



Útsend bréf Bjarna Benediktssonar

Bjarni Benediktsson – Stjórnmal – Forsætisráðherra – Útsend bréf – Ljósrit – Uppköst – Pétur Eggerz –
H. R. H. Prince Bernard of the Netherlands – Joseph E. Johnson – Ellen Kappel Porta – Walden Moore
– Mrs. Einar Stephenson – Skipsreder Ludv. G. Braathen

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Askja 2-32, Örk 3

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Reykjavík, 20. marz 1965.

Hr. ambassador
Pétur Eggerz
Körnerstrasse 5,
Bad Godesberg,
Germany.

Kæri Pétur,

Eg þakka tvö bréf þín. Mér hefur verið þú í huga síðan skipun í sendiherra-embættin var hreyft. En fram hjá því verður ekki komið, að utanríkisráðherra og sennilega helztu ráðunautar hans hafa aðrar hugmyndir en þú í þessum efnum. Hann telur nóg aðgert þér til handa með ambassador-skipun þinni við Evrópuráðið og segir nú um forystu sendiráða annaðhvort rétt að hlaupa yfir all-marga menn í þjónustunni eða að velja menn utan frá. Hið fyrra telur hann ekki fært að svo stöddu og því hefur hann í hyggju að taka nýja menn inn með einum eða öðrum hætti. Þér finst þetta hart að göngu en ég tel ekki rétt að dylja þig þess, að svona er málum háttað. Hver ráðherra ber eins og þú veist ábyrgð á sínum málum og hefi ég eins og á stendur ekki vald né möguleika til frekari áhrifa en ég hefi þegar haft. Mín ráð eru að þú látið þetta ekki á þig fá og haldið svo á málum, að eldri starfsbræður þínir fái ekki ástæðu til urgs

í þinn garð, því að slíkt getur orðið til
varanlegs tjóns.

Með bestu hvetningu til
þeir og fjölskyldu þeirra
þeirra einhægra
Þyngvi Benediktsson

Reykjavik, May 12th 1965.

H. R. H. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands,
Soestdijk Palace,
Baarn,
Netherlands.

Your Royal Highness,

Now when a few weeks have passed from the Bilderberg Meeting in Villa d'Este, and we see the discussions and private talks in better perspective, I want to repeat my best thanks to you for affording me the opportunity to attend the meeting. As I was more interested in learning from the others than saying something myself I did not take part in the official discussions, but for me it was most rewarding to listen to them and not less to meet all the outstanding people, you had gathered and having interesting talks with some of them.

As a small token of my gratitude I ask you, Your Royal Highness, to accept as a present from me a book about Surtsey, the new volcanic island belonging to my country. I hope that you may enjoy the book, and

especially the pictures, even more for the fact that
the publisher is a cultural association of which I
have the honour to be president.

I repeat my thanks, and assure you of my
gratitude and respect.

Yours sincerely
Byanni Benediktsson

1)

Elvisk. no til yl. G. A.

3. júní 1640

Gótt: vinur!

Ég þakka ykkur
hjónunum fyrir mjög
áreiðislega samvirkni
: Norvegi. Ált fór þó
framt með þeim hatti:
at á betra vænt okki
besit frá okkur
sjómennit. frá þakka
ég þér ív blippan,
sem ég hef blót á
í, en þan sem ég
held slíku aldrei saman
er réttara at þú
fær þan aftur. Þakka
þakka ég þitt vin-
samlega bréf:
minu gætt, ~~þetta~~ en

2)

niðy þótti mér miðan
ann þá ráta gert, sem
þú heit þar uppi. Þú
vorr er, at þú heyrir
þig vel ann áttar er
þú heitar in heuru
venta. Út af þyni eig
skit og, at þú sért
elbi á meistar, er þú
ber þei og at skota
öllu atvika og elbi fella
sálin á atva ann fram
málsvástatur. Eftirlegast
veri at atilar kölu
: þellvi breinskilni
ann þessi efni veri á
milli, þvi at illvigi
þenn er þvengi til. Allir
vitur þennir ~~þú~~, ~~þú~~
at þei eigum vit menn

3)

mest að þakka, enda
efst enginn um þína
ylfi-bunta-hafi-leika
þessu þú vilt heita
þeim. ~~so~~ þú ert
þetta okkur, að ~~set~~
skili megj eit þessu
þú, að þú þetta þeim.
þetta segi og veigja
vinnu okkur og þess,
að þú átt þat af
mei skili, að og
se skili met meir
undirbrögt, þú að þú
meiri met og meira
er þig.

Mei bestu öskum
þú og þínum til
handa frá okkur þíni
þínum kuldagan

FORSÆTISRÁÐHERRA

Reykjavik, May 12th 1965.

