

The Hales Newsletter

Motto: United Force is Stronger



The Hales Family History Society
Kenneth Glyn Hales, Founder (ken@hales.org)
5990 North Calle Kino
Tucson, Arizona 85704-1704

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The Hales Newsletter contains current events, historical sketches and genealogical information pertaining to the Hales family. It is published by Kenneth Glyn Hales, secretary of The Hales Genealogical Society from 1970 through 1981 and The Hales Family History Society since 1995.

This is a reprint. The original was scanned and the text corrected for spellings, something that was very difficult in the original mimeograph process. There is also some minor editing. The Hales Manuscript pages being developed during the publication of the Old Series of The Hales Newsletter have been deleted because the content is now found in The Hales Chronicles, now in its second edition with the third edition planned for 2005.

The Hales Chronicles can be found on the Hales web-page at www.hales.org and at The Family History Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at Salt Lake City, Utah; The Library of Congress at Washington, D.C.; The Library of The Society of Genealogists at London, England; and the Centre for Kentish Studies at Maidstone, Kent, England.

The Hales Newsletter is provided to the above cited repositories and the Allen County Public Library at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Allen County Public Library indexes our publication and provides articles through their Periodical Source Index (PERSI).

Reprints of the Old Series of The Hales Newsletters are available at a cost of \$3.00 each.

EDITORIAL

This edition of the Hales Newsletter has been sent to everyone on the address list that I have even though I may not have heard from them in the past. I have sent it to everyone in the hope that those who have not as yet sent me their family information for inclusion into the Hales manuscript, and later into the Hales book, will have a chance to send it to me. A look at the manuscript pages will tell you what is needed.

The Hales Newsletter is the media used to make the Hales family visible. The Hales Newsletter keeps each Hales family member current on the status of the Hales Manuscript and the status of research concerning the origins of the Hales name. The cost of the Hales Newsletter is \$5.00 per year. All money received through the mail is used to further the causes of the Hales Genealogical Society. None is used for personal gain. If you would like to further the cause of finding and publishing Information concerning our ancestors I would appreciate hearing from you. Thanks to all of you that have already donated and sent me your family information. Your help is greatly appreciated.

NEWS AND VIEWS

This section of our HALES Newsletter contains the "happenings" that I am made aware of between issues. One of the many advantages of a Society such as this is that information can be published for all of the Hales family to see. Send me a copy of your announcements of births, marriages, deaths, etc., or anything that you think might be of interest to the Hales family. I request your help. If you see something in a newspaper concerning a member of the Hales family, please send me a copy – include the name of the paper and the date – and it will get included in a future Hales Newsletter.

Dr. D. Wilson Hales Elected to BYU Alumni Association Board.



Dr. D. Wilson Hales is one of six BYU Alumni that have been elected to the Alumni Association Board of Directors to direct affairs of the organization for a three year term beginning

April 2, 1976.

Dr. Hales is an Otolaryngologist in Ogden, Utah. At BYU he was a member of the Viking Social Unit and the Blue Key Honor Fraternity, serving as president in 1940-41. He received an M.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1945.

Future Articles. The July issue of the Hales Newsletter will contain a Short Account of the Prince Edward Island Branch of the Hales Family. The October Issue will contain some material furnished by Mrs. Jeannette Gott containing probate information of Roger, Mary and Hugh Hales In the early 1700's of Maryland. Along with each issue will be more Hales Manuscript pages for your inspection. It should be a fun year. Thank you for your support, help and interest in making sure our posterity have Information about their ancestors.

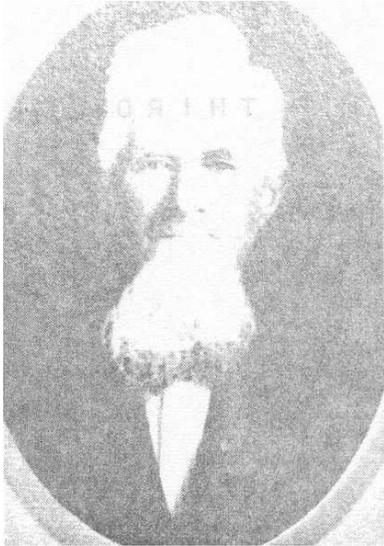
IN MEMORIAM

Pamela Hales. Pamela Hales, 10, Hurst, Texas, died March 14, 1976, at her home following a long illness. She was born September 8, 1965 at Provo, Utah, Utah the daughter of Glen Jarman and Carolyn Prince Hales. Survivors include the parents; brother, sisters: Rebecca, Julia Anna, Gregory Glen, all of Hurst, Texas. Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Prince, of Orem, Utah. Graveside services were held at the site of interment at the Pleasant Grove, Utah, City Cemetery.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TOWNSEND PERRY HALES

