for the then rising generation. The community hall, the Bjork club rooms and an old barber shop served along with the railway coaches as temporary classrooms for the next couple of years.

So when the new school was built in 1949, it was the beginning af a new era. Five classrooms were operative on the main floor, and in December 1956 another five classrooms were established on the new secoond storey of this school. Other additions were made in 1962 and again last year.

So now, we can recognize they have television in the school, and perhaps compare it with the old globe in the first Franklin school. Or we can visualize our present students seeing Shakespeare presented on film with the articulation and dramatic actions of world renowned Shakespearean actors.

We can see the new school where temperature changes in the heating system are made with the turn of a dial, and think of the early school mistress or school master splitting the wood and lighting the old pot bellied stove. We can see youngsters smoothly dribbling a basketball along the hard floor of the gymnasium, and compare it with a game of soccer on stony and marshy fields. We can see in large measure how electronics in its many and varied forms has helped to change the methods of teaching and has broadened the horizon of our young people.

The school has grown—in size, in its variety of curriculum, and in the services it has to offer. But let us never forget that these are only aids. The fundamentals of education deal with the intellectual, moral and spiritual development of the child. It has as its basic, the knowledgable enthusiasm of the teacher, the support of the parents, and the eagerness of the children as they expand their knowledge and their vision.

These features have been present in every school. The amenities are an important plus, but the basics must be constant.

We can look with pride on our present school. Equally important, those of you here from any generation can look with equal pride on the school as you attended it.

In this brief address, I had been asked to tell you about the school and its growth. What I hope I have done is to tell you about yourselves and the community in which you now live or have lived.

We welcome you all as brothers who have shared the same experiences and who enjoy the same memories.

Other sources identify Siberia with the Suffren district, north of Stony Hill. —Ed.

VALEDICTORY

Dag Hammarskjöld in "Reflections" says:

"Do not look back and do not dream about the future. It will never give you back the past, nor satisfy your other daydreams. Your duty, your reward, our destiny is in the present moment."

At this point in our lives we are so eager to move forward we are apt to forget the associations that have so enriched our lives, and the events and experiences that have been so fulfilling. It would not be inappropriate to review our high school years in order to better understand where we are going. Until now the nature of our associations has been such that the events that have affected each one of us have affected all of us. However, this very evening marks the beginning of the time in our lives when we separate and each will go his or her own way to find new challenges and new friends. What has been learned from hours of study, from the classroom and from the sports field has become woven into the pattern of our lives although their influence is yet to be felt. The self-discipline as well as the rules of the game combine to mould our characters and prepare us to meet the many problems of a rapidly changing society. We are about to enter a world that is increasingly younger—a society in ferment—whether we are ready or not. Discordant voices press new views on every side. Rather than add to the clamour of dissent around us perhaps our best contribution would be to learn to listen. Undoubtedly we will descern in the new voices things that are new and good but we cannot, nor should we, cast aside things that are old and good. It is through contemplation and reflection that the individual finds his true identity.

The search for purpose and identity must not be permitted to isolate us from one another. Our lives have been made richer and more meaningful by true friendships, and encouragement of so many, and our debt is manifold. We cannot adequately express our appreciation to our parents, teachers and friends who have influenced our lives and expanded our awareness.

At this point then we must neither dwell on past memories nor on future expectations but must learn to live in "the ever present now". Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of our lives.

—Joy Gillies

Joy Gillies was the valedictorian of Walter Murray Collegiate, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She is the daughter of Eleanor and the late Rolland C. Gillies. Her paternal grandparents: G. H. (Stoney) and Sara Gillies, of 923 Warsaw Avenue, Winnipeg. —Editor

BOOK REVIEW

BY W. KRISTJANSON

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Preface VII–IX, pp. 1–194, Appendix 195–219. Published at the University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta. Paper cover. Pp. 11" x 8½".

Canadian Ethnic Studies is an ambitious project in the field of ethnic studies in Canada, scholarly, of a professional standard, and attractive in appearance. The Editor is Dr. Clive H. Cardinal, professor of German and Scandinavian Studies at the University of Calgary, and the Associate Editor is Mrs. Elise L. Wittig. There will be different editors for each of the next four issues of this bi-annual publication. This particular issue is dedicated to the memory of John Murray Gibbon.

'I would like to dedicate this issue of Canadian Ethnic Studies to the memory of John Murray Gibbon (1875-1952) whose ideals of a united and free Canada inspired me as a young man and whose liberal humanity, tolerance, and kindliness will remain unforgettable to all those who knew him. Many years ago I had the privilege to hear him speaking in Banff on his favorite topic of the "Canadian Mosaic". Along with V. Kaye, G. W. Simpson, C. H. Andrusyshen, Watson Kirkconnell and others, he was one of the pioneers of what we are now attempting to accomplish at the Research Centre for Canadian Ethnic Studies at the University of Calgary."

"Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, who has pursued the studies of ethnic literatures through most of his life time, recently warned me that, even if I reached the age of an octogenarian, I would never come to the end of this fascinating aspect of Canadian life. His advice is only too true, as I have discovered over several decades of mixing with the many interesting ethnic groups which make up the emerging scene of gradually evolving national identity."

Clive H. Cardinal,
Editor.

A partial table of contents of this, the December 1969 volume, indicates the nature of the studies done.

Yiddish-Canadian Poetry and Literature ..... Rowena Pearlman
Some Polish- and German-Canadian Poetry, ... Clive H. Cardinal
1870—Manitoba—1970, K. W. Maurer
Epitaph of an Era, ...Art Reykdal
Several passages of poetry in translation, including Remembrance and Northern Prairie, by Stephan G. Stephansson, are included.

