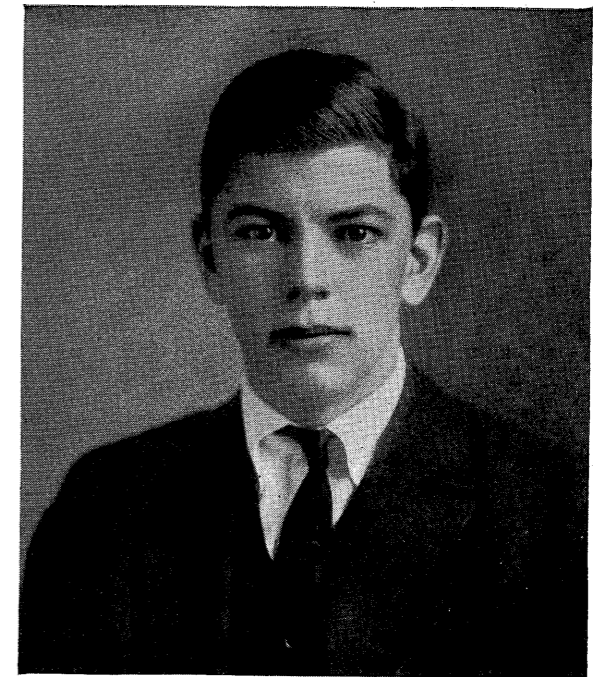


two of his brothers, after notification from the Graves Registration Bureau that Bronson's body was to be moved to one of the large American cemeteries in France, went to Belgium and identified his body, which now lies in the beautiful Berkshire Hills which he loved so much.

When Bronson died he possessed one of the best individual ornithological collections in this country. This his brothers have given to the Peabody Museum of Yale University, of which an ancestor, the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Starr, was one of the earliest trustees.

Bronson never married and when he died left three brothers, Dr. George W. Hawley, of Bridgeport, Conn., S. P. S. '93; Alexander W. Hawley, of Fort Dodge, Iowa; and Samuel M. Hawley, S. P. S. '95, who died in January, 1924.



WALKER BLAINE BEALE

1910-1914

WALKER BLAINE BEALE was born at Augusta, Maine, on March 22nd, 1896. He was the son of Truxtun Beale and grandson of General Edward F. Beale of California, and his mother was Harriet Blaine, a daughter of James G. Blaine of Maine. He entered St. Paul's School in the autumn of 1910, in the Third Form, was graduated in 1914 and entered Harvard the next fall, a member of a class which was to have great opportunities for conspicuous and unselfish service, and which was to suffer proportionate loss. Members of that class received commissions in the army a few months after they had left the University at the end of their Sophomore year; they were called upon to exercise leadership and command immediately, when the generosity

of their natures was most spendthrift and eager. Beale's own group of friends was particularly hard hit; Alfred Gardner and Whitney Dickey were killed in the Argonne, Joseph Busk was seriously wounded near Château Thierry, and Beale himself was mortally wounded at Xammes.

Beale's military service began on July 1st, 1916, when he went to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. From there he went to Bar Harbor for his last light-hearted summer; the following winter he trained with the Harvard unit, and in May, 1917, was ordered to Fort Myer for the regular three months' course of the first Officers' Training Camps. After the Fort Myer course was over he went to Harvard for a special three weeks' training under Colonel Azin, and was thereafter assigned to the 78th Division, then at Camp Dix. He was First Lieutenant of Company I, Three Hundred and Tenth Infantry. He stayed at Dix all that next winter, and in March was sent for six weeks of special training to Fort Sill. Shortly after his return the Division was ordered overseas. Beale's captain had been detached and Beale was Acting Captain of Company I, a position which he held until the end. His captain's commission came after his death. The Division landed in England on June 4th, 1918.

On September 7th and 8th, the Three Hundred and Tenth Infantry was ordered to the front in the neighborhood of Thiaucourt, following up the St. Mihiel drive. Previous to this date Beale had been offered a staff appointment and had refused it, preferring to stay with his men, whom he loved. On September 18th Beale and two of the men of his Company were returning from a long reconnoissance; in the fields just back of Xammes they saw a group of officers, of the Division which their Division was relieving, lying in a fairly exposed position for the purpose of making observations. Beale left his companions and went

over to speak to them. Just as he reached them a shell struck the group, killing three and wounding Lieuts. Broderick, Casey and Beale. Beale's companion, Sergeant Lane, ran over to the spot at once. Lt. Broderick was in great pain and Beale ordered Lane to take him out first, saying that he himself was not badly hit. Lane returned to him at once and thought at first that his injury was only a slight one; when he raised him, however, he saw that his back was almost shot away. On the way to the place where the ambulances were waiting, Lane asked him again and again how he was feeling; the invariable answer was "Perfectly all right," but the voice was growing weaker each time. He was rushed to the Field Hospital at Euvezin and died there at about eleven o'clock that night. He was buried the next day on a hill above the hospital with military honors. His body remained there until it was removed to the Government cemetery of St. Mihiel, near Thiaucourt.

Walker Beale had an accurate and incisive mind, keen curiosity about people and life in general, and a judgment which enabled him to follow the best when he had discovered it. His qualities of leadership developed constantly through school and college, and would have taken him far in public life if he had entered it. He had a natural inclination towards such a career and had tried to equip himself for it. He enjoyed exercising both his body and his intellect, and showed as much zest for athletics as he did for chess. The latter game was one of his favorites; during an amusing summer abroad some years before the war, he found an obscure café in Paris where certain old Frenchmen met every afternoon to play, and made himself welcome there.

Indeed, Walker Beale made himself welcome wherever he went. Powerful as his intellect was, his friends do not think of it first when they think of him; warmth and gen-

uineness of character, an interest in men and things and a genius for friendship were the real foundation of his magnetism. Whatever he might have done if he had lived,—and there is little question but that he would have done a great deal—he would never have lost sight of the human elements of his achievement, and would have balanced life with sympathy and honor. His traits made him an excellent officer, and circumstances made it possible for him to die unselfishly, which is the next best thing to living unselfishly.

We had great affection for him when he was a boy at School and great hopes of him in the future. He justified them, and though the loss of him is an irreparable one to more than his friends, his memory remains vivid and stimulating.

He was a giver and not a taker; it was his privilege to give everything at once—a privilege which his generous spirit ran to meet.