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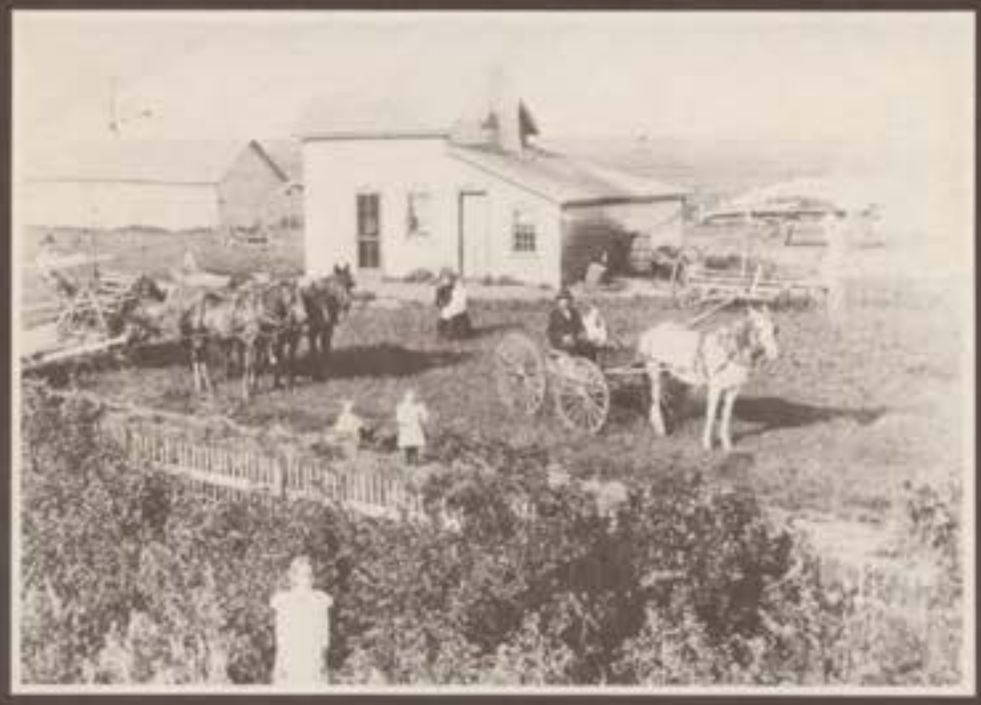
THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



HARVEST TIME IN NORTH DAKOTA 1898

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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Editorial and news correspondence should be addressed to the Editor-in-chief or to the Editor concerned. Subscriptions and business correspondence to the Business and Circulation Manager.

REPRESENTATIVE IN ICELAND: Björn Sigurdsson, P.O. Box 122, Skolastig 11, Akureyri.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

THE HERITAGE ABIDES

by Valdimar Björnson

[1] *I made this article a tough one deliberately — read it over the phone to my brother, Björn,[2] and he approved. I know that some won't like the tone. But Iceland is a state of mind with many people — you and me likely included. It's just as well to acknowledge that Iceland is in the world and of it, and faces the same complex problems so unfortunately shared everywhere. I hope the recognition of realities makes more meaningful the high regard for the heritage — it is above and beyond all these pressing daily concerns, and that's what I'm trying to drive at in this editorial.*

"This is not our finest hour." That's what Consul General Ivar Gudmundsson said of his own country, Iceland, when he came from New York last winter to speak at the Icelandic National League's dinner in Winnipeg. The old-time Reykjavik newspaperman who spent years in the press section of the United Nations borrowed a phrase from Winston Churchill in sorrowful admission of adverse developments in Iceland.

There was recollection of a shocked youth's reaction when the first murder in about a generation occurred in Iceland. There have been quite a few homicides since, in just the past few years. The negative picture could have been expanded. Embezzlement, check-forging, robberies and assault, dope peddling, drunkenness that makes some public dances dangerous events — these negative aspects of modern Iceland might all have been enumerated. One of the world's very worst inflations could also have been mentioned.

Canadians of Icelandic background visit Iceland in increasing numbers, now that plane travel is so easy. The same is true of their compatriots in the States. Returning, they all express shock at the inflation and wonder how modern Icelanders can maintain their decidedly high standard of living with prices at the level they have reached.

Yet every one of these visitors is impressed by Iceland. They cherish memories of the trip and many say they are just waiting to go back again. They minimize in their own minds the negative factors so evident in Iceland. And well they can. The dismal recital here provided can be applied to the United States and to Canada, and to countries all over the globe. Some unaccountable discontent seems to afflict the human race practically all over the world. And if one were to concentrate wholly on the negative, an approach to despair would be the universal reaction.

Why the enthusiasm about Iceland, the land of our forefathers? Why the avid interest in things Icelandic — the people, the scenery, the definitely high cultural level, the great material progress, as observed on visits over there now or impressed through the accounts of others?

The positive reaction of Western Icelanders is understandable. They know that world-wide problems have not bypassed Iceland and they know that the heritage which is theirs is a great legacy. That's why they're proud of being descendants of Iceland, with its parliament the world's oldest, its literature flourishing at a time when much of Europe was in the dark ages, its level of education and of cultural interests among the highest.

The little country is a great one. Its traditions are worth treasuring. Its language is worth preserving here to the extent that can be done. Its history can be studied and its literary works read in translation even

1. An excerpt from a letter from the author to the editor, included with the author's permission.
2. Björn Björnson is the Icelandic Consul in Minnesota.

though knowledge of the language declines here in the west. That's why the Icelandic Canadian is such an important publication.

This quarterly serves several desirable purposes. It keeps the focus on cultural attributes here mentioned. And it acts as a link among those who share the Icelandic background all over this continent and beyond it. The same may be said, in another and broader sense, about the weekly Lögberg-Heimskringla. The Icelandic Canadian, however, has always had a more leisurely, literary quality. Its reminiscent articles and historical sketches covering the activities of Icelanders in this hemisphere for over a hundred years now are invaluable and take on more importance with the passing years. It will flourish and grow and carry on its unique role for unnumbered years to come.

Valdimar Björnson speaking at a function in St. Paul, Minnesota, 1978.

For anyone interested in his Icelandic heritage, this is a sure way to help him find his roots and the unique stuff of which his Viking blood and spirit is made.

Please reply as soon as possible to Mildred Storsater, 890 Valour Road, Winnipeg, Canada R3G 3B4.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Sigurdson,
Member of the Magazine Board of the Icelandic Canadian.

✦ ✦ ✦

TO ALL EATERS OF VINARTERTA AND LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE

This is our second letter of appeal to you. Last October we sent you notice of the special subscription drive for our quarterly magazine, **The Icelandic Canadian.** As yet we have not heard a reply from you. We are, therefore, writing you again not to nag you about a subscription, but to remind you, if you are at all interested in Icelandic culture, that the special offer for the Icelandic Canadian has been extended, i.e. $6.00 for new subscribers; regular $8.00.

If you missed the first offer, take heart — here is your second chance to read about the living history of Western Icelanders.

So far the response has been most gratifying. Membership has increased by about 10%.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE COVER PICTURE

The cover photo was taken c 1898 near Gardar, North Dakota, and shows the home of Stefan Eyjolfsson from Unaos in Mulasysla. Those on the picture are: Gudrun Thorlaksdottir from Fornhagi (Mrs. Eyjolfsson) seated with daughter Thordis, Stefan Eyjolfsson and son Thorlakur in the buggy, Pearl in the wagon pulled by her sister Margret, and Cecilia in foreground. The man on the binder is unknown.

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SURVEY IN MIKLEY (HECLA ISLAND) 1878

Compiled by Nelson Gerrard

One of the most remarkable and interesting documents surviving from the early days of Icelandic settlement in Canada is a copy of the survey taken in Hecla Island or Mikley in 1878. Although it is called an agricultural survey, it includes much information which exceeds this qualification, such as the population count and farm names. This survey alone sheds a great deal of light on the otherwise very sketchy early history of the island and its residents.

The local government of New Iceland, formed to administer law and order to the settlement which was beyond provincial jurisdiction, provided for such a survey to be taken at the end of each year. The purpose was twofold, to keep records of the residents of each of the four districts, and to follow the progress made by the settlers in agriculture and fishing. These surveys were taken in all districts of New Iceland during the years 1877, 1978 and 1879.

Although summaries of the surveys were on two occasions published in **Framfari,** these are only figures without names. No information is given with regard to specific settlers or homesteads.

The survival of a few of these surveys in manuscript form for over a century is remarkable. These documents, all of which have been in private ownership, have been spared from both fire and flood, and the careless hand of man. The surveys for most years appear to have fallen victim to these ravages. Several of the few surviving documents were literally saved from the trash barrel, the originals later falling into untrustworthy hands so that only copies survive. Among these is the 1878 survey for Mikley.

The surveys known to exist today are as follows: Mikley 1878, Arnes 1877, 1878 and 1879, Vidirnes (Gimli) 1879 (fragment). None are known to survive for the Icelandic River district.

As names alone are of limited interest, a brief account has been compiled on the background life of each settler mentioned in this survey. These summary accounts are intended to supplement existing published sources such as **Brot of Landnamsogu Nyja Islands, Fra Austri til Vesturs,** and **Framhald a Landnamsogu Nyja Islands,** all by Thorleifur Jackson, **Saga Islendinga i N. Dakota,** by Thorstina Jackson, **Almanak Olafs Thorgeirssonar, Saga Islendinga i Vesturheimi,** and **Vestur Islenzkar AEviskrar.**

These accounts are not as detailed as they might have been in some cases but are already more than lengthy enough for the available space in this publication. In each case, the major sources are indicated. The abbreviations are as follows: L - Lögberg, H - Heimskringla, ThJ — Thorleifur Jackson, Dalm - Dalamenn, SIV - Saga Islendinga i Vesturheimi, VI - Vestur Islenzkar AEviskrar, Alm - Almanak O. Thorgeirsson, Bf - Borgfirzkar AEviskrar, TsJ - Thorstina Jackson.

In addition to these, the ministerial records of Rev. Jon Bjarnason and Rev. Pall Thorlaksson have been heavily relied on as was an unpublished list of emigrants from Iceland and a genealogical index for Lögberg to 1930.

Should any readers have knowledge of facts that are lacking or contradictory, they are requested to contact the writer, c/o **The Icelandic Canadian Magazine.** The whereabouts of descendants of these early settlers is of particular interest.

Note: The names of the settlers and their homesteads are all spelled according to

standardized Icelandic with the exception of the substitution of English letters for Icelandic letters where these are not available. Only one name, that of No. 10, remains in doubt as does the name of his residence. In the original survey, the names of the homesteads appear in the dative case (ie: Vogi for Vogur, Hvammi for Hvammur, etc.). They appear here in the nominative case, correctly spelled according to standardized Icelandic. The exact location of some of these homesteads is now forgotten although most are still known. Some of the names have beeen altered in daily use over the past century. The list begins at the southwest tip of the island (Vogur) and proceeds up the east shore and around to the northwest tip (Fagratun). A few of the names are not in proper order, likely depending on the location of the resident when the survey was done.

AGRICULTURAL SURVEY

NAMES OF SETTLERS	NAMES OF FARMS	persons in home	house			cellar			well	cleared land	cultivated	fence	ditches	hay	roads		potatoes	bushels	wheat bushels*		oats (bushels*		barley (bushels*		flat beans (bushels)		round beans (bushels)		corn (bushels*		livestock				boats			nets	fish lines	whitefish	other fish
			length	width	height	length	width	depth	depth	acres	acres	fathoms	fathoms	40 kg units	length	width	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	sown	yield	root crops yield	cows	oxen & bulls	calves	chickens	number	capacity	fathoms	hooks	number	number
1. Thordur Magnusson	Vogur	4	14	14	6				12					100																				20		10	60		260	304
2. Bjarni Gudmundsson	Nyibaer	5	17	14	10	10	9	5	12	3	1	140	6	150			7	95																2		12	80		480	2400
3. Sigurdur Jonsson	Bordeyri	3	14	12	9					4	1/2	450	—	200			7	180							1				2	2	1/2	1			6	50		330	1000
4. Einar Gudmundsson	Fagriskogur	6	20	12	12					1	1		30	150			4	43											1	2		1	40			50		250	900
5. David Gudmundson	Fagriskogur	4								1	1			50			4	40							1/6				1	1/2		1		4	50		300	900
6. Saemundur Björnsson	Reykjanes	6	14	11	7				10	3	1-1/2	200		150			6	41											2	1/2		1	30		10	40		130	1100
7. Halldor Halldorsson	Grund	1								1 1/2	1	120		50			4	15															40			16		70	350
8. Magnus Magnusson	(Barkastadir) Steinnes	4		—	—			—	—	2 1/2	2	200		50				25							1/4								20	—	—	18		50	500
9. Halldor Jakobsson	Fagravik	3	14	12	9	12	6	4	—	1	—	—		50											1/6								20	1	5	20		100	600
10. Jon (Jonasarson?)	(Brenavik)	4	12	10	—	—	—	—	8	1	1			75			5	13							1/4										10	20		120	1500
11. Bjorn Sveinsson	Skogarnes	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 1/2	1	130						40											2				20	—		30		100	120
12. Elias Magnusson	Skogarnes	6	16	10	9	10	8	4	6	4	3	240	30	125			8	108											16				40	1	8	60		370	430
13. Tomas Kristjansson	Hvammur	2		—	—	—	—		—	1/2	1/2						1	25											1							20		50	100
14. Johannes Jonasson	Vogur	5	—	—				—	—			—	—	100			5	50											11	2			60	—	—	70		270	1520
15. Jon Magnusson	Hvammur	5	19	14	8	11	7	5	—	3	2	220	20	100			6 1/2	120							2				18			2	20	1	6	50		450	2700
		63	16			11			10	27	18	1700		1350			70 1/2	803							3 1/8				59	18		10	318	9	71			3330	

