

BULLSEYE

A TURNBULL CLAN PUBLICATION

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Minto and Fatlips, Part 3, by Wally Turnbull



Fatlips Castle Border Tower House

Wednesday night had been late so our rising in Hawick on Thursday morning May 20th proved to be the same. As we peered sleepily out the window we wondered if a storm was brewing. The sky was completely grey with clouds rapidly moving from east to west. Rain splattered hard against the windows as we drank our coffee in the hotel dining room. We ate breakfast slowly as we fumbled for alternate plans to avoid climbing up to Fatlips in the rain.

Plan B Discarded

Suddenly, as though it had been waiting for us to finish breakfast, the sun burst from behind a particularly ominous cloud and the rain moved on with the wind. Plan B which had been to spend the day in the Hawick Library was no longer even a memory as we grabbed the camera and headed out the door towards Minto. Along the way to Minto, the sun teased us by popping in and out of the clouds. Not only did it cause us to question whether or not we would get wet but the countryside became an ever-changing patchwork of light and dark areas.

From Hawick we went east to Denholm where we turned north a couple of miles to the well manicured little village of Minto. At the entrance to the village



Minto Village and entrance to Minto Kirk

sits the Minto Kirk, a low stone wall surrounding it and a well kept cemetery with two striking Celtic crosses behind it. The tombstones in the churchyard bear the names of several Turnbulls, perhaps more than any other name. From the rear of the church we enjoyed a good view of Ruberslaw.



Across the road from the church the fairways and greens of the Minto 18 hole par 69 Golf Course stretch up to the crags atop which sit Fatlips Castle and the trees that surround it. We turned and entered between two pillars and a wrought iron fence flanking a narrow road which leads through the golf course to Minto Estate. This is not the entrance to the golf clubhouse but a separate road which runs through the course. We drove through the golf course where a handful of players kept looking at the sky, perhaps wondering if they dared start another hole.



Minto Estate with fields and pasture

Once we left the course behind, trees and fields surrounded the road for a mile or so up to the old Minto Estate. Along the way we encountered flocks of pheasants sauntering through the fields and across the road indifferent to us and the noise of our car.



North corner of Fatlips Castle

Though still inhabitable, Minto House is a tired but proud relic of its past glory. The barn, other buildings, and agricultural implements of the estate all showed some signs of use but were old and very tired. We drove along the barn up the ruts of a narrow washed dirt road for a couple of hundred yards and stopped at an iron pipe gate and sheep pasture. As we drove up a dozen or so sheep came up to the fence to look us over and then ran off as we got out of the car. Passing through the gate, we secured it carefully behind us and walked up a gentle slope to the crest of the pasture hoping to see Fatlips which we knew had to be close by but, alas, was not to be seen for the trees. To the south side of the pasture we could see a second gate so we headed in that direction.

As we crossed the wind and light drizzle reminded us that May is springtime not summer, even if it does permit the sun to shine warmly at times. As we secured the south gate behind us we were eager to see Fatlips but unsure of how to reach it as there was no clear path. We noticed what was probably once a road of sorts as there were no trees or large bushes growing in a stretch that wound up over the hill to the right. We decided to take that route to the right, our first mistake. We walked easily to the top of the hill but found no castle. We began to wonder if we had gone too far through the golf course and Minto Estate but no, Ruberslaw was where it should be and we felt quite certain that was Bedrule to the due south.

Minto Crag

Minto Crag is plural as there are two hills together though only the eastern one is much of a crag. The two hills are the twin cones of an old volcano. Time has eroded the two peaks into the shape of a pair of well rounded buttocks and we were on the wrong side. This was a slight disappointment because

of the threat of rain but no real problem. We would simply walk to the east and the other knoll. That was our second mistake. We should have returned to the gate and worked our way up the flank to the left but, as we know, Turnbull men don't turn around.

