

BULLSEYE

A TURNBULL CLAN PUBLICATION

Founder: John Turnbull, Scotland
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Founder: Dorothy Berk, United States
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John Q. Turnbull Recalls Swimming With General Grant's Son And Other Events As Couple Celebrates 63rd Anniversary

On December 3rd 1872 Mr. And Mrs. John Q. Turnbull were married in Cottage Grove, with the whole countryside present. On Dec 3, 1935 they celebrated their 63rd year of, married life with a small dinner party at their home on West Third street attended by their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Mr. And Mrs. Turnbull have spent many years of their lives here in this vicinity. Mrs. Turnbull (Alexoa L. Shatio) was born on March 2, 1853 in Ohio, but at the age of two years she moved with her parents to Cottage Grove, where she lived until she became the wife of Mr. Turnbull and took up her residence in this city. Her parents were both of French descent and although she is unable to remember any details of the first of her family to come to America she is sure it must have been at least three generations before hers.

John Turnbull who was born John Quincy Adams Turnbull, first saw day in Ellicott, Maryland. He is the son of Scotch immigrants who came to this country immediately after their early marriage at the age of 19, expecting to be scalped by Indians if they were not drowned. Mr. Turnbull's father was one of the first railroad engineers in the country and he was employed by the Baltimore and Hartland Railroad for some time. Mr. Turnbull tells proudly of his Uncle Thomas who as an elocution teacher in London and a close friend of Bobby Burns

The Turnbull family moved to Galena, Illinois, the home of General U. S. Grant, when John was a small boy and it was there that he was reared to young manhood. It was in Galena that Mr. Turnbull went to school with Fred Grant, the General's oldest son, went swimming at night in the Mississippi river, toppled a wood pile upon his head and risked his life in a thousand ways now recalled with pleasure. According to Mr. Turnbull, "The bump of fear was left completely out of his make-up".

His father and two brothers fought in the Civil war and returned home to find that young John had

been bound out as a doctor's apprentice by his mother. After two years of studying medicine and surgery, with most of the patients being those wounded in the war, doctors believed John to be in danger of tuberculosis or consumption as they called it, and advised a change of climate. John met a Captain Burns of the boat Itasca and took passage for Hastings, Minnesota intending to live with an uncle located in Northfield.

Mr. Turnbull's stories of his river trip, the booming city he found here upon his arrival, his wild ride with the sheriff to Northfield and his life there are most exciting. His letters to his parents were so convincing of the plenty of this part of the country that several months later his parents, brothers and sisters moved to Hastings and took up residence here.

In 1866, one year after coming to Minnesota, Mr. Turnbull entered the fanning mill shop of A. B. Terril where he was employed until a year before his marriage. He purchased a wheat farm which he ran while he lived in town two years before he and his wife built a house there and moved to the country. The farm was situated three miles southwest of the city in the township of Nininger.

Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull were married at Cottage Grove by the Rev. E. A. Hart, a retired minister. Mrs. Turnbull's brother was sent in a small two-seater sleigh to bring the minister but the drifted snow made him hours late.

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As they take their cat naps after dinner, Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull like to remember the little house on West Fourth Street which was completely furnished and stocked with food before the wedding and to which they repaired for supper on the evening of their wedding day. There are four children Leslie W. of Denver, Colorado, Mrs. Florence Butler of Victoria B. C., Everett (see *Time Capsule Tree* on page 3) of Hastings and Arthur of Denver, Colorado. They also have eight grandchildren and six great grand children.

Mr. Turnbull engaged in a real estate business in St. Paul and Hastings for many years, and in 1896 he built his present home on West 3rd Street.

(Copied from article in the *Hastings Gazette*, Hastings, Minnesota in December of 1935)

A Very Happy Birthday:



Hazelle Birch, Arlene Trimble Phillips, Douglas J. Turnbull, Sandy Turnbull, Michael Torrey, Robert M. Turnbull, Robert Scott Turnbull, Terry Joe Trimble, Lois Turnbull, Judith Ann Kutzmanis, Judith Wood, Richard C. Trimble, Clifford Wood, Ray W.

