



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

HIGHLAND GAMES AND REPORTS

October 15 - 18 - STONE MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES, Stone Mountain Park, Atlanta, Georgia - Hosts: Barbara and John W. Turnbull, Lake Lure, N.C. Details will be found in special flyer, please save for future reference.

CLAN MEETING

A Clan meeting will be held on Friday, October 16th, at the Sheraton Century Hotel, at 2:30PM. Contact William and Dottie Berk, Sally T. Dupuis or Bob Foster for meeting room number. Please leave a message if none of the above are available at the time of your call.

Your editor can be contacted at home up to the weekend of October 10th. My phone number is 708/255-7209. Get your reservations for hotels in early for best choices. Looking forward to meeting and greeting all of you at the Stone Mountain Highland Games.

October 31 - WAXHAW SCOTTISH GAMES, Waxhaw, N.C. - Host: Sally Turnbull Dupuis, Charlotte, N. C. - For more information contact Waxhaw Scottish Games, Box 527, Waxhaw, N. C. 28173. Phone: 704/364-2029.

ILLINOIS ST. ANDREW HIGHLAND GAMES, Polo and Equestrian Club of Oak Brook, Illinois, June 20-21.

Cold northern winds whipped into the area breaking the record for the lowest high temperature ever recorded. The wind-chill factor made it seem even colder. The hardy Scots survived, nothing seemed to dampen or chill the enthusiasm of the crowd nor the size.

Kinahan Rule of Illiopolis, Illinois, carried the Tartan flag in the parade. As we were lining up, around noon time, the sun made a very welcome appearance. Returning to the tent we proceeded to move the chairs out into the warm sunlight.

Earlier that morning, a gentleman approached the tent and asked me if I was in distress. Seems the Union Jack flying from one of the permanent flag poles which intersected our tent space was flying upside-down. I suggested he look for some one wearing a committee tag or go to the trailer office of the Games committee and report his observation. He was not the only one to notice this, several others stopped to voice the same complaint. At last one of the men returned to say he had

permission to change the position of the flag. The wind was giving him a problem so Kinahan and Bill Berk jumped in to help him. Leave it to the Turnbull's to be in the midst of a problem even when it is not of their doing.

Our tent was in a very good location and we enjoyed a lot of traffic. Our banner with crest and motto, "I SAVED THE KING" seems to raise either a lot of interest or hackles, depending on the challenger. The questions asked is "which King" or "whose King". They are invited to read the documentary articles on display. Some are genuinely interested in the history. Others in a rude attempt to save face say "I didn't know the Turnbull's were Scottish" or they mutter "Borderers", spoken in not too nice a manner. My retort is that "I didn't write the history." This is not an isolated incidence, I have hosted tents on both coasts and without fail the challengers appear. The rude ones really bristle and give off sparks from the moment they open their mouths. Some don't even want to take a minute or two to read that which has been recorded.

The Illinois St. Andrew Society, sponsor of the Games, could not have found a lovelier site. This is the fourth move in the 6 years they have sponsored these Games. The Oak Brook Polo and Equestrian Club in Oak Brook, Illinois is famous in the area as the home of the Butler family and the Club where Prince Charles has competed in polo matches.

As most sports fans know, the polo field is nine times the area of a football field. The Clan tents were placed down alongside the east side. For a change those hosting the tents were able to get a view of some of the activities on the field. On the west side, behind the grandstand and the beer garden tent which held the entertainment stage, the food and merchandise vendors had a very large area. There was so much room that it never seemed to be cramped or crowded.

On Sunday we attended the Polo Matches, a first for us. This was part of the Games activities. The first match was between two local teams, one of which had an excellent female player. Sunny Hale is one of the outstanding women polo players in the country. She also was one of the umpires for the second match.

The next match was between the visiting Scottish team and the resident U.S. team. The Scottish team was from the Edinburgh Polo Club. The Earl of Morton is the owner of the polo grounds and Chariman of the Edinburgh Polo Club. His son, The Hon. James Douglas was one of the players.

The Scottish team had flown in on the Wednesday and were riding horses loaned to them by other U.S. players. You would never have suspected that from the way they rode and played. That match ended in a tie and by mutual consent they did not go into a sudden death overtime.

This is the first year these Games have run for two days. The committee did a great job in offering a variety of activities to see and do, for young and old alike. Sunday, had a lot of competition, it was Father's Day. It will be interesting to learn whether 1993 will be a one or a two day event.

All proceeds of the Illinois Games are for the benefit and continued support of the Scottish Home in North Riverside, Illinois.