The following article was supplied by Mrs. Jeannette Gott of Lakewood, Colorado, a granddaughter of Townsend Perry Francis Monroe Hales and Helen Hunt.

Winfield, Kansas
December 23, 1913



Townsend Hales

The following is something of a history of my life up to date.

I was born in Gallia County, Ohio, May 7, 1834 A.D. My father was Hugh; he was born the 18th of January, 1800. He married Elizabeth Matthews, the oldest daughter of Townsend and Nancy

Matthews.

My father had more than an average education for his day which made him a leader in society. He was engaged in early life in the milling business. In the Panic of 1837 he sold his mill property and the Panic struck him with his money. The result was his money was worthless and he was left with but a few hundred dollars. In 1840 he moved with his family to Henry County, Iowa, where he bought 300 acres of land. By trade he was a millwright; did all of his own building and for some years made all of the coffins for miles around. He improved his large farm and was prosperous in his business. He was a licensed local preacher and did a great deal of preaching; was very deliberate in his manner, and rather enjoyed debating. At that day the Calvinists

were very strong and he spent quite a good deal of time in that line. Politically he was a Whig and a leader in his party. He was strongly opposed to slavery and used to say, "You children will live to see the day when the slaves will be free and the United States will be clear of the curse." He died in 1852 and is buried at what used to be Marshall, Henry County, Iowa.

The oldest daughter, Mary Ann, married Thomas Gaskil, a local preacher. He is buried at Quincy, Adams County, Iowa.

The second daughter, Isabel, married Silvanus Warren; he died a few years after they were married. She had two children. When the war broke out she went into the hospital service and at the close of the war married a local preacher. She is buried in Muscatine, Iowa.

Sabina, the third daughter, married Rev. Samuel Miller, a member of the Pittsburgh Conference, and she is buried in Webster, Pennsylvania. Sabina was one of the most devoted Christian woman I have ever known.

William Harrison, the oldest son, went to Oregon in 1851. He married there. His health was not good and after a few years he died from the effects of an operation.

John Clark married In Chillicothe, Missouri, came to Kansas in an early day, starved out; went to Oregon, and died there. We know little of his whereabouts.

Hugh Byron Americus, the youngest son, died in Oregon.

Evaline, the youngest daughter, married George Stubbs and lives at Chillicothe, Missouri.

None of the children sold their birthright; were all members of the M. E. Church. J. C. was in the 17th Iowa Infantry; Americus In the 4th Cavalry; and I was in the 25th Iowa Infantry. Politically we were all Republicans. Our parents were from West Virginia and of Irish descent with push and "get-up" – used to say, "Think twice and speak once. This is a brief outline of our parentage.

My parent's named me Townsend Perry Francis Monroe. However, I thought the four was too heavy a burden. I was six years old

when our folks moved to Iowa. My first work that I remember much about was driving a four-yoke team of oxen to a prairie plow, my older brother William holding the plow. In the winter we spent our time hauling and making rails. When I was 16 or 17 we had a three month school three miles away. A log was split and legs put in each half. That made our seat. A board was placed against the wall, slanted down, for our desk. The big boys and girls spent all the time they could get writing and sending notes to each other. I soon graduated from school, however. I had no more schooling until after I was 21 years old when I spent 18 months in Iowa Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. Soon after that I was married.



Helen Hunt Hales

24, on the part of the farm my father had willed to me.

When the war broke out I enlisted in Company H, 25th Iowa Infantry; was a non-commissioned officer; drew from the first, \$16.00 a month.

The first battles were up the Yazoo, in the rear of Vicksburg; two at Arkansas Post. Then we fell back down the river and lay at Younts-Point, opposite Vicksburg; worked on that cut-off. Our men died by the thousands while we lay there. The Rebels came over from

There is a period along there that will not be of so much interest to you children and I will pass over that.

