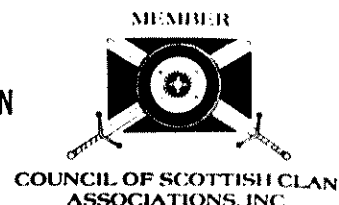




## THE BULL'S EYE BULL - E - TIN



Vol. VIII No. 4  
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D. T. Berk, Editor

GREETINGS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON - HAPPY NEW YEAR

### 1988 MEMBERSHIP DUES

1988 membership renewal notices are enclosed. Kindly remit promptly, this saves the time and expense of mailing out reminder notices. Dues are still \$15.00.

### SCOTLAND

We have not heard from Myra Turnbull, Hawick, Scotland in a very long time. Consequently we have had no further word as to the progress of the book which Michael Robson is writing on the "History of the Turnbull's".

### NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

Jim Turnbull, Convener, Sydney, Australia has written that he has not received any family data from the U. S. members. (Please refer to his letter in the June, 1987 issue.)

The Australian Branch is hoping to hold a Gathering in 1988 in honor of the International Gathering of the Clans and Australia's Bi-Centenary celebrations. Dates have not been set as he was hoping it could be planned to coincide with my earlier planned visit. (Business obligations have changed those plans for the Berk's.)

Some travel literature has been received listing the host of activities that have been planned for the Australian Bicentennial, World Expo 88, Brisbane - April to October, and International Gathering of the Clans - November 27 to December 4.

JETABOUT, is the vacation wing of Qantas Airlines. For your own copy and further information write: Jetabout Los Angeles, 9800 Sepulveda Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90045 or call 213/641-8770 or outside L.A call 1-800-641-8773.

To Jim and his Committee we wish smooth sailing in all their plans and a grand and wonderful Gathering.

### BED AND BREAKFAST AGENCIES - AUSTRALIA

Bed and Breakfast Australia, P. O. Box Q184 (396 Kent St.), Sydney 20000, Australia.  
Quality Homestays Australia, 8 St. James Lane, Turrumurra, N.S.W. 2074, Australia  
Pacific Insight Marketing, 2618 Newport Blvd., Newport Beach, California 92663

Australian Tourist Commission, P. O. Box 7049, North Hollywood, California 91605

### HAWKESBURY RIVER CRUISE

In August, 1985 one of Mosman's three Turnbull families went on a cruise up the

Hawkesbury River. They went to find Turnbull's Arm. Here is Peter Turnbull's description of their discovery:-

We turned up the Colo River at the new Lower Portland Bridge. Here the river narrows round a dark, deep bend between crags, but after the next bend there is a wide reach with masses of yellow wattle blossoms floating on the surface. At the end of the next loop, so the chart told us, was Turnbull's Arm, a tributary of the Colo. We looked for Turnbull's Arm as soon as we could see Turnbull's Hill; this is a smallish steep hill with a farm at the base of it. (No doubt the farm is called Turnbull's farm, though the map didn't say so). Turnbull's Arm was very hard to find. It leads into a swamp (Turnbull's Swamp, what else?), which parrallels the Colo for a short distance. We cruised past the area and could not recognize anything shown upon the chart, but then realised the swamp, or part of it, was being drained for agricultural purposes and had been excavated and filled with mounds of white sand.

So we went back down the Colo a short way and eventually discovered the entrance to the small creek. It was hidden by fallen trees and seemed hardly worth a mention on the map; however we could now say we had seen Turnbull's Arm. It was such a disappointment, in fact, that my eldest son, David, didn't even bother to look up from his book. (Also I didn't like to ruin the feeling of discovery by mentioning that I had actually canoed up the first bit of Turnbull's Arm soon after I came to Australia in 1955). Submitted by Mr. Peter Turnbull, Mosman NSW. Reprinted from the Australian Branch Newsletter, April, 1987.

Note: The Turnbull family of which this area was named from was that of John Turnbull and Ann Warr, who arrived in 1802 on the "Coromandel".

