

## The Magic of the Sylene Mountains

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*En gruppe ungdom fra mange land deltok i sommer i en fjelltur i Sylene som ledd i et ungdomstreff i regi av Trondheims tre Rotary-klubber. En av dem, 21 år gamle David Michie - «Mitch» - fra Trondheims vennskapsby Dunfermline i Skottland holdt sitt løfte til redaktøren g sendte følgende fra sitt vakre hjemland, hvor han bl. a. driver fjellklatring som hobby:*

Take 1 Italien, 1 Belgian, 1 Austrian, 4 French, 4 Germans, 1 Dutch and 4 Britans. Mix well, and sprinkle with Norwegians to flavour. Place in the mountains at 20° and leave for 4 days.

A recipe for success as far as the International Youth Camp, organised and sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of Trondelag, was concerned.

For three glorious weeks we were Rotarians' guests in Trondelag — fishing, swimming, forestry work, sightseeing and hiking, but it will undoubtedly be the four days mountain hike which will remain our memories for the years to come.

The hike, under the guidance of the Youth Camp leader, Helge Foss, involved a 115 km circular tour encompassing Rotvoll, Stor-Erikvollen TT and Schulzhytta TT, but the climax unquestionably came on the second day when we were to climb the massive Syl-toppen.

But to begin at the beginning . . . .

Our first day's journey started with a relaxing car drive from Meråker to Rotvoll, and then by foot over unforgettably beautiful countryside to the picturesque Stor-Erikvollen TT, where we arrived that evening very tired, but with spirits high, well, whose spirits wouldn't be high with the welcome we received that evening.

As we staggered to the door, throwing off our heavy packs, we were met with such enthusiasm that we thought we were the first visitors to arrive at the hut for months. And it was only after we had demolished the refreshments supplied to us by the smiling



*Tre nasjoner mot toppen — fra v. Tysklands Christian Lahnstein, Skottlands David «Mitch» Michie (utt. «mikeji») — altså artikkelforfatteren — og Norges Elisabeth Mürer. Helge Foss*

girls in nationalistic costumes that we discovered that such a welcome is extended to all visitors, and far from being a deserted tourist hut, the accommodation was full to the brim, even without our party of over twenty.

However, the lack of beds did not put our pretty hostesses off, as they quickly improvised the loft into a vast dormitory capable of accommodating all members of our party — and with a window and ladder providing an additional method of entry and exit, we were set for the night.

Then followed a superb meal, coffee by the roaring log fire and the diligent study of the visitors' book, which completed an

energetic and exhilarating day in a pleasantly relaxing method. The flicker of the flames, the warmth of the room, the melodious tones of the guitarist on her one night stand, the quiet murmur of the voices in the background and our thoughts drifted back up to the mountains, further and further into the mountains, deeper and deeper . . . .

By 9.30 p.m. we were in bed and asleep.

At break of dawn next morning, our eyes turned to the Sylene range coated in a layer of mist as if it did not want to reveal its true massiveness to us. Our main objective, Syl-toppen, a formidable 1762 metres and 18 kilometres distant, was somewhere up there in the mist.

Loaded with our packs, and our minds weighted with the thoughts of the distance before us, the pace was brisk as we picked our way through the birchwoods from the tourist hut, and it was not long before we had skirted Essandsjo and were crossing the suspension bridge spanning Djupholma with our objective in the distance constantly surveiling our approaching party.

A shout brought our minds quickly back from the future to the present, to see on the horizon to our left, a young reindeer, standing proudly on the skyline studying us in detail, but unable to decide whether we were friend or foe.

A superb imitation of a reindeer call echoed from our leader and to our amazement, the reindeer slowly approached to within about 25 metres, the silence of the occasion only being disturbed by the click of camera shutters. This was our first encounter with a reindeer and we must ensure that the occasion was permanently recorded on film, but I was never sure who was star of the event — the reindeer or Mr. Foss.

As time slowly progressed, lunch came and went, and, having surmounted the quiet slopes of Fiskaahøgda, the approach to the mighty Sylene peaks revealed itself before us — a long gentle decline to the North Fiskaaen and then a long steep climb up the corry to the summit ridge of the Sylene range.

As we descended towards the foot of the Sylene peaks, a shout echoed across the glen from one of our numbers and an arm was raised triumphantly above his head displaying majestically an enormous reindeer horn — a souvenir hunter's dream. As if by a pre-

arranged signal in a military exercise, our party spread across hillside in an assault wave on the mountain, the pace quickened, we almost ran in eagerness to equal our friend's proud possession. To the left and right arms were being raised triumphantly across that moorland as treasure after treasure was found — at least our day's hike was justified if only for these.