As near as my memory serves me I was 24 years old when I was licensed to preach. I hauled the logs to the mill and had them sawed and built my own house, 24 x

Vicksburg and cut the levee and drove us out. In a few hours you could have run a steamboat back 12 miles. Our dead that were buried temporarily there were washed away. We took the line of march down through Louisiana and crossed the Mississippi below Vicksburg; had three days rations and were out 16 days on the three. You may guess we got hungry!

The battles at Black River continued several days, holding the Rebels under Bragg back and advancing, driving the rebel forces under Pemberton to Vicksburg, on the 17th of May we closed the lines at Vicksburg. Our regiment was on the extreme right. We laid down next to the river as we closed in the lines. The firing was terrific. Brown Matthews, a cousin, was shot in the hand in this charge. We lost heavily at that time. On the 22nd of May there was a charge made in the center of the lines near the railroad that led to Jackson. A detail was sent from our regiment and I was one of those sent. We ran a gauntlet of about a fourth of a mile. Most of the men that were in that charge were either killed or wounded. We accomplished nothing in that charge. Those of us who were left skulked out after night. Nothing more occurred until the 4th of July, except to hold our lines with more or less firing every day.

The surrender of Vicksburg was on the 4th and on the morning of the 5th we took up our line of march. Soon we were in the engagement with Hood who had been firing in our rear while we were in the siege of Vicksburg. We had a hard battle at Jackson but we drove the enemy. We fell back at once to Vicksburg, took the boats for Memphis and there boarded the cars for Chattanooga. After leaving the train we fought Forrest night and day in our front until all the 15th Corps, except the first division, crossed the Tennessee River. Then we fought him in the rear until we got to Chattanooga. There we were cut off from the 15th Corps and thrown in with the 11th and 12th Corps under Joe Hooker. There we were in the battle on Lookout Mountain.

The next day we drove the Rebels from a stand they had taken on Mission Ridge. This

was the only battle that I felt sure they would get me. The 29th Ohio was in our front and they were almost to a man shot down and stripped of their clothing. I got protection behind a stump. Several times they got a fair range of me and struck the stump and the rotten wood flew over in my face. The "Rebs" were swinging around on our left and a ball struck my blouse. I was one of the last to leave the field. The balls flew fast and thick as hail around me but they failed to catch me.

This was the last battle I was in. Soon after this I lay sick in a hospital at Ringgold, Georgia. My doctor was a man that we had taken prisoner at Vicksburg, a Rebel, as he had been, saved my life. From there I came home on a thirty-day furlough. Reported back to Keokuk and at the siege of Atlanta everyone was ordered to the front. I stopped at St. Louis and from there I was discharged having served nearly three years in the Army.

This is a brief history of my army life – at a time when I should have been making preparations for later life, but I would not have this part erased on any consideration. The work that was done by the "Boys of the 60s" is worth more to this country than all else besides.

After my discharge early in February, 1865, I started in March with a team for Missouri. J. C. accompanied me. On account of bad roads we were compelled to lay up for a time at Leon, Iowa, arriving in Chillicothe, Missouri, along the first days of April. We soon became acquainted with the Methodists of the town. There was a man by the name of Gibson, postmaster. A letter came addressed to Rev. Hales. He would not deliver it but sent for me to come to the office. As soon as they found I was a licensed man they shoved me to the front. When Lincoln was assassinated I was back in the congregation at the services they held and the Presiding Elder called on me to pray. The Spirit moved me especially in that prayer and from that time on I was kept to the front.

There was a great influx or rush of northern people to that part of the country and there was a good opportunity for making money. I bought

some property and among other things was a lot on the Square in Chillicothe. I had a partner and we advertised for bids to build a house and I put in a bid. I got the contract to build a large two-story store building. I refer to this so as to give an incident that occurred at that time.

I went to Quincy, Illinois, to buy my lumber and after looking through the yards I concluded I could do better at Hannibal, Missouri. A steamboat came along at 10 or 11 o'clock at night. It was dark, and somewhat dark! As I went aboard there was a barge lashed to the steamer next to the wharf. Supposing I was on the main boat I stepped off and went down into the water where I suppose it was not less than 20 feet deep. As I came up I threw up my hands and someone pulled me out. I went up in the cabin and dried myself the best I could and my money, \$400.00, that I had in a belt around my person. The next morning I bought my lumber in Hannibal, went home, built my house, finished my contract, and said to the Lord that I would not play "Johnny" any more. So from that time on I tried to do what I could for Him in trying to build the Kingdom.

