

BULLSEYE

A TURNBULL CLAN PUBLICATION

Founder: John Turnbull, Scotland
President, Wally Turnbull

Founder: Dorothy Berk, United States
Janet Turnbull Schwierking, Editor

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Board of Trustees

In order to increase the long term stability of TCA, advise the officers, and provide a solid international perspective, a TCA board of trustees has been established. We are proud to present the Turnbull Clan Association Board of Trustees to the membership: William C. Trimble, Washington State, Corey Turnbull, Canada, Dana Hume Hoyer, California, George Turnbull, Scotland, Jim Turnbull, Australia, Keith Turnbull, Missouri, Lee Turnbull, New York, Mark Turnbull, New Hampshire and Sarah Snow of North Carolina. Brian Turnbull, the Vice President of TCA will also serve on the Board of Trustees and act as a liaison between the Trustees and the Executive Officers.

The TCA Board of Trustees will continue to be up to nine individuals in service to TCA. They will be appointed by the President of TCA for approval by the Executive Officers. The trustees will serve 3 year renewable terms which will coincide with the terms of the Executive Officers. Because the TCA Board of Trustees will serve across national legal boundaries, and because it is comprised of appointed rather than elected officers, except as described below, the responsibility of the Board of Trustees will be to advise and not to direct the officers and members of TCA. Nevertheless the advice of the trustees will always be given the highest consideration especially on matters of long-term consequence to TCA.

The TCA Board of Trustees will be responsible to approve of new TCA organizations, approve of all programs to be carried out in the name of TCA in more than one nation, approve of TCA insignia including arms, crest, and seal. They will also govern the process of TCA's input in the selection of a Turnbull Clan Chief if ever that is done.

The first task for this new board is to review the newly proposed bylaws which have been in revision by the officers for the past 6 months. After approval by the Trustees, the bylaws will be reviewed by an independent legal council before being presented to the membership for ratification.

Annual General Meeting

The 2004 Turnbull Clan Association Annual General Meeting will be held at the New Hampshire Games,

September 24, 25, 26th. The annual meeting of the officers will also take place at that time. We welcome and encourage your attendance and participation.

The New Hampshire Highland Games are known for having a hugely diverse program; highlights include the Gathering of the Clans, with over 60 clans and societies, Massed Bands, Sheepdog Trials, Celtic World Music Concerts, the New England Regional Scottish Fiddle Championship, Heavyweight Scottish Athletics, National Highland Dance Competition, Solo Piping & Drumming, Scottish Harp & other instrument competitions.

Seminars will be given in Whisky Tasting, Scottish History. Workshops will be offered in Cape Breton Music and Dance, and Scottish Country Dance. Entertainment will feature the best from Scotland, Canada and the US, including Alasdair Fraser, Tannahill Weavers, Glengarry Boys and others. Over 30 Pipe Bands will appear over the three days of games, with special appearances by the Strathclyde Police Pipe Band. The NHHG has become a favorite venue for most of the World's top Heavyweight athletes to compete and this year boasts the strongest field ever.

Most importantly, we are planning to have a large turnout of Turnbolls and expect this to be the most "Turnbull attended" games this year. You won't want to miss the events or the Clan fun and fellowship. A block of 10 rooms has been reserved for the Turnbull Clan Association.

At the Highlander Inn. These rooms will be



held until September 3rd and are available on a first come first served basis. The rate will be \$99 per room, per day, with an additional \$10 for a third adult in the room. Not bad for a luxury place. The toll free number for the Highlander Inn is 1-800-548-9248. Web: www.highlanderinn.com

Happy Birthday



Gail Turnbull, Pat Trimble, Guadalupe Rule, Kitty Turnbull, David E. Turnbull, T. Stephen Turnbull, Jean Turnbull, J. Michael Turnbull, Rhet Turnbull, Josie Turnbull, Walter S. Turnbull, Kenneth D. Turnbull, Don Stoughton, Clarence Kunz, Glenn Turnbull, Vicki Schwierking, Kate Turnbull, Kara

Kneep, Barbara Stoughton.

