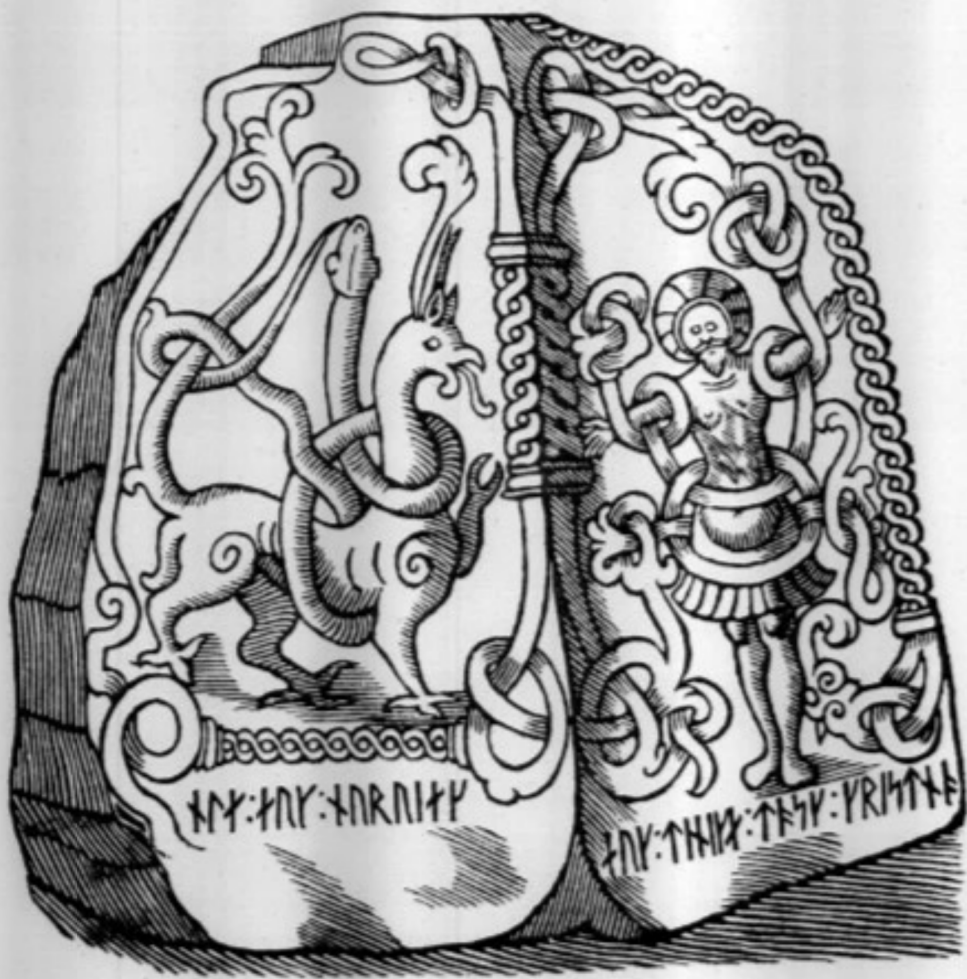




THE RUNESTONE



THE RUNESTONE is a journal of the ancient Norse religion and is dedicated to the revival of that religion as epitomized during the Viking Age, and to the values of courage, freedom, and individuality which are associated with it.

THE RUNESTONE is the official journal of the Ásatrú Free Assembly and is published quarterly. Subscriptions are \$5.00 per year in the U.S. and Canada, and \$6.00 per year overseas (airmail). Write to Ásatrú Free Assembly, 1766 East Avenue, Turlock, CA 95380. Please make checks payable to Ásatrú Free Assembly.

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Calendar

June - August 1980

June 8 - Lindisfarne Day - On this date in the year 793 C.E., three Viking ships swept down on the isle of Lindisfarne off the Northumbrian coast and "officially" began the Viking Age. The repercussions of this raid, which basically was a resupply operation, brought the Pagan North into sharp confrontation with Christendom. Although of course a violent act, it was no more cruel or violent than the age in which it occurred, and we celebrate it as a long-deserved retribution against an aggressive alien system.

June 22 - Summer Solstice - Here we mark the beginning of the Sun's long decline, which will not be complete for half a year, at the Winter Solstice or Yule. This is one of the most important seasonal events of the year and is celebrated by Pagans of every persuasion.