I want to say here that all along life's way there have been many dark days. Sometimes I have felt almost forsaken, but in the darkest hours I have found a Friend that has come to my relief and scattered the clouds and turned on the Light and strewn the flowers.

At the beginning of my ministry in Missouri, in the Fall of '65, I went south of Chillicothe with the Postmaster to an appointment of his. The meeting was in a South Methodist Church, and he announced an appointment for me in two weeks. I went to the little town of Bedford on Saturday night. The only man in town I knew it was safe for was an M.E. preacher, and an old soldier at that, to stay with was the Postmaster, for at that time they all wore the Blue and beat time to the same tune. But he was poor and it was not convenient for him to keep me over night. He took me up to Mr. Porters, a New York Yankee. His father-in-law was Mr. Wolf-Scales, the leading Rebel of that whole country. That

evening there were at least three returned Rebels there and I thought for my benefit they said all the mean things it was possible for men stepped in animosity to say. When it came bedtime that slick Rebel-Yankee brought me the Bible and I had to pray for them. Well, they gave me a bed, but I was on "picket" all night. I rose early in the morning, felt glad I didn't have to stay in "Andersonville" any longer. Went to the Postmasters as soon as possible.

The appointment for Sunday morning was at 11:00 o'clock. At 9:00 a.m. I looked up toward the church and saw crowds coming from all directions. At 10:00 o'clock I went up to the church. Something seemed to tell me, "They intend to oust you this morning." As I went in the door a man stood there dressed in butternut from top to toe, with leggings on, showing he was a Circuit Rider. My former impressions were fixed now and I was determined that he had not gotten up early enough to beat me. I went in by him and walked right up to the pulpit.

The noted Wolf-Scales introduced the man I saw at the door as Brother Merrill, a Methodist preacher. I invited him in the stand but was afraid to sit down for fear I would lose my place. By the way – I opened the service in the usual way. My text was the narrative about the Savior and Martha. I had but one division and that was that the Gospel was the one-thing needful. I tried to show what the world would be like without the Gospel. After referring to the heathen countries, I said, "In fact we do not need to go to India, or China, or Africa, but come with me to the south-land and see the state of society. But, you need not go to South Carolina, but come to your own town and see the state of things. Your church with the windows broken out and your seats broken down."

If the Lord ever helped a poor fellow in preaching, He did me that day. When I got through Brother Merrill took the floor. He prayed but I think he was afraid to sit down. He at once said he was the one who had expected to preach and he knew the people were

expecting it. Then he made his announcements, filling up all the time for four weeks ahead. In closing he said he hoped the people would bury the hatchet and be one as they had been, stating that he was the regular pastor appointed for that Circuit. Then the war began. We were pretty well divided between Unions and Rebels. I could see the war spirit rising in our fellows for most of them had their blue coats on. When I dismissed we gathered on one side of the alley and the other on the other.

Our fellows said, "We will have the church or burn it down."

I took in the situation and said, "Men, we whipped them once and we can do it again, but, this is their church and we should let them alone."

I started away and the blue-coats followed. When I went to get my horse the bridle was gone. The poor Rebel-Yankee seemed surprised when I went to him about it. I got out of patience and said, "I want a bridle at once!" One of his own boys brought my bridle and said it had been up to the saloon – that it wanted something to drink.

Two weeks from that day I preached at a little school-house a few miles south of that town and organized a Circuit, and, It remains a Circuit yet. So ends my first experience in Missouri.

In 1866 I was one of twenty-seven that joined the Missouri Conference. All but two had been in the army. I was sent to the Carnsville Circuit, 50 miles from Chillicothe. I had a fine grey mare and bought a good buggy. I loaded my wagons of goods with a barrel of flour, 100 pounds of meat, and other things in proportion. One of the old preachers said to me, "If you go up there like that they will not pay you anything." But I went that way all the same. When I got there I rented a fair house and the first man of any note who came to the parsonage brought us the biggest ham of meat I ever saw. My salary that year was \$500.00.

