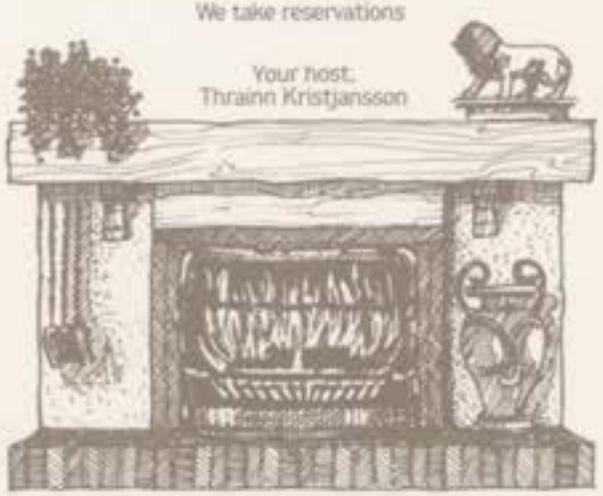

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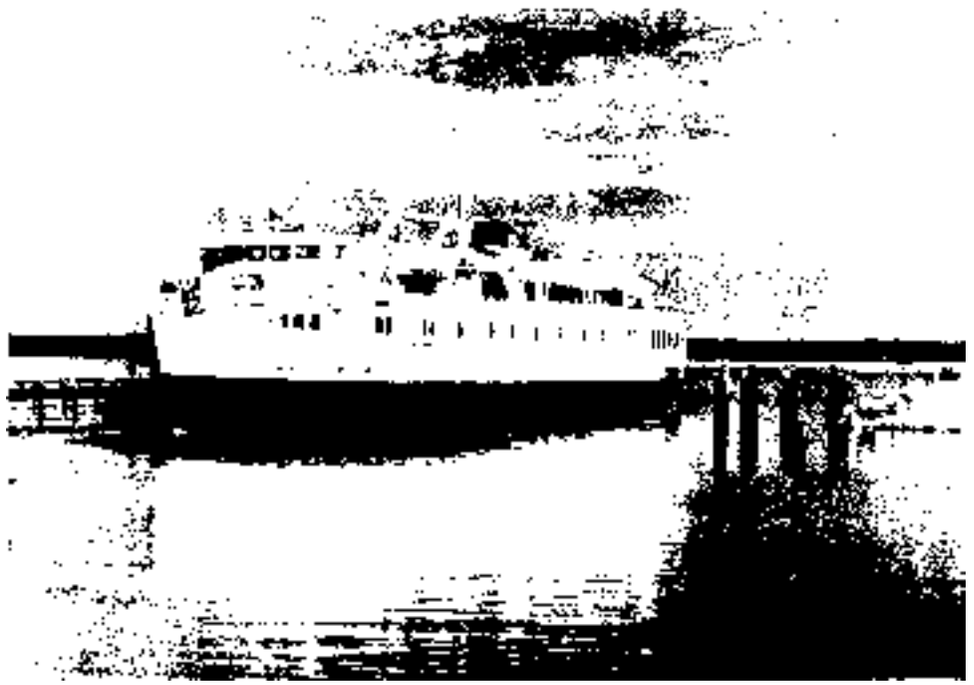

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GUEST EDITORIAL

THE CHANGING VIEW OF ICELAND IN AMERICA

Before the 1939-45 war most Americans thought of Iceland, if they thought of it at all, as an icebound barren land lying vaguely somewhere in the remote North where Esquimaux snuggled in their igloos and walrus waddled through the villages. The Chairman of the Board of a well known publicly owned American company (to remain anonymous here) was once heard describing it as an island off the coast of Alaska! A few wealthy sport fishermen; indefatigable saga translators; and an adventurer here and there knew the truth but there were not many others that did. Polite questions were phrased when the presence of an Icelander was noted at a social function, but interest was short lived because every one knew that America didn't stay discovered until Christopher Columbus, and the fact that everyone in Iceland can read did not stimulate conversation.

As expressed by a weary hostess to the Icelandic wife of a Chicago businessman, "You must admit, my dear, that Iceland is a very small and unimportant country!" The reply came winging back, "It is a very large country with a small population and there are no unimportant countries, just as there are no unimportant people." The points were made and the subject changed.

The general impression of Iceland as sketched here did not prevail in Britain as in America. In part one may assume, because of the early, long, and memorable association of the Norsemen with all of the British islands which resulted in the involuntary departure for some thousand years, of Irish Celts to permanent residence in Iceland. The recent "Cod Wars" with Great Britain were nothing new, Bristol fishermen were in Icelandic waters in the thirteenth century and a substantial number of books concerning Iceland by English authors were in print by the middle of the 19th century. Geographical proximity, as well as a certain affinity that island dwellers seem to have, would also have been a major factor. In America, however, there was an absence of historical relationship, and the ethnic groups making up a large part of the population had no reason for extending an interest beyond their homeland to a North Atlantic country perceived, dimly at best, as a supplier of fish. When American troops arrived in Iceland in 1941, the curtain was lifted and the period of benign ignorance ended.

Communities of Icelanders, including those of Icelandic descent, have practically disappeared in America and the average age of members of the Icelandic associations in the major American cities has increased as immigration has almost ceased and subsequent generations have blended into the general population. At first, it seemed that ultimately interest and knowledge of things Icelandic would again be found mainly in the sportsman and the translator, but that has not come to pass, and not through the efforts of social groups at Thorrablot nor because of more footnotes to translations of Njals Saga, but from events within Iceland itself. Halldor Laxness received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1955 and Iceland has not been the same since. Newspapers, radio and magazines proclaimed to the American public that the composition of great literature in Iceland had not ended with the sagas, and the names of other distinguished Icelandic authors were added to the list of notable European writers. Tourists, as passengers of Icelandic Airlines, began to visit Iceland in the tens of thousands and carried home accounts of the attractions of Reykjavik and

the natural wonders of the land. During this period, however, local resentment of the presence of American troops at the Keflavik Air Base began to be reported by the American press and to the friendly interest which had been developing, was added resentment that now the Icelanders seemed to want the Americans to leave. The significance of these facts is that in scarcely more than a decade after becoming a sovereign nation, Iceland was firmly noticed. Since the 1972 Spasky-Fisher meeting in Reykjavik, it is rarely necessary to tell anyone where the country is.

Until a few years ago, American writers on Icelandic subjects confined themselves mainly to nature, travel, and personal reminiscence. In February 1976, a subject which had long been troublesome, was dramatically emphasized when Iceland severed diplomatic relations with Great Britain in the course of a third major dispute over the exploitation of Icelandic fishing waters. This prompted influential and responsible writers in America, and, notably in the Midwest, to take up their pens in defense of Iceland's struggle for economic survival. Its strategic location and crucially important role in The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, as detailed by those writers, gave Iceland a new dimension of international significance. Major papers such as The Wall Street Journal, the New York Times, and the Chicago Tribune, recognized the possible fatal consequences to European security if the Icelandic-British dispute remained unresolved for long, assigned their best reporters to the matter. A series of articles then began appearing, particularly in the Chicago Tribune, including a half dozen or so sent by cable from Iceland, where The Tribune's representative, leaving no aspect of the struggle unexamined, had sailed aboard the Icelandic gunboat, Aegir, as that tiny vessel continued the struggle to protect the fishing grounds. The Sunday circulation of that paper is 1,146,474 and it is generally considered to be one of the influential American publications with a decidedly conservative bent. The articles and editorials multiplied as other publications became interested in the events in the North Atlantic, until finally the British Consul General in Chicago delivered a formal complaint indicating that he thought The Chicago Tribune and Iceland were unfairly aligned against Great Britain. Not long afterward, Britain accepted the Icelandic terms and on December 1, 1976 the British trawlers sailed from Icelandic fishing grounds ending 800 years in those traditional waters.

Few can doubt that the published opinions of American journalists reflecting and reiterating the important position of Iceland on the world scene had some effect on the usually wise and intuitive British Foreign Office in accepting the realities of the Icelandic stand.

The effect of these and related events, including vastly expanded textile exports to America, is that Iceland is now generally seen here as a modern Nordic country worthy of respect, cooperation, and, if necessary, support. The Icelander's fierce love of independence and industry are now widely recognized and respected and there is reason to believe that the bonds of understanding between America and its nearest European neighbor will remain intact. In that regard, it seems appropriate to note that the Thor Thors Fund of The American Scandinavian Foundation has been named as the recipient of a generous and important bequest contained in the Will of the late Keith Willey, a prominent American engineer with close professional ties to Iceland, whose expressed wish was to contribute means to permit continued study in the substantial areas of interest common to the two countries.

The fact that the people of one country have a fairly clear view of those of another is, naturally, only of academic interest in the absence of tangible results. Large American companies have long engaged in business in

Iceland, but recent years have brought an increasing number of enquiries from smaller firms seeking to establish direct connections in Iceland for both export and import of the entire spectrum of man produced goods. Immigration has also become a subject for The Consulates to contend with, as television has succeeded in making Icelandic grass look greener than American, evoking frequent enquiries of how to become an Icelandic citizen. Should one fear that Iceland might soon be over populated, the answer is, By act of Parliament.

Lest it appear from this that American views of Iceland are essentially pragmatic, fanned only by events of world scope, we should turn for a moment to activities here, in midwest America, that serve to maintain a more personal touch with Icelandic life and culture.

In Chicago, the vast complex which is the Museum of Science and Industry serves in the unique position of being simultaneously an educational, cultural, and entertainment center attracting visitors by the millions to its variety of exhibits; the most popular of which, is its annual ''Christmas Around the World''. This festival, which brings more than one million people to the museum during the season, and is the subject of a nationally televised Christmas program each year, had been presented for almost thirty years when the ladies of the Chicago Icelandic Sewing Circle let it be known to management that there is also Christmas in Iceland, and since then Iceland's participation has been prominent and well received. In addition to a tall tree decorated as at home, with a winter farm scene modeled at the base, the ladies have on two occasions been able, with the co-operation of Icelandic Airlines, to bring the Reykjavik Puppet Company to perform in the Museum theater where they have presented, in Ice-

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landic, of course, their very popular "Jolasveinar".

These same energetic ladies were responsible for a visit by the church choir of Egilstadur which sang before a large assembly in the Chicago Civic Center. At the conclusion of the program the audience was able to turn to the extensive exhibit of Icelandic woolen goods which, not entirely by chance, had been arranged in the lobby near a main entrance.

With friendship and understanding solidly established and with a respite from the harshness of international disputes, writers are turning again to the unchanging panorama of Iceland, its people, volcanoes, glaciers, and, always, its literature. Michael Kilian wrote recently, "Iceland's famous sagas and Eddas were being written in a period of the Middle Ages when much of Europe was communicating with grunts and oaths and using furry dogs for napkins."

This whimsical comment by a prominent American author illustrates in a sense the prevailing attitude in this country toward Iceland, mingling acknowledgement of its contribution to the preservation of world history; its early social development; and an implied hope that the people continue to be free and the culture preserved.

Paul Sveinbjörn Johnson

THE COVER PICTURE

The Magazine Board is grateful to Ivar Gudmundsson and Valdimar Bjornson for sending us the picture of the Statue of Liberty, which symbolizes mankind's age-old yearning for liberty. Many generations had planned for it, toiled for it, fought for it, died for it. Neither opposition, discouragement, nor the bitter cup of defeat could halt its steady progress throughout the centuries. Earlier in this century it appeared possible that in due course it would encompass the whole world. To-day the free world is on the defensive against powerful forces of authoritarianism. In the forefront of that struggle is our good neighbor to the south. All freedom-loving people are as one in their determination to uphold the ideal symbolized by the Statue of Liberty. For these reasons this issue of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN is dedicated to the United States.

THE HON. PAUL S. JOHNSON

(A brief biographical sketch)

Paul Sveinbjörn Johnson was born in Grand Forks, North Dakota, the son of Sveinbjörn Johnson, then Attorney General of that state and his wife, Esther Slette Johnson. The elder Johnson subsequently became legal counsel of the University of Illinois in Urbana, Illinois, where his son was graduated from law school. After service with the United States Army in the European Theater in 1944, Johnson became engaged in the private practice of law in Chicago in 1948 and is presently a member of a law firm in that city.

