



A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH

BEFORE, NOW & IN-BETWEEN



A History & Art Project
by Andrew Tatham

A Picture of Men in a War

I was in a pub
There was a picture of men in a war
I thought about the picture
I did nothing

I went to the museum
There were moving pictures of men in a war
I read about war
I looked at my family

I saw my great-grandfather
In a picture of men in a war
I read about the tears in his eyes
I felt tears in my eyes

And now I search
That picture of men in a war
I see today and yesterday
I cannot forget



Royal Berkshire dragon carved in chalk from the 1st Line of German Trenches captured by the 8th Royal Berkshires at the Battle of Loos.

CONTENTS

Foreword by Piet Chielens	6	
Introduction	7	
Their Shared History <i>Background & Before, Formation & Training, Embarkation & Battle Preparation, The Battle of Loos</i>	9	
The Men	25	
Thomas Edward ALLEN 26	Frederic Clifford GARDENNER 84	Thomas Gerald ROBINSON 140
James BARROW 29	David Corse GLEN 87	Aubyn Redmond ROUSE 143
Charles Frederick Napier BARTLETT 32	Douglas Murray HANNA 90	Clifford SALMAN 146
Leslie Herman BERLEIN 35	George Henry HEWITT 93	Cyril SPARTALI 149
William Howe BISSLEY 40	Basil Perrin HICKS 96	Donald Fenwick STILEMAN 152
Geoffrey Heslop BLACK 47	William George HOBBS 99	Frank Mariner SUMPSTER 157
Ronald William BRAKSPEAR 50	William Franklin George JOSEPH 102	Edward Sidney Beaumont TAVENER 160
Brian Dudley BRIGG 53	Harold Charles Linford KEABLE 105	Morice Bell THOMPSON 163
Hugh Kennedy CASSELS 56	Louis Arthur KLEMANTASKI 108	Henry Cyril THORNE 168
Wilfrid Lawson CLARKE 61	Thomas Bernard LAWRENCE 113	Douglas TOSETTI 171
Cecil Stedman CLOAKE 64	Gordon Fraser MARSH 118	William Crawford WALTON 176
Harold COHEN 69	Wilfred Southey Deare OLDMAN 121	Charles Randolph WATSON 183
George Bertrand COOTE 72	Charles Gordon PARAMORE 124	Cyril Arthur WILLIAMSON 186
Alfred Percival DOBSON 75	Thomas Gordon PEACOCK 127	Harold Vivian WOODFORD 189
Lionel Huddlestone EDWARDS 78	Richard Stephen Pierrepont POYNTZ 132	
Douglas Eric FOOT 81	Mervyn Phippen PUGH 135	
Connections	192	
Memorials	193	
Closing Thoughts	197	
Thanks	199	

FOREWORD

If you have ever shown any interest in the First World War, you are bound to have come across pictures of groups of men or – sometimes, though much less often – women. Groups of people in uniform, looking decently, solemnly, serenely, seriously into the lens so as not to disturb the decent, solemn, serene, in short, important occasion for which the photograph was being made. As individuals, they are utterly secondary to the group they belong to. Negligible, replaceable. And never more so than in times of war. Whenever there's a loss, the group is patched up until it's good to go again, ready to continue playing its role in the war. Or as Jean Giono would have it: *"[My] company was a small measure of capacity of the division, like a bushel of grain. When the bushel of men was empty or only a few were left, like grains sticking to the seams, it was replenished with new men. Thus, the company was filled a hundred times and a hundred times more. And a hundred times it was emptied underneath the millstone again."*

Battles in any war are still being described as if the units partaking in them are the actual personae, rather than the individuals who make up the motley groups; like football teams whose glory is as imperishable as the pitch they are entering. Players can be replaced, but the team lives on. And we, the audience that is interested in the history of these groups of people, are scarcely better behaved than supporters. Our Score! Our Colours! *Our Boys*, Them or Us, *Gott mit Uns*, *With God on Our Side!* *Die Harde* they are called, or *Diablos Bleus*, *Green Berets* or *Blue Helmets*.

