

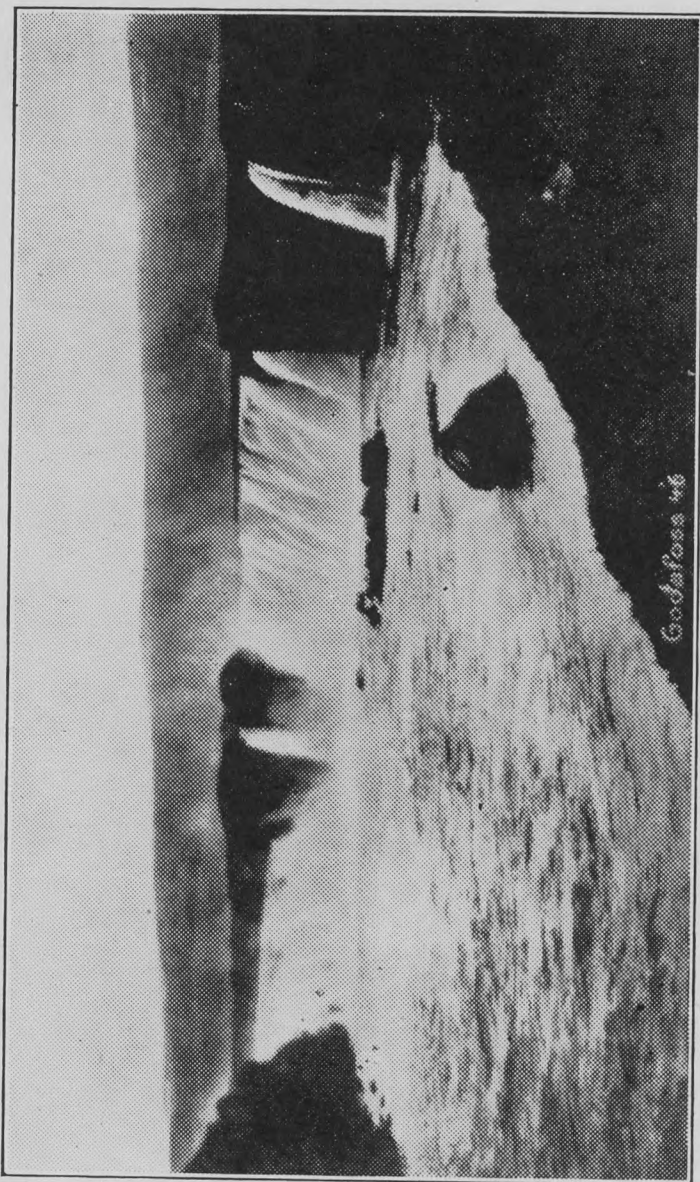
The Icelandic Canadian



FIRST and SECOND VOLUMES
1942 to 1944



A Quarterly Magazine
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GODAFOSS IN ICELAND

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The Icelandic Canadian

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No. 1

EDITORIAL

Every nation ascribes to itself some peculiar treasure; some unique culture; some imperishable virtue which it firmly believes to be an inestimable inheritance from the past. The Icelandic people are no exception. We have our Golden Age, our ancient classics, our pride in ancestors who loved freedom above lands and possessions. We like to glorify those hardy Norsemen who pioneered in Iceland, established there a remarkable Republic and instituted the first government patterned upon democratic principles.

It is right that we should cherish this inheritance, and we should remember with humility rather than pride that we are the repositories of a humane tradition; that we are the sons and daughters of heroic men and women whom neither tyranny nor indescribable hardships could make to falter from their steadfast faith in the cardinal virtues of justice and liberty and the dignity of human life. But sentimental fondness is not enough. It is not enough that we should be proud of our ancestors. We must waken to the inexorable fact that the past lives in us and dies in us. Every inheritance, whether concrete or spiritual, can be squandered and laid waste; and this squandering and this waste take place in the individual heart and consciousness.

What we owe to our ancestors is not worship but work. Not didactic eulogies upon the courage, the daring, the dreams that are dust, but dreams of our own sprung from that dust to show that their vision still lives in us.

When the Long Ships of the Norsemen turned their prows into unknown seas, their eyes trained upon far and strange horizons, they left by that act alone an imperishable challenge to their descendants and to all men of vision everywhere. Not the known but the unknown was their quest; not the past but the future was their abiding obsession. With a zest and a hunger for a richer way of life those incorrigible adventurers braved a thousand dangers and by their daring broke forever the traditional mold of the past. The kingdoms they carved for

themselves were not patterned upon preconceived concepts; they were evolved in accordance with the growing stream of human consciousness; an organism that was fed by new ideas drawn from innumerable strange sources; but the sustaining soil was the Norse heart, the Norse nature.

Is there not something of pertinent challenge in all this for those of us who have Viking blood in our veins? Is it not clear that now, as perhaps never before in this troubled world, what is most needed are adventurers with a new vision who have the courage and the fortitude to seek new horizons?

It is true that the physical world is shrinking; that space and time have contracted to such an extent that a whisper now circles the globe with the speed of lightning. There are no terrestrial frontiers; no alien countries unknown and mysterious; for the nations of the earth are fast becoming an integrated patchwork and every man his brother's keeper.

But still there are new horizons, infinite everlasting horizons for the questing human consciousness. For the one frontier that now remains is the realm of the mind, and what a wilderness is here! What a jungle of mental weeds and misconceptions confronts the pioneer! Racial hatreds, racial pride, ignorance, superstition, bigotry, these are the shoals the adventurer must circumvent or die. Yet this is the supreme adventure of our age; the challenge to our organic genius for survival. The handwriting on the wall is plain. The old order of brute force, of foolish exploitation and rigid mental attributes is dying. The ultimate survivors will be those peoples in whom there is enough flexibility and mental genius to be the instrument of evolution. Pioneers in new and better human relationships; adventurers dedicated to the future, not the past.

With this thought in mind the Icelandic Canadian Club launches its little barque of hopeful letters upon the troubled seas of contemporary thought. It is our conviction that the time has come to cut ourselves free of the fallacious idea that our duty to the past must constrain us to the old Icelandic mold. We believe that our first duty is to Canada and to the world of tomorrow. In that new world ethnic differences must not prevail as they have hitherto prevailed. Our divergent cultures must be freely spent in building a co-ordinated and greater civilization sincerely and sanely devoted to the common good of this country. Cooperation and not opposition must be the watchword of tomorrow. We shall lose nothing of value and gain much that is productive of a better and richer national life by so doing.

Iceland will still live in our hearts; what is more, all that is good and great and treasurable in her ancient traditions will be transformed into living reality. As Canadians, and only as Canadians will it be

possible for us to orient our Norse heritage in the New World of Tomorrow.

The following verse, quoted from memory, and with due thanks to the unknown author, speaks for the Past in a grand and flaming challenge to the Future. Our Past and our Future! Norse blood to Norse blood, quick with deathless adventure!

Leif was a man's name—
 Over the great white shoulder
 Of the World he came;
 Into a land as distant as a star
 That God had set aside
 For mortals not to mar;
 Too vast for men—
 Not till Leif's sons
 Set foot upon the moon
 Shall such a deed as his
 Be done again!

Laura Goodman Salverson



Poem

"I think I'll be a goat", said I,
 "I'm sad among the sheep
 And surely goats need never try
 To look before they leap.

"And goats may roam and gobble life
 While sheep have only nibbles,
 And goats don't have internal strife
 O'er conscientious quibbles."

A goat I was, but sad to state
 A sorry goat was I;
 I'd been a sheep too long a date
 The change to satisfy.

I found my leap was just a hop,
 My song a quavering bleat;
 The rocks upon the mountain top
 Were hard, they hurt my feet.

Advice to her who would be goat
 Is short but very deep;
 If you can't be a joyful goat
 For God's sake girl, stay sheep.