SETTLERS IN MIKLEY (HECLA ISLAND) 1878

Compiled by Nelson Gerrard

1. **Thordur Magnusson—Vogur:** from Stapasel in Myrasysla, born, c 1833, son of Magnus Gudmundsson at Svartagil in Nordurardalur. Jon Magnusson (Nordal), nr. 15, was his half-brother. Thordur emigrated from Iceland in 1878 with his wife, Sigurlaug Eiriksdottir, (step-mother to Sigridur Jonsdottir, wife of Jon Jonsson, nr. 17), their daughter, Gudridur, and Sigurlaug's son, Isaak Jonsson. The family settled at Vogur in Mikley the same year, living there until 1880 and later moving to North Dakota. Thordur died near Eyford, N.D. on Oct. 10, 1895, survived by his wife. Their daughter, Gudridur, married Jonas Brynjolfsson in Winnipeg in 1884, (son of Rannveig Sveinbjörnsdottir, wife of Einar Gudmundsson, nr. 43). She died shortly thereafter. Sigurlaug's son, Isaak, lived near Arborg. (ThJ II, 116; L 17. Oct. 1895; Alm 1931, 83, et al.)

2. **Bjarni Gudmundsson — Nyibaer;** from Vad in Skriddalur, Eastern Iceland, the son of Gudmundur Sigurdsson and Gudrun Jonsdottir at Vad. He was born c 1818 and emigrated to Canada at the age of 58 in 1876, along with his wife Gudlaug Jonsdottir, their son Jon Bjarnason, his wife, Halldora Gudmundsdottir and one child, Gudmundur, age 3. They arrived in Mikley on September 2, 1876. Two hours later, Halldora gave birth to a son, Gudmundur, born at Reynistadur, the first Icelandic child born in Mikley. Shortly thereafter, the family settled at Nyibaer where they lived for some years. In 1883 they left Mikley, moving to Isafoldarbyggd north of Riverton and then to Fögruvellir in Geysir where Bjarni is buried.

3. **Sigurdur Jonsson — Bordeyri:** from Hamborg in Mulasysla, Eastern Iceland, born c 1838, son of Jon Thorsteinsson and Groa Jonsdottir. He emigrated to Canada in 1876 with his wife, Palina Sveinsdottir, and her parents, Sveinn Thorsteinsson and Sigurbjörg Björnsdottir. This group settled at Bordeyri where Palina's father, Sveinn, died of the smallpox the first winter. Sigurdur and Palina remained at Bordeyri for some years while Sigurbjörg moved to the mainland and settled near Riverton. In 1879 they moved to Pembina, N.D. Sigurdur died near Pembina the spring of 1896, survived by two sons and his widow who remarried to Adalmundur Gudmundsson. (ThJ II, 109, L 14. May, 1896, et al.)

4. **Einar Gudmundsson — Fagriskogur:** From what information is available, this appears to have been Einar from Fremri-Galtastadir in Mulasysla, Eastern Iceland, born c 1833. This Einar emigrated from Iceland in 1876 with his wife, Gudrun Asgrimsdottir, and two sons, Gudmundur and Halldor. Their stay in Mikley has been brief. Gudrun died near Hensel, N.D. on Aug. 18, 1916. (TsJ 187, L 12. Oct. 1916, et al.)

5. **David Gudmundsson — Fagriskogur:** from Eyhildarholt in Skagafjördur, Northern Iceland, born c 1840. He and his wife, Margret Ingjaldsdottir emigrated in 1876, with two children, Magnus and Jonatan, settling first at Gimli where two children were born, Ragnheidur Johanna in July 1876 and Johann Gudmundur in Jan. 1877. After a short stay in Mikley, the family moved to Winnipeg and from there to Mountain, N.D. Magnus, Johann, Sigurbjorg and Bergur lived near Wynyard and Bjarni (Davis) at Blaine, Wash. (Alm 1929, 69, 1919, 65, et al.)

6. **Saemundur Björnsson — Reykjanes:** from Kollufoss in Hunavatnssysla, Northern Iceland, born c 1851, son of Björn Illugason who settled at Bjarnarstadir near Gimli. He emigrated in 1876 with his wife, Magdalena Halldorsdottir and five children, Gudrun, Rannveig, Sigurbjörg Hjörtur and Björn. Their son, Sigurdur, was born in Mikley in Feb. 1877. About 1880, they moved to Mountain, N.D. Saemundur later took land near Mozart, Sask. along with his son, Sigurdur. Magdalena moved to Seattle and Blaine, Wash. Saemundur died at Blaine in Jan. 1916. Of 13 children, 5 were living in 1930: Sigurdur; Rannveig, married Oli Byron at Blaine; Sigridur, married Sigm. Folmer in Seattle; Hladgerdur; and Gudrun, married Jonatan Gislason, Milton, N.D. (Alm. 1929, 69, L 3. Feb. 1916, et al.)

7. **Halldor Halldorsson — Grund:** The identity of this Halldor is uncertain (see nr. 18) but of the three men by this name who emigrated before 1878, it seems likely that this one was Halldor Halldorsson from Gauksmyri in Hunavatnssysla, married to Steinunn Björnsdottir, sister to Saemundur at Reykjanes (nr. 6). They emigrated in 1876 with three children, Metta, Sigridur and Signy. This couple moved to Winnipeg after two years in New Iceland and lived there until their deaths. Of 13 children, none was living when Halldor died in Aug. 1909. Steinunn died in Winnipeg in 1925. One of their daughters, Sigridur, married Hallur Sigurdsson Paulson in Winnipeg (nephew of Gudrun Asgrimsdottir nr. 4). (L 2. Sept. 1909, et al.)

8. **Magnus Magnusson (Maxin) — Barkarstadir - Steinnes:** This Magnus emigrated to Canada in 1876 as a hired man for Johann Straumfjörd. He was born c 1850 and likely came from the Snaefellsnes district of Western Iceland. During the first winter in Mikley, he and Hjalmar Hjalmarsson were caught in a blizzard on Lake Winnipeg, both losing part of their feet as a result. Magnus married Sigurdrif Gudbrandsdottir, a midwife in Mikley on Feb. 7, 1879. They later moved to Selkirk and from there to Tacoma, Wash. in 1902. Magnus took the surname Maxin. Sigurdrif brought a son with her when she came from Iceland, Albert in Portland, Oreg. One daughter, Rosbjörg, was born in Mikley on Oct. 7, 1878, married Halldor Halldorsson. Other children were Sarah Johnson and Ena Zimsen in Tacoma and Sigridur Purdy in Everett, Wash. Sigurdrif died at Tacoma in May 1915. (H 21. Jan. 1909; L 19. Sept. 1946, Dal. III, 445, et al.)

9. **Halldor Jakobsson—Fagravik:** from Hundadalur in Dalasysla, Western Iceland, born in 1840, son of Jakob Samsonarson and Gudrun Jonsdottir at Hundadalur. Halldor and his wife, Gudrun Olafsdottir, emigrated to Canada in 1876 with one son, Jakob, who later settled in the Mouse River area in N.D. and near Swan River, Man. along with his father's brother, Olafur. Halldor and Gudrun first settled at Fagridalstunga in Arnesbyggd moving to Mikley in 1878 and then to North Dakota where Halldor died in 1885. Gudrun died May, 1915. (Alm 1923, 80; Dalm. 330, et al.)

10. **Jon Jo(nusasson?) — (Brenavik?):** Although the manuscript is faded and difficult to make out here, it appears that some error has been made in recording this entry. The identity of this man is unknown. This may have been Jon Jonasson who was at Sneis in Arnesbyggd in 1877.

11. **Björn Sveinsson—Skogarnes:** from Dalasysla, lived for many years at Kaldrananes in Dals. and Gudrun Gudmundsdottir. Björn was widowed in Iceland before coming to Canada in 1876 at age 55. In 1877 he was "husmadur" for Jon Magnusson at Hvammur (nr. 15). In 1878 he was at Skogarnes in the home of Elias Magnusson with two dependants. Nothing more is known of Björn's life here in North America. (Dalm III, 285; et al.)

12. **Elias Magnusson—Skogarnes:** from Bessastadir in Midfjördur, Hunavatnssysla, born there in 1835 to Magnus Jonsson and his wife, Elin. Elias emigrated from Iceland in 1876 with his wife, Sigridur Thorsteinsdottir, and five children: Elias, Elinborg,

Johannes, Matthildur and Finnur. In 1877 the family was living at Skogarnes which was previously occupied by Sigvaldi Thorvaldsson and his wife Ingibjörg Fjeldsted. They lived in Mikley for many years. Elias died in Gimli on June 11, 1913. One son, Thorsteinn Finnur Eliasson, born in Mikley on Sept. 21, 1879, later made his home in Winnipeg. (L 17. July, 1913; et al.)

13. **Tomas Kristjansson — Hvammur:** from Dunkur in Hördudalur, Dalasysla, born 1818, the son of Kristjan Olafsson and Gudrun Bjarnadottir. Tomas lost his wife, Björg Athanaiusdottir, in Iceland and emigrated in 1876 with one son, Hjörtur, and a sister, Gudrun Kristjansdottir (who married Fridbjörn Stefansson nr. 28). Three more of his children are also said to have emigrated that year, Sigridur Helga, Gudni, and Margret, later making their homes in North Dakota. Tomas is not listed as living in Mikley in 1877 and appears to have been a recent arrival in 1878 when the survey is taken as he has no home of his own. He died near Hallson, N.D. in April 1912, over 90 years of age, He was the father of 15 children. (L 18. April, 1912; Dalm III, 466; et al.)

14. **Johannes Jonasson — Vogur:** from Harastadir in Dalasysla, born there in 1854, son of Jonas Johannesson and Gudny Einarsdottir. Johannes was a brother of Einar Jonasson at Gimli and Kristin who married Josep Schram. He emigrated in 1876 with his mother and sister and spent the first winter with his brother, Einar at Hvitanes in Arnesbyggd. The following spring, 1877, Johannes took land along side Einar's, naming it Akur. After a year there, he moved to Mikley. A son, Olafur, was born in Mikley in Nov. 1878. The family appears to have lived at Vogur with Thordur Magnusson first, later settling on the southeast shore of the island where they named their farm Jadar. Johannes married Halla Jonsdottir in Mikley on March 24, 1879. In 1880 their home at Jadar was flooded and they moved to Icelandic River, living at Straumnes for a time before going to Winnipeg. In 1885, Johannes and Halla returned to New Iceland, settling at Jadar south of Sandy Bar, previously settled by Petur Palsson. Johannes died while living at Jadar and Halla and her children moved to Vidir where they again named their farm Jadar. Their many children lived in that district. (ThJ II, 142-3; Dalm III, 360; et al.)

15. **Jon Magnusson (Nordal)—Hvammur:** from Svartagil in Nordurardalur, Myrasysla, born there in 1842, the son of Magnus Gudmundsson and Gudrun Jonsdottir. Jon emigrated from Iceland in 1876 with his wife, Sigridur Thorvaldsdottir and their four children, settling in Mikley where they lived for four years. During the winter of 1876-77 the family lived with Halldor Thorgilsson (nr. 16) at Kirkjubol. One child died shortly after their arrival in Mikley and the other three all contacted smallpox that fall, two surviving, Ingibjörg and Gudrun, both of whom later married in the Glenboro area. Jon settled at Hvammur in the spring of 1877 and lived there three years. In 1880 he moved to Vogur which had been vacated by his brother, Thordur (nr. 1). The family was forced to flee Vogur late in the fall of 1880 because of flooding and spent five months at the home of Eyjolfur Kristjansson just north of Vogur. In the spring of 1881 Jon moved to Icelandic River for a month before moving to Winnipeg. He settled near Glenboro in 1883. Jon died in May 1927 and Sigridur shortly after 1900. A son, Magnus farmed in the Glenboro area. (Alm 1937, 73; ThJ II, 116.)

(Continued in the next issue)

MUSIC

Music! Music! Music!
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Godly magnificent,
Outjolting Jupiter!

Carving his sounds
Like flesh
From melon-meat
Or creamy chocolate cake.
The air sliceable
Palpable
Rich enough to feed on.

