

IN MEMORIAM

EDWIN CAMILLO OPPENHEIM

1868-1941

EDWIN OPPENHEIM, whose death occurred in Switzerland in February last, was for many years an enthusiastic climber. Elected to the Alpine Club in February 1895, on the same day as the writer of this obituary, he remained an ardent lover of the Alps, of the Swiss peasantry, in fact, of all mountainous regions and their peoples up to the end of his life. Oppenheim had accomplished a great deal of mountaineering in every part of the Alps, including the Dolomites and even such comparatively neglected districts as the Cottians and Maritimes. But most of his important ascents occurred in the Mont Blanc range and the Eastern Pennines. Edwin was wont to describe himself as a 'timid' climber. Cautious he may have been; unsuited to guideless climbing he certainly was, but with leaders in whom he had confidence he was prepared to accomplish all the most difficult ascents in vogue during the period 1893-1908. On a mountain he was a picturesque and well-knit figure, dressed invariably after Saastal or Val d'Hérens fashions, but cut unquestionably by Savile Row *artistes*.

His guides were always men of the very highest rank. They include Alois Pollinger, senior, Josef Pollinger, for whom he had a quite special admiration and affection, and Franz Lochmatter. With the two latter he accomplished the traverse of the Petit to the Grand Dru, one of the earliest traverses without artificial aids. The formidable professional element, avoiding the well-known 'Z,' scaled the higher Aiguille by Franz Lochmatter's previous direct route to the south of the said 'Z.' I believe I am right in stating that a very severe storm alone defeated the same party in an attempt on the Aiguille de Leschaux from the north. This must have been somewhere about the seasons of 1901 or 1902. Oppenheim had a fortunate escape from death in 1902. With the same guides he had crossed one of the formidable cols leading into the Valpelline. Most of the difficulties were over and nothing but easy, if steep, snow slopes were left when Oppenheim detached himself from the rope. Under circumstances precisely analogous to those attending the classic Birkbeck mishap on the Col de Miage,¹ Edwin slipped head foremost down the snow and was not arrested until he had literally flown the bergschrund at the base. He was uninjured in body, but all his fingers as well as his chin were stripped to the bone. No one except possibly himself could be blamed for the mischance, but the victim always maintained that his guides suffered far more than he himself did. Both Josef

¹ *P.P.G.* Second Series, i. 208 *sqq.*

and Franz never ceased to blame themselves to me when I met the party a few days later in Zermatt. It speaks well for Edwin's recuperative powers that within a week of the accident he was able with bandaged fingers and face to accompany W. M. Baker and myself in a walk over the Hohtäligrat and Stockhorn.

Oppenheim served for some years with the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Irish (now Royal Ulster) Rifles. After his resignation he resided almost entirely in Sicily or Switzerland, and although we occasionally corresponded I had not seen him for many years. He was a man of most charming disposition and culture, and if his somewhat *naïf* nature lent itself to occasional practical jokes by his friends, none appreciated the said jokes—if truly humorous—more than the recipient himself. In fact, Edwin Oppenheim never had an enemy.

He was a first cousin of the late Colonel Lawrie Oppenheim,² whose death he felt very deeply.

E. L. STRUTT.

CHARLES THURSTAN HOLLAND

1863-1941

VERY few of our members have been elected entirely on their artistic qualifications; yet the great merit of Thurstan Holland's Alpine photography was sufficient to secure him this honour. He himself did not consider that he was an Alpine climber: he told me once that the passage of the Col du Géant was about his maximum Alpine undertaking. But he loved his Alpine photographs and valued very much his membership of the Alpine Club. Nevertheless he had visited the Alps on many occasions and had done much mountain walking, a number of glacier passes and some peaks. He had also done a little chamois-hunting and he had climbed a little in the English Lakes and in Wales. I knew him for several years before I came across this side of his character: it was at a lecture, illustrated by most strikingly beautiful lantern slides, probably delivered at an evening entertainment of the Seventeenth International Congress of Medicine in London in 1913. Holland was a Vice-President of the Section of Radiology at this Congress. The Club was indebted to the late Capt. Farrar for his introduction and he was undoubtedly an asset to us.

Born at Bridgwater, Somerset, in 1863, he studied medicine at University College Hospital, London. Very soon after he qualified he went to Liverpool as a general practitioner in 1888 and lived there for the remainder of a most successful career. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, being a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, at whose meetings he was a frequent exhibitor and won several medals. He also became President of the Lancashire and

² A.J. 35. 314.



C. THURSTAN HOLLAND.

1863-1941.

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FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT WILLIAM S. BULL, R.A.F.

1907-1940.

[To face p. 64.

Cheshire Photographic Union in 1906-7 and of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association in 1905 and 1916. It is probable that his skill in photography influenced him in taking up radiology as a profession. There is no doubt that it enabled him to obtain results which were ahead of his time. His widespread interests were also shown by his presidency of the Liverpool Wayfarers Club from 1910 to 1912. He was also a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Lancashire.

