

leading to the Dôme de la Sache. The top part took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour up and down, and it was a relief to get once more below the ridge and be sheltered from the wind. The rest of the descent was made in warm sunshine, and we regained the chalets in 3 hours 20 min. from the top, the ascent having taken us 5 hours. Hence Rond returned to Val d'Isère, while my wife and I walked down the valley to Bourg St. Maurice, for which Ball allots four hours; an allowance we considerably exceeded. The Hotel des Voyageurs is labelled by Ball as 'not good,' but we found it very comfortable and moderate, and our experience was confirmed by others. Next morning we took the 11 o'clock diligence to Moutiers, caught the 2.47 train, and arrived at Chambéry in time for dinner at the Grand Hotel de France.

Be it said, in conclusion, that anyone who thinks of visiting these parts will be sure of finding good accommodation at Pralognan, Bonneval, and Val d'Isère, the principal centres on the French side of the chain. He will find plenty of expeditions to be made, most of them short, and all commanding extensive panoramic views. The ascents are scarcely to be recommended from a purely climbing point of view, for, with the exception of the Grande Casse and the Mont Pourri, those we made were, as we found them, distinctly simple, and the majority of the peaks appeared by the ordinary route to present similar characteristics. But if this is considered a defect, there are modes of rectifying it. The people are pleasant, access to the district is easy, it forms a convenient half-way house between the great peaks of Dauphiné on the one hand and of Courmayeur on the other, and those who may elect to spend a part at least of their holidays in the Central and Western Graians will, I think, have no reason to regret their choice.

THE EASTERN PEAK OF THE PLATTENHÖRNER.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHILST Tempest Anderson and I were waiting a day or two at the Torrent Alp before François and Sylvain Pession joined us last August some time was spent in photography. I had succeeded in persuading Anderson that it was absolutely necessary for him to devote to the photography of alpine flowers some of that skill which he has so successfully bestowed upon snow-peaks and volcanoes. But when he was good enough to fall in with my suggestion my task began to

be a difficult one, for I was now called upon to suggest suitable subjects. Many choice tufts had fallen victims—some to the hunger and others to the hoofs of the cattle. But the plants I selected, after some discussion, met with more or less approval, and were duly photographed in the presence of the mothers of the herd, to say nothing of a possible future father of herds, who with very gruff utterance and truculent gestures gave us to understand that he meant some day to be in a position to speak with his enemies on the mountain side. I hope some time to say more of these flower photographs. The patience required to 'take' them successfully was excessive. Every wretched little breath—I will not say gust—of wind shook the frail stems of the beautiful creatures to such an extent that a successful photograph seemed impossible. If, like Ulysses, the photographer could persuade Æolus to give him the winds in a bag, he might—but no—he would have to be more exigent than the son of Laertes, for not even one wind must be left free, or woe to the photograph. Woe also to the suggester of flower photography. 'Oh, yes, the camera's all right, but look at the flower—what do you call the thing? How is anybody to take a subject that shakes like that?' 'Yes, it is difficult.' 'Difficult? It's impossible!' Then fortune favoured us; the wind ceased, and the desired work was done.

We visited the Torrenthorn, a fine view-point; the Galmhorn, another such spot; and other places; but to me the Plattenhörner and the bare gaunt cliffs of the Rinderhorn, where decay's fingers had been so busy that but little beauty lingered there, were the chief attraction. But the greatest attraction of all was the ridge leading up to the eastern head of the eastern point of the Plattenhörner. The peak, of course, is of small altitude, but seen across the basin of Leukerbad, it was distinctly imposing, and when I read of the Plattenhörner in Mr. Hasler's 'Climbers' Guide' that, so far as could be known, they had not been climbed, that eastern peak immediately became most desirable.

On August 13 we went up to the Gemmi, where we found the *Hôtel Wildstrubel* much enlarged and improved. I believe whilst we were there seventy travellers were accommodated on one night, and the head waitress told us that on one occasion this summer eighty-four tourists had slept there. Some of these were, in a new sense, birds of passage; or perhaps I should say, birds of passages.

On August 14 Anderson and Sylvain departed to the scene of the *Altels* avalanche (of 1895) to take photographs, while



Photo by Tempest Anderson.

(Swan Electric Engraving Co.)

THE PLATTENHÖRNER FROM THE TORRENT ALP.

