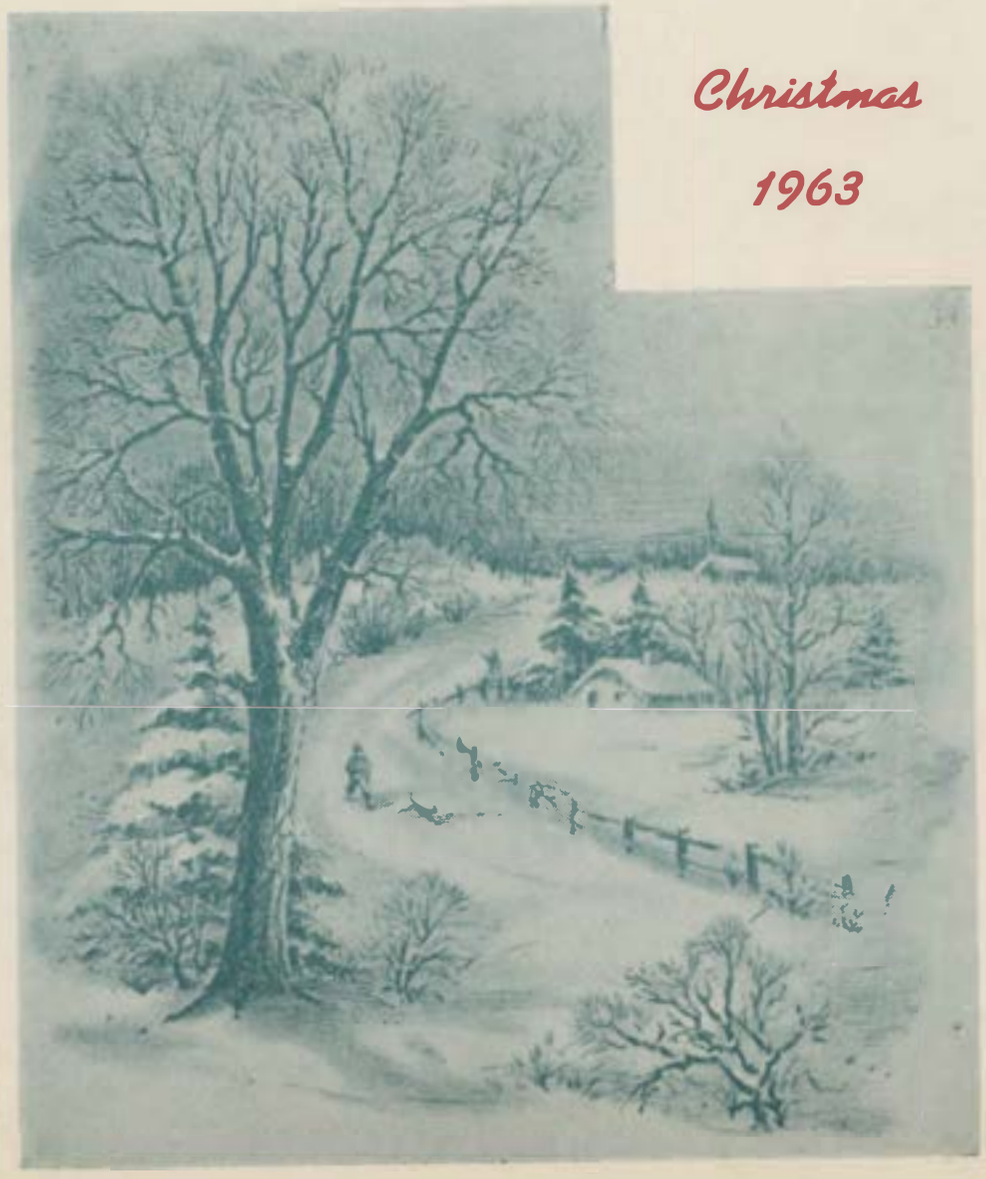
WINTER 1963

THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN



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On earth peace, good will toward men

One man ordered that all the world be taxed, and the world hastened to obey.

It was a world not too big or complex to be kept under the mortal eye of a single ruler, aided by instruments of fear and the servile loyalty of a few. It stretched from an almost legendary Cathay westward to a barbaric Britain not yet the object of Roman ambition. According to the concepts of the day, the earth was the floor of this little universe, and heaven its star-studded roof. Over its primitive roads, the poor and oppressed trudged on foot or were borne by slow, plodding beasts to the villages of their origins, where they rendered unto Caesar Augustus what he claimed to be his.

Into this tiny world of simple concepts and primitive brutalities came the Prince of Peace. The son of a subject people who ended the weary journey of the tax-payer in the town of Bethlehem, he was born in a stable, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

There was no room at the inn.

Simple shepherds who watched their flocks in the hills near Bethlehem were guided to the lowly cradle by an angel of the Lord; to them was given the message that has echoed down the centuries to our day:

" . . . . On earth peace, good will toward men!"

In nineteen centuries and sixty-three years, the physical world has expanded far beyond the wildest dreams of the powerful Caesars, and modern science has unlocked many complex secrets of the universe. Our concepts are no longer simple, our problems no longer bounded by the limits of family circles or national borders.

The magic of modern communications has brought this immensely widened world under the mind's eye of every thinking person, dropped its problems on every doorstep in Christendom. Like the shepherds on the night the Prince of Peace was born, we are "sore afraid."

There is a saying in Korea that "winter is for the rich." This bitter proverb of the people will drive home its truth again this Christmas through tortured flesh in a country where the pangs of hunger are part of life, where babes are wrapped in potato sacks and laid to sleep on unsheltered ground.

There is still no room at the inn, and men of good will ponder painfully in their slow and earnest search for a solution of the world's ills. Not even in favored countries is there much peace beyond the loving circles of family and friends.

Yet the miracle of faith endures, defying the proven facts of human history through the ages. A generation that has suffered two world conflicts and seen

the rapid growth of techniques that threaten to blow the earth from under it, still clings to a promise that is dearer than all others to the healthy human heart.

It is a faith that can save our world for peace, and for freedom from the evils that keep large numbers of our fellow humans fettered in chains of ignorance and want—this wondrous faith that survives in men of good will who doggedly struggle toward the fulfilment of the ancient promise:

"On earth peace, good will toward men!"

Caroline Gunnarson

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

It is always pleasant and encouraging to hear comments from our readers. For some reason they prefer to be incognito but it is not amiss to make known some of the thoughts expressed. Quite frequently subscribers say: "I always read every word in the Icelandic Canadian". Similar remarks are often made in chats with the editors.

Many very favorable comments have been received about the last number (Autumn, 1963). One reader said: "Think it is about the best yet which is saving a lot". The following is an extract from a letter from a graduate in honors English in Ontario:

"I was particularly interested in The Brief which you had presented while in Iceland last summer. It was certainly well organized and most comprehensive in its treatment of the subject. That it aroused a good deal of interest in Iceland is evident from the report on it. I was surprised to learn that the Universities in Britain and especially in Australia have combined the study of the Icelandic language with the study of English. From the fact that this was not due to pressure from the Icelandic citizens there but from a realization of the influence of that language upon English should be considered seriously by students of English and by the universities."

★

The Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism is on almost everybody's lips and no two opinions seem to be exactly the same. Many briefs will be presented to the Commission some of which are being processed at the present time.

Readers who have some opinions in regard to this very controversial subject, should make their views known to some organization which will be submitting a brief, or to the Editor-in-Chief of this magazine who is working with others in the preparation of briefs.

Readers are urged to submit their views as soon as possible so that the people to whom they are sent will be able to embody them in briefs, provided, of course, that they are not too far removed from the general approach in the particular brief.

★

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the translation of Tungustapi, the Elf Hill. by Judy Taylor and Melinda Bardal.

Both Melinda and Judy are taking Icelandic at the University of Manitoba. This magazine is always open to students and others engaged in Icelandic studies. Original articles and poems up to reasonable standards as well as translations will be gladly accepted. The transation of Tungustapi is very good indeed and these students of Icelandic are to be congratulated on their fine effort.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy

John F. Kennedy: Courage and Vision of Life

"Where there is no vision the people perish." — Proverbs 29:18

"There is yet, to whoever is eligible among us, the prophetic vision,
the joy of being tossed in the brave turmoil of these times." — Walt Whitman

In his book, "Profiles in Courage", John F. Kennedy wrote: "The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment."

When that courage of life is possessed by a man of high intellectual qualities and undoubted moral strength, whose training has been for selfless service, a vision begins to form and combines with that courage. If that man is placed in a position of great power with heavy world issues to face, the vision will crystalize and give direction to his every public task, which nothing can bend or disturb. Each step taken will be as that vision directs. Each overt act of public service will reach the hearts of men, individually rather than collectively. This will continue to register in human minds as deeds on highest levels are performed. Then some climactic event may happen which, because of its suddenness and world impact, will reveal to the collective mind of mankind what had gradually, but surely, been taking place.

Such a climactic event took place at 12:30 p.m. on Friday, November 22, 1963, when John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the President of the United States of America, was fatally shot.

Evidence of his courage "of a final moment" was provided in World War II. A PT boat had been sliced in two by a Japanese destroyer. John Kennedy, a lieutenant in charge of the boat, swam to a small island, three miles away, holding in his teeth a strap of the life belt of his seriously burnt engineer.

During the three years allotted the President to public service many issues of world significance arose. Some events were created by this man of vision; others were forced upon him.

Integration of the negroes was of the event-creating variety. Casting aside all thoughts of political support in the deep south the President took a firm stand against segregation. John Kennedy saw old age, the vagaries of youth, unemployment, the plight of the unskilled, in their stark realities. A New Frontier rose before him.

Nikita Khrushchev has called West Berlin "a bone that must come out of the Russian throat." Kennedy made clear that the bone would remain there no matter what the discomfort to Russia.

In Viet Nam a powerful family of his own religious faith obtained control. That faith, though deep and unshakeable in John Kennedy's heart, did not lead him off the path of duty.

To President Kennedy, Nato was imperative as a defense measure, but he looked further and to him there had to be an understanding and co-operation among the nations of the North Atlantic.

Kennedy's finest hour came in October 1962 in the Cuban crisis. He knew the risk. He knew that Washington was a target high on the list of the enemy. The President of the United States made clear what would be done. Nikita Khrushchev decided to yield.

Although the President fully realized the need of military might at all times, he always felt that more was needed than a show of strength to the enemy. He impressed upon Khrushchev that he was always willing to negotiate but would never negotiate from fear. Khrushchev began to understand Kennedy, became willing to look, with him, for ways leading to permanent peace.

Through his every act of public service John Kennedy obliterated forever the prejudice that had existed in the United States against one of his faith seeking the highest office in the gift of the American people. That will reach out and have its effect in the lessening of religious bigotry everywhere in the world.

After less than three years in office, President Kennedy had created a sense of security that was felt rather than expressed. That sense of security had penetrated the Iron Curtain, taken deep root in Yugoslavia and in the satellite states of Europe.

Then, in one awful moment of crisis, voices from all over the world uttered, in one clarion call, what had been slowly gathering in the hearts of mankind.

Heads of state expressed their shock and deep-felt grief. Women, near and in far-off lands, wept. Adlai Stevenson cried: "God help us." Moscow radio interrupted a concert of classical music and then played funeral music until midnight sign-off. A Yugoslav top commentator announced the tragic death with a tremor in his throat. London TWTWTW, often irreverent in satire and witticisms, in solemn form gave expression to a sincere feeling of reverence and of loss.

A negro bared the depth of feeling of many millions when he said: "He was the President of our Hopes."

The most penetrating effect of the scene in Washington was the silence. Yet it but represented the poignant silence in many lands on many continents.

The tragic moment of death had become a triumph, a silent outburst of approval of what three short years of lofty service had begun. He, who was laid down in a coffin in Arlington National Cemetery, had become the oriflamme of a crusade to starry heights.

With a clear understanding that something much more had taken place than the passing of someone to the Beyond, Jacqueline Kennedy placed a flame beside the grave that it may forever burn and, as it flickers, light the symbol that her husband had become.

—W. J. Lindal,

Gestur

by Stephan G. Stephansson

translated from the Icelandic into English by Paul Bjarnason.

(The poet's son, Gestur, was killed by lightning)

The law that smites a life with harm, or slays,
Gave little time for anguished hope and fear.
It flung to earth a random ray ablaze
And rent the heart of one to me so dear.
But it is well that I should get the news
Without a warning – since I had to lose.

