

MARGARET THOMSON

Vårstigen – sett med engelske øyne

There were 4 English girls working in the Trondheim hospitals this summer. Towards the end of my stay in Norway we decided to join the tur in Drivdalen. Although we all been out with the T.T. on several occasions it was the first time that we had all managed to go on the same trip.

The bus left the Torvet at 8,30 a. m. &, after the bad summer, we hardly dared to say that it looked as if it was going to be a fine day. However by the time the bus stopped at Oppdal the sun was really hot. After a cup of coffee we got back into the bus, although it seemed a shame to be inside when the sun was so hot. However the scenery was well worth seeing as we drove through the valleys with the river & railway below us & the mountains on either side.

Shortly before 11 o' clock the bus stopped to let us continue along the old pilgrim way of Vårstigen. Approximately 35 people & one dog began to follow the narrow track which twisted up over the fjell. 2 of the English girls were keen botanists & kept stopping when they found interesting flowers. I remember best the little gentians with their wonderful deep blue colouring.

We were told that until 1853 this was the main road south but it seemed impossible that coaches could ever have followed the steep & twisting track which we followed. Per Vinje had told us that we were lucky that the engineers had just finished rebuilding a bridge across a stream that we must cross. When I saw the stream I was very thankful that we did not have to jump across. However

there was no bridge over one stream that we must cross & one of the ladies of our party slipped on a wet stone while being helped across. Fortunately apart from being very wet she did not hurt herself & took the accident with very good humour.

When we reached the top of the track we could see that the hillside was dotted with «setrer». Some of which were still being used but many of them were falling into disrepair. We then stopped for a time & sat in the sun to rest & to sample our «mat-pakke». We sat and looked at the fjells all round us down at the little specks which were the modern cars of today following the new riksvei. It was all so still & peaceful.

All too soon the track followed began to go downwards and in the distance we could see the bus waiting for us. The track ended by a waterfall which looked so cool & inviting. One enterprising member told me that she had gone on ahead and taken a bathe before the rest of the party came along.

The bus took us the rest of the way to Kongsvoll where we were to have middag. We had a quick look round the Fjellstue & admired the old furnishings and then joined the rest of the party in the Kro. We like most of the others sampled the rommegrot which proved to be really excellent.

We had time for a short walk round the gardens & up on the hills behind the fjellstue before getting back into the bus. This time we drove back via Rennebu, Meldal & Orkdal. I had been that way when we returned from Gjevilvasshytta but then it had been raining & the cloud hung low over the valleys. Now the corn was ripening



Forfatterinnen i godt selskap



Hederlig omtale: «Åpent vann» Kåre Halse

& the hay being dried & it all looked very beautiful in the evening sun.

So we returned to Trondheim full of fresh air & memories off all we had seen. Memories which are just as vivid for me from the other side of the North Sea.

TORMOD MOXNESS

Vandalkilowatt?

Disse ord gjelder fjellet, elvene, fossene, og for så vidt både rev, rype, fugl og fisk.

Ord fra en vandals svarte samvittighet vil noen mene. —

En får tru det en vil. Teknikken har for alvor bitt seg fast i fjellet, i fosser og vatn, i hei og hol, — i alt. Det drønner og durer inne i fjellmassivene, langs elvene og under dem. Ut av fjellstoffene hveser vraltende rullegreier som tømmer sitt innhold av sønderrevet fjell utover juvene, — kaster opp granitt og gabbro like en fyllesjuk jutul. — — —

En slik grotesk kirurgi anvendt på moder jord vil *du* neppe godta, slik uten videre. Som naturvenn vil du protestere. Kanskje vil du som naturvernsmann også gå til motaksjon. Det er noe fjell igjen i deg også som sperrer imot akselerasjonsjaget, distansefråtseriet og romferdsmentaliteten. Du gir vel det hele på båten for den vakende ørret, — ja, selv for en grobian av en blodsugermygg av gammel-sorten. — — —

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Dette landet som vi bygger og bor i, er et eventyrland. Et av eventyrene er vassdragene, der fossegrimen og kvernkallen fra uminnelig tid har hatt bruksretten. Bråk med hulder og jetter har vel forekommet gjennom tidene, men kvernkallens surr, og fossegrimens kvin dempet det hele ned til et harmonisk, fredsælt lydmaleri. En konsolidert virksomhet under bjørk og gran, med elg, bjørn og rev som partisipanter. —