

For everyone who tried so hard to care for me. June 2011

My name is "Randy", it is short for Randall which comes from Marvin Randall Chaplin. I don't know where but somewhere I read that Marvin comes from "Mer" which means "Sea" in Latin or Spanish or something and so they deduced that Marvin means friend of the sea. Which right now this minute that I am writing this sounds like a Tuna fish advertisement. But thats what I read. Randall in Teutonic means "House Wolf". I have no idea what Chaplin means in any language, but it was made very famous by Charlie Chaplin The Silent film actor in the earlier part of the twentieth century. So that is good enough for me. So somewhere thru all of this I could imagine a really hairy mostly silent guy who loves the ocean and behaves like a good little fish? wolf in the company of strangers and at home but al alone howls like the hurricane that devastates the entire southeastern part of the U nited States on a moments notice. O.K. O.K. I was going for osomething there I am full of Something right? I had a big family once. My mother was I da Alice Penrose, my Father was Marvin Merle Chaplin, My Mom allready had my sister Christina annKing, and My brother Phillip Louis Smith, when my dad met her and began their relationship. My mom had my brother James edward Chaplin sister Roseann Lee Chaplin and me Marvin Randall Chaplin then remarried <sup>to Lenore Hale</sup> when I was 4 and within 6 years or so had Richie Len Hale and Timothy allen Hale. and that my friends makes for a big family right? So hey where did every body go? So thats how our story begins. I was born on May 9 1956. So that kind of gives us a time line to work with. I weighed 10lbs and 9 oz. I believe in every circumstance of the changing experiences of my life entire novels could be written I believe this about everyone though. Theres so much to write and each event has an effect and each effect has a ripple and on and on. But lets try to tell a story shall we. Some of my first memorys of life begin in Brown County Indiana. My Grandmother Mellissa Penrose and my stepgrandpa Weber Harden. Weber drove a 1958 plymouth the one with the Sail looking ting as a hood ornament. You drove <sup>off</sup> of highway 36 I think? <sup>west into Columbus</sup> onto a side road up into the hills and off that a little trail road on top of a hill that lead to Parker Lake. The old tumble down garage was at the top of a really steep hill and every time he would back out to turn around I would get so scared because the hill went almost straight down to a lake at the bottom. Down by the Lake was the log cabin that my Grandma and Grandpa lived in. So when at the age of three or four when I would look out the backseat window as Grandpa turned the car around I was always so sure we were going to roll down that hill and drown in that Lake. But it never happened. Grandma Melissa was very beautiful to this day the pictures of her show a very stately well dressed woman with a string of pearls on and pearl drop earrings. Funny for a lady that lived in a Log cabin. I <sup>mean</sup> ~~mean~~ a real Log cabin. Not for fun or a vacation or something

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I recall mostly warm and memorable times there. It must of been 1957 or 58 because I was very young at the time of most of these memories. My Grandmother passed away in 1959 or 1960 I was young as I say and I do rrecall going to a funeral and laughing at my Grandma. She looked very funny to me every one was all sad but I was just laughing she looked funny lieing there. My uncle Gerald took me outside I told him I was'nt making fun of her, just laughing because she looked so silly and I knew she would think so too. My Granda and I were very close she used to sit me on her lap and let me change the big old radio to any music I enjoyed. We would be in her rocking chair all snugly and cozy and my arm would lay right across the table on the radio knob and shewould say " slow down" do you like that? Just listen for a minute. I listen to KINGS radio know at 103.3 out of the San Jouquin Valley and they play some of the beautiful songs I remember hearing for the firsttime with my Grandmother. I am a musician now. My stepfather and Mother bought me a big old blond DECCA 12 string guitar for Christmas in 1968, I was 12 years old. I've been trying to learn how to play ever since. I guess I do pretty good. My Mom's name or nickname rather was Dolly, she was 1/4 Cherokee indian on her Mothers side. So all my aunts and uncles had dark hair. I never thought much of it until I read a passage in the diary that I bought for my mother and my sister mailed to me after shedied in May of 2000. She died in her sleep on Mothers day. Peaceful they say. Sometimes allof it seems like a myth you know? My whole family history all my relatives seem to be gone. Like they never really existed. I guess thats why I am writing about them . I told my self years ago I would write the story of "Bearcat Chaplin" and his wife "IDA Alice Penrose Chaplin" "Dolly". I used to think My Mom looked a lot like Patsy Cline and Hey! I now have the pictures to prove it. It's interesting to me how different musical personalities become representative icons of entire genereations of people. My mom was Dolly Parton and Patsy Cline only like the real one the Loretta Lynn and Tammy Wynette of the real world. Not sayin that those ladies aren't real but just sayin that outside of spending her life waitressing and washing and cleaning up after us kids I saw my Mom singing at the dishes almost every night of my childhood and let me tell you there was no maore heartache and life that could of been offered by anyCountry singer than thst little 1/4 Indian Dolly that grew up in a log cabin in the hills of southern indiana. Bearcat was a racecar driver. I would say wanna be. But his ghost might come back to shoot me with his 30 ott 6. Before there was fame and celebrity and accolades there werethe folks who were doing these things. I saw my father come around the third curve at the Columbus Speedway and flip a 1956 ford crown victoria over on it's top while the whole grandstands screamed his name. "Bearcat-Bearcat\_Bearcat" I was jumpin up and down yellin thats my dad thats my dad. He got out of it just fine. But I always have idolized my Mother and Father and made them larger than life. I see the made for T.V. movie thahts never gonna happen and I see



the sorrow and alienation of a decimated family after time and death and the bad choices of grown children. Take their toll. But before we go there lets talk some more about the beauty of such a life and such freedom of growth thta i had. Indiana is a lovely place to remember. I had hot wild runnin free summers and cold slip slidin off the backroad winters. One of my favorite memories is that of my mom allowing me to go barefoot on the first of May

every summer that was something I really looked forward too. Mom and Len always had a summer garden filled with corn and green beans and tomatoes, Cantaloupes all sorts of good stuff, remember the cucumber salad in cold vinegar? The onions floating around in there so good every time there is cucumber salad or three bean salad I think of Mom. Well I think of her all the time anyway. Indiana to me was a place to get away from. I think of myself now and realize, most of the things I considered problems were reall childhood and teenage ideations created by myself. I had a strange and I guess eventful childhood with the cliché molestation thrown in and all the other abuse. Not so much parental as periferal. I do remember being taken on a summer vacation when i was between the second and the third grade. By some people named Ann and Dan. I was taken to Kentucky. Now the reason I think back on this as somewhat strange is because I was 7 or 8 years old and I first met Ann and Dan sitting on ~~their~~ Their front porch.

I must have been walking home from school for lunch, I was in the first going into the second grade. I ended up in Kentucky for the summer.

It all worked out Ann & Dan got me home safe & sound.

So, i started this in 2003 and here it is. Time really does fly. Tempus Fugit. I hope I maintain the Strength To Carry On "Blogging", Mostly I Sleep all day. I have "good" stories, I've had an adventurous Life.

A girl from Princeton, a girl from New York, a girl from Bloomington Indiana and San Diego.

So many people are all still right here, Right here. I'll pick up with the family next edition, Love & Love - Randy





Pershing Indiana  
1968 to 1972

my childhood house  
Chaplin  
Gray house  
68 to 72  
4-5-07