Yea, it is well to understand and know
That it was not a sentient thing, my dear,
With evil for its aim, that struck you so,
But accident upon its chance-career.
No cosmic law, but simple savagery,
Designs and wills the keenest agony.

It helps the lorn to bear what has to be
If bitterness and fear are held at bay.
Benevolence could have no hate for thee,
Nor heave the bolt that took your life away;
And Love could never cause such cruelty
To countless hearts that mourn your destiny.

No eveil force can overcome the good,
As eons prove, in spite of what may seem.
It lacks the moral strength and hardihood.
And heaven's lightning with its deadly beam
Was innocent of ill-intent or wrath
As even you, who walked into its path.

And lovingly I wrap you in my ode
With anguished calm and feeligns bitter-sweet.
And there will ever be thy warm abode
Where bliss and goodness, in the spirit, meet.
And so, content, I close each sore that sears
And say farewell, with thanksgiving and tears.

I know that all is well, but wince to feel
How weak and ill-equipped I am to share
The load that others also would conceal
Within their hearts, and find so hard to bear.
Thy being with my songs itself will blend
And so be with me to the very end.

Thy kindness never will be spoiled or spent;
The spool of time will keep the thread intact.
Though visions for thy glory with thee went,
The ones you gave inspired so much I lacked.
And when I pass from out the sphere of song
The soul of life their essence will prolong.

O dearest child! Thy kind and helping hand
Gave hope and strength, in my declining days,
To save the lines that I with pain had penned
And piece together half-forgotten lays.
That treasure, jointly ours, I'd alienate
Could I have dared to bargain with thy fate.

And yet it will be sweet to sing to thee
A song of greeting from a heart at peace,
Until the final sun has set for me
Beside thy greening hill amid the trees.
And so will be ensanctified the ground
In songs that to thy memory redound.

Four Decades of Icelandic Poetry in Canada — 1922–1962

(A lecture delivered at the University of Iceland by WATSON KIRKCONNELL)

Watson Kirkconnell

I came to Winnipeg, the capital of the Icelanders of the Diaspora, in the year 1922, about half way in time between the founding of Nýja Ísland and the present day. In September of that year I was appointed to the faculty of Wesley College, an affiliated part of the University of Manitoba. Among my colleagues were two Icelanders, both now dead—the classics professor, Skuli Johnson, who had been a Manitoba Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, and the mathematics professor, Olaf T. Anderson. Numerous younger Icelandic-Canadians were students in my classes. Skuli taught both Icelandic and Latin in the College and there were several shelves of Icelandic books in the library. I could not help becoming excitedly aware of tides of Icelandic culture that were then running high in the Canadian West.

It was a strategic time to encounter the Icelandic-Canadian poets. Of the great pioneer generation, only Sigurbjörn Jóhannsson (1839-1903) and Kristinn Stefánsson (1856-1916) had died. Of some 24 major volumes of poetry already published since the migration to Canada, all but three had been printed since the turn of the century and several just before my arrival. During my first year in the West the greatest poet of the Emigration, Stephan G. Stephansson (1853-1927), was still alive at the age of seventy, and two of his main volumes, **Andvökur,** IV and V, were being published by popular subscription and seen through the press in Winnipeg (Heimskringla Press). In the following year, 1924, Magnús Markússon's **Hljómbrot** and Jón Runólfsson's **Thögul Leiftur** also appeared; and the two Icelandic weeklies, **Heimskringla and Lögberg,** were spangled with lyrics from dozens of other pens. The **Tímarit** of the Icelandic National League had been founded in 1920, only two years before my settling in Winnipeg, and was rich in the creative literature of the Icelanders "west of the Ocean". Thus arose the odd circumstance that I came to know Icelandic poetry first in its North American incarnation and only later extended my studies to its ancient

motherland and the noble tradition that stretches back through more than a millenium to the earliest wisdom of the **Hávamál** and the lusty power of **Thrymskviða.**

A summary of my publications in this field may be forgiven as revealing the background of my interests. A few translations from Icelandic appear in my **European Elegies** (1927) and **Outline of European Poetry** (1928) but in 1930 came my full-length **North American Book of Icelandic Verse** (New York, pp. 224), covering the whole range of the nation's poetry from the Codex Regius down to poets still living. In 1934 my essay on "Icelandic-Canadian Poetry" was published in the **Dalhousie Review.** In 1935 followed **Canadian Overtones,** containing my versions of 36 poems by 17 Icelandic-Canadian poets. My full-length sketch of "Canada's Leading Poet, Stephan G. Stephansson" was carried in 1936 in the **University of Toronto Quarterly.** Beginning with 1937, this same quarterly invited me to contribute to an annual survey of **Letters in Canada** one whole section devoted to all Canadian book publications in languages other than English or French, and through the years this has averaged sixty volumes a year in nine or ten languages. My first instalment covered the period 1935-37, and I have ever since prepared an annual essay, including books in Icelandic. To date, I have supplied twenty-six of these annual surveys and the end is not yet. Still other ventures in the Icelandic field have been "Icelandic Poetry Today" in **Life and Letters Today** (London, 1936); a full-length study of Gutormur J. Guttormsson, published in 1939 as "A Skald in Canada", in the **Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada;** reviews of Icelandic literary history in **Scandinavian Studies** and the **Journal of English and Germanic Philology;** and two major articles, "Icelandic History in Icelandic Vocabulary" and "Stephan G. Stephansson and North America" in the **Icelandic Canadian.** My annual surveys have helped to build up on my shelves an almost complete library of Icelandic-Canadian books, especially for the past three decades.

It would be all too easy to wax reminiscent over my contacts with Canadian Icelanders back in my Winnipeg days. I cannot forget my first visit in the scholarly study of Rögnvaldur Pétursson, where shelf after shelf of leather-bound volumes marched around the walls, a noble regiment of Icelandic books. Or I recall conversations with Nikulás Ottenson at his home near River Park, Winnipeg. The flint-faced old fisherman had a tenaciously held theory that the Vatican Library must be rich in Old Norse and Latin documents bearing on the history of Iceland and that my surest path to fame would lie in dropping my college work and devoting the rest of my life to this historical research, a mole rampant in a muddy field. I had a hard job explaining to him that my Classical Latin was not Mediaeval Latin, that my Icelandic was rudimentary, that the palaeography of mediaeval manuscripts was an erudite discipline in itself, and that I had a wife and several small children to support. With Skuli Johnson I sat and marked Latin papers for several years and with him I also played around the Deer Lodge golf course, where, with only a putter and a mid-iron and perfect equanimity, he steadily outscored the rest of us with several clubs apiece and a less imperturbable style. There were memorable visits to Icelandic occasions at Gimli, Riverton and Lundar. There were Icelandic banquets in Winnipeg, at one of which,

in the Marlborough Hotel I was privileged to meet Professor Sigurður Nordal. A number of my books were printed at the Columbia Press, where I came to be on excellent terms with Einar Páll Jónsson in the editor's cubby-hole and with a brother of Dr. Richard Beck in the back shop. Dr. Sigurður Júlíus Jóhannesson generously translated some of my original poems into racy Icelandic. My faithful correspondents have included Jóhann Magnús Bjarnason and Dr. Beck. Several of my Icelandic students, such as Will Kristjanson and Jón ("Brosi") Bildfell, have remained close personal friends through the years. And so I might go on, and on.

But let me hasten on to give a preliminary pattern to my address by calling the roll of Icelandic Canadian publications in poetry during the four decades 1921–30, 1931–40, 1941–50, and 1951–60.

The first decade produced Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson's **Heimhugi** (1921), Volumes IV and V of Stephan G.'s **Andvökur,** already noted, Jón Runólfsson's **Thögul Leiftur** (1924), Magnús Markússon's **Hljómbrot** (1924) and Guttormur J. Guttormsson's **Gaman og Alvara** (1930).

In the second decade followed Nikulás Ottenson's **Minni Nýja Íslands** (1934), Páll S. Pálsson's **Norður-Reykir** (1936), Jakobína Johnson's **Kertaljós** (1938), Jóhannes H. Húnfjörð's **Ómar** (1938), Jónas Stefánsson frá Kaldbak's **Ljóðmæli** (1939), volume VI of Stephan G.'s **Andvökur** (1939), edited by Rögnvaldur Pétursson and an **Úrval** from all six volumes of his poetry, edited by Sigurður Nordal.

The roster for the third decade may seem to be numerically more imposing but we shall examine it critically at a later stage. It includes the following: Jakobina's **Sá ég svani** (1942), Guttormur's **Hunangsflugur** (1944), Richard Beck's posthumous editions of the **Kviðlingar og Kvæði** (1945) of K. N. and the **Ljóðmæli** (1946) of Jónas A. Sigurðsson, Sveinn Björnsson's **Á heiðarbrún** (1946), Vigfús Guttormsson's **Eldflugur** (1947), Páll s. Pálsson's **Skilarétt Kvæði** (1947), Guttormur's collected poems in **Kvæðasafn** (1948), Gísli Jónsson's posthumous editions of the **Kvæði** (1948) of Bjarni Thorsteinsson frá Höfn and of the**Kvæðabók** (1949) of Kristján S. Pálsson, and Sigurður Júlíus Jóhannesson's selected edition, **Ljóð** (1950).

The fourth decade opens with David Björnsson's**Rósviðir** (1952), followed by Páll Bjarnason's **Fleygar** (1953), Páll S. Pálsson's **Eftirleit** (1954), Jakobina's new collected edition of **Kertaljós** (1956), Gísli Jónsson's **Fardagar** (1956), Guttormur's **Kanadathistill (1958),** Gísli Jónsson's two-volume posthumous edition of the **Ljóðmæli** (1959) of Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson, and Richard Beck's **Við ljóðalindir** (1959). There were also three volumes in English: Skuli Johnson's **Selected Odes of Horace** (1952), Paul Bjarnason's **Odes and Echoes** (1954), and Jakobina Johnson's **Northern Lights** (1959). All through the four decades, Laura Goodman Salverson, born in Winnipeg of Icelandic stock in 1890, had been publishing six novels, a volume of poetry and a volume of memoirs, all in the English language. Three of her books won Governor General's medals.

Even a casual scrutiny of these lists will reveal that there is little connection between the date of a poem's composition and the date of its published inclusion in a book. The winds of inspiration blow at the whim of the Muse, but the hard dollars that are needed to print a book may be slow in accumulating. This was particularly understandable during the early De-

pression years of the 1930's when over a five-year period Nikulás Ottenson's primitive little paper-bound book of **rímur** was the only item published: but it is also true in a general way of the whole pioneer generation. Public subscription could assist, as with the later volumes of **Andvökur** in Stephan G.'s life-time, but my copies of the first three volumes are still in loose sheets, not even bound. It is typical of the more prosperous 1940's and 1950's that collected posthumous editions of K. N., Jónas A. Sigurðsson, Bjarni Thorsteinsson frá Höfn, Kristján S. Pálsson and Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson should be piously and even sumptuously brought out.. In the same period we have the cumulative collected editions of Guttormur J. Guttormsson and Jakobina Johnson, in which the amount of new poetry is comparatively small. The great creative period has been followed by one of accumulation, selection and redaction.

Before I go on to generalize regarding these poets as a whole, some individual comments may be in order.

In the volumes by Stephan G. Stephansson that met me in 1923, the most powerful impact was made by a section (Vol. V, pp. 111-200) entitled "Vigslóði" in which his indignation at the waste and folly of war burned at a white heat. At first his bitter pacifism had lost him many friends, but basic research by such historians as Sidney B. Fay, J. S. Ewart, Harry Elmer Barnes, and Francis Neilson presently showed that wartime propaganda had totally misled us as to the real turpitude of French, Russian and even certain English diplomats. The essential sanity of Stephan G. in the face of the mass emotions that had been whipped up by the wartime press was one of the most notable qualities of this man of granite. One of his trenchant epigrams may be rendered thus:

In Europe's reeking slaughter pen
They mince the flesh of murdered men,
While swinish merchants. snout in trough,
Drink all the bloody profits off.