#### P/M CHARLES TURNBULL

The 1st and 2nd volumes of the Gordon Highlanders Bagpipe Tunes lists about five tunes that were written by P/M Charles Turnbull who was Pipe Major of the Second Battalion from 1925-1937. He served in WW I with the Gordon Highlanders. The first Battalion was the original 74th of Foot, later changed to the 75th of Foot and the Second Battalion was originally the 100th of Foot, later the 92nd of Foot. The 75th was raised in 1787 in Stirling area to originally assist the East India Company. The 92nd was raised in 1794 to meet the invasion threat from France. It is the 2nd Battalion which has the original connection with the Gordon Family and Clan. In 1881 when the British Army underwent the Cardwell Reforms the two Battalions were merged and became the Gordon Highlanders.

In WW II P/M Charles Turnbull was with the 1st Battalion London Scottish Regiment a Territorial Regiment which is connected with the Gordon Highlanders. Fortunately, he survived both wars and other incidents which only he would know of, and was still living when both volumes of the Gordon Highlander's Music was written and published. He is mentioned by the authors as being a contributing member in regards to the history of the 2nd Battalion Pipe Band.

The tunes which were composed by P/M Charles Turnbull are: "The Auld Brig of Balgownie", "The Big O'Don", "Colonel Sir James Burnett of Leys Farewell to the 92nd Highlanders", "The London Scottish at Primosole Bridge".

The Gordon Highlanders are the only Scottish Regiment to wear Black Buttons on their spats and the Officers have a black thread intertwined with their gold shoulder boards. Both are a measure of respect for General John Moore, who was

killed at Corunna in 1809 during the Napoleonic Wars. General Moore was a noted and progressive trainer of infantry soldiers in the British Army in a time when the soldiers were taught not to think but to obey orders.

The above article was submitted by John G. Turnbull, Elmhurst, N.Y. who also plays in a pipe band. John is currently interested in the Lowland pipes.

#### TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS, WEST INDIES

"In Bedrule Churchyard are a considerable number of tombstones bearing the Turnbull crest with the bull's head. But who would expect to find the three heads elaborately carved on a stone in an over grown burial ground on the island of Tortola in the Virgin Islands, West Indies? The memorial is for a William Turnbull, probably a planter, who died there in 1766 and his wife Anna, deceased in 1771. And, incidentally, a number of dark-skinned natives there bear the name of the one-time slave-master." The above is from "I SAVED THE KING" by R. E. Scott.

My husband, Bill, and I made our first trip to Tortola in December, 1980. We had a week to spend on the island so we undertook the task of locating the above mentioned graves.

Our first stop was to Roadtown and the BVI Tourist Bureau where we encountered a very interested employee, Mrs. Parson. She gave us the names and locations for the various cemeteries on the island. When she learned we were staying at the Prospect Reef Hotel and would be hiring Doug Penn, one of the recognized taxi-drivers for the hotel, she assured us we were in good hands and wished us luck. She also requested that should we find the graves would we please let her know as she was anxious to see to it that some of the islands historical sites were listed and preserved.

The next day we took off for Johnson's Gut. The cemetery was up a little unpaved local road. Mr. Penn knew the area and found the graves immediately. Both graves were encased in vines and other tropical plants. In fact, the whole cemetery looked very deserted and overgrown. The three of us cleared the debris from the above the ground tombs and there indeed was the Turnbull crest, in rather good shape, though much of the engraving on both tombs was weathered and worn and very hard to read. We took a couple of pictures but they were not entirely satisfactory.

Upon returning to Roadtown we notified Mrs. Parson of our find and she set up an interview with Mr. Carlos Downing, Editor/Publisher of the "Island Sun". On December 17, 1980 I sent a follow up letter of thanks to Mr. Downing along with a request for a copy of any article(s) he might print re the Turnbull's of Tortola. Nothing was ever received.

Mrs. Parson then asked if we would contact Mr. Ovie Shirley, Accountant General of the Island. His family owned the cemetery and surrounding property. Mr. Shirley received us very graciously and said he wished that his great aunt were still alive, she lived to be over 100 years of age, she was well acquainted with the story of the Turnbull Plantation. At that time he indicated that the little cemetery was sitting in the way of progress and he had been under pressure to sell the area. He assured us that he would do all in his power to prevent that from happening.