July 29 - Olaf the Lawbreaker, known to history as Saint Olaf of Norway, was killed at the battle of Stikklestad in 1030 C.E. on this date. Olaf acquired a reputation for killing, torturing, maiming, and exiling his fellow Norwegians who would not convert to Christianity, and for carrying an army with him about the countryside in violation of the law, to help him accomplish these deeds.

August 9 - On this arbitrarily chosen date we honor Radbod, a king of Frisia who died in 719 C.E. Radbod was one of the early targets of Christian conversion efforts. Just before the baptism ceremony, though, the king asked the clergy what fate had befallen his ancestors who had died in heathendom. The missionary replied that Radbod's Pagan forefathers were burning in Hell - to which the Frisian replied "Then I will rather live there with my ancestors than go to heaven with a parcel of beggars." The baptism was cancelled, the churches were burned, and Frisia remained free.

August 30 - The last Saturday in August has been tentatively set aside by modern followers of the Vanir to mark the approximate time of an ancient harvest festival sacred to the god Frey. This feast day, and the motif of the stallion which is associated with it, will be discussed in detail in a future issue.



Announcements

A REMINDER - The Ásatrú Free Assembly has three special interest subgroups for those who wish to concentrate on certain aspects of our faith. These are:

The Varangian Guard - A warrior fraternity made up mainly of veterans, active duty military personnel, and men deeply interested in the Way of the Warrior. The devotee of Odin and Thor in their warrior aspects will be at home here. The Varangian Guard publishes a newsletter, Wolf-Coats, which is available to non-members at \$4 per year.

People of the Lord and Lady - This group is complementary to the above group, and is made up of those dedicated to the Vanir - deities concerned with growth, seasonal cycles, fertility, nature, and joy.

Committee on Odinist Social Concerns - A new subgroup which seeks to apply the principles of Odinism/Asatru to social issues such as inflation, decay of the family, reverse discrimination, crime, etc. C.O.S.C. places a great deal of emphasis on promoting the interests of the "dispossessed Majority", people of Northern European descent.

ODIN'S SONS M.C. (NOMAD) - People having corresponded with this group are advised that the President of this organization lost a great number of names and addresses due to the recent robbing and vandalizing of his apartment. So if you haven't heard from Preacher lately, you can re-establish contact at 1808 Third Avenue, Apt. 12, San Diego 92101.

MEMBERSHIP in the Ásatrú Free Assembly is still available.

ATTENTION ALL TEXANS ON OUR MAILING LIST (AND THOSE IN THE SURROUNDING AREA) - The publisher/editor of The Runestone will be in Texas later this summer. Perhaps we can arrange an informal get-together to promote Ásatrú. In particular, we'd like to work on forming skeppslags, or local groups, and on promoting various projects of the Committee on Odinist Social Concerns, especially the "retribalization" of people of Northern European descent. Write us if you're interested in such a meeting.

THE COMMITTEE TO FREE POET GAMBRELL doesn't exist yet, but it may by the time you read this. And it may or may not be connected with the Ásatrú Free Assembly, as circumstances dictate. But we thought that our readers should know about this situation because Poet is a long-time member of the Asatru Free Assembly and because we believe ("we" here being your publisher, Stephen A. McAllen) that Poet is in effect a political prisoner.

As explained to me - and I believe this version to be true - Poet found himself in a situation where he was forced in self defense to fire a shotgun at a group of armed assailants. He tried to reduce the lethality of his fire by first ricocheting the pellets off the hard pavement; his goal was to incapacitate rather than kill. Nevertheless, one of the attackers died some ten or twelve days later from complications not directly caused by the gunfire. The problem? Poet is White, the assailants were Black. The NAACP got into the act and began applying pressure wherever possible. Poet was sentenced to prison. A lot has happened since then, including little matters like the disappearance of certain records that could support Poet's case, but some of us feel that we should not abandon this kinsman. The leftists support their people with all sorts of committees, petitions, marches, and the like - maybe we should do likewise.

If you want to help us defend Poet Gambrell, drop us a line and we'll send you a flyer and a copy of a petition in his defense. A little cash to help defray postage and printing bills would be nice, too, if you like what we're doing.

Skeppslags

Local groups ("skeppslags") of the Ásatrú Free Assembly, or people to contact for the purpose of starting such a group, are:

San Francisco Bay Area Skeppslag - Meets monthly or more frequently as needed. Contact The Runestone for further information on meetings or activities.

