

were there 2 ministers named Graham in St. Louis's p? It is in my mind that Sarah (Tripp) Evans m. 2nd Rev. Mr. Graham. Tripp d. 1774
will of John Tripp - wife Elizabeth, son Archibald - 7 youngest children - 4 daughters
Martha Chaplin, Elizabeth Chaplin, Sarah Graham - Mary Jenkins - names of
other children - 22 July 1780
Prov. 3 Sept 1781

Mrs. John Hanahan
5100 Kesterwood Drive
Knoxville, Tennessee 37918
Aug. 3, 1971

Jack descends from the Greens
& I from the Greens. Which
Samuel of H.H.'s one.
Jack is also a Bartokale
descendant but not of the
branch that H. belongs to.

P.S. + have you seen the
wills I thought Jack from
New Hampshire in 1764?
I sent copies of John Sadson in Vidalia, Ga.
to you + Sadson.

P.S. ++ Do you have a copy of the records of Joseph
Jenkins which I copied when owned by Miss Charlotte
Stoney of Chast. Bible Rec. + family reminiscence

Dear Mr. Peeples:
Every time I think about answering your letter I do something else!

5 times
looked
up refer
ance
probably
should
have
looked
up more.

It is one of those letters which involve so much more work than just a few casual remarks. Almost everything I read in it reminds me of something else. I really don't know where to start and no doubt won't know where to end.

I think I'll start by saying that my Dad worked for various railroads- not that he liked railroading- far from it- but his Dad was T.S. Davant, in his day a very important railroad man, who thought there could be no more fascinating business than rails, and in the course of his first jobs he went to Louisville, Ken. where he met my mother who was Madge Hardin Smith from Wisconsin. (Now that is how I got my name. Her grandmother was a sister of the famous Harding brothers- Chester is the one I remember- her name was Sophia Harding well, that means she was Margot's great grandmother for her grandmother was Fannie Shoemaker. Okay, my mother fell in love with Ken.- the Hardings had passed through Kentucky en route to the west- in Kentucky they spell it without a g- so mine are entirely New England Hardings- just grateful I didn't get named Sophia Harding! The only research I've done on the Hardings is to copy Abiel Harding's application for a pension after the Revolutionary War and I have translated the will of John Harding of Co. Essex, which mentions his son Abraham of Boston, from whom I descend. When I did research in Charleston I had a great yen to claim kin with Angel Harden- much better than Sophy!) so I am a mixed breed- my grandfather Smith having fought on the Union side and my two great grandfathers Davant and Taylor for the Confederacy. Not only was I born of mixed sides, but I lived with first my Smith grandmother from age 6 to 9 and we always spent the whole summer in Wisconsin, but at 9 my parents had a divorce and the Court (we lived in Knoxville at this time) awarded me and my next brother to Dad's parents and we went to live in Roanoke, Va. where my grandfather was vice president of the N&W RR and senior warden of St. John's Church. I forgot to say by the time I was born Dad was working in Cincinnati, so I was born in a little suburb, Delhi, O. I was a rebellious handful- full of hate of the South (Margot soon overcame her admiration of the South and her spite against Dad soured her on anything Southern, and I only wanted to go back to Wisconsin! So I was sent to a convent, first in Wytheville and then four years in Cresson, Pa. I graduated at 16, in 1920 and by that time Grand-dad had retired on a very small pension, and no-one knew how to live on peanuts! Dad had gone down the scale in railroading- he loathed it but it was all he knew- and was travelling for some road out of Toledo, O. One aunt thought I should go and make a home for him and my brother- sweet sixteen fresh from 4 years in a convent! Grandmother's brother, Mr. H.P. Taylor of Charleston was so upset that he interested his daughters, May and Lilah, and they invited me to spend the month of September in Charleston. It was a hot September! But I must have been a good visitor for the cousins asked me to spend the winter with them and go to a business school. My husband's mother was an Ogier, and there are double relationships between them far back, but Uncle Judge's wife was a Hanckel- aunt of Francis Hanckel who founded Coburg Dairy. I rode in the truck out to Coburg, when that one rattly truck was the sole delivery. Francis and Polly were our good friends, they being married a few months before we were- as also were Loyer and Kenyon and Susie and Sparks of your Lawton kin- and my Davant kin! I loved everything about Charleston, and the Taylors were wonderful to me. My Cousin May Taylor first introduced me to Ross Hanahan- a Citadel cadet- but alas I didn't dent his no girl attitude- he brought a fellow cadet along to protect