François and I started for the Plattenhörner. As we went, the day continued to improve, and the weather became delightful. We passed quite an unusual number of little alpine plants in flower when we had turned off to the right from the road to Kandersteg, and on the afternoon of the same day, after our return from the Plattenhörner, I found large numbers of blossoms among the rocks on the other side of the road. I have noticed, in common probably with most travellers, that the flowers that one remembers best vary in different seasons. This year *Ranunculus alpestris* and *Androsace glacialis* made the strongest impression on my memory, the former being, at any rate during the period of our stay there, the special flower of the Torrent Alp. *Gentiana purpurea* was in many places very conspicuous.

We had already discovered that there were cairns on the two higher peaks of the Plattenhörner. We therefore decided to try the most eastern point, more especially as we wished to examine its ridge, which runs down towards the Alte Gemmi, and is so conspicuous from the Torrent Alp. The northern face of the mountain consists of smooth slabs, but examination discovered a fault in the middle of the line of slabs well to the east, and to that we directed our course. We scrambled up without difficulty, and soon reached the western head of our peak. There we found a cairn evidently of some age.

We were both impressed by the terrible precipices which fell sheer for hundreds of feet. Even here many little alpine plants successfully braved the storms of a home as bleak and battered as could well be imagined. An examination of our surroundings showed that the eastern head of our peak was higher than the western head on which we were standing. François estimated the difference between the two at 2 mètres. It took us five minutes to reach this eastern head.

On it we built a cairn. The ridge falling to the Alte Gemmi was seductively steep and sharp in appearance, but a brief inspection decided us to let it alone. The rocks were obviously so rotten, and so many loose stones lay about, that serious risk would have been incurred in attempting its descent, so we consoled ourselves with the panorama and the 'flower in the crannied wall.' The view of the great mountains from the Fletschhorn to Mont Blanc was splendid, but there was just that touch of menace in the latter to bid us make the most of our fine weather, for his head was cloud-covered. The Bietschhorn was the monarch of the east,

with the pretty little sharp-pointed Wilerhorn in attendance upon him.

Many alpine plants grew upon both points of our peak, some in cracks and crevices on the very edge of the precipices. The most striking amongst them were masses of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* (now out of flower), such as the one shown in Anderson's photograph. This photograph was chosen as typical of the many plants which we found amongst the rocks on the Torrent Alp.

Then we lunched and fell to confidential talk, not only on mountains, but on many other topics. Those who engage first this guide and then that may be well served, and may enjoy the pleasure of knowing a brave and trustworthy man, but to enjoy such pleasures to the full the traveller and the guide must have made many expeditions together.

By-and-by we returned to the western head, and then followed the ridge to the great gap between our peak and the one next to the west. Here there was a gully, which we gazed at with amazement. Its walls were excessively steep, and seemed to be slowly crumbling away. Descent or ascent appeared alike impossible. Even here an alpine cress and saxifrages were growing freely. Below the savage cliffs the eye fell on a steep green ridge, then on pastures, and then on the forest, on the other side of a little valley opposite the Torrenthorn. The confining walls, while they narrowed the view, intensified its impressiveness; for seen at the foot of such a pitiless wall even an ordinary green meadow takes to itself a glow and a fascination which it is far from possessing when surveyed from the edge of the village or the skirts of the forest.

Then we hurried down, for François thought haste advisable, as the sun was shining on the face of the mountain and water was trickling in many places. Loose stones lay everywhere on the slabby slopes, and made the descent easy but monotonous. Here I had ample opportunity for admiring the skill with which my companion picked up our morning's route over what was to the untrained eye a featureless rock-strewn slope. We got back to the Kandersteg road about 100 mètres from the Gemmi end of the Daubensee, in one hour from the top. The ascent had taken about two hours and a half actual walking.

We found the hotel very comfortable, but thick mists and torrents of rain kept us indoors. Drenched wayfarers from time to time claimed hospitality; and one band of brothers, who carried either in hat or hand large bunches of the alpine