San Diego Skeppslag - Contact Shawn O'Riley, 1808 Third Avenue, Apt. 12 San Diego, CA 92101.

Seattle, Washington - Contact Isaac Moll at 1717 Belmont Avenue, Seattle, WA 98122. Isaac invites kindred souls who may be passing through the area to stay over with him.

Sarnia, Ontario - Jeffrey Redmond, 1664 W. Tyrie Drive, Sarnia, Ontario N7V 3P7, Canada.

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Darian Burns, Am Kauzenburg, 655 Bad Kreuznach, West Germany, wants to contact ardent conservationists wishing to defend and protect wildlife as a lifetime activity.

LAND!

WE ARE AT THIS TIME ANNOUNCING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN AFA LAND FUND, AND ARE COMMENCING OUR SEARCH FOR SUITABLE LAND.

Why? Because this land will give us a place where we can hold future Althings, seminars, classes, and gatherings - providing us with an ideal environment while saving thousands of dollars in rental fees over the years. Land of our own could be used for youth camps and as meeting places for sub-groups like People of the Lord and Lady and the Varangian Guard, both of which have their unique requirements. It would give us a secure headquarters for the AFA and would provide a safe haven from the chaos predicted by many for the coming years. But most importantly of all, it would become for our age what the holy place at Gamla Uppsala was to an earlier age.

Wishing for land of our own won't get it. We need a plan. So we've thought up a way of raising the money we need, while at the same time not being obnoxious in our quest for funds (We hate tactics like that as much as you do!). Here's how it works --

Anyone donating a sum of \$100 will receive as a gift of appreciation, a lifetime subscription to The Runestone.

Anyone donating \$500 will receive free admittance to all future Althings - for the rest of his or her life!

Anyone donating \$1000 will receive admittance to all Althings, seminars, classes, and similar events held on this land, which are open to the public or to the general membership of the AFA - for life!

Now, if you're like most of us, donations of the sizes mentioned above are way out of range due to little details like putting food on the table or shoes on the kids. Please don't think that a contribution to this fund need be a large one! We will very gratefully accept donations of all sizes. And regardless of the size of the donation, we remind you that your donation is tax deductible.

Ambitious? Maybe. But we are growing, and acquiring suitable land will help us grow much faster. It's all a part of our plan to make Asatru a viable religious force; to get our faith out of the spare-time, spare-change category. We hope you'll help. With all our efforts, NEXT year's Althing can be on our own forested land, where we can freely honor our gods and goddesses in a permanent holy place. This is a dream worth pursuing, and one which will benefit us all.

Old Uppsala has long been occupied by alien powers. Let us build a new and free center for our faith. Such an act will bring great rejoicing in Asgard as in the world of humans!



Gaseous explanations fare better - Carl Sagan and his associate Dr. Mullen postulate that gases like ammonia and carbon dioxide absorb heat radiating from the surface, and, like a huge blanket, slow its escape into space. These gases just conveniently happen to be produced by organic processes in just the right quantities at just the right times to make the environment suitable for life.

Did you ever stop to consider how finely tuned is the amount of oxygen in our atmosphere? This gas constitutes 21% of the air we breathe. For every 1% increase above our present level, the chance that a lightning bolt will cause a forest fire increases by 20%. Above an oxygen content of 25%, raging fires would consume almost all the vegetation on Earth. Again the biosphere seems to have optimized conditions for itself by regulating the amount of free oxygen.

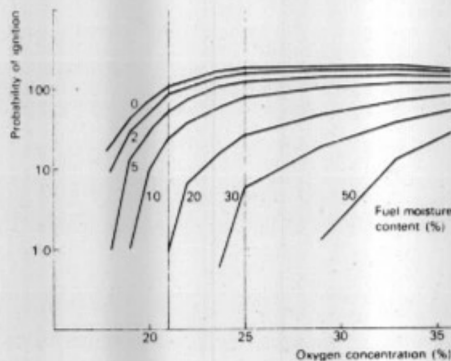


Fig. 5. The probability of grass or forest fires in atmospheres of different oxygen enrichment. Natural fires are started by lightning strokes or by spontaneous combustion; their probability is greatly dependent upon the moisture content of the natural fossil fuels. Each line corresponds to a different moisture level going from completely dry (0%) to visibly wet (45%). At the present oxygen content (21%) fires do not start at more than 15% moisture content. At 25% oxygen even the damp twigs and grass of a rain forest would ignite.

