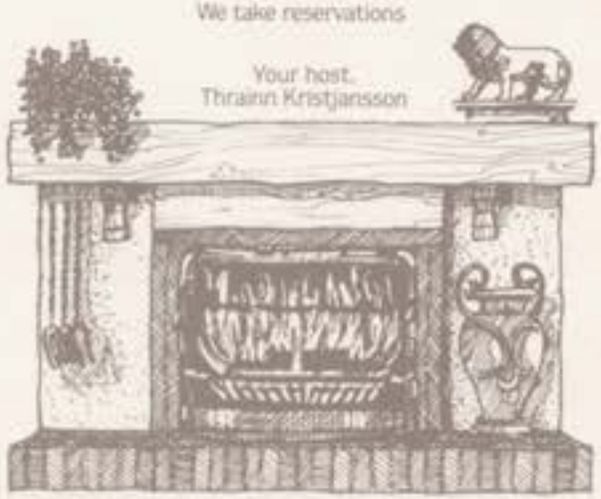


ISSN 0046 8452

AUTUMN, (SEPTEMBER), 1983

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

Autumn Leaves...

Autumn's Mellow Serenity

(Designed by Eric Crone)

ICELANDIC-CANADIAN BOOK SERVICE

The **Icelandic-Canadian** magazine is pleased to announce the creation of a mail-order book service for Icelandic and Scandinavian oriented publications. Although we are initially starting with a small selection of books at this time more will be added once the success of this service has been determined.

GENERAL BOOKS

CONFESSIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER
(Laura Goodman Salverson) $15.00

HELGI EINRSSON, A MANITOBA FISHERMAN
(trans. George Hauser) $8.95 paper, $15.95 cloth

MARSH BURNING (poetry,
David Arnason) $7.00

THE ICELANDERS (David Arnason and Michael Olito $14.95

HISTORICAL BOOKS

THE VIKINGS (Johannes Brondsted)
$4.95

HISTORY OF THE OLD ICELANDIC COMMONWEALTH, ISLENDINGA SAGA
(by Jon Johannesson, trans. Haraldur Bessason) $25.00 cloth

LAWS OF EARLY ICELAND, GRAGAS 1
(trans. A. Dennis, P. Foote, R. Perkins) $27.50 cloth

ICELANDIC SETTLERS IN AMERICA
(Elva Simundson) $6.95 paper, $10.00 cloth

THE 1891-92 CENSUS OF ICELANDERS IN CANADA (Baldwin Baldwinson)
$5.00

GENEALOGICAL BOOKS

TRACING YOUR ICELANDIC FAMILY TREE
(Eric Jonasson) $10.00

THE CANADIAN GENEALOGICAL HANDBOOK
(Eric Jonasson) $14.00

SAGA TRANSLATIONS

THE SAGA OF GISLI THE OUTLAW
(trans. Johnson and Foote) $7.00

GRETTIR'S SAGA (trans. Fox and Palsson) $6.95

HRAFNKEL'S SAGA AND OTHER ICELANDIC STORIES
(trans. Hermann Palsson) $3.95

LAXDAELA SAGA (trans. Magnusson and Palsson) $3.95

NJAL'S SAGA (trans. Magnusson and Palsson) $5.95

KING HARALD'S SAGA
(trans. Magnusson and Palsson)
$3.95

NOTE: Prices shown above are for paperback books only, unless indicated otherwise. all prices shown are subject to change without prior notice. Postage and handling are extra, and payment must accompany each order. Make all cheques/money orders payable to "The Icelandic-Canadian".

POSTAGE AND HANDLING: For orders to be shipped anywhere in Canada, please add $1.50 for the first book ordered, plus $.50 for each additional book ordered. For orders to be shipped outside of Canada, please add $2.50 for the first book, plus $1.00 for each additional book.

Send your orders to ICELANDIC-CANADIAN BOOK SERVICE, Box 213, St. James P.O., Winnipeg Manitoba, Canada R3J 3R4.

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN, SECOND CLASS MAIL—REGISTRATION

No. 1909 — PRINTED AT 358 ROSS AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN. R3A 0L4

Icelandic National League

Organized 1918 Incorporated 1930

SPECIAL AWARD FROM THE PRESIDENT OF ICELAND

President: JOHANN S. SIGURDSON, Lundar, Manitoba
Secretary: SIGURLIN ROED, 38 Monck Ave. R2H 1W6

Yearly membership to the league, Singles: $3.00; Couples: $5.00

Remit dues to the financial secretary,
LILJA ARNASON, 1057 Dominion St., Winnipeg R3E 2P3

Icelandic Christmas Cards

Gleðileg Jól og Farsælt Nýtt Ár!
Season's Greetings!

PACKAGE SIZE: Each package contains 20 cards and envelopes. Two contemporary scenes are shown on the cards (one is illustrated here) and each package contains 10 cards showing each scene. Greetings in Icelandic and English are printed inside each card.

COST: Enclose $6.00 for each package of 20 cards/evelopes ordered, and add $1.00 to your total order for handling changes. Make all cheques payable to Wheatfield Press. No cards will be shipped after 15 November.

(NOTE: If there is insufficient demand for these cards, your money will be refunded.)

ORDER FROM
WHEATFIELD PRESS, BOX 205, ST. JAMES P.O.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R3J 3R4

The Icelandic Canadian

Volume XLII, No. 1 Winnipeg, Canada Autumn, 1983

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A North American quarterly published in Winnipeg, Canada, dedicated to the preservation of the Icelandic heritage.

MAGAZINE BOARD:—

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (and Chairman of the Board): Axel Vopnfjord, 1 - 670 Gertrude Ave., Winnipeg R3M 2M9 (284-3079). ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Gustaf Kristjanson, 8 Selwin Pl., Winnipeg R3T 3N1; Kristine Perlmutter, 212 Sherburn St., Winnipeg; John S. Matthiasson, 806 Southwood Ave., Winnipeg R3T 1J5, and Eric Jonasson, P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg.

Heida Jonsson, 17 - 351 River Ave., Winnipeg; Nelson Gerrard, Box 925, Arborg, Man. R0C 0A0; Sigrid Johnson, 330 Brock St., Winnipeg; Joan Parr, 102 Queenston St., Winnipeg R3N 0W5; Paul Sigurdson, Box 885, Morden, Man.; Stefan J. Stefanson, Box 125, Gimli, Man.; Leigh and Shirley Syms, 109 Garfield St., Winnipeg; Eric Crone, 1091 Dorchester Ave., Winnipeg R3M 0R2; Lillian Johnson, 1033 Clifton St., Winnipeg; Kristjana Gunnars, 3 — 954 Summerside Ave., Winnipeg R3T 3A9; Elva Simundson, Box 285, Gimli, Man.

ASSOCIATES: Bob Asgeirsson, Vancouver, B.C.; Valdimar Bjornson, Minneapolis; George Hanson, Chicago; Bill Valgardson, Victoria, B.C.; H. V. Vidal, Brandon, Man.

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD: Lorna Tergeson, 60 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg.

BUSINESS AND ADVERTISING MANAGER: Eric Jonasson, P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg R3J 3R4 (885-5792).

BUSINESS SECRETARY AND CIRCULATION MANAGER: Mildred Storsater, 890 Valour Road R3G 3B4 (772-1707).

ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER: Stefan Jonasson, 408 Amherst St., Winnipeg R3J 1Y9.

REPRESENTATIVE IN ICELAND: Svava Simundson, Kleppsvegur 18, Reykjavik, 105, Iceland.

Information regarding correspondence and subscription rates, see NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS on page 6 in this issue.

Second Class Mail — Registration No. 1909

Printed at 358 Ross Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3A 0L4

GUEST EDITORIAL

OUR DOUBLE LEGACY

by Caroline Gunnarsson

The early immigrants from Iceland weren't overburdened with worldly possessions, and that wasn't all bad; it left room in their meagre luggage for a few books. While these must have varied in content as does individual taste and emotional attachment, it may be safely assumed that the small collection harbored a volume or two of verse. These people were reared on poetry, on fine literary gems that rank with some of the best the world has to offer and in well crafted single verse that seemed to tumble off the tongue from some inner source when the mood of the moment called for instant expression.

The folk of Iceland had a lasting love affair with their language, a language that the poets have enriched through generations of talking to their people. In Iceland the poets had an eager audience, and let's face it, artistic performance thrives on audience response. Without it the artist and his message slip into oblivion before they can become part of a cultural heritage. People striving for survival on a remote island in the North Atlantic needed spiritual sustenance, and the poets sustained them through many a dark decade of famine, foreign oppression and brutal onslaughts by natural elements on land and sea. The poets kept alive the spirit of their people. Theirs was the magic that revived the spirit whenever hostile forces threatened its vitality. It has been said that the pen is mightier than the sword. It was the only weapon left to a nation weak in number and poor in material resources. It is a weapon that served it well through the ages.

In Iceland the gift of poetic expression wasn't exclusive to the intellectually elite; it was shared by people in all walks of life. Farmers, fishermen, laborers and the women who toiled beside them all liked to converse in terse four-liners that never missed a beat while following stringent rules of metre, rhyme and alliteration. These skilled versifiers have left us a fine heritage, rich in imagery, gentle humor and bitter satire, and they were not untouched by the temper of their times.

Perhaps it was English poetry that lured the early immigrants from Iceland to seriously explore a language new to them. It wasn't enough to be able to speak it. They must be able to read it too and savor English poetry in its native tongue, for many an appetite had been teased with translations by their own poets. I owe a debt of gratitude to Jon Runolfsson, an Icelandic Canadian poet, who reintroduced me to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, whom I had snubbed since childhood because I had his narrative poem, "Enoch Arden," crammed down my throat in school. Then one of the Icelandic weeklies brought us a translation of Tennyson's captivating poem, "Locksley Hall." It was addictive reading, and it drove me on to further discoveries of a treasure trove of prose and poetry locked in the English language.

We Canadians of Icelandic ancestry are heirs to a double legacy. We are the owners of two languages that hold the keys to boundless spiritual riches. Do we dare lose either one of them?

MESSAGE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Our editors regret that, due to the limitation of space, they have been compelled to hold back some fine contributions for publication in subsequent issues.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to the descendants of the Icelandic pioneers in Utah.

* * *

DOES ANYONE HAVE BOOKS ENTITLED DALAMEN?

Should anyone have these books, please contact Mrs. LaDonna Backmeyer, 2530 - 30th St., Rock Island, Illinois, U.S.A. 61201. Phone 1-309-788-0141.

Mrs. Backmeyer would like to borrow them for a limited period of time, or to buy them.

* * *

NOTICE

A copy of ''A Traveller's Guide to Historic New Iceland'', compiled by Eric Jonasson of Winnipeg, was included with the summer issue of the ''Icelandic Canadian''. This map, showing the historical sites of New Iceland and a write-up on the history of the Icelandic Reserve, was provided to our subscribers courtesy of Mr. Jonasson.

Those wishing to obtain extra copies of this map can obtain them directly from the compiler for $3.00 each postpaid. Contact Eric Jonasson, Box 205, St. James P.O., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3J 3R4.

QUOTE

''And I will say this, that we are all Canadians. Below the island of Montreal the water that comes from the north from Ottawa unites with the waters that come from the western lakes, but uniting they do not mix. There they run parallel, separate, distinguishable, and yet are one stream, flowing within the same banks, the mighty St. Lawrence, and rolling on toward the sea bearing the commerce of a nation upon its bosom — a perfect image of our nation. We may not assimilate, we may not blend, but for all that we are still the component parts of the same country.''

SIR WILFRED LAURIER, future Prime Minister in a Montreal address, December 10, 1886, reproduced in the Toronto ''Globe'' the following day.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE SEND:

Correspondence regarding subscriptions to:

MILDRED STORSATER
890 Valour Road
Phone 772-1707, Winnipeg, Canada R3G 3B4

Business and Advertising Correspondence to:

ERIC JONASSON
P.O. Box 205, St. James Postal Station, Winnipeg, Canada R3J 0H0
Phone 885-5792

Editorial Correspondence to:

AXEL VOPNFJORD
1 - 670 Gertrude Ave.
Phone 284-3079, Winnipeg, Canada R3M 2M9

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $12 per year, single copies $3.50 (includes postage).
Overseas, the same rate.
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS: Two or more $10 each. Subscriptions if paid two years in advance, $22.

A REMARKABLE TEACHER

by Margaret Sherrod Bearnson

Dr. Julius B. Bearnson, Professor, College of Business, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.

One day Dr. Julius Bearnson picked up the phone.

A worried voice on the other end of the line said, ''This is Fred. Remember me? I was the tall, red head in your economics class.''

''Sure, I remember you, always asking questions. I meant to call and congratulate you on being elected governor of your state. What can I do for you?''

''Well, I have a problem. I have to give 'The State of the State' message to a joint session of the House and Senate soon. You know how economic conditions are today. I want to make clear to the legislators certain financial facts without causing undue alarm. And I need your help.''

