

THE NAME AND FAMILY  
OF  
FITZ RANDOLPH

NEWS ITEM:

MAGGIE RANDOLPH (HARRY) - 9th Generation shown on Page 47 of "NAME AND FAMILY OF FITZ RANDOLPH" History.

MARK and RUTH HARRY - (dated August 1, 1957) Generation No. 10 to be inserted as Pages (47x) - Mark's wonderful and helpful addition in poetry to his generation for which we will be looking forward in 1958 for his continuation to be added.

Roy Randolph

BIOGRAPHICAL JINGLE  
THE RANDOLPHS - THEN TO NOW

by  
Mark Randolph Harry

If we are to believe  
In fable, song or story  
When it came to blazin'  
Things all the way to Glory  
The Hatfields, bravely dyin'  
While killin' off McCoys  
Were quite a busy bunch  
Of fairly noisy boys.

But for worthwhile, rugged  
Stable Yankee stock  
That keeps right on pluggin'  
All around the clock  
And have been doin' since  
Long before the dock  
Was either built, or used  
At gray-hued Plymouth Rock. . . .

The first Randolph to America came  
In the year of Sixteen-Thirty  
Part of the famous Winthrope Voyage  
And it had been plenty dirty.  
But when tall, young Edward,  
The rest Fitz Randolph  
Stepped proudly from aboard  
To so gallantly handoff  
The gal who was still  
Coily playin' 'possum  
She was no other than, . . .  
Our beloved . . . Elizabeth Blossom.

Before too long she tired  
Of her role of standoff  
And then took on  
The name of Randolph.  
Edward and Lizzie bid  
For their own bit of heaven  
In the month of May  
Of Sixteen Thirty-Seven.

Then Nathaniel Fitz came  
Near five years later  
But he proved to be  
Not such a patient waiter.  
In Sixteen Sixty-Two  
When he was only twenty  
Of single life, he decided  
He'd had a-plenty  
So he up and said,  
To lovely Mary Holly,  
"Let's us get at it.  
Why wait, by Golly!"

Now we mustn't dare  
To let it daunt us  
But Edward Fitz Randolph  
Comes back to haunt us.  
He started his bit  
To make life jolly  
For Nathaniel Fitz  
And Mary Holly

"NOISE"  
"NOISE"  
"NOISE"

At Barnstable, Mass.  
 In Sixteen Seventy-Two  
 As Nat and Mary  
 Full well knew.

When his time came  
 He felt, to marry  
 He shopped around some  
 And then didn't tarry  
 When Katherine Hartshorne  
 At last said -- "Yes . . . ."  
 Now many things  
 Did come to bless  
 Their lives and home  
 Would be our guess.  
 Among them, Hartshorne Fitz  
 A wee, tiny bab-ee  
 Born to them in  
 Seventeen Twenty-Three.

Hartshorne Fitz grew  
 In spite of menace  
 To marry a girl  
 That was named . . . Ruth Dennis.  
 In Seventeen Hundred  
 And Forty-Nine  
 Ruth looked at Fitz  
 And said, "He's mine . . . ."  
 I think, for him,  
 I'll choose the name.  
 The ones behind  
 All sound the same.  
 Phineas Fitz Randolph!"  
 Hér foot did stamp  
 As Hartshorne calmly  
 Paddled the scamp.

For Phineas Fitz  
 Time fast did run  
 Till he met a girl  
 Named Rebecca Dunn.  
 He barely as yet  
 Had started shavin'  
 But what he earned  
 He was surely savin'.  
 His mother asked,  
 For she knew what was cookin',  
 (A body could tell  
 With just half lookin')  
 "Bein't you a mite young  
 For bein' a Paw . . . .?"  
 Phineas grinned at Rebecca  
 And answered, "Naw, . . . ."

Of children strong  
 They had a few  
 But their oldest boy  
 They named him Hugh.  
 In Seventeen Hundred  
 And Sixty-Four  
 Phineas and Rebecca  
 Performed this chore  
 When Hugh at last  
 To a man he grew  
 And figured 'twas time  
 For him to be two  
 He met a girl  
 That he deemed most charmin'.  
 One answering to the name  
 Of . . . . Margaret Carmen.