Lovelock details the many apparent systems by which organic life has acted to modify the Earth in its own interest, almost as if the biosphere was a literal, conscious, aware entity. Salinity of the sea, anomalous life-supporting concentrations of gases (the extent of disequilibrium or "non-randomness" of which is indicated on the table presented here), and many other phenomena indicate that there is a hitherto unacknowledged side to the biological and ecological sciences - a side that confirms our ancient religious instincts.

Lovelock, it might be added, is no kook who would dismantle technology and bow to the whim of every would-be environmentalist. But he does express his concern at some of our grievous environmental sins, particularly our pollution of the all-important borders of the sea, the continental shelves. His is a voice of reason and concern informed by scientific knowledge and training. And his book The Gaia Hypothesis: A new look at life on Earth will have a lot to say to those who follow the old religions and who want to know the Goddess in all her magnificent blue-robed splendor.

Table 3. Some chemically reactive gases of the air

Gas	Abundance %	Flux in megatons per year	Extent of disequilibrium	Possible function under the Gaia hypothesis
Nitrogen	79	300	10 ¹⁰	Pressure builder Fire extinguisher Alternative to nitrate in the sea
Oxygen	21	100,000	None. Taken as reference	Energy reference gas
Carbon dioxide	0.03	140,000	10	Photosynthesis Climate control
Methane	10 ⁻⁴	1,000	Infinite	Oxygen regulation Ventilation of the anaerobic zone
Nitrous oxide	10 ⁻⁵	100	10 ¹³	Oxygen regulation Ozone regulation
Ammonia	10 ⁻⁶	300	Infinite	pH control Climate control (formerly)
Sulphur gases	10 ⁻⁸	100	Infinite	Transport gases of the sulphur cycle
Methyl chloride	10 ⁻⁷	10	Infinite	Ozone regulation
Methyl iodide	10 ⁻¹⁰	1	Infinite	Transport of iodine

Note: Infinite in column 4 means beyond limits of computation



THE STORY OF KING HELGI

From the Viking Saga of Hrolf Kraki, Icelandic, late 1300's

Translated and edited by Jeffrey R. Redmond

King Helgi, the son of Halfdan, was a great fighting man who ruled over all of Denmark, and was unmarried. Ruling over the German lands at this time was a queen by the name of Olga. She was every bit a warrior in her ways, wearing a shield and a corslet, with a sword at her side, and a helmet on her head. In this mould she was made: lovely of appearance, but fierce-hearted and haughty. By everyone's agreement she was the best match men had ever heard of, in those days, in the Northlands. Yet she would not take a husband.

King Helgi learned of the queen's arrogant temper, and thought he would greatly increase his fame by winning her for his wife--whether she would be for it or not. So, one day he sailed south with a great host. He came to the land where this greatest of queens held sway, and arrived there unbeknownst to her.

He sent men to her hall, instructing them to tell Queen Olga that he would be pleased to receive hospitality there, along with his men. The messengers announced this to the queen. This caught her by surprise, with no chance of gathering her army, so she chose to do what she thought was the lesser of two evils. She invited King Helgi to a feast with all of his men.

King Helgi went to the feast, and sat down in the high seat right next to the queen. They drank together throughout the evening. There was no lack of good things there, nor was there the slightest sign of low spirits to be seen in Queen Olga. Then King Helgi spoke to the queen:

"The situation is this," he said, "that I want us to drink to our wedding celebration this evening. There is enough of a gathering here for it, and you and I will share the same bed tonight."

"In my opinion, sire," she replied, "you are far too abrupt. No man alive strikes me as being more admirable than you--if I have no choice but to yield to a husband. But I trust you are not planning to act shamefully in this matter."

The king replied that what she deserved for her arrogance and pride was that they spend as much time together as suited his pleasure.

"I should like," she said, "to have more of my friends present, but I see there is nothing I can do about it. It is for you to command, and hopefully you will treat me with due consideration."

That evening there was tremendous drinking far into the night. The Queen appeared merry enough, and no one could see any sign in her other than that she looked forward to her nuptials with pleasure. In course of time, the King was led off to bed, and she was already lying there waiting for him.

The King had drunk so much that right off he collapsed on the bed, in a complete stupor. The Queen took advantage of this and stuck a sleeping potion covered thorn into him. As soon as the others had gone, she got up, shaved off all of his hair, and covered him all over with tar. She then took a closed hammock and stuffed it with some clothes. She took hold of the King and bound him up in the hammock. Then she got some men, and had them carry him away back to his ships.