''What do you want me to do?''

''Remember that Hen and Chickens story you used in your economic class? Well, I'd like a copy of that story. It was humorous but it made the Law of Supply and Demand easy to understand.''

Fred was just one of the many former students who came to Professor Bearnson for advice long after graduation.

In his large classes, sometimes as many as 120 students, Professor Bearnson devised various teaching methods to keep his classes interested while he taught them facts. He seemed to have an endless supply of stories, charts, graphs, and even jokes and riddles he used to make dull facts interesting.

In one of his classes an enterprising student secretly took action pictures in class of Professor Bearnson over a period of several days. They were published in *Life Magazine* with the caption ''My Professor.'' Professor Bearnson was both pleased and annoyed with the publicity. Earlier he had been chosen by the students as ''My Favorite Professor.''

Julius Benedict Bearnson was born in Spanish Fork, Utah. Both of his parents were born in Iceland. His mother was Groa Benedict. She was brought from Iceland by her foster mother when she was eight years old. His father, Julius Jon Bearnson, came when he was a young man. Julius' parents met and were married in Utah.

When Julius was two years old, his gentle, fun-loving mother died in childbirth, along with her infant son. The father moved away and married again. He left his little son with Thorgerdur Bjarnason Snell to rear with her two small girls. Aunt Garetha, as she was fondly called, was a foster sister to Groa. She was a widow and earned her living as a seamstress. She was mother,

Julius Jon Bearnson and Groa Benedict Bearnson, parents of Dr. J. Julius Benedict Bearnson.

friend, and advisor to Julius. In this environment he grew and developed into a robust child.

The only memory he had of his parents was a faded wedding photograph of a frail, fair-haired lady with a strong but gentle face and a sturdy young man in his late twenties, and a copy of both his mother's and father's genealogy. His father had sent to Iceland for a copy of the original records. He got it for his son, Julius, the year he was born, but Julius was unable to read the unfamiliar Icelandic language in which it was written.

When Julius was four years old his father took him to live with him and his second wife, much against the wishes of Thorgerdur. Three months later the father came to see her.

"I want you to take Julius back to live with you. He is sick and calls for 'Ma' all the time."

"On one condition," she said. "You promise never to take him away again."

"I promise," he said.

When Julius came home he was not the sturdy little boy that went away. He was a mere skeleton of a child, unable to walk, following a long illness of measles and pneumonia. He had to be carried to the doctor in a child's wagon. Later Julius had no memory of that brief stay with his father.

Before long, under Garetha's love and care, he was a well child again.

Thorgerdur Bjarnason Snell, foster mother of Julius Benedict Bearnson.

Garetha sewed from early morning until late at night, making clothes for the people of the town. She had little knowledge of how to cook the strange vegetables and meat found in Utah. In her former home in Iceland, servants did the cooking and the food was different.

Julius remembered with pleasure the good bread, baked by a Danish housewife, in exchange for sewing. Milk and other foods were also exchanged for sewing.

An Icelandic woman married to a well-to-do Danish man brought coffee to Garetha. Her husband bought and drank coffee even though his new religion forbade it.

Sometimes Julius and his sisters were allowed a sip of coffee along with the cakes that Garetha's Icelandic friends brought, when they came to talk and play cards. When they spoke Icelandic Julius tried to understand what they said. Sometimes all of them sang Icelandic songs together and made up rhymes. Julius and his foster sisters tried to join in.

One close Icelandic friend said, "Garetha, these children ought to learn the Icelandic language. It's your duty to teach them."

"I know," she said. "But you know how my mother-in-law is. And I am living in part of her house. One day I sang an Icelandic song to the children. She heard me."

"I don't want to hear any more foreign gibberish in my house," she said.

When the Icelandic ladies at Thorgerdur's house saw someone coming, they hurriedly hid the cards under the tablecloth and tried to fan the odor of the coffee away. At that time both card playing and coffee drinking were not permitted by their new religion.

When Julius was eight years old, his bed was a cot under a staircase in a hallway. Here he had more than enough good fresh air. The place was cold and the bedding scant. Often he had to scrape ice out of his shoes before he put them on in the morning.

The old mother-in-law said, "It will do the boy good to suffer. Will make him strong."

When sewing was scarce for Thorgerdur so was food. Often breakfast consisted of a slice of bread sprinkled with sugar, over which coffee was poured. Of those times Julius later said, "All I can remember was always being hungry and cold."

At the age of nine Julius was delivering papers and shovelling snow from sidewalks. It took a long time to earn enough to buy a pair of shoes. His mother insisted that the shoes be a size too large. They had to last two years. Julius hated to wear shoes with the toes stuffed with paper to make them fit.

When Julius was ten years old he thinned sugar beets for ten cents a day until he thought of a better idea. He offered to thin beets for a certain amount per acre. Then he hired all the little boys in the neighborhood to work for him. The boys worked hard when he told them of his plan. After the farmer paid Julius, he divided the money equally among the boys. It was much more than ten cents a day.

For years Julius remembered the statement made by his teacher when he borrowed his knife, "A sharp boy always has a sharp knife."

That same year when Julius and his friend, Gisli, were the only ones in class to have all answers correct in an arithmetic test, the same teacher said, "There must be something in the wind up on 'The Bench' where the Icelanders live that makes them smart."

In the early settlement of Utah towns, it was customary for the first settlers to choose the best land. In Spanish Fork, the first settlers were old New England families. The second group were Welsh converts. The third group were Danish converts and the fourth group to arrive were the Icelanders. The only arable land left was an elevated piece of land called 'The Bench.' It had once been one of the levels of an ancient lake bed.

Today a replica of a lighthouse stands on 'The Bench.' It was erected on land donated by Gil Bearnson. It was built in 1952 to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first permanent Icelandic settlement in America since Leif Erickson. The lighthouse looks over Utah Lake and

behind it are tall, snow-covered mountains. If you come into Utah Valley from any direction at night, you can see a revolving light shining from the top of the lighthouse tower.

The Icelandic Monument honoring first Icelandic settlement in the United States in Spanish Fork, Utah. Dr. and Mrs. J. Bearnson.

Two groups of Icelandic people came to Utah and settled in Spanish Fork. Some were members of the dominant church. The others were members of the Lutheran Church. The latter group built a Lutheran Church which they attended. The two groups were friendly with each other. They formed an Icelandic Association, kept records of each family, and established an Icelandic library. In its height the Icelanders of Spanish Fork consisted of only 75 people.

Once when Julius was ten years old someone told him that his grandfather and his great grandfather were Lutheran ministers in Iceland. So, one day he went to the Icelandic Lutheran Church. No one was there. He went into the empty church and examined the altar, the hymn books, and looked at the picture of Christ and other symbols of Christianity which were not in the church to which he belonged. Julius did not know when he entered the church that, years later, he would be a Sunday School teacher and assistant pastor of The First Methodist Church in Salt Lake City. The lack of Christian symbols inside or outside the dominant churches of Utah is still true except that a life-sized statue of Christ is inside a large building on Temple Square.

Rev. Jon Bjarnason, minister of Medalland parish of Storidalur, Hrutafjordur, Iceland, grandfather of Dr. Julius Benedict Bearnson.

The old Lutheran Church in Spanish Fork is gone. So are the people who once worshipped there. Their descendants and the descendants of the other group are scattered all over the United States. None is a full-blooded Icelander any more. They range from 1/2, 1/4, 1/8 to 1/16 Icelandic, but all are proud of their Icelandic blood.

Just recently a young woman said with pride, "My great grandmother came from Iceland."

Julius' father had never been able to help his son, Julius, in any way. The low wages of a coal miner and the mounting expenses of a growing family caused him to temporarily forget the little son he had left in Spanish Fork for Aunt Garetha to clothe, feed, and educate.

Before he came to Utah, Julius Jon Bearnson was an interpreter on freighters that travelled the ports of Europe. At that time he spoke eight different languages. Utah was no place for a sea-faring man. Farm wages were low and jobs hard to find, so he went to the coal mines to work. Sometimes, the bright vision he once had of life in America faded away.

Young Julius often had two jobs after graduation from high school, to earn money to go to college. For one year he attended Brigham Young College in Provo, Utah. He walked the distance of six miles daily to and from the school until the snow became too deep for travel. Then he got a job as janitor at the school to pay for his board and room.

Then he taught for one year. Fortunately, his teaching job was a few miles from the Utah State University at Logan, Utah. He took Saturday and night classes at that school. The next year he enrolled as a full time student. He also took night classes. In one year and two summers he completed work for graduation. During his time in college he edited the school paper, debated, took the leading part in a school play, played football, was on the basketball team and was a long distance runner. He also managed the fraternity house. He won "The Sons of the American Revolution" award in an oration. He won medals for debating, in football, basketball and long distance running. He graduated with honors.

After graduation he taught one year to earn money to attend Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. At the end of one year, he graduated with an M.A. degree.

That fall he became Superintendent of the Logan City Schools. He resigned at mid-year to go into the army. He went to Camp Lewis, Washington for basic training. Then he took and passed an examination to enter officers' training school. But he never got there. He was kept at Fort Lewis to teach illiterate soldiers how to read and write. When the war ended he stayed on to write discharge papers. Finally he wrote his own discharge papers and was released.

Later he moved to Salt Lake City to work for the Veterans Administration. His job was to locate disabled veterans for special education training. While located in Salt Lake City, he rented an apartment and sent for his two half-sisters and half-brother. He helped pay the expenses to send them to school so they would be able to get better jobs. Two of them became teachers and one a secretary.

Later Julius met and married Margaret Sherrod, who was teaching school in Idaho. They moved to Salt Lake City when Julius became a Professor in the College of Business at the University in Utah. He taught there for many years. In the summers he worked towards a higher degree at the University of Virginia. He received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Virginia at the age of fifty-one. The previous summer, in a six-week period, he taught himself enough French and German to pass oral and written tests in both languages, in economics as part of the requirement for a doctoral degree.

His first and only child was born when he was thirty-four years old. She followed in her father's footsteps and became a Professor in the Art Department at the University of Utah.

At one time his daughter, Dorothy, wrote the following about her parents. "My parents taught me the joys of learning, encouraged me to develop my own abilities, shared my failures and successes. They taught me to do best under all circumstances. They shared their positive, optimistic attitudes towards life. They taught me to be considerate of others, to make my own decisions, and to enjoy the humor of life."

On another occasion Dorothy wrote: "Dad was a university professor. He was also an amateur magician. He was a popular guest speaker. He wrote articles, pamphlets and books. He used his sleight of hand performance (knowledge) to make his economics classes interesting and understandable. He was an avid reader and had a large library."

"Mealtime discussions ranged from lively debates on current politics, economics, and labor legislation to the latest article in *Harpers Magazine*. Then dad would tell about his Icelandic ancestors and mother would talk about her southern family. The day began with dad quoting poetry and mother humming softly as she prepared breakfast. Quarrels never occurred as both parents had been champion debaters in college. When dad's logic would start to win, mother would subtly change the emphasis and dad would say, 'You changed the subject.' Then both would laugh.

"As an only child I was disciplined with discussions. Dad would explain step by step what could happen and how to avoid it, or the reason for doing a thing one way rather than another."

"Once dad was a candidate for the state legislature. He lost by eight votes. Mother had previously served one regular and one special session in the Utah Legislature. While there she often asked dad's advice on certain bills pending in the legislature. Julius had a stubborn streak. He could spend an unlimited amount of time in explaining why a thing could not or ought not to be done at that particular time. He also had great tenacity. He would stay with a job until it was finished no matter how long it took."

Professor Bearnson's relationship with people was varied. It included both old and young. One weekend a four year old boy came to the door and said, "Will you please let your boy come play ball with us?" A neighbor wanted to know if Mr. Bearnson was going to play horse shoes one Saturday. An elderly woman needed help in filing for Social Security. A labor leader needed to talk to Dr. Bearnson about pending Labor Legislation in Congress. A student wanted to borrow a text book. The students soon found out that Professor Bearnson always had an extra text book. But they didn't know that he purchased them with money from his meager salary.

He retired from teaching at the University of Utah when he was sixty-six years old. Later he was offered teaching positions in eleven colleges across the United States. He chose Birmingham Southern College and the mild Alabama climate.

Here he had the same friendly relationship with faculty and students that he had had in Utah. After two years teaching in Alabama, he died suddenly of a heart attack. It happened when he was bowling with a group of fraternity boys.

On his desk he left a neat stack of corrected examination papers, an Icelandic dictionary, and a partially translated page of an Icelandic book.

At his funeral services the Vice-President of the University of Utah spoke. Among other things, he said, "The lives of many people were made richer because of Professor Bearnson and all of us can proudly say Dr. Julius Benedict Bearnson was truly a remarkable professor."

* * *

About the Author

Margaret Sherrod Bearnson was born in Alabama. She moved to Idaho when she was a child, attended public and private grade schools. She attended college in Idaho, Utah, and Virginia. She taught school for several years. Her first stories were published when she was in college. The following is a partial list of her published writing.

