



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

Oct. 14 - 17 - STONE MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES, Stone Mtn. Park Atlanta, GA. - Tent Hosts, Barbara and John W. Turnbull, Pine Mtn., GA.

Oct. 30 - WAXHAW SCOTTISH GAMES, Andrew Jackson Memorial Museum, Waxhaw, NC - Host, Sally Turnbull Dupuis.

1994 - GAMES NEWS

April 15-17, 1994 - LOCH NORMAN HIGHLAND GAMES, Davidson Homestead, 15 miles north of Charlotte, NC - Host, Sally Turnbull Dupuis.

This is the first year for the Loch Norman Games and Sally would like the members to attend and help to make them a success.

SANTA ROSA GAMES to move in 1994. The 124th anniversary of the Games will coincide with the move to the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Pleasanton, CA. This should be a good move as there are hotels and restaurants in the area.

ILLINOIS ST. ANDREW GAMES, Polo and Equestrian Club, Oak Brook, IL. Held June 19-20, 1993 - Tent Host, Dottie Berk.

The weather reports the week of the Games had been predicting rain. As we set out in the bright sunshine on Friday afternoon to set up the tent, Bill took extra precautions to pound the stakes in as good as possible. During the night we had tremendous thunderstorms and lightning with a heavy rainfall. When we left for the field on Saturday morning we drove through an "isolated storm," which diminished as we travelled further south. When we arrived at the Polo Grounds we were told that there was a possibility the Games would be cancelled, but nothing positive would be decided for about an hour or so. We were advised to go to a nearby restaurant, sip coffee, have a leisurely breakfast and wait it out.

More than 3 inches of rain had fallen on the field during the night.

Rain was still being predicted for the rest of the day. The dancing and piping was moved to the Drake Oak Brook Hotel, across the street.

Meanwhile, the National Weather Service changed its forecast to hot and humid with chances of storms later in the day. The sun broke through!!! The manager of the polo field walked the area repeatedly to determine if it would be safe to open the Games without undue risk to the grounds or attendees. About 9 AM we were told we could drive on to the field, but to proceed with caution, the ground was very soggy. Bill had walked over to the tent earlier and was pleased to find it still standing. Many others had blown down.

By the time we had finished putting up the display the first hardy souls started to arrive. Even though we squished around in wet shoes all day, everyone seemed to take it in good humor.

Cheryl and Patricia Trumbull, Glen Ellyn, Il. were the first callers at the tent and they were immediately pressed into service. Word came down that there would indeed be a Tartan Parade and they said they would be honored and pleased to carry the Clan banner.

Piper Bill Millin, the "D-Day Piper" was the guest of honor. He was the last piper to pipe a British unit into combat. He was 21 years old and the personal piper of Lord Lovat. He plunged into the surf at Sword Beach in Normandy, carrying his pipes over his head. He proceeded to march up and down the invasion beach playing "Highland Laddie." He marched and played for the Games spectators as he did on June 6, 1944. I am sure that if everyone hadn't been standing already, his performance would have brought them to their feet.

Cheryl and Patricia, born long after D-Day, said it gave them goosebumps to hear his story and they were proud to have had the opportunity to march in review for such a distinguished person.

Another story was told that as a piper he was a loud and conspicuous target. Bill did not consider the risk he was taking. When his bagpipes was hit by flying shrapnel from a mortar bomb, he bandaged it up and went on piping. His performance and story made the day and all its soggy problems worthwhile.

There was quite a bit of activity around the tent. Always a lot of questions to answer.

Just as we pulled away from the field that evening, the sky opened up. The storm followed us all the way home and lasted into the night. As a result we did not return on Sunday for the polo game as it was very doubtful that they would be taking place.

Weather is always a factor and nothing can be done about it. My heart ached for the Games Committee and all their last minute heroic efforts to salvage what they could. The mid-west has been hard hit this year. Here is hoping for a pleasant, sunny Games weekend in 1994, the committee deserves it.

GENEALOGY

Seeking information on ALBERT TURNBULL from Nova Scotia. Lived between 1850 and 1930, approximately. Married Estella (Stella) Parkman from Maine and migrated west. They had 2 daughters, Effie and Ethel Maud, born 1-25-1891 in Montana. Albert is believed to have been a miner and buried in Nevada. Any information about this family is appreciated. Contact: Mrs. Kay Curran, 85321 Nestle Way, Pleasant Hill, OR 97455.

From "The Family Tree" newsletter published by The Ellen Payne Odom Genealogy Library, Moultrie, GA. Vol IV #4.