December 15, 1987, we found ourselves back in Tortola for a very quick visit while our cruise ship the "M.S. Vistafjord" was paying a port call. We were with friends and our plans were for a trip to a beach for some swimming and perhaps a little

sight-seeing. My heart ached to get back to the cemetery to see if anything had occurred in that area. On our way to Cane Garden Bay we stopped for a scenic view and I was able to engage the driver-guide in a conversation. He assured me that Mr. Shirley was still holding on to the little cemetery. While visiting the Skyworld restaurant on the mountaintop, the driver pointed out a new school which was built on land dedicated by Mr. Turnbull, now of St. Thomas, USVI, one of the descendants. He also pointed out the vast land holdings of the Turnbull's, descendants of William Turnbull, plantation owner.

Tortola has a great deal to offer the tourist who likes to get off the beaten path. It has a quiet serene beauty. Marinas dot the coastline where some of the most beautiful yachts and sailboats are harbored. Road Town is a sleepy contrast to its sister capital, Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas. The road up to Mt. Sage and down and across to Cane Bay and the string of beautiful beaches is a sheer delight.

The local Prison separates two churches. The local thinking is that if you worship at either church, you shouldn't end up in the middle.

Tortola is a wonderful spot to operate out of. You can catch the "Bomba Charger" for a one day trip to St. Thomas and all that wonderful shopping. Another day can be spent sailing over to Peter Island which is privately owned by Amway Corp. A trip by boat or plane to Virgin Gordo, where the "Baths" the unique rock formations with its sea caves is a delight for snorklers.

The island is not without its share of nice places to eat and its own quaint shopping.

For more information contact: The British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, Suite 412, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

## ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns (1750-96), born at Alloway in Ayrshire. The son of a cottar. He was educated by his father. Worked as a farm labourer. He is the author of many beautiful poems, many of which were set to old Scottish airs. Perhaps his best known composition is "Auld Lang Syne".

Many other composers have written poems to Burns memory. You seldom hear of these tributes. Ebenezer Elliott wrote the following:

That heaven's beloved die early,  
Prophetic Pity mourns;  
But old as Truth, although in youth,  
Died giant-hearted Burns

O that I were the daisy  
That sank beneath his plough!  
Or, "neighbor meet," that skylark sweet!"  
Say, are they nothing now?

That mouse, "our fellow mortal,"  
Lives deep in Nature's heart;  
Like earth and sky, it cannot die  
Till earth and sky depart.

Thy Burns, child-honored Scotland!  
Is many minds in one;  
With thought on thought the name is fraught  
Of glory's peasant son.

Thy Chaucer is thy Milton,  
And might have been thy Tell;  
As Hampden fought, thy Sidney wrote,  
And would have fought as well.

Beproud, man-child Scotland!  
Of earth's unpolished gem;  
And "Bonny Doon," and "heaven aboon,"  
For Burns hath hallowed them.

Be proud, though sin-dishonored  
And grief-baptized thy child;  
As rivers run, in shade and sun,  
He ran his courses wild.

Grieve not though savage forests  
Looked grimly on the wave,  
Where dim-eyed flowers and shaded bowers  
Seemed living in the grave.

Grieve not, though by the torrent  
Its headlong course was riven  
When o'er it came, in clouds and flame,  
Niagara from heaven!

For sometimes gently flowing  
And sometimes chafed to foam,  
O'er slack and deep, by wood and steep,  
He sought his heavenly home.

It would be remiss to greet the New Year without the bards own "Auld Lang Syne"  
Most all of the world is familiar with the first verse and the chorus, how many  
are acquainted with some of the other verses?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An days o'lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
But sea between us braid hae roared  
Sin' auld lang syne

And here's a hand, my trust fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

If you planned on greeting the New Year by singing all these verses in the Lowland Scots tongue, you would have to remain sober all evening to achieve it. A feat that historians tell us that wee Robbie Burns himself had a hard time doing, staying sober that is.

With all good wishes for a very Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.