

med en grei eske, en litt langstrakt margarineske. Det forekom meg at han virket litt irritert.

Esken ble helt full, og så var det å betale og si takk og adjø og gå sin vei. Med en kraftanstrengelse fikk jeg plasert esken under armen og forlot butikken anstrengt uanfektet. Bestyreren måtte og rystet på hodet før han tok seg av neste kunde.

Det ble en stri tørn gjennom byen, og jeg måtte «skifte arm» ofte og sette fra meg esken her og der på trapper og hydranter, for å få de nødvendige kvilepauser. Men selv om jeg slet hardt og snart var varm av svette, var det å gå med en slik margarineske likevel en mer nøytral akt, sosialt sett — og det var ingen som sjikanerte min tungt belesede person.

En halv time omtrent gikk det før jeg var tilbake på «gjemmestedet», og nå var det såpass jevn trafikk her, at jeg måtte få med meg esken borti buskene og foreta «omlastingen» der i skjul. Det gikk forresten greit. Jeg la hermetikk, flasker og margarin nederst i sekken, og egg og brød øverst, slik det skal gjøres. Men det var så vidt tonnasjen strakk til. Sekken ble stappfull, inkl. bak- og sidelommer, og det trykk de dagbakte florabrødene måtte tåle, var i kraftigste laget, det viste seg ved utpakkingen. Men jeg fikk da alt med. — — Esken lot jeg bare stå der, for dette var før naturvettets oppfinnelse. Etter en ny omstendelig rekognosering med skarpt gutteblikk til alle sider, jumpet jeg så vidt bena bar ut på veien igjen, og begynte sakte men sikkert på hjemturen. Det ville bli en lang og slitsom tur, men det gjorde ikke så mye, og tross alt var det litt mer behagelig å bære varene sånn. Herfra og hjem var det iallfall ingen som skulle rope «bone» til meg — — og nå ville det vare lenge, lenge til neste tur.

Etter denne vellykte ekspedisjon så jeg en tid ikke så bekymringsfullt på tilværelsen, men det skulle snart dukke opp andre «tilpasningsvansker» med nye, dunkle skyer over min private horisont. Men det får bero til en annen gang. Som høyst positivt må det dog henregnes, at jeg omsider kom over denne besynderlige egenhet at jeg ikke ville ha sekk på min rygg — og i dag faktisk føler lutter velvære hver gang min egen ryggsekk trykker mer eller mindre ubehagelig mot den selvsamme rygg.

Experiment in Trollheimen

Experiment in International Living

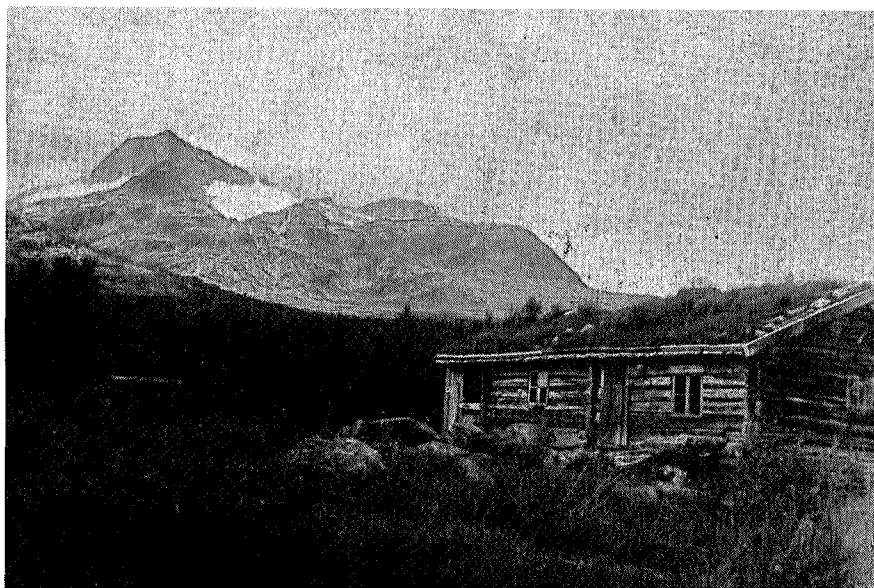
JOHN VROOM, U.S.A.

We were a group of ten Americans who came to Norway, through the Experiment In International Living, in order to learn something about the Norwegian way of life. Part of our seven week program involved a ten day hiking trip through Trollheimen with two expert guides, Kristen Mo and Berit Skirstad. Little did we realize what an adventure it would be for us. Most of us expected a rather leisurely walk from one hytte to the next. How wrong we were.

Our Experiment started in Flåseter on a windy, rainy afternoon with ten teen-age Americans who had no real mountain climbing experience, and ten Norwegian boys and girls of the same age. This stage of the hike was quite easy, and after three and a half hours we arrived at the Jøldalshytte situated near a lake. It was a very pleasant sight to see this charming hytte with the sod roof, weather-beaten, and cozy. Of course there were none of the modern conveniences we were all accustomed to, but no one seemed to care very much about that. As a matter of fact, I believe we were all rather happy to be able to experience the primitive life without the distractions of television, phones and electricity.

After a hearty meal, the group was content to sit by the fireplace and sing or talk with people from different countries who were seeing Trollheimen in their own way.

The second stage of our hike gave us an idea of what was in store for us. We left the beautiful snow-capped mountains of Jøldalshytte on a glorious sunny morning. It wasn't very long before we were walking in wet, marshy terraine up rather steep hills in front of Geithetta. Our packs suddenly became heavier and so did our brea-



Snota med Løsetetra.