Music! Music! Music!
Beethoven's "Fifth"
Da, da, da, daah!
Da, da, da, daah!
The rapping out of destiny.

Ahh! Music! Music!
Treasure of treasures.
Gershwim, Porter, Kern,
And Herbert, million-melodied.
Ah, Music! Music!
"Jesu Joy-" to "Claire de lune"
"Funeral March" to "Stardust"
"Twinkle Twinkle Little Star to
"Tannhauser!"

—Paul A. Sigurdson

OF BONES AND STONES AND MONUMENTS

by GUSTAF KRISTJANSON

As one travels to places noted and notable the past appears to come to life from the very surroundings. What associations lie in places! Men have made reference to "hallowed ground" or "hallowed halls" — historic spots which have somehow become sanctified by events. They draw the traveler and reward him with the memory of happenings long gone by. Who could be a visitor to Iceland, for example, without taking at least one journey to view the rugged rock formations and scenic splendour of Thingvellir? Is it only imagination that we seem to sense that the spirit of a people has somehow become embodied in the natural surroundings? In Canada, too, we have our share of historic sites reminding us of the heritage handed down to us from those who have gone before.

During my recent stay in the United kingdom I was struck by the sense of history which people must feel when there are so many tangible reminders of it all around them. Intriguing ideas come to mind. Do the ghosts of Roman soldiers still patrol Hadrian's Wall on the borders of what was once Roman Britain? Does the spirit of Thomas à Beckett still lurk in the niches of Canterbury Cathedral? Could John Cabot inspire another crew to set off across the northern sea from Bristol's dockyard? And does Drake's soul still play at bowls on Plymouth Hoe? Ideas to conjure with!

Take for instance Winchester. Spread over the valley and the hills that border the Itchen river in the southern County of Hampshire, this ancient capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex serenely basks in the ambience of its historic past. A Roman and Celtic town before the Saxons made it their capital, its fame is especially linked with that of Alfred the Great. At about the time that chieftains such as Ingolfur Arnarson and Egill Skallagrimsson were establishing settlements in Iceland King Alfred was engaging in his series of battles with the Danes that was to make him eventually the unquestioned leader of the English nation. In the central square of downtown Winchester King Alfred — in stone — gazes forever across the landscape that once was the heart of his kingdom. When Alfred was growing up the bishop of the see at Winchester was St. Swithun, later to be adopted as the patron saint of Westminster Cathedral. This cathedral — the longest in England (556 feet) — is an impressive Norman and medieval structure. Through the centuries bishops and kings have moved down its old stone aisles, including William the Conqueror, who wore his crown in state at Winchester every Eastertide. The Conqueror's son, William Rufus (second of the Norman kings), lies buried here. Within these walls are interred also the bones of Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler", revered by fishermen the world over. Another writer, Jane Austen (author of **Pride and Prejudice**), is likewise buried in this cathedral. In the mortuary chests here are stored the bones of some noted Saxon kings such as Ethelwulf and Egbert; also those of King Knut (Canute) and his wife. For Winchester was King Canute's capital as well. He reigned for some years as king of England, Denmark, and Norway. The cathedral has seen happy celebrations as well as solemn funeral rites, for Mary Tudor and Philip of Spain were married here. Winchester today is a peaceful place, well removed from the turmoil that attends political power, but its historic past lingers on — in its castle, its cathedral, and its statue of the king who burned the cakes but saved his kingdom.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon when I visited the historic town of Battle, a scant few miles to the northwest of the port of Hastings. Here on the slope of Senlac Hill was fought one of the more decisive battles of history — the battle that was to make William the Conqueror king of England and establish the Norman barons as the ruling class. In honour of his victory William built a great abbey church on the site, its altar located over the place where King Harold of England was slain. Parts of the abbey are still standing, parts are now in ruin. Making my way along a footpath that skirts the wall I came upon a plaque upon which the following words are written:

> "Sunrise October 14, 1066. Where you stand the Saxon army commanded by King Harold of England was ranged in battle line. Behind them was no abbey, no town, just a grassy tree-scattered hill. In the fields below you Duke William of Normandy was positioning the army he had led from France. The throne of England was to be the prize.
>
> "All day the battle raged. Time and again William's horsemen and infantry charged up the slope before you only to be beaten back by the Saxon footsoldiers. Saxon and Norman lay dead and dying on the field. But in late afternoon a desperate Norman onslaught overwhelmed the exhausted Saxon ranks. King Harold was killed by a Norman swordsman on the hill behind you."

I read this message as I gazed out over the damp green field before me. Sheep were quietly grazing here and there in the hollow below. In the fine drizzle that was falling nothing disturbed the peace save the twittering of birds and the occasional bleating of the sheep. These creatures were so blissfully unaware of the noise and carnage that decided a nation's fate on this spot over nine hundred years ago; but the memory lingers there in the stones of the old abbey.

The Road to the Isles is possibly as scenic a stretch of countryside as one can find anywhere in Britain. Making one's way "by tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber" the feeling grows strong that here — in the western highlands of Scotland — lies indeed the heart of that spirit that fuelled the Jacobite revolt of 1745. I had the occasion to travel this route by train a few months ago. It's a spectacularly beautiful journey, with the blue of the sea coming up at you like an inspiration as the train clears the mountain headlands. The journey ends at the colourful fishing port of Mallaig, looking across the strait to the stark but beautiful hills of the Isle of Skye. As the train passes through the Valley of Glenfinnan a tall monument appears on the seaward side, rearing into the sky and topped by the statue of a highlander. the monument marks the spot where Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, raised the standard of revolt on August 19, 1745. Although the clans of the western highlands (especially the men of Cameron of Lochiel) responded to the call, it was an ill-starred revolt doomed to failure almost from the start. The museum at Fort William, a few miles to the east of this spot (and where I spent the night) is filled with memorabilia of Bonnie Prince Charlie, including a lock of the prince's hair. Does the spirit of the Forty-Five still live in the hills around, or is this just another part of the British isles, like any other except for its special brand of scenic beauty? Madame Tussaud's, the famous waxworks house in London, presents an amazingly realistic reproduction — through recorded sound and other staged effects — of the battle of Trafalgar. Even the wizards of illusion that create the wonders of Disneyland could hardly do it better. Somehow, however, I didn't really get the feel of Trafalgar until I visited the ship H.M.S. "Victory" at her berth in Portsmouth Navy Yard. This is not a reconstruction of Nelson's famous flagship. It is the actual ship. She lies permanently moored alongside the dock, a living reminder of the great naval victory which ended forever Napoleon's hopes of conquering the British Isles. The salty British

seaman who was showing visitors around on a tour of the ship painted a vivid word picture of those days when ships of the line were manned by unwilling recruits who lived under conditions of hardship and danger bordering on desperation. Moving below decks, with so little headroom that you have to stoop in order to make your way along, and breathing air heavy with tar and hemp, it is not hard to imagine yourself transported a century and a half back in time. The boards of the quarterdeck on which Nelson received his fatal wound have been moved to a location below decks and the area is kept like a kind of shrine to the memory of the great admiral. Though the ship is berthed hundreds of miles away from the scene of her greatest triumph, the spirit of that historic day seems to pervade every spar and timber of the vessel. She will carry her association with Trafalgar as long as she floats.

These are all monuments. The landscape itself is a kind of monument to the scenes that have been enacted there. The actors are gone. The stage is empty. But the scenery is still in place.

IN MEMORY OF WILL KRISTJANSON

The followign donations to the Icelandic Canadian in memory of Will Kristjanson have been received:

The Gimli Chapter of the Icelandic National League $50.

Mrs. Kristiana Grimson, Vancouver, B.C. $15.

Dorothy Purchase, Toronto, Ont. $100.

These tokens of appreciation for the journalistic excellence maintained by our late editor during his tenure of office are, indeed, appreciated.

A.V.

AWARDED PRIZE IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

Mrs. Murphy graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Winnipeg. She was awarded the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg Prize in Canadian Literature. She is the daughter of Franklin and Dora Sigurdson of Oak Point, Manitoba.

Allan N. Schott of Warren, Manitoba graduated from the University of Manitoba with a Bachelor of Science degree in Mechanical Engineering at their Annual Convocation on May 24th.

He was on the Dean's Honour List each year and during the four years received an Isbister Scholarship, an Alumni Association Scholarship (twice), and also the Fetherstonhaugh Memorial and Canada Iceland Foundation Scholarships.

He is now employed as an engineer at Versatile Manufacturing in Winnipeg.

Allan is the son of Jack and Jona Schott of Warren, Manitoba and grandson of Beggi Erickson of Winnipeg, formerly of Lundar, Manitoba, and of the late Alla Erickson.

SEPTEMBER SNOW

Stephan G. Stephansson

(Translated by Thorvaldur Johnson)

And so comes the snow to an end — and at last
The storm-beaten earth is released from the blast,
And lies in the autumn sun gleaming.
Through leaf-mantled forests the soft breezes breathe,
Caressing the cheeks of each hilside and heath
As if spring were the winter redeeming.

So blue and so blithe is the autumnal air,
And the far-distant views are so wide-flung and fair —
Blue forests and snow-covered prairie.
The grandeur of nature to me is unfurled;
It seems as if springtime possesses the world,
Even up to the glacier's eyrie.

But will our Vinland the prophecy hold,
Which ruefully says that the snow and the cold
Will remain until winter is finished?
Dejected, I counted the setbacks and fears
That sorely afflicted my half-hundred years,
And my mettle and manhood diminished.

I ken not this fathomless, ill-omened life.
And yet — I have never succumbed in the strife
To terrors and dangers uncounted —
It freshens my courage, refreshes my mind
To recall, when the world is not overly kind,
The perils that I have surmounted.

And so I am happy and free from the dread
Of bowing in thraldom and sorrow my head.
Thus the flood-tide I battled reverses.
And so as I stumble the steps to old age,
With steadfastness hope I to finish this page,
While I quietly work on my verses.

SIGURHLIF

by G. Bertha Johnson

To the dwellers of the valley, December in Iceland, in the year 1887, had seemed unusually mild. As always in mid-winter the short days were little more than twilight, for on this lone isle, bordering on the Arctic Circle, there are sunless weeks, and darkness hovers like a sinister troll over the land. Not even the thrill of oft read sagas, nor the religious fervor of recited Passion Psalms could allay the pervading gloom. Now the people were glad the winter solstice had come and gone, and days lengthened as the approach of Christmas brought new hope and cheer.

"We shall go to church today," Jonas said. "The ponies will be the better for exercise. They are becoming lazy in their idleness. Besides, it is time for our little one to be christened. Sera Eirikur will frown on our long delay."

Johanna's warm brown eyes kindled with happy anticipation.

"It is many months since we attended a service, and little Sigurhlif is now old enough to notice the altar candles," she said, beginning to prepare herself and her children, dressing them in warm homespun and knitted shawls.

Jonas brought the ponies. The warm spell had enticed them from their retreat in the foothill valleys where the grass was still succulent, and turbulent streams had open water-holes. Johanna observed how thick-haired and shaggy they had become fending for themselves through the winter. Their manes and tails hung long and tousled, giving them a wild appearance that belied their gentle nature. They were small and not beautiful, yet to Johanna no fairy steeds could have seemed more delightful.

Jonas helped her mount with the child, swung Hanna onto the smallest pony, and set Juliana in front of his saddle before he sprang into it, then tucked her against his warm body under his heavy sheepskin.

"I'll lead your little Alfur, Hanna," her father said. "Hang on tight like a big girl. With his rein fast to my saddlehorn, he'll follow."

They moved single-file along the week-old trail left by Sera Eirikur's string of pack ponies on their return from Vik with Christmas provisions. By this time it was drifted, but the sure footed horses moved forward in slow procession over the rough stretches and floundered through the drifts.

For two hours they travelled toward two basalt cliffs. The air was invigorating, and Johanna's anticipations high when finally they saw the church and manse sheltered on three sides by the dark volcanic rock.

"I shall see the glorious Christmas candlelights, and hear the choir. Then, too, sister Karitas will be there. After the service we shall all be invited to the manse for refreshments. We all know Sera Eirijur to be a very hospitable man," Johanna thought happily.

The church was thronged with all the folk of the countryside, who had ridden from far and near to this Yuletide service, and to enjoy an hour or two of pleasant fellowship.

The candles! Not only were the candles on the altar, but gently flickering lights wavered from tapers placed high on either side of the pews. The little girls gazed in awe, and Johanna's spirits soared in all this light, and warmth, and hope of heaven.

She glanced around, and saw a tall and beautiful woman enter with her husband.

"My sister Karitas and Sigurd," she thought happily. "I have so longed to see Karitas; and here she is."

Then Johanna became aware of a hushed

silence. Sera Eirikur was reading the Christmas story, of shepherds and angels, of Wisemen with gifts from the East, and of the Holy Family. As the pastor spoke, they became a living reality, and the story took on a new beauty and deeper meaning as the birth of a Child manifested the love of God.

"How simply and beautifully he tells it," Johanna thought. "His simple works I must remember forever to tell to my children as each new Christmas comes."

Then the lusty voices of the congregation swelled the hymns of the choir, and the service was over.