In Seventeen Hundred  
 And Ninety-Five  
 And for certain no one  
 Is still alive  
 Who remembers that famous  
 Day and year.  
 Still, it's one that we Randolphs  
 Will forever revere.  
 It marked the birth of Aaron, the first  
 Of the whole blamed bunch  
 To pick up his hat  
 And follow a hunch.

Aaron had no yen  
 For Scotland's Highland  
 But landed instead  
 On Silver Island.  
 On the eastern side  
 Of the Wabash, mighty  
 Acres he purchased  
 Six hundred and ninety.  
 Trees he chopped  
 And logs he fell.  
 Why, he even stopped  
 And dug them a well.  
 But he hadn't started  
 At the job of farmin'  
 When he met a girl  
 Named . . . . Margaret Carmen!

Now it seems these girls  
 Named Margaret Carmen  
 Had a whole lot more  
 Than just bein' charmin'.  
 Their ox wagon jolted  
 And sometimes jogged

And in some of the low spots  
Near hopelessly bogged.

But a honeymoon shined  
On the creaking wagon  
So, for Aaron and Maggie  
The time wasn't draggin'.

We mentioned it once  
But we'd best make it clear  
It was in Ninety-Five  
That Aaron got here.

So it was in Eighteen-Eighteen  
That so much did happen

And Aaron and Maggie began  
Their Sugar Trees tappin'.

From the Pilgrims to here  
Hasn't been much trick

For each generation, one  
And for him, fairly quick.

But from here on out  
The plot, it thickens,  
And would tax the skill  
Of a Riley or a Dickens.

We've a brief story  
To Generation Seven  
To near get through  
We must reach Eleven.

So, of Aaron Fitz R.,  
Our first Hoosier member,  
Some Randolphs still living  
Can all but remember.

The house that they built  
Of hand made and cooked brick  
In still standing firmly  
Not far from Cole Crick.

Their youngsters came,  
To grow up, four;

Although born to them  
There were two more  
It was Francis and Phineas  
And Julia and Jane

That Aaron and Maggie  
Shooed in from the rain.

But the fates had it that Margaret,  
Loving mother -- good wife,

Was to have, in this world  
But a fairly short life.

So, in Eighteen Thirty-Two  
In the lovely month of June

There came a time for Aaron  
That was many years too soon. . . .

But some two years later  
There came to him another.

A devoted wife  
And a selfless mother  
She helped wipe out  
Aaron's hopeless hunger

When she changed her name  
From . . . Charlotte Lunger.

On Charlotte and Aaron too  
The gods smiled kindly  
For they weren't ones  
To live on blindly.

Now, a body would have been  
Hardly more than a fool

To have not seen by then  
That the Island needed a school.  
For to Francis and Phineas  
And Julia and Jane

Came brothers and sisters  
That Charlotte and  
Aaron did name;  
Mary and Margaret

And Henry and Harrison  
And then came the one who,  
To keep from me embarrassin'  
They named William Fitz.

It's a safe bet that then  
No one foresaw  
That in the years to come  
He'd be my own Grampaw.

Now, when Bill and Mary  
And the rest of the bunch  
Gathered 'round when Charlotte  
Was fixin' their lunch

She didn't wait till  
One of them ask it  
But packed the whole thing  
In a round bushel basket.

And this was how,  
In that long gone day  
When Aaron was plowin'  
Or puttin' up hay

The hungry young Randolphs  
At school were fed.

Leastwise, that's what  
My own Ma, she said.

Julia Elizebeth Randolph,  
The oldest daughter  
When it came the time  
She felt she oughter  
Up and married  
Young Phil Parks.  
A name just beginning  
To make its marks  
In Generation Eight  
Of the Randolph story.  
(There's still a lot more  
And we hope it isn't borey).

Francis Fitz Randolph  
Their oldest boy  
To Aaron and Maggie  
Was quite a joy.  
Francis Fitz,  
In his climb to fame  
Paused early in life  
To change the name of  
While his heart was spinnin'  
Of lovely Deborah Lindsley  
Which was quite some winnin'.

Francis Fitz Randolph,  
Later called Uncle Doc  
Had all of his share of,  
"Let's get it done," stock  
On Silver Island  
His youth, he spent.  
Married, to Danville,  
Illinois, he went.  
There, it wasn't long  
Till he knew what was clickin'  
So he spent considerable time  
At the game of politicin'.

