

SONS, STUDENTS, AND SOLDIERS

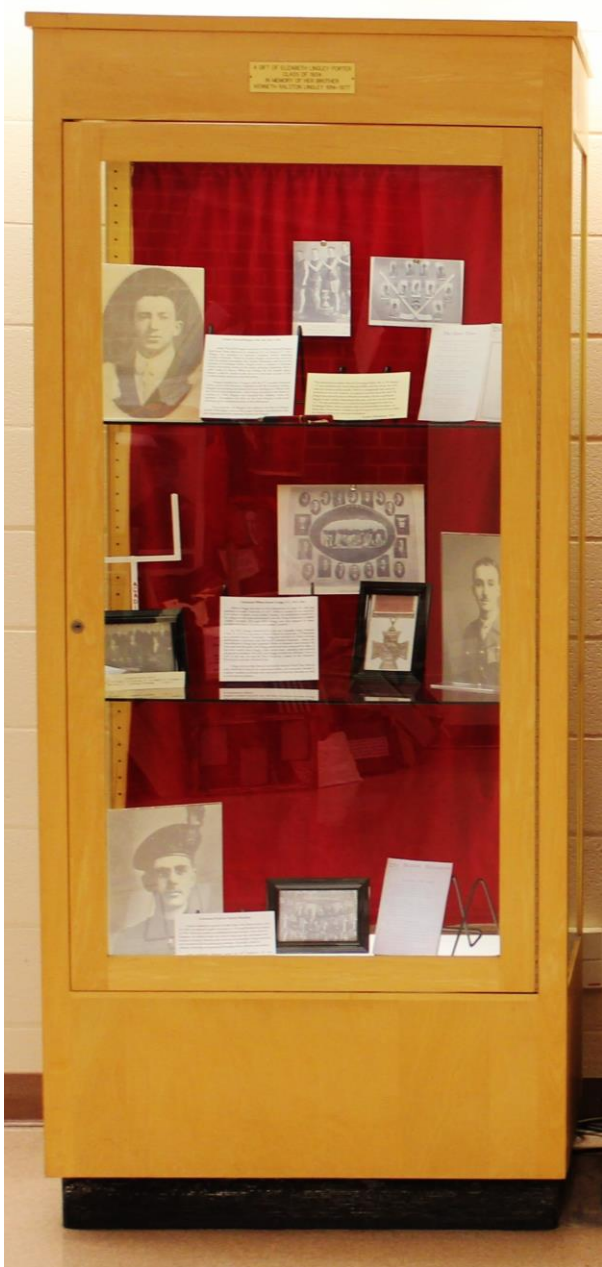


Hi, our names are Regan Zscheile and Zoë Tustin. We are students of Acadia University's Public History class. This year we were given the opportunity to construct a exhibit to be displayed in the library pertaining to the First World War and the Acadia community. We have chosen to honour six soldiers who were also students of Acadia University. We hope you enjoy our web site.



The title of our project is Sons, Students and Soldiers as we feel this exemplifies the theme we were trying to communicate through our display. In this class we have witnessed a number of memorials, which have been well done, but we noticed something that was lacking and this was the inclusion of the individual and human aspect. For instance, we saw this in commemorations concerning Vimy Ridge, which was a wonderful tribute, but said little about the individual characters in this great battle. It was with this in mind that we decided to commemorate individual soldiers who belonged to the Wolfville community and were enrolled at Acadia University. Through this commemoration we wanted to communicate the idea that individuals who gave their lives during the war were so much more than simply soldiers. They were human beings who had pasts, presents, and futures before the war happened.

Click on a name below to learn more about the soldiers of Acadia University



[Arthur Wyckoff Rogers](#)

[Milton Fowler Gregg](#)

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[Henry Burton DeWolfe](#)

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Arthur Wyckoff Rogers, MC, KC, BA, LLB



The Silver Thaw.

O maple, robbed by Autumn's winds
Of all thy painted leaves,
Thy branches shiver in the gales,
That chilly Winter breathes.

But yet thy glory has not fled,
Until another fall,
For beauty wrought by frost and snow
May be the best of all.