In his impressive study of one single group photograph which shows the officers whom his great grandfather had trained for the First World War, Andrew Tatham has left the team behind and reduced the group to the level of the individual once more. He hasn't just researched the lives of each of the 46 men from the 8th Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Using each man's date of birth as a starting point, he has gone back and forward one hundred years to look for their ancestors and their descendants, to trace their timelines within the great, violent times which have marked their and our past and present.

Over twenty years of research yielded so many different types of data that Andrew had to devise new ways of processing and communicating them. In his mind his historical research quickly took on the form of an art project. But finding the right expression for each of his datasets proved a long-winded process, spanning many years. He made an animated movie which plotted the concept of growing family trees on a timeline. Years later, those highly schematic trees received a makeover, with the lives of ancestors and descendants now elegantly dancing on the tide like branches of a lush mangrove forest. Andrew also collected as many portrait pictures of each of the men as he could. Collating these pictures in a montage resulted in

yet another imagining of "time". But it often didn't prove sufficient to represent "their time". As it is, there are usually no pictures of those lifetime events that are the most dramatic, often darkest ones. So Andrew started creating designs for stained glass portraits recalling precisely those events in each man's life. Obviously, the stained glass window isn't such an omnipresent shape in the commemoration by accident.

What's the purpose of this all? And why should a museum about the First World War use this material to organize an exhibition? Andrew Tatham's study pertains to an almost utterly random group of people. Take the example of South African brothers Charlie and Leslie Berlein. Many of their personal items have been preserved without knowing which object belonged to whom exactly. They are all shown together a bit further on in this book, which only tells the story of Leslie, because he happened to be in the group photograph. Which could just as well have been a group photograph with the slightly older Charlie Berlein. Instead of the 8th Royal Berkshires going to Loos, the book would then have been about the 5th Ox & Bucks going to Ypres, with Charlie Berlein falling as the first of his unit and the first of 473 men from that unit who would perish at Ypres. The dates, the numbers, the places don't matter at all. Andrew's elaborate study of this particular group photograph is just as relevant and direct in showing the devastating and lasting impact of the war on any other group. More than half these men died in the war, many others were wounded and even during the later, often rich lives led by the survivors and their descendants, the war continues to resonate. Andrew Tatham reminds us of that at least four times, times 46.

In the face of wartime destruction and death he erects a celebration of life, in all its abundance and elusiveness, as well as simplicity. Andrew's endlessly repetitive mangroves are like the trees of life from Jean Giono's *L'homme qui plantait des arbres*: the man who plants trees, every single one of which is a life and gives life and keeps on giving.

Andrew Tatham and I share a mutual admiration for the great French novelist and war veteran. In 1934 Giono wrote: *"They will never be able to console us for the war... Which is why I have so impetuously chosen the side of the trees, the animals and the snow."*

Andrew Tatham is on the side of the trees and, in doing so, provides us with insight and solace. For that, he deserves our great thanks and appreciation.

Piet Chielens,
In Flanders Fields Museum, Ieper

INTRODUCTION



What do you see when you look at this group photograph? Do you see soldiers ready to fight or victims of war? Or do you see sons and brothers and husbands and fathers and grandsons and nephews and friends? Do you see the artist, the champagne merchant, the medical student or the music critic? When I first saw this picture, I saw my great-grandfather in the centre. He was the commanding officer of the 8th Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment and having read his letter from the battlefield of Loos, I had an idea of the horrors that befell the men in this picture. And looking around those faces all sorts of questions came to mind:

- What happened to them all?***
- Did they know what they were getting into?***
- Where had they all come from?***
- Who was thinking about them as they sat there?***
- Who was worrying about them?***
- Who loved them?***
- What was the effect of the War on them and their families?***
- How are they remembered?***

This exhibition is my way of trying to answer these questions. I've spent 21 years researching in archives and online, finding these men's relatives and visiting them in 23 counties in England as well as Scotland, Ireland, South Africa, Canada, America, & Australia and corresponding with people in Hong Kong, New Zealand, Argentina, Switzerland, all around the world and all the while hoovering up information and photographs and artefacts. It has been very difficult to do but what has driven me is wanting to make the artworks that are in this exhibition.