Mr. Joseph E. Johnson
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace,
345 East 46th Street,
New York 17,
N. Y.,
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Johnson,

Since my return from the Bilderberg Meeting at Villa d'Este I have been very busy, else I would have written you earlier to thank you for inviting me to take part in the meeting. After these weeks I also have a better perspective of the discussions and private talks and I must say, that I appreciate all the more your kindness in arranging my participation. I hope I learned a lot from listening to the speeches of others and certainly I enjoyed meeting and talking to all the outstanding personalities whom you had gathered there. As a token of my gratitude I ask you to accept as a present from me a book about Surtsey the volcanic island that came out of the sea off the coast of Iceland. The pictures in the book are considered to be rather fine and I am the

more proud of the book as I happen to be
president of the publishing firm, which is
a sort of cultural association.

With my best regards.

Sincerely yours
Bjarni Benediktsson

FORSÆTISRADHERRA

Reykjavik, den 12. maj 1965.

Fru Ellen Kappel Porta
Via Aubert 15
Pino Torinese
Italy.

Kære Frue,

Jeg tillader mig herved at sende Dem en lille bog fra Island om øen Surtsey, som pludselig kom ud af havet i november 1963 og endnu er ved at vokse selv om man nu tror at ilden er ved at forsvinde. Det var mig en stor fornøjelse at møde Dem og Deres Ægteemand, som havde arrangeret alt saa godt paa det meget vellykkede møde som jeg altid vil mindes med stor fornøjelse. Derfor håber jeg at De vil modtage dette minde fra Deres fjærne frænde-land, som jeg var saa forundret over at træffe god ven til nede ved Como-søen.

Med bedste hilsener

*Deres kernebrødre
Bygmur Benediktsson*

FORSÆTISRÁÐHERRA

Reykjavik, May 13th 1965.

Mr. Walden Moore
156 East 52nd Street,
New York,
N. Y. 10022,
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Moore:

Thank you for your kind letter of April 15th 1965, saying that you and your wife will be making your annual visit to NATO countries earlier this year than in previous years, and that you plan to arrive in Reykjavik in the late evening of Monday, August 9th, departing on Thursday morning, August 12th.

I shall be very happy to see you at the time suggested, i. e. either Tuesday, August 10th, or Wednesday, August 11th, and both my wife and I will look forward to seeing you and Mrs. Moore here in Reykjavik.

With all good wishes and cordial greetings from us both, to you and your wife.

Sincerely yours,

Byggingarfræðingurinn

FORSÆTISRADHERRA

Reykjavik, May 12th 1965.

Mrs. Stephenson,
Red Deer,
Alberta,
Canada.

Dear Mrs. Stephenson,

With this brief note I am enclosing a clipping from the Reykjavik daily Morgunbladid, carrying a few words of mine in memory of your late husband, and I am also attaching an English translation of this article, which I thought you might like to have.

My wife joins me in sending you and your family our greetings and very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Byggingur Benediktsson

EINAR STEPHENSON

In memoriam

Even though it is no longer than last summer, two of those who offered us some of the greatest hospitality on our visit to the Icelandic settlements in Canada have already passed away. Mrs. Lalah, the wife of the Consul of Iceland in Winnipeg, Mr. Grettir Johannsson, died last autumn, and now, on the last day of winter, Einar Stephenson of Red Deer, Alberta, died.

Einar was born on December 18th 1894 in Markerville, Alberta. He was brought up in a farming community, studied agricultural science, proved an outstanding student, and subsequently became a big farmer in the Province of Alberta. Einar was among the pioneers in Alberta in specializing his farming operation, and most of the time laid the main emphasis on the raising of beef cattle. A few years ago his health gave way, whereupon he moved to the town of Red Deer, which is situated not far away from his birthplace. It was quite obvious that Einar was among its most respected citizens, and he owned an attractive house there, in a very fine location. Einar had an English-speaking wife, and they had four children, two daughters and two sons. I did not meet the two daughters, but made the acquaintance of both sons. Neither of them spoke Icelandic, while both had a warm feeling of affection for the old country. At least one of them said he was determined to visit Iceland as soon as he could. He had studied pharmacology and lived in Red Deer. The other one is a farmer just outside the town, and father and son ran the farm together, where the main activity is that of fattening beef cattle for the market. The calves are bought from those who are known to own a good stock, and then fattened for a few months. The aim was to have each one of them gain two kilos a day, and Einar said it paid much better to feed them on grain and other fodder, than to let them graze in the field, since this way they did not gain as much weight because of the movement.

