

# BULLSEYE

A TURNBULL CLAN PUBLICATION

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## Hawick and Bedrule, Part II by Wally Turnbull

Wednesday morning May 19<sup>th</sup> we pushed back the curtains and looked out to see Hawick waking up to another perfect Borders day. The summer sun was up early but still low, catching the tops of the hills and sending shadows to play with the colors of the slopes.



View from atop the Drumlanrig Tower showing the John Turnbull and Sons enterprise on a Hawick street.

We hurried through breakfast and nosed our car into the rush hour traffic of a half dozen or so vehicles, reminding ourselves "left side, left side." We drove down High Street into the center of Hawick and found a car park conveniently located behind the Visitor Information Center. But then, everything in Hawick is conveniently located as the town is not big though it is the largest in the Borders, sitting at the juncture of the Teviot River and Slitrig Water.

### Hawick Sings

The Scots love to sing. There is practically no place in Scotland about which there is not a song. We are told, however, that no other town has anywhere near the hundreds of unique songs that Hawick boasts. It is said that only heaven has more songs than Hawick. These songs stir the riders and spectators alike in the annual Common Riding.

*"Oceans may sever our sons from their native land,  
Firm beats their hearts for the homes of the free,  
Leaps still the Hawick blood, free as the gushing flood,  
Unstemm'd as the torrents that rush to the sea."*

In 1513 most of Hawick's men were killed at the Battle of Flodden. The following year, when the town was threatened by a raiding party of English troops they were fought off by

the callants (boys) of the town who captured the English flag in the process. This event is commemorated with an annual June Common Riding, in which several hundred riders gather to ride around the outer limits of the town.

### Drumlanrig Tower

The Hawick Visitor Information Centre is located at the west end of High Street in Drumlanrig Tower which was built as a peel tower house and home for the Douglas family. Later, it was the home of Anne, Duchess of Monmouth and then the Tower Hotel. Now, it belongs to the Scottish Borders Council and houses exhibits showing the history of Hawick and the Tower itself.

We enjoyed visiting the Drumlanrig Tower museum and browsing its small gift shop which is well stocked with books about Hawick and the Borders but realized that we needed to keep moving to make our lunch appointment with James and Audrey Knight in Bedrule.

### Bedrule Mill

The Knights home in Bedrule is difficult for first time visitors to find so James met us at the Auld Crossed Keys Pub in Denholm. We followed him home down a winding country lane which might have been wide enough for two cars if it were not for the encroaching hawthorn hedges all dressed-up in their springtime best whites.



Bedrule Mill with Bedrule River in the foreground and Fatlips Castle atop Minto Crags in the distance.

The Knights live in the old Bedrule Mill next to the Bedrule River. The thick stone walled mill was used to lathe wooden bobbins for the woolen textile industry in Hawick but has not turned in many years



As we walked from the road up to the house we crossed a small bridge over the Rule which was now not much more than a babbling brook. Logs, branches, and erosion eight to ten feet up the bank, however, indicated what the river had been like during the thaw and rains only a few weeks earlier.

Like the Border region itself, lunch was not fancy and all the better for it. Cold smoked Scottish salmon and fresh cheeses on homemade bread were accompanied by fresh greens, fruit, and the conversation of new acquaintances becoming friends. I understand that the reason the salmon tastes so good is that after their life in the distilleries, the oak whisky barrels are slowly burned to smoke the fish fillets to glazed perfection.

### **Taking the Scenic Route to Bedrule**

After lunch we hiked the scenic route over to Bedrule. The moist earth was soft beneath the carpet of new grass as we climbed up a hill on the north side of the Bedrule River. We were careful not to touch the electric fence as we stepped across the sweater James draped over it and to avoid moving any rocks out of place as we climbed over the stone walls.

We saw neither cattle nor sheep but evidence of their presence was everywhere. The ridge was covered with hawthorn tree sized bushes and young wild cherry trees which had finished blooming for the year.

The Rule waters seemed quiet from the hill as they turned to the north and curved past the old mill. Beyond, small in the distance but standing out atop the jutting lava core known as Minto Crags, Fatlips Castle was clearly visible across the Teviot River. The Knights advised us of the best paths to reach Fatlips and also of the routes to be avoided.