They were called, and Johanna stood beside Jonas at the altar, cradling the infant in her arms. She became conscious that Karitas and Sigurd stood with them as sponsors.

"That is well," she thought. "I may die young. Who knows? I can trust Karitas with my little one's upbringing."

The lights on the altar held her spell-bound.

"They drive off the winter darkness," she thought. "As it will be driven off by our returning sun."

During the christening, Johanna made the responses as in a dream.

"I christen you, Sigurhlif," she heard the pastor conclude.

Christening drops of water touched the red-blond hair of the infant, and trickled gently down her forehead, and Sigurhlif's innocent laughter rose above the minister's chanting.

Later, in the manse, Johanna sat with her family and Karitas and Sigurd, sipping hot coffee and enjoying food the poorer folk seldom tasted.

"I have had no news from our mother and brothers in America," Karitas said.

"Nor have we."

"America! It is a world away," Karitas spoke impatiently. "They should have stayed."

"It is hard to face endless poverty. Our brothers are young. It was their only hope. In America they will find opportunities."

"Yes. We are fortunate, Sigurd and I. We are in better circumstances. Never will I leave Iceland. I simply couldn't. Here I shall bring up my children in the best Icelandic tradition. Here I shall see my grandchildren born," Karitas said decisively. "Iceland must have a better future."

"We hope so," Johanna sighed, but a cloud dimmed the joy of this festive occasion at the recollection of the lean years she had known.

"Your little Sigurhlif is lovely. Never have I seen a more beautiful child. How I long for a girl. My boys are like gales, all noise and motion, but we love them just the same."

On their return from the service, Johanna entered their humble home with a feeling of gratitude. It was warm and tidy. Her spinning wheel stood idle in a far corner. No spinning for her today; only the meal to prepare, and for Jonas the urgent chores of tending the animals.

The tired little girls slept while Johanna busied herself with the evening meal. She was content, but she could not altogether dispel the ache of loneliness for her loved ones in America. She had hoped that Karitas had heard from them. It seemed such an eternity since they departed.

"I wonder how my mother and brothers, Mundi and Joe, are faring," Johanna remarked wistfully as they all sat with their bowls of rice porridge, with raisins in honor of Christmas and the christening. "Karitas has had no word."

"Don't despair. News will come," Jonas encouraged gently. "The ships were delayed by storms last fall. Your folks promised to write; and write they will. They will tell us how things are, for they know I

have been seriously considering going to America.''

''To America!'' Johanna echoed. It was the first intimation she had heard of his interest in emigrating.

''But what do I hear? Surely it is the neigh of a strange horse?''

''Yes,'' Jonas responded going out to put up the horse and invite the guest in.

Johanna looked sympathetically on the gaunt and weary man.

''Welcome, and bless you,'' she said. ''You have come a long way?''

''Greetings. Yes, far. From the coast.''

Jonas came in.

''From the coast, you say?'' he asked eagerly.

Johanna set a portion of their simple holiday meal before the hungry traveller, who ate in deadly silence as if his hunger knew no bounds. Only when Johanna rose to refill his bowl did he speak.

''I brought this letter that has lain long unclaimed; since the last ship anchored in the fall. It is from America,'' he said.

''From America! Read it Jonas while I make a fresh pot of coffee,'' Johanna exclaimed excitedly.

Jonas read silently. Then he turned to the others.

''They are faring well. Already each has land, and sheep grazing. And a cow. They put up much hay in the summer, and hired out some time for wages. They are established in their own log cabin, with stoves for heating, and plenty of firewood.

''Ah, yes. Wood must be plentiful. I have heard that in America there are opportunities even for a poor man.''

''So I have been told,'' Arni Bjornsson agreed.

Aloud, Jonas went on. ''Your mother says, 'I miss you, my dear Johanna. Your brothers send a little gift. Perhaps it will help pay your passage on the first vessel in the spring. You would do well to leave Iceland. May God bless you all.''

Jonas handed the letter to his wife.

''Yes, I am more than ever convinced that we should leave, and seek a better life in a new land,'' he said.

''If I survive the grim poverty of this winter, perhaps, I too, shall join you in your venture,'' Arni replied.

The mildness of early winter gave way to cold, heavy snowfall, and bitter storms. Great avalanches swept down the mountainside burying part of the valley. Through God's mercy Jonas's home escaped destruction, but half his flock of sheep were caught, and lay dead beneath the snow. When spring finally came reluctantly, Jonas sold the cow and remaining sheep, and rode the ponies to the coast where a ship lay at anchor ready to leave.

Standing beside her sister, Karitas, Johanna marvelled at the harbor, crowded with people, those emigrating and their kinfolk sorrowfully bidding them farewell.

''Yes, a lifelong farewell,'' Johanna thought. ''For never in this world will be meet again.''

(Continued in the next issue)

GLIMPSES OF ISLENDINGADAGURINN 1979

by Lorna Tergesen

The 90th celebration of Islendingadagurinn was held on August 4, 5 and 6th at Gimli. An estimated 30,000 people were in attendance. A group of approximately 100 younger people from Iceland added a great deal of color. Hearing the Icelandic language spoken frequently was a bonus. Hosts of people of non-Icelandic descent attended, sharing in our customs. We should be truly proud of our long-standing festival (likely the oldest in Western Canada) for there are no government grants to rely upon to maintain it. The patrons are our support. We thank them.

The festival maintains its goal of retaining an awareness of the Icelandic culture and heritage, plus offering a picnic-like opportunity for families to meet old friends, sample Icelandic food and re-tell old tales, and share in common interests.

Saturday's events centred around the harbour area. Pancakes were on the griddle before 8 a.m. A display of skate boarding continued throughout the weekend. The raft races were as popular as ever, despite a choppy lake. A new feature, the White Rock Challenge (a raft race from the White Rock on Willow Island into the harbour) brought the winners a $250 first prize. Appropriately the Willow Island Wildmen won. Displays of parachuting and a speed boat racer also added to the activities. A ''Beach Festival'' ran all afternoon, pleasing crowds with live entertainment sometimes soothing other times making one's feet jumpy.

The Drama group moved its locale to the courtyard at Gimli Composite High School. It presented a Canadian Satire ''I Don't Care What It Looks Like — As Long As It's Warm.'' the second part consisted of Icelandic folktales read and enacted with a slide-show background. These tales had been written up by Thora Delaquis as she had heard them told by her Amma, Indianna Sigurdson. It was everyone's great pleasure to have them personally attend the performance.

Sunday's festivities began very early as the 10 mile road run began at 9 a.m. from Winnipeg beach. Over 300 participants ran. Winner was Grant Towns in 49:16.5.

A baby contest held on Sunday morning brought more entries than the organizers had ever dreamed of. Sweet but busy little people paraded up and down, over and under. Prizes were given for numerous categories. Hopefully this segment will become a part of the annual Festival.

The Inter-Faith service began at 11:30 a.m. with a large group in attendance. Dr. Rev. Philip Petursson delivered a sermon on the ecumenical movement in our day. Another message in Icelandic was given by Sera Birgir Snaebjornsson from Akureyri. He spoke on the bonds between Iceland and Canada.

The Art show opened for two busy afternoons with a large, well balanced display, over 80 entries in all. A special showing of Jorurndur Palsson's work added a genuine Icelandic touch. Several new artists, such as Muriel Patterson of B.C., Heida Isfeld of Winnipeg and Kevin Olafson of Winnipeg displayed work which is truly a credit to the show.

For the International Year of the Child, a special feature team called Flip 'n' Flap entertained. These clowns put on a marvellous show that thrilled the large audience of youngsters. This was followed by the New Iceland Music and Poetry Program hosted by Len & Karen Vopnfjord. This program has developed its own large following this year being no exception. Serious athletes competed at the other side of the park in such events as ball throw, high jump —

exist. In a similar sense the uninterrupted continuity of our history has obliterated the oceanic boundary between Iceland and Markland.

The soul of Iceland is indivisible. Guarding its integrity is our supreme obligation.

TOAST TO ICELAND

At the Islendingadagurinn, Gimli, Manitoba, August 6, 1979

by Einar Arnason

It is, indeed, an honour and a privilege to have this opportunity of paying a tribute to Iceland. We, the descendants of the people that emigrated from that northern island during the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, owe a debt of gratitude to the land of our forefathers. They came and settled to become a part of this nation and in so doing laid the foundations for the respect and high degree of acceptance that we enjoy as a part of the Canadian nation. Their energetic approach in establishing themselves in this land, their liberal stance on assimilation, their rich culture, and high degree of integrity have given us, their descendants, an opportunity of enjoying full and fruitful lives.

Why did our forefathers come here? That is a long and complex subject. The general causes seem to have been the disastrous circumstances that had developed in their native land: Arctic ice had moved in, causing a lowering of temperatures that curtailed the growth of grass and vegetation, resulting in the starvation of sheep, cattle, and horses; disastrous volcanic eruptions that laid waste large areas of land. It is, therefore, self-evident that the free homestead lands available in Canada must have seemed attractive to prospective emigrants; other reasons undoubtedly existed, such as the success stories related by early pioneers in writing home to friends and relatives.

When we look back and realize that our forefathers in leaving Iceland, did so, knowing that they would never return, the bidding of farewell must have been a heart-rending experience of final parting.

As we visit Iceland today, five and one-half hours distant by modern air transportation, the contact with our cousins in Iceland seems to bring forth a friendly and somewhat emotional experience. They are equally aware as we are of the traumatic experience of our parents and grandparents in bidding a last farewell to their native land. In meeting with the modern-day Icelander this is often a topic of conversation and forms a high degree of acceptance we experience in visiting the land of our forefathers.

One of the pleasures in visiting Iceland is that our status is one of being a visitor rather than that of a tourist, and acceptance into family circles as a long-lost member. There we find cousins often closely related. Whatever the relationship, it is an opportunity of sharing an environment and a language closely related to the cultural atmosphere we experienced in our childhood within the family circle.

Today we see Iceland as a free, independent, democratic country, through which the Arctic Circle passes one of its islands lying off its northern extremity. It is with pleasant satisfaction that we see our cousins enjoying a high standard of living, equal to that of the best in the Western World. Within its framework we see a flourishing economy based on modern technology. The modern fishing fleet can be seen in the harbours and processing plants that clean and package fish for the world markets. The agricultural production supplies the national requirements with an exportable surplus. Land reclamation programs are evident with a scientific ap-

proach through the use of drainage methods, and fertilizers in the production of farm fodder. There modern machines level out the hummocks that were a bane and frustration which haunted Icelanders over the centuries. The milk processing, production, and distribution uses modern methods.

The utilization of resources is innovative. An obvious application is that of tapping hot water through the drilling of wells and piping into homes as a means of heating. At Heimaey in the Westman Islands the new mountain, Eldfell, is providing heat for the town by the circulation of water through its red hot lava, probably the only application of this type in use in the world.

The visitor soon becomes aware of developments in manufacturing and industrial production. On the coastline that borders the highway from Keflavik to Reykjavik is located an aluminum production plant; at Myvatn an operation that extracts from the lake bottom diatomaceous earth, an important ingredient in water filtration units; at Akranes a large cement production plant that supplies the country's requirements. Near Akranes a new plant is coming into production that produces ingredients in the blending of metals. At Selfoss there is a large milk processing plant of modern design. At Hveragerdi extensive use is made of underground hot water in greenhouses that produce fruit and garden products. On the outskirts of Reykjavik one becomes aware of a fertilizer plant that on occasion emits an identifiable odour. Ship building has gained momentum in later years. A nail and corrugated iron factory is located in such an unlikely place as Borgarnes. These more obvious examples indicate a technological ability equal to that of other nations.

In the field of literature Iceland has world recognition. Through the centuries it has been rich in cultural ability in spite of poverty in material things. This ability is evident in its voluminous writings, publication, periodicals, books, sculptures. There are bookstores around every corner. New writers and artists are struggling for a foothold.

When our people left Iceland, travel on land was by saddle and pack horses. The terrain has never permitted the use of wagons on cross-country treks as was prevalent on our western prairies. The beast of burden, a special breed of horse that has developed in Iceland over the centuries has long been an animal that has no counterpart. It has adapted itself to the difficult terrain it had to contend with. While the Icelandic horse is no longer required, it is held in high esteem and features widely in recreational uses. A "hestamot", the meeting of horse owners in competition, features a program that is varied and resembles a field-and-track meet. The Icelandic pony has as many as five — if not more — gaits and steps that are peculiar to their breed. A look at the terrain reveals an endless surface of volcanic crags, rocks, stones, uneven and sharp over which the horse had to adapt itself.

Today Iceland has a modern fleet of ships plying the oceans, modern aircraft on scheduled internal flights, and an international airline that has competed successfully against other national airlines.

Iceland! We admire you in your ability to move out of an era of foreign oppression to that of a nation of independent status, self-sufficient, enjoying the highest living standards of the modern world. In the area of diplomacy you have few equals. A small nation of some 220,000 people and without the benefit of armed might, you have through the process of logical argument, as opposed to sabre rattling, been able to substitute peaceful methods in achieving your independent status, as a nation to be reckoned with on an international level. Your ability to balance your position against large international force reflects a skill to be admired.

