



Midtsæterdalen mot Hammarkleiva og Hogsgåsa.

og Jonstjønnen som fra gammelt av er grenseskillet mellom Orkedalen og Hemnebygdene. Videre Gammelbudalen og Sæterdalen med Hammarkleiva, nesten uberørte trakter den meste tida av året med Strengvatna, Grønnaldsvatna, Middagstjønnen og Kari-tjern. Og bakom Hogsgåsa atter igjen en ny fjellverden, kjent av mange, men ukjent for de fleste, med fjelldaler, vatn, elv og sæterbruk. Ei slik sæter er Berdalssetra som ligger straks nord for Hogsågåsa og som gir det fineste utsyn over Holla-marka, som ligger noe lågere med sine vatn og skoger, sætrer og garder og videre ut mot Hemnebygdene og Nordmørs-fjella.

Jo — her er plass nok! Et eldorado for fjellvandreren og fri-luftsentusiasten!

Bird Life in Trollheimen

HARRIET DAVIDSON

The beautiful country of Norway has attracted our family to spend two long summers there, and the memory of a Week-long walk through Sylene, staying overnight at Trondheim Turistforening's lodges at Stordal, Storeriksvollen, Nedalshytta and Stugudal, probably more than any other thing lured us back again.

Ten years ago our Norwegian cousins, Arfinn and Bjørg Haugnes, had planned our hostel vacation for us. This time we bent our heads together over the map of Trollheimen because my husband and I were intent on looking for birds in that region. We had read an extensive article about bird life near *Gjevilvassvannet* in the 1957 Yearbook and we had already spent six weeks photographing birds in Norway. We had learned their Norwegian names and were eager to share the adventure of birdwatching with our native friends.

We began walking from *Grindal* to *Jøldalshytta* on a sunny July day, four adults, our teenage daughter and her friend, and our 12-year-old son. The wide road eventually became a narrow, rocky trail as we constantly climbed. *Løvsangeren* sang from thick woods, the *rødvingetrost* slipped quietly from tree to tree flashing the bright coloring under his wings; and during our lunch stop we looked down into a ravine while the black-masked *rødstjert* posed and sang for us and the orange-breasted *bjerkfink* buzzed nearby. Late in the afternoon we came upon a large *sæter* where *linerler* flincked their tails from tatched roofs' the *heipiplerke* fluttered up from the meadow and *svalene* darted to and fro. Lingerling to take pictures, we were far behind the rest of our group, and it was early evening when we finally circled the end of the lake and found *Jøldalshytta* fortunately with the table set for dinner. We eat meatballs and potatoes as if we would never see food again.

The next morning we set out for *Trollheimshytta* over «*Geithetta*» and our first surprise was the *blåtrost* showing his bright blue and red throat from a nearby bush and singing his tinkly, metallic song. A few minutes later the *heilo*, outlined against the brown field, announced his presence by repeating his plaintive call. The *linerler* and *heipiplerker* were our constant companions. By noon we had reached a rushing river crossed by a log bridge; so we settled down to eat lunch and watch for a *fossefall* which surely would live in such a cascading water. Not a *fossefall*, but the *ringtrost* with his white crescent breast flashed by on his way upstream.

Now we had come to the dividing place in the trail. A steep ascent brought us quickly to higher ground and we began our climb to «*Geithetta*». Clouds blotted out the sun and the wind began to blow; perhaps if we had known what lay ahead of us we would not have pressed on so eagerly. Instead of following the ledge of the glacier-made valley, we headed directly toward the top of the mountain, each crest succeeded by another even higher and more rocky. The wind blew so hard that we had to bend our heads against it; occasionally it blew away the mist around us so we could barely see the winding stream in the bottom of the valley. No birds up here, we thought. But there were: *Snøspurv* on a patch of snow. We saw them when late in the afternoon we stopped for tea under the shelter of some giant rocks. After that we continued to climb. It seemed we had been climbing forever. Beside us we saw fields of snow, little lakes of blue and turquoise, and black boulders everywhere, challenging our courage to jump from one to another while water thundered underneath. Sometimes we stopped to rest. At one stop two *ravn* flew overhead; at another *gjøken* called from a distant forest. At last we were going downward, quickly, jerkily, but not too fast to notice the *steinskvett* perched on a rock silhouetted against the gray sky.

Trollheimshytta was our home for an extra day. Baby *kjøttmeis* lived in a nest under our window and the yellow, grey and black parents alighted repeatedly on the clothesline before proceeding to the next with food. *Blåmeis* flitted in the trees surrounding the yard while *svart og hvit fluesnapper* fed young in several old nest boxes.

Even the rain could not deter us from starting back to *Jøldals-*
100 *hytta* through *Svartådalen*. Along the sandy banks ran the long-

legged *strandsntpe*, teetering and piping. The day was not kind to photographers but the trail was an easy walk, and by now our search for birds had stirred an interest in some of the other guests who had crossed our path. Everyone went out to look at *sivspurv* feeding babies.

So far the *fossefall* had eluded us, but we would give it one more chance. *Gjevilvasshytta* was our goal on the fifth day. We half expected to hear *hakkspett* in the birch forest, but the only sound was the tinkling of bells on the goat herds. *Gråsisik* posed on the fence posts near the road leading to the cottage. Then, on an evening walk, my husband caught the swooping black and white flight of the *mellomspett* and recorded on film its characteristic shape against the tree.

Our last day in the mountains. Immediately after breakfast we went to the nearby mountain stream and hardly had we started up its flower-bordered banks when we noticed a slight, repeated movement on a gray rock. We could hardly believe our eyes! There a baby *fossefall* bounced and bounced on his big, sturdy feet. Obviously if we waited we would see the parent. Soon we heard the warning call as she emerged from the high walls of the canyon. She saw us and swerved away up the waterfall. Cautiously we followed and one by one discovered the rest of the family three more bouncing *fossefall* children, bravely flying upstream from one wet rock to another, inching their way up sheer walls, attempting to feed themselves in the rushing water. We summoned our family and friends and all day long we quietly watched the never-tiring spectacle of this unusual bird rearing its young ones. Our day with the *fossefaller* was a surprising and fitting climax to our mountain «birding» holiday.