



*Spretne småkarer*

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TORGEIR SLÅSTAD og  
MAUREEN PENNEFATHERS

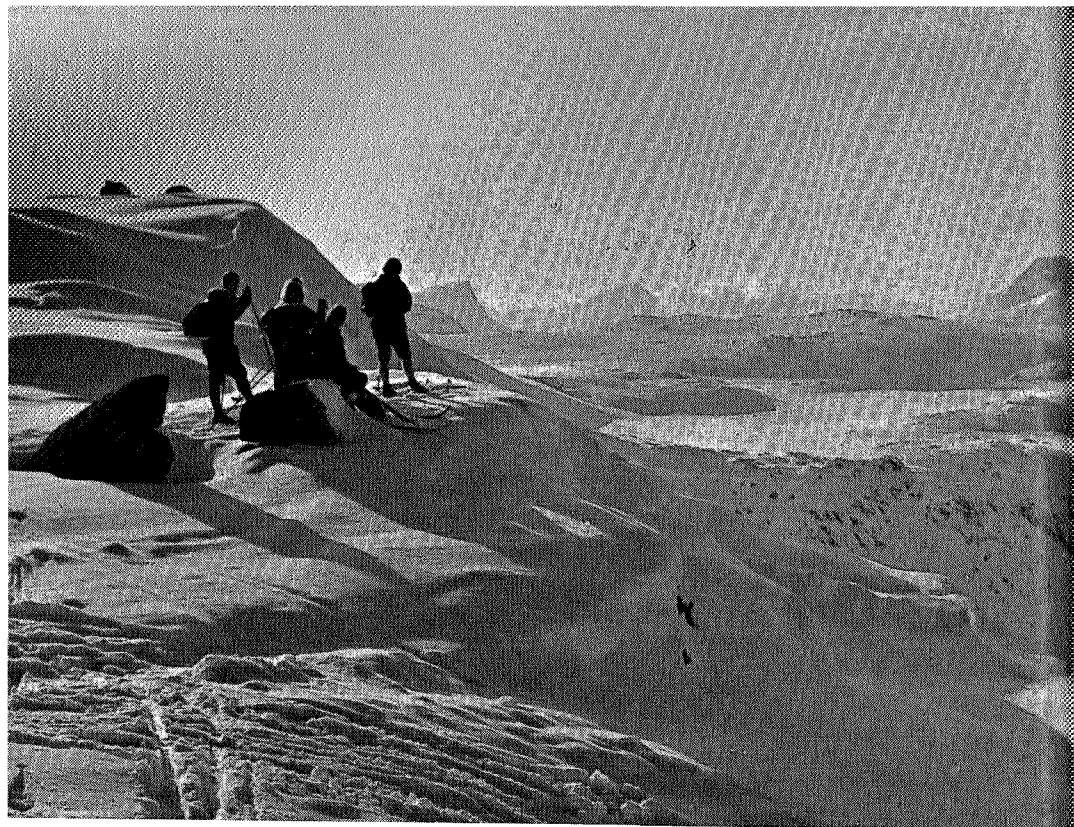
## Med Orkanger Realskole på fellestur i Trollheimen

Som et ledd i den fysiske fostringen arrangerer vi hvert år en tur i fjellet for våre elever. Vi har jo Hemnekjølen i vår umiddelbare nærhet, så det faller naturlig å dra dit. Hemnekjølen er en liten fjellvidde som folk i distriktet vet å sette pris på — i alle fall i påskedagene — en herlig oase midt i vår travle, oppjagete ørkenverden.

Men vi vil også la elevene oppdage andre muligheter, vise dem at vi har flere og enda kostbarere «naturperler» innen vår rekkevidde. Vi har derfor satt oss som mål at alle elever skal få oppleve en tur i Trollheimen. Vårt naturlige utgangspunkt er her Nerskogen. Derfra har vi flere muligheter; — vi har valgt å legge turen til Gjevilvasshytta med overnatting der og retur Nerskogen igjen andre dagen.