"Epitaph of an Era" is the article contributed by Art Reykdal, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Calgary. In the preface it is referred to as "Mr. Reykdal's priceless human—all-to-human" story of early Icelandic journalism. This reviewer is less enthusiastic about the article. To him it is old soup dished up on a new plate. It is regrettable that Art Reykdal, who is capable of fine writing, should here give way to his propensity for flippancy, ridicule and lambasting. In this article he gleefully throws mud at the procession of the Icelandic people in Canada, travelling down the road of years. He throws mud at the old generation, including the clergy, the journalists and the idealists of the Icelandic Saturday school. They had their shortcomings but they had so many worthwhile things to their credit. Here nothing is good; everything is bad. They are long dead and buried . . . why not remember some of their achievements?

There is nothing wrong with exposing flaws, but now Art Reykdal is "abroad" and conceivably some people there might take his pronouncements too seriously as representative of his people.

Incidentally, the first newspaper in the New Iceland Colony was **Framfari** (1877-1880,) not **Leifur,** which was a Winnipeg paper (1883-1886), and the Oddson Shield is being competed for vigorously. The Icelandic Celebration, now the Icelandic Festival, is a three-day celebration with a varied program.

The December volume of Canadian Ethnic Studies, which we look forward to with interest, will be Historical and Literary.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Malli Brynjolfson of Riverton, Manitoba, were honored by family and friends in August at a reception attended by some 125 persons in the Riverton-Hnausa Lutheran Chruch assembly hall on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. They received numerous gifts and many messages of congratulations.

Mrs. Brynjolfson was born in Iceland and came to Canada with he parents in 1901 at the age of one year. Mr. Brynjolfson was born in Hecla, Manitoba, in 1897. They were married in Winnipeg August 4th, 1920, by Rev. Runolfur Marteinsson and lived at Hecla until 1941 when they moved to Riverton where they have since lived. Mr.. Brynjolfson spent 58 years of his as a fisherman on Lake Winnipeg.

They have three children, Sylvia, Mrs. Stefan Sigurdson of Riverton, Solveig, Mrs. Norman Riddell of Vancouver, B.C., and son Grimolfur of Riverton. There are three grandchildren.

LAXDÆLA SAGA AND NJÁLSSAGA

by Margaret Harry

Both Laxdæla saga and Njálssaga were written down in the thirteenth century, Laxdæla saga in the early part of the century and Njálssaga at the end. The time difference is not in itself very great, and from a purely literary point of view the thirteenth century dating would lead one to expect a certain amount of influence from European romance literature in both sagas, perhaps a little more in the case of Njálssaga. However, the real significance of the time difference could be that the Norwegian takeover of Iceland occurred in 1262, so that Laxdæla saga was written before, and Njálssaga after, this event. In this context it is interesting to consider whether the historical events of the century had any major effect on the two sagas. Both sagas are based largely upon historical characters, and are set within a framework of historical events which took place some two centuries or more before the writing of the sagas. On the other hand ,although some of the incidents and characters are clearly fictitious, it is difficult to determine to what extent these were invented by the respective authors, or to what extent they may already have been a part of the traditional source stories. The main point is that both sagas, although they include a very large number of incidents and characters, and, in the case of Laxdæla saga, span several generations, are centered around a few essentially tragic events. Whether or not these events occurred at all, or occurred in this particular way, is not important. Their significance lies on the one hand in their structural integrity and purpose within each saga, and on the other hand in their relationship to the events of the century in which they were written.

It is immediately obvious that there is no direct relationship in most cases between specific events of either saga and actual incidents of Icelandic history in the 13th century, but it is possible to argue that the prevailing sombre and pessimistic tone of Njálssaga is a consequence of the fall of Iceland. There seems to be very little hope for anything in this saga. The characters are doomed to their tragic fates and neither good intentions nor heroic spirits are of any avail. Of course, within the heroic tradition there was always a great concern for the inevitability of death, but Njálssaga differs somewhat from tradition in its attitude towards death, in that it presents heroic stoicism, but with very little redeeming glory. In Njálssaga, death despite an outward commitment on the part of Njáll and others to Christian belief, is almost completely negative, something to be accepted only when no other alternative is possible, or when the only possible alternative cannot itself be accepted; e.g., as Njáll says, "en ek vil eigi lifa með skömm". (129). Strangely, it would seem in the circumstances, there is little Christian influence upon this attitude. The heroic tradition is disappearing, but it is not being re-

placed by very much apart from a kind of regret for the past, possibly a realisation that the virtues of the past cannot in any way be recovered. The cause for which Njáll had been fighting, the whole theme of the saga, was, at the time the saga was written, a lost cause: in Njáll's words, "With laws shall our land be built up but with lawlessness laid waste". (70). The tragedy resulting from such lawlessness was not merely a personal tragedy for Njáll and his friends, but was, in the thirteenth century, the tragedy of the whole of Iceland.

In comparison with this it might seem that Laxdæla saga, although written earlier than Njálssaga, and consequently less subject to European literary influence, is, as far as its chief theme is concerned, more of a romance than is Njálssaga. The tragedy surrounding Guðrún cannot be connected as closely to the nationalistic feeling of the thirteenth century as can the tragedy of Njáll, for it is both more a part of literary tradition in its form and more romantic. There are several literary sources for the story of Guðrún, and some fairly clear literary parallels can be drawn between Guðrún Osvifsdóttir and the heroic women of the Niflung story, Brynhildr and Guðrún. These parallels are in themselves extremely interesting, but they do not assist to any great extent in the interpretation of the characters and events of Laxdæla saga. Here again the same point can be argued as in the case of the historical bases of the sagas—it does not matter where the author obtained his information nor how conscious he was of his sources and the way he manipulated his material. What matters is the result. Guðrún in Laxdæla saga exists as a character in her own right, and the events of her life have their own significance independent of their source.

