



T H E B U L L ' S E Y E B U L L - E - T I N

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D. T. Berk, Editor

BEST WISHES FOR A HEALTHY, HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!!!

1990 MEMBERSHIP DUES

1990 membership renewal notices are enclosed. Kindly remit promptly, this saves the time and expense of mailing out reminder notices. Dues are still \$15.00 U.S. Funds. In spite of increasing costs in the areas of postage, supplies and Games expenses, we have been able to hold the line. This is due to the generosity of a few of our members, a big and appreciative thank you from all of us.

IMPORTANT: PLEASE KEEP US ADVISED OF ALL ADDRESS CHANGES!!!

AREA CODE CHANGE FOR EDITOR

As of November my area code number has been changed from 312 to 708. For a short while, the phone company will advise the caller of this change. Those members calling from O'Hare airport will have to dial 1-708-255-7209 even though it is still a local call. O'Hare is in the 312 area code along with the rest of Chicago. It was only the suburbs in the 312 areas which were changed.

BOOKS

Word has been received that "THE STEEL BONNETS" by George MacDonald Fraser is now back in print. The 361 page, paperback, is selling for \$11.95. Order from Thistle & Shamrock Books, Box 42, Alexandria, Virginia 22313 (Virginia residents please add 4.5% for sales tax).

This is the story of the Anglo-Scottish Border Reivers. "The story of that bloody land and of themen in steel bonnets -- clan leaders, outlaws and peasants --who "shook loose the border" in murderous raids in spite of all that two governments could do to stop them." From the dust jacket on the book.

It has a great fold-out map depicting the Riding Surnames of the 16th century, other maps, a glossary and a bibliography of value to those readers interested in reading further about Border affairs.

HIGHLAND GAMES REPORTS

STONE MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES, Stone Mountain, Georgia, hosted by Barbara and John W. Turnbull, Lake Lure, North Carolina.

"The Stone Mountain Games were very successful and beautiful weather prevailed. The Tattoo, Thursday night was very well attended, although it was very cold. The bands were great and we enjoyed it as much as the final night Tattoo in Edinburgh. The Marine Corp group stood the place on it's ear and they announced they were invited to perform at the Edinburgh Festival next year. I had a chance to talk to the leader and some other members and they had a lot of questions about Scotland and the Tattoo. We said just do what you did tonight and they will love you.

Friday was very cold and Saturday morning it went down to about 28 degrees with a heavy frost. I had purchased a roll of plastic to keep out the wind, but as the day proceeded, we didn't even put it up, but kept our heavy jackets on.

Donald Turnbull from Brevard, N. C. and his wife were there along with Sally Dupuis and we signed up more people than we did at Grandfather Mountain Games.

Don carried the banner Saturday and Sunday prior to the church service, but we all marched Sunday afternoon. It was a big thrill standing out there with so many banners and I gave the reviewing stand a big salute as they announced our name and Don dipped the banner.

We are looking into having a wooden plaque made up with all the names that go along with the Turnbull name. We feel it will sharpen up the front of the tent in the future and will not keep blowing away.

The tent was in a very good location...not stuck back in the woods like some of the others. So we had a good flow of traffic going by on both days.

I had my reservations Friday when I saw how small the area was, but I was wrong as it was much closer to activities and had a much warmer feeling with the other Clans and general public.

To say the least, we had a ball!!!!

The new banner is just beautiful and a proud sight to see it in the parade and posting of the Tartans. Bob Foster should be very proud of it. Sally took the banner home and will carry it to the Games this weekend.

We arrived home late on Sunday with lots of memories and many new friends from all across the U.S.A. As you can see, I have caught the bug. I only hope next July, we can have a good turn out."

Last item....the Youngs have been admitted and they followed us in the big parade.. the Turnbolls are not last anymore.

WAXHAW SCOTTISH GAMES, Waxhaw, North Carolina, hosted by Sally Turnbull Dupuis.

"Waxhaw Games were grand. Windy, sunny and fun. There was no clan activity, but I feel we made up for it at Stone Mountain.

We had 8 sign ups in Atlanta. As John W. Turnbull will tell you, it was mighty cold and windy there.

Clan Turnbull had great tent locations at both Games.

Bob Foster was too ill to attend Atlanta, but I took a card and had some fellow clansmen sign it for him. He was missed.

John and Netta Turnbull were in Waxhaw and John carried the flag for us.

Alex Beaton was the main entertainment, and was in the tent next to us. We had great seats for his songs.

Thanks for letting me host the Waxhaw Games."

MILITARY ORDER OF THE WORLD WARS, THE MASSING OF THE COLORS

LTC(Ret) Robert C. Foster, Tallahassee, Florida. "From all we have been able to find out, (including a phone call to National), Tallahassee Chapter's massing on 11 November, 1989, was the first time any Clan Tartan was included in a Military Order of the World Wars ceremony anywhere in the country.