Where Do We Stand?

By JUDGE W. J. LINDAL

Humanity is passing through the most fateful period of its history. All in which freedom loving people believe and for which they feel life is worth living is threatened by forces of tyranny better organized, more powerful and more far-reaching in their plans than anything previously known to man. A challenge has been hurled at every free man and woman anywhere in the world. He or she must choose one of two alternatives: he must either accept the challenge and fight it through or else accept a slavery of that cruel wicked type which the self chosen masters have devised for those whom they conquer.

At such a time every nation which believes in some form of self-government, and every individual who desires to have some voice in the mapping out of his own life, must ask themselves the question: where do we stand?

But it may be that some of those Canadians who are of neither Anglo-Saxon nor French descent have more reasons than one for asking that question. Their fathers and mothers came to Canada from different lands in Europe. It is not without regret that they see much of that which is distinctly their own disappear or else merge in the Canadian pattern. They are fast becoming Canadians; they have become Canadians. Yet for the moment they are, as it were, on the crossroads in the Canadian scene. They have a double reason for asking the question: where do we stand?

We, Canadians of Icelandic descent, fit into this category. We have been here a little over three score years. Most of the pioneers have passed on; their toil and sacrifice is still fresh with us. But we look in the other direction, to our own land, to Canada.

In seeking an answer to our question from the Icelandic Canadian point of view three central ideas emerge: we are at war; we are Canadians; we are of Icelandic descent.

For the present, the first of these three facts transcends the other two; it transcends everything in the lives of all Canadians. For that reason it is accorded first place in this discussion. In subsequent articles an attempt will be made to answer the question from the other two points of view.

We are at War

A few short years ago our fathers and mothers left the shores of Iceland, an island where freedom has been fostered for centuries, and came to Canada where there was even greater freedom, and in whose expanse of land and lake, forest and virgin soil, they felt there was limitless opportunity to find an outlet for the yearning for that wider and fuller life which only freedom can give.

And now we find ourselves at war.

The war was not of our choosing just as it was not of the choosing of our fellow Canadians. In a broadcast delivered September 3, 1939, His Majesty George VI uttered these words: "It is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge." That same day Great Britain declared war on Germany. We, as other Canadians, knew that that declaration did not commit Canada to war; Canada could and would decide for herself.

The Prime Minister of Canada summoned Parliament. As the members travelled to the capital they were deep in thought. They realized the inevitable consequences of the decision they felt they had to make. But other

Canadians also pondered deeply. Although the minds of some may at that time not have been so clear as they are now, yet an overwhelming majority of Canadians agreed when the House of Commons on September 9, without a count of votes and with very few dissenting voices endorsed the decision of the government to take up arms for the defence of Canada and resistance to further aggression by Germany. On September 10, a proclamation was signed by the King—the King of Canada—declaring that a state of war existed between Canada and Germany. All Canadians felt a certain pride that the decision, so momentous and so fateful was Canada's own.

Even though our minds are now crystal clear it is well to keep the grim facts before us. We should every once in a while pause and review them. It not only helps to answer our question; it will steel us in our determination to do our duty no matter what the cost.

Nazi Germany

The writings of German leaders of thought from Hegel to Nietzsche and down to those who provided the inspiration for *Mein Kampf* leave no doubt in our minds of the determination of Germany to rule the world. But the Nazis have made their special contribution. They have schemed the diabolical method by which they are going to keep mankind enslaved. No one has put it more bluntly than Richard W. Darre, who, in May, 1940 when he was Minister of Agriculture in the Reich, uttered these ominous words:

"Germany is not only the leading nation of the world but a nation predestined to rule the world. A new aristocracy of German masters will be created. This aristocracy will have slaves assigned to it, these slaves to be their property and to consist of landless, non-German nationals. We actually have in mind a modern form of mediaeval slavery."

The story of the people of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Yugoslavia and the other conquered countries of Europe, since they came under the Nazi yoke, reveals that these were not idle words. It is after the war is over and a country has been conquered that the greatest suffering begins. It is then that the vicious technique in conquest, termed "The New Order," is put into practice. According to this technique the conquered peoples are to be systematically reduced to a state of slavery. Those who persist in offering resistance, active or passive, must be liquidated. But that is not the fate of all. The more submissive type are to be spared—men and women whose mentality is such that they and their progeny might become willing slaves. Dr. A. N. Sack, Professor of Law at New York University, says:

"The barbarous German practices in the war have a twofold purpose: to prevent national resurrection of the vanquished people and to create in the conquered land living room for the new masters. The ghastly means of accomplishing this purpose has been selective execution of religious, educational and political leaders of the subjugated people; wholesale slaughter of selected classes of people and of everybody in selected populated places; starvation, disease and cold — as the result of plunder, devastation or mass deportation of human cattle in freight trains under conditions certain to kill off most of them before or soon after arrival at the uninhabitable place of destination."

But it is not enough to reduce all non-Nazis to a state of abject slavery. All ennobling instincts must be crushed. For that reason Christianity, and indeed every form of worship of a Supreme Being, must be blotted out. For ulterior motives there may have been a temporary recognition of some religious bodies,

but the final objective is obvious. Adolf Hitler has made that quite clear.

"The religions are all alike, no matter what they call themselves. . . . Fascism, if it likes, may come to terms with the Church. So shall I. Why not? That will not prevent me from tearing up Christianity root and branch, and annihilating it in Germany. . . .

"A German Church, a German Christianity is distortion. One is either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both."

Imperial Japan

Germany is not alone. It has conspired with Japan and taken Fascist Italy in tow.

The Japanese are steeped in the same false idea of superiority as the Germans. In the systems both have evolved for carrying out their invented sense of Master Destiny, they vie with each other in brutality and ruthlessness. The final objective is the same—world domination. So far neither has announced how both are going to be able to dominate the world at the same time.

The Japanese mind has been infected much longer than that of the Germans. Bradford Smith says in Amerasia:

"The mind of Japan, unfortunately, is far more dangerously infected because the disease has been eating into the organism for several thousand years. . . .

"Japan, long before the rise of Hitler, had a Fascist system with roots bedded deep in the native soil. Fanatic nationalism based upon a preposterous racial myth, a military class exerting complete control over government and people by terrorism and intimidation, suppression of all free thought and free inquiry, a thorough spy system, and the exaltation of the racial-state as an end in itself—they are all there."

Official Japanese documents confirm this. One of these is the famous or rather infamous Tanaka Memorial. On

July 25, 1927, Premier Baron G. Tanaka presented a state paper to the Emperor of Japan. This memorial was prepared, as Tanaka says, upon instructions to "lay plans for the colonization of the Far East" and also to "watch for opportunities for further expansion."

To indicate the far-reaching and sweeping nature of the plan only one paragraph need be quoted:

"Japan cannot remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of 'Blood and Iron'. But in carrying out this policy we have to face the United States which has been turned against us by China's policy of fighting poison with poison. In the future if we want to control China, **we must first crush the United States** just as in the past we had to fight in the Russo-Japanese war. But in order to conquer China we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. **In order to conquer the world** we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours and will not dare to violate our rights. This is the plan left to us by Emperor Meiji, the success of which is essential to our national existence."

A booklet was published in Tokyo in February, 1942, which is in many ways the Mein Kampf of Japan. According to it the Japanese are fighting a holy war. Once more the Emperor is said to be a direct descendant of the Sun Goddess Amaterasa Omikami, and other Japanese the descendants of lesser Gods. Japan, it is claimed, is the motherland of all mankind, and the Japanese are divinely destined to bring erring mankind within the Japanese fold. In the booklet we find this appeal:

"The present Greater Asia is virtually a second descent of the grandchild of the Sun Goddess, the mythological ancestor of the Japanese dynasty. Wherefore, the holy war will sooner or

later awaken all nations to the cosmic truth that their respective national lives issued forth from the one absolute life-centre embodied by the emporor."