When I started out contacting the families I didn't know what I

would find. And what I found was the most amazing window on the world – all sorts of little time capsules into other places and other times and other lives. There was a lot of pain and death, but there were also sparks of life and it was always a joy to find more pictures of these men particularly if they showed them as children or smiling or as old men with their grandchildren - and there are so many objects with stories behind them, stories of loss and love and survival. A lot of my aim has been to go from that original picture of soldiers and show the fullness of them as human beings, and to place them within the wider view of the World and Time. Some of this is possible through the traditional methods of telling stories and showing pictures and artefacts, but I have also developed ways of displaying the information and material I have collected so that new angles can be seen and new connections made. Not all of these can be shown in this book - exhibitions allow a scale and possibilities that cannot fit on paper - but I will describe everything and hope there will be other opportunities for you to experience them.

Animated film

The group photograph is one moment in time and as a way of showing the place of that moment in history I have made an animated film which shows all of the men's family trees growing over 136 years, mixed in with photos of their families and historical time markers and contemporary music for each year, as well as with the cycles of the moon and the seasons. Each of their trees grows like a real tree, with a trunk for each man and branches appearing for children, grandchildren and so on down the generations. There is a baby's cry for each birth, and a bell toll for each death. You can vividly see the immediate effect of the War on this group of men and get a view on the aftermath. This film forms the heart of the presentations I have been giving about my project for the last 10

Embarkation & Battle Preparation

Right up to the time of their embarkation, the men were in the dark as to their destination. There were rumours of Egypt, but in the end the 8th Royal Berkshires disembarked in Le Havre on 8th August 1915. They were soon on a train to a camp near St Omer where they spent a week familiarising themselves with the rifles with which they had just been issued. Daily marches then took them

towards the front, where they had their first experience of the front line trenches, each company piggy-backing on a different battalion in the line who showed them the ropes. They spent some time in support trenches towards the end of August but for the most part it was a case of training and more training. This poem was amongst Hugh Cassels' effects and tells of this time:

Have I been a warrior long Sir?

Have I been a warrior long Sir?
 Ever since I landed in France
 And I've been through some terrible times Sir
 As you'll see if you look at my pants
 I'll tell you the terrible tale Sir
 - Will I have pint? Um - yes thanks
 I'll begin at the very beginning Sir
 From the day that we landed in France
 we arrived on a Sunday morn Sir
 After terrible times on the Sea
 We had bully and biscuits to eat Sir
 Some did, and some didn't have tea
 We then journeyed on to a camp
 Where we stayed for a night and a day
 Had a wash & brush up and a shave Sir
 Then started again on our way
 Down to the station we went Sir
 Cattle trucks waited us there
 We got in the best way we could Sir
 There wasn't much room for to spare
 For two days we travelled along Sir
 Our journey then came to an end
 And we all toddled out of the station
 Another brief rest for to spend
 It was then that we had our first pay day
 My word what a day for the boys
 We all had a few pints apiece Sir
 But they soon put an end to our joys
 We were ordered to start once again Sir
 On a Sunday all merry and Bright
 We done about 10 or 12 miles Sir
 Then we put up again for the night
 Away we started next day Sir
 Away to our next resting camp
 Consisting of one or two "boozers"
 And a place that is called the "Red Lamp"
 We rested again for a time Sir
 Then started away for the trenches

And the day before we got there Sir
 The rain had been falling in drenches
 We waded our way through the water
 You ought to have seen us, 'twas fine
 And a few miles brought us to the end Sir
 Smash bang, in the front firing line
 Two days and two nights were we there Sir
 And not one of our men did we lose
 Perhaps the Germans knew who was there Sir
 And were having a time on the booze
 At last up came our relief Sir
 And back very soon we made tracks
 Not exactly like two year olds Sir
 For just feel the weight of our packs
 Back down the road then we galloped
 On horses? Sir no on our feet
 You've not seen the 8th R Berks march Sir?
 My word, then, you have missed a treat
 We got back to our Billets again Sir
 Back to our old resting camp
 You know the place that I mean Sir
 The place where they've got the "Red Lamp"
 I just got a couple of pints Sir
 The Red Lamp was full to the hilt
 The Boys of the Village were there Sir
 Not to mention the lads in the Kilt
 I had all the beer I could get Sir
 Then straight to our hotel I went
 And laid on my waterproof sheet Sir
 Happy, flat broke and content
 Will I have another? Yes thanks Sir
 We'll meet again some other night
 And I'll tell you some more thrilling tales Sir
 Of how the brave Berkshires can fight
 Good health Sir I'll have to be going
 Here's the Sergeant beginning to shout
 All in here, Reveillé - 5.30
 Good night Sir, it's just in "lights out"