Rule, Eric Turnbull, Judge John Turnbull, Ronald Schwierking.

New Hampshire Games, September 24, 25, and 26th 2004.

The Annual General Members Meeting and the second regular meeting of the Officers will be held this year at New Hampshire Games. You are encouraged to attend. If you are thinking about it, there are rooms reserved for Turnbull Clan Association at the Highland Inn. Reservations need to be made in advance. For additional information please contact Mark Turnbull or one of your officers.

Welcome New Members

Andrea Yingling, William Lewis, and Mark J. Turnbull, Rex Turnbull, and Eva Trumble Monette.

From the Mailbag

New Member, Mark Turnbull sent an interesting E-mail to TCA, which rang some bells regarding information found in the Dorothy Berk Estate files. Mark's father was definitely a member in the early days, mentioned numerous times in the old

editions of the Bullseye Bulletin. In Time Capsule you can read additional information sent by Marks father and Mable W. Wilkins. In addition our lead story is all part of the same family.

Mark states " John Q. and Alzada Turnbull were my Great Grandparents. There were several brothers and we in Northern Wisconsin are trying to piece together if the Turnbull's from Hayward WI, are related, sounds like they might be. Further investigation will tell. The website is great! I think that back in the late 70's or early 80's my father Leroy E. Turnbull from Lake Elmo, Minnesota and I had joined the Turnbull Clan Association, but I moved around a lot and my parents have since passed on, so have lost track. In any case, please enjoy the article." Sincerely in Scot, Mark Turnbull.

Wedding of Sandy & Samantha Turnbull

At long last the photo's of the wedding of Sandy Turnbull and Samantha Zelle are here!



Sandy and Samantha were married in June 2003, at Rosebud Salvation Army, in Australia.

Her wedding dress was made by her mother and sister-in-law, Sandy wore the Turnbull Hunting tartan along with all the trim. The service was conducted by Major Bram Cassidy and there were about 80 people in attendance. Sandy did say to me, "please no comment about my knobby knees", he wins my approval as the best knees at the wedding. Congratulations again to the happy couple.

TCA person of the month: Captain James Trimble

Last month our person of the month was Judge Robert Trimble. This month we are going to look at the man, James Trimble, father, who inspired his sons to do great things.

Captain James Trimble was born in Augusta County, Virginia, son of John Trimble and Mary Christian Moffett in 1756, and died in 1804, in Kentucky.

Around the age of eight years, James and his father John were captured by Indians at the second Kerr massacre. John was killed and James was rescued by his half brother Captain George Moffett who, four years later became his guardian on March 18, 1768.

James fought in the battle at Point Pleasant during the Revolutionary War, commanding a company of Virginia Militia, and received a land grant for his military service. He moved his family, wife Jane Allen, 2 daughters and six sons to Fayette Country near Lexington, Kentucky in 1784. James acquired slaves to work the land and in 1802 resolved to free his slaves, convinced that slavery was unjust. He freed his bondsman and was moving his family to the Northwest Territory on the Ohio River, where slavery was prohibited, when he died before the move was completed. His son Allen became the head of the family, completing the family move as his father had planned.

An article on Allen Trimble (Ohio governor X 2 terms) was published in the first issue of Clan Prints in the Sands in September of 2001. Next month we will look at another son Judge John Trimble.

It is interesting to note that TCA has several active members who are descendents of these gentlemen and their forefathers.

Time Capsule

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 (Shakespearian 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

John Rodney Turnbull 1880 - Memoirs Part-3 - Kawartha Lakes

Many are the happy memories of summers spent at the Lakes. In 1885 when I was five years old, father packed the whole family off. We went by train 10 puffing, clanging, and tooting joyful miles to Lakefield (Ontario, Canada). Then a little steamer, the Innika, took us up the lake, through the gushing lift locks into Clear Lake, then Stoney Lake to the little island.