The Japanese keep apace with their brother-tyrants in their treatment of conquered peoples. The Japanese, in fact, have an advantage — they have been in the game longer. Korea was captured by Japan in 1910. What are the results after thirty years of Japanese domination? Conditions in Korea disclose the thoroughness of the Japanese enslavement of this once proud people. The story can best be told in the words of an international writer, George Kent, in an article published in the April, 1942, issue of *Asia*, a leading periodical on the Orient.

"The wealth of the country has been pumped across the sea to Nippon (Japan), with an icy disregard for the welfare of the people. If you walk along the streets of Seoul, the Korean capital, you will see only Japanese shops filled with Japanese goods. The store clerks are Japanese and so are the well-dressed individuals on the sidewalks. The Koreans are hawking vegetables, pulling rickshaws, carrying heavy loads.

"To the farmers, who comprise eighty-five per cent of the population, the conquest has meant a systematic house-to-house looting. . . . Today close to 18,000,000 men, women and children—out of a total population of 23,000,000—have become tenants and squatters. . . .

"Their state of mind, as described by a Japanese economist, has become one of 'utter desperation and barren stolidity'. A home-loving people, they are obliged to shift their quarters each year because the Japanese owners will not make arrangements with the Korean tenants for more than a twelve-month period. A tenant's share of the crop, when all deductions are made, comes to about seventeen per cent, or enough to give him an annual income of about ten dollars. . . .

"Each spring, millions of farmers and

their families are obliged to roam the barren hillsides, scratching up roots and bark and weeds in order to keep from dying of hunger. 'It is the land of the spring starvation,' the Governor-General (Japanese) writes in his annual report."

How would the Western Canadian farmer like it if, after he had put in his crop, he were compelled to roam the hillsides of the Riding Mountains in Manitoba or the slopes of the Rockies for sustenance during the summer and then return to harvest the crop for the Hun and Japanese masters?

We have the blueprint before us. The story of conquered Korea reveals the fate that awaits us if the tyrant nations win.

We Want to be in It

The Icelandic Canadians want to be in this war. We are determined to do our share, no matter how small it may relatively be, in helping the United Nations to crush the enemies of free man. We recall with pride how many of our group volunteered in the World War—the first act of one global drama. Those of our people who are at the post of duty in Canada or who by reason of age or infirmity must content themselves with the more humble service at home, watch with even greater pride the enlistments of our sons and daughters, and the excellent account they give of themselves wherever duty calls them. Some have been wounded; others have given their all. We, no less than other Canadians, know that many more will go—many other casualty lists will be published. We try to enter into the heroic spirit of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who reached the very soul of re-born China with these inspiring words:

"When our men go to the battlefield they are prepared to die. They feel that they have a sacred mission entrusted to them and they are determined to fulfill

it by making the supreme sacrifice if necessary. Their patriotism is fully shared by their families. I have met thousands of women whose menfolk have fallen in battle and I have never yet heard one word of regret. Sorrow, of course, inevitably; but in place of regret an immense pride that they have given their all for their country."

The stoic calm of the Icelander is deep-rooted. It goes far back—to the days of the sagas. It now serves us well. Centuries ago our forefathers decided what was worse than death. If, in a measure that resolve, carried out on the field of battle, and in sturdy Viking ships, has been imbedded in the hearts of us, their descendants, a valuable contribution has been made to Canadian citizenship.

The pride which the Icelandic Canadian takes in his ancestry and the rapidly growing affection in his heart for his new native land combine to produce in him a wider vision, a keener appreci-

ation of the essential unity of man. It gives our patriotism an international tinge. That is all to the good, especially in these times.

When the complete record has been written of the Icelandic Canadians during their first three generations in Canada it will be found that the greatest contribution they made in that period, even greater than that of the pioneers themselves, was the ready and voluntary part they played in the world struggle which will decide the course of man on earth for centuries to come. We know where we stand, and we are determined not to falter. When the twilight of our brief stay on earth approaches, where or whenever it may be, we shall find comfort in that, at a time when we were more or less in a transition stage, it was given to us to see the international scene and to play our part in the light of that larger vision.

Westminster Lights In The Rain

Westminster lights are star gems
Low anchored in the night;
Chips of broken diadems,
Blurred balloons of light.

Where the narrow bridge lies dreaming
In a twisted rainbow arc,
Westminster lights are gleaming
Like Jewels in the dark.

Where the Fraser sings its olden
Slumbrous dream refrain,
Westminster lights are golden
Through a filigree of rain.

We invite you to become a member of The Icelandic Canadian Club. Membership fee \$1.00 per year.

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

— — — was organized in 1938 by a group of younger Icelandic Canadians for the purpose of perpetuating Icelandic culture and promoting good fellowship. It now has a large membership, most of whom express themselves more fluently in English than in Icelandic.

Our organization has long felt the need of a publication to broadcast its aims and objects, and to which our members could send original contributions. In this way, we believe that this new publication will play a leading role in promoting the aims and objects of the society, both cultural and social.

The staff of the "Icelandic Canadian" has been selected from our members and we take this opportunity of thanking them for their laudable efforts in the launching of this first issue.

ARNI G. EGGERTSON, President

ALL NATIONS PARADE



Part of the Icelandic and Icelandic Canadian contingent in the All Nations Parade held in Winnipeg July 4, 1942. Seen in the back row are four star glider pilots from Iceland, Snorri Karlson, Magnus Gudmundson, Asbjorn Magnusson, Alfred Eliasson, who are now taking air training in Canada. In the front row are Hazel Reykdal, Grace Reykdal, Mrs. Thos Finnbogason, Mattie Halldorson, Mrs. Kristin Peterson, Dora Goodman and Mrs. Ingi Johannesson.

A Roman Elegy On Rural Life

By Prof. Skuli Johnson, University of Manitoba.

In the awakening of modern Icelandic literature the importance of the classics has not as yet been adequately appraised. The significance however of such an accomplished classicist as Sveinbjörn Egilsson (1791-1852) has been generally recognized. His interest in linguistics and language follows two main lines: the native antiquarian and the ancient classical; these paths ultimately meet in his translations of Old Icelandic into Latin, in his versions of Homer, which have become Icelandic classics, and in his monumental lexicon of the Old Icelandic poetic diction done into Latin. These works are internationally known. A sad neglect however has been the lot of his Latin poetry; this is mainly due to the general decline of classical learning in Iceland.

It is impossible to enlarge here on Egilsson's Latin poems. Being the by-products of a busy academic life, they are not voluminous. A few of them were written in the short time of retirement that he enjoyed. The majority, and those the most important ones, belong to the author's youth, prior to his departure to Denmark to attend the University of Copenhagen. The most pretentious of these are elegiac epistles and an Horatian ode addressed to two of the three Icelandic clergymen who by private tuition prepared him for matriculation. From these he may have received some instruction in Latin prosody; though the author approaches them with apologetic modesty and pays sincere tribute to their kind sympathy and sound critical sense, their assistance may well have been only rudimentary. Egilsson's achievements in Latin poetry are largely his own and his poems are in quality on a par with those of the Augustans. His lyrics remind one of Horace, and his elegies, of Ovid. Incidentally Egilsson translated some

pieces of both of these into Icelandic verse. An hexameter piece of his is quite in the spirit and manner of Vergil's *Georgics*, and his epigrams and epitaphs are clearly in the classical tradition.