Gnarled Thicket

The growth slowly became thicker as we climbed down the right slope. It was as though the mountain was coaxing us into a trap. By the time we reached the bottom of the gully we were so tangled in the thicket of gnarled branches that retreat would have been no easier than pushing forward. The branches were so thick and so close that they could not be pushed aside. We had to climb over and through them like school children on a jungle gym. The branches were just flexible enough to spring back every now and then with a whack of punishment for our having disturbed their lair.



Barnhill's Bed

As we approached the top of the east knoll we came across a small terrace called Barnhill's Bed notched into the hill. This roughly flat spot which once held a sentry's post is mentioned in the following lines from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* by Sir Walter Scott:

*"On Minto Crag the moonbeams glint
where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest
where falcons hang their giddy nest
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne
The terrors of the robber's horn."*

Eventually we reached the crest and were delighted to see not only the top of Fatlips castle over the trees but also a sunny blue sky. Our spirits rose and carried away the aches and pains we had gathered along the way.

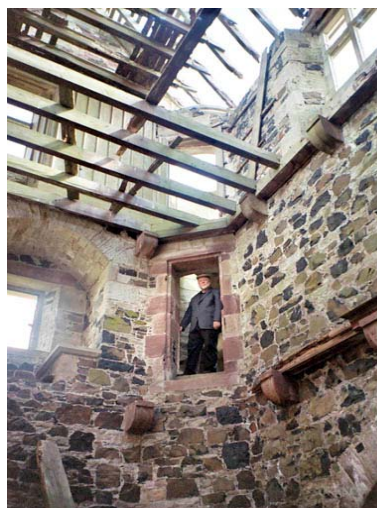


Fatlips through the trees atop Minto Crags

In a future article the author will cover in greater detail the history, description, and present condition of the Fatlips Castle Tower House. This proud structure once the fortress of the famous Border Reiver Turnbull of Barnhill was destroyed by Hertford's Border raids in 1545. It became the property of Sir Gilbert Elliot whose descendants, the Earls of Minto, rebuilt it in 1857 and still own it as part of Minto Estate. The interior of Fatlips was renovated into a comfortable shooting box and trophy museum in 1898 but has fallen on hard times and vandalism since.

Views From Fatlips Castle

It is no longer safe to climb to the top of the tower as the parapet wall has begun to crumble so the single door has been bricked-up. The views of the Teviot and Rule valley to the east and south from the base of the castle are well worth the trek. From the top of the castle tower those views are extended far in all directions such that no friend or enemy could have arrived by surprise.



Interior of Fatlips Castle. The walls are still strong but the timbers are rotten.

Nettle Trail Back

We walked around the base of Fatlips and, on the north side, noticed what appeared to be a way back towards the sheep pasture. A path was not visible but a winding trail of bright green young waist-high stinging nettles stood out in contrast from the older trees and bushes. We decided that it would be better to tackle the nettles than tangled maze of rhododendrons with which we had struggled on the way up. With care we pushed the nettles down with our soles as we moved slowly down the hill which now seemed much smaller. Had we but turned left instead of right as we came through the south gate we would have had a much easier access to Fatlips Castle but less story and memories.

Aidan's Corner

Turnbull's Top in Combat for 2004



Aidan Turnbull, CinC for the Turnbull Household of the Medieval Siege Society, UK's largest single 15th century re-enactment groups reports:

The Turnbull Army took part in a successful campaign at this July's Battle of Tewkesbury, fighting on the Lancastrian side which was effectively wiped out by the Yorkists, some two-days running. Despite early setbacks Turnbull cousins Emanwel and Iltyd managed battle scores of 18 kills each with around 4 probably dead. Aidan managed to kill 4 peasants and just 10 active soldiers, including the acting Bishop of Bath & Wells (who unfortunately, was on our side, blessing the troops at the time). "What can I say? He seemed to get in my way!" Aidan confesses.

Westenhangar Castle June 2004.

Aidan was selected to lead the attacking wedge of the English forces against the French at the 2 days of combat in the grounds of this 12th century castle. Voted "man of the march" for his 'kill-em-all-and-let-God-sort-it-out' slogan "I like to speak out on social issues," he comments.