Young and Old

Our oldest member will be 100 years old this year. We now have our youngest Cadet member, Will Lewis will be 1 year old in May. Thanks to Grandfather J. Robert Turnbull, TCA can now boost a wee bit more about our span of ages in our membership.

Turnbull History

Michael Robson is now hard at work in Scotland completing his long-awaited book on the history of the Turnbells of the Scottish Borders (1100 – 1700). He has left the period from 1700 to the present day to those who enjoy researching their family trees back over the last 300 years, but he is always willing to help if he can anyone who has come up against a real obstacle. In the course of his own research on Borders history he has noted Turnbells in many walks of life since 1700 and will be sending these records in installments to the editor of *Bullseye*. A first selection of Turnbells in the countryside follows. It may be that these are just curiosities or of general historical interest, but some may fit into the family pedigree somewhere, and if for any reason you want to know more Michael welcomes any such enquiry.

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A Turnbull Quilt from the Outer Hebrides!

Michael has established in the isle of Lewis his own historical archive, the most extensive resource for information about the Scottish Highlands, islands and Borders. Look at his website to see what is involved: www.10callicvol.com

In partnership with him his wife Janet has a purpose-built studio in which she makes a variety of patchwork quilts and smaller quilted items. Many of these are unique, being commissioned by visitors who choose not only the article they want but also designs, fabrics and colours after consulting Janet.

A specialty, and a new unusual approach, is including clan and other tartans in the designs. Among her other clan tartans Janet now has a stock of the Hunting and Dress Turnbull tartans in lightweight wool. These can be used in quilts of any size and in wall hangings, cushion covers, tea cosies etc. Personal attention is given to individual needs and requests.

If you wish to place an order or to discuss possibilities contact Janet either at:

Callicvol Quilts, 10 Port of Ness, Isle of Lewis, Outer Hebrides, Scotland HS2 0XA or

E-mail: enquiries@callicvolquilts.com

Tel: +44 (0) 1851 810 681

Dear Editor

Can anyone tell me if PHEBE (born 13 Sep 1749 in Suffield, Hartford County, CT, daughter of Ephraim & Rachel (Towsley) TRUMBLE married AMOS OLDS (born 18 Jan 1753 in Springfield MA and died 14 July 1833)? If these 2 persons did marry, it would most likely have been in 1781 or 1782. The lady named "Phebe" who had married AMOS OLDS gave birth to 7 children (Octavia, Pamela, Caroline, George, Polly Lovice, and Ephraim) between 1783 and 1796, then appears to have died before 1803. The Town records of Great Barrington, Berkshire County, MA list the births of all of these children.

I am a third—great—granddaughter of GEORGE OLDS (1788-1867) and ANN (KENT) (1790-1875) who moved to Cambria TWP, Niagara County, NY in the 1820s. My email address is Marot8@comcast.net

Sincerely,
Mrs. Louis T. Marot
203 Snow Avenue
Battle Creek, MI 49017

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Clan Prints in the Sands

The Turnbull Clan

Encompasses many surnames, Trimble, Trumble, Turn-e boul, Trumbull, their various spellings, plus Rule, Roul and their varied spellings. The origin of the names in general are lost in antiquity. We all know the legend of the turning of the bull by William Rule, and the counter claim that Turnbull was actually Trumbald, meaning strongly bold, but is that truly where the name came from? In our November newsletter we talked about the French Turnbells. Did the name originate in France and come to Scotland, or did the French Turnbells come from the crusaders and then the mercenaries from going to France to help in their war. I don't think we will ever really know, only inklings of the truth are found. In the present, we know that the names go around the world.

Migrations of Scots to Australia and the American colonies in late 1600 and early 1700's could have been associated with the evolving Jacobite wars or the start of the Highland clearance by the English. The move by these families were important in the evolution of the name and the deeds done. Lets start to take a look at some of these families and what was accomplished over the years.

Judge Robert Trimble

Somewhere between 1707 and 1740, five Trimble brothers came to the America's from Armagh, Ireland, was there name originally Turnbull in Scotland, before they went to Ireland? It is very possible. Now according to one of the stories; James, Moses, John, David and Alexander all settled in Virginia, married, had families, some were poor, but all lived fairly comfortable lives. John Farley Trimble has this family entering the America's in 1730 in Pennsylvania then on to Virginia.