Margaret S. Bearnson

Published Works

SHORT STORIES:
- *Story Magazine*
- *Interlude*
- *Intermountain Review of English and Literature*

JUVENILE STORIES:
- *Junior Catholic Messenger* (serial)
- *Child Life*

ARTICLES:
- *Grade Teacher* (series)
- *The Instructor* (series)
- *Arts and Activities* (series)
- *Salt Lake Tribune*
- *Charlottesville Daily Progress*
- *Utah Educational Review*
- *McCall's Fabrics Plus Magazine*
- *Animal Lovers Magazine*

BOOKS:
- *The History of the Ku Klux Klan* (illustrated thesis)
- *Helping Children Live and Learn* (Utah's part)
- *Helping Children Grow Guidebook* (published by U.S. State Dept., sent to 18 countries in Middle, Near, Far East)
- *Tall Tales from Yellowstone*
- *It Must be Magic — A Collection of Short Stories* (Won awards on both these last two books)

HONORS, AWARDS:
- Listed twice in *O'Brien's Best American Short Stories* on 'Roll of Honor'
- Awarded *Montalvo Creative Writing Scholarship* at Saratoga, California

PEOPLE

In the Winnipeg Free Press, July 13, 1983, Doug Whiteway, in an article entitled *MANITOBA AUTHORS*, makes the following comments about two Icelandic Canadian authors:

Kristjana Gunnars: Award-winning poet and novelist. W. D. Valgardson has called this Icelandic-born poet "a magician."

Gunnars, 35, immigrated from Iceland in 1969 to do undergraduate work in Oregon before coming to western Canada. She's lived in Winnipeg for more than three years, and is currently engaged in graduate work in Canadian literature at the University of Manitoba. Her other poetry collections include *One-Eyed Moon Maps* and *Wake Pick Poems*, the latter title a reference to a mythical method of staying awake during the long Icelandic winter nights.

David Arnason: "If he had lived a hundred years ago, he would surely have earned his living as a spinner of tall tales . . .", said Books in Canada of his most recently published work, *50 Short Stories and a Piece of Advice*.
Piece of Advice.

Gimli-born and raised, the son of a fisherman, 43-year-old Arnason taught high school English in Winnipeg before returning to university to get his Ph.D. A co-founder of the seminal Journal of Canadian Fiction, co-founder of Winnipeg's Turnstone Press, and professor of English at the University of Manitoba, Arnason is also a poet of reputation with such works as *Marsh Burning*, and a recent collector of oral history in the 1982 non-fiction work, *The Icelanders*.

* * *

WHAT A TEAM!

The United States rink failed to make the playoffs at the world women's curling championship in Moose Jaw, but this

Dolores Campbell and Daughter

dazzling duo stole a lot of attention at the closing ceremonies. That's U.S. third Dolores Campbell with the big smile, and her daughter, Jonina, wrapped in the American flag and a stetson. (*Leader-Post photo by Patrick Pettit.)*

Dolores' parents: Dr. Tom and Sophie Wallace of Camano Island, Washington. Grandparents: the late Olafur and Arndis Olafson of Selkirk, Manitoba.

Kevin D. Kjernisted, M.D.

Kevin D. Kjernisted, M.D. received his degree from the School of Medicine at the May 27, 1983 Convocation of the University of Manitoba held at the Centennial Concert Hall.

Kevin is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Val. Kjernisted of Stonewall, Manitoba and grandson of Lilja Kjernisted and the late Carl Kjernisted of Oakview, Manitoba and Marjorie Murray and the late Robert C. Murray of Melita, Manitoba.

He received his primary schooling at Stonewall and graduated in 1977 from Stonewall Collegiate. He is presently doing his interneship at the Health Sciences Centre and St. Boniface Hospital.

* * *

ICELAND'S ATHLETES EXCEL IN THE UNITED STATES

Disa Gisladottir

Iceland has several good athletes who are training in the United States at various universities, some of whom will be on the Icelandic Olympic team.

(1) Disa Gisladottir likes to jump in the NCAA. The Alabama Soph is the only NCAA women's winner. A PR 6-1¼ gave her the outdoor title, while the indoor became hers with a PR 6-3. (3/5/61, 5-7/23).

(2) In the Collegiate Dual Meets (Texas-Alabama) — Shot Put: V. Hafsteinsson (Al.), Oskar Jakobsson (Tx.), Einar Vilhjalmsson (Tx.).

(3) Javelin: Einar Vilhjalmsson.

Courtesy of Track & Field News, Los Altos, California

* * *

Decathlon: Thorsteinn Thorsson, Thor-

valdur Thorsson. High Hurdles: The Spartan's Thorvaldur Thorsson lowered his Icelandic record from 14.40 to 14.36.

Courtesy of the San Jose Mercury Ness, California

* * *

THE MAN BEHIND ICICLE SEAFOODS

Bob Thorstenson

In 1944 he was 13 and working part-time in a cannery. Four years after that, he tried his hand at reef-netting salmon off the coast near Point Roberts, Washington, his childhood home. Later, he ran cannery tenders in Alaska. He paid his dues, and now he's head of a company that sells $100 million worth of seafood a year.

''Robert M. Thorstenson, President of Icicle Seafoods,'' it says on the company's annual report. That means he's a big wheel in North Pacific fishing circles, but the fishermen call him ''Bob,'' in a tone that suggests he is the guy tied up at the next dock instead of the man who sets the price for their fish.

Ask colleagues in the industry about him, and the praise comes flowing out: ''He's got a good working relationship with all segments of the industry. Everybody respects his judgment. He's on top of everything.''

''He's gone from the bottom all the way to the top. He's fished himself, so he understands the problems that affect his fishermen. He respects them.''

''He never tries to pull anything shoddy. He makes a deal and sticks to it.''

''He's down to earth. Even when he moved into the upper managerial echelon, he never became overbearing.''

Bob is the son of Laugi and Ella Thorstenson of Point Roberts, Washington.

Courtesy of Pacific Fishing, June, 1980

VET BUILDING GETS AWARD

Jim Olafson outside the award-winning South Surrey Veterinary Hospital.

South Surrey veterinarian, Jim Olafson, and a Vancouver architectural firm have received the 1982 Special Award for Architectural Excellence for the South Surrey Veterinary Hospital.

The award was presented by Veterinary Economics Magazine at the annual American Animal Hospital Association convention in San Antonio, Texas, on March 14.

Olafson said the award was ''very, very exciting'' for himself and architect Bruce Hinds of Birmingham and Wood.

''It's never been awarded to any hospital outside the United States,'' he said.

The award was presented in recognition of the time and expense Olafson invested to design a hospital that would enhance its natural surroundings. The building and equipment cost $1.4 million.

The hospital, located at 3221 - 140 St., is in a residential area and the colors and textures of the building's exterior lessen the impact of a commercial property in the area, according to a statement from Veterinary Economics.

The hospital is energy-efficient and includes large windows and numerous skylights in its design plan. Other features include covered walkways, parking and entrances.

Jim's parents: the late Albert Olafson and Jean Olafson of Surrey, B.C., a Scottish lassie, who is *amma* to her grandchildren. Grandparents: the late Olafur and Arndis Olafson of Selkirk, Manitoba.

READERS' FORUM

Dear Axel:

Thanks for your interesting letter of May 9th, about observations that the interest and pride of these people in maintaining communication with one another may be increasing. At the same time it has been apparent that both the papers referred to have been on the border line of giving up, except for the loyalty and personal sacrifice of relatively few people. One factor could be that this population has now exceeded, I have been told, the entire population of Iceland.

There are other factors to be considered. This week Dr. Ecken, director of the Parks and Recreation Department of North Dakota, came down to tell me about new plans and activities for the Icelandic Park complex, which includes the Arboretum and the Heritage Center. These plans and activities now include a number of organizations including a new Icelandic fund which will become active in this program.

A new Interpretive Center is to be built and will involve much more than just telling about the old settlers. It will go on to tell the whole North Dakota Story. These developments may become one of the most meaningful public centers identified with Icelandic people in the United States and Canada.

Best Wishes.

Sincerely,
G. B. Gunlogson

* * *

From LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer, vacationing in Iceland. It's beautiful and wonderful! At this time we are staying in a very modern cabin on the farm called *Svigraskard*, once owned by *Snorri Sturluson*. The cabin has windows, and is surrounded by mountains and glaciers. Today we'll be visiting *Amma's* birthplace; later in the week we'll be visiting *Afi's* former home. Yesterday we visited *Borg a Myrum*, the former home of *Skallagrimur Kveldulfsson*. So much history and so much beauty!

* * *

From Carl J. Freeman, Bottineau, N.D., U.S.A. I enjoy the magazine, *The Icelandic Canadian*. I don't in any way object to the name *The Icelandic Canadian* — the initiative to start the publication, the fine effort to continue its publication, and the day to day work in getting the magazine out is almost entirely ''Canadian''. These efforts, I appreciate.

Should there be thought of a name change, however, may I suggest the name ''The Western Icelander''. This is the name by which we of Icelandic descent are usually addressed when we are visitors in Iceland. I happened to have served with the U.S. Navy at U.S. Naval base in Iceland in 1944-45 and am of Icelandic descent.

Thank you for your fine efforts in continuing the publication.

* * *

From Benedict Hallgrimson, Tenino, Washington, U.S.A. I am a subscriber to your magazine and look forward to reading each edition. A year ago I was surprised to find an article in your magazine written by my dear cousin Freyja Olafsson Thomas, a former Canadian nurse who now resides in South Africa.

* * *

From G. E. Narfason, G. N. Narfason and Willa Narfason. We feel the name of the magazine should remain *The Icelandic Canadian*. The name should not prevent you from printing articles and submissions from far and wide; rather the name reflects where and by whom the magazine originated. The price is fair. We are not opposed to changes in format except to say the size is easy to hold, flip through and tuck into a tote bag to read while travelling. Many of the past articles have been interesting and educational.

* * *

From Lilja Olafson. Because of a request in our local newspaper about 2 months ago, we sent a letter to the Senate of Canada letting them know we were not in favour of changing the name of Dominion Day to Canada Day. Through the ages everyone has seemed happy and content with Dominion Day — and we are still members of this vast Dominion of Canada — why change, and to what advantage? But now it has been changed and with it a notch in our heritage.

Now some of your subscribers want to change the name of *The Icelandic Canadian* magazine. This name has been in circulation for many years — having celebrated its 25th anniversary in 1967, and now we are in 1982. The club started on its career in 1938 and started publishing the magazine in 1942.

There is mention made that the magazine is sent to various countries — it seems to me that those people would be Canadians with an Icelandic background and living in those countries, they acquire some of those countries' customs and cultures — yet they want to keep in touch with their Canadian and Icelandic heritage and so subscribe to *The Icelandic Canadian*. You would not change the name to ''The Australian Canadian'' — or ''The African Canadian'' would you? Let us keep *The Icelandic Canadian* as it is and let our young Canadians grow up with it as a part of their heritage.

Personally I am satisfied with the format — it is always showing improvement and articles are interesting and informative.

* * *

From Frim Skaptason, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Regarding the name of the magazine *The Icelandic Canadian*, I for one would be loathe to change it. While it is true that there are many American readers and considerable American content this should not mean we must change its name.

As I recall the early meetings of the Board of the magazine the idea was to record the activities and writings of the Icelanders in Canada.

I really doubt that many of the American readers either want or expect a change in the name. In the ''Winter 1979'' issue on

page 9 Valdimar Bjornson of Minneapolis writes "*The Icelandic Canadian* is a cultural medium, presenting in good English varied aspects of the Icelandic heritage and news about descendants of the country on both sides of the International boundary here on this side of the Atlantic".

We have enjoyed *The Icelandic Canadian* magazine for many, many years and hope that it continues with its good management and excellent editors for a long time into the future.

From Rosa Vernon. Received your autumn issue of *The Icelandic Canadian* today. I would like to see the name of the magazine remain as is. It is a Canadian product.

I also think the format has been good. I have subscribed to it for many years and think it is a fine magazine particularly as it gives us some news of students, etc. Would like to see more Icelandic in L.H.* though.

*Editor's note: L.H. is Lögberg-Heimskringla.

THE ROBBER*

by Stephan G. Stephansson

(Translated by Paul A. Sigurdson)

He wasn't a Viking who ravaged the shores,
He wasn't for pillage and fire;
And yet with the deft of his quick-thieving hand,
He mesmerized Europe's entire.

We complain of his bias, his word-stealing way,
His rhyme and his inconstant styling;
Yet we give him honor, forgiving him all,
So rare was his theft, and beguiling.

His right to this thieving we frankly admit,
Though statutes and rules he did sunder;
For the world has been thrilled by the treasures he left,
The best of his fabulous plunder.

His phrases are gilded, distinctive and rare,
And each with his magic is glowing;
And others who trifle or play with his loot,
Are fooled with their shortcomings showing.

