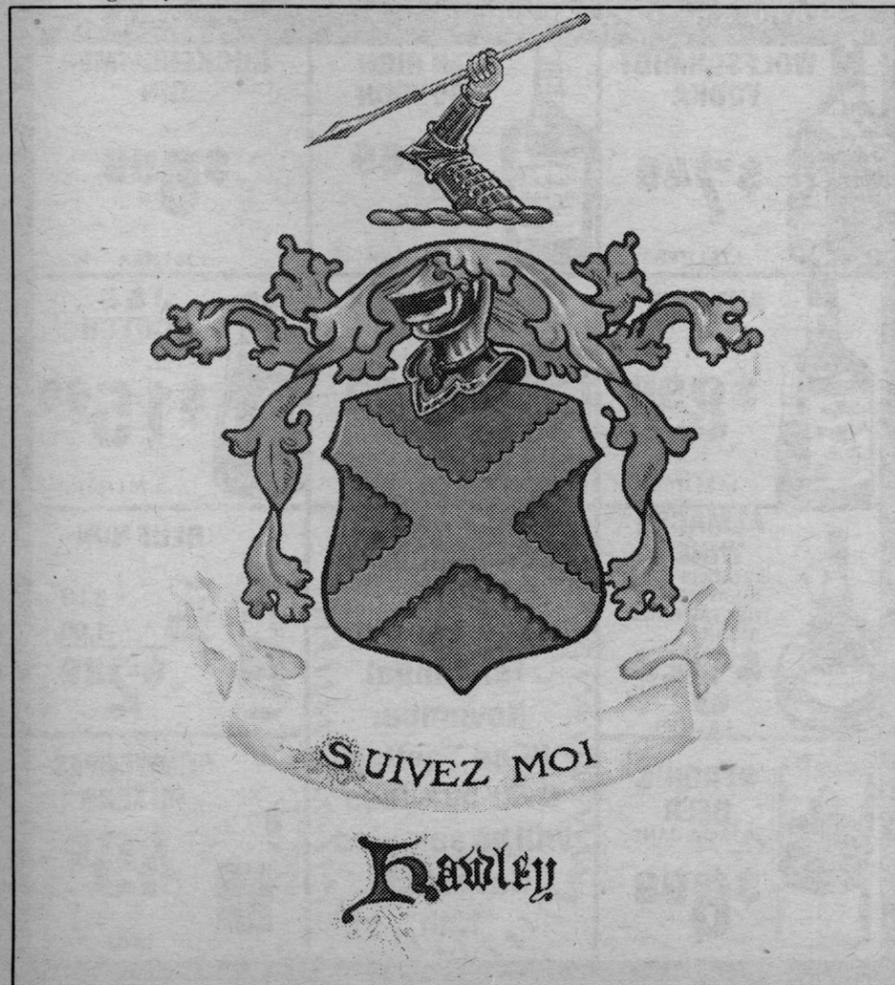


at the Porter School, partly because of the problem of where to board for the winter. Her growing relationship with Ren precluded staying at the Porter's, and besides, Mrs. Porter and Ren's sister, also named Hattie, were dogging Ren's footsteps in his attempt to court Hattie Brown, and had even enlisted the help of some of the Brown's neighbors on Main Street to keep track of Ren's visits to the Octagon House. Hattie did not care to return to the Johnson's (east of Buckley Road, north side of Oak Knoll, the house is still there), and nobody else was interested in boarding a school teacher. In the summer, Hattie had recorded walking the approximately three miles through the woods and across the fields back and forth from the Porter School on Buckley Road to the Octagon House, she had not needed to board. Another reason for leaving was the fact that Henry Hobein had become director of the Porter School, and he was hassling Hattie that her salary was too high. Ren of course disagreed, but he was in an awkward situation, because his feelings for Hattie had become obvious.

In turn, Hattie's letters reveal a complete preoccupation with Ren, and a feigned annoyance at the curiosity of everyone about the outcome of their friendship. One suspects that while parrying questions and complaining about the nosiness of Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Comstock, Hattie is secretly enjoying the speculation she is creating. At this time Hattie was 24 years old, and had the reputation of being a flirt, by her own admission and to her evident glee, although she honestly shared the range of her emotions with her sister.

"It's a darn good thing she did join the church, for if she had'nt she would have been the wildest hawk that ever flew."

Part of a letter, in fact a 20-page letter to Laura, begun by Hattie on March 6, 1891.



reads:

"While upstairs I read over some letters I have received in the past. It makes me smile sadly (correct?) when I think of my wild days of flirting, I wish I had kept George B's letters. Not that I care for him, but I have a memento of all my fond lovers but him and Lounie. Some difference in the size of Lou and Ren. Maybe you remember I don't like little men. What do you suppose a fellow said about me to Ren a while ago. Don't be shocked. The fellow used to know me when I was a kid. He said 'It's a darn good thing she did join the church, for if she had'nt she would have been the wildest hawk that ever flew.' Imagine how flattered I felt at my reputation when younger! Well, I'm glad he thinks better of me now."