Integrity, of course. was only one aspect of a many-sided and gifted nature. This became manifest to me as I worked back through his earlier volumes, through a judiciously selected edition (**Úrval**) of his best poetry issued in 1939 by Sigurður Nordal, with an illuminating introduction, and through the four massive volumes of his **Letters and Articles** (Reykjavik, 1938-48). This man might be a "farmer poet," spiritual brother to many generations of rustic bards in his native land, but he far outsoared them all in his intellectual range and his power over language. His boyhood schooling, on a farm in Northern Iceland had been of the slightest but he had strenuously educated himself all through life by wide and unwearied reading. There is a peculiar fitness in his case in the familiar lines of Longfellow:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

The six volumes of his collected verse, totalling some 1800 pages, were significantly entitled **Andvökur** ("Sleepless Nights"), and for upwards of fifty years he worked far into the night at his studies and his writing. Throughout the hours of daylight, he carried on the heavy toil of a pioneer farmer, but half the night went to the realm

of the intellect and the imagination. No Canadian poet in any language has excelled his portrayal of Canadian landscape. His verse description of the Rockies, for example, draws on the old saga literature for its craglike qualities of rigour and power. In his approach to the social issues of his day, he was a stern, unbending realist, yet he was capable of deep tenderness towards the ancient land of his people. Some of his poetic tributes to Iceland are unforgettable:

Though you have trodden in travel
All the wide tracts of the earth,
Bear yet the dreams of your bosom
Back to the land of your birth,
Kin of volcano and floe-sea!
Cousin of geysir and steep!
Daughter of downland and moorland!
Son of the reef and the deep!

The poet most closely comparable to Stephan G. Stephansson is my old friend, Guttormur J. Guttormsson, of Riverton, Manitoba. This I can asseverate from having visited in his home and discussed with him the forces that have shaped his poetry. He is the only Icelandic poet to have been born in Canada; and the hardships of a pioneer settlement and his father's early death restricted his education to a very little more than Stephansson had received. He faced the world as a penniless orphan at the age of sixteen and was then tossed from heavy job to heavy job through sixteen years of promiscuous and uncertain employment. The past fifty-three years he has spent in grinding poverty on a bushland farm. And yet he has read unremittingly, in Icelandic literature, in English literature, and in world literature in English translation. He, too, has worked far into the night and his poetic output is second in volume and importance only to that of Stephansson himself.

Some poets, not necessarily the greatest, impress me with the intricacy of their prosodic patterns. A good example is Nikuláás Ottenson who, in his **rímur** on the captains of the Icelandic fishing fleet in Manitoba, is not content to use simple ballad measure but employs 104 stanzas in "hagkveðlingaháttur" and over 200 stanzas in "hringhendur" – the former a quatrain in which the second stressed syllables of the four lines rhyme AAAA and the final stressed syllables rhyme BBBB and each couplet is bound together by strict alliteration, while the second stanza-form is identical except for final rhymes running BCBC. The only way in which he can fill out his tiny frames of reference is by coining his own "kennings", several pages of which are appended to his volume for the enlightenment of baffled readers. In these lists he has, **inter alia,** some 50 cumbersome synonyms for "sea", 63 for "ship" and 64 for "man." Another type of ingenuity is found in Páll S. Pálsson, whose "Haust" begins as a series of Sapphic quantitative stanzas; to this the rhyming of Italian poetry is added; and a final rivetting together of each couplet with alliteration completes the design. Imposing prosody also characterizes Sveinn Björnsson, Einar Páll Jónsson and Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson.

In another group of poets the chief emphasis is one of social indignation over the injustices and evils of our century. This had been one of many strands in the work of Stephan G. and Guttormur, but it is the dominant theme in Jónas Stefánsson frá Kaldbak and Sigurður Júlíus Jóhannesson. Both have a penetrating eye for rotten spots in our economic and social system, but "J. S." has a far sharper

tongue than Sigurður Júlíus.

With Jakobina Johnson one shifts to a gracious and **"gemútlich"** spirit, not least in her charming poems for children, such as "Hann Skuggasveinn," her gay version of a depredacious family tomcat:

Old Shadow-Lad is a wicked cat,—
For mercy he has but scorn.
His back is brindled and yellow-dark,
And both his ears are torn.
For him to roam in the garden free
Is a cause for the birds to mourn.

One of her choicest lyrics, and the title-poem of her collected works, is "Candle-Light":

All I loved yesterday
in youth's fair morning,
is dear to me today,
though dim remembered:
the rosy dawning,
the rainbow in the sky,
the verdure of the springtime,
the violet in the hollow.

Now fall the autumn shadows,
come frosty tempests,
and evening lamplight
is lit for story-reading.
Soon comes our Christmas,
a climax of rapture!
On the table is kindled
the candle-light!

Though electric lamps
now lighten the darkness
of half the world
on the Holy Night,
yet dearest to me
are the dreaming candles
of hallowed remembrance.
—Happy Christmas!

In something of the same gentle spirit is Vigfús Guttormsson's pleasant little springtime tribute to "The Frog" og Sigurður Júlíus's "Mús í gildru," reminiscent of Robert Burns lines addressed to a fieldmouse.

One other quality that recurs again and again is a gift of laughter—not merely in the barbed wit of the epigram or the sparkling attacks of social satire but best of all in a pure sense of the incongruous. We might quote the whimsical fancy of Th. Th. Th. on "The Minister's Dog" or the spirit of Guttormur's poem, "A Dream", where he is ableto smile at the limitation of his bucolic Muse bv ending his last stanza thus:

And I tethered great Pegasus fast
In a cowshed, down here on the farm.

The ages of the Icelandic-Canadian poets who are still alive present a startling record of longevity. Set in order, in terms of their 1963 birthdays. the roster runs as follows: Vigfús Guttormsson, 88; Gísli Jónsson, 87; Guttormur J. Guttormsson, 84; Jóhannes P. Pálsson, 82; Páll Bjarnason. 81; Jóhannes H. Húnfjörð, 79; Jakobina Johnson, 79; Sveinn E. Björnsson,78; Páll Guðmundsson, 76; and Davíð Björnsson, 73. If we add the Icelandic American, Richard Beck, who came to the U..S.A. from Iceland in 1922 at the age of twenty-five, we find him today a lusty juvenile of only sixty-six, but judged by North America's standard retirement age of sixty-five, even he is a "senior citizen." Looking over this remarkable panel of poets whom I have known for the past forty years, my first reaction is one of amazement at their continuing poetic fertility and mental keenness. Four of the group, all in their eighties, have contributions in this year's **Tímarit** of the Icelandic National League. Apparently the only contributor who is less than a sexagenarian is my former pupil, Dr. Tryggvi

J. Oleson, who has an historical article written in English prose.

My second emotion as I look over this venerable jury of twelve Icelandic poets—six in their eighties, five in their seventies and one in his high sixties—is a sense of deep regret that another decade or so will see their pens laid down, their voices silent, their chapter closed. They are the last witnesses to an epoch of Icelandic poetry abroad, and they have no successors. They are stately icebergs floating down from the glittering seas of an earlier day but they are doomed to melt in the Gulf Stream of North American English.

One sign of forced adaptation to a changing era has been the consolidation of the Winnipeg weeklies, **Heimskringla** and **Lögberg,** into a single periodical, for whose precarious survival all its friends have anxiously rallied. Adjustment of a different kind came twenty years ago with the far-sighted foundation of an English-language quarterly, **The Icelandic Canadian.** In 1962, moreover, the Icelandic National League, at its annual convention in Winnipeg, passed a unanimous resolution that the editors of the **Tímarit** be authorized to include in it an English section that would be devoted primarily to Icelandic history, language and literature. The 1963 **Tímarit,** in the 44th year of that admirable publication, has therefore become officially bilingual. Unless the younger generation, however, which now uses English as its primary language, maintains also such a secondary competence in Icelandic as to be able, almost as a **Tour de force,** to write creatively in it, then the Icelandic poetry, drama and fiction that have adorned the **Tímarit** for four decades will disappear from its pages as soon as the primordial generation of poets dies out.

And what shall we say of the chief characteristics of the poetry of these twelve venerable survivors and of the twenty-four other Icelandic-American poets, now dead, who are listed by Dr. Richard Beck in the last chapter of his **History of Icelandic Poets, 1800-1940** (Ithaca, Cornell University Press, 1950. They are a projection "West of the ocean" of the Icelandic poetic tradition; and most of them have perpetuated it not as erudite men of letters but as farmers, cobblers, schoolteachers, fishermen, journalists and others of proud but simple occupation who have regarded poetry as natural community activity. Their verse shows the merits and the defects of such an origin.

Perhaps the most obvious category of poem is one written to honour a wedding, a birthday (especially the 60th, 70th or 80th) or a golden wedding or to express communal or personal grief over a death. Of the same sort are tributes to members of the community who are in the news because of some achievement. The weekly newspaper has a constant stream of such verses but it rarely rises to the rank of real poetry. And yet this literary type did not go wholly unappreciated. An example of the better sort is Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson's tribute to Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. When I published an English translation of this in my **Canadian Overtones** (1935), Vilhjálmur jovially sent me a copy of his own latest book, **On the Standardization of Error** as "groundbait", and begged for a copy of my book as a **quid pro quo.**

A second common type of poem among the Canadian Icelanders is the brief epigram, usually four lines in length but carrying a sting in its tail. Its use is comparable to that of the

limerick in English society but its form is more flexible and its range is wider. A wartime example by Stephan G. has already been quoted. Guttormur gives us the following jest:

A widower read long in Holy Writ,
Then sent aloft a frantic
prayer-o-gram:
"I'd rather that my wife in hell
should sit
Than warm the bosom of old
Abraham."

Or the following might be quoted from "K.N.":

The Torn Bible

Into the kitchen fire I poke
The Bible for cremation.
"God gives and takes away," I croak.
But the Devil cries out :"Holy smoke!"
Mute is my meditation.

One of the least original prases of their output is nature poetry in an early Romantic tradiion. Morning and night, spring, summer and autumn, rose gardens and lilies, even complete with fairies and sun-goddesses, are all too common. As with all too many Anglo-Canadian poets, part of the trouble doubtless lies in their use of models from an earlier day, lingering over Keats and Tennyson, Poe, Longfellow and Bryant, without any awareness of the ferment of current ideas and artistic experimentation associated with Auden, Spender, Dylan Thomas, Edwin Muir, T. S. Eliot, Pound, Sandburg and MacLeish. If they translate from German, it is from Heine and not from Rainer Maria Rilke. In Norwegian, their models seem to end with Ibsen and Björnson; in Icelandic, they are inclined to stop with Thorsteinn Erlingsson and Hannes Hafsteinn. The most widely read of the Canadian group have been Stephan G. and Guttormur. The range of the former is documented very fully in the four volumes of his **Bréf og Ritgerðir** (1938, 1942, 1947, 1948) but while both men were enabled to live a very full imaginative life in their reading, it was an undisciplined foray, for the most part through English, German and Scandinavian literature, with the Russian novelists (in translation) thrown in for good measure. None of the Icelandic Canadian poets seeems to have been grounded in the Latin. Greek, French or Italian literatures that are the majestic background of most of the great English poets of our century. On the other hand, several of them, and especially Stephan G. and Guttormur, have been deeply and fundamentally familiar with the sagas and the Eddic poetry, and from them gain an extra imaginative dimension. It is probably their lack of contact with contemporary thought and form that makes so much of their nature poetry seem empty and superficial. They do not realize, moreover, that a poem like John Keat's "To a Nightingale" was not a facile exercise in sentiment but the sensuous embodiment of a profound spiritual conflict over the nature of reality; and that to copy the form without the experience is a jejune performance.

Nature poetry among the Icelandic Canadians takes on significance only when they see their new surroundings with their own eyes and shape their portrayal in terms of their own experience. This is part of the greatness of Stephan G. in "Á ferð og flugi" or in such an apparently traditional poem as "Greniskogurinn." A couple of stanzas from the latter, written in strict alliterative measures, show the spruce forest of the Alberta Rockies not only portrayed with vivid power

but used to embody his very personal revolt against the injustice of an acquisitive society:

. . . Is thy view not vast and dire,
void of joy?—beneath the hill
gapes a maw of fetid mire,
muck-devouring, hungry still;
while a jaundiced jaw of stone
juts above thee, gaunt and still . . .

Many a man in kindred fashion,
moved on by the winter's blast,
looks on livid bogs of passion
lying rotten, black and vast;
sees the yellow rock-jaw yonder
Yawning from the face of Caste . . .