He was named Consul of Iceland in Chicago in 1970, and in 1976 he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Falcon by the President of Iceland, Dr. Kristjan Eldjarn.

A TRIBUTE TO GISSUR ELIASSON (1912-1980)

A person can find art within himself with the surroundings providing substance to the creative impulse. There is no need to travel to distant places. More important is a reverence for life and to live with zest . . . drink in every influence and become aware of beautiful possibilities.

These words by Professor Eliasson reflected not only his philosophy of art, but also his whole approach to life. The secret of the success he achieved in his art, as well as the inner happiness he enjoyed throughout his life, was that he could appreciate and respond to the beauty he found in the most simple and commonplace things.

Gissur Eliasson received his early education in Arborg, Manitoba. Relatives and teachers recognized his uniquely creative personality and encouraged him in his decision to enter the Winnipeg School of Art. For three years he studied under the late Lemoine Fitzgerald, a man who had a tremendous influence on his work and on his life. It was Fitzgerald who convinced him to make the teaching of art his life's work. Gissur always felt that "the greatest fortune was to be with great people. Firzgerald was a great person as well as a great artist." In 1939, Gissur began teaching at the Winnipeg School of Art and was part of its staff, when eleven years later the school became the University of Manitoba's Faculty of Fine Arts. His teaching career spanned almost forty years. In 1978 he was honored by being appointed Professor Emeritus by the University's Board of Governors. A colleague observed that,

Professor Eliasson was hugely generous with his time, no task was ever too small or too unimportant for his attention, nor was he ever too busy for anyone. He was a tremendously energetic teacher and would work all day and then come back at night for more . . . interested in public service, he loved to give art to all who were interested. He was in fact a one-man school who could be called upon to go anywhere to teach a class or talk to people, no matter how far or how small the pay. There aren't too many like him.

Gissur was really a pioneer in the field of children's art. He discarded the old concept of reproducing an object or scene as accurately and literally as possible. Instead he encouraged the individual child's imaginative efforts and impulses, whether they resembled real life or not. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Art School's Saturday morning classes as well as the Art Gallery's Painting in the Park summer program.

Gissur promoted art for adults by conducting evening classes in Winnipeg and in various rural communities for many years. He was also enthusiastic about his painting workshops at the Neepawa Art Festival. His almost missionary zeal prompted The Honourable Norma Price, Minister of Cultural Affairs, to write,

. . . He provided a great contribution to the cultural life of our province and on behalf of my department I would like to extend our thanks. Gissur Eliasson's life and work made Manitoba a better place for all of us.

In addition to his contribution as a teacher Gissur also served the cultural community by being a member of the Manitoba Arts Council and the Manitoba Society of Artists.

E. W. Stigant, Execurive Director of the Manitoba Arts Council, wrote,

Gissur will be long and fondly remembered by generations of students whom he touched with the same gentle outlook and inner strength of character which he brought to the Manitoba Arts Council. During his tenure on the Council he earned the respect of his peers and the staff with his artistic integrity and humanistic approach to the Council's activities. Gissur has made a lasting contribution to the development of the arts in this country, a contribution which few have the opportunity to make, and fewer yet, take that opportunity once offered.

One of the high points of Gissur's artistic career was an exhibition of his work at the Winnipeg Art Gallery in 1976. The exhibition was formally opened by the well-known Winnipeg author and poet Mary Elizabeth Bayer. For the occasion she had written a poem expressly for him. ''One of the nicest gifts I ever received. Today people are so materially oriented. They think a gift only has value if it has been purchased. She gave me a part of herself which, I think, is much more valuable.''

A Sonnet for the Artist

He sees our world in fresh spring light of here
Refined by special vision swift and clear:
Transmitted well his canvas will reflect
His reverence, his awe and his respect.
For all the forms that find the secret ways
To shape an understanding of our days,
To find our way by symbols in the night
Through labyrinthine patterns of his light.

Each line he sees and captures in this place
Defines an instant or eternity in space,
And gives a new perspective for each day;
Dimensions each will measure in his way.
This is the teacher artist, spirit free
Evoking truth and beauty he can see.

—Mary Elizabeth Bayer

An art critic commented on the exhibition,

A one-man showing of paintings by Winnipeg artist Gissur Eliasson drew an impressive crowd. Professor Eliasson is a prolific painter who is not afraid to experiment with a number of mediums and techniques. His work is original and expressive of a number of moods and ideas. The show left one with a desire to return to the pictures with a small group of friends to observe them long and quietly with time to reflect.

Gissur was very proud of his Icelandic heritage and generously offered his services in an effort to maintain the Icelandic culture in Manitoba. He designed the statue of the Viking at Gimli and the historic monument to the Icelandic pioneers at Hecla Island. He was an active member of the First Lutheran Church and was their Sunday School Superintendent for fifteen years. For many summers he assisted in the administration and operation of the Sunrise Lutheran Camp. He was a past president of the Icelandic Canadian Club, a board member of Lögberg-Heimskringla and at the time of his death, was a board member of the Icelandic Canadian Magazine.

Gissur could be described as a ''Renaissance Man''. He had so many varied talents. He was a recognized expert in the field of calligraphy. He was very musical, possessing a fine singing voice plus a keen appreciation of good music. The fact that he had done extensive reading was evident in all his writings: literary essays, speeches, letters and poetry. He was a master in the art of conversation displaying an impressive vocabulary as well as a questing and philosophical nature.

In so many ways Gissur was a blest man. The unwavering love, support and strength he received from his wife of thirty-seven years, Elvera, was the most precious and deeply appreciated facet of his life. He was a loving and devoted father to his three sons and his daughter. One of the greatest pleasures in his life was to spend time with his children and their families: Glen, his wife Velma and their sons Brent and Chris, Gary, his wife Carol and their son Mark, Melba, her husband Terry and their children Shannon, Geoffrey and Kimberley, and his youngest son Hugh and his wife Eileen. His grandchildren were his pride and joy. He will always be remembered by his family and many friends with love. As one friend remarked, ''On June 8th, we lost one of the best''.

MONTREAL AMBIENCE 1980

by Kristiana Magnusson

under the futuristic domes
of Montreal's Olympic Village
throngs now stream through gates
''Les Floralies'' bound . . .
while stone-by-stone
airborne cranes
create a stairway to the stars,
a symbol for posterity
of Drapeau's billion-dollar
dream of glory.

along St. Catherine's Ouest
eclectic and disco-hyped,
young and old alike
converge . . .
seeking in dim-lit pubs
and shiny brasseries
the spirit of ''joie de vivre''
while debating the eternal riddle . . .
Anglophone? Francophone?
Oui or Non?

the piercing spires of Notre Dame
soar above cobblestoned walks
of old Montreal,
as exuberant youth
with unrequited dreams
chant strains of ''Gens du Pays''
while boldly scrawling messages . . .
OUI . . .
Quebec libre . . . Oui!

A BOY'S WINNIPEG DECADE 1910-1920

by Carl Bjarnason Dahl

THE AUTHOR

Carl Axel Bjarnason Dahl attended schools at Minneota, and Minneapolis, Minnesota (University of Minnesota). He worked in advertising at Minneapolis, Chicago, Oklahoma City; and in libraries there, and at Kansas City and Oklahoma Cith heading their business and technical departments. Married, he has a daughter, two grand-children. Now retired, lives in Oklahoma City. Memberships: Scandinavian Club of Oklahoma; Viking Society for Northern Research, London.

* * *

What does an immigrant boy remember?

After the Atlantic crossing on the Canadian Pacific steamship 'Empress of Ireland' and train trip across eastern Canada, arrival in the big CNR Winnipeg station, he began learning his English on the city's West-end streets from playmates, his constant query, ''What's he saying? What's he saying?''

They lived with relatives first. He learned early the concern of family members for each other. His sixteen-year-old cousin Siggi Kjartanson went to Vancouver, wrote his aunts he planned to work on a boat to the Orient. The two aunts took a train, triumphantly brought him back.

Winnipeg's West-end was pretty much an Icelandic colony those days.

It was a time of ocean disasters, and a war. The 'Titanic' sank in 1912, 'Lusitania' in wartime 1915. The boy's steamship CPR's 'Empress of Ireland' sank in 1914, struck by the Norwegian collier 'Storstad' while in the St. Lawrence on her way to Europe, with loss of 1015 lives.

At least twice did mother and boy have the luxury of a small house, rented. The time they lived with relatives he broke a butcher-shop window trying with other boys to see how far they could throw; his was a stone too far. Butcher Bruce followed him home, excused the offense when cousin Jakobina Johnson expressed sorrow, explained he was an immigrant, there was not much money to spare.

He now grew to look like other Canadian boys: the pants were with buckles, fastened above or below the knee. The clothes were good, durable, well-make.

John M. King on Ellice Ave. became his school. Over its main doorway was inscribed 'Knowledge Is Power'. Whether city or country he always walked to and from school.

His aunts Anna and Gerda Oddson came young from Reydarfjord, Iceland's east coast. Sixteen-year-old Anna was sent to a farm in Minnesota, in Lyon County near Minneota. She thought it was for housework but found she was expected to work in the fields. She returned to Winnipeg, to sew at Western King clothing factory where Gerda had become a forelady. She later moved to Edmonton, Alberta, to work as a seamstress. One evening she went out in a snowstorm to visit a friend nearby, lost her way, became exhausted and died in a snowdrift.

His aunts were important to the boy and his mother. Gerda gave him his first violin, his mother paying for lessons from an Icelandic teacher, Mr. Johnson, at his home, fifty cents the half hour. He showed up one day for the usual wearisome exercises, pulled from his music-case 'Missouri Waltz' and 'Tipperary'', asked to learn to play them. Solemnly Mr. Johnson took him through them, then went on with the exercises.

At school his favorite subject was English history. Text and teacher accounts of the invasion of England by Danes, Norse, and Normans, particularly the invasions of 1066, fascinated him. He didn't know and Miss Steer, 6th grade, hardly would have pointed out invaders like tall Harald Hardrada, Canute, William of Normandy were his Northmen who in overturning England became England. What terrible men, he thought, and went on singing England's national anthem. A treasured small book when he lived at 601 Agnes St. was Dawson's 'A Book of Battles and Sieges'.

Principal Wilkinson, John M. King School, was a tall, lean Englishman. How well the boy remembered the second-floor office, head of stairs. The strap upon proffered grimy hand — Like a Dickens story. You don't wield a strap stingingly without the ghastly noise echoing through ivy halls. Strap or no strap the pupils liked their principal. When war came Mr. Wilkinson was Captain Wilkinson who in uniform visited school to talk to admiring pupils before his time came to go overseas. The school would be excused from classes to hurry down to Portage Avenue to watch magnificent, colorful parades of soldiers, guns, cavalry, dragoons, Highlanders, bands and pipers.

Aunt Gerda took him with her on the train to visit family friends near Akra, Mountain, Hensel in North Dakota: Thorlakur, Siggi and Thorey Björnson, and Gudny and Jakob Erlendson. Their farms and barns were big, with many sheep, cattle, horses. Later, when his mother was housekeeper at the Ellis Thorvaldsons in Mountain, he lived with the Björnsons, attending the one-room Scheving School with Thora Bjornson, both walking the several miles distance. Scheving was like the Akra School he went to earlier. Visiting his mother at Mountain, he was given a guest-room all to himself.

Harvest-time, the threshing rigs began sweeping clean the stubble fields, the women went into the cook-cars endlessly cooking for the crews. He joined a thresher from Mountain to run a bundle-team. It was wartime, the man-shortage brought young women into the fields as pitchers. He was paid three dollars a day. Rig-owner Jon balked a little at the wage, but the boy's mother in the cookhouse said it was not too much considering everything.

Back to Winnipeg, to John M. King School and Western King clothing factory, sharing a second-floor suite with Mrs. Sigvadason and her sons in Wellington Block on Toronto St. Both mothers worked. The piece-work system was no social affair; the

more work done, the more pay. They shared the kitchen. Home from school, the boys put the potatoes to boil, frying the beefsteak being left to the mothers.

Each morning he got twenty-five cents for his lunch at the Ellice Ave. Bristol Fish and Chips Shop near school. It was an olfactory delight.