On one of his Latin poems I wish however to dwell; it is not only unique in his exquisite collection of Latin verse but also is perhaps without an equal in the Latin elegies of Iceland. It is entitled *Carmen Sollenne* and is assigned by the editors of Egilsson's poetical works, published posthumously in 1856, to the year 1811. If this tentative date is correct, the piece is the second or third earliest Latin poem by the author. At all events it belongs to the period prior to 1814, when he sailed to attend the University of Copenhagen. In another poem in 1811 Egilsson refers to a Latin piece sent to one of his teachers but there is nothing to show that the *Carmen Sollenne* is meant, but in elegiacs written to Ólafur Stephensen prior to 1814, Egilsson in exhorting his friend and foster-brother to write Latin verse (hexameters or elegiacs), speaks of submitting his Latin verse to Stephensen's critical aid and declares that Stephensen has with him a copy of the *Carmen Sollenne*:

*Quod tibi jam pridem carmen
sollenne praeivi,
Servasti. . . .*

Evidently Egilsson looked on that poem as a model which his friend might find useful for guidance in writing elegiacs. And well indeed he might, for it is most instructive in matter and method.

Egilsson's poem consists of forty-four elegiac distichs; this verse-form is, for practical purposes, well enough indicated by Schiller's couplet, turned into English by Coleridge:

**In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling
in melody back.**

This simple working-definition gives however no inkling of the intricacies and of the delicate nuances of the mature Latin elegy. This model Egilsson faithfully follows; indeed his poem proves on examination to be a Latin version of an elegy by Tibullus (ca. 50-19 B.C.) who was one of the literary glories of the Golden Age of Latin literature. Seldom does the youthful imitator—Egilsson was then only in his twentieth year—employ the Latin phrasing of his model, nor yet does he in more than a half a dozen places in this extensive piece part company with the thought of the classical poem: such minor variations and omissions as do occur appear to be mainly inspired by a slight difference in aesthetic taste. On all the main matters of metre and of meaning, however, the modern Icelandic and the ancient Roman poets are at one. This close correspondence extends to stylistic merits such as purity of diction, elegance of expression and naturalness in the association of elegiac **motifs**, likewise to the strict adherence to **minutiae** in metrics as for instance the avoidance of excessive or harsh elision, or that of a long vowel before a short one, and the practice of closing the pentameter lines on dissyllabics. Egilsson's poem is indeed a literary **tour de force**; in it the author, then a mere peasant lad in Iceland, establishes his ability to equal such consummate masters as Tibullus and Ovid. The piece is an early indication of Egilsson's greatest natural gifts, possessing the linguistic perfection and the literary felicity that men readily came to recognize as the chief characteristics of his writings.

The occasion for which Tibullus wrote this elegy was a rural festival. It illustrates excellently the poet's, as well

as his people's, love for life on the land; likewise it effectively proves his genuine interest in the preoccupations of the countryside. Nowhere are traditional doings more deeply imbedded than here; nowhere else is it more appropriate that "**Work and Pray**" (**Ora atque labora**) should be the rule of life. With that high seriousness, however, and that propitiating of the powers who preside over nature and the energizing of man, there could fittingly go, the ancients well recognized, a great deal of robust, and even rude enjoyment. This natural association of worship and merry-making is to be observed **par excellence** in "the rural practice olden" of the ancient Romans. With them the purification of the fields involved both of these elements and took the form of both public and private festivals celebrated annually. The public occasion was in May while the private one was usually held, (as Tibullus held his, on his own estate), at the close of April or the commencement of May; for his fields and crops every Roman possessor of a farm performed on that occasion a well-defined ritual; Cato has preserved for us the formula of the prayer, and Vergil, in his **Georgics**, outlines the doings of the festival. Tibullus, however, in the elegy under discussion, is our best literary source for the occasion which has been so well delineated for English readers in the delicate prose of Walter Pater.

Tibullus composed this elegy when he was in his early twenties; the reference to his patron Messalla serves to show that the poem was written shortly after 27 B.C. It is composed in the artless elegance of this accomplished poet, and its perusal is indeed an aesthetic delight. Though the diverse **motifs** of elegiac verse are unobtrusively blended, the various divisions of the poem are readily discernible. The earlier portion of it deals with such matters as the Invocation, the Procession, the Prayer and the Sacrifice; the later, and the

larger, part dwells on the Praise of the Rural Gods, their Contributions to Civilized Life and the Doings and Delights that country life under the gods' good guidance affords; even Love, life's most potent power for good and ill, came to his own in the country. The description of the Festival closes with a quiet evening scene: the holy day ends with the approach of Night with her starry train, followed by taciturn Sleep and the dusky phantoms of Dreams.

No mere description of this poem will do it adequate justice; hence I append my verse translation of it; though no one is more keenly aware than myself that much of the metrical technique is inevitably lost in the transfer of ancient quantitative verse to the modern kind

that relies on stress and rhymes. Yet I am convinced that all the meaning and that much of the flavour can be preserved in an English poem that is faithfully phrased. For people on our Canadian prairies, indeed for folk on the land everywhere, a rural piece, such as the present one, ought to possess a natural appeal: while its details are Italian and belong to the Roman world of twenty centuries ago, the fundamental elements of it are emancipated from the restrictions of time and place: work in conjunction with the soil and worship of its inscrutable powers are eternal verities, from the love of which neither tribulation nor distress, nor persecution nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor yet the sword, shall ever separate the spirit of man.

THE RURAL FESTIVAL

(Tibullus: El. II. 1.)

Whoso at hand, be hushed: the crops and lands
 We cleanse, as customary rite demands
 By distant forbear given. God of Wine,
 Come unto us and let a cluster fine
 Hang from your horns, and, Goddess of the Corn,
 Your temples with a spiky wreath adorn.

On this day holy let the land have ease,
 And ease the ploughman; his hard labour cease,
 With share uphung; let loose the ox-team, and
 Before filled stalls now let the oxen stand,
 With heads wreathed, as they ought. Let all be done
 In service of the gods; let spinner none
 Dare to set hand to wool-tasks. I bid too
 Avaunt far hence and leave the altar you
 Whom Venus yesternight gave joy of love.
 Things pure are pleasing to the powers above:
 Clean be the garb in which you come, and bring,
 In well-cleansed hands, the water from the spring.
 Behold how to the gleaming altar goes
 The hallowed lamb, and how the throng that glows
 In white arrayed, whose tresses are entwined
 With olive-wreaths, the victim treads behind!

Our father's gods, we purify the farms,
 We purify the farm-folk: all that harms
 Drive ye beyond our bounds: allow no field

To make a mock'ry of its harvest-yield,
 By blades deceitful, nor let lambkin slow
 Fear of the wolves, who fleeter are, e'er know.
 Then rustic sleek, who trusts fields bountiful,
 With huge logs will his blazing hearth heap full;
 A troop of home-born slave-bairns, — tokens fair
 Of farmer wealthy, — will disport it there,
 And huts of boughs before the hearth-place build.
 My prayers all, I know, will be fulfilled:
 See you how fibres, fav'ring vitals bear,
 The graciousness of deity declare?

Now for me wine Falernian, with reek fraught,
 And filled on distant consul's day, be brought;
 Likewise the bands of bottle Chian break.
 Let wine for us this day right merry make:
 On festal day, it is no shame to be
 Steeped, and to take stray steps unsteadily.
 But let each one declare with every cup
 'Good health! Messalla! To you now we sup!'
 And let resounding with our every word
 The name of him, who absent is, be heard.

Messalla, whom the tongues of men give praise
 For triumphs over Aquitania's race,
 And who, as victor, the great glory art
 Of ancestors unshorn, approach, impart
 Thy breath of inspiration, while I bring
 The rural gods in song a thanksgiving.