Or Guttormur Guttormsson, in describing his springtime tribulations in bringing up from the cellar the angry bees who have wintered there, compares them with tragic reality to the poetic ideals that a life of toil and hardship has frustrated in his own experience:

Honey-bees of my high ideals
Have I imprisoned in this my winter.
Night and day in the chilling darkness
Down in the cellar beneath my spirit . .

Time went by, and I raised the
trap-door,
Took to the ladder and sought
the cellar.
Stygian voices I heard distinctly
Stir in the subterranean darkness

Savage hungry and sullen rancour
Sang in the clouds of that dim inferno:
Borne from the depths like a blast
of sulphur.
Buzz'd the rage of their venomous
cursing . . .

There is still another way of analyzing the strength and weakness of Icelandic Canadian poetry. Most of the great poets of the world have vindicated their greatness by producing works of considerable length, **des oevures á longue haleine,** whether narrative, dramatic or philosophical. The **Aeneid,** the **Divine Comedy,** the **Canterbury Tales, Pan Tadeusz, La Légende des Siecles, Eugene Onegin, Paradise Lost** and **John Brown'sBody** are all examples of the first type; **Edipus Rex, Agamemnon, Hamlet, Le Cid** (Corneille), **Phedre, Faust, Peer Gynt,** and **Murder in the Cathedral** are examples of the second; while the third category may be represented by **De Rerum Natura, The Testament of Beauty, The Faery Queene, Four Quartets, An Essay on Criticism** and **The Ring and the Book.** When John Keats sought to prove to himself his title to a place in English poetry, he set himself, in **Endymion,** the task of writing a poem at least 4,000 lines in length. And what do we find among our Canadian Icelandic poets? Only two of them survived the test of length—Stephan G. Stephansson in **Á Ferð og Flugi** and Guttormur Guttormsson in **Jón Austfirðingur,** works of roughly 1,050 and 1,175 lines respectively, the former a series of eighteen vivid descriptive sketches in a uniform metre and the latter a sequence of eleven poems in various metres, all set in the pioneer community in Manitoba where he was born. Neither of these works is an organic unity in the structural sense although each hangs together by its homogeneity of atmosphere and theme. In any absolute sense, neither is very long or very great.

The significance of this may be broadened if we go on to affirm that long poems are just as mysteriously lacking in the literature of their native Iceland. Eysteinn Ásgrímsson's **Lilja** consists of only one hundred brief

stanzas. Hallgrímur Pétursson's magnificent **Passíusálmar** are fifty separate poems in many metres, although they all cluster around the Passion of our Lord.

There would seem to be an historical cause behind all this. In the literature of Ancient Greece and Rome, two metres were evolved for use in long poems—the dactylic hexameter for epic and philosophical poetry and the iambic senarius for the dialogue of drama. Each had a basic pattern of six feet to the line but each could be rendered infinitely varied and fluid by quantitative substitutions and the incessant shifting of the caesura. The metres of the Greek and Roman lyric, on the contrary, were as rigid as they were intricate. Each stanza in Alcaeus or Horace had the brilliance of a tiny jewel but also its crystalline severity. One could no more tell a long story in Alcaics than one could in limericks.

One later by-product of the iambic senarius was Italian blank verse but the old classical line, whether iambic or heroic, cross-fertilized with the church Latin and Arabic use of rhyme to produce several viable rhymed forms in Italian that proved admirable for narrative purposes and these were speedily adopted in such literatures as those of France and Germany. Such were the **Terza rima** (Dante's **Divina Commedia**), the heroic couplet (Chaucer's **Canterbury Tales** and most of French and Restoration drama), the **ottava rima** (Byron's **Don Juan**) and the rime royal (Chaucer's **Troilus and Criseyde**). Blank verse was almost universal in Elizabethan drama. All of these metres were iambic but could be infinitely varied in modulation.

Icelandic prosody began with the comparatively simple alliterative measures of the Eddic poetry, but even the Eddic poems, by choice or inward necessity, were as brief as ballads and gained their amazing power by concentration rather than by extension. The Skaldic or court poets, whose prosody tried to add the complexity of Irish verse to that of the Scandinavian, imposed incredibly detailed patterns on Icelandic verse, patterns that could be filled out only by the use of "Kennings" twisted metaphorical conceits that ultimately baffled comprehension. It may be helpful to suggest that the older Icelandic tradition was catalyzed out in the mediaeval period into two extremes—this lyric intricacy on the one hand and on the other the stark simplicity of the prose saga. In the relative isolation of the subarctic North Atlantic resolute men carried the quest of these two absolutes out to its logical conclusions. But the sagas are a possession for ever while skaldic poetry died of its own excesses.

Icelandic poets of the past four centuries have borrowed all of the metres and stanza forms from modern Europe, but have insisted on imposing on every couplet the requirements of the old alliterative rules. Their prosody remains, moreover, overwhelmingly trochaic, probably because the postpositive article makes the typical word a trochee. This metre is splendid for the ringing lines of a lyric but is alien to epic and drama. It may therefore be that the very texture of Modern Icelandic ordains it as an apt vehicle for brief and sonorous poems, while its epic and dramatic impulses must turn to the novel and the prose drama.

The great chapter of Icelandic poetry "vestan um haf" is drawing to a close. Failing some unpredictable immigrant reinforcements from the ancient fatherland, another ten or fifteen years will come to "the lay of the last minstrel," and literary historians will round out their task of editing and evaluation. Sympathetic scholars have already been diligent.

In terms of the struggle of a pioneer generation against the hardships of a raw land and a murderous climate, the record does not differ greatly from that of other nationality groups in other marginal areas of the Canadian wilderness. What distinguishes the Icelander in Canada is not so much the dogged endurance with which the fisherman, the farmer, the urban artisan and the hungry student rose from pioneer penury to eminence in the second and third generation. It is rather that they have been the most articulate of all our immigrant groups and have forged great literature out of the sufferings of their settlement. Just as Vilhjálmur Stefánsson stands as a figure of honour among the explorers and scientists of the world, so Stephan G. Stephansson and Guttormur Guttormsson have had their greatness recognized in the world of literature. I count it a privilege to have been a fellow-citizen and friend of so many of this poetic generation in the days of their greatness.

Golden Wedding Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. Vigfus J. Josephson

On Sept. 29th, Mr. and Mrs. Vigfus J. Josephson were honored at a reception in Klamath Lutheran Church, Klamath Falls, Oregon, marking the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

Vigfus was born on a farm near Minneota, Minn. April 3, 1887, the son of Gudrun and Joseph V. Josephson. He left his farm when 18 years of age, worked at first for the Soo-Line Railway and later transferred to the Great Northern Railway Co. Mrs. Josephson, nee Belle A. Hanson, was born in Wahpeton, N. D. and taught school before she married. They were married in Great Falls, Montana, Sept. 30. 1913, and came to Klamath in 1928. The following spring he was promoted to a supervisory position as freight and passenger agent, a position he held until he retired in 1954. Vigfus is a member of the York and Scottish Rite and a Shriner. His wife is a member of the Eastern Star.

TUNGUSTAPI—*Elf Hill*

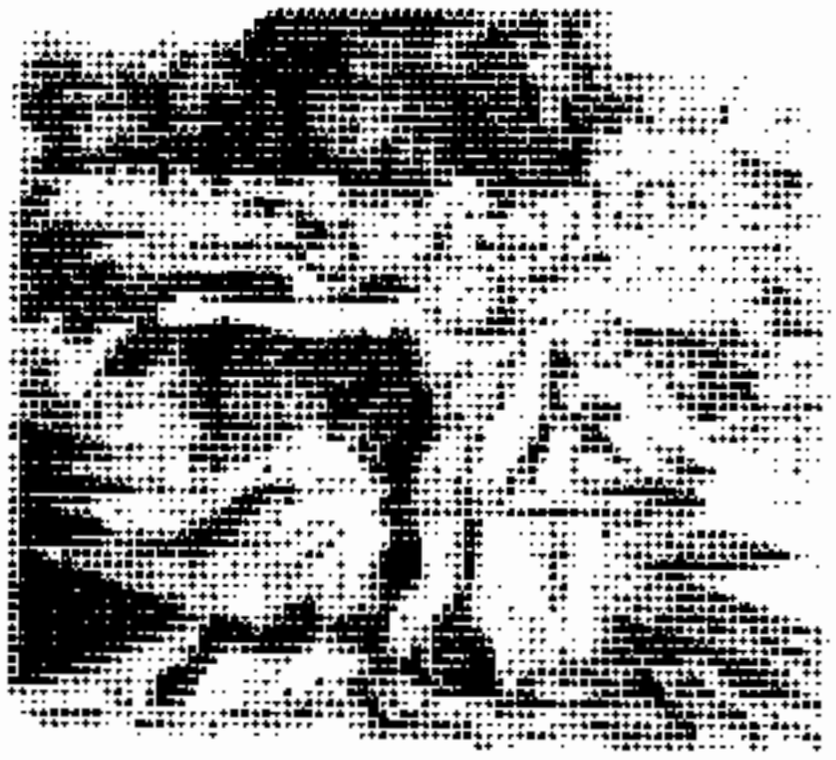
Translated from the Icelandic by

JUDY TAYLOR and MELINDA BARDAL

The latter half of the 18th century saw in many countries a highly rationalistic trend, against which writers revolted early in the 19th century. Thus classicism was replaced by romanticism, and about this time a fresh interest in romantic tales was ushered into Iceland.

In 1817 "The Society for the Advancement of Research on Ancient Lore" in Copenhagen formally requested that the Icelanders start collecting folk tales which had then for a long time existed in oral tradition. For these and many other reasons huge collections of Icelandic folk tales were put down in writing later in the 19th century.

The following story which is taken from the well known collection "Þjóðsögur Jóns Árnasonar", first published in Leipzig in 1862, is a good example of 19th century Icelandic folk tales.. — **J. T., M. B.**



ÁSGRÍMUR JÓNSSON: **"THE ELF CHASE"** (Ríðum og ríðum)

In the olden days many centuries ago, a very wealthy farmer lived in Sælingsdalstunga. He had some children, of whom two sons have been mentioned. It is not known what their names were, so that we will call them Arnór and Sveinn. They were both promising youths although they were not alike. Arnór was virile and vigourous. Sveinn was gentle and easy-going and not as gifted physically as his brother.

Aside from this, they were also very dissimilar in temperament. Arnór was always cheerful and enjoyed playing with the boys from the valley. They would often meet at a hill called Tungustapi, which is located down by the river opposite the farmstead of Tunga.

The Hill was very high and it was the boys' favorite sport in the winter to slide over its frozen snowbanks and down to the surrounding gravelly riverbanks.

There was often much shouting and commotion amongst the boys around Tungustapi in the early evening and Arnór was usually the leader of the group. Sveinn would seldom take part in these activities, and he would rather go to church when the other boys went off to play. He frequently went for walks by himself and lingered down by Tungustapi.

It was said by many that Sveinn had associations with the elves that lived in the Hill. One thing was certain, he disappeared every New Year's Eve so that no one knew what had become of him.

Sveinn would often talk with his brother and would urge him not to make so much noise on the Hill, but Arnór made fun of this and said that there was no need to feel sorry for the elves and carried on in the same manner as before. Yet Sveinn warned him again and again and said that he would have to be responsible for the consequences himself.

One New Year's Eve Sveinn disappeared and was away longer than usual. This time people became greatly worried about him. After having waited a long time Arnór finally said that he would go and look for his brother, adding that Sveinn was probably staying with the elves down in the Hill.

It was a very dark night when Arnór set out to look for his brother, and it was not without difficulty that he was able to find his way to the Hill. When he got there it seemed to him as if there were an opening on the hillside through which he could see rows of gleaming lights. Arnór could also hear beautiful singing and from this he gathered that a service was being conducted by the elves of the Hill. As he drew closer Arnór saw before him what appeared to be an open church door and there seemed to be a number of people inside. A magnificently adorned priest was standing before the altar, and there were many rows of lights on either side of it.

Entering the Hill, Arnór saw that Sveinn, his brother, was kneeling on the altar-rise, and that the priest had placed his hands on Sveinn's head and was performing an incantation.

Arnór immediately realized that Sveinn was receiving some kind of ordination because many men in ceremonial vestments were assembled. Arnór then called out: "Sveinn, come at once. Your life is at stake!" Startled, Sveinn rose, glanced toward the door and attempted to get back to his brother. But then the priest at the altar called out and said: "Lock the church doors and punish this human who disturbs our peace! But you, Sveinn, must part from us and this is your brother's doing. You chose to harken to your brother's call and thought more of an insolent churl than of the benefits of holy ordination. When next you behold me in these vestments you shall be brought low, never to rise again."