One morning walking to school along Victor St. he noticed an attractively dressed girl, observed her almost every day. He never crossed the street, just kept her in sight, never really seeing her face. He wondered about her. Then he saw her no more, forgot her.

Now happened an event to mean much to him without his first realizing it. His beloved spinster aunt, forelady at Western King, who went to the tombola-raffles, dances at the IOGT Good Templars Hall on Sargent, married. Her friend Mrs. Hannesson told her of a man at Winnipeg Beach, Lake Winnipeg, a widower with six children of varying ages. Would Gerda become housekeeper, live there, run the household, get meals? No easy decision. She thought it over a long time. She was impressed with this Anderson family, the man Harry, good-looking, the two girls, the four boys. The beach with its roller-coaster, boardwalk, piers, big lake, dance pavilion to which orchestras came up from Winnipeg summer evenings on the moonlight trains to play, was a humming world. The roomy Anderson house with its sleeping-porches came alive again. The family grew, another daughter, an adopted son, to eight children who became for the boy his own brothers and sisters, good to him.

His mother now began sewing for Arni 'Tailor' Anderson at his shop on Sargent Ave. Richard Beck's mother, her friend, also sewed for Arni. From school he would stop there, be invited to go with them to Arni's house nearby for coffee and **kleinur** served by his wife. He was voluble, kind, likeable. Laughter. joking, Icelandic words filled the kitchen.

Whenever the family moved, it was by Strang Transfer, by Mr. Strang himself, in slow-moving creaking wagon, the boy walking, trotting alongside the horse.

Family milkman was again Oli Goodman and horse-drawn wagon, quart-measure telescoping into the milkcan top. Oli was quick, vigorous. His size was that of Harold Gudinason, English King in 1066 and more than half-Scandinavian who at Stamford Bridge, north England stopped an invasion by Norway's Harald Hardrada and Tostig Gudinason. Winters he was an ice-fisherman at Sandy Bay Icelandic camp five miles east of Amaranth on Lake Manitoba, west of Lake Winnipeg. Oli asked to find a camp-cook, thought of Maria the boy's mother. She could take him with her, though there would be no schooling. Oli knew her cookery art was learned in wealthy Copenhagen households. She made her decision, the two took the train to Amaranth, end of the rail line, were met by a team and sled. His mother told him then that even farther north, at Riverton, he had many cousins. One of them was Oddur Olafson who had been a fisherman but now had his own business freighting supplies by dog-train, horses and boats to the Lake Winnipeg mining country, northern Manitoba.

The lakeshore bank sheltered the fishing cabin. Bunkroom was at the north end, kitchen where mother and boy slept at the south end; the long dining-hall was in between, table along the east wall.

Just west, beyond a swamp, lay the Indian Reservation.

He woke each morning to kitchen noises, cooking smells, clamor of the sled-dogs.

He attached himself to Oli Goodman from the first. Evenings he chopped frozen fish for Oli's dogs when they came off the ice. Mornings, ice-creepers under boots for traction, they'd head out for Oli's nets, laid under the ice the day before. Each had his small home-made hook for untangling fish from meshes. Sled-box held gear, nets, long ice-chisel, jigger-board for putting nets under the ice and sending them to a desired point in visible movement. Pressure of their walking caused great scary boomings, noises like cracking whips underfoot, reverberations throughout the ice. Each net hauled up yielded whitefish, pickerel, pike, perch, birting or sea-trout, some goldeye, and the rough fish. In bad weather, a lantern on a high pole was a beacon to bring men and dogs home safe. The men played chess, the boy watching. The man Skapti played his violin.

When he would take his clamp-skates, his mother left it to him to be careful. She could have thought what the daughter of Kjarval, Irish king in Ossory to whom the lineage of many Icelanders traces, told her son Sigurd digri (the stout) when apprehensive of certain Scots, "I'd have brought you up in my wool-basket had I known you expected to live forever. Fate governs a man's life, not his own comings and goings." The boy went on down to the fog-shrouded shore, skated, careful not to cut the Indian fishing-lines.

One morning when she was sick and the men got their own meals, she called him to her bed, saying in Icelandic, "If I die, Carl, you go to your aunt Gerda, you know where she is."

The front-room at 522 Sherbrook St. had a window looking east. There stood the Singer on which she sewed men's clothes for Mitchell Tailors on Portage Ave. He delivered finished material, or fetched new work home for her. From the window she saw where he and his friends played. Space between the streetcar tracks was good for roller-skating. Jonas Jonasson and his wife owned the house; her son Leifur Ellison lived with them. When Jonas finished supper he stayed at table humming to himself, not exactly a tune but rather a narrow range up-down near-monotone. Jonas is **rima**-ing, his mother said, an old Icelandic art.

The boy found it fascinating.

That front-room, his world, held his games, toys, colorful lead soldiers and cavalry, Erector building set, his books and magazines. Of his friends living in that long block between Ellice and Sargent, Hugh Hannesson was at 523, and down near Mac's Theatre were two Scottish boys, Willie and Pat McConnachie, who would come up the block to play. Pat singing could sound like Harry Lauder. If these friends needed a button sewed on or a clothing rip repaired, he took them in to his mother.

Relatives now began thinking about getting him a job. Cousin Jakobina asked her husband Steve, Icelandic newspaper printer, to find him work. His mother's friend Helga asked her editor-husband Tryggvi to help. But for an apprenticeship he was too young by law. He became a pinboy at Vaughan St. YMCA bowling alleys. Hand-operated machine brought the pins down, raised them slowly upright; he jumped away when the ball exploded them. Bowlers paid him two cents a line. Afterward in darkness he walked home.

The young, caught up in war's excitement, played at war, boys combatants, girls nurses with red cross insignia. Appearing suddenly on a street like stirred-up ants, excited, noisy, chattering, they as suddenly melted away, and you wondered if you'd really seen them.

The public baths were a pleasure. For a few coppers you got suit, towel, soap. The wet tiles were slippery. He fell once, running, hit his head. Groggy, he was put on a streetcar for home.

You could while away hours at Mac's Theatre seeing films over and over. A favorite actress was Maude Fealy. Mac's staged pie-eating contests, no hands. He entered one, his pie raisin, his prize fifty cents. He loved winning.

At dusk when the active day closed, playmates gone home, he felt lonesome. But in his world reading was a joy. He borrowed books from the William Ave. library, reading nearly every collection of fairy tales there. Almost every five cents he got he spent on British magazines and 'funny-papers' at Nesbitt's Pharmacy at Sargent and Sherbrook, the Gem, Magnet and other 'libraries' with their stories of English schoolboy life at Greyfriars and other imaginary schools, of footpads, Dartmoor escapes, chases across the moors, criminals, bloodhounds, detectives Sexton Blake, Arsene Lupin, Sherlock Holmes.

His Winnipeg decade was closing. In 1920, the year the Winnipeg Falcons hockey-team, nearly all Icelanders, won the gold at Belgium's Antwerp Olympics, his mother Maria told him they'd be leaving Winnipeg and Canada to move to the States, Minnesota. He did not want to go. But she persuaded him it was best for both, however fond he was of his friends, his school, his city, his aunt Gerda's family at Winnipeg Beach. He accepted it. His Winnipeg decade was ended.

A TRIBUTE TO THE ICELANDIC PIONEERS OF THE MOUSE RIVER SETTLEMENT

by LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

THE AUTHOR

LaDonna, Stephen and Kristjan Backmeyer.

LaDonna Backmeyer was born in North Dakota, but spent a greater part of her growing-up years at Thief River Falls, Minnesota. Her father was Vilhelm Steinn Breidfjord, born at Swan River, Manitoba. Her mother, a lady of Norwegian descent, is Amy Thelma Severson Breidfjord. North Dakota continues to form the root for most of her written work. The prairies and the Icelandic pioneers have formed a lasting impression on her. She has a deep love for that place and those people.

Her husband, Stephen, is Associate Dean of Students at Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois. They have three children: Michelle (Mrs. Mark Lane), Michael and Kristjan. LaDonna is a homemaker by choice.

Although she is mostly self-taught as far as poetry is concerned, she does have an Associate of Arts in Philosophy and English from Black Hawk College, Moline, Illinois, and is an alumna of Augustana College.

* * *

I was only six years old when my grandfather died, so my memories of him are only a child's memories. I remember a gentle old man with a mustache, one who taught me to play solitaire and who spun the wheels of clocks across the floor so that I might see the sunlight catch within their gold. I called him Afi and knew no other name for him. Afi carried snuff in one pocket and mints in another. Once he hid a book in the woodpile so that I could find it; this book was about the life of Jesus. He ate apples with a paring knife and drank his coffee from a saucer. At night Afi sat by Amma's side at the edge of my bed. They sang, "Bi bi og blaka . . . ," as they stroked my hair back from my brow. "sh--sh, Sh--sh," they would chant when the lullabies had ended. The clock would tick softly in the background and the light from the kitchen would reflect upon the gold of Afi's watch chain. "Goda nott," they would say. "Goda nott." The words were a whisper that blended with the tick of the clock and the songs of the crickets on the North Dakota prairie. They never spoke English.

Afi's eyes were gentle and wise. Amma's were also gentle, and they were lit with a kindly happiness. Their small home was so cozy that it denied the existence of a world that changed greatly every day. It was stable and warm, a refuge. I remember a Bible with thin paper pages, cool water and the taste of a tin dipper, an odor of wood and

of coffee and oatmeal, sugar lumps in a bowl on the oak of the old oval table, two goats in the back for their milk, books and playing cards, flowers and softness and friends. And against one wall, close by the front door, stood Afi's desk.

That desk stands in my house now, and in it are a few of those items which Afi left behind, one of the items being a notebook, the rough draft of a narrative that was written by my grandfather, Einar Jonsson Breidfjord, in the year 1947. A friend of mine, Sigurdis (Disa) Petursdottir, translated this narrative for me, as I was hoping that it would contain material that I would be able to use in my tribute to the Icelandic pioneers of North Dakota. Disa began to translate as follows: "I had expected to be asked to say something at the July celebration which was held at Upham last summer. In fact, I had already prepared myself to be ready for it, but because most of the main themes were done in English, I was not asked to say anything. Now I have decided to write down a little piece of the beginning, a small part from my own life."

In this way Afi's saga began. After Disa had finished her work, I saw that the tale that my grandfather created was good; it seemed as though Afi was speaking directly to me, telling me what I should say and how I should say it. The narrative led me through the first days of the settlement at the Mouse River, on through a period of unrest that occurred before the formation of the Melankton Lutheran Church, and farther, to the resolution of that unrest. This narrative is a tale more touching than any tribute that I could ever create by myself. Therefore, I have polished that rough draft and have tried to give a clearer image of what Afi intended to say. Also, because I know much about the history of my grandparents' lives, I have taken the liberty to finish those thoughts that my grandfather left unfinished. Where Afi says, "I was a lost sheep," I say more in an attempt to give a more accurate view of the circumstances. Afi tends to dwell upon the happiness of the early days, but those days were not all happiness and light. They were also days of poverty and hardship, and at times, a deep and painful sorrow.

Although the narrative that follows this introduction is not complete, due to the loss of the final pages of Afi's manuscript, it does provide a revealing portrait of a very colorful and kind-hearted people, the Icelandic pioneers that settled the Mouse River Valley.

AFI'S SAGA

There were no tall and stately homes scattered across the prairie when I arrived here with by small family in 1894. There were fourteen Icelandic homes at that time, eight on the river to the east and six on the haylands that lie beneath the sand hills to the west. Most of these homes were no more than sod huts and they were not very pleasant

to look at. The huts were low and narrow — most of them no more than twelve feet in width; their length ran according to the size of the family. Only one of the homes, the home of Gudmundur Freeman, varied in style from the others. Gudmundur's home was built from wood. It was the largest home of the settlement and had a greater slope to the roof and an attic. Gudmundur was not a wealthy man, but he was rich in hospitality. Even though his home was poor and drafty, everything was given freely to any guest.

In those early days, all of the people of the settlement lived as brothers and sisters. There were many invitations to christenings and dances and there was a great liveliness and happiness among the people. Two young men, Jonas Goodman and Sveinbjorn Benson, would play their harmonicas for our pleasure and for our dancing. They wre not paid much, only coffee and soy beans, but they did not mind. They were happy to be able to give of themselves to the people. At that time, this type of pay was not uncommon. We did not have a society such as exists today. There were no churches in our settlement, nor were there any libraries, hospitals or doctors. Any service that was needed was given by one of our own. The pay, if any, was given out of gratitude.