He didn't conform to old customs and ways,
Nor statutes, not stories in fashion;
With man's naked passions he candidly played,
Transcending the laws of the nation.

To him all the world was a fantasy place;
The power of storms in his thinking;
With his flash he can lift you to mountainous heights,
Or join you with gods in their drinking.

*This Poem refers to William Shakespeare

WRITING FROM A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

by LaDonna Breidfjord Backmeyer

A paper presented at the annual Quad Cities (Rock Island, Davenport, Bettendors, Moline, Illinois) writer's workshop

The early years of my life were spent in a small farming community located on the North Dakota prairie. As remembered from my then childwise mind, the sun rose red on every summer morning, and its red glow whispered over endless fields of golden wheat at sunset. There was one general store in town, one sundry shop (known as J.K.'s), one small branch bank, a gas station, a community hall and three churches. Dignified old men lounged casually on or near the bench in front of J.K.'s, grandmothers held small children by the hand as they went from one house to another for their afternoon coffee, and the neighboring farm families came to town for every local dance. Wherever people gathered there were profound and often heated conversations that centered upon politics, World War II, the condition of current crops or the plight of the modern farmer. There were many stories, and much of the speech was foreign. My own people were Icelandic, and some of these, including my grandparents, spoke no English.

As snowfall deepened upon this seemingly unimportant village throughout its often harsh and bitter northern winter, the people gathered around living room heaters or kitchen tables and the sound of their voices mingled with the whistle of winter wind. Our world, throughout that season, was filled with gossip and fable, which mingled freely with historical legend and the unknown essence of the supernatural. Many of those who told the tales were pioneers; they had settled the land when, to translate from the Icelandic of my grandfather, "there was no house and there was no man on the move." They were a people who had been raised from infancy upon the oral tradition of reading from the Icelandic sagas, Western Europe's oldest and some of its most treasured novels, and the people and events they told about, including Americans such as Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, assumed proportions that were larger than life. To the Icelander, outstanding men and women never die; they live on through their reputations and their deeds.

My people, the Icelandic immigrants in America, are but a small part of American history, but it is their story that I am attempting to weave through my writing, which is historical only in that it grows out from historical facts, both large and small, in an attempt to create a greater truth than the transcription of mere history is capable of depicting. My aim, as should be the aim of any writer who attempts to create an imaginative reconstruction of historical events and personages, is to produce characters and events in such a way that they come alive upon the page.

Now I would like to tell you a little about how the Icelandic sagas were put together, for the most part because most of what I know about story-telling and writing has come from these works of art, created on a remote island in the North Atlantic ocean several hundred years ago. They, as Canadian scholar Roy St. George Stubbs wrote in a recent article, "are the sap and blood of great literature." And because they are the sap and blood, they are capable of pointing the way toward creation.

In his book, *A History of the Vikings*,

Gwyn Jones states that "the family sagas are both more and less than a history. The best, indeed the majority, of them rest on a foundation of history and antiquarian speculation, but the superstructure is often shaped by arbitrary assumptions as to the nature of history itself. The saga (writer) saw history in terms of men and women and human destiny, and in terms of a story. A saga was not the fixed and immutable record of known facts. It was an individual's version and interpretation of facts, and could undergo shortening, lengthening, interpolation of new material, deliberate change, accidental manipulation and plain misunderstanding."

These sagawriters of the thirteenth century meant to entertain their audience as much as they intended to instruct them in the history of the Icelandic people, and they did this through their ability to create unforgetable characters from Scandinavia's historical past by weaving bits of gossip with legend, historical fact and invention. The seven hundred surviving sagas begin with the Viking Age of the Scandinavian countries, and they continue through the settlement of Iceland in the ninth century, the rediscovery of Vinland in the tenth century (those Americans we now call Native Americans were, of course, already here at that time), and on through the chaos that evolved when the old gods collided violently with Christianity. They portray every level of society from peasantry to kingship through word and through deed, revealing each character through his or her own conduct without dwelling upon the life within, and they do this with a narrative technique that makes the writer seem totally detached from his work.

Egil's Saga, like most or all of the Icelandic family sagas, leads us through several generations of Egil's family, all of which are aimed toward enabling us to know the main character of the saga, Egil in this case, with greater understanding than we can come to know our own time or our own people. Egil, like all or most of the Icelandic heroes and heroines, did live. He was the greatest of all skaldic poets, and he lived from approximately 910-990. The story of his life was written about the year 1230, probably by Iceland's finest man of letters, Snorri Sturluson, a descendant of Egil's. It can be assumed that the author sat at a table amid piles of manuscripts that covered a time period three-hundred years in the past, and blending the recorded material with tales told, he recreated a historical and complex figure who lived through Iceland's most turbulant years. This author knew, as did the other sagawriters, that if the history and the knowledge of his culture was to live on within the minds and the hearts of his people, the people within that history must come alive upon the page.

Hermann Palsson and Paul Edwards describe the complexity of Egil in the introduction to their English translation of this epic saga:

"From his first appearance as an ugly recalcitrant child, to his last as an old man pushed around the kitchen by serving women, but still a killer and poet, everything he does and says bears the stamp of an individual, achieved by the very multiplicity of the roles he plays. The ruthless Viking is also the poet of his own grief; he is a sorcerer, yet his mastery of runes can cure sickness; he is an ingenious lawyer and a raging drunk, a wanderer on the face of the earth and a settled farmer, an enemy of kings over family honour and a miser, a Machiavelli and a puppet . . . While he is often on the edge of the tragic he eludes definition. He can be vicious, absurd, infantile, pathetic, but he is never dull, and though we may not like some of the things he does we are never allowed to settle into a fixed attitude towards him."

But the complexity of the man called Egil, a man who grows in complexity as he

ages, comes to life through his relationships as well as through the roles that he plays. Just as Margaret Mitchell presents Melanie as the antithesis of Scarlett in *Gone With the Wind*, Snorri Sturluson presents Egil's brother, Thorolf, as the antithesis of Egil. Thorolf represents the light and genial side of the family, whereas Egil has inherited the ill-tempered nature of his grandfather, Kveldulf. Egil is an angry man, dark and brooding, with hatred in his heart, sorrow and self-pity in his soul. "There he sat," the sagawriter unfolds a portrait of the brooding Egil, "with one eyebrow sunk down right to the cheek and the other lifting up to the roots of his hair. His eyes were black and his eyebrows joined in the middle."

In a book titled *The Skalds*, Lee M. Hollander describes Egil as a "fierce hater, self assertive . . . yet strangely impressionable and capable of deep sentiment." Hollander goes on to tell us that "Egil was passionately attached to his brother, who was as prepossessing and handsome as Egil was ugly and uncouth." It is through this brother, Thorolf, and another of Egil's opposites, Bodvar, the son of Egil, that we come to know our hero as more than a ruthless Viking. Egil becomes the poet of his own grief when this promising and fine-looking son dies. "Can there be any reason to go on living with such sorrow?" Egil asks. Then, from the depth of his sorrow, he writes a very long poem that releases the grief he feels for his son through words:

My mouth strains
To move the tongue,
To weigh and wing
The choice word . . .

cries the poet who struggles to find words that will express his grief. Then slowly he rises from his untongued anguish:

A storm-bowed maple,
I sorrow for my son,
My boy who has bent
His body to earth . . .

Bodvar lost his life through drowning at sea, but he, Egil, has been drowned within the storm-wracked sea of life and grief:

Cruel crashed
The curled sea
Wave on the once well-formed
Family shield-wall,
Now broached and battered
Like the beaten boat
Of my son, smashed
By the sea-storm . . .

Then anger replaces the grief. Egil is angry because Odinn, his god, has given him the gift of a true poet in place of the son that he, Odin, has taken away:

Now that maker of mystic
Runes only mocks me,
Voids all my victories,
That breaker of vows.

I'll make offerings to Odin,
Though not in eagerness,
I'll make my soul's sacrifice,
Not suffer silently . . .

To my art he added
One other gift,
A heart that held
Not craft only: hatred!

Odin has taken all those whom Egil knew to be good, beautiful and strong. Now life holds only hatred within it, and because it holds only hatred, there is nothing more to life than death:

The end is all.
Even now
High on the headland
Hell stands and waits . . .

Egil turns his mind toward farming and poetry while waiting to enter the realm of the dead, though he continues to be a bit of a scoundrel.

Thus, although the hero of *Egil's Saga* comes to life as an individual because of the multiplicity of his roles, he grows as a person through his relationships with other people. The sagawriter introduces us to Egil as an arrogant three-year-old who, according to his father within the saga, is difficult to handle when sober, but worse when drunk. The infant poet sings verses created to his own praise, and he kills his first man, a boy of ten or eleven, when he is six. As a Viking, the life of Egil can well be likened to a storm at sea. The storm builds and builds until Egil sees the irony within the world in which Odin is his god. Then the storm begins to calm. Egil grows old, and in his old age, his movements become heavy and his sight and hearing begin to fail. One day some women see the aged Egil stumble and fall. They laugh, and Egil creates a poem that, unlike the poetry of his youth, is quite bare of praise:

My bald pate bobs and blunders,
I bang it when I fall;
My cock's gone soft and clammy
And I can't hear when they call.

Egil grows older still and becomes blind before he dies, in body, but not in spirit. Egil's spirit continues to be kept alive through Iceland's oral tradition, and the personality of this complex and warlike hero was finally and permanently resurrected three hundred years later, within a saga written in honor of his life and his age. The historical facts were important, as were the stories and legends; however, it is the sagawriter's recreation of Egil, along with the age within which his life was woven, that has lived within the hearts and minds of men and women throughout the western world for the past eight hundred years. Any serious student of literature who is interested in writing anything from a historical perspective should study the sagas — really study them. And they should not let the extensive genealogies interfere with their enjoyment of each book — not one word is added to the bones of a saga without reason. If one reads many sagas, one will find that the names keep reappearing, and the story grows and grows.

The importance of character when attempting to create any good work of literature cannot be excessively stressed, and that includes historical literature. This country is bursting with history, yet few of its stories have been told within the framework of reality. We tend to do one of two things. Either we build up through sentimentalization, or we tear down because we lean toward destructiveness. We don't seem capable of laughing at the human frailties within our heroes and heroines, nor can we admit their errors — unless, of course, we are of the destructive type. What is worse, we do not know them in the strain of their sorrow or the height of

their joy, and that is sad. My future generations, and yours as well, are going to need real heroes and heroines with names and personalities that truly did exist. They are going to need to be deeply rooted within their history, and I am going to try my damnedest to get my people rooted.

History, my kind of history, is created by men and women who have lived — and who come alive again through a few brilliant strokes by an author. It is not difficult to develop character, not once one has developed a creative way of seeing through dealing with opposites. For example, if you want to write about a good man, perhaps you could stand him beside a man or woman whose personality is equally as depraved. However, if you come to know your depraved hero or heroine as thoroughly as the sagawriters knew their outlaws, you will soon find that you cannot stand in judgement against him or her. You will then allow your character or characters to develop fully without dwelling upon a life within, just as the sagawriters allowed their outlaws, heroes and heroines to develop. A good writer should never pronounce judgement upon the people about whom he or she writes; judgement should be induced by the words, the actions and the histories of each character as he or she stands alone within the drama of life which he or she has helped to create.

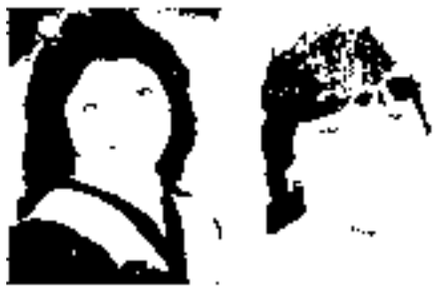
But perhaps your heroes and heroines, like Oli Rolvaag's (and hopefully like mine), are a people who carry within them a great love. Perhaps you know of no truly depraved person within the history about which you want to write. If not, help your people struggle against, or surrender to, for example, the bleak, seemingly unconquerable and unpredictable tragedies within the lives of the immigrants who settled the prairies. Remember, no historical person has ever lived within a vacuum, not even those who lived in a wilderness. There are so many stories upon this land, tales of innocence, of surrender, of success, tales that need to be written before we can become one people. So, regardless of your heritage, I suggest that you read and study the sagas for method, then write that one story about your people, which can be a people of one culture or many cultures, a story that everyone has been waiting to read. Write it as near to the truth as you can possibly create it, without losing sight of the creativity that lies deep within every one of us, which also lies beneath the surface of every good story that has ever been told.

THE PRINCIPAL PARTICIPANTS IN THE ICELANDIC FESTIVAL (ISLENDINGADAGURINN) at Gimli, Manitoba, August 1, 1983

PRESIDENT

Harald K. Goodmanson

MAIDS OF HONOUR



Nielle Johnson *Bonnie Martin*

TOAST TO ICELAND

Stefan J. Stefanson

FIALLKONAN (Mountain Lady)

Daughter of Jakob and Sigridur Gudjonsson, formerly of Hnausa, Manitoba. Husband: Jack Björnson.

