

JOHN PEEL

## Trollheimstur 1960

Engelsk synspunkt

In 1959, towards the end of a year's stay in Trondheim, I spent three days in Trollheimen. I had hoped to make a longer visit but family circumstances prevented it. I very much wanted to see more and I was fortunate enough to be able to arrange to join T.T. fellestur for 1960. I had not, however, bargained for what happened at the end of the trip when I was asked to write an account of the tour for the årsbok. I tried to excuse myself but Trønder can be very persistent and in the end I consented.

When I came to think about what I should write, I fancied my account might start of something like this:

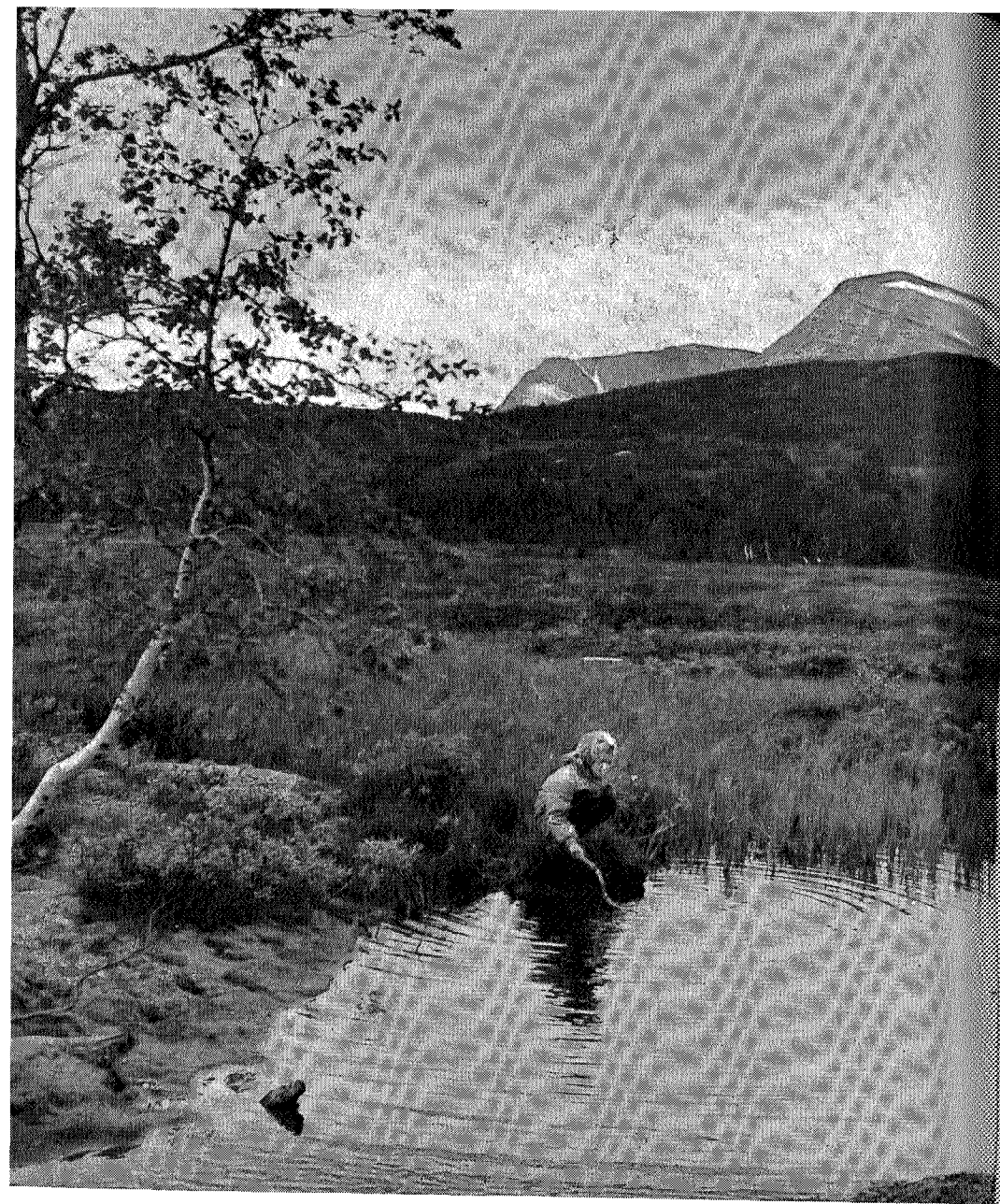
«During the week 10—17 July, a group of eighteen people took part in T.T. fellestur in Trollheimen. As in the two previous years, the route was as follows: Gjevilvasshytta — Jøldalshytta — Trollheimshytta (two nights) — Kårvatn — Innerdalshytta — Kåsa ...»