A short stop by North Fiskaaen to compare treasures and to summon all our strength together before leaving our packs at this base camp to continue on the final stage. The mountain momentarily cleared of cloud as if teasing us, saying «Look how magnificent I am — if you ever conquer me.»

The slopes of the mountainside became steeper and steeper as we picked our way slowly through the boulders on our steady upward climb. Far above us, the summit still with wisps of mist concealing its true magnitude, far below the raging Fiskaaen river gave us the real impression of how high we had climbed. As the boulders became more numerous, the slope steeper, the rests became more frequent, only, I deceived myself, to give me time to study the beauty of the scenery and not because of tiredness.

Step by step we slowly moved up the mountain. Gazing at the summit, it never seemed to get any closer. Only the aching feeling in our legs told us we were climbing, climbing, climbing so slowly.

The last fifty metres seemed like a never ending staircase as we climbed, even crawled, the last few breathtaking steps. Then suddenly, surprisingly, we were there, and what little breath was left in our strained lungs was wrenched from us as the mountain conceded defeat and revealed once and for all the splendour which it had withheld from us for so long. The mountain dropped a terrifying 500 metres to a roaring river and a lazy lake, lounging in the mountain sun.

From our commanding position on that ridge, I felt like some giant intruder peeping into a new unknown world, as I gazed into the natural amphitheatre far below. The whole breath-taking landscape — the massiveness of the peaks, the miniature lakes far below us, the raging river, the precipitous southern walls of the mountain were all set before us like a stage set for some fantastic play, where we had the front balcony seats.

East, west, north, and south, as far as the eye could see and the mind imagine, there were mountains, lakes and forests, and as our eyes slowly scanned the horizon from mountain to mountain, lake to lake, marvel to marvel, we began to understand something of the magic of the Sylene peaks. We began to understand how and why men become inspired by Norway's charms and *we* now understand *why* you

« . . . love with fond devotion  
this (your) land that looms,  
rugged, storm-scarred, o'er the ocean  
with her thousand homes . . . . .

*Av og til stopper vi resolutt opp og ser ut over fjellheimen  
vår og føler oss fristet til å gjøre Henrik Rytters ord i  
«Sumardag på tinden» til våre:*

## FJELL - FJELL!

Her er ikkje anna enn berg å sjå!  
Svaberg og flåberg,  
gråberg, villberg —  
tindar og taggar,  
nutar og kambar,  
rygger, eggjar, høer —  
stup og gjel,

skarv og skag,  
piggar og horn —  
og gavlar og botnar,  
fjell, fjell! —  
av alle slag og skap  
svarte, grå,  
med skinande snøhette.

## Markeslåtens påvirkning på vegetasjon og landskap

ASBJØRN MOEN

Områdene i vårt land som ligger opp mot — og i fjellet, regnes i alt vesentlig å tilhøre naturlandskapet. I naturlandskapet skal naturmiljøet være dominerende, og menneskeverket usynlig eller sterkt underordnet de naturgitte faktorer. Det landskap der store deler av naturen er omformet og raffinert for landbruksformål, kalles kulturlandskapet.

Inngrep i våre dager i fjellet gjennom vegbygging, kraftutbygging, gruvedrift o.a., kan på kort tid føre til veldige omforminger og ødeleggelser av naturlandskapet.

Tidligere tiders inngrep i fjellet var oftest mindre drastiske, og gikk som regel ut på å høste av naturens produksjon.

I mange dalfører i Norge har områdene opp mot fjellet utgjort en viktig del av næringsgrunnlaget. For mange bygder gjaldt at det meste av jordflekkene en hadde i dalen måtte brukes til dyrking av korn og annen menneskeføde. Gjennom seterbruket ble områdene opp mot fjellet nyttet som beiteområder en stor del av sommeren. Beitet foregikk innen bestemte områder, mens andre — oftest mer produktive — ble brukt til slåttemark. I tillegg til høy ble det brukt mye tilleggsfôr, som for en stor del også ble hentet fra seterstrøkene: lauv, lav, lyng, bær osv. Dessuten ble det i en helt annen utstrekning enn nå hogd ved og tømmer, både til driften i marka og heimebruk. Menneskene levde med naturen i det en kaller høstingsbruket. De områdene som ble mest intenst brukt i seter- og slåttebruket, kom til å bære sterkt preg av utnyttningen. Med en viss rett kan disse områdene sies å tilhøre kulturlandskapet.

### Markeslåtten

Den del av utslåtten (slått på udyrket mark) som forekommer i områdene opp mot — og i fjellet, kaller jeg markeslått.