At the Siege of Rye in July 2004, Aidan took part in hand-to-hand combat displays along the medieval streets of Rye where he was (unfortunately) resoundingly beaten in single combat and lost a tasset (steel thigh protection plate) after a fight with Aidan Pinn of the Teutonic Knights.

Fortunately a nearby blacksmith was able to replace the popped rivets so his armour is now 100%.

Turnbulls will be fighting the Vikings & Normans at the battle of Hasting at Battle Abbey

August 14th-15th, 2004.

We will field a Turnbull side at this event (again) but we haven't decided which side to fight for yet. This is a major English Heritage event in East Sussex. We will be wearing early medieval period costumes with chain-mail and Saxon/Norman gear, carrying weapons and arms dating from the Conquest.

At a Glance; Up coming events:

September 11, 12th .. Nottingham Castle

September 18, 19th ..Groombridge Place

September 19th ..Arundel Castle

September 18, 19th ..Battle of Bannockburn.

Clan Prints in History

Charles Wesley Turnbull, Born in St. Thomas, a School teacher and principle, delegate to national convention for the Virgin Islands in 2000, Governor 2000-2003 .

John Trumbull, author.

Edward Augustus Turnbull Born in England, delegate to National Convention for Michigan 1907-1908.

William E. Trombley, candidate for Michigan state house of representative 1966.

Mercedes Rule, Stage and movie screen star.

George Cleveland Trombo Sr. Member of the West Virginia state house of Delegate 1886.

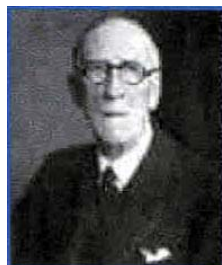
George Cleveland Trombo Jr. followed in his fathers footprints to serve in the Virginia state house in 1949-1950. He was a school teacher, farmer and serve in WW II.

Mrs. Charles Trimble, Alternate Delegate to National convention from Missouri 1948.

Mrs. Frank H. Trimble, Delegate to National convention from Missouri 1952.

David Trumbull, Member of the Connecticut State House of Representatives.

Who are we?



Herbert Westren Turnbull

Born August 31, 1885; in Tettenhall, Wolverhampton, England. Died May 4, 1961; Grasmere, Westmoreland, England

As a Professor of Mathematics, and author on this subject, he held teaching

positions in many prestigious schools and had honors for his work in Mathematics.

A few of the places he taught were; St. Catherine's College, Cambridge 1909, University of Liverpool, 1910, University of Hong Kong, 1912, and Master at St. Stephens College in Hong Kong 1911-1915. When he returned to England he served as a Fellow at St. John's College, Oxford 1919-1926 and Regius Professor at St. Andrew's until he retired in 1950.

He authored, the Theory of Determinants and Invariants 1928, Theory of Equations 1939, just to name a few.

He loved music and was an excellent pianist, playing in a chamber orchestra. He also loved to mountain climb and as a member of the Alpine club he made many ascents without the help of a guide. The maiden Rock and the Rock and Spindle were a couple of his favorite places to climb. These are volcanic stack, near cliffs, which have survived the routine washings of the surround sea, located in the Bay of St. Andrew

Highland Game

There are four types of weight toss and throws. The object is height and distance.

The **Scottish Hammer** the weight for men is 16-22 pounds and for women 12-16 pounds. The weight is attached to a flexible wooden or PVC shaft with a



handle, which replaced the old method of a chain. The length of the handle can not exceed 50 inches. The competitor stands with their back to the trig (wooden base plate) and whirls the hammer in wide circles and

releases it from behind and over the shoulder. The winner is the farthest throw in the competition.

The **Weighted Throw** the weight for men is 28-56 pounds and for women the weight is 14-18 pounds. The weight is either a block of stone or metal cylinder with a short handle. The object is to throw the weight for distance. Standing behind the trig the athlete spins for momentum (much like a discus thrower) and tries for the winning distance.