I hymn the country and its deities.
 With these as guides did human kind first cease
 Hunger with acorns of the oak to chase:
 They first taught men together planks to place,
 And hide their humble homes with leafage green;
 They were the first to teach to oxen e'en
 To serve, 'tis said, and first to put were they
 The wheel beneath the wain. Then passed away
 Sustenance savage; then they fruit-trees sowed;
 Then gardens rich drank rills that overflowed;
 Then golden grapes gave juices, pressed that were
 By plying feet; with wine that frees from care
 Was water sober mixed. The countryside
 Bears harvests when earth yearly lays aside
 Her auburn locks in heaven's sultry heat.
 Through the fields flits the bee; with honey sweet
 She's fain in spring to fill the honey-combs:
 Gathering blooms to heap the hive she roams.

Then first the farmer with the ploughing plied
 Constantly wearied, sang words countrified,
 In measure fixed, and to the oat-pipe dry

Was first, well-fed, his warbling to apply,
 That he might sing before gods decked the strain;
 And first too was the husbandman to stain
 His features, Wine's God, with vermilion red,
 And, with unpractised art, the dance he led
 First, and to him from out a well-filled fold
 A goat was giv'n, — a gift to be extolled —
 For that he-goat, the leader of the flock,
 Augmented for the man his meagre stock.

'Twas in the countryside a lad first made
 A wreath of vernal blossoms and it laid
 On Lares ancient. In the country, too,
 The bright sheep, destined to bring trouble to
 Girls gentle, on their backs bear soft fleece whence
 Comes female toil, and come the wool-tasks thence,
 Thence, too, the spindle and the distaff come,
 Whose work is plied with pressure of the thumb;
 And at Minerva's ceaseless service sings
 Some weaving-woman, while the clay-weight swings,
 And clangs the loom. Desire himself, say words
 Of men, was born amid the fields and herds,
 And mid the mares unmastered. There first he
 Practised him with his prentice bow: ah me!
 How skilled his hands are now the bow to wield!
 His mark no longer are the flocks afield:
 He now is eager maidens' hearts to pierce,
 And master fully men in nature fierce.
 Here, from the young, his riches all he takes,
 There, at the threshold of wroth maid, he makes
 The old say shameful things; he guides a lass,
 So she with stealth her watchers prostrate pass,
 And leads her in the murk her lad to meet;
 She feels the path before her with her feet,
 On fear suspended, and she tries to find,
 With hand held out, her way in darkness blind.

Ah, wretched are they on whom grievously
 The god bears down, but fortunate is he
 On whom Love gently breathes his graciousness!
 Come, sacred Lad, our festal board to bless,
 But first aside thy arrows, prithe, lay,
 And far hence put thy flaming torch away.

Chaunt ye the god who is acclaimed by all,
 And with loud utt'rance for your herd him call,
 Let each man call him loudly for his herd,
 And for himself too with a whispered word,
 Or call him even for himself aloud,
 For with its din the merry-making crowd
 And the curved bugle, with its Phrygian blare
 Will serve to make inaudible the prayer.

So take your sport: the Night now yokes her team;
 The golden Stars in cap'ring concourse stream,
 Close to their mother's car; behind them tread
 Taciturn Sleep, with dusky wings o'erspread,
 And, with steps wavering, attending him,
 The Visions of the night, — Dream-phantoms dim.



Poem

While the gun speaks and the shell,
 Leave the lovely word, gestating in darkness,
 Finding no mouth —
 For the heart's language goes unspoken in a starless world
 Ah love! keep the phrase hidden
 Bury the unpublic staves
 Weave graveclothes of silence for the quickened speech.

Let us fetter tongues in the tumultous hour —
 And forget the heart's haunts
 In the dumbshow, the gesture and the mime
 The gaslight of a buskined world.

Margaret Björnson Adamson



Fool's Paradise

Fool's Paradise
 Is a lovely place
 Of tender sighs
 And a handsome face.
 Fool's Paradise
 Is our dream, my dear.
 Don't open my eyes—
 I like it here!

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Broken Shackles

A FRAGMENT

By RAGNHILDUR GUTTORMSSON

Jon always says that that particular July morning was the most important day in his life. He says that all his other Red Letter Days may be traced back to that one.

He was sixteen years old then, the son of the farmer at Holmar on the east coast of Iceland, and he was watching his father's ewes beside the Salmon River.

The day had started like so many other days with fog, the distorting, menacing fog that he hated. By the time he got up to Giant Falls where he meant to stay that morning, it had lifted from the uplands and the mountain tops showed through, tipped with the gold of the morning sun. The lowlands were still bathed in fog.

He took the saddle and bridle from Goldmane, his pony, and turned him loose to graze with the sheep, while he and Snati sat down to watch the ewes settle down to the business of filling their stomachs with the bittersweet herbage. Snati, alert, twitching his pointed ears, watched his master, ready to run at a moment's notice to bring back any stragglers to the flock.

In his pocket Jon had the most wonderful book he had as yet read. "Urania," by Flammarion, had just been translated into Icelandic, and it opened unto his thirsting soul a world of strange new wonders. In early childhood the stars had always filled him with religious awe. They must be treated with respect. For instance, you must never point at a star! A star falling was a soul on its way to God. "Somebody has died," said Gunna, the servant-maid, when a bright meteor went flaming down the sky. But now the reading of "Urania" made Jon feel that the stars were his next-door neigh-

bors, but no less fascinating because of that.

It also made him feel restless. He longed to be one of the doers in the world. His secret ambition was to get to America and to go to college. He knew he would never have a chance to do that in Iceland, where even rural schools were so few that he had had no formal schooling at all; still, he was well-informed; every year a travelling tutor spent a month at his home teaching him whatever could be crowded into such a short period, and then he read all the books he could get. The famous old Sagas he knew almost by heart. From them he had learned the three cardinal virtues of a man: courage, loyalty, honesty.

But today before he had even time to open his book, he saw the eagle soaring aloft in the sky. He had often seen it before but it never failed to excite his eager interest. The king of the skies seemed to add to the grandeur of the landscape, seemed a part of the mountain scenery. Somehow Jon felt akin to the eagle. To him it was the symbol of his ambition: he too longed to soar above "the common light of day," and to see with the keen, flashing eyes of the eagle.

Now the great bird seemed to be poised almost directly overhead, undoubtedly it was scanning the river for salmon. Jon walked over to the river and found himself on the brink of Death Leap Gorge, the one thing in the world that he really feared and hated.

Death Leap Gorge was a narrow cleft in the rock, not more than twelve feet wide, through which the mighty waters of the Salmon River hurled themselves in a thunderous greenish mass of untamed energy that fell with deafening

reverberation unto the flats below, where the rioting waters formed a menacing whirlpool at the bottom of the falls.

Giant Falls they were called, and when Jon was younger it had seemed to him that the three-headed giants of the fairy tales must have had their home under these dark and deadly waters.

But the awesome scene was not the reason for his fear of Death Leap Gorge. It lay deeper than that. For generations his ancestors had lived at Holmar. The eldest boy was always named Jon, and was expected to become master of the farm and there was an ancient superstition which held that a Jon of Holmar must never try to jump Death Leap Gorge for he would certainly be drowned; yet should he succeed, the curse would be lifted. The last victim of the savage waters had been Jon's uncle—his mother's favorite brother—and still the gorge howled for prey.

Jon had not heard any of this from his parents. They did not take much stock in old wives' tales. But his aged grandmother never failed to warn him, when she knew he was heading for the mountains: "Beware of Death Leap Gorge," and the warning uttered in her toothless quaver, made him shudder.

All the same, some day he meant to conquer his fear. He knew he could jump the gorge even now. Wasn't it to that end he had practiced leaping hurdles till he was the best among his chums? Why he could easily clear fifteen feet in a running jump, and Death Leap Gorge was only twelve. Nevertheless when he stood on the deep brink and watched the wild strength of the water a paralyzing sensation siezed upon him. He hated himself for it, and hated Death Leap Gorge doubly because of it.