The wailing elements have shrieked,
With driven sleet and hail,
But morn's light reveals on thee
A silver coat of mail.

O maple, thou art glorious now,
Thy icy armour's sheen
Sheds in thy world a glistening light
Akin to Merlin's Gleam.

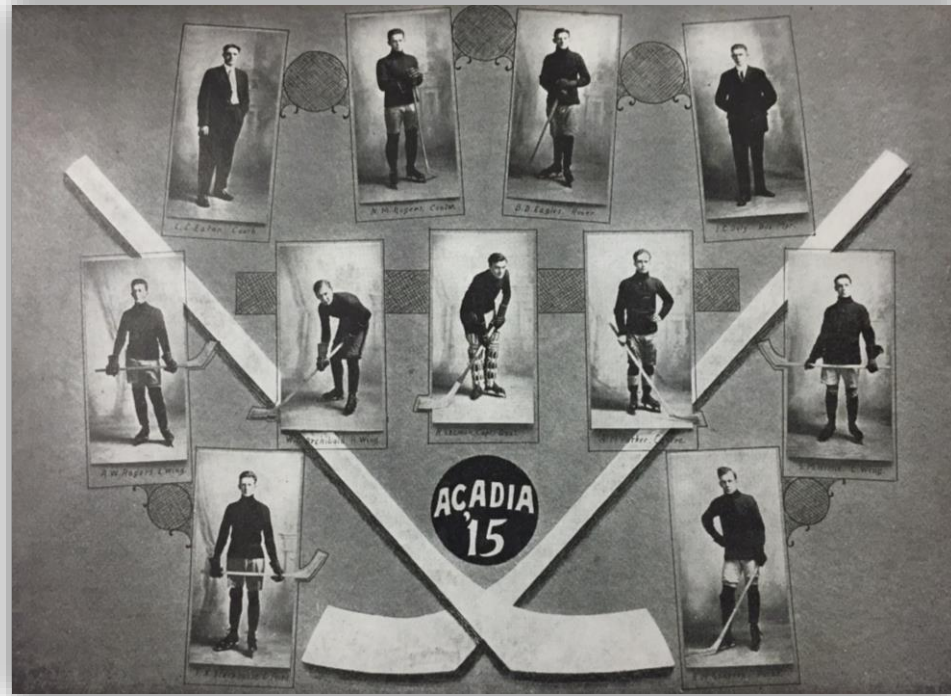
'Tis so in life, some humble soul,
Through it's winter gray,
Unwonted brightness sheds abroad,
And turns night into day.

A. W. R.'15.

Arthur Wyckoff Rogers was born to Henry Wyckoff Rogers and Grace Dean MacLeod in Amherst, N.S. on March 11th, 1893. Rogers was educated at Amherst Academy before attending Acadia University.

While at Acadia, Rogers was heavily involved with the student newspaper, the Acadia Athenaeum and rose to the position of Exchange Editor. Rogers wrote a number of fictional stories and poems while on the paper, drawing inspiration from a wide range of muses. The poem to the left is an example of one of the many works Rogers had published in the Athenaeum.

Rogers writing meant that there was a great deal more information and personal literature for him. Such a wealth of documentation makes Rogers more unique as he had a greater presence on campus than the average student. When not writing for the student paper, Rogers could be found on the ice or the track as part of the Acadia hockey team and track team.



The Acadia Hockey Team, 1915. Rogers is pictured on the top row, second from left.

Rogers enlisted as a Trooper with the 6th Canadian Mounted Rifles, and in 1916 became a Signaller in the 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade before being commissioned as an Intelligence Officer with the Nova Scotia Highlanders. After being wounded in the Battle of Amiens in 1918, Rogers was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry. Throughout his time on the front Rogers would send musings on his experiences back to the Athenaeum. Unlike the majority of soldiers covered in this exhibit, Rogers returned home after the First World War.

Following the war Rogers was called to the Bar in Ontario and in 1922 began work as the Legal Secretary and Solicitor with the Department of the Attorney General for Ontario.