She then roused his men, telling them that their king had gone to the ships and wanted to set sail because a favorable wind had just come up. They stumbled out as fast as they could go, but they were all so drunk that they hardly knew what they were doing. In this condition they reached the ships, where they saw no sign of the King. But they did see that an enormous hammock had been delivered there. They were curious to know what was inside of it, and in this bewildered state spent the time waiting for their king, thinking he would be along at any moment.

When they finally decided to open the hammock, they found the King inside, so disgracefully mistreated. The thorn was shaken out of him, and the King woke up from a very terrible dream he was having.

Queen Olga quickly gathered together her army, so that she had no lack of men, and King Helgi could see no chance of getting back at her. They heard the army's war trumpets coming towards the shore. The King realized that his best chance was to try to hold out, and to sail away as quickly as he could. There was a good wind just then, and so King Helgi sailed back home to his kingdom in shame and dishonor. He was filled with resentment, and often thought of how he might get revenge on the Queen.

Queen Olga remained in her own land, and her arrogance and tyranny had never been greater than now. She constantly kept a strong watch and guard around her after that feast she had given King Helgi. News of her exploit soon spread far and wide, and it seemed a horrible thing to everyone, that she had made a laughing stock out of so great a king as he was.

Soon after this, Helgi sailed from his land in his ship, and on this particular voyage took it to the German lands where Queen Olga was, with her strong body of men all around her. He maneuvered his ship into a hidden creek, and then told his

crewmembers that they should wait for him there until the third day, but to be on their way if he had not returned by then. He had taken two chests with him, one filled with gold and the other with silver, and was dressed in tattered rags for his outer garments.

He now went into the forest, where he hid his wealth in a safe place. Then he continued on from there to the neighborhood of the Queen's hall. He came upon one of her thralls, and asked him for news of the land.

"The times are good and peaceful," said the thrall, and he asked him who he might be.

"I am a beggarman," he said, "but a rich find has come to me in the forest, and I think it might be a good idea to show you where the treasure is."

So back they went into the forest, and he showed him his treasure, and the thrall was greatly impressed by the good fortune which had befallen him.

"How desirous is the Queen for money?" asked the beggarman.

"She is the most greedy of women," the thrall replied.

"Then she has a pleasure in store for her," the beggarman said, "and will consider that she owns this money I have found here, because this is her land. Well, good luck must not now be changed to bad, so I will not conceal these riches. The Queen shall award me such shares as she deems proper, and that will prove the best for me. But will she be prepared to go to all the trouble of coming here to get it?"

"I am sure of it," the thrall said, "if it can all be done secretly."

"Here is a necklace," the beggar said, "and here is a ring. I will give them to you if you will bring her here, all alone, to this forest. I will make everything right again, if she should become angry with you."

This was their agreement and bargain. So off he went, and told the Queen that he had found in the forest wealth so vast that it would give great happiness to many, many men. And he begged her to go with him, in haste, to get the treasure.

"If what you tell me is true," she said, "you shall win a fortune from your report, but death otherwise. However, since I have always known you to be a trustworthy man, I will now believe your words."

She showed by this how greedy she was, going off with him secretly in the dead of the night, so that none but they two knew about it. But once they came to the forest, who should be there but Helgi. He caught her in his arms, and declared this encounter of theirs a most happy occasion for avenging his disgrace. The Queen broke down and confessed she had used him badly.

"But I will now make you full amends for all that, and let you arrange my wedding in honor," she said.

"Never!" he yelled. "There is no question about it! You will come aboard my ship with me, and remain there as long as I desire. For the sake of my pride, I cannot keep myself from getting my body on you. Such a vile, humiliating trick you played on me!"

"It is for you to command," she admitted, "this time."

For many a night the King slept with the Queen. After that she returned home, and she was bitterly resentful of her condition. King Helgi sailed away raiding, and was a famous man indeed. Olga, in course of time, gave birth to a child, a little girl, for whom she had no natural feelings whatsoever. She had a dog called "Yrsa," and it was after this dog that she named her child. Yrsa was what she would be called.

She was a very lovely child to look at, but as soon as she became twelve years old, she had to tend the sheep, and never knew herself to be any other than the child of a peasant and his peasant wife. For the Queen had gone about this all so secretly, that few men ever knew she had conceived and borne a child.