My first convert that year was at a camp-meeting. His name was Johnny Smith, a

little ragged boy. "Oh," some said, "Its nobody but little Johnny Smith!"

Well, the meeting went on and on and we could hardly stop it. Seventy-one joined the church from that camp-meeting. The shouts were heard everywhere. Years passed – I will tell you something about little Johnny Smith. Twelve or fourteen years after that at my first appointment on a new charge, a man six feet high came and shook hands with me, calling me by name. He was a man, well-dressed, wearing a plug hat, and he said, "Don't you know me!" When I said, "I guess not," he took out a little hymn-book, opened to the fly-leaf with my name presented to him. "Don't you know Johnny Smith?" I looked up at him, a fine specimen of a noble man, and this was nobody but little Johnny Smith. He was at this time principal of the schools in Trenton, Missouri. We can't most always tell what we are accomplishing. More than 200 joined the church that year. God was wonderfully gracious to us that year.

At one of the country appointments there was a church that had been built for twelve or fifteen years. All the seats they had were rough lumber laid down. After I had been there five or six months I said, "We had better seat the church." So I announced one Sunday that at my next appointment there we would take a collection to seat the church. Some laughed and others scoffed at the idea, but I took my collection all the same and we seated the church. Then I said, "We had better paint the old building," and we did it!

There was a general hallelujah over what had been done. This was a great year for the work of the lord, a general revival all over the work. A few months before Conference I said, "We had better buy a parsonage." The man who brought the big ham said "Yes," and he gave \$20.00 – a big sum in those days. Saloon keepers and everyone rallied and we bought a pretty good property. At one appointment they made the preacher a nice quilt and when they came to present it the speaker of the occasion said, "We want a promise from you. You must

agree not to say anything about this. If you do all the preachers of the conference will want to come here." So ended the first year of my itinerant life, A great year!

I went to Conference expecting to return, or remain, but the wheels turned me out more than a hundred miles from the place, on the Hannibal R.R. at St. Catherine, a work of two appointments, at two towns 1000 or 1200 each. They were well pleased with the looks of the new preacher. The people were aristocratic; were overhauling the church when we got there. In a few weeks, an old lady, the leader, came over to the parsonage with her hair-dye and said, "Brother Hales, sit down, I want to color up your hair." And I obeyed orders. She kept my hair blacked all the year.

There had been a rupture in the church just before I got there and quite a number had left the church. The Good Templars were making quite a stir about the saloons and the whisky traffic in general. The church had had something of what they called a revival and had taken into the church some of the element that would not oppose the whisky traffic. They had elected a man by the name of Pearson as Sunday School Superintendent. He was smart but bad at heart. The preacher moved carefully and bought a library of something like a hundred dollars worth, but couldn't endorse their intemperate habits. They had fixed my salary at \$700.00 and furnished me a house which made me something over \$800.00.

After the middle of the year I preached a temperance sermon, had it well in hand and hit the drug stores a hard lick. After I got through I read the list of patent medicines that were being sold falsely when they were nothing but miserable and bad whisky. A local preacher, the proprietor of one of the drug stores, the leader in the Official Board who had rented me my house, gave me notice next morning to get out of the house at once. The town was in an uproar. The Good Templars and the dancing element said by a committee that was sent to me, "Your sermon will make you more money than you will lose. Will you

take the money that we will raise at our ball?" I said "No!" but I stayed in my house until the end of the year and got my salary. The Sunday School Superintendent, Pearson, broke into the church and stole our library and destroyed it. I soon found that the itinerant's life is not all sunshine.

At that place we licensed Brother Stauber and recommended him to the conference. We took Brother Edmonds out of the M.E. Church South and afterwards he was admitted to our Conference. I could mention many things that would be amusing.

The next year I was sent to DeWitt down on the Missouri River. Nothing very remarkable happened that year. The lines were closely drawn between the Northern element and the Southern. We occupied a South Methodist Church and when their Sunday School was coming out our congregation was going in. They were as afraid of each other as we could be of a viper. Our people had been there largely before the war and when the war broke out they stayed with the Union. I always tried as far as it was reasonable to pour oil on to mollify. I said to one of our leading men, "Brother Chapin, hadn't we better attend their services and try to bring about a better state of things?" And he said, "I cannot. I would rather never meet any of those folks."