"A notice in the National Genealogical Society Newsletter says that there are new indexes to births and marriages in the Old Parochial Registers of the Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian). These are available in two locations: the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, UT; and the General Register Office for Scotland in Edinburgh. You may consult a local LDS Family History Center for information concerning the records in Salt Lake City. The new indexes contain entries to over 6,000,000 births and more than 2,200,000 marriages from the Old Parochial Registers. There are also miscellaneous records which have not been available previously. These records cover all counties of Scotland for all years before 1855, the earliest being 1553."

"A new publication will be distributed this coming October - "Search", a Southern Family History Journal. More information from Cay's Publishing 1368 Cassat Ave., Jacksonville, Florida 32205."

FROM THE FILES OF JIM TURNBULL, CONVENER, AUSTRALIA

All who have visited the Church at Bedrule, Scotland, will recall the bronze plaques on the wall. The following article pertains to a member of the family noted on one of the plaques.

"The death of Mr. J. D. Turnbull, and old resident of Guy Fawkes and one of the best known pastoralists of New England, occurred on Monday, after an illness of several months. Deceased had attained the ripe old age of ninety. He was born in Edinburgh, and at the age of nineteen left his native land for Australia, arriving in Melbourne in 1851, at which time the discovery of gold was attracting thousands of persons therto from all parts of the world. Ballarat was then the principal field, and not long after his arrival he invested in a waggon and horses and became one of the many engaged in carrying stores, etc., from the capital to the busy goldfield. Having done well in this line he determined to go on the land, and secured a farming area near Ballarat, devoting himself to wheat growing. Some years later he gave up farming and purchased a sheep station, "Kotupua" (after which he named his place at Guy Fawkes) in the fertile Goulburn River Valley. In 1883 he sold this property, and his family removed to Melbourne, where they remained for about two years. In the meantime Mr. Turnbull travelled through many parts of South Australia, Queensland, and N.S.W., with the object of securing a pastoral property. He came to New England, and the district that determined his choice was Guy Fawkes. The family then came to Armidale, where they resided for some time. This was in 1885. At that period Guy Fawkes was little settled, and had, if anything, a bad

reputation from the pastoral standpoint. Mr. Turnbull's keen intelligence and experience told him the splendid possibilities of the place, and, though warned by friendly advisers against bringing ruin on himself by taking up too much land there, secured several large areas, which he added to as it became available. He thus laid the foundation of one of the finest estates in that rich fertile district. For some years after settling there the stock market was in a low condition. Here again he displayed his practical character in various ways. He turned his energies to potato growing, dairying, etc., and found good markets for these productions at Hillgrove - - that about this time became a prosperous goldfield. To absorb some of the low priced cattle he established a butchery business at Metz, which made up in no small degree for an unprofitable market. He was the first man in his district to send cattle direct to the Sydney market, and began to do so in 1897. His example was followed by many others with beneficial results. When Messrs Waugh Bros., owners of Guy Fawkes Station, dissolved partnership about 22 years ago, Mr Turnbull and his sons bought a considerable portion of that fine estate, and later purchased the well known Bald Hills property from Mr W. L. Beauchamp. About 15 years ago he withdrew from active participation in the business, which has since been ably carried on by his sons. Deceased was a man who took a keen interest in public affairs, with which he made himself thoroughly acquainted, and, though somewhat conservative in politics, could always give sound reasons for his opinions. He was widely travelled. He had been in every State in the Commonwealth, had been a couple of times to Tasmania, and also visited New Zealand. A little over twenty years ago he made an extended trip to his native land, and went over many parts of England. He was an excellent conversationalist, and, being a man of keen observation, his views on matters generally were worth listening to. He was admittedly a good judge of stock all round, and of draught horses in particular. When he settled at Guy Fawkes he brought with him three thoroughbred Clydesdale mares and a stallion, and for many years had some of the finest of the breed in the district. He acted as judge in the horse section at Glen Innes show years ago, when the work of adjudication was entrusted to three judges. He was a strong opponent to this method, believing in single judges, which system is now universally adopted. In his private life the late Mr Turnbull was a man of unblemished reputation. His word was his bond. In the words of the great dramatist, he never "kept the promise to the ear and broke it to the heart." He would rather do a favor to any man than accept one. He was a successful man during his long career, but this did not breed arrogance in his nature, but made him all the more disposed to assist the less fortunate with whom he came into contact. For whatever work he engaged in he obtained the best mechanical aids, and these were always willingly placed at the service of others who required them, and for any generous or charitable service he rendered he was never influenced by a venal motive. Christian charity can go no further. Nevertheless he had no tolerance for a humbug or a charlatan in any walk of life. He was a genuine and unostentatious helper of the sick and needy, a sterling neighbour, and a man in all his commercial dealings."

The obituary clipping had no dates or any other identification and is copied here just as it appeared.