While these thoughts had been racing through his mind he had forgotten to watch the eagle. But now, on looking up, he saw the great bird high in the

heavens, directly above the falls. Suddenly, it dropped straight down like a plummet to the surface of the river just below the whirlpool. Fascinated, Jon watched it, expecting it to rise immediately with its prey. But no! Instead of victory it seemed pinioned, flapping its mighty wings, in obvious defeat. Jon guessed the reason. The eagle had got its talons in a salmon too heavy for its strength, and was doomed. Either the salmon would carry it into the whirlpool to be drowned, or both exhausted, they would drift down the river to an equally certain death in the rapids below. What an ignoble end for the King of the Skies! It was like a human soul being carried to its death by greedy appetites!

Jon was tremendously moved. It was as though he were seeing his own ambitions swept to death and ignoble defeat. But couldn't he do something? The distraught eagle kept flapping its wings defiantly, but the great strokes were weakening.

Jon thought of Goldmane, grazing at the bottom of the dell. But it would take too long to fetch him and to ford the river. There was only one way. He must leap Death Leap Gorge.

For a moment the old fear seemed to close upon him with its paralyzing effect. He felt his body grow limp and his feet turn to lead. Another look at the eagle: it was beginning to spin around on the outskirts of the whirlpool as an object did before it is sucked under, and then his decision was made. He knew he would lose something precious of his life if he let the eagle perish. It would be like deserting a friend in dire need.

He tied the long leather reins of Goldmane's bridle around his waist; took a long look around at the proud mountains, now bathed in gold, for the fog had lifted from the valley. Far down below he saw the fjord, like a broad band of silver. How beautiful it all was!

Then he took a deep breath, broke into a run, stopped for an instant on the perilous brink; then hurled himself across the dreadful gap. The rebound, as he landed on the rock on the other side, almost threw him back into the Gorge, but he recovered his balance and ran nimbly down the bank.

There came eagle and salmon floating past the bank on the edge of the whirlpool. John made a noose on the end of the reins and threw it over the struggling pair, then braced himself against the stones on the bank and pulled. It tightened around the salmon but slipped off again and the eagle went partly under. The salmon was dragging it down!

"Dear God, help me!" breathed Jon as he threw again. This time the noose held, and he pulled the interlocked pair out of the water.

In spite of its exhaustion, the sharp eyes of the eagle snapped fiercely, as if saying, "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!"

Bird and boy looked at one another for a moment. The king of birds, trap-

ped by his own greed, and the fair-haired descendant of Vikings, once as ruthless as the eagle, but now mellowed by centuries of civilization. Then, in an upsurge of strength, the mighty wings flapped boldly and with a sudden wrench the eagle tore itself free and soared aloft, leaving its prize glistening like a bar of silver at Jon's feet. A king's ransom for a king's release!

With a feeling of fierce joy Jon watched the eagle sailing upwards into the cloudless blue. "Thank God!" was his first thought. It was more a state of mind than a prayer. He felt as if shackles had fallen from him too; as if he too had acquired new strength, and a limitless horizon. For a long time he sat there and gazed after the eagle. Even when it was lost in the blue he still sat there staring upwards, wrapped in glowing thought. The song of Death Leap Gorge had lost its ominous sound—all its terror and dark menace. It had instead the cadence of grand, triumphant strength. Jon now felt himself master of his fate. He had conquered Death Leap Gorge.

THE BLACKBIRD PASSES BY

A flash of black against an autumn sky—
A fluted cry, exultant, shrill and high,
The red-winged black-bird, singing, passes by.

Across the meadow tightly fenced around,
As if to keep its freedom safely bound,
He darts and dips toward the golden ground.

Upon a post he pauses just to see
The sun-bathed grasses stirring sombrely,
And flaps his wings with joy to be so free.

Out on the wire he sang, a coal black king,
And flaunts the scarlet of his wondrous wing.
The seal of God who gave him voice to sing.

A flash of black against a crimson sky.
Into the sunset merging with his cry.
The redwinged blackbird, singing, passes by.

Laura Goodman Salverson
(From the Yearbook of Verse)

The Book Page

By HELEN SIGURDSON

During the last year a number of historical novels have appeared and several of them have been quite outstanding. It is not always easy to write about the present where life is in flux, but the past has solidified. We can see things in their true perspective. Readers enjoy historical novels because they are a means of escape from today. Moreover it is always interesting to learn how people through the ages have met problems often similar to ours and solved them.

The Ivory Mischief, by Arthur Meeker, Jr., is a historical novel about the two loveliest women in the court of Louis XIV. The author has worked as care-

fully and accurately as a Flemish painter of the old school. The result is an exact and exquisite picture of life as it was lived by a select few in seventeenth century France. What the sisters wore, what they ate, the way their rooms were furnished are all described in detail. Cateau, the elder, was the fair one. She was cool, calculating and self centred. When she died she was one of the richest women in France. Madelon was the dark one. A naive, feckless creature, she was always falling in love, always acting on impulse, always living beyond her income. They belonged to a class of society and lived in an age when people could be individualists and get

BACHELOR OF DIVINITY



REV. VALDIMAR J. EYLANDS, B.D.,

minister of the First Icelandic Lutheran Church, Winnipeg, who has been awarded the degree Bachelor of Divinity by United College of Winnipeg for his book, "Lutherans in Canada."

ICELANDIC CANADIAN SCIENTIST



JOSEPH BJORN SKAPTASON

A graduate of the University of Alberta, Dr. Skaptason this year received a Ph.D. degree from Cornell University for research in Plant Pathology.

away with it. The book is an interesting study of a period now completely vanished.

An altogether different type of historical novel is **Don Pedro and the Devil**, by Edgar Maas. Here is a impressionistic canvas covering much of the known world of the early sixteenth century. The hero is an impoverished young Spanish nobleman who accompanied Pizarro when he conquered Peru. There is really quite a striking resemblance between the methods of the Spanish Inquisition and those of the German Nazis. Even Pizarro felt he needed to justify himself for his treatment of the Inca and his subjects, and his arguments are strikingly similar to those Hitler uses to explain his treatment of "inferior races." To many of us the name Conquistadore merely means some rather boring pages back in our eighth grade histories. In this book they really live. DeSoto is a handsome gentleman who was fastidious even in the steaming Central American jungle, Pizarro a rough, hard soldier who had known great poverty and had a large family to provide for. What wonder that the gold of the Inca dazzled him.

An altogether different type of book is **Leaf in the Storm**, by Lin Yu Tan. The author describes the war with Japan as a great storm sweeping over China whirling its numerous inhabitants away from their homes and scat-

tering them about the country, just as the wind scatters the leaves in autumn. Malin, a beautiful Chinese girl is the "Leaf in the Storm," with whom this story deals. In the beginning she is shown as a beautiful self-centred girl who lives largely for the satisfaction of her senses and her emotions. In the end she finds strength and salvation by giving service to her fellow sufferers. The hero, at least hero in the sense that he is Malin's lover and later her husband, is Poya, a minor character in Lin Yu Tan's earlier and much longer novel, **Moment in Peking**. Perhaps the real hero is Lao, a Buddhist priest. The background of the war is well done. The author doesn't draw a veil over any of its horrors. Still, while in some of the recent novels dealing with the war in China, you remember the horror more than anything else and come out simply bathed in blood, here you remember the characters, their humanity and courage. You feel that although China has been hideously violated, her soul remains calm and strong and she can never really know defeat.

News has been received that Edward George Peterson, son of Gudrun and Magns Peterson, 313 Horace St., Norwood, previously reported missing, is now a German prisoner of war.

READERS are invited to send in news of Icelandic Canadians at home or overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. A few letters to the Editor will in future be published — so you are urged to let us and our readers know what you think of our little venture.