Carrying Massing of the Colors a bit further, I am on the Board of Directors, Camp Blanding Museum and Historical Associates. The official dedication of the Museum, etc., will be on 25 November 1990, and will be a gigantic massing of the colors. I am working on the list of organizations to receive invitations to have their colors included. Clan Turnbull Association will receive an invitation. This will be a big affair. The President of the United States is being invited to be the speaker.

We are on our way!!! And we are going to display the Turnbull Tartan every chance we get.

One final comment. I borrowed the National Colors for the Tallahassee MOWW massing. I will see what I can do to have us obtain our own National Colors before 25 November 1990."

From the program: "The Massing of the Colors was not initiated by the Military Order of the World Wars but was developed by the order during the decades of the 1930's to the 1970's. This most impressive ceremony provides for the unique annual patriotic event which is indicative of the Orders high purpose and leadership."

Bob Foster was not well enough to attend the Stone Mountain Games but we are happy to report that he did indeed attend the ceremony of the Massing of the Colors. Bob is still not feeling 100% but he assures me that it has given him great pleasure and pride to have been able to be involved with these affairs. GET WELL SOON!!!!

GENEALOGICAL QUERIES AND NEWS

Could anyone help us to proceed further with the following problem? My grandfather four times removed was William Turnbull, we know that he was married to Mary Murray on the 6th day of April 1801 at All Saints Church, Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland. We know also, that there were at least two children, Elizabeth christened on the 23rd August 1801 and William born 15th October 1803. In the 1841 Census they lived on Chapel Street, Longbenton, their age at that time was shown as

William age 60 and Mary age 66. We would like to know where they died and if possible the names of their parents. Contact: Harry W. Turnbull, 178 Yancey Lane Six Lakes, North Fort Myers, Florida 33903.

Phyllis Turnbull has just recently moved to Utah and has been spending a lot of time at the Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah. Phyllis now has marriage, deaths and cemeteries, tax and land Roster of 1812. Tracking Records from 1790-1880 U. S. wide, pictures and misc. accumulation of Turnbull data. Her latest find was a reference to the following: Alex Turnbull, Declaration of Intention 2-20-1798, Naturalization Supreme Court of Philadelphia, PA. Robert Turnbull, Declaration of Oath 2-20-1798, Supreme Court of Philadelphia, PA, Robert Turnbull, Declaration 6-17-1799 Supreme Court of Philadelphia, PA. All born in Scotland.

We are trying to set up an arrangement with Phyllis to be a "Helper" to our Clan members in getting information requests dispersed. It may take a while to get the mechanics in place. We will keep you posted.

The following excerpts are from the 4th quarter 1988-1st quarter 1989 "BEAR TRACKS" published by Hunting for Bears Genealogical & Historical Soc. P.O. Box 204, No. Salt Lake, Utah 84054, Membership \$10.00 per year.

"ELLIS ISLAND PASSENGER LISTS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE. From 1892 until 1954 most immigrants to America were processed at Ellis Island, New York City. During that time no fewer than sixteen million immigrants passed through the Island, and the records are preserved in the National Archives. But unless the person needing information knows the name of the ship and the date of arrival, it is almost impossible to trace the immigrant.

At the present time the buildings on Ellis Island are being refurbished and in some months' time they will look exactly as they were during the time of arrival of immigrants. But this is only part of the story. Genealogists and family researchers want access to the actual arrival records, and so the Ellis Island Restoration Commission has been formed to make these records available. It is intended to computerize the passenger lists so that any name will be immediately available. Information differs from list to list, but the full name, age, port of embarkation and arrival are stated, and since the family was treated together, those travelling with parents will be readily seen. Other information such as place of birth and last residents may be stated.

Work on transcribing the lists will start almost immediately and 1992 has been set for the completion of the project, when anyone visiting Ellis Island will be able to find their family by using the computers. It is also considered possible the the computer tapes will be made available to other locations throughout America.

But all of this work will be costly, and the rate of progress will depend entirely on money available to forward the work. Donations are therefore urgently needed, and should be sent to ELLIS ISLAND RESTORATION COMMISSION, Federal Hall, 26 Wall St., New York, NY 10005 (tel. 212-264-4451). Donations are tax deductible."

The Clans, like your own mailbox, are deluged with donation requests, it sometimes becomes difficult to sort out those for publishing in our newsletter. The best solution seems to be those areas which might have appeal to the largest number of members. The choice is up to the individual.

CAN ANYONE IDENTIFY THIS FAMILY TREE? It was found in our file without any contact name or address attached. Please inform the Editor if this belongs to you.

