

In Memoriam.

GEORGE T. ROBERTSON WATT.

G. T. ROBERTSON WATT, M.B., Ch.B., Surgeon-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., was reported at the beginning of May to have been lost when the destroyer H.M.S. "Wryneck" was bombed and sunk on April 27, 1941, during the evacuation of the Imperial Forces from Greece. (Survivors who managed to get on to the Carley floats were ruthlessly machine-gunned either on them or in the water.) He was the eldest son of Dr Theodore Watt, Culter House, Milltimber.

Having graduated in medicine in 1936, Dr Watt became assistant to Dr George Mitchell, Inch, and in the following year was appointed one of the Resident Medical Officers, for a year, at Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. Subsequently he was Resident Surgeon at Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, Middlesex, at the Aberdeen Maternity Hospital, and at Jessop Hospital, Sheffield. In June 1940 he was commissioned as a Surgeon-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., and shortly afterwards was posted to H.M.S. "Wryneck" in the East Mediterranean.

He started climbing at an early age, having been on Mount Keen and Morven, with his father, before he was nine years old. Thereafter, during successive family holidays at Braemar and on Speyside, he got the opportunity, which he eagerly seized, of becoming acquainted with the Cairngorms and with the other high hills in the area. Much of his climbing was done with a single companion, Mr J. Hector Gray, who accompanied him on several visits to the Western Highlands as well as to the Lake District, and who writes of their last holiday together :—

"Only a few days before the outbreak of war we were lying on the braes above Loch Ewe. The sun was shining, and nothing was there to disturb our peace but the lazy drone of insects, the occasional scream of a gull fishing in the loch, or the steady lap of waters on the shore. But

although our bodies were at rest that August afternoon, our minds were rarely more active—we knew that Britain was on the brink of war, and it was impossible for us not to wonder what was going to happen next.

“ ‘ What is the first thing you will do when the war is over ? ’
I asked in a cheerful attempt to bridge an awkward gap.

“ ‘ Meet you here, if you like ? ’ was the swift response.”
Such was his love for the Scottish countryside.

CHARLES LUDWIG.

MEMBERS will have heard with regret news of the death of Pilot-Officer Charles Ludwig on active service with the R.A.F.

Charles Ludwig joined the Club in 1924 and did a considerable amount of climbing, although he seldom attended Meets of the Club or even climbed very much with Club members. Much practice, often in unusual places, culminated in the unorthodox ascent of the Mitchell Tower in the dark, accompanied by a skeleton, which continued to leer over Marischal Quadrangle for some days. More orthodox work included ascents of the Mitre Ridge, Beinn a' Bhùird, in September 1933, made without knowledge of the first ascents of July of that year; and of the Douglas-Gibson Gully, Lochnagar, also in September 1933. Although conditions were excellent after an exceptionally dry spell, Ludwig regarded the latter climb as dangerous throughout on account of the unsatisfactory nature of the rock. All who have looked at the exit will agree and admire the tenacity of purpose of the lone climber who achieved the ascent. Subsequently he visited the Dolomites, to which his own great skill on rock naturally attracted him, but on his climbs here he was as reticent as on his exploits at home. So far as is known only two notes, and these brief, found their way to print.

Ludwig graduated M.B., Ch.B., at Aberdeen in 1934 and became, subsequently, lecturer in Physiology at Leeds. Early in 1941 he volunteered for service with the R.A.F. and obtained his commission only a month or two ago. With his passing the Club loses a remarkable cragsman and a man of outstanding ability and character.