Life went on until the girl was in her thirteenth year. King Helgi came sailing to that land, and was curious to know what had happened there. He was again wearing the clothes of a beggar. Near the forest he observed an enormous flock of sheep, and tending it was a young girl, so lovely that he thought he had never before seen a woman more beautiful. He asked her what might her name and lineage be.

"I am a peasant's daughter," she told him. "My name is Yrsa."

"You have not a thrall's eyes," he said, and that same instant love for her struck his heart.

"How right it would be," he said, "for a beggarman to marry you, since you are only a peasant man's daughter."

She begged him not to do this, but he seized her as he had thought to do, going off to his ships, and then sailing back to his own land.

When Queen Olga learned of this, she reacted with cunning and deceit towards it, pretending to know nothing of what was taking place. What idea came into her head was that this would all work to King Helgi's sorrow and shame, and bring him no gain or happiness ever. King Helgi married Yrsa and loved her dearly.

King Helgi remained in his kingdom during the winters, but went out on Viking raiding voyages in the summer time, and became a very famous man. He and Yrsa

loved each other very much, and they had a son who was named Hrolf. Later he became a man of wide renown. Queen Olga heard tell of how Helgi and Yrsa loved each other so deeply, and were so happy together in their marriage. This greatly annoyed her, and she went north to renew her acquaintances with them.

When she arrived in their land, she sent word to Queen Yrsa, and when they met, Yrsa invited her back to the hall with her.

"I have no desire for that!" she exclaimed. "It is not for me to repay King Helgi any honor!"

"How shamefully you treated me when I lived with you!" cried Yrsa. "And can you not tell me something of my parentage? What it really is? For I suspect it is not as I am told! That I am the daughter of a peasant man and woman!"

"It is not out of the question that I should tell you a thing or two about it," Queen Olga agreed. "It was the whole point of my trip here to educate your pretty little head about that. But tell me, are you happy in your marriage?"

"I am, and well I may be happy, as I have the most magnificent and far-famed King for my husband!"

"That is not such a good reason for happiness as you suppose," said Queen Olga, "for that same King is your father, and you are my daughter."

"I think my mother is the vilest and cruelest of women!" cried Yrsa. "This is an outrage that can never be forgotten!"

"In this you have suffered for Helgi's and my anger," Olga admitted, "but I am now going to invite you to return home with me in honor and esteem, and I will treat you as best I know how, in all respects."

"I do not know how that will work out," said Yrsa, "but I must not stay here, now that I have learnt of this horror which is upon us."

Later she met King Helgi, and told him what a cruel situation they were in.

"Cruel enough is the mother you had!" cried the King, "still, for my part I would leave things as they are."

"It is impossible," she replied, "in such circumstances, for us to live together from this day forth!"

So Yrsa went away with Queen Olga, and dwelt in the German lands, which so hurt King Helgi in his heart, that he took to his bed, and was unhappy beyond telling. It was thought there could be no better match than Yrsa, but for all that, the kings were slow to ask for her hand. What had most to do with this, was that no real assurance could be felt that Helgi would not still come for her, and reveal his displeasure if she were bestowed upon another.

There was a king named Athils, who was powerful and greedy. He ruled over all of Sweden, and dwelt at his chief stronghold, Uppsala. He heard much about the lady Yrsa, and got his ships in readiness to sail south, and sought an audience with Olga and her daughter. Olga prepared a feast for King Athils' arrival, and welcomed him with every refinement and courtesy. He asked her for Queen Yrsa to become his wife.

"You have heard how things are with her," replied Olga, "but if she gives her consent, we will make no refusal here."

The matter was put to Yrsa, and she answered him.

"No good will come of it," she claimed, "for you are a king without a friend to your name."

But the affair was put forward whether she was for it or not. Athils took her away without referring to King Helgi, as Athils thought of himself as being the greater monarch. King Helgi knew nothing at all about any of it until they had arrived back in Sweden, where King Athils married her with great pomp and ceremony. It was only then that King Helgi got news of it, and felt twice as miserable as before. He slept in a house apart from the others, without any companions.

Then one Yule eve, when King Helgi had gone to bed, and there was bad weather out, there came a knocking, a gentle knocking, at the door. It struck him how unkindly it would be to leave this poor soul outside when he could offer help. So he went and opened the door, and saw that a poor tattered creature had come there.

"This is well done by you, King," it said as it came inside the house.

"Cover yourself with straw and a bearskin," the King said, "so that you will not freeze to death."