Written in Hugh's hand, the poet is named as 'W Carroll'. The only W Carroll in the 8th Royal Berkshires was Private William Carroll, 11543. He was killed on the first day at Loos and has no known grave.

At the beginning of September they still did not know of the bigger plans for them, though Colonel Walton thought "there may be a push over here before long". In the meantime, the training continued, as he wrote to his wife:

'Many of the officers of battalions out here now have a military education that begins and ends in trench warfare. If we had to do any other fighting in the open they & their men would soon be in confusion - they say so themselves. They could not put out an advance guard & if they were put out they would hardly know what to do. But from practice

they know all about trench warfare. Now we are picking up all they can tell us about trench war, & if it came to fighting in the open we should not be in any difficulty. All we want is a little more practice under fire. But in the meanwhile we are practising hard at all the things which we have been told about. Today I found a suitable place for digging some trenches & also some old trenches which were dug about a year ago which fit in to my digging & make a position which will be perfectly splendid for practising the attack & defence. It was great luck finding the old trenches & being able to make use of them in this way. Everyone is working hard trying to complete our education.'

By 11th September, they were practising the attack in earnest, and Colonel Walton "went with the General & other C.O.s to the trenches & had a good look at the German trenches - Such a lot of wire entanglement miles & miles of it. It would take a long time to get through even if there were no enemy - I think they must have seen us looking at them as they shelled us & about half a dozen 4 or 5 inch shells came much nearer than I liked - one about 10 yards off. The noise they make as they are coming is extraordinary you can hear them & tell if they are coming near or not, & when they do come near you wish you were the size of a mouse & could get well down a deep hole. I can't say I enjoy being shelled a bit. One feels much the same as when one has had a narrow shave of being run over by a motor. But I believe one gets used to it after a bit."

Their strenuous training and preparations continued throughout September, and included an introduction to the procedures required for the release of chlorine gas as part of the assault, and providing fatigue parties to carry the gas cylinders into the front line.

An air photo of the German lines enabled them to mock up the trenches they were about to attack, and they used these to practise the assault for a week before the battle. On 21st September they marched towards the front and bivouacked in a wood where at 6 p.m. Colonel Walton read the Battalion Operation Orders for the attack to all the officers. At 7 p.m. on 23rd September they moved into the front line trenches. A year from their formation, the 8th Royal Berkshires were ready to go into action for the first time.



Cecil Cloake's map: the red lines are German trenches. The 8th Royal Berkshires attacked from left to right towards Hulluch.

The Battle of Loos

At 5.50 a.m. on Saturday 25th September 1915 the British artillery opened their intensive bombardment of the German lines, and simultaneously the gas cylinders were opened to release the chlorine towards the Germans. This first use of gas by the British was not successful. Any wind there was changed direction and the gas settled amongst the men of the 8th Royal Berkshires. Their rudimentary "smoke helmets" provided little protection and soon some of the men were foaming at the mouth as the chlorine settled in the bottom of the trenches. Smoke bombs were thrown out from the front line and this, along with the gas, entirely hid their initial advance from the Germans. As Colonel Walton recalled after the War:

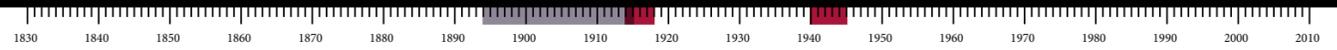
'At 6.30 a.m. on the 25th I had ordered the bugle to sound the advance but the bugler was brought down wounded and his bugle torn by shell fire. I went up to see the men go over and was met by a rush of men coming down the trench to escape our gas. I struggled with them for a bit and thinking example better than precept got out and advanced and they followed me.