As I have said, we did not have any of the establishments that people feel need of today, but we got along. As long as we had our homes, we had a place for everything. Church services were held in one home or another. The books that we gathered for our Reading Club — they too traveled from house to house. Even the babies were delivered at home. Jonas Danielsson, a big and red-bearded man who was not a doctor, always helped with the delivery in those days. Jonas may not have delivered the babies as a professional would have, but everything always lucked out in the end. On that there is no mistake.

We were a happy and free-spirited people. It always seemed as though there was some place to go or something to do. We would get together for one reason or another, often to do nothing more than to read. The single men would come spurring their best horses to our gatherings; the families would come in run-down wagons with high wheels. Back then, nobody thought about having a smooth ride and there were no roads over the uneven ground. The women would shake high into the air at the top of the wagon, but they did not complain. They were happy to be going among friends. Even when there were no parties, the women would walk back and forth between the small huts. Rain and floods could not keep them at home; they did not mind their wet feet. Often I saw Gudny and the other women walk the wet ground to a neighbor's home, holding their needlework close to their chests as they walked. Together the women would chat as they worked. They were always so happy and talkative. Never were there any apologies made about housework that did not get done.

We did not have much, but we were very happy. We were a community. And, even though there was little to share in the settlement, the people did share those crumbs that they had. There was no grumbling here. Any time any one person had need of a helping hand, every other person was ready to give of his labor, or of his supplies. If this had not been, then we could not have survived.

Then, when I had been here for two years, many Icelanders added their numbers to the settlement and things began to change. Gatherings became overcrowded and there was need for a meeting house. Our homes were too small for the church services. They were also too small for the parties and the dances. But now it seemed as though no one man listened to any other man and the disagreements among the people put off the building of our meeting house. We had always expressed ourselves freely, but be-

fore the great influx of new settlers, each man's opinion had been respected and listened to. This was no longer true. Nothing seemed the same and the feeling of brotherhood seemed to be disappearing. I became very gloomy, as I felt as though there was no strand that a man could hang onto. Each man was alone. We needed a leader, but we had none. We did not even have a pastor in our settlement, nor did we have one close by. This was a terrible problem, but it was soon to be resolved.

In the summer of 1897, as in the years before, I worked as a shepherd for our Icelandic neighbors. Much of that year, from the beginning of May to the first of November, I would be west in the wilderness where there was no house and there was no man on the move. All of the land was unbuilt for as far as the eye could see and I was alone, gloomy and brooding. I was a lost sheep, one who did not feel he was worth much. Even then, in the warmth of the summer sun, I could feel the cold of the winter coming on, and with the winter would come little warmth and little food for my family. That first fall, the fall that we arrived here with our forty-nine cents, our infant daughter had died, and now in my brooding that young death hung heavy on my soul. How long would our new Thura live and be healthy? Thus, in the dark of my mind, I spent my lonely hours in wretched thought.

Then, on July twenty-first of that same year, 1897, I saw a man come toward me from the east. This man, whose name was Johann, told me that an Icelandic pastor, the Reverend Jonas Sigurdsson, was going to hold a service at the school house that stood two miles northeast of where Upham stands now. "This pastor," Johann said, "is going to hold a service over the heads of our people." "That will not do me any good," I said to Johann. "I have to stay with my herds." Johann made a very gracious offer. He told me that he would stay and watch over the herds so that I could go to the service. I took this kind offer and went to my home to take off my herd rags and to put on some rags that were a little bit better. I could not go to church in such old and worn-out clothing.

I arrived at the school house to find all the people already assembled. The menfolk stood in one group outside of the school, among them was Stefan S. Einarson, a handsome and kingly man, one that stood head and shoulders over every other man alive. When these menfolk saw me, they surrounded me. They told me as though in Babylon that I should be the song master for our new church. But I told the men that I thought that Stefan should be song master. And, turning to Stefan, I told him the same thing. Stefan then told me that he was not about to lead the singing.

Just as Stefan refused my plea, I saw the Reverend Sigurdsson come from the midst of the group of women that stood beside a nearby house. What he was doing there, I have no idea. That was none of my business.

The menfolk set the pastor on me right away, as though I were a wild dog that needed taming. Reverend Sigurdsson shook hands with me, and he asked me very kindly if I would lead the singing. I told the man that all I could do is maa, bas, baa, like a sheep. But the reverend cocked his head at me and he smiled. He said that I should lead the singing, and that he would help me. Then my heart broke and fled somewhere out of that place where it should be. I mumbled something between yes and no, then turned to my friend Stefan and asked him to please support me. Stefan readily agreed to do that. The pastor then waded through the crowd and into the school, with me right on his heels and the whole crowd strung out behind. I went to the back of the room and sat on a stool to check on my heart, finding it no bigger than the head of a pin down in the bottom of my little toe.

The Reverend Sigurdsson stood at the front of the crowd and took up his psalm book. He asked me questions from this book, just as the old pastor had questioned me back in the motherland long ago. I answered these questions through my own heart and my mind and needed no help from the reverend, no help at all. Then the reverend asked me if I could start this verse, "Send Oss Nu Fadir Anda Thinn." I said, "I should say so," and I started to sing.

As I began to sing, I found myself flying in my imagination machine — back to Iceland, home to that old land. There, when I was only a fifteen-year old lad, I went to my church on one Sunday. The people were already there, but the old song master could not attend. Because of this song master's absence, the pastor had no one to lead the people in song. But that old pastor was not at a loss. He put on his cape and called the people into the church. Then, after the people had entered, the pastor came toward me. He asked me to to song master for that one day. I was so young, only recently con-

firmed, but I felt much as I did when I stood, so many years later, in that school house on the plains of North Dakota. I felt like a man who was strong and was useful and free. I stood among so many happy and good-hearted friends.

After the service the Reverend Sigurdsson thanked me, and I said goodby to the parish and to the pastor. Then I let the land fall under foot as I went west to my herds in my holey Icelandic skin shoes.

Melankton Church, near Upham, North Dakota.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Melankton Lutheran Church was established on that day of July 21, 1897. The Reverend Jonas Sigurdsson could not stay at the Mouse River settlement, as he had many other parishes to attend to, but he did stay long enough to help the people organize their new church. This church, which was housed in a log cabin throughout its early years, became the very center of a close-knit community of Icelandic pioneers.

Nearly forty years after the formation of Melankton, my grandmother, Gudny Jonasdottir Breidfjord, wrote the following in a letter to her half-sister, Gudbjorg Bertha Danielsson: "We moved last fall to the town of Upham, as the government bought our land in the Sand Hills. It did better than that; it bought all of the land on both sides of the river, all the way north to the Canadian border — some 55,000 acres. Consequently, most of the owners have been compelled to give up their land and their homes. The old Icelandic community is entirely destroyed . . . All of this land will be converted to form a lake, a park, and a bird sanctuary."

Although the Mouse River settlement is no longer in existence, Melankton Lutheran Church still stands within the small town of Upham, North Dakota. It is no longer an ethnic church, but many descendants of the early pioneers continue to worship within its walls.

AFI

LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

The Breidfjord family: Einar Jonsson (AFI), Gudny Jonasdottir, Vilhelm Steinn, and Thuridur (Thura).

You were old,
And when I was young,
I used to run to you
Barefoot and
Afraid,
And you would sooth my hurts,
And gently rise me up
Above the wounds,
And make me laugh.

Now you are gone,
And have been gone
A long time.
Only the fantasies and
Images which you
Gave to me remain.
It's only love that counts.
Once upon a time there was a good little elf —
who hid under the pile of dirty laundry,
Over there, in the corner.

THE ADDRESS OF THE FJALLKONA 1980

at the Islendingadagurinn, Gimli, Manitoba

Adalbjörg Sigvaldason

Bogga or Alla as she is often called was born in 1910 in the Geysir District, Manitoba. Her parents were Johann Saemundsson Jonsson, and his wife, Thora Gudmundsdottir Arngrimsson. By extensive reading she has acquired a broad, self taught education. She has taught the Icelandic language in elementary schools: also through the sponsorship of the Evergreen School Division and the Gimli Chapter of the Icelandic National League, she has taught an advanced Icelandic language, evening class for adults in Gimli for the last three years.

Bogga and her husband, Gudni, live on a farm in the Framnes District near Arborg which has aptly been named ''A Home of Enchantment'', because the quality and design of the landscaping and flowers show well their artistic and industrious characteristics.

She is a member of the Framnes Ladies Aid and a leader in the Vidir 4-H Club. Since 1946 she has been the secretary of the Esjan Chapter of the Icelandic National League.

* * *

I bring you greetings from the land of your ancestry.

My attire on this festive day symbolizes the beauty of my land and the richness of its culture. White has ever been the colour of purity and integrity of thought, word, and deed. The headdress is remindful of snow-capped mountain peaks and the cape of verdant slopes and valleys. Dominant on the crown are the guardian spirits of Iceland, one for each of the four main parts of the country, and then the Icelandic flag.

Our skalds have composed superb poetry through the ages and the visionaries have inspired progress and recorded sagas. Other pillars of cultural inspiration and the mainstay of the nation were the unsung heroes who calmly performed the duties of the day, who never entered the limelight but gave of their inner strength and benevolence, their self-developed intelligence and inborn ready wit to lighten the load of labour.

When disaster struck, many of your forebearers had no other recourse but to leave their beautiful homeland in the North Atlantic. With few other possessions than some precious volumes of books and a vision of a better life in a new land, they set out across the sea. But history repeated itself here where they again endured a hard struggle for livelihood in a panorama of plains and woodlands in place of waterfalls and highlands.

But Bragi, the god of poetry was prominent here too, or as Stephan G. Stephansson, the Rocky Mountains poet words it:

''Remarkable the Icelandic nation
All that it has lived (through)
Its thoughts and circumstances
In rhyme has recorded.''

And intermittently to us from across the wide ocean came news of people who cherished memories of our picturesque land with the swan song of the heath where family and friends still dwelt ''heima'' . . .

''When the setting sun is nigh
And summer turns to fall,
We reminisce of days gone by
Fond memories recall.''

Through continuous effort, vision gradually became a reality. On days such as this we are ever mindful of those who came first; the land breakers who cultivated the green, living earth. We feel no less gratitude, however, to younger generations who built on the stable foundations, who developed their talents and skills, bringing honour to this land of their birth, and fosterland of the pioneers. And heartwarming it is to recognize here yet the family characteristics — to a keen eye easily discerned — traceable to whichever part of my country roots lead.

Among you are still found linguists equally fluent in the language of their forefathers as that of this country. A poem by David Stefansson from Fagraskogi reminds us that our literature is widely acclaimed and treasured on this continent:

''The mind enhanced by Icelandic culture
is brought to think about past history
and ancestors who lived long ago.

Still fighting the stormy nights
are generations which have deep roots
in fertile soil and a firm foundation.

This is where the people,
the soul of the nation,
have a well of a thousand years.''

Your origin will yet be a source of strength to you and sentiments will prove from where spring waters flow. And, in the stillness of the evening of this day the beloved songs of Iceland will once again fill the air.

May you and yours ever be blessed with good fortune.

TOAST TO CANADA

Islendingadagurinn at Gimli, Manitoba, 1980

by Leola Arnason Josefson

Leola Josefson was born in Lincoln County, Minnesota. Her parents were Margaret (nee Isfeld) and Christian William Anderson. She graduated in Home Economics from the University of Minnesota. She is president of the Minnesota Chapter of the American Scandinavian Foundation, as well as of the Northwestern Lutheran Seminary Auxiliary: past president of the local Lutheran Church women: former vice-president of the Church Women United of Minnesota. She has been actively involved in the PTA, in political campaigns, girl scouts and cub scouts. Her career is truly an example of an impressive and dedicated involvement in community service.

* * *

Thank you for this special opportunity to Toast Canada. As I stand here, I am almost overwhelmed by feelings of gratitude and humility for I recognize the honor you have bestowed upon me.