In any case it does not seem likely that the author of either saga was particularly concerned with literary innovation or with specific literary effect. In so far as a traditional formal structure existed for the writing of sagas, both these sagas keep fairly well within the traditional limits. Njálssaga is more complex in its structure, for it is based on the three separate conflicts which arise from the central theme, but even so the way in which each part of the story is worked out accords in the main with tradition. Laxdæla saga could almost be accused of possessing too formal a structure, in that the four dreams of Guðrún remove any element of uncertainty from the future development of her story, and could therefore cause the reader to lose some sympathy for her; except that such an accusation would indicate some naivete on the part of the accuser. It is extremely unlikely that the authors of the sagas were concerned with realism in the modern sense of the word, but, even if they were, it would be necessary in this context to define realism rather carefully. In the thirteenth century few people would deny the possibility of the future's being revealed in dreams, and few would consider that dreams or other supernatural occurrences were necessarily fantastic as opposed to realistic events. But the realism of the sagas is not realism in the modern sense; it is rather an appreciation of significant reality. Therefore the formal structure of the sagas provided a kind of freedom, and did not necessarily impose any imaginative limit on the writers. This appreciation of significant reality was a part of the formal structure, not an attempt to escape from it. So there was nothing incongruous in placing the homely details of daily life next to the strange

events of dreams. The people of the sagas are described realistically; but the significance of their lives was in the order or pattern of life, where events, both natural and extraordinary, had meaning. What mattered was the pattern, the meaning of the event, and what was unnatural was not a fantastic incident but an incident without meaning: "My eyes are full of strange sights', he replied. 'I see the menacing fetches of many of Gunnar's enemies. But there is something odd about them; there is ferocity in their look, but no purpose to their actions.'" (Njálssaga, 69).

In these terms it would seem that the important events of the sagas should contribute essentially to the central theme, and, therefore, it may be possible that the central theme of Laxdæla saga is closer to that of Njálssaga than would at first seem obvious. Both sagas are concerned with violence, but not in the traditional way; they reject the violence as something wholly negative. This rejection is itself questioned within Njálssaga, for no simple alternative is offered to the violence that prevails: "'But I wish I knew," said Gunnar, "whether I am any the less manly than other men, for being so much more reluctant to kill than other men are.'" (54). Laxdæla saga appears to make the rejection complete, especially in Ólafr's refusal to take vengeance on Bolli for the death of Kjartan; but his moderation does not serve to prevent the further development of the tragedy. Njáll, who continuously preached moderation, and who attempted to substitute the process of law for the pointless slaughter resulting from the blood feuds, was nevertheless only too well aware of the inevitability of circumstances: "'But they will remember their old enmity and assault you with new hatred—and you will have no choice but to retaliate.'" (58). The tragedy was inexorable because it arose from human nature, from the refusal of the vast majority of people to act against the circumstances or to attempt to avert the fate they were bringing on themselves. In Laxdæla saga the trouble came largely from outside Iceland, the disruption was caused, at least in part, by the travels abroad of the various characters. Njálssaga, in contrast, is concerned with a tragedy which, in general, was self-sprung and self-destructive, the faults were inherent, and there was little outside influence on which the violence could be blamed. This could reflect a change in historical outlook: Iceland fell through its own fault, not because of any threat from outside—in the end violence is always self-destructive.

Such an interpretation of themes might have caused the authors to relegate the characters to the position of actors within the events, actors whose actions are wholly determined by the pattern of events, and who therefore lack any true individual personality. There is some evidence that this occurred to a certain extent, especially in the way certain characters are balanced and contrasted with others, e.g. in the way Guðrún, Kjartan and Bolli in Laxdæla saga seem to represent three different types, the heroic personality, the early mediaeval Christian (Celtic) personality and the late mediaeval chivalric personality. But such a contrast need not be a denial of individual characterisation, for much of the interest of the story depends upon the relationships between such fundamentally differing types, and the relationships are all the more complex because of the individuality of the characters.

As far as foreknowledge is concerned whether obtained from dreams, second sight, or merely from shrewd

observation of circumstances, this again does not necessarily detract from the personality of the characters. The importance of such foreknowledge is that the characters do not act blindly, but understand fully the meaning and consequences of their actions. Such understanding becomes all the more tragic because it cannot in any way serve to avert the inevitable results of the circumstances, and the characters realise this. The otherwise fairly simple and straightforward character of Guðrún becomes all the more complex for her foreknowledge of her own life. It may be this complexity, the realisation that her own motives and emotions had so little effect upon the events of her life, that made her refuse, at the end of her life, to give a straight answer about which of her husbands she loved the most. It was a part of her tragedy that it did not matter which she had loved most. Njáll's tragedy was perhaps that to know the course of events ahead of time is to suffer more rather than less, but he is heroic because in spite of his foreknowledge he still attempts to change the inevitable results. Unlike Gunnarr, he was neither simple nor particularly honest, except that his deviousness was an attempt to compromise with rather than to deny the truth. His aim, the removal of physical violence from the affairs of men, was more important than the heroic ethical code upon which the violence was based. His heroism was that he was prepared to work out his own compromise against all opposition even when he knew without any doubt that in the end such a compromise could not succeed.

Both these sagas are available in the following Penguin translations:—

Laxdæla Saga: translated with an introduction by Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Pálsson, 1969. Penguin Classics, L128.

Njál's Saga: translated with an introduction by Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Pálsson, 1960. Penguin Classics, L103.

MR. AND MRS. V. BALDWINSON HONORED

Mr. and Mrs. Vigfus Baldwinson of Vancouver, British Columbia, were honored by their family and friends at a dinner gathering in October in the auditorium of the Lutheran Church in Vancouver to mark their 50th wedding anniversary. Close to 200 people attended.

Both were born in Iceland, Mr. Baldwinson coming to Canada in 1903 and Mrs. Baldwinson in 1910. Mr. Baldwinson enlisted in 1916 in the 223rd Overseas Battalion, Canadian Scandinavians, in the spring of 1916 and served in the army till 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwinson were married November 11, 1918, by Rev. Haraldur Sigmar, then Lutheran pastor at Wynyard, Saskatchewan. They had five sons, Walter who lost his life in the Second World War, Franklin in California, John in Edmonton, Alberta, Verne in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, and Chris of Vancouver.

Mr. Baldwinson was a baker by trade and over the years worked at Winnipeg, Regina, Wynyard and Vancouver.

ICELANDIC WINNIPEG 1970. ANTHROPOLOGY IN AN URBAN SETTING

by Edwin O. Anderson, Graduate Student, Dept. of Anthropology, U. of M.

