

during the funeral at Valtournanche. A few days later he went out of his mind and had to be placed in an asylum—where he died shortly after.⁸

EDOUARD MONOD-HERZEN.

[Two short narratives of this deplorable event will be found in 'A.J.' 46, 421-3.

Students of Alpine history will recollect the fatal abandonment of Josef Brantschen in the Italian Matterhorn hut in 1879 ('A.J.' 9, 373-81), together with the death of Mr. F. C. Borekardt near the site of the present Solvay in 1886 ('A.J.' 13, 95-110, 166-171, 264-5, 421-2). Mr. Coolidge's severe but masterly critiques are as true to-day as fifty-six and forty-nine years ago respectively.—*Editor*, 'A.J.']

A NOTE ON THE BAVARIAN ALPS.

A BRIEF note on the Bavarian Alps may not be out of place, in case there are members of the Club whom circumstances may take, as they took me this summer, to Southern Germany. It is sometimes forgotten that, over some 150 miles of her southern border, Bavaria is a real Alpine country, with scores of peaks between 7000 and nearly 10,000 ft., with Alpine lakes of unrivalled beauty, and even with two or three small glaciers. The chief ranges are the Allgäu Alps round Oberstdorf, which, however, I did not visit, the Wetterstein range extending between Garmisch and Mittenwald, the Karwendel E. of Mittenwald, and the Berchtesgaden Alps round the Königssee.

Like the Dolomites, only more so, there are few peaks that do not offer one easy way up. The highest of all, the Zugspitze, has a funicular to the summit and a hotel just below. But there is unlimited climbing, of the *Kletterschuhe* type and of every degree of difficulty, without descending to the invention of purely fancy routes. Most, although not all, of the climbs are relatively short—if one uses the huts. But there is at any rate one climb of the first magnitude, the E. face of Watzmann,¹ which, though barely 9000 ft. high, presents an unbroken rock face 1800 m. or more than 6000 ft. on the Königssee side, probably the biggest and perhaps most impressive wall in the whole range of the Alps. This has a terrific local reputation, and even the normally conservative Meyer's *Hochtourist* describes it as involving 9-16 hrs. on the rock, usually with a bivouac on the way. The route is complicated and zigzags about from shelf to shelf; the difficulty of finding it may make it longer for guideless climbers and

⁸ When I left Valtournanche in September, the rescue parties had been compensated by a subscription raised among the summer residents of Breuil by the exertions of Guido Rey and his friend Camillo Giussani. This was the guides' sole indemnity.

¹ *A.J.* 31, 268.

has, no doubt, been responsible for a heavy list of fatal accidents. I climbed with a couple of good guides and we were up comfortably in 6½ hrs. Nor, except for one traverse out of an overhanging chimney, which requires a longer reach of arm and leg than I own, would I call the climbing anywhere of really first-class difficulty. But it is a climb well worth doing, and worth keeping in mind by those who may be in adjacent parts of the Austrian Alps.

These Bavarian border ranges are indeed best combined with the Austrian rock ranges, such as the Kaisergebirge, just over the border, or even with the higher snow climbs of the Oetztal, Stubai, Venediger and Glockner groups. One can leave Mittenwald at noon by train and with the help of the motor-bus from Innsbruck be up in one's hut in the Stubai valley the same evening. Or one can reach the Glocknerhaus, by the new motor road, in a very few hours from Berchtesgaden. The German interdict against travel in Austria does not apply to foreigners, and can always be waived for German guides climbing with foreign *Herren*. I had no difficulty in getting an excellent guide, and, reckoned in German tourist marks, a time engagement at 12 marks a day, including keep, works out at a mere fraction of the present Swiss rate. Tariffs for individual climbs vary from 20 marks up to 100 marks for the Watzmann face.

The Bavarian Alps are limestone and apt to be dry. In compensation there are no mountains in the world where beer flows so copiously, so coolly, and of such admirable quality, at so many points and at such great altitudes! It flows in two shades, 'hell' and 'dunkel,' and, in spite of the alleged preference of gentlemen for blondes, I have never yet been able to make up my mind which is the better, even after meditating upon the problem down the whole of an arid scree valley. One solution is to order a large mug of each and then, upon the immediate impression, decide which to go on with seriously. For those who have passed the stage of mere quantitative thirst there are all the light wines of the Rhine, Moselle or Palatinate in seductive little glass beakers. There is 'Apfelsaft,' like Devon cider but practically non-alcoholic, and 'Himbeersaft,' *i.e.* raspberry syrup, and last, but not least, excellent coffee, both hot and iced. To those, indeed, who climb in order to justify a thirst, or enhance an appetite, the Bavarian Alps should make a quite exceptional appeal.

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A WEEK-END ON THE HOHER GOELL.

IT was on Friday evening, June 29, 1934, that we three¹ met again by arrangement at the little inn at Berchtesgaden for another high tour in the eastern Bavarian Alps. A year ago I had started from here with my two Bavarian friends for our somewhat unpleasant experience on the E. face of the near-by Watzmann; this time our objective

¹ Herren W. Schmidtbauer, H. Lehmann and the writer.