There is much more  
That we could relate,  
Such as, in Eighteen Hundred  
And Ninety-Eight  
That the Randolph Reunion Association  
After checking completely  
Around the nation  
Picked Francis Fitz  
As thinking fairmen  
To serve their group  
As Permanent Chairman  
But for him too long this post fill  
It was a quirk of fate  
Did come to Francis Fitz  
A little bit too late.

This is getting long  
But it seems to me  
That we must have time  
For child number three.  
Jane Elizebeth Randolph  
They christened this girl  
Then along came Dave Parks  
To promptly pick his pearl.  
For his brother, Phil,  
Had had much luck  
With her sister, Julia,  
The one he tuck.

In Eighteen Hundred  
And Twenty-One  
There came to them  
Another son.  
Phineas Fitz was  
The name he took  
To further confuse  
The Randolph Book.  
He married a girl  
Named Harriett Meade  
Who filled for him  
His lifelong need.

Phineas Fitz Randolph,  
Bless his hide,  
He had built in  
A lot of pride.  
He bought and he sold  
Much fat live stock  
On his well-kept farm  
Not far from the lock  
Which was also hard by  
The canal boat landing  
With the users of which  
He had a good understanding.

Harrison Fitz was the oldest  
Of the group that had to be younger  
For he held the spot of firstborn  
So it wasn't till Eighteen Hundred  
And Thirty-Six  
That into Island life  
He began to mix.  
He became a man  
Both fair and bright  
And married the girl  
Named Jennie Wright.  
When his father, in time  
Was to leave this vale

Harrison learned the farm  
Was up for sale.  
He kept it neat  
And farmed it right  
Just as was expected  
Any Randolph might.

In Eighteen Hundred  
And Thirty-Eight  
Such is the turning  
Of the wheel of fate  
Along came a boy  
That most folks say  
Was most aptly named  
. . . . Henry Clay.

When to him  
Came time to marry  
With Island girls  
He didn't tarry  
But went to New York  
Instead, to look.  
There he wooed, and won  
His Clara Cook.

In Eighteen Hundred  
And Seventy-Eight  
He built them a home  
That was near an estate.  
And all throughout his long  
And full lifetime  
He did much for the Island  
Condensed to one word . . . fine.

It comes time now  
To change the score.  
Of daughters fine  
There are two more.  
The next one with Aaron  
And Charlotte to tarry  
They thought a while  
Then named her Mary.  
Now, if you've kept track  
You can plainly see  
That each two years has meant  
A brand new bab-ee.  
Little Mary, the last to conform  
Wasn't the one  
To break this norm.

Mary, to Darnell  
Her name did change,  
And as the years rolled on,  
Strayed from the range.  
So, with those on the Island  
She sort of lost touch.  
This, of the happenings with her  
We can't tell you so much.

The next one with  
A smiling face  
To help fill up  
The Island place  
Pa and Ma  
They thought around  
Then chose Margaret  
As a name most sound.

You knew it was comin'  
So here it is.  
Somebody had to start  
This whole Wann biz,  
So Margaret it was  
That started it all.  
From here on out  
The Wanns have a ball.  
The one she married  
Was known as Bill  
Although lots of folks  
Just called him Will.

Someplace or other  
This has to stop  
Or the one trying to do it  
Will blow his top.  
In Eighteen Hundred  
And Forty-Three  
Aaron and Charlotte  
Were first to see  
The one with which  
They'd call it quits.  
Then they promptly  
Named him . . . William Fitz.

In the Eighteen Sixties  
Our nation split.  
William Fitz joined up  
And the Rebels fit.  
When this was over

And the Rebs had run  
 Bill looked around  
 For his place in the sun,  
 Home at last  
 He was quick to find  
 Mary Hobart, the one  
 He'd left behind,  
 Then it wasn't long  
 Till they did marry  
 Next, into their wagon  
 They put all it could carry.

Just after the war  
 It was quite some feat  
 To go to Kansas  
 And there grow much wheat,  
 Now Mary was not  
 At all short of hustle  
 Even if she weighed only ninety  
 Including her bustle.  
 Now Mary, for butter  
 Their cream did churn,  
 But when hungry Indians  
 Her fresh butter did spurn  
 She promptly grabbed  
 A sagebrush broom  
 And chased them to where  
 They'd have more room.