Men en fjelltur med en slik flokk må grundig forberedes. Dette gjør vi ved planmessig å bygge opp den fysiske formen i kroppøvingstimene, ta skiene i bruk så snart snøen kommer. Vi lærer dem bruk av kart og kompass, orienterer om bruk og vedlikehold av utstyret, lar dem preparere skiene sine. Videre litt førstehjelp, bruk av nødkjelke, hvordan en skal kle seg fornuftig i fjellet og hvordan en skal oppføre seg der. Bygging av nødbivuak viser bl.a. ved at en klasse drar av sted kvelden før den ordinære turen på Hemnekjølen, graver snøhuler og overnatter der. De øvrige klassene får så komme og se dagen etter.

Men samtidig er det en absolutt forutsetning at interessen blir vekket — at elevene får lyst til å ta en fjelltur. Og sist — men ikke



*Fra Svarthamran. Snøta til høyre*

Astrid Lund

minst — så må elevene få respekt for fjellet, få lære hvor lunefullt og farlig det kan være. De må bli glad i det, men også respektere det. Dette med respekten ble for øvrig klart demonstrert siste vinter da en pulje dro av gårde i strålende solskinn fra Orkanger, men allerede da de kom til Grindal, hadde været forandret seg slik at vegen til Nerskogen var sperret og de måtte legge turen om Oppdal.

I fjor forsøkte vi oss med en klasse. Det ble så vellykket at vi i år dristet oss av gårde med fire klasser (to puljer à to klasser).

Det siste skoleåret har vi ved vår skole hatt en lærerinne fra Australia, Maureen Pennefathers, en meget ung dame som ikke kunne et eneste norsk ord og som knapt nok hadde sett snø da hun kom til Orkanger i fjor høst. Men snøen kom tidlig siste vinter, og hun ble fort en ivrig skientusiast. Hun var også med på Trollheimsturen, og har skrevet sin egen beretning fra denne:

«I should imagine that one of the most amusing pastimes for Norwegians is watching grown-up foreigners learn to ski. I have seen groups of six — and seven — year-old Norwegians jostle for position to enjoy the sight of a frightened foreigner, poised at the top of a slope, making his erratic descent.

I had never seen snow falling before I came to Norway. I had certainly never been on skis, so I had to begin from the beginning — and a very wet and undignified process it was, too. But I soon discovered that I liked skiing very much, especially those glorious moments just before one falls! By March it was considered, rather optimistically, that I had done enough skiing to take part in at short expedition into Trollheimen with the school where I was teaching English.

We got out of the bus at Festa bru, in Oppdal, on a Sunday in March, in the face of what seemed, to Australian eyes, to be a raging blizzard. The discussions by experts on Which Wax to Use were cut short because it was just too cold to stand around and argue. It was very cold, and the blown snow stung my face, but the Norwegians didn't seem to notice the weather at all. So I cheered myself up with a vision of Captain Scott heading for the South Pole, full of grim courage and British determination. At least he had no prospect of the warmth and comfort of Gjevilvasshytta at the end of the day. But neither did he have to manage with two long and slippery planks of wood strapped to his feet.

I was soon well behind the line of pupils, so they had to make frequent stops to let me catch up. As I had never carried a rucksack before, it wasn't long before I began to feel as if I had a load of sharp-pointed rocks on my back. Fortunately, one of the pupils soon appeared, cheerfully offering to carry it for a while. I gave it to her thankfully, but Captain Scott in my vision frowned disapprovingly.

At this point, quite suddenly, the sun came out and the world was transformed. I discovered that we were skiing beside a great frozen lake with its end disappearing into strangely-shaped mountains. A shaft of brilliant sunlight lit up the Horn, gentle under its smooth snow. The landscape became three-dimensional again, with Shadows of that delicate blue you find only with sunshine and snow.



*Ned i Slettådalen*

Astrid Lund

Soon we could see Okla, steep-sided, with its peak off-centre, and the fantastic crags of Gjevilvasskammene. And then in the distance Blåhö rose over the rim of Falkfangehö. So it was in high spirits that we climbed the last little slope by the lake to Gjevilvasshytta.

Gjevilvasshytta is really more like a farm than a tourist hostel. Round about on the sloping fields are the stabburs and outbuildings, grass-roofed under their load of snow, with heavy timber walls of a seasoned yellowish-brown. Part of the tourist hostel itself is old and weathered and carved, but most of it looks fairly new.

