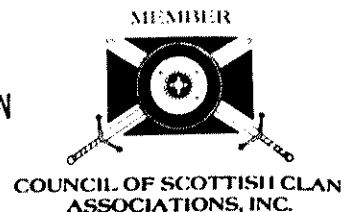




## THE BULL'S EYE BULL-E-TIN



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D. T. Berk,  
Editor

### 1989 MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Membership cards are enclosed for those members who have paid 1989 dues. Those members who have not as yet sent in their checks will receive a renewal notice reminder.

### HIGHLAND GAMES AT WHICH WE WILL BE HOSTING TENTS

May 27 - 28 - United Scottish Society Highland Gathering, hosted by Donna and Norman Turnbull - Orange County Fairgrounds, Costa Mesa, CA.

June 17 - Illinois St. Andrew Society Highland Games - hosted by Dottie Turnbull Berk - Glendale Polo Club, Glendale, Illinois. This is a new location, see attached flyer.

The proceeds of these Games benefit the Scottish Home, 28th St. & Des Plaines, Ave., North Riverside, Illinois. The only Scottish Home of its type in the U.S. Further information about the Home may be obtained by writing the above address.

July 8 - 9 - GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES - hosted by Netta and John Turnbull - MacRae Meadow, Linville, North Carolina.

TURNBULL CLAN ASSOCIATION has been chosen as one of the Clans to be featured in the 1989 GMHG program, "CLAN SCAN".

John and I sent a lot of articles and rough drafts back and forth and John whipped it into shape and a copy of our efforts will be found on another page of this newsletter.

### NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

G'day from Jim Turnbull, Convener, Australia

*Received your letter & newsletter yesterday. Things have been a bit hectic here since Xmas, Shirley has been down with Glandular fever since the end of December, and it has knocked her around some. It took something like two weeks for the doctors to find out what was wrong. She has lost a lot of weight, however she is slowly on the mend, but it will take quite some time for her to get back to normal. She has to postpone her study at college for six months.*

*I am still very busy workwise, as I am almost three months behind. It is now back to what was the norm in the seventies, before the downturn in business due to the economy of our country. The biggest problem we are facing at the moment is inflation and crippling interest rates. Real estate here in Sydney has more than doubled in the past twelve*

months.

Our Gathering last year was very disappointing. Everything as far as the day etc. was excellent, however the attendance was very poor and we were only just able to cover costs. The biggest problem was the fact that it was our bi-centennial year, and every dog and his cat had something on. On that weekend we had to compete with another family gathering, a wedding (which included some of our family), a football reunion and a fishermans reunion, all in the same town.

The event however was very good. The Turnbull music I had copied and gave to my brother, who is the musician in the family, however as some of it was for Bagpipes he was 'lost'. One of our Turnbull ladies from Melbourne had been studying and playing the Bagpipes for some years, and had brought her pipes with her. After some 10 minutes practice she got up and gave an excellent performance of the Turnbull March, and then with my brother accompanying her on the organ they done the Bedrule music as well.

We had some twenty family tree charts on display, which created quite a lot of interest, and scored some extra details from some of the 'new' families that attended, so all in all, except for the poor attendance, it was an enjoyable weekend.

I had a letter from Ella Leigh of Manassas, VA. before Xmas, requesting a copy of the 'Smyrna' Turnbull details. I have done her a copy and sent it a couple of days ago. She is going to go through it and send me details which I have not got.

I do not know if you have advised your members about the difficulties involved when they send personal cheques overseas. I had not experienced it before, however I remember John discussing it in Scotland, and I know you mentioned it many times. In one of your future newsletters could you perhaps bring it to their attention again, mentioning that if they do send a personal cheque, to include an extra six dollars at least, to cover handling costs in the foreign country. The easiest and best method is either a bankers cheque, or 'greenbacks', they can both be honoured immediately.

We have not heard anything from Myra for years. Likewise I have heard nothing from Pat Turnbull in New Zealand. I do get a few members from NZ, so I will have to cultivate that 'market' from here. Do you have a circular which you send out to prospective new members, if so, I would appreciate a copy. I have not sent out a circular to prospects for about eight years, so I will have to do something about it.

I will have to sit down and do another n/l as soon as possible, as you say it is renewal time again. This year will mark our tenth anniversary in November. I hope we can say the same for our second ten years in 1999.

I was recently speaking to a cousin in Brisbane who had found me about 12 months ago. We are both descendants of the Swiss/French/English/Scottish MORTIER families. They were a Huguenot family which moved to Kent, England, and later to Scotland where my ancestors, ANN SUGAR MORIER and ARCHIBALD TURNELL, were married in 1804.