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TURNBULL FAMILY TREE

Annie Henderson lived in the north of Ireland. Her family was "Quality." (They had a pew in the Kirk.) Angus McDonald, a soldier was stationed in the north of Ireland. (He stood 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet.) Theirs was a run-away match. They had seven little girls: Annie, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, Catherine, Frances, and Isabella (Grandma). The mother died of a fever, and the father away fighting under Wellington in Egypt. (The doctor sat him down and cried.) Afterwards Catherine and Frances died of a fever.

Grandma went to the Reading school and learned to read but in Writing school she got a blot on her copy book and the master whacked her hand. She never went back. She worked in the cotton mills as a weaver till she was about eighteen when she married William Turnbull and they came to America, to Maryland.

He had two brothers, Hector and Thomas. One was a teacher and the other an actor in London (Shakesperian plays). He also had an uncle Gavin who wrote poetry. Violet used to have a book of Robert Burns' poems with some of his in the back.

Well, they were married and came to America when about 19 to Maryland. It was a slave state, so afterwards they came to Illinois then to Minnesota. Their children were:

John (died in infancy)

Thomas (1 child, died in infancy)

Annie (my mother) Mabel

William, not married

John (Leslie, Florence Buller, Everett, Arthur)

George (Violet's father)

Mary—"Aunt Mary" (Charles, died in infancy, Edith, Albert Roy, Irving, Margaret)

Charles (not married)

Grandma Turnbull's sisters:

Annie, married and stayed in Scotland (I know nothing about her)

Mary, married Mr. Harris, a good-for-nothing. Two children, a boy who stayed in scotland and a girl Jane who came with her mother to America as a baby. She contracted Smallpox on the ship and was terribly pocked. She lived for many years with Aunt Bessie.

Margaret, married Mr. McKinley. Their children were John, George, Sandy, William, Sarah, Isabel. Margaret died of blood poisoning not very old. John was killed in the Civil War. George and Sandy lived on farms near Cannon Falls and had families, mostly boys. I knew them slightly. William was a Methodist preacher. I knew him quite well at Winona. Sarah married Mr. Williamson, also a farmer near Cannon Falls. Their children were George, Emma, Annie. Isabel married Emery North and lived on a farm near Moorhead for many years. Their children were George, Walter, William. William was about my age. I knew him quite well.

Elizabeth ("Aunt Bessie" married Mr. McNally and also lived on a farm near Cannon Falls. She had no children that lived. She was the one with the "Chany cupboard" pieces brought from Scotland. She took quite a fancy to me because I was rather plump ("a braw, muckle gearl" she said). So every summer when we went to visit her she gave me a little vase or pitcher or something from the China cupboard. She never gave to anyone else.

July 20, 1962

Mable W. Wilkins

A SCOTTISH EXPERIENCE DURING THE OCTOBER 17th EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Your Editor, husband Bill, and 8 other colleagues from Bill's office were in San Francisco to attend the Water Pollution Control Convention. Some 13,000 of us along with a couple other conventions and meetings had descended upon the city that week. Hotels were booked to capacity.

Tuesday morning we awoke to a lot of activity in our hotel corridor. We were staying at the Westin St. Francis. We both had early appointments and set out to ride the private WPCF shuttle bus to Moscone Center. When we reached the lobby Bill announced that he was going to walk the several blocks over to the Moscone as his legs were cramping from all the standing he had been doing the past few days at the company's exhibit booth. I said I preferred to ride as my group was going to go shopping later in the afternoon after the tour of the City. Bill headed out the main lobby door and I headed to the side door where the shuttle buses could be found. Arriving at the doorway which was backed up with people I found limo, secret service agents and motorcycle police escorts. The street was blocked off and just certain traffic was allowed to pass thru. Unbeknownst to us, Vice President, Dan Quayle was in our hotel, and was holding a meeting on the third floor, the floor on which we were staying.

The first WPCF shuttle bus arrived and I was propelled onto it by the crowd. When the bus was loaded, the doors shut and we were waved on by the police, the bus driver came on the p.a. system and jokingly said, "What the hell sort of party did you people throw last night? I have had a secret service and motorcycle police escort all the way. Did you act that way in Dallas last year?" All the way to the Center he joked and teased with the occupants. We all got off and in turn thanked him for his wonderful sense of humor so early in the morning.

I met my party and we boarded the buses for the City tour which encompassed all of the areas that soon were to the hardest hit. At one point in the tour the bus came to a stop and the tour hostess announced that we were sitting on the fault line, she paused to let the murmurs of "not now, not while we are here etc." die down, then she proceeded with her narration of the earthquakes and certain procedures which have been put in place since the last bad quake.