Then he stated facts to me as he had never mentioned anything along that line before. "My son," he said "came home from the army and when they learned he was here they took him out in the night and shot him, and after he was dead they shot seven holes in him."

Shelton repeated a like story, "My son came home on sick furlough. We tried to hide him away, but they took him out and cut him to pieces with their knives." It was horrible!

Right along that time there were some strange things occurred. I was holding a protracted meeting in a country school-house where we had great opposition. During the meeting two young women of the opposing element took the lock-jaw and couldn't open their mouths for two weeks – had to be fed with

a spoon. The Providences of God are mysterious but God always vindicates His cause in some way.

From here I was sent to Edinburg, 75 miles over the country. This was a period of church building. While I was there in two years we built three good churches. Had a very pleasant and prosperous time. There was a Baptist college there. The Rebel element was strong. We had no church in the town. The president of the college was a strong Northern man and always stood by me. We built a church and the Southern element said, "You will put up a frame and in the winter it will blow down."

Late in the Fall came and no lime to be had. I said, "We will go to the woods and roll some logs together in a hollow and burn our own lime." My own two boys, Charley and William went. They shoveled away the snow and hauled sand and we plastered the house, finished, dedicated it, and paid for it. There are many other things I relate here.

After spending two years at Edinburg I was sent to Bethany, County Seat of Harrison County. A peculiar state confronted me on reaching the town. I found they had just built a new church but had gotten so down on the preacher that they would not let him have the church dedicated. They had an organ fight on, dividing the church half and half. One faction said they would not attend while they had that "bull" in the church. Without being aware of the real situation I got connected up with the organ crowd. But I moved on carefully and secured the influence of all outside the church and along in the summer we had the church dedicated. During the two years there we built another church at Michelville.

Early in the Fall the parsonage was burned. I lost quite a good many of my books, among others was my army record. I had kept a record every day, where we were and what we did. William's mother died the last year I was there and is buried on Vacey Price's lot. I left Bethany with a great many friends. Many more things occurred that I might relate.

I went to Canton the next year, on the

Mississippi River, a town of five or six thousand. The Campbellites had a big school there and the town was Southern. Our church was the only one that had a revival. Our meeting continued over three months and during the time sixteen left the M.E. Church South and came over to us. I moved from place to place until I had moved five times during the year. One little incident occurred the first night of the Week of Prayer. The meeting was being held in the Baptist Church. The leader was the pastor of the Campbellite Church and he called on me to pray. As I commenced a little feisty dog jumped up by my side and commenced howling. I stopped and he stopped. I commenced and he commenced. This proceeded two or three times when some one came to my relief. On the other side of the house a man jumped up and yelled, "I put that dog out!" We had a scourge of cholera that year and the doctor said if I had been scared I would have had it. The spinal meningitis struck us hard also. We had a pleasant year at Canton, did some good, I hope.

From Canton I went to the Chillicothe Circuit by my own request, remained here two years, built the church at Wheeling and had a general revival more or less over the work. I went from there to Cameron, found a divided church. They had crippled the work of the two men before, neither of whom had stayed more than one year each.

One of the most noted events of my life occurred here. It was on the 4th of July, 1876, when your father and mother were married. I remained two years at Cameron and succeeded in getting the two elements together. Had a pleasant pastorate.

From Cameron I went to Breckenridge where our first child, Oren, was born. My predecessor, C. W. Phillips, had made a wonderful stir and the first thing I struck was a church trial with the leading man of the church. The trial continued all the year. He took an appeal but it resulted in his expulsion from the church. These are some of the unpleasant things of a pastor's life. On a former charge I

might have mentioned a trial over a flock of geese that a woman was accused of stealing.

The work at Breckenridge was divided and I remained on one half. That year I lived in Chillicothe in my own house. Pretty nearly all the event that I remember much about occurred the 9th of April when a girl was born and we called her name "Clarice."

My next appointment was Macon City Circuit. We lived in Macon and two events occurred – one made the household glad when another girl was born and we called the child "Mabel" and she is "Mabel" still. Time passed and the Death-Angel visited our home and took our first-born. Ora was gone, and we laid him to rest beside his grandmother (Elizabeth Hales) in Chillicothe.