As my dugout was on the left of the front trench of the battalion my advance with the men with me was on the left of the battalion and we were in touch with the right of the 2nd Gordons. Owing to the smoke I did not know what was happening to the rest of the battalion. When we got about half a mile from Hulluch and were on the Hulluch road and the smoke having cleared I left the Gordons on my left entrenching themselves on the north of the road as they were held up as we were by our own artillery fire. I moved to the right to find the rest of my men, and eventually collected 180 in the communication trench and blocked it and converted it into a fire trench. No other officer was there except myself. All my staff officers and men were casualties. I may say that during this advance my men and the 2nd Gordons on our left took a party of about 50 German prisoners. I shot two Germans with my revolver as we bumped them at close range owing to the smoke.'



Lieutenant **Hugh Kennedy CASSELS** later Captain

b. Monday 12th February 1894 in Buenos Aires, Argentina
 d. Saturday 25th September 1915, near Hulluch, Pas-de-Calais, France (killed in action on the first day of the Battle of Loos)
Time on Earth: 21 years, 7 months, 14 days
 Buried, CWGC gravestone, 5 known memorials, also on the prefects board at his school



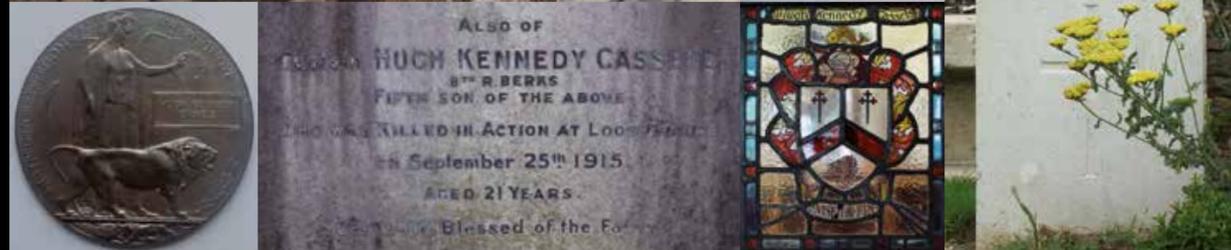
The second youngest of 11 children, he was born and grew up in Buenos Aires before going to public school in England. A talented violinist and recent Mechanical Engineering graduate he was due to go to Toronto for a post-graduate course but felt that his OTC experience meant it was his duty to join up. Promoted quickly, he was a Captain and in charge of the Battalion's Machine Gun section at the age of only 21. His last letter concludes *"Today I blew a hole in a wall 18 inches thick with 50 rounds from a machine gun. Not bad work"*. Family letters show the struggle to deal with his death and within 3 months his father had died, heartbroken. A brother-in-law and a brother were also killed in action within a year.

Stained glass window: The cat & dog & machine-gun drawings are taken from the envelope of his last letter home.

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 1 The youngest in this picture (brother Alfred was still to come). Hugh is in his father Walter's arms at top right. Mother Elvina is just in front of Walter. His siblings are (back row) John, Dick (middle row) Bob, Ruby, Luza, & Frank standing at right (front row) Nellie, Gracie & Jessie.

1





HUGH KENNEDY CASSELLS, H.K.CASSELLS.
CAPT., ROYAL BERKS REGT.

CASSELLS, HUGH · K. H.K.Cassells

H.K.CASSELLS *H. K. Cassells*



W. Clark & Co. Capt.





Lieutenant **Donald Fenwick STILEMAN** later Captain

b. at 5.00 a.m. on Sunday 19th August 1894 in Ballater, Aberdeenshire, Scotland

d. Friday 3rd February 1989 in Salisbury, Wiltshire, England (heart attack)

Time on Earth: 94 years, 5 months, 16 days

Buried, gravestone



Wounded in his first action at Loos (with shrapnel in his back and right foot), he was back with the battalion in January 1916 only to take a bullet in his right arm on the Somme in August 1916. This so damaged his ulnar nerve that it left him with what he termed a “dud hand” for the rest of his long life. Switched from studying history to forestry, starting out in the Indian Forestry Service and later working for the Forestry Commission in the UK. His life was dedicated to trees, and to his family who remember him with great joy and as a demon croquet player, even with his dud hand (he also managed to serve in the Home Guard during WW2). One of my favourite pictures is of him 10 feet up a ladder pruning trees at the age of 90 and with the use of only one hand. He was the longest lived of all the men in the group photograph and his epitaph says it

all: *“Greatly Loved. Man of the Trees”*.