During the Cod Wars of recent years your scientific assessment of fishing resources and the economic future implications indicates the recognition you give to the harbouring of your greatest exportable resource. Parallel to this concern you have been able to base your arguments for extended control of the sea around your country on scientific facts, enabling you to have control over the ocean that surrounds you for a distance of 200 miles from your shores. Your success in the confrontation with the sophisticated and proud Royal Navy evoked international admiration.

When we visit you, you should not be apologetic about your roads. You built them out of a very difficult terrain. They link every district, city, town, village and farm in the country. They are a great achievement for a nation of only 220,000 people.

The highway that skirts the base of ''Vatnajokull'', constricted by the sea, is an engineering feat of world renown, considering the huge mountain of glacial ice, gently cooking on a base of a terrestrial volcanic cauldron, in the past bedevilled by the forces of evil, continuously accumulating a huge lake of water on the slopes of its summit, held back by a wall of ice, that periodically bursts into a dam-like action and cascades down the slopes in a torrent of water of short duration, to flow in huge rivulets leading to the sea without respect for bridges or highways. You have overcome these awesome forces and maintained a highway in the path of these periodical belches of nature.

Your achievements can only be briefly touched upon in a short tribute. We hope it serves as a recognition on our part of your tenacity in the face of adversity. We feel a close and friendly bondage to you, descended as we are from the same people. We wish you well. We are proud of you. We thank you for the heritage you have transmitted to us.

All the best. Good luck, Iceland!

* * *

Due to the limitation of space in this issue it was necessary to condense somewhat Mr. Arnason's speech. This was done with the permission of the author.

TOAST TO CANADA

At the Islendingadagurinn, Gimli, Manitoba, August 6, 1979

by Jon Asgeirsson

The following are excerpts from Mr. Asgeirsson's speech. Due to the limitations of space in this issue of our magazine it was necessary to condense his remarks rather drastically. This was done with his permission. After the appropriate opening remarks in Icelandic he continued his oration in English.

I have had the privilege to reside and work in your country for almost two and a half years. What has fascinated me most is the structure of the Canadian society — the colorful Canadian mosaic.

The history of this country is well known to all of you, and so is the reason for this special annual event to which we have gathered here today, — to pay tribute to the pioneers, — to pay tribute to this country, their new country, and the countries of their origins. Canada is the second largest country in the world. Canada is a country of contrasts, a country of curiosity, and many people say it is a country of opportunities.

We live in a world of progress and speed, science and technology. The human spirit is ever growing and developing. Ten years have elapsed since man first set foot on the moon. Now it has been said that amongst us, here on this continent, there shall be human beings who very well could be the future parents of people living on other planets than ours. Mars has been mentioned in this connection.

Our lifestyles are ever changing. While other people have never heard of a telephone or a television, we here in this country, this very province, are being prepared for a combination of these two into a household computer designed to make our lives easier. When you come to the **Islendingadagurinn** a few years hence, you may even have your built-in computer. Then you will probably just select your own built-in computer. Thus you will not have to listen to people like myself. You just pick your favorite speaker, and listen to only what you want to hear. For the time being you will have to live with the old system. Instead of selecting and deciding everything all by yourselves, you will have to let other people prepare what we consume from the media.

Canada is a country of contrasts, the prairies, the mountains, the lakes and the land, the heat and the cold, the sunshine and showers. The cultural structure of this great country is unique. Instead of being homogeneous as most countries, it is heterogeneous.

Through its diversity it is united.

A prominent Canadian once said: ''In Canada we recognize the freedom of each individual to retain his or her culture, traditions, and values. Through the policy of multiculturalism we provide a formal recognition for this dimension of freedom and we encourage it. We are all Canadians first and foremost, Canadians of different backgrounds.''

The multicultural structure of Canada is unique, and being fundamental, the development of this phenomenal society becomes most interesting. In Canada there is no 'mono', everything is 'stereo'. When using these terms, I am thinking of an example, an example that illustrates this theory, 'unity through diversity' being put into practice, which shows that the solidarity of Canada is based on the concept of cultural pluralism.

Next month a new television station will be introduced in Canada, a multilingual station. At least 60% of its broadcasts will be in languages other than English or French. At a conference in Vancouver in

1977 the Minister of State for Multiculturalism said, "The idea of multiculturalism is to build bridges between people, not fences around them."

Mr. President, Virdulega Fjallkona!This being the International Year of the, Child, it is an opportune time to think of the young people and their opportunities. It is my hope that in the future the ties between this great country and the old country, Iceland, will continue to be strengthened in as many ways as possible for the benefit of future generations. Allow me to quote from the Sanskrit, "look to this day, for tomorrow is but a vision, and yesterday a dream."

It has been my great pleasure to address you here today on this very special occasion, and it has been an honor for me to pay tribute to your great country and people. I conclude by quoting a few words a friends of mine said to me not long ago, "If Canada is not already the greatest country in the whole world, it will soon be."

I wish you all the best, as I now am pleased to propose a special toast to your beloved country, CANADA.

FINALE

The brews of Bacchus sliced the chutes
Spilling like Niagara.
Some, doing their thing,
Tried sex on the chandeliers:
And half the company
Inhaled their way into a fuzzy world
Of cockeyed dreams,
Or played darts with their blood.

It was just a rejoicing,
A bang-up, bang-bang party;
Celebrating the glad tidings —
Of a shot president —
(The Seventh!)

Everyone was having a "helluva" time:
Polishing the bidet,
Puking their own art patterns on the rugs,
Setting fire to Homer and Shakespeare,
And "souping up" the beds.
A time for "kicks"
A final cataclysmic bang-ho,
A whoop-up extraordinaire;
"A Scheiss race —"
"sick — sick!"
"What the hell —"
"Let all the balls out!"
"Screw the fuzz!"
"Screw the fuzz!"

Yes, they were having a "helluva"time.

Later, a mole-eyed forty-year-old adolescent,
Tossed out the bomb,
Over his shoulder, —
Simply for good luck!

—Paul A. Sigurdson

LET THE LEAVES FALL

by Helen P. Sigurdson

Last summer when I was on my holidays, I went to visit an old friend in the hospital. She was one of the first people I had met when I came to Canada and my children used to call her Grandma Edwards and she was just the sort of grandmother everyone should have in his album of childhood memories.

Driving out to the hospital, her daughter, Dorothy, gave me an account of her mother's long illness. Two years ago, Grandma Edwards, at the age of ninety-two, had suffered a stroke. She had been taken to the hospital then and had been there ever since. Twice she had pneumonia and each time the doctor had put her in an oxygen tent and saved her life with antibiotics. Six months ago, she had had another stroke, at least that was what the doctor said, though it was hard for the family to tell, since she had been unconscious most of the time, was unable to speak, and had never regained the use of her limbs.

Dorothy, herself, looked gaunt and shabby. Her husband was a high-school principal and they had two sons in university and a daughter still in high school. Her mother's illness had been a drain on her nerves and pocketbook. I gathered that Dorothy's brother living at the coast contributed something, but they had a growing family too and his wife resented even the small contribution he was able to make.

Grandma Edwards had a semi-private room with two other old ladies. She was so shriveled and small that I would never have recognized her.

There was a tube to supply nourishment in her nostrils and a tube in each arm ending in a hypodermic needle to provide fluid and a stimulant for her heart. There were other tubes to take care of her bodily functions.

"It's Dorothy, mother. You know me." The daughter's voice carried no conviction. "Here is Sally", indicating the granddaughter who had come with us, "and Helen, all the way from Winnipeg. You remember Helen."

The eyes opened halfway, but whether there was any recognition in their depths, I could not say.

I stood beside the bed at a loss for the proper words of greeting. "How are you?" was unnecessary, "I hope you'll be better soon", ironical, "I'm glad to see you", how could I be glad under the circumstances? So I said, "I've brought you some flowers; and Billy sends his love to Grandma Edwards. He graduated from university last year, but he's never forgotten your ginger cookies. Remember how he used to squeeze through the fence and come to your back door, when he was still too little to talk?" my voice faltered. I was sure she hadn't heard a word.

A nurse took the flowers and returned with them in a vase. "I'll put them here on the dressing table", she said. "Can you see the lovely flowers, Mrs. Edwards?" Still no response.

I looked at Dorothy's fifteen year old daughter, Sally. The expression on her face was one of loathing. All her happy memories of her grandmother were buried beneath this gray shape on a hospital bed with all those tubes stretching out like the tenacles of an octopus.

I thought of myself, almost forty years ago, when I was three years younger than Sally and I remembered Aunt Lucy.

She really was my mother's aunt. She lived in a little red brick house two blocks away from our house in Colorado. Her garden was one of the show places of the town and she was a wonderful nurse. Even when she was past seventy, our family doctor used to say that she often showed more wisdom in a sick room than some hospital-trained nurses he knew. When mother and dad wanted to take a breather from family cares, we children were always left with Aunt Lucy. She made us feel like very special company and yet I always felt it a privilege to wash dishes for her, though I loathed the job at home.

I was twelve at the time Aunt Lucy had her stroke. Mother sent for the doctor, who diagnosed it as a severe cerebral hemorrhage and said there was little hope for her recovery. He assured mother that her aunt did not suffer and said it was doubtful if she ever regained consciousness. They wired her only daughter in California. All the neighbours helped with the nursing. When mother's cousin from California arrived, her two children stayed at our house. We all made it a point to be especially kind to our little cousins because their grandmother was dying. A week from the time she was stricken, Aunt Lucy quietly breathed her last.

Being the oldest of the children, I was taken to the funeral. Mother took me into the parlor where the casket stood. Aunt Lucy wore her silver gray taffeta dress with the lace collar and someone had placed a spray of Dorothy Perkins roses from her garden in her hand. She looked very much as she had always looked; only it seemed strange to see her so still.

After the funeral, mother and I walked home down the quiet village street. I had been too awed to cry much during the service. Now the realization swept over me that I would never see Aunt Lucy again and I was desolate. When we reached home, mother sat down on the porch swing and took me into her arms and let me cry. At last when I was calm, she talked to me about death.

She was an agnostic when it came to a belief in individual immortality and she did not try to comfort me with talk of a meeting in a future life. She said it was only natural that we should feel sorrow at such a time. Goodbyes were always sad. Still we had many things for which to be thankful. Nothing could rob us of our happy memories of Aunt Lucy. Today had marked the ending of a long and beautiful life. She had been a mother and a wife and a friend to many. She had tasted most of life's joys as well as its sorrows. She had served her community faithfully and well and now that her work was finished she had left us. She was fortunate that her last days had not been darkened by a long and painful illness.

Mother pointed to the giant cottonwood on the lawn, golden in the late afternoon sun. It was early October and the yellow leaves were beginning to drift down and come to rest on the green grass beneath. Aunt Lucy had been eighty-nine, a goodly age. Her passing was like the falling of the leaves. I have never forgotten that scene and I am glad that this was my first experience with death.

SOMETHING ABOUT LAHR AND VICINITY

By Elma Gislason

Aeons ago, the Vosges mountains in France (Alsace Lorraine) and the hills of the Black Forest were one. A natural catastrophe separated them. The Rhine flows between, forming the great historic and scenic Rhine Valley.

Lahr is in the Schutter valley in southwestern Germany. Here the Schutter River, spring-fed from the Black Forest Hills, runs through the centre of the town. Ancient weeping willows are mirrored in its clear, brown-bottomed depths. Some very old bridges as well as the ultra modern cloverleaf designs span the narrow winding Schutter which is a tributary of the Rhine.

Lahr nestles against two of the Black Forest Hills. One hill, long, dark, massive and fir-clad, abuts the gigantic bouffant-contoured Schutter-Lindenberg hill. Like a dowager duchess dressed for a formal ball it glitters at night with lights. A copse at top centre forms a tiara; and a red signal light for aircraft glows like a ruby. Terraced vineyards add tiers of ruffles. The lights are from many buildings — a hospital and a children's home — a winery, private homes and apartments — a factory and a sky-reaching monument.

High-rise apartments on the outskirts of Lahr give it a deceptively modern appearance. It is in the centre of town that we find the 'old world' charm — ruins and cobbled streets. The Stork Tower (there actually is a stork's nest at the top) dates back to the twelfth century. It is now used as a museum.

Across the street from the Tower, the Prinzen Hotel and Restaurant boasts the most delightful Austrian applestrudel. Superb coffee is served from individual pots — a bowl of whipped cream accompanies the strudel. A touching gesture by the Austrian proprietress is the placing of the Canadian and your provincial flags on the table for members of the military.

Centre of town has an open market where fresh vegetables, plants, flowers, chicken, bacon and ham form a riotous blanket of colors and mouth watering aromas.

Little boutiques fill old and newer buildings that line the streets and lanes. Many stores deal exclusively in one commodity — men's or ladies' clothes — shoes — furniture. All are ultra modern, and as elsewhere in today's world, prices are very high. Store windows are cunningly displayed; the European is pastmaster in the art of window dressing.