After these words had been spoken, Arnór saw the men in ceremonial robes heave Sveinn above their heads so that he disappeared through the vault-

ed roof of the church. .At the same time, a tolling of bells was heard and a great din. Everyone rushed in confusion for the door, but Arnór ran as fast as he could through the dark night towards home. However, he had not got far before he could hear the "elf chase" and the thudding of hooves behind him. He heard the one who was at the head of the chase recite loudly:

Hie, let us hie
'neath the darkening sky,
to bring the wretch bale,
to make his wits fail;
so that he may
not see the day,
the rays of the dawning day.

Then the band of elves tried to block Arnór's path to the farm house, so that he had to fall back. When he came to the slope south of the farm house and east of the Hill, he sank to the ground exhausted. Then the whole band rode over him, and he was left there more dead than alive.

Now the story turns back to Sveinn. He came home about midnight. He was very depressed and did not want to talk about his absence, and only said that it was necessary to search for Arnór. The search lasted all night, but he was not found until a farmer from Laugar, having attended evensong at Tunga, came upon him on the slope where he had been left. Arnór was conscious but almost drained of strength. He told the farmer what had happened that night, as has been told here already. He also told the farmer not to try to carry him to the farm house since he could not be restored to the living.

Arnór died on the hill and since then the hills around there have been called the Hills of Death.

Sveinn was never the same after this event. His temperament grew even more melancholy and serious. He never went near the Elf Hill again, and no one saw him even look in the direction of the Hill. He withdrew from all worldly activities, entered the monastery at Helgafell, and became a monk. He became such a learned man that none of his brother-monks could be considered his equal, and he sang mass more beautifully than anyone had heard it sung before.

Sveinn's father lived at Tunga till he reached old age. When he was very old, he suddenly fell ill. This was shortly before Easter. When the old man realized how seriously ill he was, he sent for Sveinn at Helgafell and asked him to come and see him. Sveinn set out without delay, but before he left he warned his brethren that he might not return alive.

Sveinn arrived at Tunga the Saturday before Easter Sunday. His father was so weak that he could hardly speak. However, he was able to ask his son, Sveinn, to conduct the service on Sunday and ordered that he himself be taken to the church. He said that he wanted to live his last moments there. Sveinn was reluctant to do this, but he said that he would on the condition that no one would open the church doors during mass. He said his life depended on that.

People thought this was a strange request. However, there were some who thought that he still did not want to look in the direction of the Elf Hill, for the church was located on an elevation in the homefield and the church doors faced the Hill directly.

Now the farmer was taken to the church as he had requested and Sveinn donned the surplice and began mass. All agreed that they had never been present at such a beautiful service; they were all in a mood of ecstacy. But when the priest finally turned

around at the altar and began reciting the benediction, a gust of wind from the West blew open the church doors. Startled, the people turned and looked outside. They saw an open door in the Elf Hill through which they could see radiant lights but when they looked back toward the priest, he had fallen dead on the floor. The people were greatly perturbed at this, and even more so when they saw that the priest's father, at that same moment, had fallen dead from the altar bench on which he had been placed.

The farmer from Laugar, who had found Arnór in the hills, was present and he told the whole story. Therefore the people understood that the elf-bishop's pronouncement that Sveinn would die when next he saw him had come true. For when the Elf Hill was opened and the storm forced open the doors of the church, the two openings were face to face so that the elf bishop and Sveinn looked into each other's eyes as they chanted the liturgy. The doors of elf churches, in contrast to the churches of humans, always face East.

The community now decided to hold a public meeting in order to discuss this situation, and it was decided to move the church from the hill, closer to the house, into a little hollow by a brook. By doing this the house was placed between the Elf Hill and the church door, so that it would no longer be possible for a priest to see from the altar through the church door to the Elf Hill, and since that time no such strange happenings have occured.

Iceland Review—A Significant Event

If someone in Iceland had made the statement a quarter of a century ago that within less than three decades a periodical, entirely in the English language, would be published in Iceland, the mildest terms that probably would have been applied to him would be that he was completely incapable of understanding the Icelandic people and all that their leaders had fought for during the centuries. Much stronger words might have been used.

Now a magazine in the English language, Iceland Review, has been launched in Iceland. It is a quarterly "on Icelandic industry, exports, social and cultural affairs". The magazine has the support of the Government and, rather significantly, the Introduction is by the Minister of Education, Gylfi Þ. Gíslason.

This unexpected step can hardly be a mere accident. The only way to understand and truly interpret it is to understand its proper perspective, that is, to view it in the light of the amazing development of Icelandic foreign trade, and also, and perhaps more particularly, to view it in the light of the relationship between Icelandic and the English language.

In so far as this is a trade magazine the step is easily understood. English is the main commercial language of the world and as Iceland's economic existence depends upon foreign markets for its fish and fish products, it is but a wise business transaction to launch an English-language trade magazine in Iceland.

But it may be that the reasons for the magazine go much deeper than trade relations, and that it is evidence

of a recognizable language relation.

At present the relationship in Iceland between English and Icelandic may be said to be on three levels.

In Keflavík there is an American TV station. Iceland has not a TV station of its own. The youth of Iceland, and some passed that age, watch TV shows from the American station. Thus there is a perpetual barrage of shows selected for service personnel, and it may be assumed that literary English is not the common TV diet. Educators and men of letters, particularly those who have rejoiced in the removal of Danish infiltrations may frown upon this bombardment but it must be accepted as a fact as long as American troops are maintained at Keflavík.

In Iceland there has been a phenomenal expansion of trade and almost always the medium of expression in trade transactions, and in correspondence incidental to it, has been English. For that reason, for practical purposes, the opinion prevails in Iceland that English should be the first foreign language to be learned.

Then there is the third reason. Here the relationship is on a high cultural level—the philological ground.

It is not without significance that the following is a part of the Report of the Ísland-Kanada Ráð to the Canada-Iceland Foundation. (See Icel. Can. Autumn 1963).

"In Britain, and also in Australia, instruction in Icelandic studies has been given in association with English studies, and only then have they provided just rewards.

"The Icelandic language, as a universal subject for English-speaking nations, has three points of merit which cannot be challenged. Through Icelandic a person can acquire all needed knowledge of the original development of the Germanic languages, including English, which can be learned from Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, the ancient languages which at present are being studied for that purpose.

"In the Gothic language, however, there is extant only a fragment of a translation of the Bible and few Anglo-Saxon books are read except for philological purposes. But in Icelandic there is much classic literature, which, a man of letters of the stature of Gilbert Murray, to name only one, has said is 'in some respects the equal of the highest quality Hebrew and Greek literature'. A more lofty parallel could not be found.

"Finally, it is of inestimable value that Icelandic is both an ancient language and a living tongue, which can with equal ease be learned from books or from the spoken language of the people."

A Canadian man of letters, Scott Symons, of Toronto, of United Empire Loyalist descent, has said:

"It seems to me that a study of Icelandic — ironically enough — would teach Canadians much of the Englishness of English as a tongue . . . In a remarkable way Icelandic is indeed a Canadian mother-culture, and in particular a root culture for the English-speaking Canadian, quite aside from its value as an independent culture."

Viewed in the perspective of the above it cannot be said that English can be discarded as something wholly foreign to Iceland's practical and cultural development. "If you can't beat a man take him into partnership" is a common business expression. It may well be that a better understanding between Iceland and the English-language world should be encouraged. There need be no fear that at this stage there will be any damaging infiltration of English. The language has been modernized, streamlined; innumerable new words have been added, mostly derived from Norse roots; there is a constant production of high quality literature, both poetry and prose. Culturally Iceland has become impenetrable; the people are fully aware of their priceless treasure and are determined to preserve it..

But because of the philological common origin, and the realities of the practical world there can be mutual profit in a mutual understanding based on linguistic and practical grounds.

That is the perspective in which "Iceland Review" must be viewed. As there is mutuality there is no reason why there could not be a mutual benefit. This should be a two-way traffic and both sides may well find enrichment in keeping the lanes open.

—W. J. Lindal

Diane & Lynne Thorleifson

Diane and Lynne Thorleifson, two young violinists, grasped the opportunity, presented a little over a year ago, when, as members of Grant Memorial Baptist Church of Winnipeg, they joined the non-denominational and international Youth for Christ organization and went on, after local trials, to win the Canadian championship at the group's religious music competition at Winona Lake, Michigan. An offer to join the Splendour Production Inc. of Chicago, under the direction of Thurlow Spurr, followed, and from September 1962 to May 1963, Diane and Lynne, the only Canadians in the troupe, played in the 11-piece orchestra and at times sang in the choir. Their specialties were violin duets. In the Manitoba Musical Festival of 1962 they had won the Class B violin duet competition. They performed at high school assemblies averaging 1000, at church concerts, luncheons, banquets, service clubs, and on television programs. The troupe consists of thirty people.

Members of the group performed various duties in addition to appearances before the public. Laundry work was done by the girls, and lighting, sound-effects and bus driving by the boys. Ages varied from 18 to 25 years.

The performances are really evangelism in music and is on an almost entirely voluntary basis. Except for a few scheduled concerts financial support came from voluntary contributions. "Sometimes", Lynne said, "when money was easy we gat $5 a week to spend, but it was mostly tight money." "But in a pinch", Diane confided, "father would come to our rescue."

The troupe were usually billeted in private homes, which, both girls felt, added to the fascination of the tour. Sometimes, however, they stayed in motels.

Last year's tour covered forty states in the U.S. and a trip to Nassau in the Bahamas. A more extensive tour is planned for next year.

During the tour Diane and Lynne appeared several times on TV. The "Canadian girls", it is reported, were in constant demand for such appearances and interviews. In August this year they appeared on CBC Spotlight in Winnipeg..

DIANE & LYNNE THORLEIFSON

In next years tour, extending for about the same length of time, Toronto and other large Eastern Canada centres will be included, and also a Caribbean cruise. It is in the books that towards the close of next season there will be a 6–8 week European tour, the troupe going as far as Helsinki in Finland.

Diane and Lynne, 19 years and 20 years respectively, are the daughters of Olie and Blanch (nee Gregg) of Atlantic Ave., in Winnipeg. They are graduates of Tech-Voc High School. Lynne spent a year at the University of Manitoba and further university studies are contemplated on the return from next year's tour. The girls played at least once for The Icelandic Canadian Club.

The father, Olie Thorleifson is in the wholesale lumber business. His parents, Jón and Sigríður Thorleifson were pioneers in the old Logberg district, southwest of present Calder, Saskatchewan.

(The above was in the press before the troupe appeared in Winnipeg this fall.)

PUPPY LOVE

By chance I found a charming sprite,
Who challenged one to mad delight,
But why and how it happened so
I hardly know.

And whence she came or how we met
I have decided to forget.
An elf is she and haunts the hills,
And rocks and rills.

So gay and free and fair is she
And fickle as a honey bee,
Engaging me, eluding me
For all to see.

Then fiery tempered, frantic, riled,
She flies away, a creature wild,
Returning gentle, meek and mild,
Much like a child.

She dances through my dreams by night
A day with her is epic flight:
My good intent away from guile
A glance, a smile.

By nimble wit and without shame
Is virtue singed near passions flame:
My ethic now a siren song
I see no wrong.

What thorough sham, her threat to yield!
A thrust, a parry brooks no shield;
Yet ere my strength and will are won
She's vanished — — gone.

And she is here and she is there
Now lost, now found, 'most anywhere.
And fleet is she as I am slow — —
Oh, let her go.

When summer days have sauntered by
And singing migrants wing the sky,
She senses wicked winter nigh
And waves good-bye.

II.

She made her leave, yet many a day
Her misty presence trails my way
And elfin echoes in the wind
Assails the mind.

From some remote and rocky nook
Comes rippling on a gurgling brook.
I know its muffled throbbing thrills
Her throaty trills.

In passing where the garden grows
I glimpse her blushing like a rose.
Where honeyed airs through heather flows
She whispers low.

And when the moon her magic yields
To midnight haze on lakes and fields,
The mystic aura of her hair
Shows everywhere.

III.

No more for me, when daylight dies,
Sweet dreams from out the past arise.
No more I see her shining eyes
In starry skies.