Bedrule Castle mound with Bedrule Kirk in upper left

### **Bedrule Castle and Kirk**

We walked a half mile or so south to the lumpy knoll where earth and grass covered the foundation walls of Bedrule Castle destroyed by the English in 1545. From the castle mound the current-day Bedrule Kirk sits about 200 yards farther south. The church sits on a ridge some distance above the bed of the Rule with the three open sides of its yard taken up by a

cemetery filled with tidy but aged tombstones, many of them bearing the names of previous Turnbills.



Audrey and James Knight with Betty Turnbull in Bedrule

### **Bedrule Hamlet**

A narrow lane curves around the Bedrule Kirk, past an incongruously bright red phone booth, to serve as street for the half dozen homes that comprise the hamlet of Bedrule. Today's residents either work on the sheep farm behind the hamlet or in town where "town" can be as far away as Edinburgh.

We made our way back to the car the long way, walking along the road instead of going back through the fields and over the fences. Our goodbye was short as we were late for our meeting with George Turnbull, the head of TCA Scotland, at Martinshouse near Hawick. We drove off with the sadness of leaving new friends and Bedrule but also with the deep pleasure of rich memories.

### **Martinshouse**

On the outside, Martinshouse is a beautiful farmhouse which sits on the hillside as though it belongs, having been put there by nature rather than by man. Inside, it is a modern comfortable home and efficient office suite which serves George's advertising consultancy business. On the wall in the office reception area is a poster showing a strong bull design and the motto "Let us Turn-the-Bull to your advantage." Right away, I thought "I'm going to like this man."

We had a fun but also productive time getting to know George while we brainstormed about TCA and how we might not only grow the organization but increase interaction between its various international branches.

## Productive Meeting

We were joined by a second George Turnbull, also an officer of TCA Scotland and our discussion grew beyond TCA administration to the restoration or at least preservation of Fatlips Castle. The Fatlips story is quite old and very interesting but somewhat complicated and will require its own future article. George gave us detailed but different instructions from the Knights advice about how to hike up to Fatlips Castle the next morning.



Wally and George Turnbull

Our meeting resulted in some concrete suggestions which will be first discussed with the officers and members at the AGM in September then published in these pages. Following our meeting we were joined by George's wife Linda, their daughter Amy and son Mark for an evening of warm Turnbull fellowship. Amy who had just that day finished her university studies for the year graciously prepared dinner for us rather than going out to celebrate with her friends. Turnbolls are good people but some are extra-special.

## Unlock the Door

The clock hands ran around to ten more quickly than usual that evening. As we left Martinshouse, George was telephoning our hotel to request that they unlock the front door for us. We arrived to the gracious greeting "Good evening, I'm glad that you were enjoying yourselves." We had, indeed, but it had been a long day and we were getting tired just thinking about the climb up to Fatlips Castle the next day.

## AGM Announcement

***The Turnbull Clan Association General meeting will be held on the evening of Saturday, September 25, 2004 at the Highlander Inn in Manchester, NH. The meeting will begin at 6:00pm, followed by a buffet dinner from 7:30 to 9:30, dinner is \$20. per person.***

***If you plan on attending please notify Janet as soon as possible at:***

***830-276-8211 or jschwkw@aol.com***



## Birthdays:

Mary Kathryn Dollar, Melinda Turnbull, J. Robert Turnbull, Michele Turnbull, Eleanor Turnbull, Paula Turnbull, Louis Marot, Jimmie Jean Bowman, Jan Swinton, William Ledgerwood, Adriana Bonewitz, Janet Schwierking, Mary Turnbull, John Turnbull III, Katheryn Hunt.

## Get well wishes

Edith Turnbull of Billerica, Maine, was recently injured and sustained a broken foot also a sprained ankle. Despite some temporary setbacks Edith is now making steady progress with the able nursing care and assistances of her sister Lois. We wish them both good health and Edith a speedy progressive recovery.



## Aidan's Corner

Dunstable Priory, MSS Combat weekend.

Registration clocked about 180 re-enactors, with 40 tents and 3 days of good weather good enough for us to get sunburned.

It turns out that in the Turnbull army there were only my cousins Martin, Geoff and myself who were the only actual TURNBULL (fighters) on the battlefield. However, there were about 40 on each side but it was still pretty entertaining fighting with 2 skirmishes/battles a day.

There was a beer tent, traders and a Kentucky Fried Chicken shop just 2 minutes walk from the Priory. Re-enactment heaven!

The Bayards (a household within the Medieval Siege Society) seems to have recruited some new blokes with Gung Ho attitudes, who had to be beaten into a new frame of mind. Goeff further enraged the RED CROW household by shouting- "Dead Crow! Dead Crow!", so after they had finished poking him with swords and spears the bruises looked like a profusion of black paintball marks on his upper arms.