There are many churches of vintage architecture. One is distinctive, having two spires and a double name — "St. Peter and St. Paul". There are two city halls; one is very old, the other more recent. Lahr is proud of its antiquity. Bits of buildings — a crumbling stone wall — part of a long disused bridge — two farm houses complete with attached barns and in use surprise the tourist. There are several guest houses with coffee shops, hotels and schools.

Music has its part in the life-style of Lahr. It is not uncommon to see a band busily entertaining outside a supermarket.

Flowers, as elsewhere in Europe, play a major role in the outdoor decor of Lahr. Every corner, boulevard, and window sill becomes a floral display. Even the lowly barn along the roadside has been known to have flower boxes adorn their windows. One of the lovely parks has a museum. the Bahnhof (railway station) at the end of Schwartzswaldstrasse is set in park-like surroundings of green lawns, flower beds and gracious walks. The entrance is more like a conservatory than a depot.

Indigenous flora in Lahr is like that of our west coast. The climate is almost the same. Great chestnut trees shade the wide boulevards of the modern section. Rhododendron, azalea and tulip tree: holly, rose and nelken (carnation) are some of the flowers and plants that thrive there; and the mistletoe nestles in the tops of the tallest trees.

Lahr is the headquarters of the Canadian NATO forces in Europe. Thirty-four units are scattered about the southern and western outskirts of the town. The Military has its own schools, hospitals and medical staff, supermarkets, sports' arenas, newspapers and chapels; and a charming Sally Ann gift-coffee shop. Daily news from Canada comes from Toronto via radio which also offers good entertainment programs. Presence of the Canadian forces and the American Air Force in nearby Baden-Baden adds richly to the coffers of the local stores and restaurants.

Closeby villages — Mietersheim, Ettenheim, Mahlberg and several others have been annexed by Lahr. Each one has maintained a certain degree of independence, but all come under the jurisdiction of Lahr. They have a charm of their own. Narrow winding roads with right-angle turns pass ancient buildings and churches; and always there is the Rathaus (city hall) and Gasthaus. Shops set up for the tourist have outdoor displays of wicker, carvings, ceramics, cuckoo clocks and dolls in native costumes.

Some of the villages have restaurants known for gourmet food. In Mahlberg, the Loewen has won a fine reputation by word of mouth. People come from far off to enjoy the country kitchen atmosphere — the Cordon Bleu served with a heaping platter of pan-fried potatoes and green beans with bits of smoked bacon (speck). The menu would grace the finest city restaurant — the service, given with such quiet pride, dignity and care, makes you feel so welcome and cared for. To go there once means you will come back. The staff and proprietress bid a special farewell as you pass the huge wood stove on your way out — "AUF WIEDERSEHN!"

The Rhine, a short distance west of Lahr, is the border between France and Germany. A favorite spot for sightseers, it affords an awesome sight; particularly in winter when it is swollen, making enormous barges look like toys on the broad expanse. The writer once stood on the dike watching this phenomenon while the sun glinted wildly far up the river.

Intriguing roads and paths lace the guardian hills of Lahr. Follow one of these through a forest of evergreens; an unforgettable panorama opens as you emerge on the other side of the hill. Down in a very deep valley, the little village, Sulz, lies sleeping in the warmth of the sunshine, the church spire aglitter. Part of the town is along the road on the edge of the curving hill. Here all is shaded and cool in cathedrals of dark greens, and mute browns. Sun splotches dance among the trees. People come here in droves to enjoy the beauty of exquisite glades and fresh air. Many wear native walking costumes. Descending a zig-zag course back to Lahr the blue and white peaks of the Vosges mountains are visible.

Among the many castles along the Rhine, the ruins of historic castle Hohengeroldseck repose atop one of the huge hills near Lahr. Tunnels leading from the castle to the town, in use at the beginning, have long been banned and closed. Fourteen kilometers from town, the castle can be glimpsed from certain points south of Lahr.

Shall we travel a little farther afield, southeast to Triberg, home of the Cuckoo clocks? Miles of overlapping hills and vales unfold as we pass through the ascending Black Forest country. Patchwork quilts of soft greens, darker greens and browns: tender green of newly sprouted winter crops: apple orchards waiting for spring and cattle grazing on the slopes, create a rich mosaic. Dark firs and evergreens shade the hills and Schwartzwald helmet-roofed

houses, home of man and his beasts. Little towns are tucked in corners of valleys; and church spires add sparkle to the scene.

Near Triberg, rivulets ooze from out the hills and trickle down the steep rugged slopes to swell the Gutach river which cascades over seven mighty granite crags to form Germany's largest waterfall. There is more snow here in this higher terrain — but oh — the grass is so green! Skiers come in droves when there is enough snow.

Just outside of Triberg a store, with a huge cuckoo clock in front, deals mainly in clocks. Ticking of hundreds of clocks from grandfather style to minutest cuckoo type bombards your ears when you enter the store. Souvenirs of all kinds tempt and help to deplete the pocketbook; but what fun!

On the way back to Lahr, branching off to another road, one goes through an area conceded to be one of the two most beautiful in Germany. You are surrounded by miles of undulating hills, slopes and valleys. In the distance misty, blue-gray mountains loom. The scene is of such beauty that it makes the heart ache, and memories store in treasured remembrance.

AN ALBERTA PIONEER

by Mrs. W. E. Janssen

Thorarinn Gudmundson was born in Iceland on January 10, 1869. His mother died when he was five years old. There was great hardship in Iceland at this time and many were emigrating to Canada, so Thor's father decided to make this move along with his two daughters and his son. They arrived in Gimli, Manitoba in 1875.

In 1876 a smallpox plague took many lives, Thor's father being one of the victims, so the three little children were left fatherless as well as motherless. However, they were cared for by some of the more fortunate survivors.

At an early age Thor looked for work. For a few years he did quite well for himself, working in Rat Portage, now Kenora, Ontario. Then he moved to Gardar, North Dakota, where he met and married Hallfridur Magnusdottir, in December, 1890. She had come from Iceland at an early age with her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Skulsason. They lived in Nova Scotia before settling in Mountain, North Dakota, where Mr. Skulason died.

The glowing promises of the government advertisements were beckoning people westwards to Canada. Excitement was building up for a move to greener pastures.

In company with friends this young couple decided to seek a new home in Alberta. An advance party had located land newly-opened for settlement. Thor, Frida, and her mother arrived in Calgary, where all was bustle and excitement in the small village which was to grow into the fabulous Stampede City known throughout the world. The newly-weds and mother found shelter with friends of Icelandic origin who gave hospitality beyond belief.

It was here that a team of horses and a wagon were bought, as well as other necessities of life. There was no railway north of Calgary at this time. Setting out in brilliant April sunshine in 1891 the newcomers were happy that their homemaking pathway had begun.

Leaving the Calgary Trail at Poplar Grove, which is now Innisfail they turned westward to the Medicine River area. It was necessary to ford the Red Deer river which was in high flood. Arriving at Tindastoll, near Markerville, they were to experience the heart-warming understanding of brotherly love so common among all Icelandic settlers in all parts of the New World.

Soon they were in their own shack on the homestead which had been filed in the name of Mrs. Skulason, for widows were allowed to take up homesteads at that time. They were fortunate in having as close neighbors the now famous poet, Stephan G. Stephansson and his wife, Helga.

Bands of Indians made their yearly trek northwards and then southwards through their yard. Stories of the recent rebellion were fresh in their minds, yet so wholesome was their outlook on life that it was not long before some of these natives were their fast friends, trading favor for favor and friendship in sharing the land. Thor was soon able to carry on a passable conversation with them in their own language.

Virgin soil had to be turned. Winter supplies were in their minds as they planted their garden in the rich soil of the abundant prairie. Little did they know of the frost and the hail which brought its heart-breaking discouragements from year to year.

For many years the men went to Snake Lake — now Sylvan Lake — to fish. Each man would have at least a half a wagon box full of fish, often more. These were taken

home, cleaned and dried. This provided part of their food for months to come. many of the farmers acquired a few sheep, and the women would spin the wool, knit it into socks and mitts and trade these for groceries or clothing in Innisfail or Red Deer.

It became the custom of the men to leave in the spring to seek employment to raise cash. They found employment in railway construction, government surveying and sheep shearing in southern Alberta.

Medical science had not been perfected to the amazing knowledge of to-day, yet on many occasions Frida was instrumental in saving life, and bringing comfort in sore distress. As the years passed, she acted as mid-wife and helped usher in many a newcomer into this world, for there was no local doctor, and many placed their faith in her hands. These hands were increasingly busier as her own family grew in numbers.

The first years were all too challenging for obtaining the bare necessities of life, so very few community efforts were attempted. Visits were carried on from home to home with dances and card playing. The singing of songs of their homeland reminded them of loved ones beyond reach.

As they mastered the daily problems it is to their credit that the first community effort should be the building of a school. Thor took a leading part in this. The logs for this building were cut and floated down the Medicine River, and the school was built by volunteer labor. S. G. Stephansson and Thor Gudmundson supervised this construction. They were able to raise enough money for shingles, windows and floor; as well as paying a teacher's salary for three months.

The building was completed in the fall of 1892. J. Gudmundson from Calgary was the first teacher. He completed the three months on salary, and then taught the next month, gratis. During 1892-93, S. G. Stephansson, G. Thorlaksson and Thor Gudmundson were the trustees at that time. There were about 30 pupils in attendance during the first winter, some coming from a distance.

Now that they had a meeting place they were able to hold church services, concerts, plays, and dances. There was an active ladies aid at the time who helped raise money for various worthy causes. Frida was a member of the aid, which celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1966.

All the settlers milked cows to get a cash return by selling milk to the Tindastoll Cheese Factory. One of the first co-operative ventures in the west was undertaken by 35 farmers of this colony, by the starting of the Tindastoll Butter and Cheese Manufacturing Association in 1899. There were 35 shareholders. The late Mr. Dan Morkeberg was the buttermaker, and Thor, as one of the shareholders, was pleased with this venture, expecially when it was on a paying basis and they started receiving small dividends.

The Gudmundsons had established a comfortable home and a nice herd of cattle when in 1905 they decide on a move away from the scenes of early hardships to the town of Red Deer because of the need for further education for their children. Thor had little formal schooling, so felt his children should do better. He was a well-read man and kept well posted on the affairs of the day.

Frida had been more fortunate in attending school so during the early years of homesteading she taught many boys and girls to read and write the English language. After they moved to Red Deer, it gave her a great deal of satisfaction to help many boys and girls to get their high school diploma who otherwise would not have been able to go to school. She was an excellent seamstress and many girls would bring a piece of material and a picture of a dress. Could she make this for them? This was readily done with great pleasure.

It was in 1906 that Frida lost her beloved foster mother who was buried in the Tindastoll Cemetery.

In Red Deer Thor was a contractor, specializing in concrete work. He had the job of digging basements, and putting in foundations for some banks in Red Deer; also schools, the Ladies College; the St. Luke's Parish Hall; the Convent and many others. He employed many workmen, and had reliable foremen on jobs in different parts of town. In the winter he hauled coal to Red Deer from Ardley. He also had teams working on the construction of the Alberta Central Railway west of Red Deer.

In 1919 Thor and Frida moved to Elfros, Saskatchewan, to help their son, Stephan, with farming operations. In 1938 they returned to Red Deer, for two years, before moving to Vancouver to make their home with the youngest daughter. Frida died there, March 15th, 1944 at the age of 78 years. In 1949, Thor came back to Alberta for a visit, became ill, and died May 9 at the age of 80 years. Both are buried in the Forest Lawn Cemetery in Burnaby, British Columbia.

Times have changed since the bride and groom arrived at their homestead in 1891, and mainly for the better. They always had a vision of better things to come. They faced adversity with courage and determination. Honesty and truthfulness was their virtue. They gave of themselves unstintingly to help their fellow man. It can be said in all sincerity "They played the game".

ICELANDIC LANGUAGE & CULTURAL CAMP 1979

by Lorna Tergesen

From July 28th through to August 4th, a host of children enjoyed a week of camping together to learn a bit more of their Icelandic background and language. The weather was very good helping the week to fly by. Several children from Iceland joined us plus a staff that was largely comprised of Icelanders. The friendships these children make are invaluable.

The theme this year was the Golden Gate by David Stefansson. The children learnt songs from the play, made their own version of the gate and enacted the play. In arts and crafts they made small Icelandic farm houses using moss for the roofs. The field trip took them to Gimli with the annual visit to Betel, the museum, plus a talk by Colleen Solmundson, Cynthia Markusson, and John Thorkelsson on how to go about doing research work for school projects etc. especially pertaining to our Icelandic background. From there they went to Arnes to learn of Vilhjalmur Stefansson and on to visit Gusti Eliasson and his fabulous steam engines. At Hnausa, we swam and picknicked.

Leaders at the camp, which was held at Sunrise Lutheran Camp were Kent Bjornsson, Janice Arnason, Susan Cmikiewicz, Gudrun Jorundsdottir, Svandis Sigurdardottir, Elva and Omar Simundson, Lorna Tergesen, Jonas Thor and Ida Ulvarsdottir.