I felt it in my heart and head
And heard it whispered, plainly said,
By somber Night above my bed,
Boy, Love is dead.

Johannes P. Pálsson

Dr. Tryggvi J. Oleson

Professor Tryggvi J. Oleson

Professor Tryggvi J. Oleson who died in Winnipeg on October the ninth at the age of 51 will be mourned by many.

Dr. Oleson is survived by his wife, Elva, two daughters, Kathryne Gail, M.A., and Signý ten years of age, one son Tomas, now attending the University of Manitoba. Furthermore, he is mourned by his mother, Kristín Oleson in Glenboro, one brother, Tomas, also in Glenboro, and one sister, Mrs. Árni Josephson in Brandon.

In the passing of Dr. Oleson the University of Manitoba and the community of Canadian historians lost an outstanding scholar.

Professor Oleson received his M.A. from the University of Manitoba in 1936. He then taught for a number of years, first at the J. B. Academy in Winnipeg and later at the University of B. C., and in United College, in Winnipeg. In 1950 he received his Ph.D. in history from the University of Toronto and in that year he was appointed Professor of History at the University of Manitoba where he served until the day of his death.

Tryggvi Oleson published a number of scholarly articles in various journals. Some of his contributions are to be found in the following periodicals: Speculum; The Canadian Historical Review; The Saga Book of the Viking Society (London); The Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada; Studia Islandica (University of Iceland); Andvari (Iceland); Nordisk tidskrift for bok och bibloteksvasen (Sweden).

Furthermore, Dr. Oleson was the editor of vols. IV-V of the History of the Icelanders in America (Saga Íslendinga í Vesturheimi) to which he himself contributed the History of the Winnipeg Icelanders. In 1955 he published a book on Medieval England called "The Witenagemot in the Reign of Edward the Confessor". This book was highly praised by scholars and considered to be a lasting contribution in the field of history.

Last summer Dr. Oleson published his "Norsemen in America" and shortly before his death he had completed the first volume of The History of Canada which bears the title "Early Voyages and Northern Approaches 860-1632". In addition to works already mentioned, Dr. Oleson translated Dr. Jón Dúason's Pre-Columbian Explorations and Settlements of the Icelanders in the Western Hemisphere" (Landkönnun og landnám Íslendinga í Vesturheimi). It is to be hoped that the translation will soon be published.

For a number of years Dr. Oleson was very active in Icelandic societies in Canada. He was also a frequent contriutor to Western-Icelandic publications such as Lögberg-Heimskringla, The Icelandic Canadian and Tímarit Þjóðræknisfélagsins.

Dr. Tryggvi Oleson was a great Canadian and a great Icelander, and he acquitted himself with distinction as a writer in both languages, English and Icelandic.

Dr. Oleson's funeral was conducted from Christ the King Chapel on the campus of St. Paul's College on October the 11th. The solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. V. J. Jensen, SJ, professor of History at St. Paul's and a very close associate of the deceased.

Haraldur Bessason

Receives Promotion

Peter J. Hallson

Peter J. Hallson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johann Hallson of Blaine, Washington, has recently received a promotion, and transfer from Appleton, Wisconsin to Green Bay, Wis. He is Wisconsin district sales representative for Nalco Chemical Company. The announcement of his promotion came through a news release by the Chicago-based manufacturer of water treatment and process chemicals for the pulp and paper mining and other industries.

The news release states that Mr. Hallson will handle Nalco sales and service activities in northeastern Wisconsin and the Upper Penninsula of Michigan, as a member of the four man district team based in Neenah, Wisc.

Mr. Hallson has been with Nalco since 1961. He holds a degree in biological and physical sciences from Western Washington State College in Bellingham, Washington, and is a graduate of the Blaine High School, where his parents make their home. Prior to joining Nalco, he was a flight equipment officer in the United States Marine Corps. He married Judith Holby of Seattle and the couple now make their home at 900 Heyrman St. in Green Bay, Wisc.

Jona and Johann Hallson, Peter's parents are both Icelandic. Johann was born in North Dakota, and the Hallson Post Office is named after his great grandfather who was a pioneer in North Dakota. Mr. and Mrs. Hallson moved to Lundar, Manitoba, and during their stay there, Johann served with the Canadian Armed Forces in World War I. The family later moved to Blaine where Peter J. was born and brought up, and received his start in life.

Albertina Johnson
(Mrs. Halldor W. Johnson)

TWO WORD PICTURES

by KNUT R. MAGNUSSON. They appeared in the Lesbók, the literary supplement of Morgunblaðið, a daily published in Reykjavik, and were translated by CAROLINE GUNNARSON

THE WAVE

We kept going — on and on.

I said, "see," and she saw. She said, "see," and I saw. We all saw it — she and I and they. It was there, the big wave, at the mouth of the fjord, far off but drawing closer. Arrangements were made and the captain marked each of us with a tag. She carried her own, I mine and my child was with her. We were halted but the wave came on. Two girls kept going and clambered down the cliffs unlabelled. Our captain left us.

"Come Father, Mother — come my wife and daughter the wave is at our heels. Come, come!" They came and we ran, all but Father. He walked. I could smell the nearness of the sea and feel the soul swell within me.

Mother turned and went back to Father. He was tired and leaned against a stone. But I pushed on. My wife held my child in her arms, and we stood on a stone to look back. My father was lost in the wave and it was folding in my mother. It swept on, mighty and all-engulfing. I ran, just ran up the cliffs to the house on the ridge—the old schoolhouse of my childhood, the source of my early wisdom. Here I learned the alphabet, the numerals and skills of survival. I looked back. My wife held my child, but she had stopped running, and the wave came on. With a sob that bore the weight of the sea it took them.

I opened the back door to the old school and stole inside. I was small again, the school big.

AND THE RAIN FELL

It's autumn and it's raining. Autumn is my season. I am kin to it and know its nature. Only winter awaits autumn, so it lavishes upon itself all that it owns of glory, and dies.

Yes, we understand each other, autumn and I, and it's good to feel autumn's rain on my face, stealing softly down the back of my head to the nape of my neck, to soak it up and know that I don't weep alone, that I am not alone in my longing.

And for some reason I'm considered less strange in autumn, though I'm told that I'm always a little odd. I yearn for fingers stroking the back of my head. A woman's touch upon my head and I cease to exist. I once gave my mother a green salad bowl on her birthday and she took me in her arms and kissed me. I loved my mother, so I raised my hand and stroked the back of her head. But mother looked at me strangely and said: "What are you doing, son?" Perhaps she is a little odd too, unless she just doesn't like to have her head stroked. I wouldn't know and I can't ask my father about it. I hardly know what fathers are since I've never owned anything of the sort and understand they're not really necessary.

But the one thing I can't stand, even in autumn, is a grin. I never risk a smile for fear it might turn into a grin, and a grin is an ugly taunt that deforms a face and is full of wickedness. I've never seen a man through a grin, just sick rats with twisting cat faces. A grin is poison that makes me sick to my stomach. I laugh if I must but never smile.

My miracle happened on an evening in autumn. I was wearing new shoes, the rain fell and we collided, she and I. I don't remember what I said, but I looked up and she grinned. My fingers crushed out the air in my hand and dug into the flesh. One foot stamped into a murky puddle and the mud flew. My shoes were no longer new, her stockings no longer clean.

I looked up again and my heart lightened. She didn't grin now. She laughed, and I was overcome with peace and remorse. I knelt before her, wet my fingers in my mouth and started to wash the mud off her feet.

"What are you doing—are you a little odd?" she said.

But she didn't move, yet I knew now that she wore no stockings. I felt her looking down at me and stopped. A paralyzing shyness overwhelmed me, I started to rub the muddy pavement with my bare hands, stroking it back and forth like a misty mirror. "Some think I'm a little odd," I whispered. "Sometimes I think so myself, even in autumn."

There was a long silence. I sensed her thoughts. Yet I didn't touch her—only the pavement that she stood on. Then she said gently: "Would you like to very much?"

I had knelt all this time, polishing the mirror at her feet. I trembled and started rubbing with the other hand too. I stroked that pavement until my hands were torn and bleeding.

"I am sure it would be very good," I said, "but I only long for a warm greeting and a heart in one farewell, and soft fingers stroking the back of my head."

"You're not odd at all, then," she said. "Get off your knees, boy. I'll try—only once, though—never again. This is not what I'm meant for."

I rose to my feet. She didn't grin or laugh. I've never seen a face so grave. It reminded me of Christ on the cross in a little church I know.

The raindrops loitered down my face in the vain hope that they could stay on my warm skin rather than fall on the cold, hard pavement. I felt hands around my neck and soft fingers stroking the back of my head, a moist cheek against my face and closed lips.

"I'll do that other too if you want it," I offered.

"Then you are a little odd, after all," she said. She kissed the tip of my nose and walked away.

I stood still. I don't know why—I just stood still. The rain fell, my bleeding hands ached and I heard her walk out of autumn into winter.

INTERESTING FAMILY

Thomas Dalton | Francis Donald | John Ivan | Robert Johann

We have discovered another large family of Icelandic descent where almost all the children are University graduates, — the family of Arni M., and Hilda Blanche (nee Dalton) Johannson of Langruth, Manitoba.

The sons are: Thomas Dalton who graduated as B.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Manitoba in 1950. He has been Production Engineer with The Martin Paper Co. in Vancouver, B.C. and was recently transferred to Regina as company manager there. Francis Donald graduated as B.Sc., U. of M. in 1959 majoring in Geology. He worked for ten years with the Frontier Geophysical Company in Calgary, Alta. During the past year he has attended the U. of Alberta to attain his Bach. of Education and is now on the high school staff in Calgary. John Ivan graduated as B.Sc., Mechanical Engineering, from the U. of M., in 1958. He has worked in Hamilton, Galt, Montreal and Vancouver on air-conditioning and refrigeration. While working with Swedish Fan Products in Vancouver he and his wife attended evening classes to learn to speak Swedish. This summer John, with his wife Cathy and son John, went to Sweden for three months to receive further training in ventilation techniques.

Anna Louise | David Grant | Margaret Jo-Ann

Robert Johann graduated as B.Sc. in Mech. Engineering from the U. of M. in 1962. Since graduation he has been employed by General Motors, first in Winnipeg and since February has been in Oshawa, Ont., taking further training in his field.

A sister, Anna Louise, graduated as a Registered nurse from Winnipeg General Hospital in 1950. She is married to Jim Groom and has four children. At present she is on the staff at Winnipeg Gen. Hospital specializing in intra-veinous techniques. There are two other sisters: Sarah Blanche, former school teacher, married to Art McLeod, residing at MacDonald, Man.; and Rena Guðlaug, former bank clerk, married to Gordon Arkey, and residing just south of Langruth.

Sigga Catherine is a daughter of Arni Johannson and his first wife Guðlaug (Ingimundson). She is married to Robert Moore and they have recently moved to Toronto from Falconbrdige, Ont. Their son David Grant graduated as B.Sc. in Electrical Engineering from the U. of M. in 1963. A daughter, Margaret Jo-Ann, won a student scholarship of $150.00 granted by the Nickel District (Sudbury) Collegiate student Council. This was one of four scholarships granted by the council this year. Jo-Ann is now a student at MacMaster University in Hamilton.

Hólmfridur Danielson

The Norsemen in America by T. J. Oleson

This 20 page Historical Booklet of The Canadian Historical Association, was written by the late Dr. T. J. Oleson Professor in the History Department of the University of Manitoba. It sets out in a brief but convincing summation what most people would want to believe namely that the Icelandic colonies in Greenland were not destroyed by enemies and that they did not completely disappear in the struggle against the forces of nature. Dr. Oleson's conclusion after examining the evidence is: "The farming settlements (in Greenland) proved too small to maintain their identity. Abandoning husbandry for hunting and intermingling with the Skrælings, the settlers lost their spiritual and cultural heritage, although traces of it remained in the new Eskimo world. The Norsemen who had discovered America, were absorbed by it."

That is the story of the Norsemen wherever they went, and it is comforting to feel that those hardy Icelanders in the two Greenland colonies did not completely disappear.

This informative booklet should be part of everyone's Canadiana. **W.J.L.**

Rev. Haraldur Sigmar, D.D.

REV. HARALDUR SIGMAR, D.D.