JUDGE ROBERT TRIMBLE

This story concerns a grandson of one of this original family of Trimbles

Robert Trimble was born in 1777 in Virginia, moved with his family, at the age of three years, to Kentucky. He was

self schooled, studied law and received his licence to practice in 1803, being elected to the legislature in the same year. In 1808 he was appointed to the Court of Appeals as a second judge, then in 1810 as Chief Justice to the State of Kentucky. In 1813 became a

United States district attorney and in 1816 a district judge for the state of Kentucky. He served the state as district judge until 1826, when he was appointed by President John Quincy Adams as a Justice to the Supreme court, in Washington. He was highly respected by his colleagues, and lamented by friends and colleagues when he died at age 52 in 1828. Trimble county was name for him eight years later. " It was established by an act of the Kentucky General Assembly in December 1836."

This family made a mark in our early history.

John Rodney Turnbull 1880 - Memoirs Part-2 Peterboro



John Rodney Turnbull Peterborough House.

Our father, John C. Turnbull, was passionately fond of trees, flowers, and gardens. To satisfy this propensity he bought a farm three miles West of Peterboro, (Peterborough), Ontario, Canada. It had everything. He was supposed to get one third of the products, but always the poor tenant kept most of the crop. In 1880, when I was born in the big house at 603 Stewart Street, corner of Dublin, on a hilltop, we always had barrels of apples in the cellar in winter. In the summer it was a joyful outing, to climb the cherry trees with a juicy purpose and then munch green peas in the garden, popping them out of their pods, with the resultant unpleasant

gastronomical reaction and a persistent tummy ache.

We lived on top of a high hill overlooking the little town (20,000), at the corner of Stewart and Dublin Streets. In winter we could sleigh ride "belly flopper" on individual sleighs down East on Dublin but the favorite ride was the much longer one down Stewart. This was the main road out to the country and the police often chased us off for our own safety but we always managed to avoid the actual clutches of Constable McGinty, a real Irishman that could run like a deer. We had rides for 6 at a time, too on a "bob sled" two sleds, with a board between.

McGinty nearly enmeshed some of us in the net of the law one Halloween night. A larger unthoughtful boy encouraged some of us smaller fry to roll a cart, loaded with ashes, down a steep hill a few blocks away. It got out of control and went hurtling into the ditch. McGinty suddenly appeared and fortunately took after the main instigator who dodged him while we little culprits scurried for cover like young partridges.

Everybody skated on the canal near the big lift locks, once highest in the world, and the pet project of our mother's brother, long a member of parliament in Toronto of happy memories. He lived to be over ninety.



Hydraulic Lift Lock Peterborough Ontario.

Christmas was a grand and glorious day at our house. We had a big tree, presents galore but not large, and candy in abundance that should have lasted a month but it disappeared in two days and left an aftermath of headaches. Mother's dreadful cure was senna leaves brewed into a most abhorrent concoction that made us loathe to admit we felt squeamish.

As the youngest I was thoroughly spoiled by Bill and Walter. When I was just learning to read I was happy to receive for Christmas a lovely big book by Dickens with pictures and stories for children. Bruce (4 years older) and I slept in a high backed wooden bed.

Christmas morning I was up early for we had hung our stockings that year at the big open hearth in the sitting room. I couldn't find my little trousers and grew impatient in hunting for them. Finally I went around behind the head of the bed. Walter and Bill had made a bag of them buttoning them up and trying the bottoms of the little legs. This bag they had stuffed with little presents, nuts and an orange. How they laughed when I found my trousers, and that was typical of their jokes, plenty of good cheer mixed with mischief.

When snowy winter gave way to spring showers our scratchy woolen underwear (how I abhorred it) was discarded and we made long hikes in search of early flowers, May flowers (Hepaticas), trailing arbutus, trilliums both white and red, blue, yellow and white violets and many other treasures found in Jackson's woods.

Two miles down the C.P.R. tracks, which to my small feet seemed like half-way to Toronto, we knew a place where we could gather wintergreen leaves to chew and even found berries, too.