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FROM THE REV. ERIC SIGMAR

One news bit you may be interested in: My son, Eric Halfdan William Sigmar, called Bill, recently graduated from Washington State University in Pullman, Washington with two degrees, one a B.A. in Communications (TV and Radio), and another B.A. degree in Business Administration. Presently he is awaiting beginning work with one of the TV stations in Seattle. For those Icelanders of Manitoba who may be interested he is the son of Eric and Svava Sigmar of Auburn, Wash., and a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Palsson of Geysir, Man., and Mrs. H. Sigmar, of Kelso, Wash.

IN THE NEWS

Dennis M. Stefanson was recently appointed Superintendent of Planning and Research for the St. James-Assiniboia School Division No. 2. Mr. Stefanson has worked in that division for the past 20 years during which time he has been principal of the following schools: Kirkfield Park Elementary, Heritage Elementary, Bruce Junior High, St. James Collegiate, and Sturgeon Creek Regional Secondary School.

Dennis Stefanson is the son of Sigrun Stefanson and the late Eric Stefanson of Gimli, Manitoba.

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THE DR. WILHELM KRISTJANSON SCHOLARSHIP

Dr. Wilhelm Kristjanson was a valued member of the Icelandic Festival Committee of Manitoba for many years. His wisdom and scholarly approach to problems was a source of inspiration to all with whom he came in contact — including young and old. He served for many years on the Committee's scholarship committee and was always impressed with the calibre of young students who applied for scholarships.

His leadership role in the education field in Manitoba placed him in high esteem amongst the educators of this province. The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba regret the passing of such a fine citizen and gentleman in every respect and have received permission from the family to establish the Dr. Wilhelm Kristjanson scholarship in his honour, in the amount of Two Hundred Dollars per year. The family will donate the funds necessary for the first year and the Committee will continue with this annual scholarship. In this small way we hope to perpetuate his memory.

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H. H. ARNASON TO RECEIVE THE ORDER OF THE FALCON

Hjörvardur Harvard Arnason

A perusal of the summer issue, 1979, will reveal an article by Valdimar Björnson about Hjörvardur Harvard Arnason. Dr. Arnason, it can be restated is widely known as director of art galleries, University professor, and author.

In recognition of his distinguished career he will be honored shortly by the award of the Order of the Falcon, Iceland's highest tribute to those who have made a notable contribution to that small country's impact on the culture of the western world.

People of Icelandic descent wherever they may reside are proud of you, Harvey. "Lang may your lum reek." A. V.

BOOK REVIEW: by George J. Houser, Ph.D.

COD WARS AND HOW TO LOSE THEM

Sir Andrew Gilchrist, Edinburgh, 1978
Q Press Ltd. 122 pages
(First published in Icelandic in 1977 by Almenna Bokafjelagid, Reykjavik)

PART I

The author, a Scot, was British Ambassador to Iceland from the autumn of 1956 until the late autumn of 1959. His credentials are impressive. Educated at Lesmahagow School, at the Edinburgh Academy and at Exeter College, Oxford, where he read History, during the war he served for two years in Force 136 with the rank of Major and later wrote about his clandestine activities with the Siamese Resistance Movement in **Bangkok Top Secret** (Hutchinson 1970). His career in the British Diplomatic Service culminated with three Ambassadorial posts, in Iceland, in Indonesia and in Ireland, after which, from 1970 until 1976, he served as Chairman of the Highlands and Islands Development Board.

According to the jacket blurb, "The book is not just about the storming of the British Embassy, the activities of the Royal Navy, the wily and sophisticated Icelandic negotiators. It is also an account of Iceland and the Icelanders, a nation of whom most people in Britain are still so sadly ignorant."

The author expresses his attitude toward his subject in the preface: "I do not show the Icelanders sentimentally as David against Goliath, underdogs with right on their side who achieved an incredible series of victories over Britain. I exhibit them rather as cool, cunning and successful. And courageous — no one who knew the international background and the course of the struggles on the cod-banks is likely to deny them a high degree of political courage . . . The British? I have tried to show them as not so much wrong as misguided . . . Since the account I give of the cod-war is inevitably coloured by my personal attitude, it may be relevant to show how my views of Iceland and the Icelanders were arrived at . . . However, the kernel of the book is a serious attempt to explain and assess the British quarrel with Iceland over fishery limits."

Sir Andrew's style is breezy and informal. In view of his admission, one would be prepared to allow him a considerable degree of latitude in the expression of personal impressions and opinion in a work that otherwise purports to be an historical account. Indeed, exercised within reasonable limits and, of course, clearly qualified as personal opinion, such expression could cast penetrating light on personalities and event as perceived by the author, even when on page 84 he characterizes the Icelandic National Anthem as a "dirge."

While it is obvious that he enjoyed his tour of duty in Iceland and made a number of congenial friends among the Icelanders, could understand if not approve of their point of view in the cod-wars, and had at least a superficial appreciation of Icelandic literature and culture, his "account of Iceland and the Icelanders, a nation of whom most people in Britain are still so sadly ignorant," apart from putting paid "to the illusion that Icelanders live in igloos and chew whaleblubber," again from the jacket blurb, is unfortunately more likely to compound than remove their ignorance. Not only is Sir Andrew prone to oversimplification and the presentation of half-truths to-

gether with unsubstantiated surmises; some of his categorical pronouncements may possibly be attributed to misunderstanding on his part, but others are hardly to be expected from one who had read History at Exeter College, Oxford.

On page 10 he states: "Dead sharks are occasionally washed up on Icelandic beaches, and the man who finds one will promptly bury it and mark the spot . . . he will come back several months later and dig up the corpse." to the best of my knowledge, Icelanders have never eaten carrion. They fish for sharks, the flesh of which is buried to render it edible, but only after the sharks have been cleaned and gutted.

In a footnote on page 11, regaring the acceptance of Christianity at the Althing in 1000 he states: "Thorgeir's ruling was in the following words: 'All men in this land shall be Christian, believing in one God — the Father, Son and Holy Ghost — and renounce all worship of images. They shall not expose children at birth NOR EAT HORSEFLESH'." The actual words of Ari Thorgilsson in his Islendingabok, the primary historical source for this episode, are: "It was then enacted into law that all men should become Christians and receive baptism, those who had not previously been baptised in this country. But with respect to the exposure of infants and the consumption of horseflesh, the former laws should apply . . ." (translation mine).

Mentioning on page 12 the **papar,** Irish hermits whom the first Norse settlers found established on an island off the eastern coast of Iceland, and whom he calls "papas," he states that they were probably slain by the first Norsemen to arrive in Iceland. That such a slaughter took place there is not the faintest suggestion in historical sources, neither Icelandic nor Irish. Sir Andrew's surmise is wholly unsubstantiated.

Page 13 affords an illuminating instance of the author's predilection to oversimplification and the presentation of half-truths: "By about A.D. 1500, the Catholic Church owned 50% of the farm-lands of Iceland. At the Reformation this economic preponderance of the Church disappeared, and the Icelanders became Lutherans, with an individual and dignified form of devotion." This leaves out of consideration altogether the fact that Christian III had an ulterior motive in imposing Lutheransim on the Icelanders. He thereby acquired ownership of all assets and property of the Icelandic Church. The century and a half that followed the Reformation did produce three remarkable clergymen, whose contributions to Icelandic religious life are unparalleled: Bishop Gudbrandur Thorlaksson, who translated the Bible into Icelandic, Hallgrimur Petursson, whose Passion Hymns are immortal, and Bishop Brynjolfur Sveinsson, who tried unobtrusively to quench among the devout the rampant belief in the reality of witchcraft but in view of the beheading of Bishop Jon Arason, the lamentable educational qualifications of the first few generations of Lutheran clergy and the fanticism and vindictiveness of clergymen such as Pall Björnsson in Selardal, Jon Magnusson at Eyri in Skutulsfjord, Halldor Jonsson, and Einar Gudmunsson at Stadur on Reykjanes, who accused men with whom they had altercations of witchcraft in the hope of having them burned alive. Icelandic Lutheranism could hardly be unqualifiedly regarded to be "an individual and dignified form of devotion" before the beginning of the 18th century.

On the same page is found the statement: "For several hundred years, the Icelanders were governed by the Danes, not harshly but negligently," and on page 17: "As I said before, the Danish administration of Iceland was never vicious or oppressive, which made it all the more difficult for the patriotic Icelanders to work up feeling against the occupying power." Is it possible that Sir Andrew never heard of the fate of Didrik von Mynden and his men nor of the terms and effects of the infamous Trade Monopoly?

On page 48 Sir Andrew informs the reader seeking enlightenment on Icelandic literature: "The Edda (i.e. the Prose Edda) is a compendium of the *grim* legends and myths of the Nordic peoples, assembled round about 1300 A.D. by the Icelander Snorri Sturluson" (italics mine). The Prose Edda actually consists of three distinct parts: a survey of Norse mythology, a discussion of skaldic diction and figurative language, and examples by Snorri of the skaldic metres together with a commentary. Not all the myths are grim; indeed some are ironic and some humourous. As E. V. Gordon once noted, "The whole book was written as a compendium of the skaldic art. This educational purpose, however, did not prevent the mythological portion (**Glyfaginning** and parts of **Skaldskaparmal**) from being an artistic masterpiece. Into these stories of the gods he (Snorri) put the whole power of his imagination and art. His prose, with all the economy and telling restraint of the best Icelandic sagas, has also much more delicacy and flexibility. He has more humour, more shades of irony, and a finer appreciation of sensuous beauty than any other Icelandic prose-writer."

Sir Andrew's comment on the Prose Edda is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Snorri was assassinated in the year 1241.

(Part II will be published in the next issue)

BOOK REVIEW: by Nelson Gerrard

TRACING YOUR ICELANDIC FAMILY TREE

9 - 2026 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

In in recent years, there has been growing interest in the area of family history and genealogy. Although this is a traditionally popular field of interest among Icelandic people, the interest was previously largely restricted to those over sixty years of age. Now, this topic seems to hold an increasing fascination for people of all ages and origins. This is especially true for North Americans, whose ancestors left countries whose civilizations were centuries old and started anew in the "New World".

One publication designed to answer the growing demand for material in this area is Eric Jonasson's **Tracing Your Icelandic Family Tree,** a pamphlet of 51 pages. People of Icelandic descent, interested in researching their family histories, are fortunate in being among the first to have such a comprehensive guide in this field.

In his introduction, Eric Jonasson, who has been a leading force in the establishment of the Manitoba Genealogical Society, outlines the problems he encountered when he first began to trace his own Icelandic family tree. One of the biggest problems facing anyone in this position is the question of what sources are available. The primary objective of **Tracing Your Icelandic Family Tree** is to list and explain the sources that exist and give some guidance in the initial stages of their use. Having groped through this procedure without such a guide, both with regard to Icelandic-Canadian and Icelandic sources, the writer can vouch for the value of this publication.

In addition to listing the sources pertaining to the research of Icelandic family histories, **Tracing Your Icelandic Family Tree** includes considerable information on

Icelandic settlement in North America in general, complete with maps showing the location of settlements in Canada and the United States. It also features maps of Iceland indicating the location of the parishes and districts in conjunction with a list of ministerial records for each parish. Both North American and Icelandic sources are considered in this work.

The strong point of this publication is the documentation of North American sources pertaining to Icelandic genealogy. This is an area which has not previously been covered. Using this guide to Canadian and American records would enable a researcher to compile an original and valuable history of his forefathers without delving into archival records in Iceland, most of which are beyond the amateur due to language and cultural barriers.

In as far as it is possible to aid the researcher entering the field of Icelandic genealogy, Eric Jonasson has been successful in compiling a very comprehensive and easily understood guide. His initiative and his scholarly approach to this work are commendable.

Tracing Your Icelandic Family Tree is recommended to anyone interested in this field, whether novice or old hand.

JOHANNA SOLVASON OF WYNYARD NEARLY 106 YEARS OLD

Johanna Solvason in 1977.

Johanna was born December 4, 1873, in Skagafjordur, Iceland. Her husband was Sigurdur Solvason who lived to be 101 years of age. They came to Mountain, N.D. in 1899, then moved to Wynyard, Saskatchewan in 1905, where they farmed. She has lived at Golden Acres, Wynyard, for several years.

Three of her great-grandchildren graduated from universities this year. They are:

Johanna Dianne Mercer — Graduated from Acadian University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, with a Bachelor of Arts in English. She is the daughter of the late Harald Mercer of Melville, Saskatchewan.

Dwight G. Mercer — Received his Bachelor of Arts Honours, with high honours in Geography from the University of Saskatchewan, Regina. He is the son of the late Harald Mercer, Melville, Saskatchewan.

Glen Harald Gillis — Graduated from the University of Saskatchewan with a Bachelor of Music Degree. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gillis, Theodore, Saskatchewan.

