

## EDITORIAL

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Counting the 1933 Bulletin as the first of our Journals, this present issue is the tenth. The twenty years spanned by these publications have witnessed the development of a paradoxical situation in world communications: travel has become immensely faster and easier; and travelling has become increasingly more difficult. This is a situation highly irksome to the mountaineer who wishes to extend his knowledge of the earth's high and secret places. He tends to long for the freedom of movement of mediaeval times, when one had only to carry a troubadour's guitar, or pose as a wandering scholar, to get within reach of European or Near Eastern peaks at least. True, there were footpads and wolves to be reckoned with then. But while the modern ice-axe, or a deftly-wielded crampon, should prove efficient footpad-abaters, the modern Customs Officials and Frontier Guards are not to be foiled by such means. A cramponed Customs Officer might well lead to the concentration camp, third degree, and an exchange of Notes between Foreign Offices.

In spite of these barbarous restrictions on the human right of seeing the world, in spite of a currency allowance which has made the English abroad a tribe of destitute Ishmaels, members of our Association have, as the following pages show, climbed far and wide. We have here accounts of ascents in East Africa and North Wales, in Spitsbergen and Switzerland, in the Himalaya and the Arctic Nordland, in Jugo-Slavia and Scotland and Dauphiné. A club of Midlanders, based on the most inland city of Britain, may take a certain pride in the fact that its representatives have sought adventure in places so far afield and with such measure of success.

The increased currency allowance may herald a more rational world outlook. We may soon be able to employ our favourite Swiss guide, or even to get as far as one of those hundreds of unclimbed twenty-thousanders whose ascent-appeal increases with each new peak bagged by fortunate ecologists, geologists, and professors of sociology in the Himalaya. It may not, after all, be so very long before the *bourgeoisie* are admitted to the slopes of Mount Stalin.