Laura's replies to her sister had evidently included some commentary from her husband Joe Nightingale about the state of Hattie's romance, for on March 20, Hattie wrote:

"Joe's barking doesn't scare me much or make me in any more of a hurry. He surely ought to be willing we should court as long as you two turtle doves did and we have only made a beginning. If things keep on from bad to worse I am afraid he (Ren) will devour me with his eyes. It makes me laugh, but yet makes me feel 'kinda awful' someway. He has given up every other plan for the one idea that I am to be his wife. If I gave him the slip I don't know but his life would be pretty dreary, yet he always says he don't want to bind me with any promises if I see a younger fellow I prefer. I have two meanings I put to that sentence. I sometimes think in his great love for me he is willing to sacrifice his own happiness for mine, and give me up if I would be happier with someone else. On the other side I think perhaps he does'nt care so much for me as he pretends and would take that way to let me know it. This last idea grows very dim when I think how much he has given up for my sake and how

much he has done for me. I sometimes imagine he is only flirting and is going to see how much he can make me care for him, and they say 'go.' I somehow can't convince myself that there is any elements of a flirt about him, but that he means just what he says or else he would'nt make such blunt speeches in regard to his feelings toward me. Guess he is all right if he is old and baldheaded."

In the same letter:

"Got a long letter from Ren saying his folks raise such a terrible row over his coming to see me that he can't come. The old humbug thinks he must 'fix up' when he comes so they know what's up. 'Mum' is the word on the letter business yet when

you write. We will dodge his folks yet I think"

Nothing has changed through the years. The self doubts experienced by Hattie then in her growing romance with Ren, are exactly the same as most young people share today. Perhaps the greatest difference is in the means of communication. Hattie committed her self-analysis to paper, unconsciously for posterity to share, in her need to communicate with her sister. Today that communication would probably be through telephone, and a range of emotions would be lost forever.

Next time: Hattie moves towards marriage, and visits Minnesota. Barringtonians go to the World's Fair.

Last Rites Held Tuesday for C. P. Hawley, Pioneer

Prominent Resident Dies in Chicago Hospital on Saturday

Funeral services for Charles P. Hawley Tuesday afternoon at the chapel, 203 S. Cook street, marked this village's final tribute to a man who had spent his entire



Charles P. Hawley

lifetime in furthering the development of Barrington.

Reverends Charles Drussel and W. A. Stauffer officiated and burial took place in Evergreen cemetery. Vocal musical numbers were sung by Mrs. D. B. Pomeroy, Mrs. J. C. Cadwallader and Mrs. W. Cannon. The fourth member of the group is Mr. Hawley's daugh-

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ter-in-law, Mrs. V. D. Hawley. He had been interested in the quartet, delighting in their work and often referring to them as "his girls."

Mr. Hawley died Saturday at the Frances Willard hospital after having been in failing health for about a year.

Charles P. Hawley was born December 22, 1848, the son of Charles and Sarah Ann Hawley, pioneers in this region from Amherst, Mass. His birthplace was the Hawley farm in Barrington township, now occupied by Philip Hawley.

When Mr. Hawley was 16 years old, his family moved to Barrington, and he took employment in the Sennett store, located where the First State Bank building stands.

Seven years later Mr. Hawley bought an interest in the store and became the partner of A. K. Townsend. Later he went into the meat market business with Frank, Fred and Hyland Hawley.

Mr. Hawley and Miss Laura Richardson were united in marriage in 1872 at a triple ceremony on the old George Waterman farm, and to them two sons were born Ray Hobart, who died in infancy, and Verne D. Hawley now residing in Barrington. The late Mr. and Mrs. Delos Church and Mr. and Mrs. Hyland Hawley were the other members of this unusual wedding party of which Mr. Hawley was the last to survive, Laura, his wife having preceded him in death August 28, 1917 at the age of 67 years.

He was elected to serve as a trustee of the village board in 1880 and was supervisor of Barrington township for 20 years. His greatest pride was the development of Evergreen cemetery. He was superintendent of the cemetery association for 53 years, his diligence and care making Evergreen cemetery one of the showplaces of this community. The cemetery now stands as a memorial to him.

In 1918, Mr. Hawley and Mrs. Virginia Comstock were married and made their home at 218 S. Cook street, where they have lived ever since.

He is survived by his widow, one son, V. D. Hawley, one grandson, Charles, and one sister, Mrs. Jennie Powers, in addition to many other relatives.