'Sugar' is also a surname from Kent. My cousin descends from a brother of Anne Sugar Morier, and her family came to Australia c 1900. Naturally neither of us knew the other branch existed. Morier is the same family as Daphne DuMaurier, the author, and Du Maurier Cigarettes, and of course the 'Blue Blood', runs rampant in the English parts of the family.

All the best to you and Bill in 1989. Love, Jim and Shirley

Jambo! A letter from Ken and Caroline Turnbull of Durban, Cowies Hill, South Africa.

Ken is a Professor at the University of Durban-Westville, Dean - Faculty of Health Sciences - Head - Department of Optometry. Caroline Ceronio-Turnbull is a registered Optometrist. We met at the Turnbull Clan Gathering, 1985, Hawick, Scotland.

The day of the Thanksgiving Service held at the Turnbull's Church in Bečrule, Ken was able to locate several of his ancestors graves in the old churchyard which overlooks the site/ruins of Bečrule castle.

Just when you thought that you could erase our name from your address list we go and do this to you! Well, sooner or later we had to find some spare time in our hectic schedules to put pen to paper, or more correctly, to boot up the old computer with the Wordstar programme.

This is now the third epistle which has been started - the other two have just been dumped - one began in February, our post-deluvian attempt and the other in July, the post-Grecian interlude attempt at getting up to date with our correspondence. Needless to say, things have a habit of cropping up when one least expects them to happen and everything not either classified as an emergency or an urgency is perforce set aside.

The floods of September 1987 and March 1988 are now but a bitter memory, apart from the endless fights we had with the insurers. Those episodes are remembered with complete clarity! Heaven knows where we would be if we were not prepared to stand up and fight for what we were legally entitled to in all those compensation claims. Our dear father was ever ready when we needed him to sort out major calamities during and after the floods. It is so very useful having a retired engineer close at hand. Don't know what we would ever do without Mr Fix-it.

We had a marvelous break over the last festive season when we did the grand tour of Natal and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. During the mid-year academic holiday yours truly went AWOL for a month with Kenneth. Felt very guilty about being away from the practice for so long but we had a marvelous holiday in the Greek Isles. This is the first time ever that we went away purely to have holiday. All our previous travels, as wonderful as they were, were for business or academic reasons. We spent two weeks in the Sporades - they are really very beautiful, green islands. We stayed on Skiathos and Skopelos and did day trips to Tsoughria and Alonissos. We then went on to the Dodecanese for another two weeks and stayed on Rhodes and Cos. Day trips were to Smi and Patmos in this group of islands they are very different from the Sporades - some very bleak landscapes at times but they do make up for it in history.

The old towns of Rhodes and Lindos on Rhodes were marvelous. Going to Asclepion on Cos was a very moving experience - could imagine Hippocrates at work in that very beautiful, tranquil environment. Much the same experience awaited us on our visit to St. John's cave and the monastery on Patmos.

We were terribly disturbed both physiologically as well as psychologically by the terrible air pollution in Athens. Although we only spent two days in Athens my eyes had such an allergic response to the pollution that for nine days after that they looked and felt as if they were out on stalks. Three bottles of anti-biotic eye drops later I could view the world again in a less jaundiced manner. How anyone is able to survive in such an environment is really beyond me.

We arrived back in South Africa just in time for the South African Optometric Association's international congress which was hosted in Durban. We did not

attend as full-time delegates. The congress conveners omitted to check our 'Varsity calendar' - the congress was in term time and only our fourth year students were invited to attend the lectures. Someone had to stay on campus to lecture to our 1st, 2nd and 3rd year students. Needless to say there were a lot of ruffled feathers which were not easily smoothed.

Ken and Margaret Harwood from the U.K. visited us in September - our only regret was that their visit was so short. They spent time at Sabi-Sabi near Kruger Park; then went to Johannesburg; thereafter spent a few days with us and then went to Cape Town via the Garden Route from here. Margaret flew back home at the end of September. Ken went on to Tristan da Cunha by supply ship. He is still her Majesty's Optometrist to all her subjects on Britain's far flung possessions. Ken goes on regular busman trips to St. Helena, Ascension, Tristan and the Falklands to attend to all those people's optometric needs. He thoroughly enjoys the trips. We think it is just marvelous that at the age of 74 he is still so active professionally not only in his own private practice in Guildford but also in those various far-flung corners of the world.

Our final year students acquitted themselves admirably yet again this year in the annual students' national research presentation symposium. As in previous years our lads and lasses walked away with all the prizes. A real feather in Kenneth's cap. The students begin their end of the year examinations on October 20th so needless to say adrenalin levels are high for students and lecturers alike. We do hope that the municipal elections on October 26th will not cause any disruptions in the exam programme. There seems to be an active campaign afoot to disrupt the elections - the spate of limpet mine explosions - thank heaven none of them serious to date - would attest to the ANC and other groups' intimidation programme. Would that we knew what the solution to these thorny problems must be. Our government at present seems at last to have realised that isolation is not in our country's interest. All the detente recently does give one renewed hope for the future.