TOAST TO CANADA

Hreinn Lindal

TOAST TO ICELAND 1983

by Stefan J. Stefansson

Mr. Chairman, Virdulega Fjallkona, platform guests, Hatidargestir Fra Islandi, ladies and gentlemen.

It is a special privilege to be asked to deliver a tribute to Iceland on this the 94th annual festival of the Icelandic people of Manitoba.

Mr. chairman, I will attempt to convey to this gathering the many outstanding qualities and achievements of the people of this small republic that is so isolated in the great North Sea. I will also try to portray how the pioneers of this area brought with them characteristics that are displayed by their descendants unto this day.

Canada was fortunate to receive migration from Iceland. Icelanders have contributed significantly to the vigor and prosperity in the communities where they settled.

The people of Iceland today are well aware of the story of the western Icelanders. In many instances they feel they are a part of the experience and destiny of those Icelanders that live in the ''new land''. They proudly speak of our traditions and accomplishments at formal gatherings and elsewhere, often in total absence of any westerner.

They see themselves since the beginning of settlements in Iceland as having created or formulated a history of which the western Icelanders are an integral part.

We look back and see this small nation establishing recorded settlements or counties since the year 874, establishing a democratic government in 930. Iceland has a history of exploration and with the discovery of Greenland, Leifur Eiriksson forged a course to the North American continent.

Today we see this peace-loving country, though it has no military force other than their strategic location, being a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Iceland has never lost its identity.

Today's Icelander is a world traveller, annually one quarter of the population travel abroad. One finds it very interesting to discuss world geography with the Icelandic people — even the younger set — to find that they have travelled to the farthest corners of the earth.

It has greatly enriched our culture, that since the beginning of the nineteen seventies, travel to and from Iceland has greatly increased. It has strengthened undying bonds between relatives and friends on both sides of the ocean. It has created a tremendous interest in our western youth to visit Iceland to acquaint themselves with the people, their way of life and to enjoy the postcard scenery of the Icelandic countryside. At this time Viking Travel has a charter group in Iceland doing just that, and today we are blessed with a large group from Iceland at this gathering.

Where else in this world has such emphasis been placed on writing poetry and prose as in Iceland? These works of literature are being read the world over. Sagas and poetry that were written by such famous authors as Ari Thorgilsson, Snorri Sturluson and Sturla Thordarson, at which time the total population of Iceland may not have exceeded thirty thousand.

I will ask you who are present here today to imagine for a moment that we divide the population of Manitoba by five. This will give a population count very close to that of Iceland or approximately two hundred and twenty thousand people. Can you imagine now this one fifth of the people of this province maintaining a democratic government, freely elected, complete with all its required social and other public services? Government departments responsible for the administration of medicare,

welfare, education from the primary level to advanced university training, transportation, foreign affairs, only to mention a few. In reality you must realize that this small nation does just that.

The people of Iceland have great strength and determination which has been so amply demonstrated during periods of great adversities such as famine, volcanic eruptions and other extreme calamities.

They further displayed their strength and courage during the cod wars.

The Icelanders have conquered and developed the unlimited thermal heat that lies in abundance just below the earth's surface in so many parts of the country. For example, in the town of Heimaey in the Westman Islands the local population now heat their homes with the thermal energy from the volcanic lava that threatened to bury their community in 1973.

This sparcely populated nation can boast of one of the world's best fishing fleets. Though the Icelanders are very effective fishermen, they are strong conservationists. Through research and scientific study they closely govern their fish industry to maintain and improve the fish stock throughout their territorial waters. This is very sensible when you consider that Iceland's major export is fish and fish products.

It may sound strange that at the time that our forefathers migrated to this country, agriculture was Iceland's foremost industry. Farming in Iceland in those days involved large household staff. These servants processed the farm products including the famous Icelandic wool, the long haired wool of the Icelandic sheep which is second to none on the world markets. The famous Icelandic wool is now processed in the most modern factories. It is known world-wide for its quality and is demanded in markets throughout the world.

The farms in those days were as close as possible to being self-sufficient as travel and communication was very limited.

The lifestyle on these farms, though simple, produced many an individual with special skills and talent. Many poets, writers, saddlesmiths, dressmakers, cheesemakers, carvers and woodcrafters were among these farm dwellers. Many of these farms maintained their own church and minister.

Though this is no longer the farm scene in Iceland, there is still a large farm population. Farms are individually owned and these farms supply the nation with dairy and meat products. Some farms today produce only livestock, such as horses and sheep.

One of the great player in the making of the Icelandic nation is the famous Icelandic horse. Though small in stature, he has served his master well. The Icelandic horse was the chief means of transportation up until the end of the second decade of this

century. It moved the people, the produce of the nation, pulled the agricultural implements, stood by in freezing sleet at the seashore to convey the shipwrecked during sea disasters. It crossed the fjords with rider mounted regardless of the season or depth of water. The Icelandic horse is extremely well adapted to the difficult terrain and climate. It is a sure footed animal. It is still extensively used in the mountain round-up of sheep or other livestock. Now the Icelandic horse is rarely used for draft, but rather for sport. It is the pride and joy of ever so many Icelanders. Consequently, there has sprung up large riding clubs in Reykjavik and elsewhere. It is the dream and often the reality of most farm children to own their own horse.

One must visit Iceland to really get the picture of how different it is to travel in that country. There is no travel by train. The road system winds along the fjords and fishing villages of the coast. To be able to traverse these fjords means travelling what seems a great distance. The nation, however, has found a way around this dilemma. It has established an extensive network of air travel to all larger towns and areas of the country. Most areas have daily or twice daily air service with passenger rates comparable to bus travel rates. They maintain the most modern aircraft for their international and domestic flights.

A tourist to Iceland will find no shortage of travel tours. These are continuous during the summer months. They may be tours of one or two day duration or up to ten or twelve day circle tours. There are also special mountain and glacier safaris.

Visitors to Iceland normally spend some time in the city of Reykjavik and while there they should pause for a moment to explore. First the National Museum, where under one roof you find yourself absorbing a complete history of the way of life of the Icelanders since the year 850. It is very complete. There are no lost periods. You will learn that today there are archeologists working throughout the land digging and exploring for lost or hidden artifacts and other treasures. These experts are also historians seeking out any information about the people and cultures of the past, be it their physical structure, dwellings, dress, diet or what have you.

Next one must visit the National Library. There the greatest treasure of the Icelander is kept, ''the book''. Indeed the librarian is so well versed in the history of the nation, he can immediately direct you to the material you require, or simply ask for a tour and you will be shown the endless shelves of books, manuscripts, some that are written on skin and can be read by today's generation because they are written in a language that has not changed with the passing of time. It is interesting to note that authors in Iceland produce approximately the same number of books each year as do the authors of Canada. Book stores abound all over Iceland.

Your third visit must be to the National Theatre. In fact Reykjavik has two theatre companies and with either the visitor is assured of superb entertainment. Most people of Iceland prefer theatre to television.

Mr. Chairman, I can go on and on and mention other cultural fields and endeavors which are outstanding with the people of Iceland, such as the university, the symphony, arts, radio, television and many others.

Let me mention here that I have been speaking about the entire population of Iceland, both sexes. Women are a powerful force in Iceland. Not only are Icelandic women considered the most beautiful women in the world, but they let themselves be seen and heard. Iceland can boast of having the only democratically elected woman president in the world. When the women of Iceland felt that they were being discriminated against and were not re-

ceiving equal rights with their male counterparts, they organized a national strike and brought the nation to a halt. The country gained an appreciation of their welfare and concerns. The strike occurred during the International Year of the Woman. This may well have been the only successful strike by women. They now have in the Parliament of Iceland three members of a non-partisan women's party. And six women members of other partisan groups.

Now let us western Icelanders take stock of ourselves and realize that we are a product of this far away land.

We find that the old adage of the acorn not falling fare from the oak is still true. What we, our parents, and our grandparents have done on this side of the ocean is a result of the built-in characteristics and spirit of the people of Iceland. This realization adds strength to our desire to maintain our heritage, language and culture. Iceland need not fear that her descendants on this continent will ever let her down.

Again, Mr. Chairman, may I say how grateful I am for the privilege of proposing the Toast to Iceland. Long may it prosper and may we extend our thanks to her that we still feel the need to come together annually to express our heritage and thanks to our hearty and ambitious ancestors.

"VESTURBRAEDUR"
THE ICELANDIC MALE CHORUS OF SEATTLE

by Benedict Trigvi Hallgrimson, Tour Director
Vesturbraedur Chorus

1st row, left to right: *Harald Johnson, Lanny Turay, Kristjan (Bill) Kristjanson, Rev. Harald Sigmar, Marino (Ted) Hermann, Rev. Eric Sigmar, Jonatan (Tani) Bjornson, Dennis Bjornson, Delbert Anderson, Leonard Simundson, Stefan Scheving.* ***2nd row, left to right:*** *Ralph Scheving, Benedict Hallgrimson, Dennis Palmason, Valdimar Kristjanson, Peter Hallgrimson, Edward Palmason Jr., Raymond Olason, Einar Gislason, Jon Palmason, Sigurbjorn (Sibbie) Kristjanson, Rev. Walter Moris, Dr. Edward Palmason Sr.*

The Icelandic Male Chorus of Seattle was organized in 1979 by Icelandic immigrants and descendants. The chorus calls itself "Vesturbraedur", (Western Brothers). Many Icelandic songs are sung along with English standards, light opera, spirituals, western ballads, folksongs, and sacred works. The chorus is proud to be numbered among the five Scandinavian choruses in Seattle.

The "Vesturbraedur" Chorus left on June 14, 1983 for a singing tour of Iceland. The chorus participated in the June 17th Independence Day Festival in Reykjavik. They sang in the morning at the Old Peoples' Home, "Grund", and in the afternoon, outdoors in front of the building of the "Mentaskolinn i Reykjavik a Laekjargata". On Sunday, June 19th, the chorus sang for the morning church service at Bessastadur and following the services were guests of President Vigdis Finnbogadottir for dinner at the presidential residence. Concerts at Hveragerdi, Reykjavik, Borganess, Aku-

reyri, Skalholt and Aratunga, encompassed a series of eight concerts in Iceland during a ten-day period which had as its listening audience a significant representation of the people of Iceland.

''Vesturbraedur'', Western Brothers, are Western because they are American, but their ancestry is Icelandic, second, third and fourth generations. Nine of the members grew up in North Dakota in or around the village of Mountain. Several of them sang in the church choir there and in the Icelandic Male Chorus of North Dakota which performed over forty years ago. The other members were born or raised in or near Seattle, and their parents came either from North Dakota or directly from Iceland.

The chorus membership reveals several unique family relationships: combinations of fathers and sons, brothers, nephews, and cousins. One father in the tenor section has three sons in the chorus and all of them are tenors.

Dedication characterizes this chorus membership. Several members drive eighty-five miles to Seattle and return for weekly rehearsals every Sunday afternoon. In addition, they will travel anywhere in the Puget Sound area to attend concert appearances.

The youngest chorus member is in his twenties, the oldest in his early seventies. Several members speak Icelandic reasonably well and the majority understand it. Several of the younger members were enrolled in an Icelandic class during the past year in preparation for the proposed trip to Iceland. All were excited at the prospect of visiting and singing in the land of their forefathers. Ten of the members have visited Iceland previously.

Members of the chorus include: First Tenors: Dr. Edward Palmason, Jon Palmason, Ralph Scheving; Second Tenors: Delbert Anderson, Einar Gislason, Sigurbjörn (Sibbie) Kristjanson, Dennis Palmason, Edward Palmason Jr., Stefan Scheving, Leonard Simundson; Baritones: Dennis Björnson, Jonatan (Tani) Björnson, Marino (Ted) Hermann, Kristjan (Bill) Kristjanson, Rev. Harald Sigmar, Lanny Turay; Bases: Benedict Hallgrimson, Peter Hallgrimson, Harald Johnson, Valdimar Kristjanson, Walter Moris, Raymond Olason, Rev. Eric Sigmar.

The chorus director is Ernest Anderson, a Seattle-born American, of Swedish extraction. During the 1982-83 season the chorus appeared in ten performances in Seattle and communities in the Puget Sound area. It had the pleasure of singing on three occasions last fall for President Vigdis Finnbogadottir when she visited Seattle during the ''Scandinavian Today'' festival.

The Vesturbraedur Chorus is tentatively planning a singing tour visit to Icelandic-American and Canadian communities in North Dakota, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan during the month of August, 1984. The chorus hopes to participate at the 2nd of August Celebration in Gimli and present concerts in selected Icelandic communities in the area.

QUOTE

Manitoba-born Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson mixed his political views with his love of the North when he observed, ''The trouble lies in the fact that a Canadian Prime Minister has never been exiled to the Arctic.''

* * *

QUOTE

''A nation is a body of people who have done great things together in the past and who hope to do great things together in the future.''