One of the graduate classes in anthropology at the University of Manitoba this past year dealt with the methods utilized in conducting studies of man. The orientation of the course was toward the urban setting, and the instructor, Dr. John S. Matthiasson, had formulated an instructional approach that would allow us to supplement classroom discussion with practical experience in the basic steps underlying a more complete research project in an urban community.

Each member of the class was asked to select an ethnic group with the only restriction being that it could not be Indian or Eskimo. It was our objective to identify, if possible, the boundaries and basic structures of such groups as they exist today. I selected the Icelandic community.

Not being familiar with Winnipeg, my choice of the Icelandic people stemmed primarily from the similarity of my own Norwegian-American heritage to that of the Icelandic Canadian. Certain aspects of commonality exist between these two Scandinavian peoples that I felt would be of assistance in attaining the objectives of this project. At the beginning I was not aware of the full implications of undertaking such a study in the urban context. My research experience up to this time had been with Eskimo communities in the Canadian Arctic, and it is far simpler to approach such studies when the majority of the village residents are included in the population under consideration.

In traditional terms, anthropological study frequently included only indigenous populations throughout widely separated areas of the world. For example, in North America efforts were concentrated on the various Indian and Eskimo groups. The interest in these peoples still remains an important part of anthropology. However, the growing complexity of our contemporary urban society dictates that we concern ourselves in greater proportion with the human elements making up the cities and nations of the world as we know it today. Through such a study of man may develop a key to the understanding necessary to afford unity among men while at the same time allowing maintenance of a national or cultural heritage.

Metropolitan Winnipeg provides an excellent example of the complex composition of a modern Canadian city. Here we find large numbers of people belonging to various ethnic groups, based on nationality or religion, living together in an urban environment. There are Icelanders, Ukrainians, Italians, French, English, Mennonites, Polish, Jewish and North American native peoples brought together as members of the Winnipeg community. This is only a partial listing; there are many others. One problem is the identification of each group and the accumulation of information that will be meaningful when related to the totality of a particular situation.

To gain the necessary background for my attempt to identify the Icelandic community as it exists in Winnipeg today, the first part of this project was directed toward familiarizing myself with the historical information relating to Icelandic Canadians and particularly the development of the community in Winnipeg. The histories written by W. Kristjanson and Judge W. J. Lindal provided a basic foundation. Also of considerable interest was a paper written by Leigh Syms for a graduate anthropology course at the University of Manitoba in 1968 which treated the composition of ethnic groups. Syms presented, in condensed form, an outline of boundaries for the Icelandic population from the earliest arrivals through the period of the most concentrated activity, the 1930's and 1940's. The map included with his paper suggested that the area of Metropolitan Winnipeg which should receive my immediate attention included the vicinity of Sargent Avenue, once known as "Icelandic Main Street", from Sherbrooke Ave., west to Dominion. The center of activity in earlier days was purported to be the intersection of Sargent and Victor.

In late January, when I began my investigation, my initial problem was how to make contacts with the members of the community I wished to study. I hoped to learn something by driving through the area, but soon found that it was not possible to identify the area as Icelandic by the types of stores or the names on stores and other businesses. My reaction was that old "Icelandic Main Street" was as [illegible] as any other business area with a mixture of nationalities involved in ownership.

Although I had attended Sunday services at the First Lutheran Church, the progress that I hoped to make in reaching members of the Icelandic community seemed to stand still. The weekly progress reports in class seemed doubly difficult knowing that Dr. Matthiasson was so familiar with the background of the Icelandic people in this particular area.

The first major break-through resulted from a conversation with Mrs. H. Skulason in the Icelandic Collection at the University of Manitoba Dafoe Library. She told me of the meeting places, the Icelandic organizations, and the coming convention of the Icelandic National League to be held in the First Lutheran Parish Hall later in February.

Mrs. Skulason had mentioned that open houses were held at the Icelandic club rooms located in the old Jon Bjarnason Academy on the first and third Saturday afternoon of each month. I decided to drop in but experienced some difficulty in finding the right place. Much of the old academy is now converted to apartments and after convincing myself that I was in the wrong place a woman from one of the apartments told me the rooms were in the basement and to follow the sounds of conversation. There were no signs that indicated anything about connections with Icelandic organizations, which struck me as being rather unusual.

The visit turned out to be both interesting and informative as several club members were there awaiting the start of a meeting being held later that afternoon. I regretted not being able to read Icelandic for I was shown the vast collection of Icelandic literature in their library. Having some prior knowledge of the history of the Icelanders in Manitoba and Winnipeg enabled me to ask questions that filled

in gaps which sometimes arise from reading the history of a people.

An aspect beginning to take shape as one major question was the part younger people were taking in the contemporary Winnipeg Icelandic community. I found that there had been a major movement of Icelanders in Winnipeg west into the suburb of St. James-Assiniboia, and that St. Stephens Lutheran Church on Ness Avenue had been established to serve many of these families. A visit with the pastor provided insights into the question of the amount of retention of Icelandic heritage by the younger people.

Perhaps of even greater interest, given the scope of our class project, were his comments on the boundaries of the contemporary Icelandic community. These were extremely detailed and warranted follow-up had this research project been extended beyond a course exercise. In general the outline of the present day Icelandic community seems to follow the same pattern established many years ago. Where there was an expansion of the initial community into the suburbs, those involved in such movements retained the tendency to cluster into specific areas.

One of the most interesting experiences in my survey of the contemporary Icelandic community came from attending some of the evening concerts during the Icelandic National League meetings. The first of these was held on February 26, 1970.

My first impression was the friendliness extended by the people I met upon arriving. After explaining who I was and why I had come to their meeting that evening even though I did not understand Icelandic, I found everyone most helpful and willing to explain what was happening. Perhaps they thought it odd that I would be willing to sit through a program while not understanding a word, but I found the opportunity to meet and talk with people more than enough to keep me interested. As I left, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee drifting up from the lunch room of the Parish Hall made me wish that I did not already have other plans for later that evening. I made a mental note not to pass up an opportunity like that again.