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Lieutenant Milton Fowler Gregg, V.C., M.C., Bar



Milton Gregg was born in New Brunswick on April 10, 1892 and enrolled at Acadia University in 1912. While at Acadia he was involved in a variety of sports, most notably football. He established himself as a key player on this team, pictured below, and helped it win the “King-Richardson Football Trophy” in both 1912 and 1913. Off of the field, Gregg was also engaged in many societies on campus including the student’s council.





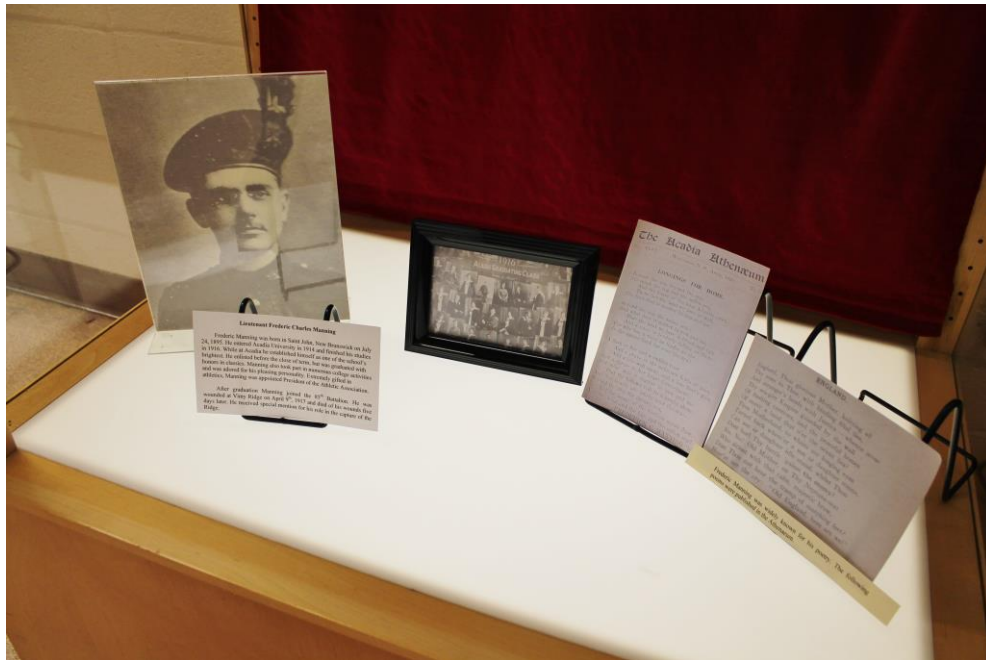
Student Council 1913-14. Gregg is pictured on the far left of the top row.

In 1914, Gregg volunteered to join the Canadian Army Medical Corps. In 1915 he was sent to France where he joined the 13th Battalion as a stretcher-bearer. Eventually, Gregg was recruited to officer training and became a lieutenant with the Royal Canadian Regiment. During his first offensive, Gregg was wounded. Pieces of shrapnel went through his back and into his groin, but Gregg persevered and continued the fight. It has been written that Gregg's valor saved many casualties and enabled advances to continue. Not only was Gregg awarded the Military Cross as well as the bar, he was the first University student in the Maritime Provinces to win the Victoria Cross.

Gregg survived the First as well as the Second World War. He not only established himself as a renowned soldier, but eventually became a leading Canadian politician who was active in both the domestic as well as international spheres.

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Lieutenant Frederic Charles Manning