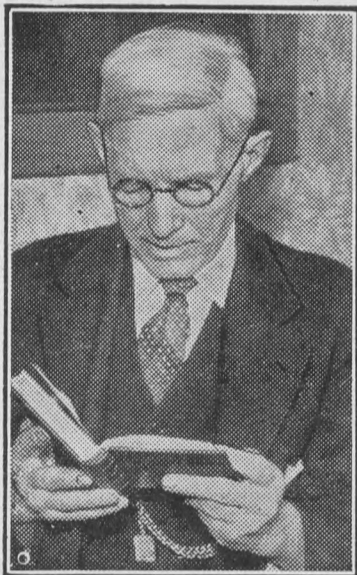
THE EDITORS.

Pioneer Days On Big Island

JON JONSSON

Jon Jonsson is one of our few surviving Icelandic pioneers. From the time he came to Canada over sixty years ago he has kept a diary. The following excerpt is translated from His journal by his granddaughter, Val. S. Sigurdsson.

Translated by Val. S. Sigurdsson



JON JONSSON

It seems to me that the history of Big Island begins with Magnus Hallgrímson, postman. He was the first Icelander who took a homestead — in the year 1875. He had been in Ontario for one year, when he heard that a tract of land on Lake Winnipeg had been surveyed and set aside for the Icelanders. He had also heard that a saw-mill had been built on the eastern side of the island close to the bay. This bay received its name from the mill and was called Mill Bay. He decided to go there believing he might get work at the mill and be able to catch enough fish for food. He moved there and selected for his homestead the first farm north of the mill. He named his homestead Ingolf's Bay because his son, Ingolfur, was born there. He named his

son for Ingolf, the first settler in Iceland.

When the large group of immigrants came to this country the following year, some of them wished to move to Big Island but others thought the idea was unfeasible. However it was decided the land should at least be examined. Three leading men from the group went to the island to look it over. They went all around it and visited Magnus at Ingolf's Bay. He spoke well of everything. There was enough fish in-shore for food he said, and it would be of help to the settlers that there was a saw-mill from which they could obtain slabs and lumber for the roofs and floors of their houses.

The men who went to examine the land were Johann Straumfjörð, who was leader of a small group and came from Straumfjörður in Miklaholts hrepp, Hnappadals syslu; Halldor Thorgilsson, from Hundadal in Middölum in Dala syslu; and a man called Sigurdur—if I recall correctly his surname was Antoniusson. These three men took for themselves, and the people who were with them all the eastern shore from Mill Bay north to the end of the island.

Some of the six families who came to the island in 1878 had been urged to do so by friends, who had written and spoken well of their circumstances and of the island.

When I came to Big Island on the twenty-sixth of August, 1878, I was told that all the suitable land on the eastern shore had been taken. The western shore was low and uninhabitable, but was good for haying. The mill had not been operating for a year so no work was to be had there. All the men were

away with the exception of a Scotchman, Thomas Hilgrow. He was caretaker of the mill and all the company's possessions there. This included tools and a small store, which had some stock of coffee, brown sugar, rolled oats, flour and working men's clothing. He could sell this and also a little lumber when there was a demand for it.

This Tom, called by some "Ill-Tempered Tom," considered himself above the Icelanders. He lived in a fairly good house just south of the mill. Magnus, the postman, lived on his homestead north the mill. Because Magnus spoke English fairly well when he came, he acted as interpreter for the newcomers

who needed to speak with Tom. Tom's attitude towards the Icelanders was, however, no insurance against love. He was soon proposing to a young girl called Hanna, who had come with Magnus. After they were married she acted as the interpreter.

Later Tom built a good two-storey log barn. It seems to me that he had two cows and a bull belonging to the company of which he gained possession as payment for wages when there was a change in ownership of the mill. I was told that Tom had taught the Icelanders to fish under the ice. He is supposed to have learned that from the Indians.

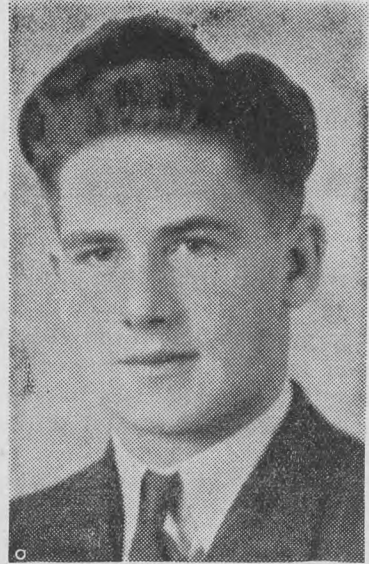
TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP



ANNA J. ARNASON

Upon graduation in Home Economics from the University of Manitoba, Miss Anna J. Arnason received a two years Travelling Fellowship from the University of Minneosta. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jon Arnason, reside at Oak Point, Man.

HIGHEST HONORS AT MUSICAL FESTIVAL



BIRGIR HALLDORSSON

At the last Manitoba Musical Competition Festival, Birgir Halldorsson was awarded first place in the Solo Class for his rendition of Puccini's E Nuvevau Le Stella, from Tosca. He is now studying in New York.

APPOINTED JUDGE



JUDGE W. J. LINDAL

was appointed judge for Minnedosa at the beginning of this year. Served as Captain with the 27th Regiment in World War 1. He has been practicing law in the City of Winnipeg since 1919.

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE



SIG. T. BARDAL

has been appointed retail advertising manager of the Toronto Globe and Mail. He was formerly assistant advertising manager of The Winnipeg Tribune, and for the last year has been in charge of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Street Car Advertising Co., Ltd.

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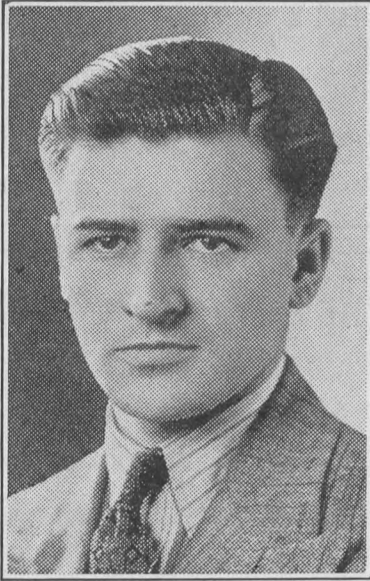
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B.C. TRANSIT CONTROLLER**SIGURDUR SIGMUNDSSON**

Sigurdur Sigmundsson, member of the Icelandic Canadian Club, who was recently appointed Regional Transit Controller for British Columbia. Mr. Sigmundsson previously was Transportation Assistant with the Winnipeg Electric Company.

WINS SCHOLARSHIP**BRAGI FREYMÓÐSSON**

on scholarship from the Icelandic government, last spring was awarded the Isbister Scholarship in Engineering. He has been for the past two years a student in Engineering at the University of Manitoba.

BOOKS

written in English about Iceland and Icelandic Matters.

★

"**History of Iceland**", by Knut Gjerset, Ph.D., published by The McMillan Co.

"**Iceland, A Land of Contrasts**", by Hjalmar Lindroth. Princeton University Press. American Scandinavian Foundation.

"**Ships In the Sky**" and "**A Night and a Dream**", a sequel to it. By Gunnar Gunnarsson. — The Robbs-Merrill Co., New York.

"**I See A Wondrous Land**" by Gudmundur Kamban. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"**Edda and Saga**". By Bertha S. Philpotts. A Home University Library Book. — Thornton Butterworth Ltd., London.

"**Iceland: First American Republic**", by Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.

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GIMLI, Man.

Our War Effort

In recognition of a service so nobly and willingly rendered and as a record for the future, we would like to publish photographs with brief sketches of all men and women of Icelandic descent in the active forces. That, unfortunately, is impossible, we have not the space nor the necessary information. For the time being, with a few special exceptions, we intend to confine ourselves to groups of three or more from the same family. We have already received more groups than those appearing in this issue and ask the indulgence of those who must wait.