The following evening the concert was sponsored by the Icelandic Canadian Club and, with the exception of one part of the program, it was presented in English. Of course this made it far easier for non-Icelandic speakers, but it should be pointed out that language difference the night before had not been the barrier that some might consider it to be. Further, the second evening, I believe I missed the contact with people made necessary by the need for translation. This time I did make a point of getting down for coffee, and I was not disappointed. The Icelanders and the Norwegians certainly know how to brew good coffee.

These evening concerts did not provide me with a great deal of information on the boundaries of the Icelandic population in Winnipeg, but they did furnish me a better understanding of the people themselves. The comments gathered from the many conversations during the two evenings provided insights into the Icelandic peoples' concept of their heritage and their desires to see this heritage continued. These insights are extremely relevant in anthropology, whether the groups being worked with are located in native settlements or members of the urban community. Through such understanding it may be possible to analyze the trends that have brought about the change in the structure of a

particular ethnic community over the years.

There are several possibilities that may be considered potential factors in the change of attitude among contemporary Icelanders. I did not feel that it was possible to identify the strong ties between the people and their heritage that were reported to exist earlier. Perhaps this reduced identity may be attributed to the length of time the Icelandic people have been in this area, the number of intermarriages with other ethnic groups and the decreased use of the Icelandic language by younger members of the community. In reality what is likely happening is a combination of these elements and perhaps others that could only be revealed by a more detailed study of the community than time allowed or was the objective of this course. It has also been suggested that a reduction in the number of new immigrants of Icelandic heritage has played a significant role in the reduced retention of outward displays of Icelandic culture.

It would be inaccurate to say that Icelandic culture in the Winnipeg area is dying out. More correctly it reached a peak, levelled out and in the levelling out process became more subtle in it's expression. The underlying tone in many of the contacts I made was the need for a revitalization of ethnic sensitivity. Attempts at such a revitalization are indicated in a renewed interest in bringing younger members of the community into the organizations that support retention of the Icelandic cultural heritage. A major step toward the accomplishment of this is the organization activities. The use of English may well be a unifying factor and instrumental in keeping Icelandic tradition viable in the fast changing urban surrounding.

I would like to thank the members of the Icelandic community with whom I had contact for their generous display of hospitality. In particular, I wish to extend a special thank you to Dr. John S. Matthiasson, Mrs. H. Skulason, Mr. H. Thorgrimson, Professor H. Bessason, and Pastor Win Mott. Their helpful suggestions made it far easier for me to gain the essential background for my brief survey of boundaries and basic structures of an ethnic group in urban surroundings.

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IN THE NEWS

NEWS FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

LAURA ARNASON, PRINCESS OF THE ICEL. CANADIAN CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Laura Arnason

Miss Laura Arnason, of Vancouver, British Columbia, has been named Princess of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia.

Winnipeg-born, Miss Arnason is the daughter of former Winnipeg residents Olgeir (Al) and Shirley Arnason, and the granddaughter of Mrs. Sigridur Arnason, also a former Winnipeg resident but now living in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Miss Arnason is the twenty-ninth princess of the Club, which has existed under a variety of names since 1908. The function of the princess is to greet guests at the Club and to help maintain the bond between club members and the home of their forefathers by wearing the historic costume at club gatherings.

Eighteen-year old Miss Arnason is a clerk in the Vancouver branch of the Eaton Stores.

★

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF B. C. PROJECTS

As reported at the last annual meeting, funds have been established to pay for a number of projects of a continuing nature.

Donations are still needed bv our Scholarship, Library and (Princess) costume funds.

The Scholarship Fund provides interest earnings which each year are used to pay for as many scholarships as possible for young Icelandic Canadian students. The fund (now $5,100.00) is about half way to its goal of $10,000.

The newer Costume Fund has barelv started. It has a target sum of about $500.00, which is roughly what the club has been quoted for the authentic Icelandic costume with jewelry. So far the fund stands at $21.00.

The Library Fund, which has yet to receive its first donation outside of regular club funds, could become a significant club activity. We hope to establish a fund from which interest earnings will provide for books in English by or about Iceland and Icelanders. The books will be donated

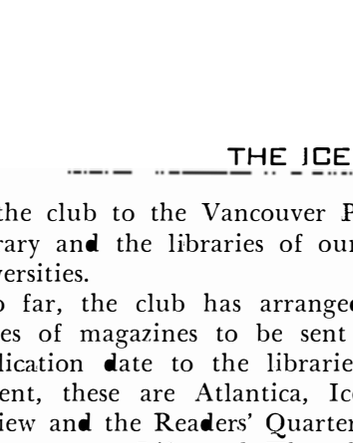
by the club to the Vancouver Public Library and the libraries of our two universities.

So far, the club has arranged for copies of magazines to be sent each publication date to the libraries. At present, these are Atlantica, Iceland Review and the Readers' Quarterly of Contemporary Life and Thought in Iceland.

We are looking forward to being able to add other publications, probably translations of Icelandic Sagas and modern works, as time goes by.

★

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



Janice J. Evans

Miss Janice J. Evans and Bjarni V. Tryggvason have won the annual $100 scholarships of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia.

The two young scholars were awarded the scholarships recently at the annual general meeting of the club in Vancouver.

Miss Evans, 18, of south Vancouver is the granddaughter of the late Magnus and Jakobina Nordal, of Manitoba's Bru district near Cypress River. Her parents are William and Agnes Evans.

Born in St. Catharines, Ont., Miss Evans graduated from David Thompson Secondary School this year and is attending the University of British Columbia and majoring in physical education.

During her secondary school she combined excellence in the classroom and on the playing fields. She was named both the most outstanding academic student of her school and the most inspirational athlete of 1969.

As a pitcher with the Women's Softball League she was named the most outstanding player of the year in the British Columbia Festival of Sports. During her last year at Thompson she set a record for the 880 yard track event.

As well as the club scholarship she won the Nancy Green Scholarship and scholarship awarded to the most outstanding academic student at her school.