We share a common bond, although we are separated by an international border. I am of Icelandic descent. My father's parents, Maria Oddsdottir and Ingaldur Arnason, immigrated to Selkirk in 1890 where my father was born. At the turn of the century, the Arnasonas moved to the Icelandic community in Minneota, Minnesota. My mother's parents, Adalbjorg Jonsdottir and Gudjon Isfeld, came as immigrants to Lincoln County, Minnesota in 1879. These grandparents and my own parents, Margaret and Christian Arnason, instilled in me love for, and pride in, my Icelandic heritage.

This is a special day as it climaxes an exciting festival that honors the past, celebrates the present, and raises the challenge to all of us to perpetuate our heritage into the future.

After reviewing the history of the Icelandic immigration to North America, I feel that we must indeed pause to honor those pioneer settlers. Because of economic and political turmoil, they left a much-beloved homeland to seek a better life for themselves and their children. They endured unbelievable physical hardships as they built a strong foundation for future generations. They were brave, strong, tenacious. They met the challenge of forming a community out of the wilderness and adapting to their new land's customs. They broke virgin prairie, learned new fishing methods, built churches, schools, took care of their aged and needy, and learned the ways of their new home. Dedicated to good government, they created an outstanding constitution which was the basis for governing New Iceland as a republic for twelve years.

These pioneer Icelanders desired to become — and became — part of the New World. But, they never forgot their love for Iceland and instilled in us — their descendants — a profound respect for this heritage. The desire to preserve this heritage was given concrete form by the creation of the Icelandic Chair at the University of Manitoba. In another sense the creation of this Icelandic Chair at a Canadian University evidences the mingling of the Canadian and Icelandic cultures which has been so successfully achieved by the Icelandic-Canadians. As Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson so beautifully summarized in an article printed in the Winter, 1946, **Icelandic Canadian:**

" . . the establishment of a chair of Icelandic in our University is . . . not a sentimental whim of the descendants of a pioneer people who wish to preserve their identity in a new land. No group has adopted the customs and language of this land more rapidly by marriage and by social, business, and professional association into our Canadian way of life."

You of Canada today are to be commended for your continued support of the Icelandic traditions as you simultaneously develop your Canadian identity. The publications, **Lögberg-Heimskringla** and the **Icelandic Canadian,** have been a constant source of current, literary and historical information about Iceland and Western Icelanders in both the Icelandic and English languages. The Icelandic National League has been for years one of the unifying forces for Icelandic-Canadians. Your development of an excellent basic Icelandic curriculum for the public schools and language camps for the teaching of the Icelandic language are gifts from you to the young people of today. The Canada-Iceland Centennial Conference in 1975 with its theme of "The Icelandic Tradition in a Multi-Cultural Society" — a conference which I attended with my family — was an excellent survey of, and tribute to, the many contributions made by Icelanders to Canada. Your outstanding schools, your lovely churches, your commitment to good government, your successful business and professional leaders, and BETEL, the gracious home for the aged — all express your deep involvement with your Canadian communities and identity.

You citizens of present day Gimli exemplify the strengths forged out of the mixtures of the two cultural heritages — strengths typical of Icelandic-Canadians. Your response to the closing of the local air base showed the same fortitude, tenacity, and adaptability of your pioneer ancestors. It also showed your awareness of modern Canada and its needs. The Industrial Park developed at the old air base site turned what might have been a tragic economic decline into growth and economic strength for the community with its new jobs and increased tax base. The Gimli Museum preserves the ethnic past and makes it accessible to Canadians present and future. The Evergreen Regional Library is a resource for learning now and for the future — a resource which recalls the strong Icelandic concern with education and learning.

These same strengths have been shown on a larger scale by both the federal and provincial governments through, for example, the response to the declining population of the interlake and rural Manitoba areas. After an in-depth demographic study had been completed, special legislation was passed to create the Fund for Rural Economic Development known as "FRED", a program designed to promote local de-

velopment. One of the projects made possible by this program is Hecla Provincial Park, an area where Icelanders settled in 1876.

Judge Walter Lindal, famous jurist and long-time editor of the **Icelandic Canadian,** wrote an article in 1943 about the need for basic understanding among peoples. In reading that article, I was struck by the timelessness of his fundamental theme. The blending of the Icelandic and Canadian cultures during your past has shown how successful such cooperation may be. Today, it may be applied to the relationship between Canadians and Americans. Our geographical location and geological formations are very similar as well as contiguous. We are tied one to the other by ethnic bonds since both countries are multi-cultural. We share a love for freedom and the rights of individual citizens. We are drawn together by our shared belief in democratic principles of government. And our men and women have fought together through several generations in the cause of democracy and against common enemies. A recent, dramatic example of this united effort was the protection and rescue of the Americans threatened by Iranian militants which was carried out by Ambassador Taylor and members of the Canadian Embassy staff in Teheran. They risked their lives to free the Americans. We of America shall always be profoundly grateful to these brave men and women of your diplomatic corps. On behalf of my country, I say to you of Canada a heart-felt ''thank you''.

THE TOAST TO ICELAND 1980

at the Islendingadagurinn at Gimli, Manitoba

by Gustaf Kristjanson

Mr. Gus Kristjanson, M.A. (B.C.) was born in Wynyard, Saskatchewan. He graduated from the Faculty of Education, University of Saskatchewan in 1940. He later graduated with honours from the Academy of Radio Arts, University of Toronto. He was then hired by CBC in Toronto, for whom he prepared a number of radio dramas. He moved to Winnipeg in 1954. He is now a professor at the Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba. He has been on the editorial staff of The Icelandic Canadian for many years. Gus has been an enthusiastic and willing supporter of Icelandic activities of all kinds throughout his distinguished career.

* * *

On this 91st annual Islendingadag a tribute to Iceland is not hard to express, although one might be inclined to wonder in what particular way it might be expressed. Should we extol the virtues of the land itself, of the people who have built a nation in that land, or the ideas they have contributed to the world?

Consider the land to start with, a large, relatively barren island nestling on the edge of the Arctic Circle, spawned by volcanic eruptions that burst from a rift in the ocean floor. The island lay relatively uninhabited until well into the ninth century. Then some Norse adventurers discover it. Within a few years this patch of land in the North Atlantic is settled by thousands of people (ancestors of many of us here). The interaction of these people and this land creates the nation that is known as Iceland. This people has endured moments of severe trials as well as great achievement. Possibly the most notable achievement from the point of view of world opinion was the setting down in poetic form of the old Norse mythology and the fashioning of that body of literature known as the Icelandic Sagas. Iceland's legacy to the world has been recognized and is worthy of note.

I became vividly aware of that legacy when I visited Iceland three summers ago. I was visiting relatives in Husavik. My cousin had driven my wife and me to see a park not far from there, a canyon or depression of great natural beauty. The place is called **Asbyrgi.** Icelandic folklore has it that **Odin,** the supreme god of the Norse pantheon, was riding about the world on his horse, **Sleipnir.** As he swept through the air, one of his eight hoofs touched down on the solid rock creating the depression that is known as Asbyrgi (God's Shelter), obviously a colossal hoof print worthy of the mount ridden by the king of the gods. This association of place with myth puts it on a par, say, with the Pillars of Hercules. The ancients had a way of associating geography with mythology. It is a delightful spot, Asbyrgi, with its high perpendicular rocks surrounding a parklike area of water, trees and pleasant footpaths. The Icelandic poet, Einar Benediktsson, in his poem ''Summer Morning in Asbyrgi'' has given poetic expression to his feelings both with the place and the legend:

''Asbyrgi, pride of our land of pride.
Pearl of the river's meeting.''
(loosely translated)

He recounts the old story thus (in English translation):

"Sleipnir, his stead, from the sunlight's source
Raced through the isle on his headlong course;
Opened the earth at his hoofbeat spurning."

I saw nothing of Sleipnir on that late spring afternoon, but on that day and the following day as we drove around Myvatn, past the farms of Laxardalur and Adaldal, I continued to be impressed by the beauty and variety of this land.

Husavik has a particular spot in history as the place where the Swedish explorer, Gardar Svavarsson, spent a winter, the first Scandinavian to spend a winter in Iceland. Gardar sailed into the bay that is known as Skjalvandi which translated as "Shivering", a colourful name if ever there was one. Skjalvandi is fed by the waters of the river known as Skjalvandifljot. In this area lies the farmstead of Hraunkot. It looks westward across the meadows towards the waters of the Skjalvandifljot. This Hraunkot, in the midst of the lava fields formed by the elemental forces that created that land, and lying within such a short distance from places recorded in myth and history, is the place where my father was born, the place where my grandfather lived most of his life before emigrating to America. So I am not talking merely about some exotic or historically interesting spot in some far-off foreign land. I am talking about the place where my own ancestors lived, worked, triumphed, and suffered. Myth, history, and family background meet, then, in this area. Far from being unique, my case is representative of the sort of background from which many or most of you have sprung.

I have spoken of the countryside where my father's people lived. My mother's people were from Borgarfjordur, nearer to Reykjavik. We visited some of her relatives in Reykjavik. One of them drove my wife and me to Eyrarbakki. On the way we passed the mountain, Ingolfshofdi, where Ingolfur Arnarson, the first settler, passed the winter before going on to establish his home at what is now Reykjavik. We dropped in to visit and have coffee with Hallgrimur Helgason, the musician and composer. It seems to me that passing the dwelling place of one of the most famous men in Icelandic history, as well as the former home of a close relative, also visiting with a distinguished exponent of Iceland's culture and art, is somehow characteristic, somehow so Icelandic. They live in history. It is all around them, and their culture is so very much a part of their lives.

But it must have been a harsh land in the 1800's. Otherwise how could they — our ancestors — consider leaving it to seek a new and uncertain life in North America? What a tremendous boon it must have been to bring their culture with them; their language, their customs, their music, their way of preparing food! One is reminded of the words of the poet in which he nostalgically expresses the sentiment "that no matter where you may roam through foreign lands, the mark of your homeland will remain in your mind and your heart" (Translation).

How does all this concern me, and how does it concern many of you in the audience? Simply that the culture that our forefathers brought with them has to some extent rubbed off on us. It is not entirely lost even if we ourselves are overwhelmingly Canadian in our habits and outlook. While we of a younger generation than the original immigrants have a new culture and a new style of living, nevertheless some of the things that our ancestors brought with them are a part of us too. They help us to share what we call our identity. They are some of the things that make us unique. This uniqueness may be as superficial as enjoying a dish of skyr once in a while, or being partial to rullupylsa or hangikjöt especially in the Christmas season, or it may be the use of the odd Icelandic phrase. On the other hand it may be something that touches the heart a little more strongly — music perhaps. Whatever it is, to that extent we are Canadians with a difference. We are like trees and our roots have many branches. Much of our Canadian culture — and that is the culture of every one of us — has its roots in Britain, which it in turn owes much of its attitudes and practices to earlier cultures of northern continental Europe, as well as to Rome and Greece. Furthermore we have been influenced by the United States.

My childhood memories go back to the rhymes of Little Miss Muffett and Little Jack Horner. But mingled with these are "Sigga litla systir min. Situr ut i götu". " 'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse", unless it might be "Jolasveinar einn og atta" skittering about in remote corners of the house. Memories of musical strains of "My Old Kentucky Home" or "Annie Laurie" are oddly mixed at times with "O fogur er vor fosturjord" or "Nordur vid heimskaut". An extra strand has crept into the cultural fabric, and the fabric is all the richer for it. These influences in our lives — be they Greek, Roman, British, American, or Icelandic — all have played a part in making us what we are. But it is the ICELANDIC branch of our roots to which we wish to pay tribute today.

Those who have had the good fortune to visit Iceland will know something of the spirit of generosity, hospitality, and thoughtfulness that motivates these people. Those who have not, and may perhaps never see the sight of Mount Esja in the setting sun or the glories of the waters that descend over Gullfoss; who may never see the historic plains of Thingvellir where the forerunner of all parliaments met over a thousand years ago: even these may still appreciate that part of their heritage which will always be Icelandic. The writer Laura Goodman Salverson, writing in one of the first issues of THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN had something to say about this heritage:

> "It is right that we should cherish this inheritance and we should remember with humility rather than pride that we are the repositors of a humane tradition; that we are the sons and daughters of heroic men and women whom neither tyranny nor indescribable hardships could make to falter from their steadfast faith in the cardinal virtues of justice and liberty and the dignity of human life."