At this point the inspiration began to run out, so I looked through the årsbok for previous years to see what people usually wrote about tours. To my horror, I found that the Trollheim route had already been very well described by Tove Raae Andersen in 1958 and I realised that most members of T.T. are no doubt much more familiar with some, if not all, of this route than I could ever hope to be. At this point I felt as if I had been asked to tell the cook at one of the huts how to make rømmegrøt. So rather than give a day to day account of the tour I thought it might be more interesting to give a few personal reflections on various aspects of the tour as seen through one pair of English eyes.

Naturally, the other members of the party stand well to the fore in memories. We were a diverse collection of characters, wearing a wide variety of clothes and footwear, our ages ranged from fifteen to fifty and although the party was mainly Trønder, there were others who spoke different languages from Sweden, Canada, England and Oslo. Bob, the Canadian, and I found some of the strange Norwegian names difficult to catch at first introductions. I was some days before we got them all sorted out and then only after many glances over people's shoulders as they were signing the hut registers. Happily, it did not matter in the least, as people rapidly established themselves as characters long before we got the names straight.

Baard, the leader, besides ensuring that everything ran smoothly, soon had us welded into one big happy family. He himself set the keynote with his constant joking and leg-pulling though I do not agree with him that all the «frykelig regnvaer» came from Sheffield. Certainly there were no dull moments in the peisestua in the evenings. The most hilarious was at Trollheimshytta where I learned that empty beer bottles, as well as full ones, can give rise to a good deal of merriment. I laughed at Finn and others going through all manner of contortions with twisted arms, trying to pass a pencil from one bottle to another. Then in turn, I became the victim and was made to thread a needle while sitting on a bottle with legs stretched out straight and feet crossed. Norwegians never seem to me to be at a loss when it comes to entertaining themselves.

I find the huts themselves a great attraction. In Britain, the accomodation in mountain areas is limited, there are a few hotels which are too expensive for most people, lodging houses taking only a few people, and the youth hostels, where facilities are limited for the sake of economy. In Scotland, where some of our best mountain areas lie, the youth hostels do not provide meals and accomodation generally is very scattered. In consequence, it is a very peasant experience to come to Trollheimen and find a chain of huts right in the heart of the mountains, impeccably clean, loaded with good food, and well equipped for meeting all the