We arrived back at the Moscone sometime after 1PM, went down to our booth to check with husbands to see what time we should meet, either the Moscone or the hotel. A group of us walked down to the wholesale center and browsed our way back to the Moscone. Catherine and I said our goodbyes to the others and got on our shuttle bus back to the Westin St. Francis. When we got off at the hotel we both decided it was too nice a day to go back to the room and each of us had a couple of shops we wanted to check out. So maps in hand down we toddled. We had gone in and out of a few shops in a sort of zig zag direction till we finally wound up at the Scotch House on Post St. near Geary. To reach the shop you descend a flight of stairs below street level. As we entered the shop a glass showcase with a glistening object caught my eye. It was a very lovely pewter figurine of King Robert the Bruce on horseback. The sales people were all busy so we just strolled around the shop, down a couple of more steps to another part of the shop and back up to the main room. By then we were approached by a sales lady and I told her I was interested in the figurine. It was a locked case which contained some regimental soldier figurines, and immediately to our left as we faced the counter were a couple of shelves lined with Edinburgh crystal. The clerk had no sooner placed the Bruce

on the counter when the lights went out. There was this rumbling, rocking feeling as though a large, heavy truck was going by overhead, or more yet a feeling of being in a haunted house at an amusement park. The floor felt like it was rippling beneath our feet. As soon as the ladies in the shop recognized that it was indeed an earthquake, they called out to stand beneath the doorjamb. It was difficult trying to adjust your eyes to the darkness and find your way in a strange place. Though it only lasted 15 seconds, looking back on the range of emotions, and my movements, everything seemed to be moving in slow motion until we joined the other ladies in the doorway.

As quickly as possible the ladies found candles, there lay the Bruce on his side, but a quick check of the shelves lined with the crystal showed all the pieces still standing. There didn't appear to be any damage in that showroom.

We were offered a glass of water and asked if we wanted to rest a minute, as by now the nervous reaction had started to set in. We had disoriented ourselves with the zig zag route we had taken so we just asked for the quickest route back to our hotel.

We were advised to walk on the street side of the sidewalk as the air was still full of dust and broken glass was still falling out of windows. You had to be careful where you stepped as the glass shards were slippery and you could lose your footing.

We arrived at the hotel to find most of our colleagues taking a head count. Bill was not among them, he had gone into the hotel to look for me. When he came out his face was ashen, he didn't see me trying to motion to him amidst the crowd. The miracle was that within an hour we were all present and accounted for as we all had spread out across the city that day.

The hotel urged the guests to cross the street into Union Square until they could assess any damage to the building. A couple of good after shocks kept us in the Square till about 9:30PM when word came that we could go back to the hotel and they would serve us a cold buffet supper. Those whose rooms were on the lower floors could go back to their rooms. Those, who for health or other reasons did not want to climb to their rooms in the darkness could camp out in the lobby or other function rooms which were being opened to the guests. Our portion of the hotel was without water and electricity (it was not restored till Friday morning), but we were able to catch as much water as we could, the little which remained in the line amounted to 6 glasses, and four fully saturated wash cloths. While we were in line for dinner, some of the guests had found a vendor selling a headpiece with two antenna with a lighted eyeball attached to each. They were battery operated and showed a good bit of light. We bought a set and were able to see our way up the stairs and around the room that night and to get dressed by that same light in the morning.

On Wednesday morning the hotel again served us a cold breakfast. We met our other co-workers and were informed that Moscone Center had been turned over to the Red Cross and was now an emergency center. The Convention was cancelled. We trooped over to the Moscone to tear down the exhibit, the security was tight. All the public rooms were filled with rows and rows of cots occupied by the people who were displaced. They had set up a soup kitchen and the people were made to feel as comfortable as possible under very trying circumstances.

Only those with the proper security badges were allowed thru the exhibit hall doors. By noon everything was packed and ready for shipping. We later learned

that the storage lot where the empty crates were stored had collapsed, so the crates had to be removed with tow trucks. The cranes necessary to move large equipment (ours) were deployed for rescue and demolition efforts elsewhere in the city.

We flew out on Thursday morning, on an earlier than scheduled flight. As we approached O'Hare I noticed that we had started to climb again. The second officer came on the mike to tell us that we were having an hydraulic gear problem and that we had to go back up until a longer runway was cleared. It was a scary few minutes but the pilot brought us in with runway to spare. This trip added a few more gray hairs to all our heads.

We did indeed leave our hearts in San Francisco. The city did a wonderful job of getting back to normal as soon as conditions permitted.

Our San Francisco representatives have since sent us T-Shirts "I survived etc....." I don't know whether to wear it or save it for posterity.

Bob Foster has sent along this picture of the Turnbull Tartan flag as it was presented at the Military Order of the World Wars, The Massing of the Colors ceremony.