The latter part of the year we built a parsonage at Atlanta and moved to it. The close of that year I came back to the Chillicothe Circuit and built a house on the farm there. Soon after that I sold out and moved to Denver, Colorado. I went into a store but soon found it was no place for me. We went to Buena Vista and I supplied the church there the balance of the year, after which we moved back to Denver.

Then we crossed the plains with teams and covered wagons into Kansas and finally landed in Kingman County. I took a claim, improved it, and preached all the time we lived in that county. We moved from there to Winfield, Cowley County, lived in town two years. I preached at Maple City and Dexter. Moved then to the north farm, had a pretty hard time to live. Soon after moving there I supplied at Leon, and later at Freeport. An accident occurred on the farm one year during harvest. A team of two mules and three horses ran away with the binder. They ran into a grove, tore the binder all to splinters, threw me off and the boys off the horses. The boys (Earl and Orville) were on the horses and I was running the binder. I hardly know how we all escaped being killed.

But later, sorrow came when the May-day was bright and prospects brightening and we were rejoicing together in a happy future when

the sad news came that Earl was drowned. A sad day. The saddest thing I have had to bear. But so it is. We should look for danger when we possess delight. Our pathways are strewn with danger from the cradle to the grave.

There have been ten or twelve years now that I do not care to write about. I wish there had been more sunshine, but I want to close up this imperfect outline of my life by saying that from the beginning I have had but one thought in view. First of all to serve God so that my life will meet with His approval. Second, to do the best possible for my family while they were growing up and when they were settled in life to be able to do something for them. And, above all, to leave a heritage that they will not be ashamed of.

I look back over my life and find many places where I think there might have been an improvement. I have been careful not to write many letters that I would be glad to call back. What good you may have seen, emulate. Forget the mistakes. I am glad to know that we have One who is touched with the feeling of our infirmity.

The 7th of May next, brings me to my four-score years. At this writing I am quite well, except my eyes. Clarice, you may send this to Mabel, or retain it, as you like. I only wish it might have been more perfectly written. Bye, Bye.

/s/ Townsend P. Hales

REUNION NEWS

The above autobiography was written by Townsend Perry Francis Monroe Hales, in 1914, just before his eightieth birthday. Since he was married on the Centennial "Fourth," Mrs. Jeannette Gott of 2094 Iris Street, Lakewood, Colorado 80215 is gathering information on their descendants before the Bicentennial "Fourth."

At the same time she is trying to link them to past Hales'es. Her grandfather says his father was Hugh Hales. Just which one was he? T. P. Hales says his father, Hugh, was born in

Wheeling, West Virginia in January 18, 1800 and married Elizabeth Matthews, who was born in 1803 the daughter of Townsend Perry Matthews, of Greenbrier County, West Virginia, and Nancy Williams of Maryland. This Matthews family moved to Gallia County, Ohio about 1812. Perhaps T. P. Hales father, Hugh, is one of the children of Hugh and Jemima Jewell, married September 5, 1799 in Baltimore County, Maryland. This Hugh being the son of Hugh and Mary ... as listed in our Hales Manuscript.

The Hales Newsletter, Volume 1 page 91, contains a historical sketch of Hugh Byron Americus HALES of Umatilla, Oregon. This Mr. Hales was T. P. Hales brother. His first wife was Susie Stubbs from Henry County, Iowa. A sister, Sarah Evaline, married George Stubbs, also of Henry County, Iowa.. Another brother, William Henry Harrison Hales (sometimes HALE) also went to Oregon. There has been a Judge Stubbs in the Kansas City courts for many years – first a Walter Stubbs and now his son, Donald, grandson and great-grandson of Hugh and Elizabeth Matthews Hales who went from Gallia County, Ohio to Henry County, Iowa before 1840 and then after the Civil War to Chillicothe, Missouri. The grave of Elizabeth Matthews Hales (1803-1872) was located in Chillicothe, Missouri last summer.

To commemorate the centennial of the marriage of Townsend Perry Francis Monroe Hales and Hellen Hunt, the grandchildren are planning a Hales reunion at Shell Knob, Missouri the weekend of June 11-13. All relatives of this Hales family are invited. For further details write to Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Star Route I, Shell Knob, Missouri 65747. A copy of this Newsletter has been sent to Mrs. Gott's relative's according to instructions and an address list supplied by her. Extra copies of this Newsletter will be carried by her to the Reunion.