Iceland, we salute your achievements in bygone times and in the present years. We thank you for the spirit of enterprise that prompted you to reach beyond the boundaries of your own, beloved island. But especially today we thank you for that part of you that you have given to us to nourish in a new world and in a new society. "Aettarland sogu og frelsisins skjol", accept our gratitude and eternal good wishes.

CONGRATULATIONS TO KRISTINE AND BILL PERLMUTTER

Their son, David Kristjon, was born on July 22, 1980. Congratulations also to his amma and afi, Borga and Bjarki Jakobson, also to his lang-amma, Indiana Sigurdson. In the coming years he will play his part in the preservation of the Icelandic heritage in North America.

ABOUT MY DAD
GUDMUNDUR FINNBOGASON JONASSON

by Louise Bennett

Gudmundur Finnbogason Jonasson.

The memory of my father will never fade. He is a man to remember, a special man of unusual qualities and many accomplishments. He truly deserves a place in the historical story of the development of this land.

Dad died on July 14, 1977. A large void was left in the lives of his family and friends. His memory is deeply cherished.

Dad's parents, Jonas Kristjan Jonasson and Gudrun Gudmundsdottir, both from Iceland, built their homestead on the shores of Lake Manitoba, in the Siglunes district. On October 19, 1895, Dad was born in the first home on the far, in a log cabin. The farm, called ''Fagranes'', prospered despite extreme difficulties such as flooding, lack of roads, sparse settlements, but the environment did not deter the few families who settled there. Dad grew to manhood here, having assisted his father and family in the farming and fishing chores and helping in the small store on the farm. Tutors were brought to the farm for early schooling, and then Dad's father sponsored the organization of the Siglunes School District and a school was built to educate Dad, his brothers and sisters and young people of the community. Icelandic and English were spoken and read.

Dad left the farm to attend Success Business College in Winnipeg. When the First War began, he enlisted in the Army and went to England with the 18th Reserve Overseas Battalion. While training at Aldershot he took advantage of the opportunities afforded by the Khaki College to further his education in business administration.

After the war ended and on his return to Canada, Dad married Christine Fredricka Johnson, daughter of Gudjon and Salina Johnson, who were early settlers in Selkirk. Christine had been a school teacher in the Siglunes district.

Mother and Dad made their first home in Winnipegosis, where they operated a general store and were active in all phases of life in their community. It was here that their three daughters, Sylvia, Salina and Louise were born.

In 1929 my parents moved to Winnipeg and Dad realized that he had to work on his own to succeed. He established Keystone Fisheries Ltd. and, four years later, Perfection Net and Twine Co. In the fishing industry he had no peers, and due to his untiring efforts and business acumen he expanded trade beyond Canada and the United States to the European markets.

The Manitoba Government honored Dad with its highest award to exporters, with a special citation for his accomplishments.

His motto was ''It can be done''. Several periodicals, newspapers, trade journals and magazines wrote about his remarkable abilities, achievement and foresight. Besides the fishing industry he had financial and managerial interests in fur farms and publishing companies.

Despite his time and energy consuming businesses, Dad always had time for other interests. He was active in civic and community projects and especially in the economic, cultural and religious fields. He was involved with the Icelandic Historical Association, the Manitoba Institute for Medical Research, a director of Lutheran World Action, and a member of the Board of Trade and The Industrial Development Board. During his business life he was a Director of the Fisheries Council of Canada.

Now I have written about Dad as a business man and a public person. As a private man he was always helpful, considerate and willing. There were many who came to him for help, and it was always given readily. As a husband and father he was loving, caring and tender. He had a sense of humor and a great enthusiasm for life.

Christine, his widow, resides in Winnipeg at 421 Kelvin Boulevard.

Dad had much to be proud of, and we are proud of him. He lived a good life and we give thanks for his time with us.

MY FIRST LOVE*

by James Palmason Channing

My dear, e'en though our roads did part,
As roads too often do,
I know forever in my heart,
I will remember you.

The many times we used to meet,
Both a trifle shy,
To walk along some shady street
And let the world go by.

The softness of your hand in mine,
The smile e'er in your eye;
When happy, that sweet charming laugh,
When sad, that little sigh.

Every time I walk along
Some shady avenue,
I know I'll hear you whispering
''I'll always love you true.''

I know, my dear, that times have changed,
And you no longer care;
So now my life is re-arranged,
For that is only fair.

Now I will say goodbye, my dear,
For life must still go on;
But I'll often think of you, my dear,
My first love that is gone.

*Written when the author was 16 years of age.

SKALHOLT CEMETERY

by Liney Swainson

About four miles north of the Ernest Seton Bridge on Highway No. 258 is located a cemetery that marks the final resting place of early Icelanders that settled north-west of Glenboro during the latter part of the nineteenth century. It lies in the hills close to or within Spruce Woods Park. For a long time it was neglected, but is now looked after. A cairn was built in the centre of the cemetery with the names of all the people buried there inscribed.

This cemetery is one of three in North America where rest the remains of people of Icelandic descent exclusively.

A close sense of kinship links the past with the present, and occasionally — until a few years ago — burials were conducted, although, I believe, that it is twenty-eight years since the last one, that of my aunt, Gudrun Paulson. Eyjolfur Jonsson, my grandfather, was the first one laid to rest there in 1898.

At one time about 25 families of Icelandic descent lived in this area. The land was poor. They all moved away. Names of descendants of these people are well known: Dr. Tryggvi Oleson, Elma Gislason, John Harvard. Many others have become lawyers, teachers, nurses, professors, and doctors.

Young men of the community served in both world wars. Some of them gave their lives for Canada. Two that I know of died in the First World War.

There was at one time a Skalholt Hall where dances and reunions were held. A visiting minister held services there. Now the sand hills have covered the settlement, but the cemetery is there, a reminder of these hardy people, our predecessors, grandparents, and other relatives.

May they rest in peace.

A STORY OF INDOMITABLE FORTITUDE

by Mrs. Allie Johnson

Elias Kernested Breidford at 17.

On Saturday, April 5, members of the Free Church Unitarian in Blaine honored Elias Breidford at an open house at the church social hall from 3 to 5 p.m. The occasion is the 80th birthday of Breidford, a charter member of the church.

Elias has lived in Blaine since his arrival in 1916 with his parents, August and Margaret Breidford, and two brothers and five sisters.

Elias showed great creative ability in his early years, and at 17 he produced his first major invention — a specially designed vehicle made with old bicycle parts, in the style of a motorcycle with a side car. He propelled it with his hands and steered with his feet, claiming that it was his "Declaration of Independence."

The "rig" was stolen from in front of a business place in Bellingham, after transporting it there in a train baggage car. After that, Elias acquired a real motorcycle with a side car.

His creative talent has stood Breidford in good stead throughout his life. If he needed parts for his cameras and photo equipment and couldn't afford them, he made them instead.

During his early years, Breidford was employed at Barber's Jewelry Store in Blaine, later finding work in Burlington and Bellingham. He returned to Blaine to work at Shank's Photo Studio, having acquired an interest in taking and developing his own pictures. It wasn't long before he established himself in his own studio on Peace Portal, where he was known for his fine work for many years.

Always interested in community service, in 1942 Elias organized a "letter club" through his church. The church's young people wrote letters and sent pictures of local events to the men and women in the service. Sometimes these were the only letters which the servicemen received throughout the war years.

Breidford was also Sunday School Superintendent and director of the church choirs, which annually presented the "Christmas Cantata." He also directed the Icelandic chorus which sang at the Icelandic Day picnics and the Norwegian male chorus of Bellingham, with which he is still active.

His pleasing tenor voice was often heard in solos as he sang for community doings, weddings and funerals. He sang in, and directed, a male quartette at Radio Station KVOS, and was a member of the Breidford Quartette with his brother John, sister-in-law Nina and their daughters Virginia and Sharon.

Elias is past president of the local Lion's Club and a member of the Historical Society.

Elias Breidford is the talk of the Blaine Senior Center following his selection as Whatcom County Senior Citizen of the Year May 1980.

"We're all real proud because he's so deserving of the honor," Manager Donna Downing says.

* * *

BLAINE IS PROUD OF ELIAS BREIDFORD

by Jack Carver

Elias Kernested Breidford at 80.
—The Bellingham (Washington) Herald

Elias Breidford is a proud and happy man today. Proud that he could accomplish — and is still accomplishing — community service activity despite having suffered polio as an infant 80 years ago. Use of crutches is a necessity. Yet, nothing seems to stop him.

Whatcom County's 1980 Senior Citizen of the Year stopped in at his home town senior center in Blaine, the place that nominated him for the honor and offered three reactions to the award.

He was stunned, humble and pleased because he never thought he'd be chosen. He also commented on the "warm and sincere congratulations from the other 12 candidates."

Breidford, a musician, photographer, historian and inventor, said he slept soundly after the award ceremony. But, unashamedly, he admitted that when he woke up and realized the honor, he wept.

The perpetual trophy which goes with the award was left at the center to be displayed for the next year.

IN MEMORIAM: LT.-COL. A. K. SWAINSON

The family of the late Lt.-Col. A. K. Swainson has received word that a tree has been planted in his memory in Canada Park, Israel.

The Jewish National Fund of Canada is the sponsor of Canada Park. This park is being developed as a National Park for the recreation and well-being of the people of Israel. It is located half way between Tel Aviv and Jersualem.

The people who placed this tree in memory of Arthur are Hugh and Ann Silverman, Chitty Law Journal in Downsview, Ontario.

Arthur is the great-grandson of Eyjolfur Jonsson, the first person to be placed to rest in Skalholt Cemetery, near Glenboro, Manitoba.

THE CONGREGATIONS OF THE ICELANDIC LUTHERAN SYNOD, 1885-1962

by Eric Jonasson

The Icelandic Lutheran Synod was formally established at a meeting held at Mountain, North Dakota, on 23-25 January 1885. Its creation was the direct result of Rev. Hans B. Thorgrimsen, at that time the pastor of the Icelandic Lutheran congregation at Mountain. However, the successful organization of the Synod would not have been possible at that time without the support of other Icelandic Lutheran churches and their willingness to organize within a central body.

Although the Synod established in 1885 marked the advent of organized Icelandic Lutheranism in North America, it was not the first attempt at unifying Icelandic congregations. In 1877, the settlements in Manitoba (at that time the centre of Icelandic settlement) had two resident pastors, Rev. Jon Bjamason (1845-1914) of the liberal-minded State Church of Iceland and Rev. Pall Thorlaksson (1849-82) of the more conservative Norwegian Lutheran Synod. Their differing views led to two religious factions within the Icelandic settlements. The followers of Rev. Bjarnason organized themselves into the "Icelandic Synod of America" and held its first and only annual meeting at Gimli in 1879. Rev. Thorlaksson's adherents established themselves as the "Icelandic Congregation in New Iceland". The division created by the differing theological views eventually led to the migration to North Dakota of Rev. Thorlaksson's supporters.

The first annual conference of the 1885 Synod was held in Winnipeg on 24-27 June of the same year. Twelve separate congregations were represented and the official name of the organization was established as "The Icelandic Evangelical Lutheran Synod of America", although this was often referred to as "The Icelandic Lutheran Synod".

Over the next three-quarters of a century, the Icelandic Synod operated as a distinct branch of Lutheranism. In 1962, it was formally absorbed into the Lutheran Church in America and ceased to function as a separate body corporate. During its existence, it was subject to many changes in its membership and at its height in 1918/19 included 62 separate congregations. At two distinct times during its life, it was plagued with dissention and division. In 1891/92 five congregations left the Synod and the Selkirk congregation was seriously divided over the liberalized teachings of Rev. Magnus J. Skaptason and others. This secession ultimately led to the formation of the Unitarian Church among the Icelandic community. In 1910/11 the liberal New Theology teachings of Rev. F. J. Bergmann resulted in a split in the Synod and the withdrawal of nine congregations. In both instances, however, many of the dissenting congregations eventually returned to the Synod in time.