Beside the three great-grandchildren that graduated this year, she has seven other grandchildren and great-grandchildren who have graduated from universities with degrees in Pharmacy, Education, and Music. More will enter universities in the future. Johanna is very proud of them all, and, although blind, she keeps in touch with all of them. Her mind is very clear, and she loves to talk and discuss problems of the day.

The **Icelandic Canadian** extends its heartiest congratulations and best wishes to this venerable lady.

SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED

The Canada Iceland Foundation Scholarship

The Canada Iceland Foundation offers or processes scholarships to students of Icelandic or part Icelandic descent:

1. High School graduates proceeding to a Canadian university or the University of Iceland.

2. University students studying towards a degree in any Canadian university.

Scholarship awards shall be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of their examination results by December 1, 1979, to:

Professor Haraldur Bessason
Department of Icelandic
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Icelandic Canadian Fron Scholarship

The Icelandic Canadian Fron of Winnipeg, is offering a scholarship of $200 for the academic year of 1979-80, to a student of Icelandic or part Icelandic descent who has completed Grade XII in Manitoba and is proceeding to studies at one of the three universities in Manitoba.

Qualifications will be based primarily on Departmental or Board examination results, but consideration will be given to qualities of leadership and community service and need for financial assistance.

Candidates are hereby invited to send their applications together with a statement of examination results and testimonials from two leaders in the community by January 1, 1980, to:

Ms. Sigrid Johnson
Icelandic Library
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Icelandic Festival Scholarship

The Icelandic Festival of Manitoba offers the Wilhelm Kristjanson Memorial Scholarship to students who have already attended a university for one year. They are tenable at any one of the three universities in Manitoba.

The following is the basis for selection:

—Icelandic or part Icelandic descent.

—A first class "A" academic standing is desirable; a "B" standing is the minimum.

—Participation in extra-curricular or community activities, in school or in the general community.

Applications for these scholarships with relevant supporting information, including age, the name of the college or university attended, and a transcript of marks, are to be forwarded by December 1, 1979, to:

Professor Haraldur Bessason
Department of Icelandic
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Jon Sigurdsson Chapter IODE will accept, until October 15, 1979, applications for their scholarships from students of Icelandic origin. These are:

Academic:

The Johanna Gudrun Skaptason IODE Memorial Scholarship of $200.00; The Elinborg Hanson IODE Memorial Scholarship of $100.00, and a new award, The Valdina Gottfred IODE Memorial Scholarship of $100.00. These academic scholarships are for students enrolled in the first year degree course in a Manitoba University with preference to those with leadership potential.

Music:

The Jon Sigurdsson Chapter IODE Music Scholarship of $100.00. Open to music students (Instrumental, Piano or Voice) who have completed Grade VI or above in

Western Board or Royal Conservatory music examinations.

Application forms may be obtained from
Mrs. Lena Goodman
1510 - 200 Ronald Street
Winnipeg.
Phone 837-2395

Please Note: Scholarship applications are to be received before October 15, 1979.

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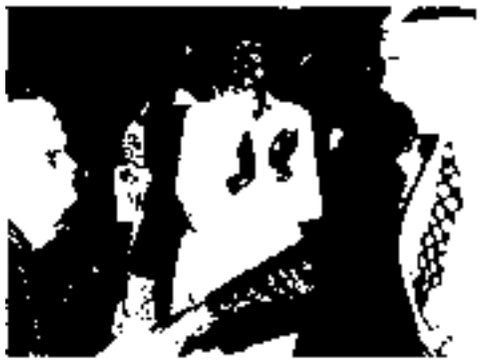
THE SIGURBJORG STEFANSSON UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA SCHOLARSHIP

By Dr. G. Albert Kristjanson



Dr. Campbell, President of the University of Manitoba, congratulating Sigurbjorg Stefansson.

The background to the Sigurbjorg Stefansson University of Manitoba Scholarship is that the University was interested in honouring Miss Stefansson for her outstanding contribution to education and the community in general. Due to her continuing intense interest in students the University felt that a scholarship to asist a worthy student to further his/her education would be an appropriate symbol of the high regard with which she is held and at the same time an honour for a student to receive.

The scholarship is open to a Grade 12 student at the Gimli Composite High School for the purpose of attending the University of Manitoba. There is no restriction regarding the field of study the student wishes to pursue.

The scholarship will be awarded annually to a student worthy of an entrance scholarship as long as such scholarships are being granted by the University.

—Photo: Courtesy of Logberg-Heimskringla

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GIMLI STUDENT RECEIVES MASTERS DEGREE FROM UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Valdimar Stefanson received his Masters Degree in Environmental Arts and Sciences at the University of Wisconsin — Green Bay, Wisconsin, U.S.A. on Saturday, May 26th.

He was the winner of the Outstanding Student Award for 1979, and the co-recipient of the best Thesis Award.

He majored in Environmental Administration.

Valdimar Stefanson, a native of Canada, graduated from the Gimli Composite High School and received his undergraduate degrees from the University of Winnipeg in 1974, winning the Governor General's Gold Medal in Environmental Studies. This was followed by an Honours course in Geography at the University of Winnipeg.

As a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin — Green Bay, Stefanson wrote his thesis and directed his studies toward the attitudes of policy makers toward water quality.

Valdimar Stefanson is presently residing at Green Bay, Wisconsin. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stefanson of Gimli, Manitoba.

The Interlake Spectator
Photo: *Courtesy of Logberg-Heimskringla*

TWO OF THE RENOWNED FALCONS OF YESTERYEAR

Almost sixty years have passed since the Winnipeg Falcons won the Olympic Hockey Championship at Antwerp, Belgium. Oldtimers still have nostalgic memories of the thrill and the pride that prevailed in the Icelandic community in Winnipeg — and elsewhere — at this epic achievement, a feat that has become almost a legend. With the death of Frank Fredrickson only one surviving member of that plucky team remains.

FRANK FREDRICKSON, THE CAPTAIN

by Maurice Smith

Since the early days of hockey in, Manitoba, going back to the era of Dan Bain and the famed Victorias, this province has produced some of the finest players the game has known.

Without question, one of the greatest of them all was the late Frank Fredrickson. Frank was born in Winnipeg, the son of Icelandic parents.

There are not too many people around today who saw Fredrickson when he was at his peak as a hockey player, but Cece Browne, who a few years ago was named Manitoba's athlete of the half century and who, happily, is still with us, remembers him well. A star hockey player in his own right, Browne played with and against Frank and unhesitatingly rated him as one of the two greatest centremen he's ever seen. The other was the late Dick Irvin, who also learned his hockey in Manitoba, although he was not born in this province.

Cece, who counted both men among his friends, would not pick one over the other. However, many years ago this writer conducted a poll among fans and hockey-playing contemporaries of Fredrickson and Irvin. Fredrickson came out on top. The consensus at the time was, that while Irvin might have been a slightly better goal scorer, Fredrickson was a superior two-way player who could also play wing and even defence if he had to.

Fredrickson, who served in Egypt with the Royal Air Force in World War I, began his climb to hockey fame with Winnipeg Falcons, a team which many oldtimers claim was the greatest ever assembled in Winnipeg and one of the best amateur clubs ever seen in Canada.

After winning the Manitoba and western Canada senior championship in 1919, the Falcons stunned the hockey world when they went on to win the Allan cup by defeating the powerful University of Toronto squad. Nine of the 10 members of the team were of Icelandic descent with Huck Woodman being the lone Anglo Saxon.

The following year — 1920 — the first international hockey tournament ever held took place in Antwerp and the Falcons were selected to represent Canada. Also entered were the United States, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Sweden and Czechoslovakia.

With Fredrickson leading the way, the Falcons went through the tournament undefeated. The only goal they allowed came in their final game with Sweden, which they won 12-1.

Many years later during a party I attended at his home on Alverstone Street, Fredrickson, a gifted raconteur, recalled that particular game against the Swedes. While I can't remember Frank's exact words, what happened was the Canadians took a liking to their Swedish opponents and decided be-

tween them to let them score a goal. To a little forward from Stockholm went the honor of scoring that historic goal.

With the death of Fredrickson only one member of that superb Falcon team is still alive. He is Mike Goodman, one of the all-time great skaters, who has resided in Florida for many years.

Only a month before the Falcons went to Europe, Mike won the North American all-round speed skating championship. Just for the record, other members of the team were Harvey and Bobby Benson, Chris Fridfinason, Slim Halldorson, Konnie Johannesson and Huck Woodman.

After the Falcons' Olympic victory, the Patrick brothers, Lester and Frank, whose cosy Pacific Coast professional league was doing well, went all out and signed Fredrickson to a contract. He was assigned to Victoria Cougars. That was in 1921. It wasn't long before he became the regular centre for the Cougars, who began to climb in the league standings. In his first year Fredrickson scored 19 goals in 21 games. A year later his output dropped to 15 goals in 24 games but in 1923 he won the scoring championship with 41 goals in 30 games. He led his team to the league championship in 1925.

In 1926 professional hockey in the west folded and most of the outstanding players were snapped up by the National League. Fredrickson wound up with Boston Bruins, where he teamed up with such notables as Eddie Shore, Lionel Hitchman, Harry Oliver, Percy Galbraith, Dit Clapper and Norman (Dutch) Gainor.

After serving the Bruins well, helping them win a Stanley clup, Fredrickson went to Pittsburgh where he was player-coach. Yes, Pittsburgh had a team in the NHL before the present club. He also saw action in the uniform of the Detroit club, then known as the Falcons.

Fredrickson turned to officiating for a time after his playing days were over. Later, he coached junior hockey in Winnipeg for a couple of years before taking up permanent residence in Vancouver, where he was a successful insurance man. In addition, he became interested in civic politics and served on the Vancouver city council.

The tall, blond Icelander was elected to the Hockey Hall of Fame in 1958, an honor which gave him a great deal of pleasure and of which he was justly proud.

In recent years, Frank's eyes failed him badly. In the last couple of years he was almost blind. However, he still loved to visit the city of his birth whenever the opportunity presented itself. Nothing pleased him more than talking over old times with friends of his youth.

It should be mentioned that in addition to hockey, Fredrickson was an excellent field lacrosse player. In fact, Cece Browne said he was one of the best he ever saw. Both he and Fredrickson played with the Winnipegs when they won the junior and intermediate championship of Manitoba in 1913. He was later associated with the Argonauts.

Frank Fredrickson was a warm, friendly man whose company was always enjoyable. It was an honor to have known him.

Winnipeg Free Press, May 29, 1979

MIKE GOODMAN, THE LAST FALCON

by Maurice Smith

Mike Goodman, the last surviving member of the famed Falcon hockey team which was the 1920 Olympic champions, is spending the next couple of weeks in Winnipeg and Flin Flon visiting members of his family and renewing acquaintances with old friends.

A resident of Coral Gables, Fla., since 1938, Goodman, who is now in his 81st year, was without question one of the fastest skaters ever seen on a sheet of hockey ice. In fact, only a month before the Falcons journeyed to Antwerp where they were to become the first-ever Olympic hockey champions, Mike won the North American all-round speed skating championship, a feat unique among hockey players.

Belying his years, Mike happily told us that he continues to enjoy excellent health. "Why," he exclaimed, "I still go to work every day and have no thought of retiring." For the past 35 years he has been employed as a routeman on a laundry truck, a job he says he enjoys tremendously. "It keeps me young," he added.

Goodman had a lengthy career in hockey. As a matter of fact, he was still playing at the age of 50 for an amateur team in Coral Gables. Even today, he seldom misses going for a skate every Sunday at a rink near his home.

When Mike returned to Winnipeg from the Olympics in Antwerp he had more than one offer to turn professional. In fact, the Patrick brothers, who signed his Falcon teammate, the late Frank Fredrickson, to his first pro contract, also wanted Mike for their Victoria team.

However, because of his speed-skating ability, he decided to remain in the simon-pure ranks, although he did go to Duluth in 1922 where he played so-called amateur for $2,500 a season plus a job.

He stayed in Duluth for seven years. Both Detroit and Chicago tried to sign him to a professional contact, but Mike finally decided to sign as player-coach with the Kansas City Play-Mors of the old American Association.

"I would have given the NHL a whirl," he said, "but I thought because of my age I would last longer in Kansas City."

After four years at Kansas City, Goodman spent the next four years as player-coach of the Wichita club in the same league.

Returning to Winnipeg, Goodman assembled a team of local players to play for Coral Gables in a newly-formed league in Florida. "We trained in the old Amphitheatre rink," he recalled. Although he was now 40 years of age, Mike, a natural left-winger, played on defence and coached the team. But the league lasted only one year.

However, there was still some amateur hockey in Florida and Mike continued to play just for the fun of it for the next 10 years.

A great-grandfather, Goodman's only son John is an attorney in Miami.

Oldtimers may remember that Mike's three sisters, Babe, Goody and the late Freda, were outstanding softball players, starring with the Ramblers of the Senior Girls' League for years.

Goodman is spending part of his vacation with Babe and Goody before visiting his brother John in Flin Flon.

"It's always nice to come home," he concluded.

Winnipeg Free Press, Aug. 8, 1979

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