In a year or so  
 They gathered their stuff  
 For of wind-swept Kansas  
 They'd had enough  
 Next, to Iowa they went  
 To grow corn by the ear  
 For William still had much  
 Of the Spirit Pioneer.  
 A year of this  
 And the Wabash looked good  
 So they hurried back  
 As fast as they could,  
 Then to keep Uncle John  
 From a premature box  
 Will helped him fight off  
 A seige of smallpox.

The brief story to here  
 That we're trying to relate  
 Only takes us through  
 Generation Eight.

So we find out  
 It will take more time  
 As we look ahead  
 To Generation Nine.

We'd planned to have this  
 For August of '57 . . . .  
 Did hope to get it  
 Clear through Eleven,  
 But we know now  
 Just following the book  
 That just to here  
 Much time it took,  
 But we'll promise you that  
 Unless hindered by fate,  
 We'll have more of you in it  
 When comes '58.

Before we start out  
 With Generation Nine  
 We feel that this  
 Is the proper time  
 To ask of you Randolphs  
 From both far and near  
 To take up your pens  
 And let Roy hear,  
 For Beloved Roy Randolph  
 Had performed quite a feat  
 To bring up this book  
 So orderly and neat.  
 Still, you'll make for him  
 So much more simple the chore  
 If you'll but sit down and write  
 So he can read the score.

Randolphs have traveled  
 And widely scattered  
 To where things have been done  
 That have really mattered,  
 Many still living  
 And some who have died  
 Have done many things  
 We could point to with pride.  
 So, we ask of you each,  
 Not for fame or for glory  
 But just to help Roy  
 Keep up with the story.

Now to get back  
 To Generation Nine . . . .

We find that this one  
Really marks the time  
That the Randolphs had  
A great deal to do  
With increasing the population  
Of our country, still so new.  
So it may still come  
As a surprise to you  
That the grandchildren of Aaron  
Were to number forty-two.

Starting out  
With the top of the list  
And don't feel bad  
If there's some of them missed,  
We find that Julia Elizabeth,  
The first of the six  
That came to Margaret and Aaron  
Her family did fix  
With children named Parks  
To the number of three . . . .  
And that they named them  
Alfred and Stephen and Cynthea.

Next came Frazier Fitz  
Whose name only we'll carry.  
He went to rest in Island Cemetery  
Too young to marry.

Francis Fitz and Deborah Lindsley  
Of Randolphs more  
Added to the list  
To the number of four.  
Mary and Helen, John and Charles.  
The same number of boys  
They had of garls.

Jane Elizebeth, we find  
Comes next in line.  
And to her, Dave Parks  
Was a husband fine.  
Ann and Jane were the  
Names they chose  
For their two daughters  
Who were to have many beaux.

Phineas Fitz Randolph  
And Harriett Meade . . . .  
Their bit to provide  
For the growing need

Were sons Wesley  
And Aaron, The Second.  
Then last came John  
Who, in time, fate beckoned  
To father a son  
That was christened Royal  
And never has a Randolph  
Been more loyal . . . .

For, since Eighteen Hundred  
And Ninety-Eight  
Royal Randolph has accomplished  
A thing most great.  
For half a century  
And a few years more  
He's dug and he's delved  
At an endless chore.  
He's unraveled many  
A myster-ee  
As he's worked and he's toiled  
On our history.  
He started this work  
As a young man of twenty . . . .  
Of Randolph thanks  
He deserves a-plenty.

To have reached him with this  
In his rightful turn  
Half the pages of his book  
We'd had to burn.  
For Roy is a part,  
And a large one too,  
Of Generation Ten,  
And we'd still not be through . . . .  
But he's done so much  
For those that are here  
To tell some of it now  
We do without fear.  
Still, if I live on  
And my pen, I don't break it,  
To Roy, in his turn,  
We'll eventually make it.

So back again now  
To where we belong  
For to get them all  
Means keep rolling along.  
We find the last child  
That Margaret knew  
Was named good,  
Solid-sounding Hugh.

Although Island born  
And Island bred  
He was soon in Island Cemetery  
To rest his head.