The move to unify the Icelandic Synod with other Lutheran bodies in North America has a long history. The first proposal to affiliate with the General Council of the (United) Lutheran Church in America, to which the majority of Lutheran Synods belonged, was made in 1894. Although there was a general feeling of fraternity with the General Council, affiliation itself was not approved until 1940. When the ULCA united with other Synods on the continent in 1962 to form the Lutheran Church in America, the existence of the Icelandic Synod came to a close.

Ninety-four separate congregations were members of the Icelandic Synod at various

times. The following list identifies these congregations and provides some information on their Synod affiliation. Information on those congregations which were Synod members before 1910 has been derived from **Miningarrit tuttugu og fimm ara afmaelis. Hins ev. lut. kirkjufelags Islendinga i Vesturheimi** (Winnipeg 1910), while information on post-1910 congregations has been based on the congregational lists published in the annual yearbooks of the Synod from 1913 to 1962. (Note: no yearbooks were found for the following years: 1914, 1915, 1930, 1931, 1937, 1940, 1951 and 1957). The original congregations were also found listed in the yearbook for 1885.

This listing should be considered as a preliminary discussion to a more complete and accurate list of Icelandic Synod congregations only. The author would greatly appreciate any corrections, additions and further information on those congregations included in this list. Correspondence can be sent to Box 205, St. James P.O., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3J 3R4.

NO.	NAME OF CHURCH	EST'D.	COMMENTS
NORTH DAKOTA			
1.	Park	1880	Located in Gardar area. Joined Synod 1885. United with Gardar 1885. (YB 1885).
2.	Gardar	——	Located at Gardar. Joined Synod 1885. United with Park 1885, afterwards known as Gardar. Left Synod 1909, but rejoined later. Large group not wishing to break ties with Synod broke from Gardar to form Luters. (YB 1924-38).
* 3.	Vikur	1880	Located at Mountain. Joined Synod 1885. Left Synod 1910, but rejoined later. (YB 1912-61).
4.	Pembina	1884	Located at Pembina? Joined Synod 1885. (YB 1885, 1912-35).
5.	Tungar	1885	Located in Akra-Hallson area. Joined Synod 1885. Divided 1886 to form parts of Vidalins and Hallson. (YB 1885).
6.	Austur-Sandhaeda	1885	Located in Akra-Hallson area. Joined Synod 1885. Dissolved 1886 to form part of Vidalins. (YB 1885).
7.	Grafton (Little Salt)	1885	Located at Grafton. Joined Synod 1885. Known as "Little Salt" before 1891. (YB 1885, 1912-27).
* 8.	Hallson	1886	Located at Hallson. Formed from part of Tungar 1886. Joined Synod 1887. (YB 1912-61).
* 9.	Vidalins	1886	Located at Akra. Joined Synod 1887. Formed from union of Austur-Sandhaeda and part of Tungar 1886. (YB 1912-61).
*10.	Fjalla	1886	Located 6 m. NE Milton. Joined Synod 1887. (YB 1912-61).
11.	Thingvalla (Eyford)	1889	Located in Gardar area. Formed by breakaways from Gardar 1889. Joined Synod 1889. (YB 1912).
*12.	Peturs	1893	Located at Svold. Joined Synod 1893. (YB 1916-61).

NO.	NAME OF CHURCH	EST'D.	COMMENTS
13.	Melankton	1897	Located at Upham. Joined Synod 1898. (YB 1912-49).
14.	Sankti Johannesar	1900	Located? Joined Synod 1900. Disbanded 1905.
15.	Luters	(1910)	Located in Gardar area. Joined Synod c. 1910. Formed from Gardar by adherents to Synod c. 1910. (later reunited? with Gardar c. 1924/25). (YB 1912-25).
16.	United Lutheran	1954	Mission station at Cavalier. (YB 1951-55).
MINNESOTA			
*17.	Lincoln	1879	Located 6 m. E. Ivanhoe. Joined Synod 1894. (YB 1912-61).
18.	Vesturheims	1879	Located 8 m. NE Minneota. Joined Synod 1896. (YB 1912-53).
*19.	Sankti Pals (St. Pauls)	1887	Located at Minneota. Joined Synod 1891. (YB 1912-61).
20.	Marshall	1887	Located at Marshall. Joined Synod 1891. Was still active 1910.
21.	Duluth	1888	Located at Duluth. Joined Synod 1888. Had disbanded by 1890.
22.	Luters	1899	Located in Roseau area. Joined Synod 1900. Disbanded 1903.
MANITOBA			
23.	Baejar (Nyrdri-Vidines)	1877	Located at Gimli. Joined Synod 1885. See Vidines. (YB 1885).
24.	Steinkirkju (Sydri-Vidines)	1877	Located 1/2 m. S. Husavik. Joined Synod 1885. See Vidines. (YB 1885).
*25.	Breiduvikur	1877	Located 1 m. N. Hnausa. Joined Synod 1885. Left Synod 1891, reinstated 1900. (YB 1885, 1912-61).
*26.	Braedra (Fraternal)	1877	Located at Riverton. Joined Synod 1885. (YB 1885, 1912-61).
*27.	Mikleyjar (Hecla)	1877	Located on Hecla Island. Although initially established 1877, it became dormant by 1881. Was re-established 1886 and joined Synod same year. Left Synod 1891 but dissolved after one month. Shortly after, small group reorganized congregation and rejoined Synod. (YB 1912-61).
28.	Threnningar (Trinity)	1878	Located in Winnipeg. Forerunner of First Lutheran.
*29.	First Lutheran	1878	Located in Winnipeg. Name changed from Threnningar in 1884. Joined Synod 1885. (YB 1885, 1912-61).
*30.	Frikirkju (Free Church)	1884	Located at Bru, 7 m. SW Cypress River. Joined Synod 1885. Part separated from it to form Frelsis 1885. (YB 1885, 1912-61).
*31.	Frelsis (Liberty)	1885	Located at Grund, 6 m. N. Baldur. Joined Synod 1885. Formed from part of Frikirkju 1885. (YB 1912-61).

NO.	NAME OF CHURCH	EST'D.	COMMENTS
32.	Vidines	1885	Formed by union of Baekjar and Steinkirkju 1885. Joined Synod 1885. After 1890, Baejar separated (see Gimli) and Vidines was composed only of Steinkirkju. (YB 1912-60).
*33.	Arnes	1877	Located at Arnes. Joined Synod 1885. Left Synod 1891. Reorganized and reinstated in Synod 1892/93. (YB 1885, 1912-61).
*34.	Selkirk	1889	Located in Selkirk. Joined Synod 1889. Left Synod 1892, but minority reorganized congregation within Synod shortly after. (YB 1912-61).
35.	Vonin (Brandon)	1889	Located in Brandon. Joined Synod 1889. (YB 1912-40).
*36.	Geysir (Fljotshlidar)	1890	Located at Geysir, 6½ m. E. Arborg. Joined Synod 1890. Known as Fljotshlidar until 1900. (YB 1912-61).
*37.	Gimli	1890	Located at Gimli. Originally Baejar, separated from Vidines 1890. Left Synod 1891, reinstated 1900. (YB 1912-61).
38.	Tjaldbudar (Tabernacle)	1894	Located in Winnipeg. Joined Synod 1905. Left Synod 1909, later became Unitarian congregation.
39.	Johannesar	1898	Located in Pipestone area. Joined Synod 1899. (YB 1912-22).
*40.	Gudbrands	1900	Located 1 m. W. Brown. Joined Synod 1900. (YB 1912-61).
*41.	Ardals	1902	Located in Arborg. Joined Synod 1902. (YB 1912-61).
42.	Trinitatis	1903	Located in Langruth area. Joined Synod 1903. (YB 1916-20).
43.	Swan River	1903	Located in Swan River area. Joined Synod 1903. (YB 1912-35).
44.	Furudals	1905	Located at Piney. Joined Synod 1905. (YB 1912-58).
*45.	Lundar	1906	Located at Lundar. Joined Synod 1907. (YB 1912-61).
*46.	Immanuels	1907	Located in Baldur. Joined Synod 1908. (YB 1912-61).
47.	Luters (Luthers)	1913	Located at Otto, 7 m. E. Lundar. (YB 1928-49).
48.	Vidir	1914	Located at Vidir, 8 m. NW Arborg. Disbanded 1960. (YB 1917-59).
49.	Hola	1914	Located 7 m. W. Reykjavik. (YB 1914-42).
50.	Skalholt	1914	Located at Reykjavik. (YB 1914-42).
51.	Betaniu (Bethany)	1914	Located at Hayland. (YB 1914-43).
*52.	Betel	1914	Located 4 m. S. Silver Bay, later at Ashern. (YB 1914-61).
53.	Jon Bjarnason	1914	Located at Siglunes P.O. (YB 1914-42).
54.	Grunnavatn	(1914)	Located in Lundar area? (YB 1914-27).
55.	Vestfolds	(1914)	Located in Lundar area. (YB 1914-20).

NO.	NAME OF CHURCH	EST'D.	COMMENTS
56.	Skjaldborgar	(1914)	Located in Winnipeg. Dissolved and united with First Lutheran 1923. (YB 1914-22).
*57.	Trinity (Camper)	1915	Located 5 m. W. Camper. (YB 1959-61).
58.	Poplar Park	(1916)	Located N of Selkirk. (YB 1916-20).
59.	Stranda	1917	Located at Wapah. (YB 1917-43).
60.	Winnipegosis	1917	Located in Winnipegosis. (YB 1918-58).
*61.	Herdubreid	1917	Located at Langruth. (YB 1916-61).
62.	Odda	(1918)	Located in Swan River area? (YB 1918-19).
*63.	Glenboro	1919	Located in Glenboro. (YB 1921-61).
*64.	St. Stephen's	1956	Located in Winnipeg. (YB 1954-61).
SASKATCHEWAN			
65.	Thingvalla-nylendu	1888	Located 4 m. NE Churchbridge. Joined Synod 1888. (YB 1912-40, 1949-53).
66.	Luters	1891	Located in Calder area. Joined Synod 1891. Disbanded 1894.
*67.	Konkordia	1901	Located 5 m. N. Churchbridge. Joined Synod 1902. (YB 1912-61).
68.	Isadoldar	1903	Located in Dongola area. Joined Synod 1904. (YB 1912-38).
69.	Hola	1904	Located in Tantallon area. Joined Synod 1904. Disbanded 1909.
70.	Kristnes	1906	Located in Foam Lake area. Joined Synod 1906. See also Foam Lake. (YB 1912-21).
71.	Quill Lake	1906	Located in Quill Lake area. Joined Synod 1907. Left Synod 1910.
72.	Vatna	1907	Located in Quill Lake area. Joined Synod 1907. Left Synod 1910.
73.	Foam Lake	1909	Located in Foam Lake area. Joined Synod 1909. Established by former members of Kristnes. (YB 1924-37).
74.	Agustinus	1909	Located at Kandahar. Joined Synod 1909. (YB 1912-49).
75.	Immanuel	1911	Located at Wynyard. (YB 1912-49).
76.	Lögberg	1914	Located 9 m. S. Calder. Formed when Thingvalla divided 1914. (YB 1914-53).
77.	Hallgrims	(1914)	Located in Quill Lake area. (YB 1914-35).
78.	Elfros	1916	Located at Elfros. (YB 1916-49).
79.	Slettu	(1916)	Located in Quill Lake area. (YB 1916-27).
80.	Sions	(1917)	Located in Quill Lake area. (YB 1917-31).
81.	Luters	..	Located at Mozart. (YB 1928).
82.	United Lutheran	1939	Located at Foam Lake. (YB 1940-49).
83.	United Lutheran	1939	Located at Leslie. (YB 1940-49).
84.	Foam Lake—Kandahar		Located in Foam Lake-Kandahar area. Mission station only. (YB 1953-55).
ALBERTA			
85.	Alberta (Markerville)	1900	Located at Markerville. Joined Synod 1900. Left Synod 1909.