After a fast wash I eased my aching legs downstairs to the dining-room to find everyone poised hungrily over large plates of the Norwegian equivalent of Irish stew (lapskaus). The meal took a long time. All the pupils seemed to be working on the wise principle that one never knows where the next meal will come from.

In fact the next meal was breakfast, at half past eight. I don't remember much about what happened between dinner and breakfast, except that there was a great fire in the corner of the stua, some drowsy songs, and a game of cards in English by the light of paraffin lamps. Soon we drifted sleepily to bed, where I spent most of the next day, too.

Tuesday was a beautiful day — one of those days, crisp and clear and sunny, that make you forget the Skies were ever grey. The second group of pupils, who had arrived from Nerskogen the previous day, was engaged in discussing the hotly-disputed question of Skiwx. There seemed to be at least fifteen possibilities. They looked at the temperature, felt the texture of the snow, considered the weather forecast — but all seemed to come to different conclusions. However, I was very impressed. There was a lovely wax of a beautiful Shade of purple and the consistency of treacle that I would have liked on my skis, but it was considered quite unsuitable.

We set off into this lovely morning with mountain peaks glittering on all sides and the snow silky under our skis. To my relief my rucksack seemed much less heavy and I was able to keep up with the others. I felt light and very happy! I felt I wanted to run up a mountain and fly down with a spray of snow in front of my skis. If you turned in a slow circle you could see nothing but mountains all around — the broad smooth flank of Falkfangerhö close to us, and the far-off peaks shining and shadowed with blue, insubstantial as clouds. There was no-one else to be seen in all that glittering morning. It was made just for us.

About halfway between Gjevilvasshytta and Nerskogen we stopped for lunch. And how delicious the coffee tasted! Though I had not thought it possible, we lay on the snow and sunbaked — there, there, in winter, in Norway, almost as if we were on the beach in Australian summer.

At this point I must have begun to become Norwegian, because instead of getting more tired, I became more energetic as the day went on. The last descent was long and exciting, and for me, «intermittent». But I was relieved to find that even Norwegians can sometimes fall! At Nerskogen we dropped into the bus, completely and



*Fra Slettådalen mot Trollhetta*

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delightfully tired. But I was very happy, and inordinately proud of having got there at all. I winked in fellowship at the spirit of Captain Scott.

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The Norwegian mountains had me under their spell, so at Easter I made a second expedition into Trollheimen with some friends. Our route was more ambitious this time. We had four days. Starting again from Festa bru we spent the first night at Gjevilvasshytta, then went up over Falkfangerhö, under the precipice of Blåhö and down the long, steep descent beside Mellomfjell to Trollheimshytta. Next day we headed straight for Snota, skirted it and came down to upper Surnadal to a tiny private hytte. On the last day we came down to the bus at Surnadal. It was a lovely trip, with fine weather, and made my painful period of initiation well worth-while.

HJ. MUNTHE-KAAS LUND

## Hvor langt vandrer hjorten ?

Vår viten om hjortens vandringer har inntil de aller siste år vært meget mangelfull.

Riktignok har forekomster av enkelte hjorter, langt borte fra de vanlige hjortedistrikter, tydet på at hjorten kan vandre langt; men vi har hatt svært liten kjennskap til f. eks. de årlige vandringer fra vinter- til sommerbeitestedene.

I 1962 begynte Statens viltundersøkelser å arbeide for å få merket en del hjort med sine øremerker (øreknapper), slik at gjenfangster gjennom hjortejegere og andre kunne øke vår viten om hjortens vandringer.

Siden den tid har det blitt merket hjort både i Trøndelag og i Møre og Romsdal fylker. Den største innsatsen er hittil gjort i Surnadal.

### *Foring og merking av hjort i Surnadal*

Et av de stedene hvor det samler seg flest hjorter i snørike vintre er Østbødalen, som strekker seg fra Surnadal innover mot Trollheimen. Vinteren 1961—62 var det forsamlet ca. 100 hjorter der, og takket være hugstavfall og utlagt høy, klarte man å holde liv i de aller fleste av disse dyrene.

Vinteren 1964—65 var det atter mye snø, og mange hjorter i Østbødalen. Gårdbruker Ola Melling kunne da fortelle at det var ca. 30 hjorter som møtte fram til foring på gården, og at dette var den femtende vinter på rad at han hadde vinterfôret hjort. I tiden