★

. Tryggvason

Bjarni Valdimar Tryggvason, 25, is the son of Svavar and Sveinbjorg Tryggvason of Richmond, a Vancouver suburb. He was born in Reykjavik, Iceland, and attended Steveston Secondary School, near Vancouver.

Now in his third year of engineering at the University of British Columbia, Bjarni's specialty is engineering physics. He plans to study that subject further in post graduate work in England when he receives his degree. He is the holder of a commercial pilot's licence and is a past officer of the UBC Flying Club. He also serves as treasurer of the UBC branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada. He is married with no children.

The scholarship presentations were made by Dr. R. E. Helgason, chairman of the scholarship selection committee for the club.

★

NEW SLATE OF OFFICERS, ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Manitoba-born Pall K. I. Johannesson, 52, has been re-elected here to serve a second one-year term as president of the Icelandic Canadian Club of British Columbia.

A representative of a major oil company, Johannesson came to B.C. in 1947. His father was the late Ingolfur Johannesson, of Baldur, Man. His mother Sigrun, is a Baldur resident.

New vice-president of the 250-member club is Gustav Tryggvason, 28, a native of Iceland who came to Canada with his family in 1953. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Svavar Tryggvason and is attending the University of British Columbia in post graduate studies in business administration. He now holds an M.A. in sociology.

Other members of the club's new executive are: Eirik Eirikson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. R. E. (Margaret) Helgason, recording secretary; Connie Anderson, treasurer; Oscar Sveinson, membership secretary; Mrs. E. B. (Frances) Johnson, social convenor; Mrs. L. O. (Heida) Hansen, assistant social convenor; Olgeir (Al) Arnason, public relations secretary and Harold Sigurdson, assistant public relations secretary.

This is the sixty-third year of activity by B. C. Icelandic Canadians in the club which has existed under a variety of names since 1908.

NEWS IN GENERAL

MISS PEGGY TURNER AWARDED A FEDERAL SCHOLARSHIP

Peggy Turner

Miss Peggy Turner, of Winnipeg, and a 1970 graduate of the University of Manitoba has recently been awarded a substantial Federal Government scholarship, based essentially on her academic standing. She is enrolled at the University of Manitoba in a Masters' of Social Work Program.

Miss Turner pursued her high school studies at River East Collegiate, North Kildonan. Extra curricular interests have included ballet and piano.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. (Kristrun) Turner, of Montreal. Maternal grandparents: the late Mr. Steingrimur and Mrs. Jakobina Johnson ,formerly of Wynyard, Saskatchewan.

★

SCHOLARSHIP IN MEMORY OF ALDA PALSSON, PIANIST

Alda Palsson, a daughter of the brilliant piano teacher in Winnipeg in the earlier years of the century, Jonas Palsson, was embarked on her music career in 1943 when she went to Toronto to study piano with the famed pianist Madame Lubka Kolessa. Her four years at the Toronto Conservatory were all on scholarships. In her second year she won the Hazel Ireland Eaton scholarship and a medal.

Alda Palsson

In 1945, she won the Toronto Conservatory of Music gold medal as the

head of her class. She received the Royal Conservatory Artist Diploma, the highest degree at the Department of Music of the University of Toronto.

Miss Palsson taught piano at Havergal Girls' Private School in Toronto for nineteen years. During these years she appeared in public on numerous occasions in many cities in Canada, receiving consistent acclaim from music critics.

Miss Palsson's outstanding career came to an untimely end with her sudden death on June 10, 1970. The graduates Association of Havergal School, 'The Old Girls of Havergal" are establishing a music library at the school in her memory. —W.K.

★

ERIC STEFAN SIGURDSON AWARDED ICELANDIC FESTIVAL OF MANITOBA SCHOLARSHIP

Eric Stefan Sigurdson has been awarded a $100.00 Icelandic Festival scholarship.

Mr. Sigurdson was born in Manitoba, but his youth was spent in Ontario. He attended the Northern Collegiate Institute and Vocational School at Sarnia, grades 9 to 13. He was an honor student throughout and was active in sports including soccer, football, curling, basketball, and volleyball. He was captain of the School Cadet Corps. and was President of the Students' Council.

He attended the University of Western Ontario, graduating with a B.A. degree. The following year he taught at the Central Collegiate Institute.

Then followed two years with the Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) in Ghana, West Africa. He was rated by CUSO officials as one of their really outstanding volunteers.

He is now studying medicine at the Faculty of Medicine, University of Manitoba.

His parents are Baldur Sigurjon Sigurdson and Doreen Mavis Sigurdson (nee Hayden).

★

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★

KEITH MAGNUSSON, OF THE BLACK HAWKS

Having been told that Keith Magnusson of the Chicago Black Hawks hailed from Saskatchewan and that he was Icelandic, we wrote to him, asking for biographical details. Keith's reply informed us that he is not of Icelandic ,but Swedish and Norwegian descent. He was born at Wadena Saskatchewan, and attended school in Saskatoon and at the University of Denver. He began playing hockey when he was four years old.

Keith is not of Icelandic descent, but he is first cousin, and we wish him continued success in his hockey career.

★

U. OF M. GRAD POSTED TO KENYA BY OTTAWA

Clare Sammons, an engineering graduate of the universities of Manitoba and Alberta, was appointed technical curriculum consultant of vocational education in Nairobi, Kenya, under the sponsorship of the Canadian international development agency. Mr.. Sammons and his family will be in Kenya for two years. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Sammons, Haney, Street, Charleswood, and the grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Samson.

★

STEFAN SOPHER RECEIVES $5,000.00 SCHOLARSHIP

Stefan L. Sopher

Mr. Stefan L. (Stef) Sopher, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. Sopher, 419 Rosser Avenue, Selkirk, recently graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Health, Physical Education and Recreation at Northern University of Marquette, Michigan, U.S.A. At the graduation it was announced that he was the recipient of a $5.000 Mott Foundation Scholarship for the 1970-71 school year, for his Master's study in his chosen field. Mott fellowships are available to applicants who have demonstrated leadership ability in various roles in education and who have an interest in community education.