Then came Harrison Fitz  
Who married Jennie Wright.  
They were to add five more  
To be kept in sight.  
There was Lottie and Lincoln  
And Lulu and Morton.  
Then, to keep the family  
From coming out even  
Along came another  
And they called him Stephen.

Next comes the one  
Named Henry Clay  
And at raising a family  
He sure made hay.  
We know that as  
A wife he took  
The girl that was known  
As Clara Cook.  
To balance the first part,  
Or so it was said,  
They named them Henrietta,  
Anna, Harry and Fred.  
But, if your family book you know  
It's all right there to see

That their family was more than twice  
What this original four would be.  
Their home on the Island  
Quite large they did build  
And they needed many more  
Before it was filled.

Then came Charlie, John, Carl and  
Maggie.  
Number nine they named Carrie.  
Still another Randolph girl  
For some lucky man to marry.

Now of Mary Randolph  
Who married Wallace Darnell  
And mothered eight children  
A little we'll tell.

The way they're listed  
In the Randolph Book  
Is Hallie, Anna, Leota and Elsie  
As the names the first four took.

Then to, this family round out  
Came Lottie, Fred, Claude and Lulu  
To find out what 'twas all about.

Our Margaret Randolph  
Not far from home  
For her loving husband  
Did need to roam.

For she was, even then  
A girl quite hep. . . .

She married a brother  
But he was a step. . . .

He was the first  
In our record kept filled  
Of the family of Wanns,  
A name never stilled.

But to Willie and Margaret  
Such was a quirk of fate  
Came the loss of their only son  
At a very early date.

Then to Charlotte  
And Aaron did come  
One that barely lived  
As must be with some.  
He left too soon  
To even get a name  
But he was a Randolph  
And our love is the same.

So now at last we come  
To the end of the line  
Of the children of Aaron,  
A family large and fine,  
William Fitz Randolph  
Was child number twelve  
So into his family  
We'll now briefly delve.

He married his sweetheart  
When the war was won.  
Mary Hobart she'd been  
Till the preacher was done.

Their children came  
Till they numbered seven  
But one of them early  
Sought his place in Heaven.

First came Frank, then Lottie  
Next, little Willie  
Who left so young  
This earth so silly.

WILD WEST  
 ADLER  
 WILD WEST



Next came Maggie  
 The one we cannot pass  
 Without at least stating  
 That she was the lass  
 My sister and I,  
 Her only other  
 Could proudly call  
 Our own Dear Mother.  
 Then just to keep  
 The rest of them busy  
 Along came the one  
 We called Aunt Lizzie.  
 Number six was Fannie,  
 The next to appear  
 In our Grandparents family  
 Another Aunt most dear.  
 Until now at last  
 We come to the place  
 We can end this Generation  
 With beloved Aunt Grace.

So we find that Aaron  
 With his families two  
 Of children and grandchildren  
 Had more than a few,  
 That his sons and daughters  
 In that early day  
 Made sure the Randolphs  
 Were here to stay.  
 So, of Generation Nine  
 Our story's quite tame  
 For all we tried to do  
 Was to give each name.

So, to wind up this edition  
 We'll merely go back  
 Without any effort  
 To keep on the track  
 And remind you again  
 That our histor-ee  
 Is among the oldest  
 Of any family tree.  
 It goes far behind  
 The English horseman  
 Clear back to Rolf,  
 The sturdy Norseman.

For fifteen hundred years  
 Or more  
 No one too carefully  
 Kept the score.  
 Still, some about it  
 At least we know  
 For the ruins are still  
 Right there to show  
 Some built their castles  
 Behind muddy moats  
 And inside those walls  
 They ate fat shoats.  
 And fighting men  
 In their day and time  
 Washed down their feasts  
 With much strong wine.  
 We could go on and on  
 But what's the use. . . .  
 Among our relatives  
 Was Robert Bruce.

We even find that  
 Washington, George,  
 The one that immortalized  
 Valley Forge  
 Among his other  
 Claims to fame  
 Could truthfully boast  
 Of the Randolph strain.

And just for the record  
 It should be stated  
 That with Randolph blood  
 You are related. . . .  
 And if you doubt this  
 A little search'll  
 Prove that we're speaking  
 Of Winston Churchill.