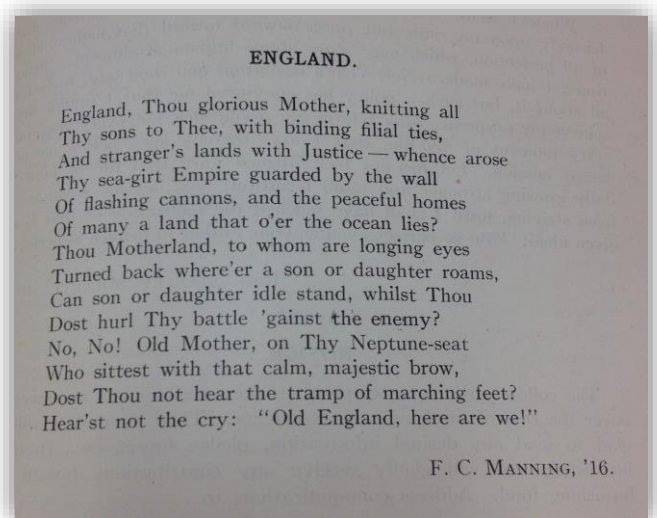
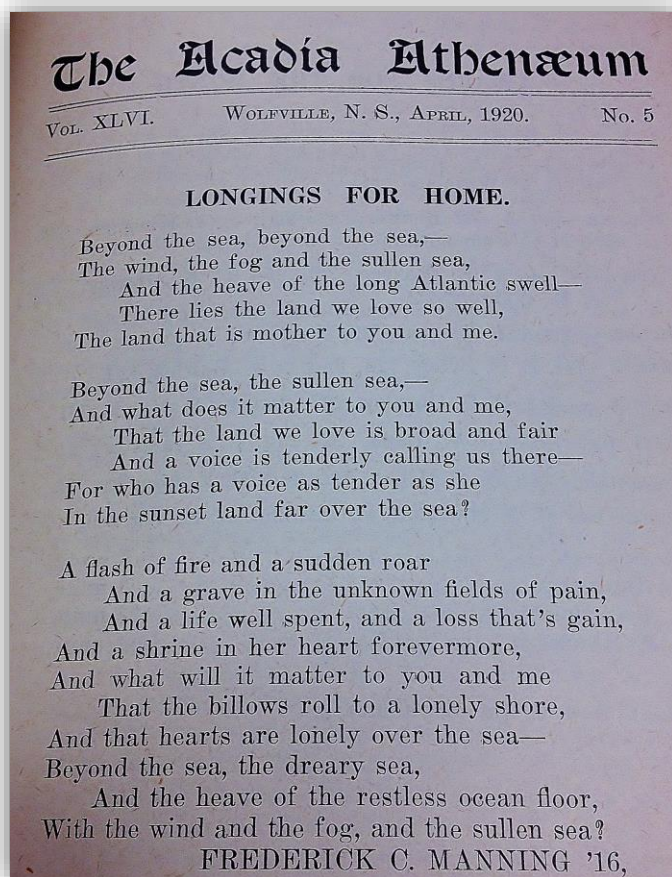


Frederic Manning was born in Saint John, New Brunswick on July 24, 1895. He entered Acadia University in 1914 and finished his studies in 1916. While at Acadia he established himself as one of the school's brightest. In the graduating photo to the right, Manning can be seen in uniform in the center of the bottom row. He enlisted before the close of term, but was graduated with honors in classics. Manning also took part in numerous college activities and was adored for his pleasing personality. Extremely gifted in athletics, Manning was appointed President of the Athletic Association.



After graduation Manning joined the 85th Battalion, the same division as his fellow classmates Karl Woodman and George Peck. This shows a recurring dedication on the part of Acadia students to the Nova Scotia Highlanders. He was wounded at Vimy Ridge on April 9th, 1917 and died of his wounds five days later. He received special mention for his role in the capture of the Ridge.

Frederic Manning was widely known for his poetry. The poems featured in this exhibit were published in the Athenaeum and are located below. Following his death, Manning's brother compiled a number of his poems into a book.



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Corporal Henry Burton DeWolfe



Born in Foxboro, Mass. on October 23rd, 1897, Henry Burton DeWolfe was the son of Reverend and Mrs. Henry Todd DeWolfe. After graduating from Horton Academy, DeWolfe enrolled at Acadia University in October 1912. DeWolfe was known as a popular and enthusiastic Acadia Student who was involved in many aspects of campus life. After his death the Athenaeum described him as “a boy of forceful character, splendid ability...and like by all”. Despite spending much time on the rink, it was for tennis that DeWolfe won a championship title in his junior year.