The Mott Leadership Training program was established in 1964, to meet pressing demand for community school trained personnel. The community school concept, which originated in Flint, Michigan, has attracted increasing national attention.

Stefan's parents, Valdimar and Gislina Sopher, are both Icelandic. Valdimar Sopher grew up in Riverton, Manitoba, adopted the name of his foster parents. Mrs. Gislina Sopher is the niece of the late Stefan Einarsson, former editor of Heimskringla.

★

KAREN PATRICIA WILKINSON PHARMACY GRADUATE

Karen Patricia Wilkinson

Karen Patricia received her Bachelor of Science degree in Pharmacy at the University of Manitoba in May, 1970.

Karen Patricia is the daughter of the late Walter John Wilkinson and granddaughter of Mrs. Karen Wilkinson of Winnipeg. Her great-grandparents on the Icelandic side were Petur and Sigurbjorg Petursson, Petur was a member of the earliest pioneer families in Gimli.

MRS. F. H. GOLDSMITH RECEIVES AWARD

Mrs. F. H. Goldsmith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ben Melsted of Gardar, North Dakota, was recognized and honored this fall for her outstanding contributions to her community at Eugene, Oregon. She was named by the Council of Women's Organizations and received recognition at the Senior Women Award luncheon. In an article about Mrs. Goldsmith the Eugene Register-Guard said:

"Ellene Goldsmith and her husband, Francis Goldsmith, Eugene school teacher, have three grown children, Robert, Sigrid and Sandra. The Goldsmiths reside at 1351 Lawrence Street. She is division chairman of nursing and home economics at Lane Community College and has a baccalaurate degree in nursing from the University of Minnesota and a master's degree in health education from the University of Oregon.

Mrs. Goldsmith was a school nurse and health instructor in Eugene until 1957 when she organized the practical nursing program in Eugene Vocational -Technical School. When the school was absorbed in Lane Community College she became division chairman and organized and administered the practical nursing program, co-ordinating academic efforts with clinical experience at Sacred Heart Hospital.

She planned and organized the first Community Home Health Aid courses and helped plan the associate degree nursing program at Lake Community College.

Mrs. Goldsmith worked with the state board of health and Lane County medical advisory committee in formation of the Home Health Service Agency. She is a member of the Methodist Church."

★

RICHARD S. STEINOLFSON, Ph.D. IN AEROSPACE SCIENCES

Richard S. Steinolfson, formerly of Mountain, North Dakota, received his doctor of philosophy degree in aerospace engineering sciences frm the University of Colorado, Boulder, at summer commencement exercises. His thesis was Plasma Acceleration and Shock Formation by Electromagnetic Force Fields.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Steinolfson, now of W. Fargo, North Dakota, he earned his bachelor of science degree in mechanical engineering at the University of North Dakota in June, 1965, and his master of science degree in aerospace engineering science at the University of Colorado in January, 1967. Mr. Steinolfson graduated cum laude from the University of North Dakota and was elected to the Sigma Tau honorary engineering fraternity. During his last three years at Colorado he was supported by a fellowship from the Atomic Energy Commission.

During the summers of 1964, 1965 and 1966 Mr. Steinolfson was employed bv Western Electric Company, Omaha, Nebraska, the Pacific Missile Range, Point Mugu, California, and the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, Livermore, California, respectively. He is now employed at the Florida Reserach and Development Centre of Pratt and Whitney Aircraft, West Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. Steinolfson is married to the former Faye Troftgruben, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Troftgruben, Edinburg, North Dakota. They live in West Palm Beach.

★

HECLA PROVINCIAL PARK

Hecla Provincial Park is being developed as a unique marine park for the Canadian prairies, under the Canada-Manitoba Interlake FRED agreement. The park includes the Lake Winnipeg islands of Hecla, Black, Deer and dozens of smaller islands, as well as the lake area in the vicinity.

The idea of developing these islands as a provincial park was initiated by the islanders themselves. Icelanders have lived and farmed on Hecla Island and fished in the waters of Lake Winnipeg since 1876 but in recent decades the old way of life could no longer support the community. In their search for new economic possibilities, the islanders made petitions and suggestions which prompted the provincial government to consider Hecla and its neighboring islands as a tourist destination area.

Work on the new park began in September. An Interlake Manpower Corps crew began clearing brush for two roads in the Gull Harbour area at the northeast tip of the island. Old buildings are being dismantled and the remodelling of a tourist lodge, the Cantoba Club, is under way. A contract for construction of a causeway from the mainland to the island has been awarded.

Over the next seven years, $3.5 million will be spent on development of the park under the FRED program. In addition to recreation of the traditional fishing village at Hecla to preserve the Icelandic heritage, development plans include facilities for boating, camping, swimming, trail riding, golfing and nature interpretation.

—Tribune.

MRS. J. KERR WILSON PRESIDENT WEDNESDAY MORNING MUSICALE

Since the establishment of the Wednesday Morning Musicale in 1932, this organization has devoted itself to the promotion of music, especially original compositions by Manitoba cmposers.

The group has about 200 members and its president is Mrs. J. Kerr Wilson.

The organization also encourages young artists by presenting them with an annual scholarship and introduces Manitoba artists at recital programs.

Providing an opportunity for listeners and performers to enjoy music is another aim of the organization.

They have a wide selection of artists who will perform throughout the coming season.

★

GRADUATES, SPRING 1970
Convocation, University of Winnipeg
BACHELOR OF ARTS
Jonina Rose Anderson
Lorna Mary Eggertson
Mary Diane Fridfinnson
Catherine Ann Hansen
Valerie Jo-Anne Olafson
Frederick Wayne Stephenson

University of Saskatchewan
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
BACHELOR OF ARTS
Edith Bina Olafson, Dafoe, **Sask.**

The Pelly Trail School Division project involves the hiring of a community schools co-ordinator to explore ways in which the facilities and resources of a rural school division, along with those of the wider community, can be more effectively used in meeting learning and leisure-time needs of all residents.