Stained glass window: The sickle shaped tool was known as his “slasher” and accompanied him everywhere with his work. The crossword was filled out in his own hand and I couldn’t believe my luck when I found the words *beautiful* and *guffaw* crossing each other – they just seemed so apt.

—
 1 With parents & brother & sister. 2 In the front, 2nd from left, at University. 3 After wound on the Somme. 4 Mowing with dud hand. 5 With his children: Bob, Peter, Charles & Elizabeth. 6 Pruning, aged 90.

1



2 «

3

4



5 «

6



All Serene

Mostly I remember summer days,
the garden, the sailing sun, the mown lawn,
oddments for stumps and bails, a half-size bat,
a bright, real-leather cricket ball;
and pads and gloves for me.

After I'd asked for 'middle', marked the crease,
my Dad would bowl left-handed, underarm.
"All serene, boy?" he'd say, and then he'd bowl.
Maybe I was ten, he forty.

I got to know his wicked lobbing spin
and clouted him through apples trees to leg.
He'd shout for joy.

When his turn came to bat, one-handed,
against my speedy flailing overarm
he'd swing for six or out: and if he hit
we had to climb the fence and search the field.

He called his right hand 'dud'. He was blown up
on the Somme, invalidated out,
and learnt to be left-handed. For us kids
the fascination was to feel the lump
of shrapnel lodging near his spine, and more
lumpish fragments sticking in his toes.
This German metal seemed no handicap
although, of course, the severed nerves and withered
right hand were.

He accepted these
disabilities as though inherited,
sometimes was annoyed because he couldn't grip

with the right hand, but persevered until
he'd mowed the turbulent grass, fixed the puncture,
staggered up the cliff precariously
with driftwood on his back and the dud arm
waving for balance.

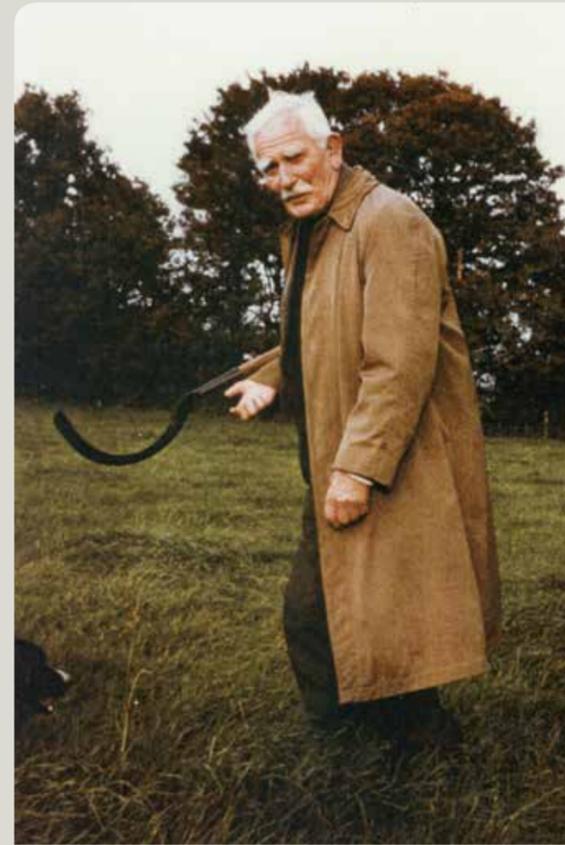
So many magic pictures come to mind.

In old age, eyes blue as ever, he
loves reading, pottering in the garden,
sometimes wobbly on his pins
and waves that withered arm to keep upright:
He'll still climb trees for apples. He plays
croquet like an ace and often beats us all.
Me and my brothers he calls "Boy".
"Hello, Boy!" when one of us arrives.
Grandsons also qualify.