TRAVEL

From time to time, and in some of our correspondence, phone calls and this newsletter, requests for travel experiences have been made, particularly about trips or tours to Scotland. Word has been trickling back as to how helpful the travelling members observations and hints have been to the recipients.

If you are travelling to Scotland, particularly if this is your first trip, you might be able to plan more quality time in those most meaningful areas. The members have shared comments on accommodations, sightseeing, eating places and shopping hints. Recently, a magazine for tourism sent a most helpful issue containing a host of addresses covering many facets of Scotland. Some of this gleaned information has been made up into a small packet which will be sent to those requesting it. The charge for this packet is small, a report from you detailing your comments and observations to be added to this data.

A word of caution - if you plan on writing to some of the tourist offices in Scotland, allow at least 6-8 weeks or more for a reply.

BAGPIPES - IN BULGARIA?

Your editor and husband, Bill, enjoyed a cruise to the Black Sea aboard the Cunard "Princess."

The afternoon we boarded the ship in Athens, Greece, we were busy unpacking when an announcement came over the public address system, "All passengers of the "Princess" were invited to an open house being held on the HMS Invincible. Bill grabbed the camera and off we trotted to the next pier.

HMS Invincible was laid down at the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers Shipbuilders Limited in July, 1973. Launched by Her Majesty the Queen on May 3, 1977. She is the sixth ship of the Royal Navy to bear this name. The first of a new class of anti-submarine aircraft carrier. She served with distinction in the Falklands Campaign in 1982.

We were privileged to view an Anti-Submarine Warfare helicopter and a couple of the Sea Harrier planes. The Sea Harrier uses a short take-off over the revolutionary Ski-jump at the forward end of the flight deck for launching. It is recovered vertically in the hover mode of operation.

The officers and the crew were so explicit and happy to explain so many of the functions of the ship, the planes and countless other displays depicting their lifestyle while aboard.

We were lured over to a display at which they were selling logo patches and other momentos of the ship. While in conversation with that group I mentioned that my uncle had been in the British Navy, he was stationed on the KG V. Along with the vacant stares came the question "Is that a British ship?" Gosh, was my age showing when I further

explained that this took place during World War II and the proper name for the ship was the King George the Fifth. That brought a glimmer of recognition.

Several days later we docked in the port of Varna, Bulgaria. We toured the surrounding area in the morning. Lunch was scheduled at Kosharata Restaurant in the resort area the Golden Sands. The restaurant is very quaintly designed in the style of a sheep pen. To reach it from the parking lot we had to ascend a flight of stone steps. I could swear I heard bagpipes. About midway up the stairs we were greeted by a Bulgarian piper in native dress. Later during the folklore show we were treated to more piping music and dances. Many of the dances were similar to the Scottish and Irish dances and the music sometimes had a bit of a Scottish lilt.

While we consider the bagpipe to be the 'national instrument of Scotland', it is not known when it first reached Scotland. Other areas have prior claim but it is not definitely known where they may have originated. In fact, while shopping in Italy I persuaded a shop owner to sell me two small figurines of shepherds playing the pipes. He said they had been part of a set belonging to a Nativity scene.

To Scot, wherever he may be, the sound of the pipes will turn his thoughts to Scotland.

The port of Yalta, Ukraine (former USSR) took us to the scene of the Yalta conference held during World War II. There we visited the palace which housed President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the U.S. delegation. A short distance away we toured the palace where Prime Minister Winston Churchill and the British delegation stayed.

The most wonderful scene that day was the greeting one of the couples from our group received as we came thru emigration. All that week Bob and Lorrie had fretted about meeting Bob's relations in Yalta. They had a visa which had been issued prior to sailing. It had been announced that due to the political upheaval only those going ashore with the authorized Cunard tours would be allowed off the ship. Bob haunted the purser's office for daily up-dates. As we passed the line of onlookers we saw the little family group with a sign in English "Welcome Lorrie and Robert". I walked over to them and found the cousin from Moscow spoke beautiful English, I explained the tours go ashore first and that Lorrie and Robert would be along. The meeting and the farewells late that afternoon would have broke your heart. There was Bob's 92 year old uncle waving us out of sight, a broad smile on his face and bittersweet tears flowing down. Later that evening Bob tried to tell us about the meeting, he said "Money couldn't buy that day."

Freedom means a lot of different things to different people. We who have always known freedom could take a few lessons in appreciation from those to which freedom is a very new experience.



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY
AMERICA!**