DeWolfe joined the 4th University Company in September 1915; he completed his Bachelor of Arts requirements in 1916 and headed overseas in the same year. DeWolfe was one of the few soldiers who were able to finish their studies before travelling overseas. Despite being shot in the hand in the Spring of 1916, DeWolfe quickly returned to the front lines where he was recommended for commission. Before DeWolfe could return to England for special training he was killed in action at Vimy Ridge.

After his death, DeWolfe’s Bachelor degree was issued in absentia by President Cutten of Acadia University and was received by DeWolfe’s mother. DeWolfe’s family were heavily involved on the campus, with his father being the principal of the Ladies Seminary. Below is a picture of Principle DeWolfe alongside an excerpt of a letter he received from his son on August 20th, 1916.



Dr. Henry Todd DeWolfe

Principal of Acadia Ladies
Seminary, 1901 - 1925

Professor of New Testament Language
and Literature, Acadia University

All was darkness except when a flare burst. When one did we were in full view of the enemy, only one hundred and fifty yards away, but there was little danger of their seeing us if we kept perfectly still while the flare was up. We toiled on. Hardly a word[sic] was spoken, save perhaps a caution to keep still when a flare burst. Crash! A roar like hell let loose not forty yards away, and then another crash further away, towards the enemy's line. Ernest explained that it was one of our trench mortars. Again all was quiet[sic], that is, comparatively quiet. There was still the stutter of the machine guns and the whine of stray bullets overhead. Crash!...Cra-a-ash!...Again the trench mortar. Then the darkness was split like a knife. Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! A machine gun tore off about thirty rounds. We could hear the bullet swish past, or we thought we could. Then all was quiet again. At last we were finished, and we plodded back to our dug-outs, only to find that we had to exchange with 14 Platoon and spend the night in the open trench, or rather the morning, for it was already three o'clock. - BURTON

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Private George Bishop Peck, M.M.



George Peck was born on February 26, 1897 in New Brunswick and enrolled as a student at Acadia University in 1914. While at Acadia he was actively engaged in a variety of sports, but won his athletic “A” on the track. The Athenaeum writes that he was “a boy of splendid ability and could always be depended upon by all his fellow students”.

Peck was unable to complete his studies at Acadia. Like many of the students he chose to interrupt his education in order to fight overseas. He enlisted in the 219th Battalion in 1915 and then the 85th Battalion in 1916. Peck is one of three of the soldiers featured in this exhibit who served in this battalion.

In October, 1917 Peck was killed while attempting to rescue a comrade at Passchendaele. After his death, Peck was awarded the Military Medal for his bravery in the battlefield. The 85th Battalion history records state that Peck’s “great value to the Battalion was his accuracy and quickness in acquiring knowledge of the grounds, and carrying with unerring safety important messages under difficult and trying circumstances”.



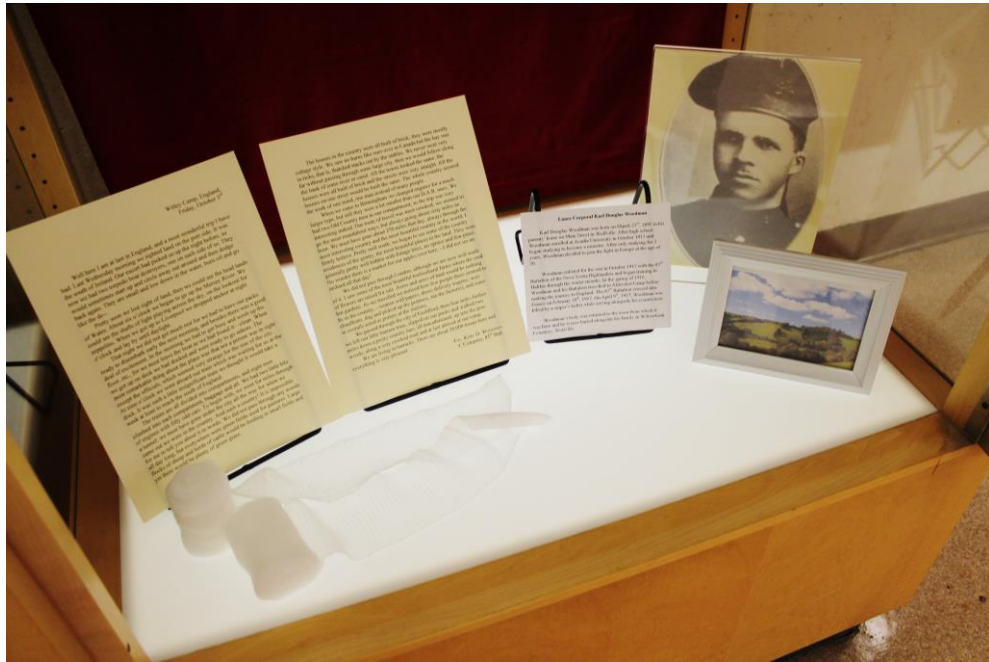
ACADIA TRACK TEAM, 1913.