of 1000 -

him. Then I met my husband, who is the son of J.S. Hanahan, the oldest Hanahan. Jack is ~~the~~ second son. We were engaged in 3 weeks. My family ordered me home but Cousin May interceded and I stayed till after Easter. We were married supposedly the ~~first~~ first day of November but don't believe our announcements we will celebrate our golden anniversary Oct. 27th, if we make it! There was a railroad strike that year too! Jack's parents and his family couldn't come unless they could get back before the Nov. 1st deadline! During the Depression we came back to Charleston from Columbia, living a year with his mother, then a widow, living with her daughter, on Rutledge Blvd. During this period, when we looked at both sides of a nickel and often put it back without 'spending it! ~~Miss~~ Jack wanted to get back in engineering, so he copied an old Ogier chart, and his aunt Mrs. Murdoch, got me to do some research on other branches of the family. Miss Mabel Webber was Cousin May's great friend, and what training I had, I got from her. She was by then crippled, and I did errands for her, and she let me use her notes as I branched out and began looking into the Hanahan lineage. At one time, when we were living in Court House Square, I went page by page through every old will book, inventory book, miscellaneous record-in the Probate Court. Alas, I got the wrong Miss Jenkins, according to Miss Webber-so on the one line you and Jack descend from, I have had to go back and get what I can from those awful copies. Father would have known! But he was dead before I started asking questions. This was the period when I wrote Granddad's first cousin Louisa Davant Crawley in Washington, and his younger brother, Uncle Jim Davant and Aunt Cave his sister, and other people whom Virginia Crawley suggested I write and got a good deal of Davant material I used as a basis for The Davant Family. I became a very good local geneologist. Believe it or not, I worked for Mr. Salley, and have a letter complimenting me. He also told me I was the only person doing this sort of work who didn't spend hours looking through records which had absolutely no bearing on the name. I loved this work and as I went into newspaper research, in doing backgrounds for a novel by Dr. H.P. Pleasants of West Chester about his ancestor Henry Mason, and then Dr. Easterly got me a PWA grant to do the newspaper research for his History of Charleston College-well, the College of Charleston sounds better, eh? I did all the papers from the first till 1850 I believe. He encouraged me to take notes, and as I expected to spend the rest of my life working along these lines, I have some excellent miscellaneous notes I made on the backs of envelopes, or what not! After we moved here I typed and indexed all these notes, and they are part of donation to the Hacks on Hilton Head *referring to H.H. only-*

Then we got a chance at a job and moved to Knoxville in June 1934. All that facility of placing people, the agility which let me chase up the ladders in the old Mesne Conveyance Bldg-all the know how went down the drain. Oh, I intended to do Tennessee research when I came here-and continue with S.C. but one look at what was available on S.C. in the McClung Room was enough to change my ideas. Besides we had but a small Model A Ford, in which Jack drove 11 miles to work every day. The only place we could find to live (we moved 3 months after TVA took over all available rental property) was a half mile beyond the end of the carline; I had developed sciatica before I left Charleston and for 6 months in Tenn. I did not sit at all-I ate standing. Luckily I could stand and lie in some comfort. I got rid of a bad tooth, and this poison eventually subsided. I had sciatica for years. Always some infection triggered it. Now I have arthritis.