"Share your bed with me, sire," it pleaded, "I want to sleep alongside of you, for my very life is at stake."

"My throat is choked by the sight of you!" the King exclaimed, "but if it is as you say, then lie here in your clothing at the edge of the bed, and that way you won't harm me."

It did so, and the King turned over the other way. There was a light burning in the house, and after while he looked over his shoulder and saw that it was a woman lying there. She was so lovely that he thought he had never before seen a woman more fair. She was dressed in a beautiful gown of purest silk. He turned to her quickly and joyfully.

"I wish to take my leave now," she told him, "You have freed me from a terrible imprisonment. For this was my wicked stepmother's curse on me, and I have had to visit many kings in their homes. Please do not end this with more wickedness. It is my wish to not stay here any longer."

"No, no!" cried the King, "there can be no question of your leaving so soon! We will not part like this. We must set up a wedding for you, for you please me greatly."

"It is for you to command, sire," she said.

They slept together that night, and in the morning she had something to say.

"Now that you have subjected me to your lust, you must know that we will have a child. Now, King, do as I tell you. Come to collect our child at this same time next winter, at your boat's house. If you do not, you shall pay for it." With that she went away.

King Helgi was now in somewhat better spirits than before. Time went on, but to it he paid no heed. Then after a three-year period, three men, and the same woman, came riding to the house where the King lay sleeping. It was in the middle of the night. They had with them a girl child, and set her down near the house. The woman, who had brought the child, had something to say.

"Know, King," she said, "that your kinsfolk must pay for this! That you did nothing of the thing which I commanded of you! Yet, you yourself shall get the benefit that you freed me from the spell put upon me. Know, too, that this girl's name is Skulda. She is our daughter."

After this they rode away. His visitor had been a female elf, and the King never learned what became of her thereafter. Skulda grew up in his household, and soon became very cruel-hearted.

One day, King Helgi made preparations for a voyage abroad. He planned in this way to try to forget his troubles. He left his little son Hroif behind, and went off Viking raiding far and wide, and did many a deed of might. All this while King Athils was dwelling at his stronghold, Uppsala. He had twelve great fighters, called "berserks", whom he kept for his land's defense against all dangers and attacks.

King Helgi made preparations for a voyage east to Uppsala, to carry off Yrsa. He reached the land, and when King Athils heard the news that Helgi had arrived in his kingdom, he asked Queen Yrsa, "How would you have King Helgi welcomed?"

"You will decide as to that," she replied, "but you already know that there is no man alive to whom I stand in closer relationship with, than with him."

King Athils saw fit to invite him to a feast--not that he intended it to be free from guile. King Helgi accepted, and went to the feast with a hundred men, but his main force remained behind with the ships. King Athils welcomed him with open arms. Queen Yrsa thought to reconcile the two kings, and conducted herself in the most gracious manner towards King Helgi. King Helgi was so happy to see the Queen, that he let all else slip by unheeded. He wished to be conversing with her for as much time as he could find. Soon they sat down to the feast.

King Athils' "berserks" returned from a mission, and the instant they reached the land, King Athils went off to meet them. This was done in such fashion that no one else knew about it. He ordered them to go to a forest which was between his stronghold and King Helgi's ships.

"Launch an attack from there on King Helgi," he told them, "as he goes to his ships. Also, I will send a company of men to help you, which shall take them in the rear, so that they will be caught in a pincer movement. I want to make absolutely certain that King Helgi does not get away, for I see that he still greatly loves the Queen. I am taking no chances with any ideas he might have."

Meanwhile, King Helgi sat at the feast, and this treachery was carefully kept from him, and from the Queen as well. Queen Yrsa told King Athils that she desired him to give King Helgi many costly gifts at their parting, and so he did. He gave the King gold and jewels, but in truth knew them to be soon returning to himself.

King Helgi made his departure, and King Athils and the Queen saw him on his way. The Queen and the two Kings made a sincere parting. But not long after King Athils had returned back, King Helgi and his men found that an ambush had come upon them, and the fighting started at once. King Helgi put up a brave resistance, and fought like a true hero. But because of the overwhelming odds against him, King Helgi fell there with much glory, and with many large wounds all over him. Part of King Athils force attacked them from the rear, so that they were crushed between "the hammer and the anvil."