Ken and I spent last week-end at Shakaland in Zululand. The film set for the film "Shaka Zulu" has been converted into a cultural centre. It was a grand experience to be there. Our accommodation was a Zulu beehive hut with all mod-cons, including a punkah fan inside. A fully operational Zulu kraal is part of the complex. We were lectured to on all the Zulu customs and were taken in the kraal as Zulu visitors would be. We learnt an awful lot in that time. Social customs were explained to us. We witnessed Zulu dancing and stick fighting, beer making (partook of the prepared brew), spear and shield making, weaving, pottery and wood carving. Our supper on Sunday night was the traditional Zulu fare served on wooden platters and eaten with a wooden spoon! Very tasty indeed, but then we had eaten it at various times before.

We took a difficult decision at the end of September. Went through agonies beforehand. We dismissed all our servants on the same day. They were all infected by the same psychosis - too much work! There appears to be general perception that Blacks should be employed, fed, housed and their families educated at the white man's expense, so that any reasonable expectation of a days work is too, far too much. Hopefully the servant question will be resolved before the spate of end of year celebrations which traditionally are always held at our home.

Vivienne, Brian and Candice are currently on holiday in Scotland. It is a family visit to allow Candice to see her maternal greatgrandmother and her great aunts. They were very excited about the trip. We are so pleased for them.

With sincere greetings. Yours age, Kenneth and Caroline

Back home in the good old U.S., the "TURNBULL MINISTRIES" newsletter, January, 1989 issue states that Dr. Bob Turnbull and his wife Yvonne are now co-hosting a radio program in Orange County, California. The Turnbolls are co-hosting the morning drive-time show (6AM to 9AM), Monday through Friday. Station KPZE, 1190 on the AM dial, is regular talk and information station. When broadcasting is at its full power of 10,000 Watts, the signal is heard all throughout Los Angeles and Orange counties, plus, major parts of San Bernardino and Riverside counties, and, small parts of Ventura and San Diego counties. The full-power is on from sunup to sundown, so it fluctuates with the seasons, but even at lower-power the station is heard all through Orange County and much of Los Angeles.

Many of the folks who attend the Costa Mesa Games have met Yvonne and Dr. Bob. CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FROM ALL OF US!!!!

From time to time, and usually 'out of the blue' we will receive a number of letters requesting information about the same subject. Such has been the case regarding 'Dormant and Vacant Clan Chiefships'. One member would like to learn as much of the history of the Chiefs of Clan Turnbull, including who was the last Chief, and what happened that the line expired?

Is the Chiefship an inherited title from generation to generation, opposed to an 'elected' one. What provisions are made for the assumption of the title in the case of an unmarried Chief dieing or being killed, of a Chief with no heirs?

The April, 1988, Directory Issue of the Highlander magazine contained a list of clans and families, who have had a chief officially recognized by the Crown at some time. It cannot be considered as a definitive list, but is the product of research into the Lyon Court Registers and other reference books. The date in brackets is the last date at which a chief is officially recorded. The list shows TURNBULL OF BEDFORD (1948).

Can anyone shed any light on this subject? Any information received will be published in the newsletter.

#### GENEALOGY

The 1989 issue of "BEAR TRACKS" published by Hunting for Bears Genealogical & Historical Soc. has issued another warning of a "Beatrice Bayley" type book. This "Bayley" type book is being produced by Sharon Taylor. (These books contain lists of people of the same surname which are taken from all sorts of public records. Sometimes there is a brief description of the name, origin etc., but most of the time these books are just pricy and useless, a RIPOFF.)

This little quarterly will publish a number of queries for a membership fee of \$10.00 per year. For information write: HUNTING FOR BEARS, INC., P. O. Box 204, North Salt Lake, Utah 84054, phone (801) 298-6339.

#### TRAVEL

B & B in England. The 1989 Bed & Breakfast (GB) guide is available, for a copy of the brochure contact the BRITISH TOURIST AUTHORITY, 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611 Phone: 312-787-0490.

MOTHER'S DAY - May 14, 1989

When my sisters and brothers and I were young our mother used to recite stories and poems to us, we never tired of hearing them. When the grandchildren came along they too would beg grandma to do her recitations. Of recent date, the young generation has asked for copies of these beloved poems. Alas, no one had ever thought to write them down. One favorite, "Flo's Letter", we have been able to piece together til we think we may have the whole poem. The others we are still searching for. Recently a copy of another favorite has come to our hands. To all the Mothers out there, we hope you enjoy this age old poem as much as our family have.

### SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her -  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop -  
The gayest laddie of all the group;  
He paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, Boys, you know,  
For all she's aged and poor and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help My mother, you understand,  
If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