He was the doyen of British Radiology, starting this work a few months after Röntgen's discovery of X-rays. His friendship with Sir Robert Jones, the premier orthopaedic surgeon of his day, was a great influence in inducing him to take up Radiology as a career.

His contributions to a new and advancing subject were very numerous and he soon set a standard of radiography which few or none of his early contemporaries could live up to. He was, for instance, probably the first radiologist to insist that the kidney outlines must be visible, if a skiagram of this region was to be considered satisfactory. To this beautiful radiography he applied a shrewd and skilful clinical knowledge and logical judgment, with the result that he early became one of the leaders of this branch of medicine. He also interested himself to a certain extent in the therapeutic applications of X-rays and his publications in this branch go back as far as 1899. He was, however, always more interested in the diagnostic side.

Radiological honours, British and foreign, were showered upon him. He was President at one time or another of most of the Radiological Societies and Sections in England; in the case of the Röntgen Society, of which he was one of the earliest members, he received this distinction on two occasions. The honour which gave him the greatest satisfaction was his election as President of the First International Congress of Radiology, held in London in 1925. The Royal College of Surgeons of England also recognised his merit by electing him a member without examination, a rare distinction. He was also LL.D. of Liverpool University.

During the Great War he served in the R.A.M.C. (T.) with the rank of Major, was on the War Office Committee on Radiology and was the expert attached to the Western Command. He held the Territorial Decoration.

He exercised therefore a great influence on British Radiology. With a group of others he helped to start effective teaching of this subject and the establishment of a diploma in it. This has had a world-wide influence, for we were the first country to grant a diploma. He was a fine teacher of Radiology, a good lecturer and a humorous speaker.

The first record of a visit to the Alps was in 1901 and we have eight records of visits before the Great War. In his latter years his health broke down and his last visit to Switzerland was probably in 1934 when he attended an International Congress at Zürich.

His wife died in 1924 and a few years later he gave up private

practice. There was by this marriage one son, who survives him. During the last ten years or so he had very poor health and his public appearances were rare. He owes much to Professor Morrison in these later years for his solicitous care and help.

Under a gruff exterior he concealed the kindest disposition. He loved telling the story of a patient who confided to his assistant: 'I wouldn't have thought that one, who looked so awful, could be so kind.' The latter part at any rate was correct.

N. S. FINZI.

WILLIAM SHARMAN BULL

1907-1940

It is with feelings of sorrow mingled with legitimate pride that I write the obituary notice of a young Member of the Alpine Club who has fallen in action in the present war. Early last July William Sharman Bull made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country and all that we hold dear. He was reported missing on July 4, when his aeroplane did not return from operations over Germany, and the Air Ministry have been informed through the International Red Cross Society that his body was recovered from the sea and buried in Denmark.

Bull was born at Kettering on April 10, 1907. He was educated at Neville House, Eastbourne, and St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate. He was articled to his father, Frederick William Bull, and was admitted as a solicitor in July 1930. His work was chiefly in Buckinghamshire, and he was in charge of the Olney office of his father's firm, a firm that was established over 100 years ago. He was married in 1934 to Patricia Bene Pennefather Warren, elder daughter of Colonel T. R. P. Warren of Aylesbury, Chief Constable of Buckinghamshire. He left a daughter aged eighteen months.

I have known William Bull and his mountaineering sister, Miss Catherine Bull, for many years and always admired their keenness for climbing and their enthusiasm for the High Alps, as well as their bright, cheerful outlook on life and the zeal they invariably displayed both in work and in play. It was therefore a particular pleasure for me to act as young Bull's Proposer when he joined the Alpine Club in 1933, his Secunder being my friend William Bellows, while Anthony Robinson was his Supporter. Bull climbed almost entirely in the Valais, but he had also done several expeditions in the Bernese Oberland.

His principal peaks were the Matterhorn (twice), Lyskamm (traverse), Weisshorn, Dom, Nadelhorn, Zinal Rothorn, Obergabelhorn (via the Wellenkuppe), Rimpfischhorn, Dent Blanche, Alphubel (via the Rothengrat and down by the W. ridge). Among his other climbs were the Egginergrat, Trifthorn from the Triftjoch, many climbs on the Riffelhorn from various sides including that by the Matterhorn

couloir, Untergabelhorn and other peaks, while among the high passes he crossed the Petersgrat and the Col Durand. On most of his Alpine climbs he was accompanied by his sister, but on the long traverses of the Lyskamm and Alphubel he had K. C. P. Struvé and Anthony M. Robinson, both of our Club, as companions; the latter climb was described under 'Various Expeditions' in *A. J.* 45. 381.

Before war broke out and until November 1939, William Bull was Commandant of the Special Constabulary, and he was also a member of the Civil Air Guard. He felt, though, that some older man could carry on his police duties while he could serve the country in a more active sense, and he therefore joined his unit of the R.A.F. on November 4, 1939, for training as an Air Gunner. He had always loved flying and anything to do with it, and he did exceedingly well and was extremely popular, as the following extract from a letter which his sister received from a Flight Lieutenant will show:

What a grand chap your brother was—so remarkably efficient in all he undertook. In the short time he was with the Squadron he completely changed the status of the gunners. He was a great help to me and it was a blow when he failed to return. Your brother knew no fear. His keen sense of duty kept him in the air, for he believed that what the Sergeant Air Gunners were expected to do he should share, but he need not have flown after his promotion.