Education was funneled into our young heads by very strict but capable teachers at the West Ward School, Central School and in Bruce's case at North Ward, too. Bruce passed first out of that school, the star student.

When I was in kindergarten at Central School, Walter was in high school next door and on the lower side of the hill, separated only by a high wall. He and Bill came to the kindergarten barred window to greet me. I was making a little chair out of toothpicks and soaked peas while they were wrestling with algebra and ancient history.

Across the road was a big park where the band played martial music in the summer time and made the blood stir in our spines. Teacher took us wee things out there for a picnic. I remember the day Queen Victoria had her diamond jubilee and when she died. We got a half-holiday.

Walter was heavysset and as healthy as an Arabian gazelle. He was not built for racing but won five pounds of mixed candies in the sports (Field Day) and we all helped him to celebrate the honor. He came in third in a foot race, but he came in first in many, many other events of his life!

Summer was the time of greatest enjoyment. Before and after father shipped us off to the island at Soney Lake a hundred pleasures awaited us. By night all the boys of our area

(about 20) gathered under a big basswood tree a block away. From there we cruised off in games, football by moonlight in Lawyer Moore's big pasture field, Hunko, run-sheep-run, throw the stick and other games. If we were lazy we just sat and Dave Hooey, who seems to have heard all the Irish jokes of that day, regaled us with the latest jokes about Pat, Mike and the Englishman. I remember many of them yet.



Regata Day Stoney Lake

Pat was assigned the job of staying at the wheel of the ship while the rest of the crew slept. The captain told him just to keep the ship pointed towards a certain star. Pat dosed off and when he came to, the star was out of sight. He woke the captain up and said: "Captain please pick me out another star. Faith and begorrah, I've passed that other one!"

The other sailors were making fun of Pat and so he thought he would show them that they didn't know everything. Taking a piece of rope he asked a sailor how many ends does a piece of rope have. "Why two of course Pat. Anybody knows that, you blockhead." Pat said, "Here is one end and here is a second end, and" throwing the rope overboard he said, "now my wise fellows there is a third end of it, bejabbers."

On extra hot days we went swimming both morning and afternoon at "The Quarry" in Jackson Park, two miles from home. The route lay down the hill to the West, past the big tree where we stopped to munch "haws" (fruit of the hawthorn tree). Jackson Park was capacious, big enough for a Sunday school picnic. We entered it at the corner, paused to see if there were any beech nuts under the big trees, sauntered among tall pines on a well kept path, passed a pretty little artificial lake (too deep for small boys). But I swam across it at night with Walter and Bill swimming on either side to keep up my courage.

The Quarry had evidently been just that, many years before, but in our time we undressed in the woods and jumped off the bridge that had a dam under it. The water was only about six feet deep at most, an

ideal place for boys to cool off. Then we had little fishing rods and would catch chub but never took them home as I can remember.

The C.P.R. tracks to Lindsay were a stone's throw away. A big freight train would occasionally come thundering by and we could count the cars. A mile or two farther out the tracks was a second deep-water swimming hole. Beside it was a very tall butternut tree, which took skill to climb. We would pick them when still a little green and store them away until wintertime. Then we would crack them before the grate in the sitting room while the snow raged outside and would watch the blue flames from the big chunks of coal in the fireplace.

In that cozy room was a black horsehair sofa. Father worked hard and deserved his success. He was the only merchant that was able to sell out at the age of about 45 and live a semi-retired life for the next 43 years. He went to Heaven at 88. He would come home from the store at noon, have his lunch, lie down on the couch and be asleep in two minutes; get up after 20 minutes of sound sleep and walk back to the store.

In that same room we had family prayers. I learned to read by sitting on father's knee and spelling out the big words in the Bible. Teacher augmented my vocabulary with lesser words like cat, rat, hat.

The parlor was separated from the sitting room by a large arch with sliding doors. There was a grand piano. When I was five, mother let me have a big birthday party. I invited every boy and girl I knew and there were scores of them. What a happy memory. One of the older girls that came to help mother picked me up and passed me around for the big girls to kiss. I squirmed like a restless panther in a cage to regain my freedom. That party was the biggest that ever graced our happy hilltop. I had another when I was seven, but, growing more cautious with advancing age, I did not invite so many ladies!