My friend BJ fighting with the Crows, has a new kind of steel poleaxe which put several distressing dents into my breastplate armour. Still makes me pretend I'm a bit hard, hey what can I say.

I must tell you that my most serious injury was just scratch on the arm. Do I love these mock battles, would I go back to this event? DEFINITELY!



## Who are we?

**John Charles Turnbull**, born June 10, 1874 Woodland, Duddington, Scotland. He was the son of John Turnbull and Margaret Jane Mills.



When he was old enough he did many odd jobs as coachmen, gardener, laborer, rubber worker and finally went into His Majesty's service. He served in the Boer War and later served in World War 1. He held many different ranks

due to fighting, drinking and disorderly conduct. The highest rank held was Sgt/Major in the 1st Cameron Highlanders. Like many others in this era, he was a heavy drinker and missed out on the joys of having a family. He married Anna Matthews Christie, and they had 3 children. He was gone from the family unit by the time last son James was born. Two of the children went to the United States first Margaret the only daughter, followed several years later by James and his mother Anne. The oldest son Stewart went into Her Majesty's service and served in India. Jack never met any of his grandchildren he probably never even knew he had any. He died in 1929 of stomach cancer at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, Scotland. His cousin Mary remembered him as mischievous, with bright blue eyes that would twinkle when he thought of something naughty, or someone to tease. She also remembered his flaming red hair that always fell into his eyes. None of the family members inherited his red hair.

*We need your continued support by sending in your family stories.*

## Clan Prints in History

*Some of our ancestors who have left their mark in the pages of history.*

**Charles Rule**, Delegate to the Democratic National Convention for Ohio in 1860

**John W. Rule**, Member of California State Assembly, 21st District 1863-1865

**Victor A. Rule**, Candidate for U.S. Representative, Florida 10<sup>th</sup> District 1962.

**William Rule**, Delegate to the Republican National convention for Tennessee in 1924

**Lyman Trumbull**, Member of Illinois State House of Representatives 1840-1841. Secretary of State of Illinois, 1841-1843, Justice to Illinois State Supreme Court 1848-1853, U.S. Senator from Illinois, 1855-1873, a candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1880.

**William M. Trumbull**, U.S. representative from Pennsylvania 21<sup>st</sup> District in 1940

**Richard C. Turnbow**, Candidate for Kansas State Senate 11<sup>th</sup> District in 2000.

**A.R. Turnbull**, Mayor of Canton, Ohio 1906-1912 and 1913-1914.

**Emma B. Trombley**, Member of Michigan Democratic State Council Committee in 1939, Alternate delegate to the Democratic National Convention for Michigan in 1940, Presidential Elector for Michigan in 1944

**Andrew Alkire Trumbo**, U.S. Representative from Kentucky 9<sup>th</sup> district 1845-1847.

## Highland Games

As most of you are aware the Olympic field and track trials have been in progress for the Olympics to be held in Athens, Greece this year.



Some of the notable games that are played at the Highland games are also part of the Olympics. This one is actually a very early Olympic game. It is a wee bit different, than the shot put, but the same idea. Today we are going to take a look at the "Clachneart" or Stone.

The stone is an old contest of strength, probably from the same era as the Caber Toss. The usual weight of the stone is between 16 to 22 pounds, 8 to 12 pounds for women. The idea is to throw the stone as far as you can. There are two ways it is done, and the most popular is like the shot put. The stone is positioned at the level of the shoulder, next to the neck, and held by one hand. The contestant is within a ring of about 7 ½ feet, he is allowed a run up to a toe board and then toss the stone. If he steps out of the ring or on the board the toss is not counted. Some contestants spin around twice going to the (trig) toe board. The contestants are given three chances. The object is to toss the stone as far as possible and the winner is the contestant who throws the stone the farthest.

A version of the game that is sometimes played at the Highland Games is called the Braemar. This is where the contestant must keep one foot stationary against the trig (toe board) and then toss the stone. The world record in this event is 62 feet and 11 inches. The award is the same as in the other stone toss, the farthest thrown stone is the winner.

There is another feat of superman strength with stones, but I have not seen these advertised in this country. McGlaschen or Atlas stones are huge granite spheres that will weigh up from 150-250 pounds. The object is to lift the stone from the ground and then place it on top of a barrel.

*Please attend a Game in your area especially where there is a TCA tent, your tent hosts need your support. Thanks, Janet.*