He was promoted from Pilot Officer to Flight Lieutenant three weeks before his death.

His sister Catherine writes:

He went to Zermatt in July 1939 and climbed the Dent Blanche. He had tried lots of times before, but was always beaten by the weather, and he used to tell me that he felt he must get to the top some time.

It seems impossible to me that he won't come back, and his loss is a most terrible blow. He and I were always great friends and used to do everything together, from playing trains when we were small to climbing mountains when we grew up. We worked together too, and when he qualified as a solicitor I became his accountant.

I shall always remember as long as I live our wonderful holidays together at Zermatt, and particularly the day we climbed the Matterhorn. He had climbed it before, but conditions were bad and he knew how keen I was about it, so he just turned up at the hut the night before, having given up his own climb, and said he had come to help me. I am afraid I was very slow, but he never lost patience with me. I think we were about 19 hours on the mountain, but we got to the top.

I might add that William Bull held in veneration that little English church at Zermatt, which our former President, Professor J. N. Collie, once aptly called 'the parish church of the Alpine Club.' I well remember how Bull exclaimed to me one day: 'I love that little church!'

In this war, as in 1914-1918, the Alpine Club, true to its great traditions, is indeed giving of its best.

S. DE V. MERRIMAN.

NORMAN R. STREATFEILD

Ob. 1940¹

WE met Streatfeild for the first time at dawn in the Rawalpindi railway station, five Americans full of Kipling and eager for the adventure of K₂. During the next three months we came to know each other well as far as personality and character were concerned, though superfluous details of past history were then, as they still are, unknown and untouched. We knew for instance that Streatfeild counted the day but half begun without a lusty rendition of 'Widdicombe Fair' while dressing, and that the end of the march would inevitably produce the battered tin basin filled with hot water for his toilet. We learned that addressing a coolie without profanity was difficult for him, that all porters of whatever age were 'silly old men,' but we were also fully aware that no one would go to greater pains to safeguard the same porters' wellbeing. We never did know much of his life at home, where he went to school or what his pursuits. Yet we count him among our closest friends, for such is the companionship of any high endeavour shared in hardship and in danger.

During his thirteen years of service in India he was awarded the Military Cross on the North-West Frontier, chiefly for work in Waziristan. Leave was often spent in the hills, where as a hunter he reached a half-dozen summits of over 20,000 ft. and many lower ones. His main interest was in the exploration of the less known valleys and the obscure approaches to the great peaks. He understood the fundamentals of plane table survey and was an exceptional photographer, which enabled him to bring home enduring results from each journey. As liaison officer to the French Gasherbrum expedition in 1936 he assumed responsibility for an involved transportation problem, and at its close he was able to bring back on stretchers two badly injured Sherpas over 250 miles of mountain paths and tracks. For us on K₂ in 1938 he was indispensable. After bringing us through a month's march to our base camp, which he then organised and maintained, he carried out small trips in all directions to fill in details of the existing maps. On several occasions he climbed with us to 20,000 ft. Without him our difficulties would have been enormous and our enjoyment greatly decreased.

He was ready at any time to try anything within reason. In charge as he was of five Cook's tourists and a hundred laggard coolies, he was surprisingly tolerant of both and brought the party through many difficulties smoothly and quickly. Our vernacular must have puzzled and annoyed him at times; our constant horseplay was probably intensely irritating to his military training, but he became one of us at once and within days was an inseparable friend. In fact he was almost more Yankee than we when the bearded party returned to civilisation, while we in turn surprised our friends with many British

¹ The Editor regrets that he has been unable to obtain either a portrait or the exact date of birth of Major Streatfeild.

thoughts and phrases. No friend did we count closer, though we never saw him again after our return from India.

His death at Dunkirk was a blow to many, but to none more severe than to those who came to know and love him in the Himalaya. Danger, disappointment, hardship, all crowned with shared success, make bonds that neither time nor space will break. In America at peace are many whose hearts are with their friends abroad.

C. S. HOUSTON.

Major Streatfeild was elected to this Club in 1939. Many members will recall the admirable commentary which he gave at the Alpine Club on April 4, 1939, during the exhibition of a film depicting the work of the first American K_2 expedition (*A.J.* 51. 54 *sqq.*). Capt. E. H. Marriott writes :

‘ Although I was a personal friend of Streatfeild I only once climbed with him and never served with him. When I say climbed, I should perhaps qualify by saying that we went uphill on ski. I believe I should be right in saying that he was a very keen skier of the school which use their skis to go up a hill or mountain. I have not kept in touch with his subsequent mountaineering career, but from what I know of him I should say that, with his love for the hills and his keenness on one great sport, he would have followed another great sport with a zeal and thoroughness which would certainly have made him, if it had not already done so, a very fine mountaineer.’