
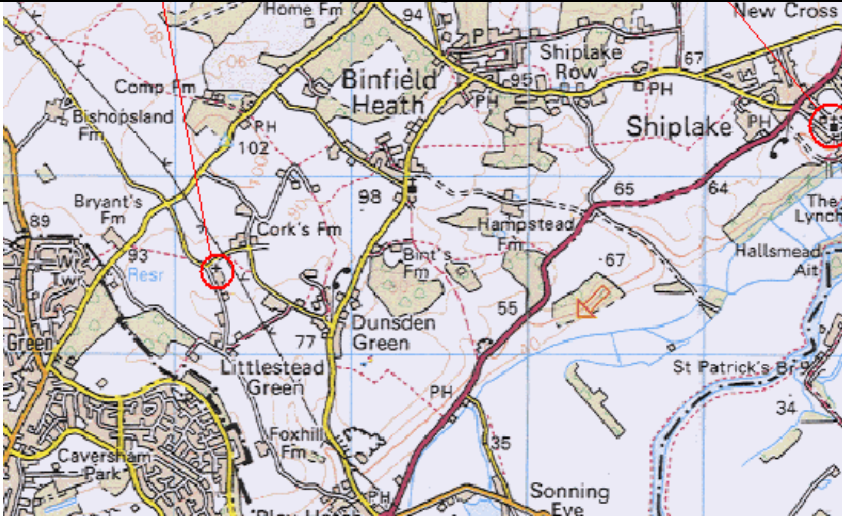


## Example profile

<b>Name</b>	<b>Wilfred Owen</b> 
<b>Description</b>	First World War Poet
<b>Link with the Chilterns</b>	Worked as lay assistant to the Revd. Herbert Wigan in Dunsden Parish near Caversham from 1911 - 1913
<b>Born</b>	18 <sup>th</sup> March 1893 in Oswestry
<b>Died</b>	4 <sup>th</sup> November 1918, Sambre Canal near Amiens, France
<b>Biography</b>	<p><b>Wilfred Owen is one of the best known poets from the First World War. His works include Anthem for Doomed Youth, The Sentry and Dulce et Decorum Est.</b></p> <p>His father worked on the railways and his family moved from Oswestry, where he was born, to Birkenhead and finally to Shrewsbury in 1906. Having failed to gain entrance to the University of London, on 20<sup>th</sup> October 1911 he took up the post of Lay Assistant to the Reverend Herbert Wigan of Dunsden Parish, just to the north east of Caversham near Reading. He remained in this post until 7<sup>th</sup> February 1913 following a physical and mental breakdown.</p> <p>During his stay in the Chilterns he had already begun his interest in poetry which he developed considerably when he met Siegfried Sasson and Robert Graves in Craiglockhart Hospital in Edinburgh whilst recovering from shell shock in 1917.</p> <p>He returned to the western front in France to be killed in action on 4<sup>th</sup> November 1918, only a week before the Armistice.</p>

<p><b>Further Information</b></p>	<p>War Poetry Site  <a href="http://www.warpoetry.co.uk/owen1.html">http://www.warpoetry.co.uk/owen1.html</a></p> <p>Wilfred Owen Association  <a href="http://www.1914-18.co.uk/owen/">http://www.1914-18.co.uk/owen/</a></p> <p>BBC website on Historic Figures  <a href="http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/historic_figures/owen_wilfred.shtml">http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/historic_figures/owen_wilfred.shtml</a></p> <p>BBC web pages on Wilfred Owen with Audio clip of his poems  <a href="http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/worldwars/wwone/wilfred_owen_gallery.shtml">http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/worldwars/wwone/wilfred_owen_gallery.shtml</a></p> <p>Parish church web site with information about services at Dunsden church  <a href="http://www.geocities.com/ship_dun2003/index.html">http://www.geocities.com/ship_dun2003/index.html</a></p> <p>Dunsden village web site with a wide range of information about the village and surrounding area.  <a href="http://www.ukvillages.co.uk/ukvillages.nsf/villages/976B8C71B662A506802568D5003D9844">http://www.ukvillages.co.uk/ukvillages.nsf/villages/976B8C71B662A506802568D5003D9844</a></p>
<p><b>What you can visit</b></p>	 <p>Dunsden remains a small settlement in a rural parish but only a mile or so to the east of Caversham.</p> <p>The church and church hall in which he spent his time can be found easily in the village.</p>



During his time in the Chilterns he lived in the vicarage in Dunsden, now a private residence which is not open to the public although it can be seen from the public road.



There are number of public rights of way around the village which Owen must have used in the course of his duties which included visiting parishioners in their homes.

**How to Get There**

This web site gives information of getting to Dunsden by road and public transport

<http://www.ukvillages.co.uk/ukvillages.nsf/villages/976B8C71B662A506802568D5003D9844>

Web site providing location maps for churches

<http://www.achurchnearyou.com/activemap.php?V=5299&z=2>

**DULCE ET DECORUM EST**

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;

Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est  
Pro patria mori.

8 October 1917 - March, 1918