

## ICELAND

BY JAMES COLLINS.

Over the 18 years that I supported the FAA, I had a quality manager named Bill who told me of his two-year stay in Iceland with the U.S. Air Force. The descriptions of the volcanoes, how they use the steam for heating and a number of other tales were of interest, but one was memorable.

I asked Bill what the Air Force personnel did for entertainment in Iceland. He told me that the Air Force personnel got the greatest kick out of watching the locals passing one another on the sidewalk. I asked him to describe what he was talking about. What could be so funny about people passing on the sidewalk?

Bill said, "You have to understand all of these people are descendants of the Vikings. The men are massive blonde stubborn wannabe Vikings. When we went to town, we would go to the area where the sidewalks were narrow. We would then go on the other side of the street, put our backs against the wall to have a cigarette. Eventually, two of these Icelanders would be walking on the sidewalk going in opposite directions. The sidewalks were narrow and neither would move out of the way. They would slam into each other; back off and slam into each other a second time. This could continue for up to seven or eight impacts. It usually ended when one of them slipped and fell and hit the ground. We never saw one of these men back off from these confrontations. It was like watching wild sheep head butting each other to prove dominance. After all, in Iceland, there was not much else to see. "

THE END