Queen Yrsa knew nothing of this until King Helgi had fallen, and the battle was over. With Helgi fell the entire hundred-man force which had gone ashore. The rest of his followers fled back home to Denmark. King Athils now reveled in his victory, and thought he had advanced himself greatly by overcoming a king of such fame and achievements as Helgi.

But Yrsa told him, "Bragging your head off is not what you should be doing, even though you have betrayed the man who was closest to me, and whom I loved most. And for this reason, I shall never be loyal to you if you fight with King Helgi's

kinsmen. I shall scheme for the death of your berserks just as soon as I can, should there be anyone brave enough to accomplish that for my sake, and with their own abilities.."

King Athils advised her not to threaten him or his berserks.

"For it will do you no good," he said, "But I am willing to make amends to you for your father's death. Many gifts, large amounts of money, and valuable jewels, if you can bring yourself to agree."

By this means the Queen was calmed, and she accepted the compensation from the King. Yet at heart she still remained unsatisfied, and often used every opportunity to do the berserks harm and dishonor. From then on, men never found the Queen very joyful or pleasant minded, after Helgi's fall. There was more arguing in the hall than ever before, and the Queen would not do anything to ever please the King, if she could help it.

King Athils thought himself to have become very famous, and all who served with him and his fighters were thought to be very great men. He remained in his kingdom, and believed none would dare raise a sword against him and his berserks.

Here ends the story of King Helgi, the son of Halfdan.

HYPERBOREAThe Voice of the C.O.S.C.



ODINIST SCHOOLS

In the last issue we briefly mentioned that we were planning to establish an Odinist school system. In this issue we'd like to go into further detail - for while this is not directly a project of the Committee on Odinist Social Concerns, there is no doubt that this is a subject of immense social importance.

It appears that next September may see a small but functioning Odinist elementary school in the San Francisco Bay Area. Plans have been made, but much remains to be done. The question may be asked, "Why do we need such a school, anyway?". The answers are several.

Almost all of us suffered through a "Christian upbringing" - which in all too many cases means a thorough indoctrination in fear, guilt, and shame. If children can receive, instead, a training in the virtues of our faith this can be largely avoided. Our children can be better followers of Asatru than we are, and their children and grandchildren can be better yet, because they will be less contaminated by the religious Establishment.

Religious training aside, public schools exhibit a poor record in transmitting knowledge, whether it be the newer scientific discoveries or the basic "three R's". Even simple literacy seems too much to expect these days. An Odinist school would not only stress high standards in academic subjects, but it would go beyond this to teach character - things like leadership, confidence, self-reliance and initiative. Nor will physical fitness be neglected.

Finally, an Odinist school would protect students from the sociopolitical propaganda forced on them in many or most public schools, and would work to counteract similar propaganda from other sources. Much of this propaganda is aimed with genocidal result at people of Northern European descent and thus is directly relevant to the practice of our religion. One specific example is the poster recently distributed to schools and other institutions by Anheuser-Busch, depicting the Carthaginian general Hannibal as a Black. Overenthusiastic minority activists have also tried to claim the ancient Egyptians and Beethoven (!) as their own. To spare our children this nonsense, our schools will have classes in the history and culture of Northern Europe.

Three things prompted the decision to go ahead with the plan for a school. One was the realization that we must influence the youth if we are to survive and grow. Another was a series of articles in The Odinist (P.O. Box 1647, Crystal River, FL 32629) describing the battle of one John Singer to take charge of educating his own children, a battle that resulted in his murder by the forces of "law 'n order". There is a much more personal factor, though, that makes this issue important to me. I have a two-year old son.



THE VIKING SHIP RESTORATION COMMITTEE is concerned about the sorry neglect of the Viking ship sailed across the Atlantic in 1893 for the Chicago World Fair. At this time, this splendid replica of the Gokstad ship is slowly being destroyed by weather and vandals in Chicago's Lincoln Park. The Committee plans to completely restore the ship and to house it in a dome adjacent to the Museum of Science and Industry, where it would be seen by countless tourists each year. Funds are now being solicited for this worthy purpose. These folks also put out a very nice booklet giving the history of the vessel and its voyage, complete with photos of the crew and other information not to be found elsewhere. I didn't see a price on the booklet, but if you want one I'd suggest sending a couple of dollars to cover costs and to help out on their project. In fact, why not send them some extra money to speed this endeavor? Their address is

Viking Ship Restoration Committee
518 Davis Street
Evanston, IL 60201

They can use volunteer help, too! Our thanks to Steve Turpel for letting us know about this project!



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