When one looks back over the life span of someone who has lived longer than the allotted three score and ten the question uppermost in his mind is this: What was characteristic of that man which set him apart? That question occurred to the writer when he heard that Rev. Haraldur Sigmar, D.D., had passed to the beyond. The answer came quickly, and it was in two parts: dignified humility; goodness enshrined in an abiding faith.

The qualities of mind which gave rise to those answers began to unfold 56 years ago when it was the writer's good fortune to be elected secretary of the old Icelandic Student Society at the same time as Haraldur Sigmar was elected president. In him could be seen the qualities of the Shepherd to be as he sought to reach all the new students raw from distant Icelandic settlements and make them feel at home in the Student Society. Encouragement was needed as many of them had never seen a village of over a hundred people.

Haraldur graduated in Arts in 1908 from Wesley College, now United College. By then he had decided to enter the ministry, but that was not a decision hurriedly made. Many avenues seemed open to him—teaching, business in partnership with some of his brothers, even homesteading in the newly opened districts in Saskatchewan. But he heard the call from within, a call which those around him could well understand. He was very careful to point out to his many student friends that he would continue to be one of them. He lived up to that resolve to his dying day. It would have hurt him if any of them had to the slightest degree withdrawn from the friendships formed during those student years.

Haraldur Sigmar studied theology at Maywood College in Chicago and was ordained in 1911. He served Icelandic Lutheran congregations in the Saskatchewan Lakes district, in North Dakota, in Vancouver and in Blaine, Washington.

In 1931 Rev. Haraldur Sigmar was elected vice-president of the Icelandic Synod, and in 1943 was elected President, and served in that office for four years. In 1944 Rev. Sigmar was granted a Doctor of Divinity Degree by United College.

Characteristic of Dr. Sigmar's sermons was a sincerity to which his abounding goodness and unswerving faith gave expression. In his public relations, no matter at what level, there was always that beautiful combination of dignity and genuine humility. To all the handshake was always the same, the same kindly expression on his face. His was a goodness which in the words of Daniel Webster is an inheritance of eternity.

Haraldur married Anna Margrethe, daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Niel Steingrimur Thorlakson. They had four children: three sons, Rev. Harald in Vancouver, Wash., Rev. Eric H. in Camas, Wash and George in Kelso, Wash.; one daughter, Margret, Mrs. Elvin Kristjanson of Seattle.

Dr. Haraldur Sigmar was born in Iceland, October 20th, 1885 and died in Kelso, Wash. October 29th, 1963.

—W. J. L.

LEIF ERIKSON GROUP PROPOSES NATIONAL DAY

—by Inga McCarthy

The Leif Erikson Association Inc., of Los Angeles, Calif., representing groups of Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Icelandic and Norwegian extraction was founded for the purpose of securing additional data on Leif Erikson's discovery of America.

By the aid of scientific research and the United States Geodetic Department of the Interior as well as recently unearthed artifacts and Vatican church records of Vinland (America) we have indisputable proof that the "Sagas" recording the discovery of America by the Norsemen in the year 1000 are genuine.

In view of these developments, the association has through legislative channels introduced a bill requesting that the Congress of the United States of America establish and proclaim the 9th of October of each year as Leif Erikson Day. We have been fortunate in receiving support from organizations and individuals from the north, south, east and west of our nation petitioning Congress to designate October 9th as Leif Erikson Day. These supporters have invariably incorporated in their resolutions and requests that Congress has remained apathetic in this cause, that action by the Legislature Tribunal to honor the great viking explorer is long overdue.

So far 5 proposals sent to Congress have been ignored. Let us hope, this time, our efforts will be rewarded favorably by Congress.

Through the efforts of Mr. Landswerk we are again contacting senators, governors and representatives to sponsor and work for this bill. We have had very favorable replies. We would like to have every Scandinavian organization and individual, who is interested in having a Leif Erikson Day, publicize the fact and work with us in making this a success. This can best be done by sending delegates to the association to work with us.

Let us make 1963 the year that Congress establishes a Leif Erikson Day. We meet the first Monday of the month at 1359 W. 24th St., Los Angeles at 8:00 p.m.

—Courtesy Logberg-Heimskringla

Book Review

MORE ECHOES—translations by **Paul Bjarnason**

On the inside cover of this small 108 page book is a sad revelation of an existing fact. It says "**More Echoes** is only obtainable from the author". The readership of books of poetry in Icelandic or of translations of Icelandic poetry is dwindling. All the more credit to those who in spite of that handicap continue this unremitting and unrewarded task of bringing gems of Icelandic poetry before the Canadian and American public. This little book of translations, succeeding Paul Bjarnason's **Fleygar** and **Odes and Echoes,** amply justify the introductory remarks of the late Vilhjálmur Stefansson who says that the three books are good poetry and "necessarily Icelandic in that Paul Bjarnason is an Icelander". "But", he adds, "in the marrow of his bones is at once the native feeling of the original language and of the English into which it is translated. For this translator and poet is truly bi-lingual."

One of the translations "Gestur" appears elsewhere in this number. In that translation, one of the best in the book, Paul has succeeded in transferring in truly poetic English the deep emotion but quiet acceptance of fate which permeates the original. The last verse is of a transcendant quality, equally in the translation as in the original.

And yet it will be sweet to sing to thee
A song of greeting from a heart
at peace,
Until the final sun has set for me
Beside thy greening hill amid the trees.
And so will be ensanctified the
ground
In songs that to thy memory redound.

But a translator cannot always succeed if he meticulously clings to some special feature in the prosody in one language and seeks to transfer it into another language. One must never forget the warning sounded by Rossetti where he says: "The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty."

Alliteration is so much a part of genuine Icelandic poetry, deeply rooted through the centuries, that its absence makes the true Icelander feel that something essential is missing. It is as if the housewife had forgotten to put salt in the porridge or the bread dough.

On the other hand alliteration can be beautiful and effective in any language. This and the opposite become clear in Paul Bjarnason's translations.

The following from Harold and Asta in Skuggasveinn by Matthías Jochumsson, show effective alliteration:

Asta: "Our feathered friends, so happy
No fetters can bind."
Harold "To earth our feet are fastened
If fly would the mind.

But alliteration may make the language stilted, requiring invented words and compounds. The four lines in **Though You Travel Afar** by Stephan G. Stephansson, though not so often quoted as "nóttlaus voraldar veröld þar sem víðsýnið skín", which are the main theme in the poem and appear as the second half of both the first and last stanza, are translated by Paul as follows:

"Friend of glacier and glenside,
Kin to geyser and mount,
Niece of long-ness and ling-heath,
Son of land-ice and fount."

The words glenside, long-ness ling-heath and land-ice are creations of the translator, and it is doubtful if the English speaking reader will catch the force and true intent of the original. To translate such a powerful and sustained figure of speech a translator should have in mind what the poet sought to convey, which in simple language may be put thus: "No matter where you go you are part of Iceland, no matter what of beauty, strength and inspiration there is in Iceland, you are related to it". Word phrases and figures of speech should be selected to convey that meaning. That, as Rossetti says, is fidelity to a theme not necessarily literality, and "when such object can only be attached by paraphrase, that is his (the translators) only path." Here Paul Bjarnason attempted to combine alliteration and literality. If he had paraphrased and if necessary used other figures of speech to express a relationship which nothing can sever, he in all probability would have transposed words of granite in Icelandic, into other words and figures of speech of equal strength and power in English.

In Icelandic prosody there are many special features besides alliteration. A fine illustration, beautifully transposed into English, is the first verse of Jubilee Ode, by Unnur Benediktsdóttir (Hulda).

Who owns a fairer fatherland,
With fell and dale and glinting sand
The northern lights' wide blazing band
To burnish lea and tor,
With simple homes of happy life,
'Mid hills so far from wordly strife?
May God forever guide our land
And give us peace, not war.

MORE ECHOES are a valuable addition to our Islandica Canadiana et Americana. **W. J. Lindal**

HEADSTONE FOR VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON GRAVE

In September a dark grey-green rock weighing more than a ton was flown out of the Canadian Arctic for use as the headstone on the grave at Hanover, New Hampshire, U.S.A. of famed Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

The huge rock was found on Ellef Ringnes Island, some 1,000 miles from the North Pole, by members of the Canadian polar continental shelf project staff near a point where Mr. Stefansson camped in 1917 during one of his Arctic expeditions. It was flown aboard a four-motored transport aircraft 2,000 miles to Calgary, Alberta, and taken thence by train to Hanover.

It had been hoped that a suitable rock would be found on one of the six Arctic islands discovered by the Manitoba-born explorer in 1915-16 and claimed by him in the name of Canada.

CANADA-ICELAND FOUNDATION and ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

Scholarships and Bursaries

The following scholarships and bursaries have been awarded.

Ingibjorg Karen Johannsson

Ingibjorg Karen Johannsson was awarded the Canada-Iceland Foundation Magnússon Estate scholarship of $100.00. She is the daughter of Skuli and Erika Johannsson of Winnipeg.

Bergthor Palsson

Bergthor Palsson was awarded a Canada-Iceland Foundation scholarship of $100.00. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bergthor Palsson of Hecla, Man

Paula Jonasson

Paula Jonasson was awarded a Canada-Iceland bursary of $50.00. She is the dughter of Skuli and Herdis Norman Jonasson of Winnipeg.

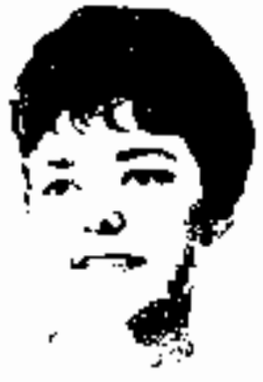
Melinda Bardal

Last spring Miss Melinda Bardal was awarded the Canada-Iceland

Scholarship of $200.00 for obtaining the highest standing in Icelandic 101 at the University of Manitoba. She is the daughter of Art and Evelyn Bardal of Winnipeg.

Terry L. Goodmundson

Terry L. Goodmundson was awarded the Icelandic Canadian Club scholarship of $100.00. He is the son of Edwin T. and Anna Goodmundson of Winnipeg.



Marian Andrea Scrymgeour

Marion Andrea Scrymgeour was awarded a Canada-Iceland Foundation Icelandic Good Templars scholarship of $100. She is the daughter of Charles Harold and Valdine Scrymgeour of Winnipeg.

Lillian Joan Sigurdson

Lillian Joan Sigurdson was awarded a Canada-Iceland Good Templars scholarship of $100.00. She also has received bursaries from the Board of Governors of the University and the Government of Manitoba, totalling $550.00. Joan is the daughter of Oscar and Laura Sigurdson of Lundar, Man.

Linda Sigurdson

Linda Sigurdson was awarded a Canada-Iceland Foundation scholar-

ship of $100.00. She is the daughter of Johann and Helga Sigurdson of Lundar, Manitoba.

Shirley Una Bjarnason

Shirley Una Bjarnason was awarded a Canada-Iceland Foundation bursary of $50.00. She is a daughter of Halldor S. and Gudrun Una Bjarnason of Winnipeg.

James Bjerring, son of Mrs. and Mrs. K. N. Bjerring of Calgary graduated last spring with distinction, from the University of Alberta. He is at present on a teaching scholarship at the University of Oregon where he is majoring in mathematics. He is the eldest son of Kari and Barbara Bjerring of Calgary.

Dr. Clifford N. Cassidy

Dr. Clifford N. Cassidy, formerly of Minneota, Minn, and now of Methuen, Mass., is a graduate of Harvard University. He received his Master's degree from the University of Chicago and his Doctor of Philosophy degree, in June 1963, from Boston University.

He served his psychological internship at the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston, and served on the faculty of the University of Arkansas for three years.

Dr. Cassidy was formerly chief psychologist at the Lawrence Guidance Center and is now Chief Psychologist for the Northeastern Essex Mental Health and Child Guidance Center. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Cassidy of Somerville, Mass. His mother Sigthora was presented with the Order of the Falcon by the President of Iceland in 1962.

Dr. Clifford N. Cassidy

Dr. Cassidy married Eileen Leber, of Wallingford, Conn. They have three children. William 8, Thomas5, and James 2.

IN THE NEWS

UNION REPRESENTATIVE

Ingi Swainson

Mr. Ingi Swainson, President of Local 832, Retail Clerks International Association of North America represented his union local as delegate of the R.C.T.A. which was held from June 24th to 29th, 1963, in Chicago.