There are many others of whom we

have no information. We request that anyone who has information about three or more members of the same family serving in the armed forces, send the following particulars to Mr. G. Finnbogason, 641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.

1. Number and name.
2. Rank and unit.
3. Place and date of birth.
4. Parent's name.
5. Date of embarkation for overseas service.
6. Date of return.
7. A photograph.



**PILOT OFFICER KJARTAN
ARI SOLMUNDSON,**

Winnipeg Icelandic Canadian, who is on loan from the R.C.A.F. to the fleet air arm of the Royal Norwegian Navy. He is the son of the late Rev. Johann P. Solmundson.



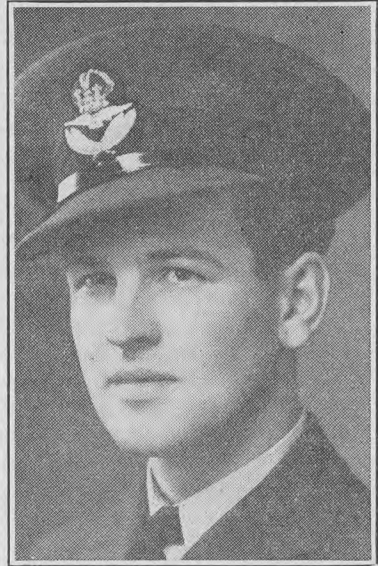
CARL SVEINSON

Flight Sergeant and radio technician, 24, of Elfros, Sask., son of the late Martein Sveinson and Margaret Sveinson. The Icelandic Canadian in the famous bomber crew which arrived in Canada 24 hours after a raid over Saarbrücken, Germany.

Three In Air Force



SGT. PAUL JOHANN FINNBOGASON



P.O. THOMAS OSCAR FINNBOGASON



L.A.C. ALAN BARDAL FINNBOGASON

SONS OF MR. & MRS. G. FINNBOGASON, WINNIPEG

★

Thomas is a Wireless Air Gunner, R.C.A.F., Debert, N. S. Born Winnipeg, Man., June 16, 1919.

★

Alan is with the R.C.A.F. in England. Embarked for overseas March 1942. Born Winnipeg, August 24, 1941.

★

Paul is with the R.C.A.F. Headquarters, Winnipeg. Embarked for overseas Feb. 1940. Returned November 1940. Born Winnipeg, September 17, 1917.

FOUR OF ONE FAMILY



PTE. HEIMIR THORGRIMSSON



GNR. FREYR A. THORGRIMSSON



BRIAN THORGRIMSSON



PTE. THOR THORGRIMSSON

SONS OF MRS. SIGRUN & THE LATE REV. ADAM THORGRIMSSON.

Heimir is with the R.C.A.M.C. Overseas. Born Akureyri, Icel. May 28, 1907

Freyr is with the R.H.Q. 6th Reg. R.C.A. overseas, Born Akureyri Icel., Aug. 11, 1910.

Brian is at the Pre-Entry Air Crew School, Winnipeg. Born Hayland, Man.

Thor is with the R.C.A.M.C. overseas. Born Hayland, Man., August 25, 1920.

FOUR BROTHERS



L.-CPL. JOHN FRIDFINNSON



FL.-SGT. PERCIVAL FRIDFINNSON



PTE. ANDRES FRIDFINNSON



SGT. STANLEY FRIDFINNSON

FOUR SONS OF MR. & MRS. FRED FRIDFINNSON, WINNIPEG

Percival is at No. 1 A.N.S., R.C.A.F., Rivers, Man. Born Lundar, Man., Dec. 23, 1921.
Stanley is with No. 2 Co., Wpg. Light Inf. Vernon, B. C. Born Lundar, Nov. 6, 1918.
Andres is with the 4th Can. Arm. Div., Debert, N. S. Born Hove, Man. Nov. 29, 1914.
John was with the R.C.A.S.C. Discharged Mar. 1941. Born Winnipeg, May 6, 1912.

THREE MELSTED BROTHERS



LAC SIGURDUR THORARINN MELSTED



GNR. HERMAN VIGFUS MELSTED



SGT. LARUS ALEXANDER MELSTED

THREE SONS OF MR. & MRS.
S. W. MELSTED,
WINNIPEG

★

Thor is attached to the 408th Squadron R.C.A.F., England. Born Winnipeg, July 3, 1903. Embarked for overseas service in May 1942.

★

Herman is with the 12th Field Battery, 6th Canadian Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery. Born Winnipeg, Oct. 7, 1907. Embarked for overseas service August 1940.

★

Larus is with the R.C.A.F., No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, Man. Born Winnipeg, July 23, 1912.

Brothers and Sister



BARA ISOBEL SOLMUNDSON



FRANZ J. SOLMUNDSON



OSCAR GEORGE SOLMUNDSON

**CHILDREN OF THE LATE MR. & MRS.
JULIUS SOLMUNDSON,
GIMLI, MAN.**

★

Bara is a Nursing Sister, rank Lieutenant in Canadian army, age 31, born in Gimli. Entered the service Jan. 1942, and left for overseas April, 1942. Now stationed in Pretoria, South Africa.

★

Franz was born at Gimli. Age 35. Entered service June 1941. Is stationed at No. 3 Wireless School, Tuxedo, as disciplinarian. Rank, sergeant. Has a wife and two children.

★

Oscar is a corporal. Entered the service August 1940. Was a technical instructor at Trenton, Ont. Has now re-mustered as aircrew—potential pilot. Age 29. Born Gimli. Married to Helen Benson of Gimli.

In Memoriam



SGT.-PILOT STEFAN PALMASON



SGT. H. T. F. FREYSTEINSSON

Sgt.-Pilot Stefan Palmason. Born January 12, 1919. Killed in action July 6, 1942. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Sveinn Palmason, Winnipeg.

★

Sgt. H. T. F. Freysteinnsson. Born at Winnipeg, March 24, 1922. Son of Mr. & Mrs. John Freysteinnsson, Churchbridge, Sask. Killed in action July 28, 1942.

★



P.O. EINAR THOR WILKINSON

Einar Thor Wilkinson, pilot officer with the Royal Air Force, son of Walter J. and Karin Peterson Wilkinson, of Canora, Sask. Born at Gimli, attended the General Wolfe and Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, 26 years old. Killed in action over Berlin, Oct. 20, 1941.

Iceland

By SIG. JUL. JOH.

A fire of hate throughout the earth is burning,
As if King Death dictated all our learning
—As if life's sunny day to dusk were turning.

The lords of war force every act that passes,
Each edict that would starve the poorer classes.
Like witless sheep, they fool and fleece the masses.

The deadly strife is high and low alarming.
Each land prepared the cause of man is harming;
For, strange to say, our hope lies in disarming.

Our Motherland that lesson now is teaching,
While long-embattled states continue preaching
Of wars, and strive each other overreaching.

Dear land, thou art a haven consecrated,
A country by the god of peace located,
Where human rights, not raids, are emulated.

I know thy sons their swords at one time rattled.
The saga much about their valor prattled.
But now they stand for better things embattled.

The age-old ways of other lands thou breakest;
From errors seen a lesson new thou takest;
From broken rafts a bridge to Heaven makest.

No race or clan on earth our own transcended.
Some innate law our sturdy growth attended.
From kings and slaves our blood was truly blended.

Remember, then, thy destiny and dower,
Thy duty to the world each pregnant hour:
To be a guiding light to peace and power.

God bless thee, Mother, by the outer ocean,
And all thy hundred thousand souls' devotion
To peace and art and very true emotion.

May countless "Jons" be born to be thy genii,
To bless thee with a halo deep and sheeny
—But never a "Hitler", never a "Mussolini."

—Translated by P. B.