The sun and wind are having a battle. I was on the phone when a gale blew through, and I ran to rescue the last of my wash off the line. It was wonderful to be able to hang out clothes, though right after I washed them it was raining and I dried most of them in the dryer, which I never do if I can help it. One of the few domestic chores I really enjoy is hanging out clothes. By the time I got my 2 tea towels and a girdle in, the threat had passed, but as I returned to the phone there was one clap of thunder, and fortunately for me, Elizabeth said she is afraid of thunder,-so an I-I respect it!

Well, there's my background for The Davant Family. My mother wrote one too-I read the manuscript for "Tom Davant, Southern Gentleman". It was a lulu. She also published a book concerning her later life-"Old Days and Indian Ways" I think is the title. She became quite a renowned collector of Indian antiques, a real authority on the Navajo and Sioux tribes. The chapters on Knoxville and Houston are really brisk! I hope I have given a truer picture of the Davant family, for whom I daily have more respect! I say daily but I mean as I meet another correspondent, I am impressed with the same general ideal and I'm proud to have that name and be as Mary said of Scotland this spring "one of them". I should say too, that my training and bent is definitely southern, for all my early training. I just mentioned that to put my worst foot forward first!

Now, as to Hilton Head. I took my second trip to get a correct date for my trip there. I have a big file on it, but I thought it would be about the time Virginia Holmgren's book came out. There was a letter stuck in it 1956-which I suspect is about the time we came to the Island. We spent a week at the end of October. I remember it was Oren Hack we liked best-Jack sent him a box of minerals after we returned. Besides the Hacks and Miss Stone (Mrs.?) we met the Postmistress and she had us for tea at her home and told us that even then there were people interested in trying to prevent the Hacks buying up the land some of the negroes owned. She was a very dramatic person-I still have a little old ink bottle she gave me found along the beach. I wrote up my trip afterwards-I suppose I have her name in it. What I want to say is that is 15 years ago, and Jack has been retired for nearly 7 years. What really retired him, though he had overstayed his allotted years with Ideal, was a terrible attack of pneumonia, heart failure, emphysema, which almost killed him. He knew he had emphysema, and had been warned to cut out cigarettes, and the damp cold air in England had affected him very badly that spring we were there, so, while he lives a very normal life here, mowing the lawn is his greatest exertion-he doesn't even drive the car if he can help it. Like several in his family he has glaucoma, and must have 4 month check ups. Our daughter is obsessed with wanting a farm, and us to move to it. Maybe 15 years ago I could have enjoyed a life on the Island, or even on her farm, but now we need to be near our church, our family (Tom our son lives 2 blocks off) and our doctors. It is gruesome to feel so restricted. I am just grateful that we can still live in our home and not be in an apartment somewhere! I have an extremely arthritic knee, and sometimes my back also-I've had high blood pressure breathing down my back since I was 40-one summer it stayed in the 250 and up to 290/130 for the worst-I thought I'd live like that the rest of my life. But for many years, medication held it down, but this last year it has gone up 4 times, I was actually miserable from either the high pressure-or when it went down even worse. So, I'll stay where I am, gratefully, as long as God allows. If you know where the blazing star grows that branches and is so handsome and different-please get me some seed! Or if it comes from a bulbous affair, I'd love a start. My garden is my greatest delight-and my church life. Can't say which has priority, but if I had to choose, I'd worship God through my garden, I think. I keep flowers at the church practically all the growing season from daffodils to mums. Right now it is surprise lilies! Our rector is back from a month's vacation, and we returned to Tuesday communions to-day. Sunday we went to Good Shepherd for 7:30. Friends had insisted we come to St. Thomas to hear their choir of young people put on a folk mass. That was at 9:30 and a good many miles from here. I wouldn't say yea or nay! But we went and we were delighted. This is the second one I have heard, and I like it. Also, I liked the Second Service, which we in Tennessee have had to have for 2 months since Easter. Now we started the First Service of the Trial Liturgy. I try not to compare the service with the old and familiar. At first I thought inside "I'll go for a month. If I don't feel it is communion, if I am antagonized; I won't go again and I'll not pay my pledge. But after the first time, I didn't have any upset feelings. Mostly I am still upset that our Bishop-or our presiding bishop-can demand such an un-American act: that all churches in this diocese must have only this trial service-and believe me, I am the only one of my family who likes it! Plus many others