"What are you up to, Boy?" he asks Richard,
Christopher, Mark – the whole tribe: great-grandson too:
and "Girl" applies to daughter and granddaughters.
Strange the warmth this greeting generates.
Somehow it makes us all belong.

"And now your score is ninety three. Take guard!
All serene, Boy?"

Written by Donald's son Peter for the occasion of Donald's 93rd birthday. Peter got him to read in front of the whole family and it made him laugh like anything.



An inspiration: "The man who planted trees"

I thought I'd share with you a story that has provided an inspiration to me from quite early on in my project. During September 1997, I went on a trip with my flatmate, Jonathan, to visit the First World War battlefields for the second time. During our journey south from Calais, we stopped off in a wood to relax in the quiet sunshine. It really was the most fantastic place to be – an escape from the busyness and grey of Bristol in autumn. I talked about how much I enjoyed being amongst trees, how they had inspired some of my painting, and how I felt I ought to be doing something connected to trees – and Jonathan asked me if I had read the book *The Man Who Planted Trees*. I hadn't, but on our return I borrowed it from Bristol Central Library. It is a short book, originally written in French by Jean Giono, and illustrated with black-and-white wood-cut prints. The narrator tells the story of going walking in an inhospitable mountainous area of France in the early years of the Twentieth Century. He runs out of water and is lucky to find a shepherd who helps him out. He stays a while and observes the shepherd in his work and sees that every day the shepherd is planting acorns and seeds with the aim of growing trees in the barren landscape. Every day he does this. The narrator goes away, serves in and survives the Great War and returns to visit the shepherd, who is still planting trees. Many years later, the narrator visits the area again to find people enjoying a huge forest, that, unbeknownst to them, had been created by the quiet perseverance of one man – a man who knew his goal, and whatever the weather and whatever else was going on in the world just did what he had to do.

An inspiring story in itself, but not long after reading that I received a phone call that put the story in a new light. It was from the son

of one of the men in the group photograph. A friend of the family had picked up the leaflet I'd left on the chairs at a conference at the Public Record Office. The leaflet gave an outline of my project and listed the names of all the men in the group photograph. The name "Donald Fenwick Stileman" had stood out and it wasn't long after that that I met his son and heard his story.

Donald Stileman was the son of the first Anglican bishop in Persia. His parents were often away for long periods and a lot of his childhood was spent with his grandparents and at boarding school. When the war started he was up at Cambridge reading history. The pictures of him sitting on the steps with friends show him looking quite laid back, and reports from fellow old boys of his school talk of him sleeping and drinking too much and occasionally turning out for the Dodos, one of the student hockey teams. I get the impression he didn't have any particular aim in life and was content to drift where the flow took him. Then the war came. He joined the Army, trained for the best part of a year, went over to France and was probably the first of the men in the group photograph to be wounded, right at the beginning at the Battle of Loos – and then, as already described, he was wounded again on the Somme and left without full use of his right hand for the rest of his life. After the war he seems to have gained a sense of purpose. Rather than go back to his history degree, he switched courses to study forestry. This also entailed a change of University from Cambridge to Oxford, which, given the rivalry between those two institutions, shows that it was a big deal and he meant it. After graduation he secured a job in the Indian Forestry Service, and from then on his two chief priorities were his family and trees. He got married out in India but on the arrival of his first son he moved back to England and joined the Forestry Commission. He wanted to provide the stable home environment that he himself had not had when growing up, and he dedicated his life to his four children (and in turn their families) and to his work with the Forestry Commission, determinedly overcoming his handicap. Even after retirement and within one year of his death at the age of 94, he was still working with trees. When I visited the family farm, his son took me into the garden and swung his arm round in every direction to show the trees that had been planted by his father – and not just a few isolated clumps, but great masses of woods – all planted by one man in spite of having a dud hand from wounds received on the Somme. Every member of his family that I talked to practically glowed with the remembrance of him and then of course there was his epitaph: "Greatly Loved. Man Of The Trees". If there was nothing else I took from this project, the story of Donald Stileman and *The Man Who Planted Trees* would have been enough to make the whole thing worthwhile. I have spent a long time in my own purposeless drifting, not knowing what my life was for. From a young age I have been very interested in the Parable of the Sower, with the idea of lives starting in different circumstances and leading their different ways. My project has given me a way of exploring what that means for people living their lives today. I may not have had my own children, or planted much in the way of real trees, but in the end it seems that my mission is to grow family trees and I've just got on with it. The path has not always been the easiest but I am beginning to see the rewards not just in terms of what it means to the families involved but also what it can mean to everyone.



