

GREETING

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BY SIR EDMUND WALKER

I have been *directed* (that being, I suppose, the right word to use when the most potent influence in the Alpine Club issues a decree) to write an article for the Alpine Journal. As I am not a writer and know practically nothing about alpine climbing this is, like the ascent of certain mountains, a tall order. Before I begin, however, I wish to express my pride as well as my surprise at being elected Honorary President of the Club, to fill the place of one of the greatest of Canadians, the late Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G. Although I am not a climber, it has been a keen pleasure to me for many years to be a member of the Club, and no worshipper from a safe distance has more deeply admired its many feats, its climbing, its scientific work, its glorious photographs, its camp life and good fellowship and all the other delightful evidences of what may be enjoyed "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and if I can serve the Club in any other way than by ascending mountains, I am at its command.

I have never doubted the usefulness of the Alpine Club, nor can I quite understand the attitude of those who regard it merely as an association of men and women bent solely on the gratification of their own pleasure, although, even if there were no loftier motives involved, the Club would still rank high among human institutions. We call ourselves a civilized community, but we still know so little about our own country that the exploration and description of our mountains constitute in themselves a great addition to our knowledge and when such descriptions are accompanied by a wealth of photographs, not only of exquisite art as photographs, but portraying objects beautiful, grand,