Bodil Roland.

thing, our lungs struggling for a bit more air. The test had started. Wet feet were common; blisters started to irritate most everyone and so did the flies and mosquitoes, but no one complained and everyone reached the top in about three hours. Lunch time was a great relief for us all, and we had an opportunity to savor the beautiful scenery and drink the clear, cold water from the many streams.

We were warned that descending the mountain would be more dangerous and in some ways more difficult than going up. Those of us who were not experienced hikers soon had shaky legs and more blisters on the way down.

We were in sight of Trollheimshytta when we had our first casualties. Two of the American girls twisted their ankle. One girl was carried down the mountain in the arms of our amiable guide and friend Kristen Mo. We had a real problem to deal with now because the injured girls could not continue on the journey. We discussed the situation and finally decided that they must be returned to Trondheim for possible medical aid and also to permit the rest of the group to continue the trip two days later. This posed a real problem for us because there was no telephone, or radio, to contact anyone to take them home. Our courageous guide calmly decided to run 17 km to Gråsjø in Rindal where there was a phone. The boys



Sunndalen fra «Brona».

Thor Bach.

in our group, led by our other competent guide, Berit Skirstad, would march the injured girls to Rindal as far as they could go, and carry them if necessary. Mr. Mo ran the distance in 1 hour 20 minutes, called Trondheim for a car and then ran back to the trailing group to assist if necessary. However the plucky girls gamely walked the entire route without complaint, in spite of the pain from their swollen, injured ankles. To complicate the problem we stumbled on a bee-hive and had a very bad time for a few minutes trying to avoid bee stings. One of the girls had five bad stings but no one was seriously injured. We had to contend with flies, mosquitoes, wet marshy conditions and a hot sun. We were all truly tested by this experience but all seemed to endure very well. Our party arrived an hour ahead of the car so we had time to enjoy some refreshment and the most enjoyable luxury, a hot shower in Labouvers dwellings at Gråsjø. We were beginning to enjoy and appreciate the simple things of life and to realize how spoiled we had become in our modern civilization. The mountains had taught us a lesson.

We returned to Trollheimshytta at 8:30 P.M., eleven hours had elapsed since we started. A foot bath and a bit of cognac revived the writer a bit and bed felt very comfortable that night.

The 30 km walk to Kårvatn was our longest hike, but fortunately it was not so hard as we had expected it to be, because the route was not very much up-hill.

The next day we walked to Innerdalen and that was probably the most difficult hike for us. The temperature was high and so were the mountains. Blisters were getting larger and more sensitive. Many of the girls suffered from exhaustion and frustration and had to be rested frequently. Eventually the boys were forced to carry the packs of most of the girls, Norwegian as well as American. Mr. Mo proved his physical stamina by carrying the packs of three people in addition to his own huge ruck sack, a total of 45-50 kg. He is truly a remarkable man. Our other guide Berit Skirstad, helped the girls as well by encouraging them and seeing that all reached the top safely. It had been a five hour climb. The breathtaking scene at that point made us all forget the agony of going up. It is difficult to find words to describe it. One must see it to believe it. The group revived their spirits by engaging in a snowball fight. It was exhilarating to be in this wonderful spot in Norway and to know we were part of a wonderful adventure not experienced by very many people. We were rather proud of ourselves and felt a sense of real accomplishment. The mountains taught us another lesson. We learned to help someone else. After a very strenuous descent we arrived at Innerdalen about 5:30 P.M. and no one required any urging to eat middag.

Fortunately the two girls were not seriously injured and happily rejoined the group at Innerdal. Here we found an old charming hytte which boasted electricity and a phone. The food was excellent and plentiful and the scenery magnificent. We had a most enjoyable rest here the next day. It was a real luxury to loaf in the sun, enjoy a siesta or to wander in the woods near by. We had learned to enjoy the simple things of life once again far from civilization. Conversation, a good meal and a cigar made one feel good to be alive.

By this time we all began to realize our adventure was going to end in a few days. We had completed most of our journey and all felt a sense of satisfaction for overcoming problems everyone had experienced on our 200 km hike.

In a few more days we would be back in Oppdal after visiting Kåsa and Gjevilvasshytte. We all learned to appreciate these wonderful huts and marveled that they exist at all. It is truly remarkable that the materials to build them could be transported over such difficult terrain. Whoever is responsible for their construction and maintenance deserves the highest praise from us all.

What did we learn from our Experiment in Trollheimen? We learned that physically preparing for such an arduous hike is absolutely necessary, also it is important to help one another over difficult situations both physical and emotional, that many important things in life are simple and free and these help us enjoy living to its fullest potential. We learned to appreciate other people from different cultures than our own and to be interested and sympathetic to their problems. Finally we learned to have faith in ourselves, to overcome hardship and difficulties we experienced in the mountains. Our group of young people came ill prepared for our adventure but they all finished the hazardous, wonderful hike and have grown a bit taller and a bit more mature and sober as a result. The mountain teaches and we learned.

In conclusion, we thank our wonderful friends and guides Kristen Mo, Berit Skirstad, the Trondhjems Tourist Forening, the staffs at the huts and the people we met along the way who helped us. We return to our own country healthier, wiser and grateful.

John skriver at turen var en opplevelse for deltagerne, og det gjelder i like stor grad for oss. *Berit Skirstad, Kristen Mo.*

Giklingdalen fra Bjøråskaret.

Kristen Mo.

