

*Dave*

Mrs. John Hanahan  
5100 Kesterwood Drive  
Knoxville, Tenn. 37918

Oct. 11, 1972

Dear Mr. Peeples:-

No Father Bob from me, sir-regardless of age, you get the respect I was taught goes with priesthood, though don't think this makes you sacred, or anyone else who offends my sense of the dignity and position a Priest should strive to attain. I'm a weirdie in this day and time, and like the length of my skirts, current style has nothing to do with this elderly nut, in her contacts with the clergy *or style!*

*Red* Recently our minister, the best we have had in a number of years, hung up a poster of what purported to be the Lord Jesus. It was a Playboy poster, as I found on closer examination, but all I could get from it was the old story of Little Riding Hood and her grandma "Oh grandmama, what big teeth you have!" I thought it was pure propaganda for Man made flash with all the emphasis on the meatiness, and I loathed it. I haven't been back to look, but no doubt it is still occupying the whole bulletin board.

Now that I've been so unpleasant, forgive me, and I will try to do better. It is a lovely, clear blue, sunny October day, and I've been turning the vegetable garden and when I finish this, and have caught my breath, I'm going back. I have to do a little and rest between, but I've got to get an area in order to set out old iris rhizomes which are not doing anything where they are. Our daughter Mary had the garden for four or five years-she is an organic gardener, and an utterly lazy gardener besides, so the terrain is full of chunks of wood, old feed sacks, plastic bags, all sorts of trash, which was covered with bales and bales of rotten hay. The soil is vastly improved-I give her credit for that, but I'm sure not by all that trash. So, I've got the supports for the rabbit cages removed and the grand manure deposited on the lily of the valley bed, for one, place, and I'm slowly turning an area to be broken up by

the frost this winter. I've managed to get a good crop of Ken.Wonder beans and now have some winter squash coming on and still some good tomatoes, and we've had delicious greens three times-she didn't leave until mid July and there are still three rabbits here, destined for the pot-her pot-not mine. I've taken too good care of those rabbits to eat same

I think Dr.Charles Davant may still be on Hilton Island and perhaps by now you have seen him. His home address is P.O.Box 37,Blowing Rock,N.C. 28605.

As to the story by Charles Jun. I think it may be his recollection. He was born, according to dates sent me by Cousin Arthur Davant, or at least by material sent me by his brother, Cousin Ed, but sent him by Cousin Arthur, on Nov 20, 1777, which would have made him over four years old and such a terrible experience might well have made a strong impression. I myself was able to locate the house we lived in when we first came to Knoxville nearly 30 years later-I was under 4 and I remember quite a few things about that house, and also the next one, mostly physical details of furniture and garden. My husband remembers a number of things about the West Indian Exposition in Charleston, held when he was under four. It can be done. Granted not by all. I still feel it was such a vivid story that it sounds genuine to me.

*we moved before I was 4 to my sister's house in second house this 4 yrs younger than I*

You have no authority for Charles Davant serving in the militia 1779, 1780, 1781. If he managed to name two of his killers, he did indeed manage to ride home, but fell in the yard and lived long enough to name them. I think, it would be of general interest to combine the revenge group with the word on Charles Davant. However, as it is supposed to be a family memorial, I think Dr.Charles Davant would probably prefer to mention his wife and perhaps the fact he was survived by an only son, Charles, who raised his family on H.H.Island. I love Edisto Island very much, but I do think of myself as descended from Hilton Head ancestors.

I'll now write Mr.Fickling a note, and be grieved no doubt that I did not know about him sooner.

Good luck! You didn't need to buy my book-I hope you will not feel it is money wasted when you read it!

Sincerely,

*Hardin Davant Harahan*