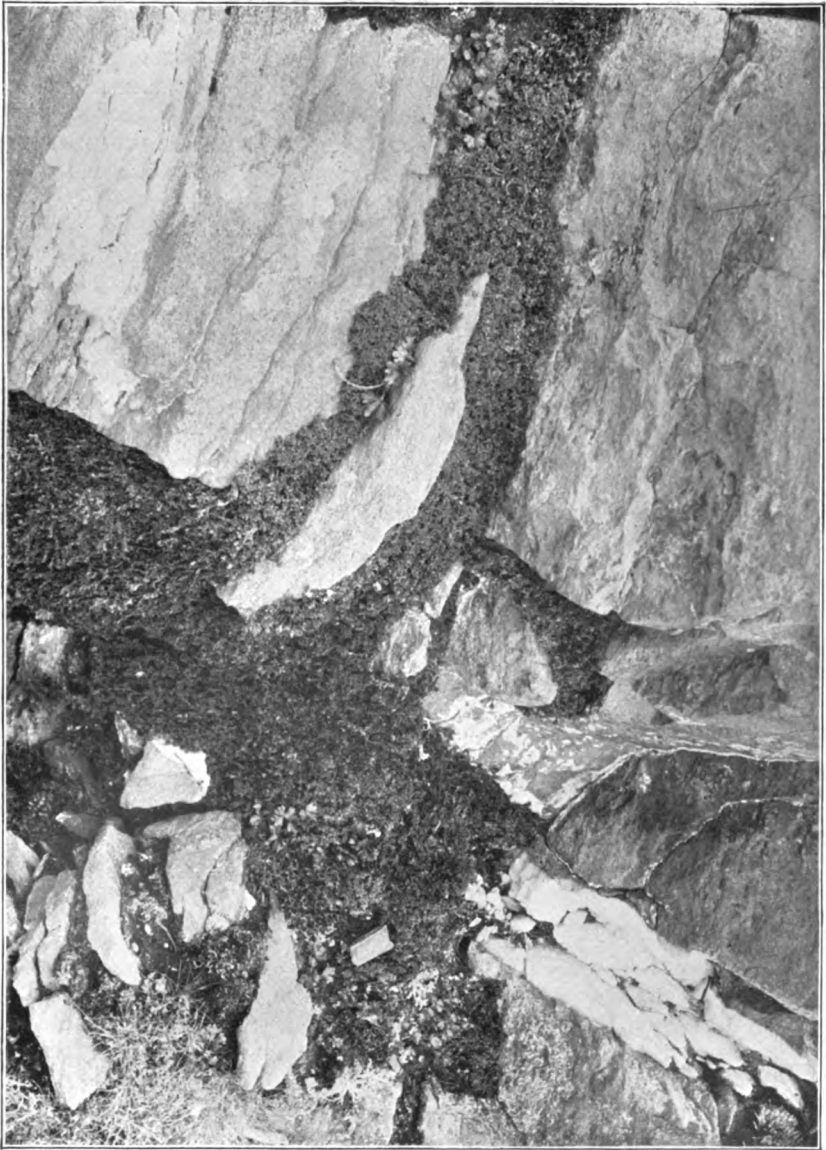


Photo by Tempest Anderson.

[Swan Electric Engraving Co.]

SAXIFRAGA OPPOSITIFOLIA.

rhododendron of the brightest red, were so little affected by the depressing weather that they several times burst into song.

The next day was beautifully fine, and we had a charming drive from Leukerbad to Leuk. On the way I saw masses of mistletoe growing on the pine trees by the roadside near Leuk. I afterwards observed the same thing between Sion and Vex on the way to Arolla.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. W. BROADRICK.

By the sad death of R. W. Broadrick, on Scafell, on September 21, at the early age of thirty-one, the Club has lost one of the most active of its junior members. Educated at Haileybury and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was well known both as an oar and a musician, he became an assistant master, first at Bedford Grammar School and then at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

His home was at Windermere, and he had fully availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded him for becoming familiar with the fells and crags of the Lake District. He was possessed of great powers of endurance, and well known for his walking feats. In September 1901 he started with a companion from Rosthwaite at 3.32 A.M., and within the next twenty-four hours they ascended Great Gable, Pillar Fell, Scafell, Scafell Pike, Great End, Bowfell, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Skiddaw, returning to Rosthwaite at 8.4 A.M. He was a bold and skilful cragsman, and there were few climbs in the district with which he was not well acquainted.

During the last few years he climbed in the Alps each summer, chiefly in the Mont Blanc chain, the Bernese Oberland, and the Dauphiné. He had a keen love of the mountains, and his mode of spending an off day was to climb a peak of 10,000 ft.

In 1901, a few days after traversing the two Drus, he attempted to make a way straight up the face of the Charmoz from the Mer de Glace, but after encountering and overcoming considerable difficulties the party were forced to beat a retreat when within 200 ft. of the summit. The article in the present number on the first traverse of the Aiguille Sans Nom describes, perhaps, the finest climb that he had accomplished. This very summer he was climbing in the Bernese Oberland, where he ascended several peaks and made two new expeditions.

He was an ideal climbing companion, at once inspiring others with enthusiasm, and yet ever careful as to the management of the rope. Very sad is it to think that this fine tall figure will never again be seen striding along apparently as fresh at the end of a long and arduous climb as at the beginning.