1 Will Bissley (right) sitting next to Donald Stileman (centre) with Billy Haynes (left) & Harold Cohen (front) during a battalion sports day in 1915. Donald Stileman survived the other three in this group by 72 years.

CONNECTIONS

I'm often asked whether there have been any connections in recent times between the families of the men in the Group Photograph. There don't appear to have been many (at least not until I started contacting everyone), but one early discovery was that one of Gordon Peacock's great nieces had been taught by my cousin's first husband. No, not a close connection and they never knew about it. More recently I moved to Norfolk and in asking around for some bedding I ended up being given the sheets and pillow cases of one of Hugh Cassels' nephews - they were in the possession of a friend who had been involved in clearing his house after he died. Also in the move to Norfolk, I inherited a Koi pond. I knew nothing about Koi and rang a company in the Yellow Pages for advice. Nick came out to look things over and we saw each other on and off as I needed pumps or advice or huge amounts of fish muck removed. He even put up a poster advertising my Open Studio that included an image of the Group Photograph. But it wasn't until 2 years after our first meeting that I heard from a cousin of



his who was coming over for a family wedding in Norfolk and worked out that Nick was the great great nephew of Douglas Tosetti.

The most significant connection I have found, though, is that Donald Stileman's granddaughter Lizzy and Will Bissley's great-grandson Nick met whilst at Plymouth University in the 1990s. Both joined Exeter University Officer Training Corps and they ended up sharing a flat. One weekend Nick went with Lizzy

to stay at her parents' house. In honour of her involvement with the Army, she had been given her family's copy of the Group Photograph and had just had it framed. She was showing Nick how amazing it was to see her grandfather as a Second Lieutenant when even more amazingly he pointed out his own great-grandfather - his family had the same Group Photograph. Both went on to be commissioned and left the Army as Majors last year.



MEMORIALS

Remembrance has been a central theme to this project. Some of these men have been forgotten. Their names appear on memorials - "Their name liveth for evermore" - but that is all there is. Sometimes it's because their family has died out, often it's because there have been splits in families and the present day is overwhelming the past. Even those who are remembered are often only remembered as outlines because the pain of their loss meant that they were not talked about. It is in their memorials that you can see what their loss meant at the time of their death.

A number of these men have individual memorials dedicated to them or are named on their parents' graves, but they also belonged to communities that remembered their loss by including their names on the memorials for schools & colleges & universities & villages & towns & cities & churches & synagogues & workplaces & other institutions. The name of one of these men appears on 12 memorials.

On the following pages you will see some of the most beautiful and poignant memorials that I found during my research. The three big stained glass windows hold particular value as there is no-one left from their families to remember them directly. As in life, so in death luck plays its part. It helps to have rich relatives who can afford beautiful memorials but even that is no guarantee, as time has all sorts of ways of destroying the past. One of these stained glass windows ended up being judged on its monetary value and was split up and shipped to whoever would buy it, forgetting the heartache of a mother and a father who wanted to leave a beautiful reminder of their son in perpetuity.

Those who die young and in wars are often remembered, at least in name, whereas the survivors who made it through to old age can sometimes disappear from sight. In the case of the Group Photograph, over half the survivors have no known memorial. In fact I was told by a member of staff in a crematorium that in England today 70% of people are cremated of whom only 30% have memorials.

In the end, though, people are remembered for the extraordinary. For a lot of these men it is the extraordinary things that happened to them. For some it is the extraordinary things they did, and sometimes the extraordinary thing was as simple as showing people how much they loved them. The best form of remembrance is in how we live today - striving to learn from the mistakes of the past and following the good examples of those who have gone before us.



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