The R.C.T.A. is the sixth largest union in North America and widely regarded as a model democratic union.

Besides participating in many important decisions of concern to his union Mr. Swainson was privileged to hear the convention addressed by U.S. Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, U.S. Senator Paul Douglas, U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey and the late U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver. In addition President John F. Kennedy addressed the meeting through a closed circuit T.V. system. Futhermore greetings were brought from Claude Jodoin President of the Canadian Labour Congress.

Mr. Swainson moved to Winnipeg when his sons were ready for a higher education, fourteen years ago and resides at 471 Home St.

★

ANDREW BJERRING WINS ROWAN SCHOLARSHIP

Andrew Bjerring

Andrew Bjerring, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Bjerring of Calgary, has been awarded a Rowan Scholarship of $250.00 and is the second member of that family who has won that scholarship, the first one being the eldest son James, who won it in 1960.

The scholarship was established in memory of Wally Rowan and his family who died in a plane crash in 1956. The late Wally Rowan was a city alderman and a past president of the Booster Club and the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Andrew Bjerring attended the Henry Wise Wood School and was chosen Citizen of the Year by the Rotary Club in 1962. He will study engineering physics at the University of British Columbia.

*

APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF HOUSING ASSOCIATION

Skapti J. Borgford

Skapti J. Borgford, well known Winnipeg construction engineer, was named president at the annual meeting this fall of the Co Operative Housing Association of Manitoba. Son of pioneer Winnipeg builder Thorsteinn Borgford and Gudrun Borgford, Mr. Borgford is active in many fields. He is a member of the board of directors of the Co-Operative Credit Society of Manitoba, was chairman of this year's Indian-Metis conference and is employed as a consulting engineer with the architectural firm of Green, Blankstein and Associates.

Mrs. Hildur Sigridur Winnemuller

Mrs. Hildur Sigridur Winnemuller received her Diploma in Psychiatric Nursing and Certificate of Licensed Practical Nurse at the Graduation Exercises of The Training School for Nurses of the Hospital for Mental Diseases, Selkirk, Man., on September 6th, 1963.

Hildur is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Finnson of Hnausa, Manitoba. She is married to Peter Winnemuller, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Winnemuller of Selkirk, Man. Peter graduated in Psychiatric Nursing in 1961. They are both employed on the staff of the Selkirk Mental Hospital..

*

RECEIVES M.A. IN LIBRARY SCIENCE

A master of arts degree in library science from the University of Chicago was presented to George Hanson of Chicago at the university's convocation in August in the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel. His thesis which earned him the degree was "The History of the

National Library of Iceland During the Twentieth Century".

Research for this was done by Mr. Hanson at the National Library in Reykjavik while he was in Iceland from August, 1961, to September, 1962, as teacher at the United States naval station at Kelflavík.

Mr. Hanson is presently with the library of the University of Chicago but will in the near future become librarian of a junior college in Chicago. He plans to pursue studies leading toward a PH.D. degree.

★

NAMED TO MACC POST

Swain N. H. Westdal

Mr. Swain N. H. Westdal formerly of Wynyard, Sask. and now of Winnipeg, has been appointed Assistant Manager of the Manitoba Agricultural Credit Corporation.

Swain graduated from the University of Manitoba in Agriculture in 1950. He served in the last World War from 1942 to the end of the war. From the time he graduated until he secured this position he was engaged by the Federal Government as Field Supervisor Soldier Settlement and V.L.A.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Westdal, 652 Home St., Winnipeg.

--See Icel. Can. Vol. 3 No. 3.

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RECEIVES ORDER OF THE FALCON

The Knight's Cross of the Order of the Falcon, awarded by the President of Iceland, Ásgeir Ásgeirsson, was presented in September at the Icelandic sonsular offices in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. to Paul Sveinbjorn Johnson, a prominent Chicago lawyer, in recognition of his services to the consulate, the government of Iceland and Icelandic airline, Loftleiðir. The presentation was made by Arni Helgason, consul of Iceland.

Mr. Johnson's father, Sveinbjorn, former judge of the Supreme Court of North Dakota and legal counsel for the University of Illinois, received the Order of the Falcon in 1941. The elder Johnson was attorney-general of North Dakota in 1921 and was elected to the state supreme court in 1925.

In 1930 when the 1,000th anniversary of parliamentary government was celebrated in Iceland, the elder Johnson was appointed by the then president Herbert Hoover to represent the United States at the celebration.

Young Paul made the journey with him.

Born at Grand Forks, N. D. Paul Johnson received his public and high school education there, later at Bismarck, N. D., and then Champaign, Illinois, where his mother still lives. He subsequently attended Knox College at Gaesburg and then the University of Illinois where he received his B.A. degree in 1943 and law degree in 1947. He is married and has two children.

★

ACADEMY ELECTS TWO WINNIPEG DOCTORS

Dr. Arnold Holm

Two Winnipeg pediatricians have been elected affiliate fellows of the American Academy of Pediatrics.

Dr. Arnold W. Holm, 1220 Wellington Cres., and Dr. T. J. McCaughey, 70 Kingsway Ave., met the academy's eligibility requirements for special training and experience, certification by the American Board of Pediatrics, high ethical and professional standing, clinical experience and productivity in pediatric activities.

Dr. Holm is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurdur and Sigridur Holm of Lundar, Man.

Dr. Holm's grandfather was Daniel Sigurdson, pioneer in the Grunnavatns settlement.

★

PROMINENT MINK RANCHER

Johann Sigurdson

Johann Sigurdson, prominent mink rancher at Lundar, Manitoba, was named chairman of the marketing committee of the Canadian Mink Breeders' Association at the 11th annual meeting this fall at Regina, Sask. This is Mr. Sigurdson's second term on the association's executive. The association is made up of 1,800 mink ranchers from coast to coast.

Mr. Sigurdson was president of the Manitoba Fur Breeders' Association

1961—1963. In 1961 and 1962 he won the Grand Aggregate Point Award at the Prairie International Mink Show in Winnipeg.

Johann Sigurdson is the son of the Lundar pioneers Ingimundur and Asta Sigurdson. His wife Helga is daughter of Sigurður and Sigríður Hólm of Lundar.

★

RECEIVES A $1,000 SCHOLARSHIP

Jack Wilkie of North Battleford, Sask. was awarded a fourth-year $1,000 scholarship last September at the College of Medicine, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, where he is presently completing fourth-year studies in medicine.

Undergraduate medical students at the university were awarded 25 scholarships and 102 bursaries totalling $88,000. These awards, made for the first time this year, were financed by the Saskatchewan Medical Care Insurance Fund and were authorized by the Saskatchewan legislature at the 1963 session.

Selection was made by the college on the basis of proven academic excellence and Mr. Wilkie was one of four to receive the major $1,000 scholarship.

A graduate of North Battleford Collegiate he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilkie of North Battleford.

His maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. A. Stanley Jackson, was the former Gudny Thorsteinson, eldest daughter of the late Vigfus and Gudridur Thorsteinson who emigrated to Canada in 1875 and over the years lived successively at Winnipeg, Churchbridge, Sask., Portage la Prairie, Big Point, Gladstone, Beaver and Lundar, Man. Mrs. Jackson was born at Akranes, Iceland.

★

BUILDING NAMED IN HONOUR OF DR. THORVALDSON

The new chemistry building at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon was named the Thorvaldson Building in September in honor of Dr. Thorbergur Thorvaldson, internationally known scientist and first dean of graduate studies at the university, the seventh of major structures so named after faculty members.

Dr. Thorvaldson joined the university's chemistry department at Saskatoon in 1914, and was made head of the department five years later. In 1946 he was appointed dean of the then newly created college of graduate studies, a post he held until his retirement in 1949 when he was named dean emeritus of graduate studies.

Dr. Thorvaldson, a member of the university's board of governors from 1952 to 1958, is internationally known

for his research into the chemistry of cement and for the development of cements with resistance to deterioration through chemical attack.

He was awarded the medal of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry, the Tory Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, and has lectured at international symposia on the chemistry of cement.

Dr. Thorvaldson continues to make his home at Saskatoon and is still active in chemical research.

★

HONORED BY ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Emile Walters

Word has been received that the internationally known artist, Emile Walters, has been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts of London, England. La Grange Graphic of La

Grangeville in the State of New York reports in part: "Through the years, very few artists who were not British citizens have been selected for the compliment. Within recent years his most important major project was one involving both profound research and highly unusual painting skill. This was the tracing of the Viking voyages and settlements in Iceland and Greenland. The research work earned him election in the Explorers' Club."

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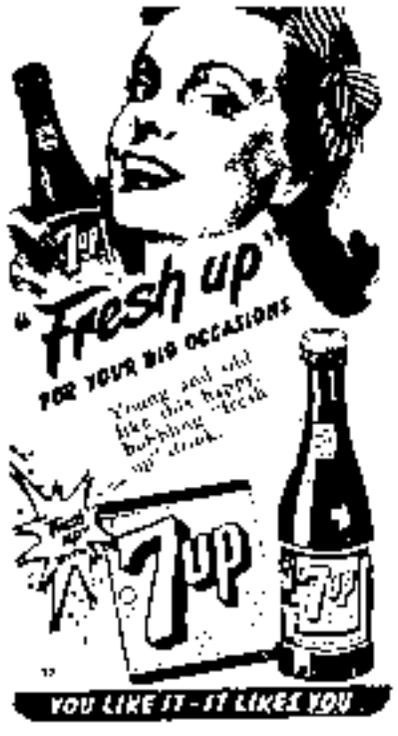

THE OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

Wm. D. Valgardson

At the first meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club this fall the President Mr. A. R. Swanson stated that due to pressure of business he was compelled to tender his resignation. At the next meeeting of the Executive the resignation was regretfully accepted as well as that of the vice-president, Grettir Eggertson who felt that he could not take on any further duties. Mr. Wm. D. Valgardson has been elected President and the two vacancies have been filled by John Arnason and Wm. H. Finnbogason. The present slate of officers and executive is as follows.

Wm. D. Valgardson, President; A. R. Swanson, Past President; Helgi Olsen, Treasurer; Mrs. H. F. Danielson, secretary; John Arnason, Wm. H. Finnbogason, Caroline Gunnarson, Helgi Johnson (Gimli), W. Kristjanson, W. J. Lindal,, Mrs. Lara Sigurdson, Mrs. V. J. Thorlakson.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF PUBLISHING CO.

Grettir L. Johannson

Grettir L. Johannson, consul of Iceland in Winnipeg, was elected president at the annual meeting in September of the North American Publishing Company Limited, publishers of Logberg-Heimskringla, the only Icelandic-language weekly newspaper published in the Western Hemisphere. Rev. Philip M. Petursson is past president, Grettir Eggertson vice-president, S. Aleck Thorarinson secretary, K. W. Johannson treasurer and Oskar Hjorleifson auditor. Mrs. Ingibjorg Jonsson is editor of Logberg-Heimskringla.

MEETINGS OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

Two well attended meetings of The Icelandic Canadian Club have been held this fall, both in the Parish Hall of The First Lutheran Church.

The first meeting, held on October 22, was addressed by three of the group from Winnipeg that visited Iceland last summer: J. T. Beck, Jon Laxdal and W. J. Lindal.

The second meeting, held on November 19, was addressed by Rev. V. J. Eylands, D.D., on Skálholt and the college which is to be built close by the cathedral. Music was supplied by the Wayward Singers Karen Thorlakson, Ted Smith, Len Vopnfjord and Harry De Vries. There was a collection of $42.26 for Skálholt.

★

Hon. W. J. Lindal of Winnipeg was invited by the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism to attend the preliminary hearing which was held in Ottawa Nov. 7 and 8. Portions of his presentation were carried in CBC broadcasts. In his address he emphasized the desirability of making French a language of instruction in French centres and pockets of population. He also recommended that unofficial Canadian languages—that is languages other than English or French—be available on an optional basis at high school levels provided qualified teachers were available and a reasonable number of students express a desire to select a particular language. Judge Lindal is working with others in preparing briefs to be presented to the Royal Commission at its hearings in Winnipeg.

★

Ronald Peiluck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Peiluck, graduated last spring from the University of Manitoba, in science. He is at present studying Business Administration at Western University in London, Ont. His mother is Margrjet Bjerring, a daughter of Herman Bjerring of Vancouver, and foster daughter of S. V. Bjerring of Winnipeg.

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