Edson Graham Photo.

Peck and his fellow track teammates

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Lance Corporal Karl Douglas Woodman



Karl Douglas Woodman was born on March 23rd, 1895 in his parents' home on Main Street in Wolfville. After high school, Woodman enrolled at Acadia University in October 1913 and began studying to become a minister. After only studying for 2 years, Woodman decided to join the fight in Europe at the age of 20. A great deal of mystery still surrounds Woodman, as there was just a small amount of available information on him. This is more typical of the majority of soldiers who left Acadia University and it is one of the central aims of this exhibit to shed light on the anonymity of these individuals.

Woodman enlisted for the war in October 1915 with the 85th Battalion of the Nova Scotia Highlanders and began training in Halifax through the winter months. In the Spring of 1916, Woodman and his Battalion travelled to Aldershot Camp before making the journey to England. The letter on the following pages shows Woodman's positive experiences in his first trips abroad. The 85th Battalion crossed into France on February 10th, 1917. On April 9th, 1917, Woodman was killed by a sniper's bullet while serving alongside his countrymen.

Woodman's body was returned to the town from which it was born and he is now buried alongside his family in Willowbank Cemetery, Wolfville. This fact makes Woodman one of the few whose family were able to make the decision regarding their son's final resting place. Unfortunately, many of Woodman's fellow Acadia students were lost in battle and laid to rest in foreign fields.

The following is a letter that Woodman wrote home. It was published in the Athenaeum.

Witley Camp, England,
Friday, October 3rd

Well here I am at last in England, and a most wonderful trip I have had. Last Wednesday morning we sighted land on the port side. It was the south of Ireland. Our escort had picked us up the night before, so now we had two torpedo boat destroyers, one on each side of us. They would sometimes start up and circle away out around and then dodge back again. They are small and low down in the water, burn oil and go like the de--

Pretty soon we lost sight of land, then we could see the head lands of Wales. About six o'clock we began to go up the Mersey River. We could see the shafts of light playing across the sky, on the lookout for zeppelins. When we got up to Liverpool we dropped anchor at eight o'clock and lay by until daylight.

That night we did not get much rest for we had to have our packs ready to disembark early the next morning, and besides there was a good deal of excitement. In the morning we had to get busy and scrub up the floor, etc., for we must leave the boat as we had found it—clean. When we got up on deck we had docked and were ready to go ashore. The most remarkable thing about the place was that not a person was in sight except the officials, which seemed very strange for the size of the city. At nine o'clock we went aboard our train which was waiting for us at the dock. It was such a little insignificant train we thought it would take a week at least to reach the south of England.

The trains are all divided into compartments, and eight men climbed into each compartment, baggage and all. We had two little bits of engines with fifty odd cars. To begin with, we went for miles through a tunnel; we must have gone under the city all the way for when we came out we were in the country. And such a country! It is impossible for me to tell you about it in words. We did not pass through any woods all day long, but everywhere were green fields used for pastures. Large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle would be feeding in small fields and yet there would be plenty of green grass.

The houses in the country were all built of brick; they were mostly cottage style. We saw no barns like ours over in Canada but the hay was in ricks, that is, thatched stacks out by the stables. We never went very far without passing through some large city, then we would follow along the bank of some river or canal. All the towns looked the same; the houses were all built of brick and the streets were very straight. All the houses on one street would be built the same. The whole country seemed the work of one mind, one man instead of many people.