It was not only interesting to discuss farming with Einar, but no less the life and living conditions of

Canadian-Icelanders in earlier days. He himself was brought up in close vicinity with Stephan G. Stephansson, and although the difference in their age was considerable, he knew him and his people very well indeed. Stephens daughter, Mrs. Rósa Benediktsson, also lives in Red Deer, and they were good friends until the very last. Stephan, nevertheless, was no prophet in Einar's eyes, and it was certainly most interesting to hear the poet and his views described by an intelligent neighbour, who had chosen for himself a completely different role in life.

Perhaps the most interesting thing of all, though, was to hear Einar speak of Iceland, which he had not seen until a few years ago, then in poor health. What he saw then he compared with the descriptions he had heard as a child, and the great change that had taken place for the better was quite clear to him. I think I have met very few people who understood better than Einar Stephenson what feats the Icelanders have performed in settling Iceland anew and changing it greatly for the better in two or three generations. This insight I appreciated all the more since Einar himself was a hero in his own right who had made great achievements in life. Dr. Sveinn Þórðarson, who wrote me of his death, said in his letter: "And now he is gone, he loved Iceland more than most other things in life, and was proud of his Icelandic lineage". The Icelanders can also be proud of their kinship with a man such as Einar Stephenson, and one thing is certain: There are few people whose acquaintance has afforded me greater pleasure than that of Einar Stephenson.

Bjarni Benediktsson.

Reykjavík 5. jan. 1965

Gótt: vinur!

Mér þykir rétt að skrifa þér örfáan línan ásamt bréfinu frá miðstjórn. Þú mætt ekki skilja afstöðu okkar svo, að við lítum okkur á sama stunda sem góður karali. En okkur mæglíkum eru mjög takmarkaðir, við eigum undir högg að selja og höfum mi þegar reynt svo á forlínustöðunum, að eins og er freysti og miðis alls ekki til að koma ein sönnu erinda. Í þessum efnum sem oftan verður og að gata þess ~~þess~~

at kafa samvit vit þá, sem in
vanda eiga at heysa, ef illa fer, nágu
sennu. En látum allan áminninga
eiga sig, von mín er sú, að
þú skilgir, að syngja okkur stafa
okki af á heugaleysi heldur er óljá.
Kvæmlega vegei allra málavotta.

Eg á þó þér og þínum alls
göts. Þitt sérstaklega að heilsa
þó þú þínum.

Þínum sínslegum

Þjórnir Benediktsson

Reykjavík 5. maí '65.

Gótt: vinur,

Ég leit afþrengingar á að
 hafa ekki fengið svarat bréfi
 þínu dags. 17. apríl, en
 samant að segja hefði ég
 ekki fengið en mið komið
 að G. S. G., svo að mér
 líkadi. Þat vanna þouslega
 talat við hann fyrir fáum
 dögum en frá heima hjá
 mér í samkvæmi og vilði
 stöðfesta þat, sem okkur
 fór á milli, svo að enginn

misskilningun kærnið að,
glömsk að leiðir séu að flýttja
menn í milli og hosa London,
en seigist þó ekki endanlega
á breytingunum um sjálfan sig;
það verði að hita hitari
á breytingunum. Hinsvegar er
þannig mig þús á að flýttja
þig til Parísar, ef þú
vilt fremur fara þangað
en hvort heldur til Washing-
ton eða New-York. Þetta
munuð valda þér minni
vand breytingum. Sem mér
skilst að P. Thorst. haf.
littit upp, að sei líki
líki París.

Þ. Þ. Þ. er þú vissulega
en seigist fremur vilja þala

við þig er skrifa. Sjálfan
hefi ég ekki ségt þoum frá
bréfi þínu er vituð: til
á hvar áttu ykkar hjóna, þegar
ég hitti ykkur á dögunum.
Ainsu hefur þú lítið sést við
undanförnu þegar er minn síðasti
dagur, og ég hefi þessu viljast
líta viðtal árs og komu af
handingun, þessu er árs og
ég væri vituð. En þoum veit
alveg minn óskir.

Ég endurtek þakki þínu
þegar allu vinnu þínu og
situr og þú ekki síst mót.
Tökuveru á dögunum og
þessu á valgert: Þessu þoum
þessu að þessu. Þessu sínu.
vinnu
þessu

FORSÆTISRÁÐHERRA

Reykjavík den 6. maí 1965.

Skipsreder Ludv. G. Braathen,
Kristinelundveien 22,
Oslo.

Kjære herr Braathen,

Jeg takker så meget for Deres
vennlige brev av 3. ds. med innbydelse
til min hustru og meg til lunsj under
vårt besök i Oslo i mai.

Vi ville satt stor pris på å få
anledning til å avlegge Deres hustru
og Dem et besök, men da vår tid allerede
er fullt belagt på grunn av det offisielle
programmet beklager jeg så meget at vi des-
værre er forhindret i å ta imot Deres
vennlige innbydelse.

Med vennlig hilsen

Þjarni Benediktsson