

Don't Look for Fun in Iceland Book Advises

(Note: Tom Horgan, Associated Press staff writer, has been on a voyage with vessels of the United States neutrality patrol and has visited the new defense bases in Iceland. Here is a story of what he found there, certain details being omitted at the request of the U. S. Navy.)

By TOM HORGAN

REYKJAVIK, Iceland, Aug. 12—(UPI) (delayed)—American forces assigned to this amazing land of ice and fire may purchase for \$2.50 a paper-covered, illustrated guide book which contains no truer or more significant advice than the following:

"It must be stated that those who see in life of boisterous gaiety and attach importance to bodily comforts, have at present little reason to come to Iceland."

The cost of the booklet, which would bring about 50 cents in the United States, should prepare the purchaser for almost any future transaction.

Of boisterous gaiety, there is none. The capital's leading hostelry, Hotel Borg, holds the only liquor license, and spirits are sold only to patrons who purchase a full meal, and then in strictly limited quantities between the hours of noon and 2:30 p.m., and in the evening between 7 and 11 o'clock.

Domestically brewed beer is sold freely, but even residents claim for it only one per cent alcoholic content, an dit has much the same flavor, aroma and potency as the Icelandic fogs which come rolling in from the sea without notice.

Dance Music

The closest approach to merriment may be found at the Borg in the evening, when a three-piece orchestra furnishes dance music, thus disclosing a distinctive Icelandic custom. Groups of unselected young women arrive shortly after the dinner hour.

The girls come to the hotel frankly eager to dance with the American and British officers, but they firmly decline to sit at the same table with their dancing partners or to accept refreshments.

Conversation while dancing usually is confined in excellent English to, "I am very sorry, but I do not understand English."

The Borg and one other hotel have been declared by military authorities out-of-bounds for enlisted men, but they probably would not be disposed to pay hotel prices anyhow—\$1 for a double Scotch about the size of a single portion at home. The law limits each patron to three double Scotches.

In more than a week, this correspondent did not see a single man, American or British, with a girl companion. Common gossip has it that as punishment for associating with British soldiers, the flaxen tresses of several Icelandic maidens were shorn close by indignant countrymen.

Residents of rural sections, according to Americans who have been stationed here some time, are much more curdial than city dwellers and soon there should be a new version of the marine and the farmer's daughter — Hinkey, Dinkey, Paisley Voo.