FRANK H. UNDERHILL, historian, in ''The Image of Confederation'' (1964).

KJAERNESTED FAMILY REUNION

Eric Jonasson, the Organizer and Master of Ceremonies.

On Sunday, July 31, 1983 almost 150 Kjaernested family members from across Canada and the United States gathered together on an abandoned farmstead near Husavick, Manitoba, to meet old and new ''cousins'' and to unveil a memorial cairn in honour of their pioneer ancestors. This reunion is thought to have been the largest single gathering of the family in 75 years, and was organized and co-ordinated by Eric Jonasson of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Reunion day itself was only part of a larger three-day Icelandic cultural weekend for the family. On Saturday (July 30) approximately 40-50 family members took part in a 10-hour ''historical tour'' of New Iceland and travelled to and through such places as Husavick, Willow Point, Gimli, Camp Morton, Arnes, Hnausa, Sandy Bar, Riverton, Hecla Island, Arborg and Vidir. Participants travelled along the old ''Colonization Road'', built in 1876-77, and the road which follows the Icelandic River almost to its source near Vidir. On Monday (August 1), many Kjaernesteds converged on ''Islendingadagurin'', taking in the sights of ''Icelanders' Day'' and displaying their reunion T-shirts.

The reunion on Sunday was held at the ''Laufas'' farmstead (ne19-18-4e), originally homesteaded by Elias Jonsson Kjaernested in June, 1883. Ample time was provided here for the various branches of the family to meet and mingle, and a lunch of hot dogs (ie. Islendingar dogs'' — with apologies to all those who speak Icelandic), salads, and various condiments was provided to all assembled. Musical entertainment was provided by Len and Karen Vopnfjord, and other ''cousins''.

The general highlight of reunion day was the dedication of the ''Kjaernested Memorial Cairn'' located in the Husavick Cemetery on Highway 8. This cairn, constructed by Eric and Stefan Jonasson out of local stones, stands three and one-half feet in height and holds four copper plaques related to the Kjaernested family. It was unveiled by representatives of the three major branches of the family now residing in North America. These representatives, each of whom was specially asked to take part in the unveiling, included Kae Kernested of Ashern, Manitoba; Mrs. Sigridur Kernested of Husavick, Manitoba; Lillian Page of Winnipeg, Manitoba; Agusta Brock of Edmonds, Washington; and Axel Vopnfjord of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The main plaque on the cairn identifies the origins of the family, and explains how it came to North America. Two other plaques provide short biographical sketches on Kristjan Vilhelm Kjaernested (1827-1908) and Elias Jonsson Kjaernested (1831-1906), the two brothers who originally came to Canada and who now lie in the Husavick

Cemetery. Kristjan came to Canada in 1876 and Elias in 1881.

Another plaque identifies the four Kjaernested descendants who lost their lives during the two world wars. These include Pte. Fridfinnur Kjaernested Johannsson (1893-1917), Air Gunner Sgt. Leonard N. Jonasson (1926-43), Lieut. Frederick B. Paulson (1918-44) and Lieut. Gordon A. Paulson (1923-45). It was also announced that Manitoba geographical features (Kjernested Lake, Jonasson Creek, Paulson Bay and Paulson Island, respectively) had been named for each of these war casualties in recognition of their great personal sacrifice.

Another landmark during reunion day was the announcement that the ''Kjarna'' farmstead (se30-18-4e) near Husavick had been named a ''Century Farm'' by both the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and the Manitoba Historical Society. This honour is extended only to those Manitoba farms which have been occupied continuously by the same family for more than 100 years. Knarna was originally homesteaded by Kristjan Vilhelm Kjaernested in September 1876 and the present owner, Mrs. Sigridur Kernested, is the widow of his grandson Kris Kernested. The Manitoba Historical Society plaque was presented to Mrs. Kernested on reunion day by Eric Jonasson, a member of the society's Governing Council, and the Agriculture award was presented on Tuesday, August 2 by the local agricultural representative.

The reunion day concluded with a steak dinner at the Husavick Hall, and official greetings to the gathered family members were extended at that time by Ray Sigurdson, Reeve of the R.M. Gimli.

The Kjaernesteds in both Iceland and North America are descendants of Jon Thorlaksson Kjaernested (1799-1836) and his wife, Elin Eliasdottir (1806-69) of the Eyafjordur and Snaefellsnes district of Iceland. The surname itself, now spellled in a variety of ways in Canada and the United States (Kernested, Kjernisted, Kernisted, Kjernested), is derived from a Danish rendering of the family's place of origin (''Kjarni in Eyjafjordur'') and essentially means ''from the farmstead of Kjarni''. The name was originally adopted by Fridfinnur Hallgrimsson (1746-1819), Jon Thorlaksson's father's brother, who had settled in Denmark, and was assumed by Jon Thorlaksson when he studied agriculture in Denmark about 1815-18.

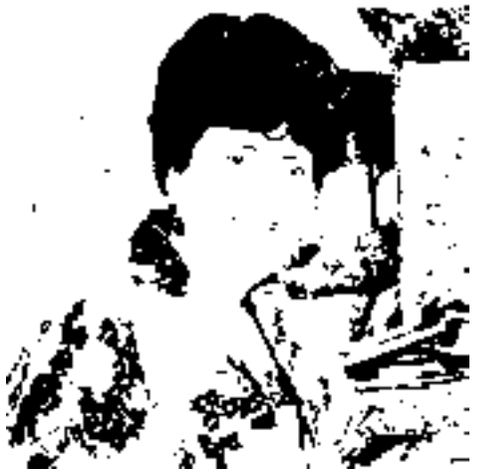
The North American branches of the family descend primarily from Kristjan and Elias Kjaernested, both of whom settled near Husavick, Manitoba. A third brother, Fridfinnur Kjaernested (1830-1910) remained in Iceland, although several of his children and grandchildren chose to emigrate from Iceland and their descendants now constitute a third major branch outside Iceland.

All three branches of the family were represented at the reunion, the largest representation coming from Kristjan's branch. Most family members came from Manitoba, although some came from Alberta, British Columbia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Quebec. a sizeable group from Elias' family also came from various locations in the state of Washington.

Considerable genealogical information on the family was gathered prior to and during the reunion. This will now form the basis for a family history to be published in the near future and is expected to contain references to every descendant of Jon Thorlaksson Kjaernested. Further research is still required before publication, and anyone who is a descendant of Jon Kjaernested but has not yet been contacted about their relationship should write to Eric Jonasson, Box 205, St. James P.O., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3J 3R4, for further information.

ELEANOR OLTEAN, ARTIST

by Gustaf Kristjanson



Eleanor Oltean, Artist

When Eleanor June Lloyd was growing up she was already being exposed to the influences which were to shape her life and career. Her father, Lieut. Colonel Ralph Ernest Alwyn Lloyd, had taken over the family homestead, Seighford Ranch, at Midnapore, Alberta (not far from Calgary) after a military career in the militia and service overseas in the First World War. He was a farmer by vocation. But his interests went beyond that. He enjoyed watercolour painting and writing poetry. Eleanor's mother, Helen McLeod Sveinbjörnsson (daughter of Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson, composer of Iceland's national anthem), was a graduate of the College of Art in Edinburgh, and was to publish a book of her own poetry when she was eighty years of age. Obviously the artistic and literary influences in the home were very strong.

As Eleanor has noted herself: ''Both of my parents had a deep appreciation for the arts . . . I well remember the joy I felt as a child, when watching my mother sketch and paint. She always encouraged her children to take up a pencil or brush so they too might be creative. Thus, my desire to draw and paint commenced at a very early age.''

''One of the first pictures I produced in colour, under my mother's guidance, lingers in my mind. I can still feel the happiness I felt one afternoon, as I sat on a chair piled high with cushions and worked away with water colours at our kitchen table. I did my very best to create on paper the scene which we viewed from our kitchen window. A grove of poplar trees, in all their glory of fall colours, against a soft cerulean sky. Certainly this, from the brush of a five-year-old, was no work of art, but I remember my mother's words of encouragement and my feeling of accomplishment.''

''Some of my fondest memories are of our walks in the woods. My mother always took time to stop, to express her appreciation, and to point out to us all things of beauty. The trees, the texture of the bark, their leaf formations, the brilliance of the sunshine catching the leaves, in contrast to those in shadow, and all the lovely little plants that grew around about; the wood violets, the wild roses, the bright red raspberries hanging in clusters; those and many more brought colour and fragrance to our happy walks in the woods.''

''I also think back to climbing the hills, as we walked through tall, graceful grasses waving in the wind and the many wild flowers. When we reached the top of the hill we would look down to the lake gleaming in the sunshine. All this beneath the beauty of a prairie sky, so clear in atmosphere that every little wisp of cloud was visible to be admired through the human eye . . .'' (One might add here — especially through the human artist's eye.)

She goés on to write about her memories of winter scenes in a comparable

vein. "I shall never forget the beauty of the winter landscape during some of my winter morning walks to school. Mornings that were so clear and crisp that the snow-capped Rocky Mountains shone like vivid pink jewels as they reflected the rising sun. And some evenings that were equally as beautiful, when the mountains became a deep purple, silhouetted against an orange and golden sunset." The visual impressions of the artist are reflected in the imaginative images and expressive qualities of the writer. It is easy to understand why no gift pleased her so much as the pencils, scribblers, art paper and paint that her father brought her after a trip to the city.

Eleanor's art education was largely informal. Since her mother was a qualified art teacher, she was able to develop her skills largely in the confines of her own home, although she did avail herself of a General Art course by correspondence in 1942. Since that time, by dint of practice and self teaching, she has been able to blossom forth into an artist who has caught the essence of the prairie landscape and transmitted it to canvas in a most evocative and effective way. The first painting she recalls having sold was commissioned by a gentleman in Vancouver, where she was working at the time. It consisted of fantasy paintings for his children's rooms!

It was also in Vancouver that she met Dean Oltean, a native of Markinch, Sask., who had served in the Royal Canadian Engineers during World War II. They were married in 1948. The couple lived in Vancouver for a short time, then in Ontario, a short spell in Winnipeg, and by 1950 had settled on a grain farm north of Regina, Sask. Some years later they purchased their present farm at Pense, a few miles west of Regina, where they still live.

In this home, Eleanor Oltean has her studio from which most of her paintings are displayed and sold. From the window of the studio may be seen a panorama of grain fields with the characteristic grain elevators in the distance. Among the paintings which have brought her much acclaim are "Homestead Kitchen" and "Prairie Scene". Among her own favourites are "Swathing Time" (a harvest landscape reflecting the vastness and tranquility of the prairie grain fields), "The Lone Survivor" (a bison who "stands with his phantom herd, he dreams of bygone days — happy days, when life for a bison was all that he desired"), and "Ground Blizzard" (depicting an abandoned Saskatchewan farm, racked by a prairie blizzard).

Eleanor Oltean has given numerous one woman exhibits — in centres such as Regina, Moose Jaw, Spokane, and Minneapolis. Galleries which have carried her paintings include Ann's Art Gallery and Saskan Art Gallery in Regina, the Art Circle and Lamm's Art Gallery in Calgary, the E. & D. Gallery in Spokane, Wash., and Renzullo Galleries in Laguna Beach, Cal. Of course, she has sold pictures on commission too numerous to mention. Paintings by this artist now hang in the British Isles, Scandinavian countries, Germany, India, Holland, Italy, China, Turkey, Mexico, and Australia, as well as, of course, Canada and the United States.

She has been the subject of articles in newspapers and has been interviewed on many occasions on television. Some of her paintings have appeared on television screens, either in station breaks or as an element in a full length program. She has likewise been in considerable demand for giving lectures and demonstrations at schools, women's institutes, and art clubs.

In addition to designing book covers for books by other authors, she designed and illustrated her own children's story, *Tricksy Dee* which is told entirely in verse (see review elsewhere in this issue). She enjoys writing poetry (a talent inherited from her mother) although she has written no great amount. *Tricksy Dee* is her first published work, but she is working on a sequel entitled *Tricksy Dee in Winter*, also written in verse and illustrated in colour.

But it is the prairie scene which has always formed the dominant motif in her artistic consciousness. To quote her own words again:

> "Although I have heard it said that the flat wide open plains of the prairie have nothing to offer to the eye of the artist, I differ in my opinion. True, in places there is nothing more than land and sky! But the beauty of those skies hold everlasting interest, ever changing moods, tints, tones and designs. Such an expanse of the heavens has, indeed, a great deal to offer to the eye of the artist."

Eleanor Oltean,
May 14, 1983

SUNSHINE IN DAKOTA

by K. N. Julius

(Translated by Paul A. Sigurdson)

When our weary winter yields,
And spring relives its story,
Ah, what a pretty sight to see
The sun in all its glory!

And when the wide Dakota fields,
With rip'ning wheat are swaying;
A pretty sight to see the sun,
Upon the uplands playing.

When all the tender hay is cut,
In sickled-rows reclining;
Ah, what a pretty sight, the sun
Upon the meadows shining.