When we came to Birmingham we changed engines for a much larger type, but still they were a lot smaller than our D.A.R. ones. We had two Old Country men in our compartment, so the trip was very interesting indeed. Our route of travel was most crooked; we seemed to go the most roundabout ways, but always going about sixty miles an hour. We must have gone about 250 miles that day, always through the most interesting country and the most beautiful country in the world, I firmly believe. Pretty well south, we began to see some of the country residences of the gentry, the most beautiful places in the land. They were generally pretty well hidden with foliage trees, no spruce and few pines. No wonder there is a market for our apples over here, --I did not see an orchard all that day!

We did not pass through London, although we are now well south of it. I saw some of the most beautiful horticultural farms where the seed of flowers are raised for sale. Acres and acres of land would be nothing but gardens. As we travelled we noticed how few people there seemed to be in the country, --women sold papers, drove delivery wagons, were chauffeurs, dug and picked up the potatoes, ran the factories, and some in overalls acted as porters at the stations.

We passed through the city of Guildford, then four miles further we left our little bantam train, slipped on our packs and walked two miles down a pretty country lane, all macadamized; up into the pine woods; along a very crooked road and at last arrived at our camp.

We are living in barracks. There are about 20,000 troops here and everything is very pleasant.

CPL. KARL D. WOODMAN
C Company, 85th Batt.

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Annotated Bibliography

Primary Sources

Acadia Athenaeum (September 1913-May 1914). Kirkconnell Room, Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University.

Acadia Athenaeum (September 1914-May 1915). Kirkconnell Room, Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University.

Acadia Athenaeum (September 1915-May 1916). Kirkconnell Room, Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University.

Acadia Athenaeum (September 1916-May 1917). Kirkconnell Room, Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University.

Acadia Athenaeum (September 1917-May 1918). Kirkconnell Room, Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University.

- The Athenaems are where we found the majority of our primary sources. These include pictures, letters, death announcements, commemorations, and poems that pertained to our six individuals.

The Acadia Record 1838-1953, Kirkconnell Room Archives and Special Collections, Acadia University

- This document was compiled by Watson Kirkconnell and lists all Acadia graduates from 1838 to 1953. Each entry includes information on the graduate and proved useful in learning more about these individuals.

Secondary Sources

Elliott, Robbins. *Those Waiting Dreams*. Wolfville: Robbins Elliot, 1999.

- This book by Elliott includes short biographies of individual soldiers from the Annapolis Valley who served in the first and second as well as the Korean War.

Hucker, Jacqueline. "‘Battle and Burial’: Recapturing the Cultural Meaning of Canada’s National Memorial on Vimy Ridge," *The Public Historian* Vol 31. No. 1 (Feb 2009): 89 109. [JSTOR]

- In her article, Hucker examines the commemoration constructed at Vimy Ridge. She argues that public historians must be aware of how the public identifies with history as this changes over time. She uses Vimy Ridge as an example and states that first there was an emphasis on honouring the dead. Then, as time went on, there was an emphasis on honoring the battlefield itself. She states that there is

currently another shift and the public once again wishes to connect with fallen soldiers on an individual level.

John Veverka & Associates. "Where is the Interpretation in Interpretive Exhibits." Accessed October 20, 2014. <http://www.heritageinterp.com/interpre2.htm>.

- Veverka makes clear that one must keep in mind who they are speaking to and who they wish to educate. For example, it is beneficial to create an exhibit that has ties to the community in which it will be held.

John Veverka & Associates. "A Practicle Guide for Developing Marketing Brochures for Heritage Tourism and Interpretive Sites & Attractions." Accessed October 20, 2014. <http://www.heritageinterp.com/a.htm>.

- Veverka discusses the need to consider what type of paper you are using for brochures. He states that it must be practical as well as durable.

John Veverka & Associates. "Exportable Interpretation." Accessed October 20, 2014. <http://www.heritageinterp.com/exportab.htm>.

- Veverka discusses exportable interpretation. He states that one must consider how visitors will use the information given to them in the future. This is necessary if an exhibit is to have a lasting impact.