Later father bought the 16 acres, Ivanhoe Island, on the right in Stoney Lake, a summer paradise. Father worked hard. He saw little of the island himself – just a day once a month maybe, but he surely gave his family a healthy summer.

All of us brothers learnt to swim. Bill was the hilarious one. Louis was quieter; Walter was the intelligent, planning daring young devil, always up to mischief. To tease poor Mother one would fall out of the punt

with his clothes on and the other two would jump in fully clothed to rescue him.



Ivanhoe and the other small islands around it are rather fished out now, but at the end of the 1800s we caught plenty of bass, perch and sunfish galore. The doughty muskellunge were few but father was elated to catch one in the early morning, trolling while one of the Triumvirates – Louis, Bill or Walter, rode the skiff.

We all adored pie. The island blueberries were prolific. Mother had an amazing sense of humor. In a moment of parental generosity she promised to make each of us a whole blueberry pie and did. Bill, show-off, ate his too quickly to win and race and ran for the pinewoods to hide his sudden seasickness, to return amid the ridicule of Louis and Walter.

There was a swing between two tall pines and we soared towards the sky on that swing. Wild flowers abounded in the woods.

At the "point" we hunted for "red cedar" logs to whittle. We caught big frogs there too, with a piece of red cloth for bate, and Mother gave us friend frogs legs as tasty as any on the menu of a high class restaurant.

We had a nap after lunch (I still do) swam, rowed to other islands, and climbed up a ladder in the corner of the dining room to sleep gloriously in beds near the shingles of the peaked roof, where occasional thunder storms brought the refreshing rains with a welcome merry noise.

My tormenting elders (they didn't bother me much except in wholesome mischief) thought one day they would play a fine trick on me. I was sitting on the dock in my bare feet with bamboo poles to try my luck at fishing. They had a big dead fish. To distract me they asked me to do

something. They put the dead fish on my line. When I returned from the errand they called out excitedly that I had a fish on my line. I saw at a glance that it was dead, half dried out from being out of the water. They told me to take it to Mother, which I did. They kept me running back and forth and the rascals would put the same old fish on my line. I just grinned to myself and let them think I didn't know! Mother finally intervened. She wouldn't let them tease her baby boy.

Big Island lay half a mile away, opposite Ivanhoe. We went there for blueberries too. Walter swam over to it. Nobody lived on it. Beyond Big Island, about two miles from Ivanhoe, was a cool spring at Sandy Bay. We got drinking water there and also at a farm in another direction, a mile away.



John Rodney with large Grey Trout taken in 1934.

Miscellaneous Turnbulls submitted by Michael Robson

Manuscript originals of the following are held at 10 Callicvol, Port of Ness, Isle of Lewis HS2 0XA.

James Turnbull was paid 2s.5d for 'sharpening Picks' as part of the work involved in constructing a boundary dyke in the area of Hassendean, central Roxburghshire – July 1774

James Turnbull, occupant (tenant?) of the 'East end farm of Hassendean', parish of Minto, one of the holdings to be combined as one farm and leased from Whitsunday 1782

William Turnbull paid £1.2s.6d 'for leading wood' to help in the repairs of fences and 'banking the water' of the river Teviot, at Hawick, Roxburghshire, in 1785

George Turnbull purchased timber for building 2 dwelling houses on the farm of Eastfield of Lempitlaw, east Roxburghshire in 1785 and 1786

Andrew Turnbull provided with 600 thorn plants (hawthorn) for his farm (unlocated precisely but at Hawick) presumably for making a hedge – 1 February 1789

William Turnbull of Burnfoot (near Hawick, Roxburghshire) and Robert Dickson of Huntlaw were arbiters judging the value of a boundary dyke which they considered worth 3s.8d per rood (six yards) – 20th May 1789

Robert Turnbull spent 4½ days at 1s per day planting willows ('saughs') on Whitchesters Bank near Hawick, Roxburghshire and was paid on 12 April 1790

John Turnbull conveyed a letter and returned with twenty guineas on behalf of Adam Ogilvie at Branxholm – 26 October 1790