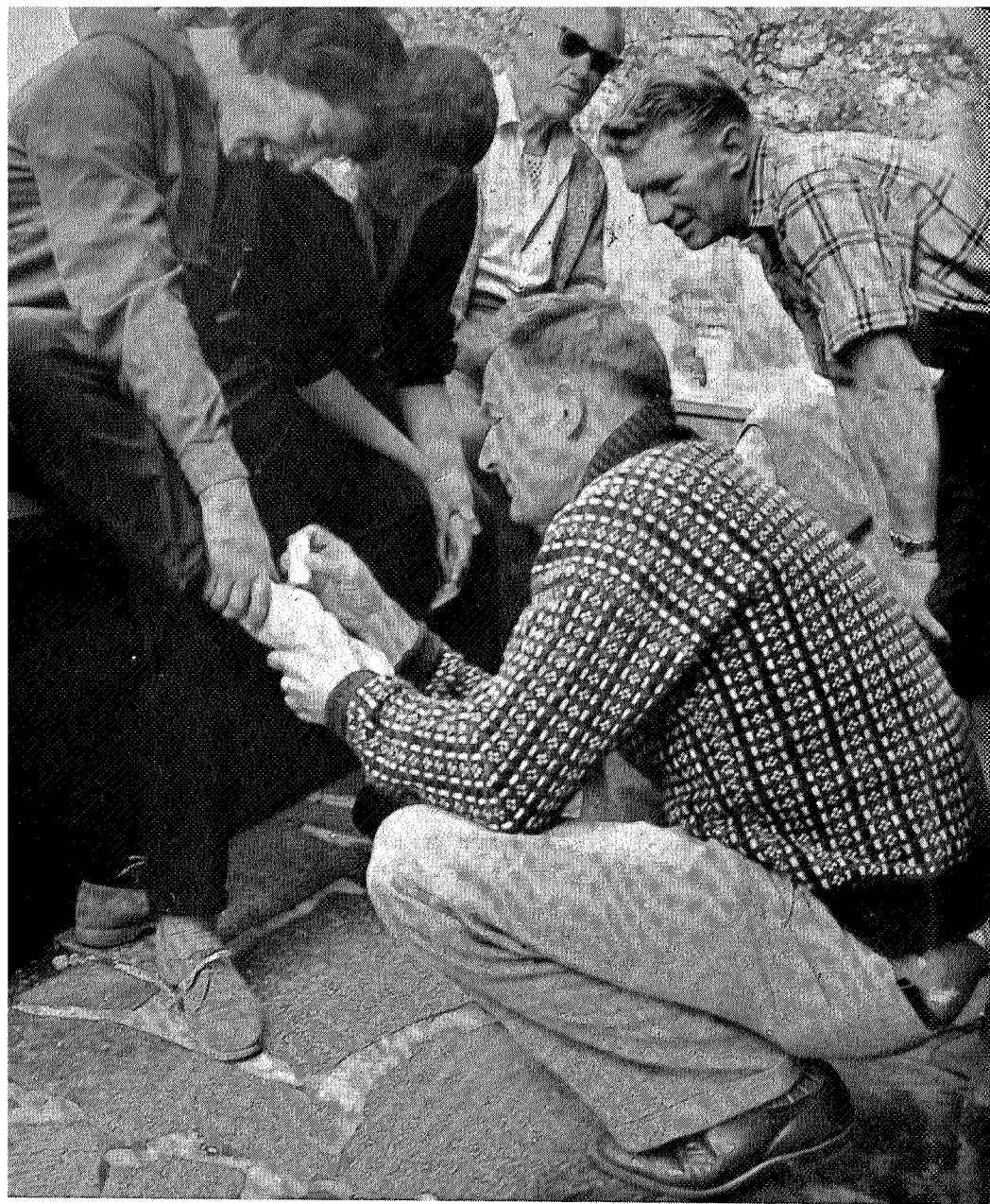


*Fra Gjevilvasstraktene*

other needs of fjellvandrere. And perhaps most important of all, there is the informal friendly atmosphere, starting from the moment you are greeted with a smile and «velkommen hit», which makes you feel like a guest rather than a customer. It is a great achievement on the part of the staff at the huts. Their busy life was described by Henry Strand in last year's årsbok but I can add one more thing to their list of duties. At Kåsa we were sitting outside when the telephone rang. Shortly after, the vertinne came out, walked to the corner of the house, cupped her hands to her mouth and, displaying tremendous lung-power, bellowed up the hillside to one of her neighbours «Rikstelefonen til deg!»

One can hardly go to Trollheimen in summer without marvelling at the great number and variety of wild flowers and I was no exception. Our British mountains seem barren by comparison and so I found it good fun to examine the different plants in Trollheimen, many of which, such as dvergbjork, molte and brudespore, I had not seen before. The two I liked best were the isssoleie, blooming high up the mountains right next to the snow, and a yellow flower which I believe was gullmyrklegg. This latter was not a spectacular flower to look at, but had a very fragrant smell, rather like a rose. What a wonderful thing to have so many flowers without having to do any gardening!

So far I have not said anything about the mountains themselves. We had two days of bad weather — the day we walked from Jøldalshytta to Trollheimshytta and the following day — and a short but very heavy downpour on the way to Innerdal. Otherwise the weather was fine and clear and gave us ample opportunity to enjoy the wealth of mountain scenery. I can only pick out a few of the highlights which appealed to me most. First, the view of Gjevilvand with the steep slopes of Okla to the left and the three peaks of Gjevilvandskammen on the right, seen from the road up to Gjevilvasshytta. That was the point at which I began to feel that I had arrived in Trollheimen. Then in the middle of the tour there were the giants of Trollheimen — Trollhetta, the jagged cliffs of its eastern side contrasted with its more even western slopes as we saw it through gaps in the mist from Gjeithetta: Snota,



*Norsk plaster på såre, engelske føtter*

a majestic mountain from any angle, towering above its immediate neighbours; and Neaadalssnota with its high ridges from which we heard the barking cries of reindyr.