I had a long letter from Susie Daugherty yesterday. She said you were a retired Episcopal priest.,now playing the organ at the Methodist Ch. She also said sweet things about your wife and you. I love Susie, and Florie not Loyer. We conflict! She thinks she got the best of me-the truth is I realized I might as well shut up, and strangely enough, I did. But not because she convinced me she knew more about the Ep.Ch. because Kenyon is the son, grandson, nephew, whatnot of bishops. I very well remember when Cousin Ned was a Baptist, and his children did go to St. Paul's in Summerville, but they were raised Baptists! *I might add: Kenyon did not agree or disagree either!*

The Lawton plantation which John Hanahan bought in 1757 was known as Old House, mentioned in the will of the second John Hanahan-no third John as being for his oldest son, John James Hanahan. The graveyard I've been in and copied the gravestones I think-John Seabrook and his wife and family. John Hanahan and John Davant were both carpenters on Edisto, at the same period. Jack says they were deadly enemies and when Davant moved to Port Royal, John's son followed him. I think they were friends and moved to stay near. There must have been some tragedy about John Hanahan of HoneyHorn Plantation. Uncle Ross has a memorial locket engraved with the names of four children of John and Mary Seabrook(Clark) Hanahan, I don't remember the sequence: Martha John, James, John James or something like that. Then they had John, Elizabeth and James Clark. They were married in 1792 and John III was b. 1798 and presumably Elizabeth and James Clark followed after, and John II d. 1806. I had to look up the 1798 and I find the 4th child on the locket was Edward. The inventory in 1806 states furniture at the Hilton Head plantation. Yet John and later his wife were buried on Cypress Trees Plantation, Edisto-the Clark plantation, which later came to his son John III by his second marriage. Annie Hasell told me where to go-she had been there before me, and told me the negro woman who lived in the house called herself Hanahan, and was a Mrs. Simons! *Old House - not Cypress Trees where Mr. Girardeau Murrey lived.*

"Picture" was the description of this.

I am not looking for Porcher portraits: I am in search of a miniature, I think, of Charles Edward Davant, whose daughter married Frank Porcher, and their daughter Caroline married another Porcher, her first cousin. There are plenty of descendants of this marriage, apparently; some live in Beaufort, and one is Mrs. Harford Eve. I didn't have any address but Beaufort, but either she didn't get my letter or has never got around to answering it.

I don't know anything to add to your book about Davants, other than the story of the ambush of Charles Davant at Two Oaks. In my write up of the Davants, I give the story written about it in a long ago magazine, and also a letter written by a younger neighbour of the son Charles, Henry Talbird to John Davant, son of Richard James Davant when Mr. Talbird was an old man. It is in the 1969 issue of the Transactions. You write Martha Burns-I'm sure she would be pleased to have you as a member, rather than through me, but all the issues that have the Davant Family are sold out-that's why I'm struggling to reprint. If you would like to order a copy, they will be five dollars. Cheap enough-I'm not doing it for money, but I do hope to break even. I won't if more people don't order! ~~And~~ I'm not a very good salesman.

Finally, Jack comes from Stanyarne-Ladson-Chaplin-to Joseph Jenkins who married ~~Mary Evans and should be~~ Elizabeth Evans whose dau Sarah m. Ralph Bailey, whose dau Mary Elizabeth m. 1st Wm. M. Clark, 2nd John Hanahan, who were my husband's great grandparents. So, in a real, if remote way, we - Jack and my children are your cousins. Perhaps in more ways than that, but that much is correct.

My regards to your wife,

Sincerely, if long windedly,

Hardin Davant Hanahan