Then he who longs to catch a fish,
Goes to the river, teeming;
A pretty sight to see the pike,
In sunny water gleaming.

When in the morn the farmer milks,
His brow with pleasure showing;
A pretty sight to see the sun
On all the cattle glowing.

If one can get a bit of gin,
At best by illness hinting;
Then 'tis a pretty sight the sun,
Upon the bottle glinting.

And now it seems to be the trend,
To dress in latest styling;
And 'tis a pretty sight the sun,
On lovely dresses smiling.

And if you long to go to church,
Your gladdened faith aligning;
It's a pretty sight the sun,
Upon the preacher shining.

And though the "take" is so very small,
The man's displeasure's showing;
It is a pretty sight the sun,
Upon the platter glowing.

But if I had to go to church,
My needs for succour pining;
I would as lief the sun itself,
Refused to go on shining.

And when I've passed beyond this place,
My bones to dust decaying;
'Twill be a pretty sight the sun,
Upon my gravestone playing.

PRINCESS MELKORKA LIVES ON

by Kristiana Magnusson

Princess Melkorka of Laxdaela Saga

An Icelandic saga princess lives on in Surrey, British Columbia!

During Deana Moller's research into genealogy she read several of the sagas. One story in particular caught her imagination — the story about the beautiful slave Melkorka who was actually an Irish princess. This interest was further intensified when she found Melkorka's name on her Grandma Johnson's family chart.

Deana Moller read and re-read the story and the picture of Melkorka became very clear to her — how Hoskuld of Hoskuldsstadir had first seen the beautiful Melkorka in a slave tent owned by Gilli the Russian; how Hoskuld had paid three marks of silver for her even though she was considered deaf and dumb; how Hoskuld had dressed her in the finery which he had in his chest and had taken her to his home in Iceland as a bondwoman; how Melkorka bore him a son named Olaf; then that fateful day when Hoskuld overheard Olaf and his mother, who had feigned dumbness to others, speaking together. When Hoskuld asked her what her name was she did not at first reply. Finally she told him, ''If you want to know my name I am called Melkorka. My father's name is Myrkjartan and he is a King in Ireland. I was captured and taken away when I was fifteen years old.''

This story came to Deana Moller's mind often and she felt she had known Melkorka for a long time. A plan slowly began to evolve.

When Deana was nine years old she had received an Eaton's Beauty doll from her parents, for Christmas. She had played with that doll for years until finally it had been packed away in a box — her hair chewed up; her eyelashes no longer softly brushing the eyes but merely tiny strands of clipped ends; the neck broken and the once-proud head and smiling face hanging down while the arms and legs dangled on the worn-out elastic which had held them together.

Six years ago Deana Moller decided that she would follow through on her plan. She would have a Melkorka doll to show to her grandchildren! She took the dilapitated 53-year-old doll to a doll hospital in Vancouver. Here the doll was re-assembled, her eyes and face were carefully painted and a flowing blonde wig was made for her.

Today the Melkorka doll is beautifully dressed in a long white gown trimmed with lace. The long slip and panties underneath are the original ones made by Deana's mother 59 years ago. Her long blonde hair is adorned with a crown of pearls and across her dress is a band with the name ''Melkorka'' emblazoned in gold.

Now Deana Moller has told and retold the story of Melkorka as she shows the doll to primary students, her grandchildren, to a ladies' chruch group and to a genealogy class.

Princess Melkorka of the Laxdaela Sagas has found a happy niche in Surrey, British Columbia.

THE NARROWS—SIGLUNES SETTLEMENT

(Concluded)

by William Friesen

Jonas Jonasson

Jonas Jonasson, another pioneer, who, once he was settled at Siglunes did not move about as restlessly as the three men preceding him in this account. He was more, as Wordsworth put it in his *Ode To a Skylark,* ''A type of the wise who soar but never roam, True to the kindred spots of heaven and of home.'' He left Iceland in 1883 and moved to Hallson, North Dakota. There his wife, Thor, died in 1892. They had one son. In 1893 he married Gudrun Gudmunsdottir. They moved to Siglunes in 1895 to the northwest quarter of 16-22-9W at first, and then to the southwest quarter of the same section. They lived in a log house till 1902, then built a frame house, the first in the community. This was before Björn Mathews had set up his saw mill. Consequently, he and his men had to haul the lumber from Westbourne, a distance of 70 miles. The hauling had to be done in winter while the frost was in the ground. Even then the road, or trail, was beset with numerous obstacles and each trip took weeks. Nineteen hundred and two was a very wet year and there was heavy flooding. Many settlers became discouraged and left. The Jonassons stayed.

At first life was not easy. Many of the settlers used to go to Winnipeg with team and wagon once a year to sell produce and to bring back the most necessary supplies. Their produce would consist of salted butter in wooden kegs, salted hides, and dried sheep pelts. The road was hardly more than a trail. It was difficult all the way and in some places almost impassable. The trip there and back, including a few days spent in Winnipeg, could take as much as a month. When the railroad reached Oak Point the distance to market was reduced to 60 miles.

Mr. Jonasson survived the hardships of the early days and, in time, became a prosperous farmer. In addition, he successfully operated a small store on his farm for 12 years. Being community minded, he sponsored the organization of Siglunes S.D. and the erection of a school house in 1907. Prior to the building of the school, he had engaged tutors for two years to teach his children. He served as chairman of the school board for 20 years. He and Gudrun raised 11 children, one from the first marriage and ten from the second. Jonasson was endowed with an unusual gift of leadership in many social activities. He had an excellent singing voice and was a lover of music. In the early days of the community he led the singing at funerals and church services and conducted choirs for entertainment at concerts. He was a fluent speaker, exceedingly hospitable and a genial conversationalist. He was a leader in church and Sunday school. When the Icelandic Library Association was formed in 1910, he was one of its co-sponsors and he served as either its chairman or treasurer for many years.

Mrs. Jonasson had little time for community projects. Her children and many household duties fully occupied her time and were her interest and chief concern. She is described as having a commanding presence and as one that was always ready to help those in need. She had the undivided respect of all who knew her. She was an ardent lover of her childhood faith and a staunch supporter of the Lutheran church. Her good influence was reflected in her children.

Johannes Erickson

One more pioneer deserves mention; this time a pioneer in education. His name was Johannes Erickson. He was the first teacher to teach in the first school built in The Narrows-Siglunes area. He came from Iceland in 1886, a young man with an intense interest in education. At first he was engaged in various jobs to make a living. Soon he set out to learn the English language and to gain an English education. After mastering the elementary subjects he went on to the secondary. As soon as his standing was high enough, he began teaching and, in this way, earned the money to continue his studies. He entered Wesley College and in 1912 obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. He went on to post graduate work and secured his Master of Arts degree. According to the source of this account, he was the only first generation Icelander in Canada to do so in the English language.

It was at an early stage in his rise up the educational ladder that he began teaching in the Siglunes school. He served there for three terms and spared no effort to give the school a good start. Because trustees in those early days had a limited knowledge of English and were unfamiliar with the Manitoba School System, he acted as Secretary. He was assessor for one year and also caretaker of the school. One year he even supplied the fuel. When the school district was short of funds, at least on one occasion, he was willing to wait for his salary.

As a teacher, Erickson worked hard and competently in this school. In addition to teaching the regular subjects, he put on a concert one year and handed the proceeds to the Board to help pay for a newly built barn. In the Siglunes Municipality history, there is an excellent photograph of Mr. Erickson and his class of boys and girls posing in front of the school house, taken in 1909. There are about 30 children in the picture, ranging in age from 6 to 16. Erickson was truly one of the pioneer educators of Manitoba. His clarity of purpose and perseverance of effort established a tradition and brought education in the Icelandic communities on the shores of Lake Manitoba off to a good start.

Siglunes School District No. 1399 was formed on January 5, 1907, by Inspector Best. Incidentally, Best was also a great Manitoba education pioneer. While the school was being built the children were taught in the Jonasson home. Miss Gudrun Arnason was the teacher during this four month period. During the next few years until the Hayland Hall was built, Siglunes School was the chief centre of community activities, such as concerts, dances, public meetings, and church services.

As settlers moved northward and inland from the lake shore, more schools were needed. The first to follow Siglunes was Hayland. It is believed that the initiative for getting the district organized and a school built was taken by a Mr. Hay. It was located on his farm, the northeast quarter of section 18-23-9W, and was built in 1911. Because Björn Mathews' saw mill had burnt down by this time, the walls of the school were made of logs. Any sawn lumber needed was hauled across the lake from the Ebb and Flow mill. Francis Stagg, an Indian from the Dog Creek Reserve, erected the walls and, afterward, the whole building was completely chinked, the walls with lime and sand, and whitewashed inside and out.

Seventeen pupils attended school the first year; the first teacher was Clarence Fizzel. In 1936 a frame building replaced the log school. Martha Ostenso, author of Wild Geese, taught in Hayland in 1918.

Darwin School District was organized in 1912 and the school was located about seven and a half miles northeast of Hayland. There were 27 pupils in attendance the first year. The teacher was Ragnhildur Johnson. It was in Darwin school that the first organizational meeting for the formation of Siglunes Municipality was held. For the first few months after organization the Council meetings were held in the school.

The Narrows School District No. 1450 was formed, possibly late in 1911. There appears to be no record of the exact date. During the first years, The Narrows Hall served as the school. The first two teachers were Miss Johnson and Thorbjörg Kernested. For several years a private house served as the school. In 1922 a building was moved from Manitou Island and, after minor repairs, it became the school. It was remodelled in 1942 by volunteer labor and served until it was closed for lack of pupils in the fifties.

Dog Creek School District was formed in 1918. The first record available indicates that the teacher in 1920 was a Miss Asta Johnson. During the first 12 years, classes were held in the old log Anglican church. All but a few of the first pupils had no schooling. Most of them were Métis. In 1930 a log school was built on the south west quarter of 3-24-9W. After it burned down, a few years later, it was replaced by a frame school. In time enrolment became so large that two teachers were required.

The Hayland Hall

After the Hayland Hall was built (1912-13), it became the main centre of activities for practically the whole Narrow-Siglunes community. First of July celebrations, field days, school picnics, Christmas concerts, dances, and public meetings were held here for many years. The annual picnics drew people from all parts of the settlement and beyond, Wapah and Reykjavik from across the lake.

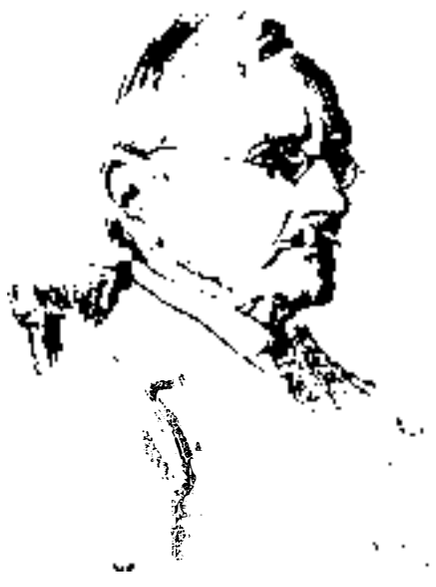
Baseball games and tournaments were a strong attraction. At first the games were between individual school districts. In time a Siglunes Athletic Association was formed and a Siglunes ball team developed that drew its players from all parts of the area. This team has become well known in the Interlake district. There is a picture on page 338 in "Taming the Wilderness" of the Siglunes baseball team as it was in 1978. Two young men, Hal and Marvin Sweistrup , whose schools I inspected during my four years at Eriksdale, are in the picture. Included also is their father, Oscar Sweistrup, a Siglunes pioneer and manager of the team.

Much more of interest can be found in the Narrows-Siglunes story, which is only a small part of the history of the Municipality, for example, shipping on the lake—fishing and travel on the lake, the hazards encountered and tragedies experienced—the Red Rose Quarry—the Icelandic Society—The Templars (later known as the Temperance Society).

"Taming of the Wilderness" has 458 double pages consisting of uneven, but on the whole, well written material illumined by hundreds of photographs. It is an excellent portrayal of the early days of the Interlake although it covers only one municipality. There are several histories of other parts of the Interlake, each of which makes a valuable contibution to the history of Manitoba. In all of these books the reader will find depicted — hardship — endurance — perseverance — courage — vision · hope — failure — success — good times — fellowship — tragedy — laughter and tears — in other words, humanity in all its aspects.

SVEINBJÖRN SVEINBJÖRNSSON, MUSICIAN

by Gustaf Kristjanson



Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson (1915)

A hundred and nine years have passed since the stirring strains of the national hymn of Iceland, "O Gud Vors Lands", were first heard at a public gathering. The occasion was the national celebration observing Iceland's millenium in 1874. The words were written by Matthias Jochumsson, perhaps the most noted Icelandic poet of that period. The music was the work of Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson, a teacher of piano who spent most of his career in Edinburgh, Scotland, of all places! It is interesting and perhaps a little ironic that the composer of Iceland's national anthem lived so much of his life outside the land of his birth.

