



Sommerminner fra Stormoen.

O. Lykstad

THE MOUNTAINS SEEN FROM THE PLANES

Av Rosemary Kannady

One Saturday morning during our stay in Trondheim, my father came in and told me we were going into mountains with Mr. Herbert Helgesen. In the afternoon we rode from Trondheim to Østby where we left the car, and Dad and I transferred our belongings from naively packed suitcases to rucksacks. From Østby we rode on a waggon behind a tractor up to Essandsjøen. Six people were scattered over the waggon along with various provisions of different shapes and sizes. There were no springs and about the time I was coming down from one bump the seat was coming up to meet me from another bump. As we went up towards the lake, we passed from pine forest through birch forest to small shrubs and moss. A boat took us across the lake to Storerikvollen.

The hut was something of a surprise to me. Instead of a small house standing by itself near a lake, we saw a larger building with small buildings behind it and a seter a little way beyond. We stepped into the reception-room and were greeted by the



pleasant hostess. After a meal with Rømmegrøt, which I had never tasted before and enjoyed very much, we retired to the cozy peisestue.

In the morning we had to decide whether to take a 2½ hour hike over a marked trail or a 5 hour hike over unmarked terrain to a hut on Ramsjøen. Since I had never hiked for 5 hours before, I thought I would like that experience along with that of trekking over a new way to the hut. So we packs on our backs and boots on our feet we started off for the hut following Mr. Herbert Helgesen and Mr. Helge Foss.

After an hour or so on the trail we came to an ugly scar on an otherwise beautiful scenery, a road that is being built through the mountains. We took a short rest and then began the climb up the new pass over the mountains to Ramsjøen. Although it was not steep, I could still tell I was climbing, so I decided to sight the snow on the mountain as a temporary goal. It is not the climbing that bothers me, it is getting to the top and then finding that I am not there after all and still have a long way to go. The snow was not the sparkling white winter variety but still cleaner than that found along the roads. At the tops of the ridge we had a breathtaking view of the mountains surrounding us including Sylene behind us and Fongen with Ramsjøen at its base ahead of us. I felt literally on top of the world.

As we came down the mountainside and reached the birch forest, Dad and I sensed Helgesen and Foss were up to something. Down in the grass they crossed the path to the seter Krankvollen and with a whoop ran up a bank to the left and spotted the deserted seter, surrounded by trees and with only a map and compass as a guide, it is a wonder to me how they found it. I was still hanging on to my American ways when I saw the fire Helgesen was building near the seter and asked him if our coffee was carried in a thermos or whether we cooked it. Well, Foss cooked the coffee and with the sandwiches from Storerikvollen we had a hearty lunch. I was surprised to find openfired sandwiches even on a hiking trip, but the paper in between the layer made them easy to carry.

We said good-bye to the seter and continued on. Foss had found a natural bridge over the river. It consisted of large boulders that looked as if they had been thrown there by some giant. In the boulders were deep depressions where the water had swirled in and dug out holes. From the other side of the river we saw a beautiful waterfall. It seems that the most beautiful places are the ones that are the least accessible and the least populated.

But, we had to leave the falls and go on to the hut. The whole scene of the hut sitting on Ramsjøen with Fongen Mountain rising behind the lake was a beautiful and welcome sight after what to me was a long hike. I went in and sat down but jumped up again as I was painfully reminded of the waggon ride the night before. We ate a hot supper and after pleasant conversation retired for the night.

Bright and early in the morning we broke camp and started back to Storerikvollen on the regular trail. Within an hour we spotted a herd of 100 to 200 reindeer silhouetted against the sky. They were gone in an instant but the memory of them is clearly etched on my mind. We came to a deserted seter after a bit and explored the place. I was amazed to find the cooking utensils and furniture still in it. Life in the seter must have been difficult but also satisfying to the people who lived there. Our next and last stop before the end of the trip was another deserted seter. At the lake near it we had coffee and ate the last of the sandwiches from the day before. The last leg of the day's hike, which was easier walking than the day before, Dad and I moved a little slower and came into Storerikvollen 10 minutes after Helgesen and Foss.

After a hot dinner and a rest we went back to «normal» society, people, cars tooting their horns, and cities squatting glumly in the rain. I feel that this hiking trip was one of the most enjoyable experiences I have ever had. I will admit that it was tiring but the sheer joy of being out of doors and walking through God's country made every step I took worth more than words can express.