My most vivid memories however are of the walk from Kårvatn to Innerdal. First we climbed up out of Todal and were rewarded with a very fine panorama stretching from the fjord in the west round to the sheer mountains above Kårvatn, backed by a multitude of other peaks, in the east. We moved up higher into a corrie, with long screes surmounted by a craggy ridge on one side and steep cliffs on the other. Our route lay straight ahead over a col and the sight when I got to the top far exceeded anything I had expected. In front of us, the ground sloped away, gently at first but steepening rapidly until it disappeared into the seemingly bottomless gash which was Innerdal. At the other side of this gash was a high valley, the eastern side of which soared upwards to Dåletårnet and on either side were other great peaks as far as the eye could see. There was a thrilling sensation of being really high up. Then, as we descended to Innerdalshytta, Dåletårnet gradually loomed higher and higher until at the hut its completely dominated the valley, so much so that in order to photograph it I had to walk a kilometer or so down the valley to get the whole height of this great tower in the picture. I felt a tremendous urge to climb to the top of it some day and I would guess that living under Dåletårnet has a lot to do with Olav Innerdal's great enthusiasm for the rocky cliffs around Innerdal.

My experience is that many Britons who go to the mountains share an almost religious belief that mountain summits were put there to be climbed up and too often our walking tours develop into a scramble to put the maximum number of mountain scalps on one's belt. My impression is that most Norwegians treat their mountains with more respect and are content to enjoy them in a less violent way. They have of course found other ways of using up time and energy. I must admit that at first it struck me as quite crazy to carry around large piles of wood, two kaffekjeler, and several bags of coffee in order that we might spend an hour or so each day preparing and drinking a disgusting black liquid at

nidday. After a few days, however, I got into the habit and the coffee began to taste good, especially the time we drank it in pouring rain near the top of Gjeithetta. By the end of the tour I would have been one of the first to complain if we had missed one of our kafferaster.

Lastly there was that I have come to regard as my farewell view of the mountains — the view west over Tovand towards the summits at the head of Innerdal. We sat looking at this for about an hour before descending to Kåsa and although no one liked to mention it, I think this was the point where most of us realised with reluctance that the tour was nearing its end. It was sad when we finally broke up the party and there were some awkward handshakes before we each went our separate ways again. Fortunately, many happy memories remain and for these thanks are due to T.T. and Turkomitéen, to Baard, and to all my comrades of the tour who together made my holiday so enjoyable. Takk for tur!

ULFR.

## „Husk på Vimpel'n”

Trondhjems Turistforening har «Reinrosen» som sitt merke. Et vakker merke, et fint symbol som idéassosierer med frisk høyfjellsnatur og den klare, rene fjellluft. Men Turistforeningen har også noe mer. Den har en vimpel. Oi-oi-oi, den har en vimpel som er flat i ene enden og spiss i den andre og står på stang og på rød bund har to store, hvite T-er. Trøste og bære oss arme bladmenn i Trondheims redaksjoner — hvem vet det vel bedre enn oss at TT har en vimpel og at TT har en TTT. Vi vil ikke nekte helt for den mulighet at det kan være et lystelig syn å se vimpelen i den store tøyutgaven, viftende muntert over en hytte ved langdags marsj's ende. Og vi kan strekke oss så langt som til å tro at andre synes det er festlig når den midterste rød-hvite jernplatevimpelen festes til varden på en ny trøndersk fjelltopp. Men så er det den virkelige lillebroren, den som ikke er rød og hvit lenger, men bare sort og hvit som Norgesmestrene Rosenborg, og som det hele står og faller med. Det er den TT-vimpelen som står i avisen — på Bynytt — øverst til venstre på notisene. Akkurat den er det ...

Her er det nødvendig å gjøre et sprang. TT har som bekjent TTT. Dette er utvilsomt en samling fanatiske og monomane personer som har satt seg som et mål i livet å flytte rundt på trønderne — fortrinnsvis de fra Trondheim. Det er det samme om de skal lures til å gå på lengere fjellturer på ski eller til fots enn de har godt av, om de skal narres til å plukke tyttebær slik at de har vondt i ryggen helt til jul, om de skal humpes og dumpes og stukes