NO.	NAME OF CHURCH	EST'D.	COMMENTS
86.	Edmonton	1906	Located in Edmonton. Joined Synod 1907. (YB 1912-20).
BRITISH COLUMBIA			
87.	Victoria	1889	Located in Victoria. Joined Synod 1889. Left Synod 1892.
88.	Vancouver	1913	Located in Vancouver. (YB 1914-40).
89.	Crescent	(1918)	Located at Crescent Beach. (YB 1918-20).
*90.	Icelandic Lutheran	1944	Located in Vancouver. (YB 1944-61).
WASHINGTON			
91.	Blaine	1913	Located in Blaine. (YB 1914-55).
*92.	Threnningar (Trinity)	1913	Located on Point Roberts. (YB 1914-61).
*93.	Hallgrims (Calvary)	1925	Located in Seattle. Known as Hallgrims before 1947. (YB 1918-61).
UTAH			
94.	Spanish Fork	1890	Located in Spanish Fork. Affiliated with Synod 1890-1937.

NOTES: 1. Asterisk before number of church indicates it was a member of Synod at the time it was absorbed into the Lutheran Church in America.
2. Dates in parentheses indicate that date is uncertain.
3. "YB" dates are taken from Synod Year Books and indicate the period that the congregation was regarded or listed as a member of the Synod. Following the periods indicated in this manner, congregations may have continued in operation outside of the Synod.

ISLENZK GRAFIK

This year marks the 10th in the life of the **Graphic Society of Iceland.** To commemorate that milestone, the society has gathered together some 120 works by 17 of its member-artists and has sent this collection on a tour of the Scandinavian countries. Thanks to retired professor at San Francisco State University, **Astvaldur Eydal,** we in the Bay Area are going to be able to enjoy this outstanding exhibit. It is due to open at that university's Art Gallery on or around Leif Eriksson Day, next October 9. You will be hearing more about this in our next announcement. Needless to say, this is a great event for our community. It is the very first time an Icelandic art exhibit comes to California and plans are under way to make it a truly memorable occasion.

DR. THORDUR WALDIMAR THORDARSON FOUNDER OF THE DIVISION OF INDEPENDENT STUDY

by Arnetta Hanson Moncrief

Dr. Thordarson and Gov. Rockefeller at division commencement.

T.W. was born on a homestead northwest of Gardar, North Dakota. His parents were Grimur Thordarson and Ingibjörg Hannesson (changed to Hanson) Thordarson.

He was a typical child of the pioneer, for his youth was spent in hard work and responsibility. His father having died when he was still young, his mother was left a widow assisted by her husband's sister, who made her home with the family, to take care of seven children and an adopted daughter.

The mother encouraged her son and daughters to get an education. All of them attended college.

He, like other children of that period, had to take his high school away from home, which was costly. He never forgot the struggle young people of the rural areas had to obtain a high school diploma. He was among those who was employed early and saved to pay for his schooling, which covered board and room, books as well as transportation. As most parents could not assist their children, a number of young people never achieved their potentialities.

Dr. Thordarson attended Valley City State College: later became a principal at Wales, North Dakota. He obtained his master of science degree from the North Dakota State University. He did various kinds of work in order to pay for his education such as being a salesman and serving as a County Extension Agent. He was a commissioned officer in the army Field Artillery during World War I. He was later employed by Montgomery Ward and Company with the main office in Chicago, Illinois as agricultural consultant and sales manager. His territory extended throughout the Northwest.

He later became a teacher and director of training war veterans at the State University in Fargo, North Dakota.

In 1925 T. W. Thordarson became assistant professor and director of correspondence courses, which gave high school graduates an opportunity to earn college hours in the field of agriculture.

His association with the college correspondence courses for the young farmers throughout North Dakota played a role along with his own struggle to get a high school education far from home affected his intense interest in introducing a novel idea of correspondence program.

Dr. Thordarson dreamed up a plan for every high school age or older, whether handicapped or isolated, whereby these individuals could study at home aided by their parents, who learned as well. Many followed the instruction under the guidance of the rural teacher. Students in regular high schools had the opportunity to study courses not offered in their regular curriculum. This was drawn up into a bill and presented to the North Dakota legislature. At first he had an uphill struggle to convince the representatives of this form of educational method in finishing high school. When the law was passed Dr. Thordarson became the state

director. This was the first time in the history of our nation that such an arrangement of completing high school became a law. In 1938 he received a Rockefeller Educational Foundation grant for his successful accomplishment in his worthy project.

His involvement in this gave him an opportunity to study and do research in school radio broadcasting at some of the country's best educational institutions such as Stanford, Columbia and the University of Wisconsin. He was also a lecturer and writer of features in a number of educational magazines. Later he became a co-author of a high school text book, "Basic Mathematics", published by Allyn and Bacon. Another original idea instituted by Dr. Thordarson was a film library, which has now grown into some of the best in the nation. The lending library was an outgrowth of the Division of Supervised Study with a very limited number of books in the beginning, many were donated as gifts by Dr. Thordarson. It has now grown into a large library compared to any other in the state. The Assembly Program known as Lyceum Service, which brought talent to the school such as drama, music or humor was originated by Dr. Thordarson, and Mr. J. H. O'Keefe became the program director. Some of the best talent in the nation has presented programs.

The State Department sent him and his family on a three month educational evaluation tour to Iceland in 1956.

At all times the correspondence graduations were presented at the college division center with the state dignitaries in attendance. At one time the late former governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller, attended and presented the address. One hundred and fifty thousand students have studied under this plan. The department has grown considerably and now offers 125 courses. A number of graduates became professionals, such as doctors, lawyers and teachers at a time whrn they were scarce.

He was honored in 1968 by state officials, educators, friends and relatives, when he and his family were guests at a testimonial dinner. Dr. Russell representing the State Board of Public School Education made known that the building of the Department of Supervised Study would thereafter be known as Thordarson Hall followed by dedication services.

Concordia College, Moorehead, Minnesota, conferred an honorary doctor of laws degree at graduation in 1956. During the exercises he was praised for his outstanding work he had done for the rural youth of his home state of North Dakota. Quote: "He contributed to the creation of the first state supervised and operated correspondence study program for rural youth. Under his guiding genius it became a pattern for other states to follow."

In 1950 he graduated from LaSalle Extension University with a bachelor of law degree through correspondence study. He received a certificate of permit to practice law before the Supreme Court of North Dakota.

His lovely wife is Kathryn (née Olafson) Thordarson, a former teacher. She is a niece of the well known late Rev. K. K. Olafson and a sister of Dr. Petur Olafson, a retired professor of Cornell University. They were the parents of one daughter, Sally (Kirkevold) and have three grandsons.

Dr. Thordarson died on October 15, 1979.

Thus ended an era of another genius whose life was spent in making this world better by giving the youth an opportunity for education. Quote from an editor of a magazine supplement to a newspaper: "The people of Icelandic identity have done more than their share in producing worthy people."

IN THE NEWS

DR. LEO KRISTJANSON APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

Leo Kristjanson, currently vice-president of planning of the University of Saskatchewan since 1975, became that university's sixth president on July 1 for a five-year term.

Born in Gimli, Manitoba, where he attended high school, Dr. Kristjanson went on to United College (now the University of Winnipeg) for the Bachelor of Arts degree (1958), the University of Manitoba for the M.A. degree in History (1959), and the University of Wisconsin for the Doctor of Philosophy in Economics (1963). During the academic year 1956-57 he taught in the Collegiate at United College.

Dr. Kristjanson has lived in Saskatoon since 1959, when he was appointed research economist with the Centre for Community Studies. He has been a member of the University of Saskatchewan since 1959, becoming head of the department of Economics and Political Science in 1969 and vice-president (Planning) in 1975.

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THE STEPHAN G. STEPHANSSON HOUSE RESTORATION COMMITTEE

The St. G. Stephansson House Restoration Committee and Alberta Culture, Historic Sites Service are attempting to compile all possible translations of St. G. Stephansson's poems. It is hoped that such a compilation will result in a publication which could be sold for a nominal fee at the Stephansson House Historic Resource near Markerville, Alberta. If anyone has such translations which have not been published and if they are interested in their publication, please send them to either of the two addresses below. All translators will receive full credit in the publication for their work.

Al Arnason, Chairman,
St. G. Stephansson House Restoration Committee,
14434 McQueen Rd.,
Edmonton, Alta.

or

Jane McCracken,
Research Officer,
Alberta Culture, Historic Sites Service,
8820 - 112 St.,
Edmonton, Alta. T6G 2P8

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STEFANI ANN CHRISTOPHERSON

Another cultural event that touches our community also, is the appearance of Stefani in the Civic Light Opera's **The Umbrellas of Cherbourg** this fall. The show opens on Sept. 2 and runs through Oct. 11. Of Stefani's performance in this musical in New York last season, the New York times critic used words like: ". . . a beautiful woman . . . a lovely voice . . . a sensitive feel for a song . . . a fine actress." Don't miss it!

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WHEREABOUTS OF RELATIVES SOUGHT

Ragna Aradottir of Reykjavik is planning a trip to Canada. She would like to locate some of her relatives. Her grandparents, Thorlakur and Maria Nelson (both deceased) settled at Clarkleigh, Manitoba. They had two children, Kristjana and Björn (deceased). Ragna is Kristjana's daughter. Björn had seven children. Anyone knowing their whereabouts please contact the editor of **The Icelandic Canadian.**

GRADUATE

Darrell Ross Corkal

Darrell Ross Corkal has received his Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil) from the University of Manitoba. Darrell obtained his primary and secondary education at The Pas, Brandon and Dauphin. He will be taking up residence in Regina, where he will be employed with the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration.

He is the son of Mercil and Elizabeth (nee Bjornsson) Corkal of Dauphin, Manitoba. He is the grandson of Margaret (nee Asmundsson) Bjornsson and the late Larus Bjornsson of Fraserwood and Joseph and Rose Corkal of Gimli.

He is following in the footsteps of his father who holds a Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil). Darrell has a younger brother, Darcy, who will be enrolling in second year Engineering this fall, and a sister, Kimberley, attending High School at Dauphin.

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IODE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Jon Sigurdsson Chapter, IODE offers annually three academic scholarships given in memory of the Chapter's Founder, Johanna Gudrun Skaptason, Charter Member Elinborg Hanson, and Life Member Valdina Gottfred. These scholarships are available for students of Icelandic origin who have successfully completed Grade XII with high standing in a Manitoba High School and who are registered for a first year degree course, this fall, at a Manitoba University.

In addition, a Jon Sigurdsson Chapter, IODE Music Scholarship is open to a student of Icelandic origin who has taken the Western Board of Music or the Royal Conservatory of Toronto Music Exams, Grade VI or over, in Piano, Instrumental or Voice.

Application forms may be obtained from:

Mrs. Gloria Meadows
Education Secretary
Jon Sigurdsson Chapter, IODE
23 Wedgewood Drive
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2J7

Deadline for applications is October 15, 1980.

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A NEW LETTERHEAD

Many years ago, **Ralph Johnson** designed our handsome letter-head. Ralph and his wife, **Ingibjorg,** lived in San Francisco at the time and were active members in our society. Ralph served as both treasurer and recording secretary and Ingibjorg lent her support and could always be counted on to lend beauty to every gathering by appearing in her gorgeous Icelandic national dress. But this was over 20 years ago and your Board now feels, that the time has perhaps come to look for a more simple and streamlined letterhead for our official mail. So a competition is on! Submit your idea as soon as you can and send it to **Will Perry,** 566 Webster Drive, Martinez, 94553. The winner will be announced at our annual meeting in October. The prize is a 2-volume set of dictionaries, Icelandic-English and English-Icelandic.

JOE SVEINSSON NAMED MAYOR OF GONZALES, CALIFORNIA

Former Mayor John Kistinger (center) wishes new mayor Joe Sveinsson (left) and Mayor Pro-Tem Harry Singh well after turning over the gavel of office. Sveinsson, a retired Soledad Prison counsellor and 18-year veteran of city council service, was named mayor of Gonzales.

—Gonzales (California) Tribune

Violet C. Beahan of Carmel writes that the American-Scandinavian Foundation's Monterey chapter "has learned that one of the members has just been elected mayor: Joe Sveinsson, the Icelandic Mayor of Gonzales!"

Joe is of Icelandic heritage, she reports, and has been a city councilman for 18 years, and is a charter member of the Scandinavian chapter.

(We didn't know the Icelandic vote was that heavy in Gonzales!)*

*Gonzales is a Spanish and Swiss town.

—Monterey (California) Peninsula Herald

THE BROTHERS BECK

Johann Thorvaldur Beck (1900-1980)

Dr. Richard Beck (1897-1980)

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