Sveinbjörn was born at Nesi near Reykjavik in 1874. He was the fifth child of Thordur Sveinbjörnsson, a Chief Justice who was held in high esteem by the public, and his second wife, Kirstin Knudsen, a woman of Danish descent, whom he had married in 1840. According to his biographer, Jon Thorarinsson, Sveinbjörn grew up in a large household, which was not uncommon in those days. It was made up of servants, a tutor, and others, in addition to the family of eight children.

Although his father died when he was not yet nine years old, Sveinbjörn had already had the advantage of some musical education. A piano had been purchased for the household at a time when there were few pianos anywhere in the country. He had learned to play the guitar as a small child and later took lessons in piano from Petur Gudjohnson, a relative by marriage, who was one of the foremost musicians in Iceland. Petur was the organist and choirmaster at the domkirkja (cathedral) and on occasion Sveinbjörn would take his place when the former was out of the country. It can be seen, then, that the foundations of his musical knowledge were gained in his native land.

When he graduated from secondary school in 1866, the student with the highest marks was none other than Jon Bjarnason, later to become minister of the First Lutheran Church in Winnipeg (a circumstance which will interest those familiar with the Winnipeg scene at the turn of the century). Years later Jon Bjarnason and his wife, Lara (a relative of Sveinbjörn) were to visit him at his home in Scotland.

Sveinbjörn attended the prestaskoli (seminary) in Reykjavik from 1866-68, although it is doubtful whether he seriously entertained the thought of entering the ministry. He was more desirous of furthering his musical studies and of travelling.

This he proceeded to do in the autumn of 1869, when he obtained passage for

Copenhagen in a sailing ship. The weather was stormy and the ship had a bad crossing. In fact, it was blown so far off course that it took a voyage of thirty-five days before it finally made a landfall at Granton on the coast of Scotland. Our inexperienced seafarer must have lost his taste for maritime adventure, as he lingered in Edinburgh for well over a month before continuing on to his original destination, Copenhagen.

He studied music for a while with a private teacher in the Danish capital, but the fall of 1870 found him in Edinburgh once more where he set himself up as a teacher of piano. With the exception of the 1872-73 season, which he spent in Leipzig studying piano, composition, harmony, and counterpoint, he remained in Edinburgh and followed his vocation as a music teacher for most of the rest of his career.

He had not been in Edinburgh long, however, when he received a visit from the poet, Matthias Jochumsson. The thousand year anniversary of the settlement of Iceland was approaching and Matthias had written the first verse of the millenial hymn that was later to become Iceland's national anthem. His errand was to persuade Sveinbjörn to set it to music. At some time during the winter or spring of 1874 Sveinbjörn did compose the music for the anthem. Although he had composed some piano pieces prior to this, it was the first music he ever composed to Icelandic words. The composition was sent to Iceland and it was performed at the festival there in August, 1974, in the Lutheran Church in Reykjavik with the king of Denmark (and Iceland, of course) in attendance.

Although it was well received at the time, it was, nevertheless, regarded for many years as merely an impressive patriotic hymn. *Eldgamla Isafold* continued to be the popular "anthem" sung at social gatherings. However, *O Gud Vors Lands* did ultimately come to be accepted as *the* national anthem of Iceland. It is not really a characteristic anthem. For one thing, it is quite difficult for the average person to sing. (There is some point of comparison here, perhaps, with "The Star Spangled Banner".) But because in word and song it encapsulates the feelings of this tiny island nation so well, it eventually became established in its official capacity.

In the years that followed, Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson became well established in the musical life of Edinburgh. For example, it is on record that he was one of the founding members (in 1887) of the Edinburgh Society of Musicians. During his career he composed dozens of compositions — songs, piano selections, etc. Most of the words or titles were in English, of course, since he was living in an English-speaking country.

Sveinbjörn did not marry until the spring of 1890. At that time he was nearly forty-three. His bride, who was only twenty at the time, was Eleanor Christie from the small town of Banff in Banffshire in northern Scotland. Her father and grandfather had been lawyers there. To this union were born two children, Thordur John Wilhelm and Helen McLeod.

Although he lived in Scotland until 1919, Sveinbjörn was often restless about remaining there. According to his biographer he began to give some consideration to moving as early as 1907. In that year he paid a visit to Iceland (he had not seen it since 1869) to rehearse a cantata he had composed for the occasion of the Danish king's visit to the country that summer. He frequently, also, made visits to Copenhagen. And in the fall of 1911 he made his first visit to North America to give addresses in Scandinavian music. He arrived in Winnipeg in September and travelled through various Icelandic settlements. Everywhere he was welcomed and much appreciated and acclaimed. By November

he was at the Pacific Coast. Then on the way east he stopped off at Markerville, Alberta, to visit Stephan G. Stephansson. By February (1912) he was back in Winnipeg and gave two concerts there that winter. He returned to Britain in May, but already he was giving serious consideration to moving to North America. By September he was back, this time making Seattle his base. He gave some lessons in Icelandic folk music there that winter, and it is recorded that he stopped off at Markerville again in the spring and gave a concert in April, 1913, in Grand Forks, North Dakota, before returning home.

Whatever plans he had been making to move across the ocean on a permanent basis, however, were interrupted by the outbreak of the First World War. His son, Thordur, completed his medical training and joined the army as a medical officer in 1915. His daughter, Helen, completed her training at the College of Fine Art in Edinburgh in 1915, after which she taught art at a number of schools and academies in the country. Icelandic Canadian servicemen would occasionally visit the home of the Sveinbjörnssons in Edinburgh. One of these, incidentally, was Frank Fredericksson, the hockey star. And so they waited the war out.

When it was over, and now in his seventieth year, Sveinbjörn prepared to make his long delayed move. He visited both Reykjavik and Copenhagen in the summer of 1919. In the meantime his daughter, Helen, had already arranged for a teaching position in Winnipeg and preceded her family overseas. By November they were all together again, living in a house on Lipton Street in Winnipeg. Jon Thorarinsson (his biographer) has noted that close friends of theirs at the time included Gisli Jonsson and his brother Einar Pall Jonsson, S. K. Hall and his wife Sigridur, and the Rev. Runolfur Marteinsson (note that Rev. Jon Bjarnason had died in 1914). Sveinbjörn gave several concerts and in many ways enjoyed living in Winnipeg and associating with the people there. The following summer Helen, his daughter, married Ralph A. E. Lloyd and they moved to the family ranch at Midnapore, Alberta, near Calgary.

In the summer of 1922 Sveinbjörn and his wife visited their daughter and infant grandchild in Alberta, returned briefly to Winnipeg, then departed for Iceland (via a short stay in Scotland). They lived in Iceland for about two years, supported by a pension from the Icelandic Government. During this time he gave a number of concerts and generally enjoyed the esteem and friendship of his fellow countrymen.

The couple visited Copenhagen in the fall of 1924. They were never to return, as Sveinbjörn was under a doctor's care during most of their stay. He died on February 23, 1927. His body was taken to Iceland for burial.

His widow, Eleanor, then moved to Canada and lived with or near her daughter for the rest of her life, which was a long one. When she died in 1969 her body was cremated and the remains sent to Iceland to be buried beside her husband.

This brief account merely represents some of the high points in the career of Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson, composer of Iceland's national anthem (as well as about 150 other musical selections), a man who established such solid contacts in four different countries — Iceland, Scotland, Denmark, and Canada — and seemed to be at home in all of them. But this internationalist will always be best known for the most nationalistic of expressions — the composition of the music that uplifts us every time we hear the strains of "O Gud Vors Lands".

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:
Thorarinsson, Jon. *Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson*
Almenna Bokafelag, Reykjavik, 1969.

BOOK REVIEW

by Gus Kristjanson

TRICKSY DEE by Eleanor Oltean. Published by Eleanor Oltean, Box 22, Pense, Saskatchewan S0G 3W0. Printed by Midwest Litho, Ltd., Saskatoon, Sask.

* * *

Those who will soon be shopping around for children's gifts for the Christmas season should be delighted to get their hands on this attractive little volume. It describes the adventures of a pixie who lives in the trunk of a tree. His activities don't begin, however, until boys and girls are fast asleep in their beds. Then he dresses in his suit of brightest green so that he can go off to the Fairy Queen Ball in the heart of the forest and dance with the Fairy Queen. Not until dawn startles the world with its golden light do the fairies and pixies cease their dancing and "Like Tricksy Dee, go back to sleep in the trunk of a tree."

This engaging little story, told in verse, is written and illustrated by Eleanor Oltean. These illustrations, vivid in their greens and purples, are so captivating in their imagery and add so much to the story that the book is a joy to peruse. It is not uncommon to see children's books attractively illustrated, but this one is outstanding in this regard. This should hardly surprise us, since Mrs. Oltean is an artist of considerable merit. These pages merely show us another facet of her talents. You might want to make the acquaintance of Tricksy Dee and his friends.

ACCOLADES

1. Though buffetted by circumstances, you have not bemoaned your fate.
2. Age has not withered your youthful exuberance.
3. In you friendship and loyalty co-exist on equal terms.
4. No calumny mouthed by insensitive people can belittle your recent achievement.
5. Undeterred by successive failures, you blithely continue your life's mission.
6. Soft and gentle, your voice is an inspiration to those who falter on life's highway.
7. In your house by the roadside you are ever ready to be helpful to the troulbled passer-by.
8. Having lost, you cheer as the winners go by.
9. No snarl or sneer is ever heard from you, as your triumphant rivals parade past you.
10. Ever hopeful, you remain unperturbed by life's fell blows.
11. When life's dark midnight is over, you cheerfully watch for the dawn of a new day.

A.V.

SCHOLARSHIPS OFFERED

CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION

We invite students of Icelandic or part-Icelandic descent to apply for the following scholarships which are offered or processed by The Canada Iceland Foundation.

Emilia Palmason Student Aid Fund

Two awards of $500.00 each to be given annually. The recipients must be of good moral character, Icelandic descent, college calibre and primarily in need of help to continue their studies in high school, college or at University level. They are asked to sign a pledge that ''somewhere along the highway of life'' they will try to provide comparable help to another needy student. Closing date for applications **June 30th, 1984.**

Thorvaldson Scholarship

One scholarship of $500.00 to be awarded annually. This annual scholarship will be awarded to a student in University or proceeding into a University in Canada or the United States. The recipient must demonstrate financial need and high scholastic ability. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

Einar Pall and Ingibjorg Jonsson Memorial Scholarship

One scholarship of $500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a High School graduate proceeding to a Canadian University or the University of Iceland. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

The Canadian Iceland Foundation Scholarship

One scholarship of $500.00 to be awarded annually. Award to be determined by academic standing and leadership qualities. To be offered to a University student studying towards a degree in any Canadian University. Closing date for applications **September 15, 1984.**

Students wishing to apply are asked to submit applications with supporting documents indicating which scholarship they wish to apply for. Information and application forms are available by telephoning 475-8064 or contacting:

Canadian Icelandic Foundation
c/o M. Westdal, Secretary
40 Garnet Bay, Winnipeg Manitoba
R3T 0L6

Index to Advertisers

THE BEST PART OF YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE COULD BE A STOPOVER IN ICELAND.

STOPOVER TOURS INCLUDING HOTEL, TRANSFERS, SIGHTSEEING AND SOME MEALS AT INCREDIBLY LOW PRICES. FROM $48, 1 DAY; $72, 2 DAYS; $97, 3 DAYS.*

Now you can take advantage of Icelandair's inexpensive Stopover Tours of Iceland while you're taking advantage of our low fares from New York, Chicago or Baltimore/Washington to Europe.

Iceland is a land of volcanoes, giant waterfalls, Viking museums, glaciers, geysers, concerts, art shows, duty-free shopping and hot-springs pools.

You'll get transfers between airport and Reykjavik, room at the first-class Hotel Loftleidir or Hotel Esja, continental breakfast daily, city sightseeing tour, and more. All at unbelievably low prices. From $48, 1 day; $72, 2 days; $97, 3 days. For longer stays, ask about our Adventure Week and Weekend packages including airfare, hotel and sightseeing.

So on your next trip to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Great Britain or Luxembourg, stop in Iceland for a few days.

For further information see your travel agent or call 800/555-1212 for the toll free Icelandair number in your area.

*Prices are per person, double occupancy and are in effect October 1 through March 31, 1984 and subject to change.

ICELANDAIR

NOW MORE THAN EVER YOUR BEST VALUE TO EUROPE

IN THE BARDAL FAMILY TRADITION

Every Neil Bardal funeral service is performed with honesty, dignity and respect – a long-standing tradition from two previous generations. Now with a modern interpretation to suit today's family needs.

neil bardal INC

FAMILY FUNERAL COUNSELLORS

984 Portage at Aubrey Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0R6
24-Hour Telephone Service
786-4716

Winnipeg's only Bardal family-owned Funeral Service.
Open 9 to 5 Monday thru Saturday.
Ask for a free brochure.