The **Weight Toss** the weight for men is 42-56 pounds and for women is 14-28 pounds. The object here is to toss the weight up and over a horizontal bar that is raised in increments until only one person remains in the competition. The weight made much like the weight in the throw may have a handle or may not depending on the rules of the particular game committee. Standing with your back to the bar,

the weight is swung between the legs for momentum and released on the upward move up and over the shoulder.

Some games have a Sheaf Toss which is a 16-20 pound burlap bag stuffed with hay. The object is to toss the bag over a bar using a 3 pronged pitch fork. The competitor is given three opportunities to clear the bar, which is raised in 1-2 foot increments. Its origin came from the way hay used to be preserved in the open fields. Dried, bundled and tied and thrown up on wagons.

The Farmers Walk is a crowd pleaser. Spectators are sometimes allowed to participate. The objects here are two suitcases with the weight of 150 pounds each. All you need to do is grasp the two suitcases and walk with them as far as you are able.

I don't know about you, but this sure would not be one I would want to try

Elizabeth Turnbull Marries Roberto Copa



Elizabeth, the daughter of Wally and Betty, was married to Roberto Copa on July 31, 2004. Roberto and Elizabeth met in Havana, Cuba when Elizabeth was visiting with her grandparents for a Baptist World Alliance conference. Elizabeth had decided to purchase a painting as a special memento from her trip. Roberto was the artist. The two had noticed each other earlier in passing, but Elizabeth didn't know Roberto was the watercolor artist.

When Elizabeth returned with her grandmother to have a photo taken with Roberto, he asked her to meet him after work for some mango juice. They spent the afternoon walking around the cathedral and talking; it was the first step in their journey of a lifetime.

Elizabeth and Roberto were married in the 150 year old Ebenezer United Methodist Church of Apex, North Carolina by the Reverend Wallace Turnbull, grandfather of the bride. Rev. Turnbull also officiated at the marriage of Wally and Betty, Elizabeth's parents wedding in 1970.

Elizabeth graduated from Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, NC with a major in Spanish and a minor in Journalism. She currently works as a writer for Food for the Poor, a non-profit organization based in Deerfield Beach, Fl.

Elizabeth will be attending Florida International University graduate school to pursue a Master's Degree in Latin American Studies this fall. In addition to some free lance

writing, she will continue to work for Food for the Poor as a part time writer.

Roberto graduated from the University of Havana, Cuba with a degree in micro-biology. He is currently employed as a high school biology teacher with the Dade County Public Schools in Miami, Fl. Roberto plans to pursue a graduate degree in the sciences and hopes to continue in the field of education.

Belated Birthday Wishes

Missed in June: Dorothy Marie Turnbull, We do hope it was a nice Birthday!

Happy Birthday



Sandra R. Turnbull, Norma Cumm, Jean Woodcock, J.D. Childress, Adele Turnbull, John Cameron Turnbull, Marilyn Jennings, Elizabeth Castleman, Kenneth and Dorinda Wolentarski, Silvia Turnbull, Maxwell Day, Edith Turnbull, Bly Schwierking, Theodore Blake, Margaret Trimble, Keith Turnbull, Rud Turnbull, Turner Turnbull, Yvonne M. Turnbull, Martin Cohen, Betty Turnbull, Ian Turnbull, John Donald Turnbull, Sherron Trimble...

Happy Anniversary

July 31, 2004 Celebration of 56



John and Hazel Turnbull of Toronto, Canada, were married in Regina in 1948. John says; "it was a great day, but being able to celebrate it

again in the year 2004 was just terrific!" The day was spent with son Jack and wife Karen in their new house in Wasaga Beach Village, which made it even more special..

August 14, 2004 Happy Anniversary to Keith and Therese Turnbull of St. Louis, Missouri.

