

# Mountain Lodges Dot Norwegian Countryside

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of three articles by Gary Grikscheit, 17, who spent most of the summer in Norway on the American Field Service student exchange program. Gary, who lives at 24275 W. 14 Mile, Bingham Farms, is an honor student and a senior prefect at Cranbrook school. He is on the Cranes' wrestling and track teams, and the school's church cabinet. He left for Norway June 20, returned home Sept. 9.

By GARY GRIKSCHKEIT

Last week, I related my experiences in reaching the home of my second family in Oslo, a little of my stay there, and my departure to meet all the other FS'ers in Norway at Hovring, a mountain lodge.

Norway is covered with wonderful lodges, tucked away in the mountains. You might call these the Norwegian's hide-out. Here, among the mountains, streams, and woodlands, he takes hikes, goes skiing in winter, and relaxes.

Men and women, young and old, go for long tramps on the many paths which lead from lodge to lodge. Some fish, others pick berries. It is here, warmly clad in sweaters, knickers, heavy boots, and carrying packs that the Norwegian finds solitude and outstanding beauty.

EACH INTRICATE sweater pattern represents a valley, town, or area, and there are separate patterns for men and women. The dress of the people and the beautiful scenery furnish a proper setting for any lodge or camp. The most interesting retreats are mammoth log buildings built in the beginning of the last century. They resemble the pioneer cabin, but surpass it in comfort, size, and conveniences. Old wooden bowls, painted with the traditional Norwegian red and blue, skins on the tight, but chinkless walls, and a collection of copper cooking utensils around the fireplace, give these lodges an individual atmosphere all their own.

HOVERING, where all the AFS summer students came together, has additional charm. It is located well up in the mountains near the heart of the most rugged country in Norway.

While we were there, folk dancers came up from the valley, and an expert on folk music played the many instruments of the shepherd and woodman. Food tastes best when you are hungry. At Hovring, after long hikes, we enjoyed Norwegian food in its prime. The Scandinavian diet is much different from ours in the States. Cheese, grain, and potatoes form the backbone of Norway's kitchen.

DISTINCTLY different dishes may be encountered, ranging

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—from rhubarb to strawberry, sour milk or cream, honey, mountain butter, and various breads which include a thin crisp flatbread, knek-knekd—a rectangular hard, crunchy, rye-cracker, any number of concentrate syrups made from fresh berries and citrus fruits, fish without which the Norwegian cook

would fail, plus a variety of sausages.  
AFTER THE first snowfall in the mountains, it was time to leave for the States. But the adventures of the summer had not been without their purpose. The American Field Service deserves the highest possible praise for its excellent program, promoting world brotherhood.  
When the last leg of the journey home had been completed, I thought of the AFS motto: "Walk together, talk together O ye peoples of the earth: then and only then shall ye have peace."

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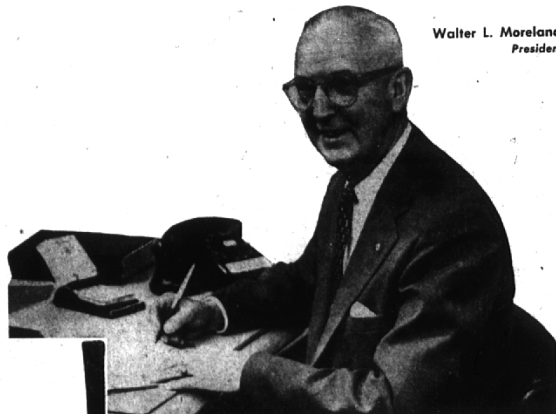


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## Scouts Receive Award

Congratulations are in order for Zachary Endress (left), 1790 Piverton and Ronald Cousineau, 529 Westbourne, who Monday night received eagle awards at a court of honor in Holy Name auditorium. This reward is the highest honor that a member of the scouts can receive. The boys are both members of Holy Name Boy Scout Troop B-12 and scoutmaster is Harry Stark.

## Horner

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and pulled out an extremely fat

"Little Jack Horner... Little Jack Horner!" shouted the plum frantically. "Please leave that raisin alone! He is from a stupid lot, distantly related to me."

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Plum," interrupted Little Jack Horner happily, and quickly stuck his thumb into the pie very gently, so as not to stick the poor plum in the eye again.

"NOW GRAB hold of my thumb and this time I'll bring you out safely," he said.

Puffing and panting the poor, tired plum climbed back up on Little Jack Horner's thumb.

"Well, I must take back all the things I thought and said about you," he added, correcting himself. "You are indeed a very good and helpful boy. I shall see that you are well rewarded when I visit my delightful cousins, the Sugar-Plums on Christmas-Tree Lane. Very carefully, Little Jack Hor-

ner set the droll little Plum down on the floor and watched him slowly walk off on his thin, shaky legs trailing a juicy stream like the train of a royal King after him. "Goodbye, Mr. Plum," called Little Jack Horner and then he turned and stuck his thumb in the Christmas Pie again!  
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