

father (Dean of Guild Meff), said:—"He was a fine organiser, so cool and level-headed, and quite devoted to his work. As a member of our mess he will be much missed. His sense of humour was very keen, and he often cheered us all up by his amusing mimicry."

Lieutenant Meff was an all-round sportsman. He was a prominent member of the Aberdeenshire Cricket Club, and was also a very keen fisherman; he knew the Braemar water well, and also the surrounding lochs. He was, too, a photographer of fine discrimination, choosing his subjects largely from the mountains: an admirable specimen of his work, "Glen Lui," appears in Vol. VII. of the *Journal*.

Few corners of the Club's playground were unfamiliar to "Bill" Meff, and he was well acquainted with the animal and bird life of the glen and the hillside. He was one of the "Ultramontane" members of the Club, being exceptionally keen on snow-climbing; he had cut snow and ice-steps up most of the corries and gullies of the Cairngorms. It was a pleasure to those who climbed with him to see his fine figure and smiling face and to hear his humorous remarks. These were never lacking even in the foulest weather, and often, after a strenuous day, they enlivened the homeward journey along the mountain paths he loved so well.

JAMES MCCOSS.

WILLIAM ALFRED HAWES.

Died, 11th July, 1916.

Mr. Hawes was one of the little party of six who founded the Cairngorm Club; two-thirds of them, alas! have now joined the majority. The story of the originating of the Club was told by one of them in the first number of the *Journal* (page 7), and from it the following passage may be quoted: "My letter crossed one from him [the Secretary] to me intimating that he and a couple of friends were just starting for the Loch Builg district, and that a few of our common friends in

Aberdeen, under the guidance of our future first Chairman, were to pick me up at Inverey during the afternoon of the Jubilee Day on their way to Ben Muich Dhui. The intention was that the two parties should unite in Glen Derry and proceed to the top of the mighty Ben." That and the other items of the programme were duly carried out; the laird of Invercauld had been good enough to allow the Secretary and his two friends to put up at Loch Builg Cottage for several days. A memorable holiday was spent there by the trio, of whom Mr. Hawes—he was always "William" to his friends—was one; the Eastern Cairngorms were explored, as well as the head streams of the Don. The last day was devoted to walking across the tops of Ben Avon and Beinn a'Bhuird, so as to reach the rendezvous in Glen Derry.

Other excursions followed; and, as Mr. Hawes was an expert photographer, the Club had the benefit of illustrations from his camera (including the frontispiece to Vol. I.), whilst his slides, especially of snow-scenes, were in much request by lecturers on Scottish mountains.

Mr. Hawes left Aberdeen in 1900 to superintend the erection at Lowestoft of a new provision factory for his employers—Messrs. Morton—and of this factory he remained the manager till his death. He combined business capacity and integrity with a most genial personality, while at the same time he was particularly happy in his domestic relations. His two sons hold commissions in the army, and his elder daughter has been serving as a nurse in a military hospital. He is also survived by his wife.

ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHE.

MR. GEORGE J. SHEPHERD, an original member of the Club, died on 12th July, aged 72.

Mention should not be omitted of the death of Mr. John Mitchell, retired gamekeeper, Inverey, Braemar,

which occurred with tragic suddenness on the road while he was proceeding homeward from Mar Lodge on the afternoon of the 30th November. Mr. Mitchell was at one time the occupant of the lonely Corrour Bothy, at the foot of Cairntoul, was promoted to the keepership at Bynack Lodge, and was latterly stalker in Glen Ey. He was well-known to many members of the Club. An appreciative notice of him appeared in the *Free Press* of 4th December.

WHY CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS?

Why climb the mountains? I will tell thee why,
And, if my fancy jumps not with thy whim,
What marvel? there is scope beneath the sky
For things that creep, and fly, and walk, and swim.
I love the free breath of the broad-wing'd breeze,
I love the eye's free sweep from craggy rim,
I love the free bird poised at lofty ease,
And the free torrent's far-upsounding hymn ;
I love to leave my littleness behind
In the low vale where little cares are great,
And in the mighty map of things to find
A sober measure of my scanty state,
Taught by the vastness of God's pictured plan
In the big world how small a thing is man !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.