Meet our new Members

Peter William and Gail Lynn Rule of Woodinville, Washington, and Lesley Anne and Lawrence Gatt of Kelowna, B.C., Canada. WELCOME!

Youngest New Clan Member.



Congratulations! **Fiona Corinne Turnbull**, 8 pounds 2 ounces, born July 14th, 2004, mother and daughter are doing very well. Like all new parents tho, they are worn out with all the demands of this new wonderful addition to the family. Fiona is the daughter of Kenneth and Leslie Turnbull of Washington DC and grandchild of John G.

and Silvia Turnbull of Elmhurst, NY.

AGM Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the TCA membership is scheduled for the evening September 26th in Manchester, New Hampshire, at the Highlander Inn. We are looking forward to seeing all of you there.

Membership Renewal in October

With your October Bullseye you will receive a renewal application for your 2005 dues. We send these early to save interfering with your Holidays. The fiscal year runs from January 1st to December 31st, no matter when you pay your dues, but you do become delinquent if they are not paid by the deadline date of January 31st. It is helpful for us, if you send your dues during the early time frame, so we can budget and plan for the coming year. We appreciate your continued support. Thank you.

Aussie News, Part 1, By Dawn Day

Max and I have been doing some traveling around our great country and thought you might like to visit some sites with us. Sight-seeing with family and friends, shopping and just spending quality time together seems to have suddenly made our lives very full.

We spent three weeks with our son Iain and his wife Sheila in Moranbah, Queensland, and then traveled on through Emerald, Barcaldine and Longreach to Winton. This area is called "The Outback". Each of these towns figured prominently in Australia's history, my Dad Alf told us their stories when we were children.

Let me tell you about Winton first. It has a population of 1150, and is 1433 kilometers from Brisbane, Queensland's capital city. It is located at the headwaters of the Diamantina River and is a major sheep area. It is also a large trucking centre for the giant road trains bringing cattle from the channel country into the railhead. It often suffers floods, fire and drought. The people who live there know what it is to battle for a living. The town was originally called Pelican Waterhole or Wallace's Camp, but the first Postmaster found both names to be cumbersome to write on postage stamps, so he called the town after a suburb in Bournemouth, England, where he was born.

Winton is the birth place of the now giant world wide airline Qantas.

The bones of the Diprotodon have been found near here in the last few years. This gigantic Wombat-like creature would have been twice the weight of a large bull and was the largest marsupial to ever walk the earth.

Every year the enterprising residents hold a festival of Bush Yarns & Poetry. The thing that really makes Winton the best known small town in Australia is the fact that our National song "Waltzing Matilda" was written on a station near here in 1895 by A.B. Banjo Paterson. The "Waltzing Matilda" Centre is the only centre in the world dedicated to a National song and draws visitors from all over the world. The centre-piece of the complex is a courtyard depicting the scene with the swagman, the wealthy squatter (settler) mounted on his thoroughbred horse, the three troopers and the jumbuk (sheep) half in and half out of the swagman's tuckerbag (a bag holding all his possessions) and it's all happening in the shade of a Coolibah tree. Swaggies or Swagmen were mostly men, battlers who faced the challenge of walking miles and miles from station to station on the chance of getting work and sustenance. They carried everything they owned on their backs in their tuckerbags, bluey or matilda as they were often called. They were self sufficient, fiercely independent and were active at the turn of the century and in depression years of the 1930's. When Banjo wrote his song he could not have known what an impact it would have on individual Australians and Australia as a nation. *continued next month*

Support our military



As Scottish citizens and descendants we know all too well the price of freedom. Turnbull Clan Association would like to honor the brave men and women in the military who are Turnbulls or who have Turnbull ties.

Please send the names, ranks, and location of your family members who are currently serving or who have made the ultimate sacrifice in the current conflicts. We will publish this information in the next Bullseye as a "Turnbull Tribute" both to recognize their bravery and so that the extended Turnbull family may support their efforts, freedom, and the cause of peace, in prayer.

Contact TCA by email:

secretary@turnbullclan.com

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