

## EDITORIAL.

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The ninth issue of our JOURNAL emerges into a world of dissension. The ancient formulas for the spiritual advancement of mankind have been flung aside by a large proportion of the human race ; the great Marxist theory that all morality, religion, philosophy and art is controlled and determined by the distribution of material wealth has conquered half the world, and in doing so has raised up a strong but incoherent opposition.

To some of us the world of mountains may seem to reflect, *in petto*, this basic dissension. The skirmish between the industrial exploiters of the Welsh hills and those who urge the necessity of preserving them inviolate is, perhaps, the merest affair of outposts ; but it is none the less a collision of essentially opposed ideas, and the point at issue—whether material values or spiritual values are to take precedence when a choice has to be made—is one of some importance. Many people regard the need for more electricity as far more pressing than the need for preserving an age-old source of spiritual strength. Power, not Truth, is the goal of modern energy. Beauty, well enough in its way, must if necessary be sacrificed to the great god of Increased Production. The light by which the nations live is Electric Light. It is a very old and fallacious doctrine : Make yourself comfortable and Virtue will follow.

What has all this to do with mountain-climbing? Mountaineering is neither a religion nor a philosophy. It is, purely and simply, a sport. Yet by our very pursuit of it we range ourselves in opposition to the materialists. The mountaineer in action is the negation of Marxist Man. He expends vast energies without the least idea of benefiting the State thereby ; he toils and suffers cheerfully without increasing production ; he deliberately spurns the material comforts of industrial civilisation and finds lasting happiness without them. What he seeks through his sport, he alone can tell. What he owes to the many who will come to the hills in years to come, each must assess for himself. What he gains may perhaps be read, or glimpsed between the lines, in the pages that follow.