Johannes Laxdall, of Arcola, Sask., has been appointed co-ordinator of this project. Mr. Laxdall, a 1961 graduate of Manitoba Teachers College, helped introduce the concept of community schools into the Seven Oaks School Division in 1962. He has spent the last four years doing post-graduate training and working within the Flint, Michigan community schools program.

★

Lucille Arnason, of Gimli, placed second in the Winnipeg Folklorama "Queen of the Foklorama" contest last August, and was named "First Princess". Some 22 ethnic groups were represented.

Miss Arnason is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Arnason, of Gimli. She is presently attending the University of Manitoba.

★

O. P. Sigurdson, of Arborg, Manitoba, has been elected president of the Credit Union League of Manitoba.

Allan B. Finnbogason of Eaton's has been named First Vice-President of the Tourist and Convention Association of Manitoba.

★

Mrs. Duncan McCaig, nee Sandra Eggertson, B.A,/64, is president of the Manitoba Speech and Hearing Association.

★

Norman J. S. Jonson, B.A./65, has been appointed group administration assistant, Great West Life, Winnipeg.

★

One of the three recipients last September of a Centennial flag recognizing their contribution in the field of sports was "former basketball ace Fred Ingaldson".

★

Dr. Richard Beck's poem "Tribute to the Founders", written for the 84th Anniversary of the University of North Dakota in 1967, is included in **The Spring Anthology 1970,** published by The Mitre Press in London, England, characterized as "a compilation of representative verse from the world's living poets." The poem has previously appeared in **The Icelandic Canadian, Logberg-Heimskringla,** and **The Alumni Magazine** of the Universtiy of North Dakota.

★

Indra Repa, a young man of Czech extraction, came to Canada from Iceland last year. A native of Prague, Indra was a student at the University of Iceland prior to his departure for Canada. He is planning to enter the University of British Columbia in the fall but hopes eventually to be able to return to Iceland in order to improve his command of Icelandic.

★

Congratulations to H. F. Skaptason on his return as president of the 100 Club and to the other officers on their re-election. The purpose of these legionnaires and friends is to provide help to veterans, widows, and children when all other sources are exhausted. An example is the work party of eight members who travelled to Monominto, Man., a couple of weeks ago to repair the uninsured home of a veteran who had been burned out. This they did with materials donated by Building Products and Winnipeg Paint and Glass and furniture obtained with the help of the Army Benevolent Fund and the Red Cross. I'm proud to be associated in a very minor way with Des Robinson and the rest of the fellows in the 100 Club who believe in help . . . and I know I use the phrase too often . . . on a direct preson-to-person basis when all other channels are exhausted.

—Bill Trebilcoe Column
Winnipeg Free Press

★

CORRECTIONS: Riverton School Article, Icel. Can. Autumn 1970

The following are corrections of errors in the article on the Riverton School, in the Autumn issue of the Icelandic Canadian, pp. 41-41, and other clarifications. —Ed.

Para. 2 page 41: Here the classes with various teachers continued till 1889. A picture was taken 1901 with Miss Hildur Peterson as teacher.

Para. 4, page 41: In 1915 or 1916 the

one-roomed Lundi School proved too small and it was enlarged into two rooms (size approximately 60' x 30'. The first principal was Mrs. Oddur Olafson (Lina) for 1 year. She taught 3 years, and in the one-roomed school she had an enrollment of 52 — all grades. She was an outstanding teacher and disciplanarian.

Para. 8 (bottom of page 41): In 1918-19 a new four-room school was built on the west side of the river and the name changed to Riverton School.

Para. 9, page 42: In 1967, with the new system to bring pupils in by buses, a new 15-room Elementary School was built. The first principal was Mrs. V. Peterson. Mrs.. Peterson has taught twenty-two years in Riverton. nine of these years as principal in Riverton. She retired in 1970, and the best of wishes go to her with sincere thanks for her efficient work. She was honored with a reception which was attended by many local people including Inspectors and teachers.

INSTITUTE OF CAN. ETHNIC MOSAIC CONFEDERATION

The Institute of Canadian Ethnic Mosaic Confederation, founded near Montreal in 1963, has ceased to function, principally for lack of funds, "for in spite of discreet and legitimate appeals, I received not a single dollar from any of the ethnic groups, or persons whose interests I sought so long to promote", says Walter J. Bossy, Director of the Institute.

In a radio address in 1963, Mr. Bossy said:

The thesis of our Institute is . . . that Canada of today is composed of not of two, but three recognizable, viable and valuable demographic elements: French, English, and, collectively, five million strong, the ethnic groups, which three components make up our de facto inclusive Canadian mosaiic. . . ". . . So sustained, so manned, the Institute will stand on guard to see that the Bill of Rights be applied, equally and to all Canadians irrespective of ethnic origin, color, race, creed and domicile, and, further, the Institute will promote and inspire 'unity in diversity' as the sole positive basis and sole animating spirit of a remodelled Canadian Confederation."

The Institute has been closed down but the principle for which it stood lives on; recognition for the Third force. The Third Force, approximately one-third of the population of Canada, has been given scant notice by certain persistent proclaimers of a "Two Founding Nations" principle. The contributions of the Third Force could be recognized without minimizing the importance of the English and French pioneers. What would western Canada, or Canada as a whole, have been without the part played by the immigrants from other countries than England and France in the last hundred years.

Mr. Bossy is to be commended for his drive for recognition for Canadians of other than French and English descent.

Beyond is another goal, the general recognition of the concept of ONE CANADIAN PEOPLE. Mr. Bossy has in mind the equality of all Canadians where he refers to 'Unity in Diversity' and 'All Canadians'.

Actually, the ideals of unity in diversity, which has often been stressed in The Icelandic Canadian, and ONE CANADIAN PEOPLE are undoubtedly widely believed in. More than half a century ago in 1914-1918, there was no reference to founding races, only Canadians, nor was there in the Canadian Army of 1939-1945. There were only Canadians. —W.K.

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