Thomas Turnbull confirmed measurement of a length of fence near Burnfoot, Hawick, on 31st December 1790

Robert Turnbull was one of up to 6 men who planted trees at Whitchesters and neighbourhood, Hawick, December 1790 – February 1791

John Turnbull received payment of the money he had given the previous year to George Mathewson for dyking work on 2nd February 1792

Robert Turnbull was one of two men employed in cutting the foundation of a stone dyke in upper Teviotdale 'the Time of Harvest' – 28th September 1792

William Turnbull and one other were paid £3 for quarrying, leading and building a length of stone dyke for enclosing part of the farm of Hassendean. He also made lengths of ditch. 1790 – 1792. Accounts accepted 23rd January 1793

Robert Turnbull was one of five labourers paid for quarrying stones with which to build a stone dyke as a boundary division in upper Liddesdale,

Roxburghshire - 238½ days at 1s per day – 1793

James Turnbull, tenant of Hassendean (farm), presented an account for enclosing part of the farm in 1793 – 11th February 1794. With receipt by Turnbull 9th March 1795

George Turnbull has received an allowance for work done at Lempitlaw Eastfield and Holefield, east Roxburghshire – 3rd May 1797

Robert Turnbull in Lurdenlaw to receive an allowance for erecting a boundary fence at his farm – 15th February 1798

Elisabeth Turnbull – Contract of Marriage 29 January 1814 (Burnfoot, Hawick)

John Turnbull was in charge of wood plantations and their management in 1814-1815. He had to supervise and pay labourers including Robert Scott who received £9.7s.6d for 'upholding the plantation dikes' on 9th June 1815. Turnbull was based at Branhholm near Hawick and was employed by the Duke of Buccleuch.

Agnes Turnbull – Testament [Will] of 18 February 1836 - at Hawick, Roxburghshire

William Turnbull, Backwater, settled account 'To upholding plantation Dykes and Hedges on Rigg [Carlenrig] Dyviethead [i.e. Teviothead] 183 Roods at 2d per Rood from Feb.2nd 1853 to Feb.2nd 1854 £1.10s.6d

Correction: To March issue: Trustee Lee Turnbull, New York, *is incorrect*, Lee is from Merrimack, New Hampshire: Sorry Lee!

Things you do for love

(from Ann Arbor News)

Gary Turnbull of Ypsilanti was willing to make a fool of himself for love, but as it turned out, few thought him a fool for declaring his love to the woman of his dreams even while dressed as an oversized eagle.

During half-time at the Feb. 28 Eastern Michigan University's men's basketball game, Turnbull, dressed as EMU's mascot, Swoop, popped the question to his girlfriend after leading a group of children in a rendition of the chicken dance.

Turnbull led Yvette Bishop out to half-court. Then he removed his mascot head, dropped to his knees and, microphone in hand, proposed to her.

Bishop, a 1992 EMU graduate, said yes.

The couple's faces and the word 'YES' appeared on the big screen so fans could register the emotional event.

Turnbull said he first laid eyes on Bishop, of Ann Arbor, in August after finishing a softball game in Van Buren.



"She happened to be sitting by her car and I asked her if she was accepting applications," he said. "We've been inseparable ever since."

Although he said he was nervous, hot and uncomfortable in the heavy costume, Turnbull said it was worth it to surprise Bishop.

"I told her I wanted her to be the last piece of my life and be come my wife. She had her hands up on her face, ran around in a few circles and I gave her a big hug."

Turnbull also handed Bishop two-dozen multi-color roses. "I decided one color rose just wasn't right because life is a bunch of different things, and pinks and yellows and reds – that seemed right," he said.

Bishop said the proposal fits Turnbull's spontaneous, fun nature.

"When I saw him take his mask off, I was like 'Oh, he's on his knees!' I was surprised, speechless. I heard a lot of oohs and ahhs and clapping. I was like 'Yeah, now can we get off the floor?'"

It was 'Turnbull's sense of fun, his patience with children and generosity to friends and family Bishop said, that made her fall for him.

They plan to marry in March 2005.