The kitchen was large. Mother fed tramps there. None was sent away hungry. One wrote "Sweet Tommy" on our gatepost, a code notice to all other knights of the open road that our place was an extra hospitable abode. In winter mother would pull out the big tub and give an unfortunate man a chance of a bath. Some of father's extra underwear would go away with him. Mother surely lived up to the motto of Paul, "Given to hospitality."

Drinking water came from the well pump in the backyard and soft water from the cistern under the kitchen. In the kitchen all of us boys put our hand to making taffy (and in winter cooled it in the snow) and to roasting ears of corn that surely hit the spot when treated with butter and salt.

The side verandah had lattice and in the corner of the yard next to the verandah was a grape arbour where we all knew when the fruit was ripe. A lovely thick lawn of grass surrounded the big white brick house in front and on both sides with old trees along the fence line – elms, birch, and a wonderful maple tree in the corner which I could climb to the very top in jig time.

We had two barns, a neat red one up the lane half a block where we kept “Fly” (the mare), a cow and chickens. The old barn adjoined the house, out of sight but convenient and connected by a woodshed. Walter and Bill cut holes in the eave of the “house” barn so that the wrens could make their nests.

In the newer, red barn a host of activities kept the youth of the neighborhood well informed that the Turnbull boys were alive. A circus in full bloom was quite a triumph. A strong rope was extended across the big room generally graced by the buggy and Walter M. Turnbull gave quite a dramatic exhibition of the latest technique in tight rope walking. It did not matter that he tumbled off when only half way across for there was no yawning chasm of the Niagara gorge below him. Those big brothers of mine had initiative, ingenuity, and Tabasco sauce in their make up that kept folks a-nodding.

Bill and Walter each tried to hold me standing upright on one hand. That Herculean circus stunt they just could not quite complete. Another exploit proved too hazardous for my liking. They stood down below the door by which hay was pitched up into the loft and told me to jump from the second floor into their arms in the lane outside the barn. I debated that one for some minutes before taking off into thin air. They misjudged my agility for I would have gone right over them if Louis had not been standing behind them and all three grabbed me. I did repeat this high trapeze exhibition once or twice but was very sure as to where I was going to land.

Our bedsprings were held up on the wooden beds by loose slats that occasionally dropped out to the floor with a bang, especially during a pillow fight. There was a large poem on the wall that began, “I’m a little pilgrim.” The words were good but the piety expressed was rather mild in comparison with the wild scenes that boyish enthusiasm sometimes created. We did not give way to this pillow hassle frequently for mother laid down the law in her loving way, but while it lasted the pillow war was some contest!

Walter’s budding genius was encouraged by a picture he saw in a magazine for curing a bad cold. Bill had a cold. The ad showed a man sitting in a box with his head sticking out. A sweat bath applied in the box by oil heat was supposed to chase the cold into the next county. Walter had Bill sit on a cane bottomed chair wrapped him voluminously in heavy quilts. Then he introduced a coal-oil (kerosene) lamp into the scene and lit it with the wick turned down low. “How does it feel Bill? Can you stand it a little higher?” Gradually the heat was increased under Bill. Suddenly with a yell like a Sioux Indian, Bill rose straight into the air. When the debris had been cleared away, the following results were observed. A neat hole the same size as the top of the lamp chimney had been burned through the cane bottom of the chair and a hole of the same dimensions had been burned through Bill’s thick nightgown. The rise in his temperature was not measured but I think the increase above normal was considerable. In due time his cold disappeared.



Steamboat City of Peterborough

A Note of Thanks

TCA would like to thank all of you who have renewed dues, most of all, for the lovely notes of encouragement and acknowledgement regarding the changes in Bullseye, and recognition of the changes being made on your behalf. Our work is always with all of you in mind. Growth of your Association is foremost. Your participation in the progress is needed, family stories, favorite recipes, jokes, tales out of the blue, Hall of Fame needs persons to enter, your favorite object belonging to your family history, a picture of a relative with a short note about the picture, write an article about your family. We can add a section for Queries. We **desperately** need a Genealogist, who can input the hand written family history into the computer.