

Clan
Turnbull



Ebenezer

Vol.2 No.1

Newsletter

March 2011 Issue

*Dedicated to recording and preserving the history of the Turnbull families from Ebenezer,
a peacefully beautiful riverside spot on the Hawkesbury River in New South Wales.*

Hi Clan members – welcome to 2011 – Good Luck and the hope for all our members is for you to have a very peaceful and successful New Year.

Our big drought was finally broken before last Xmasand in a very dramatic way. It led to a terrible beginning for the New Year with floods almost from one end of the country to the other.

It is so very sad that a flood of that magnitude should cause the death of so many people. In a way it was a repeat of the big floods from the past when many Hawkesbury people and, on occasions, Hunter Valley residents lost their lives.

It seems we've learnt nothing from the past.

I hope every flood victim is now safe, particularly those of our family who were involved in the floods and our deepest sympathy goes to the families of all who tragically were not OK.

Back in the 1940's and 50's I remember only too well how bad it was when we were devastated by floods. There had been a drought from c1928 to c1944 at that time, like now. When the drought broke we had repeated floods from 1945 to the 1960's. I hope that destructive time is not repeated this time.

In 1956 my old home was flooded to roof level 3 times that year and should have been wiped out, but it's still there – now built up one storey higher.

Perhaps we should forget all the climate change 'stuff' we've been bombarded with in recent years because these latest episodes were climate history repeating itself. It happened first in this new

colony in 1798 and almost yearly till 1816 when a flood ruined the Hawkesbury farms and lives were lost. It must be remembered it will happen again and again.

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Since our first Newsletter in June last year I'd been posting a copy to Beth Cupitt in Singleton. None had been returned so I assumed they were received OK. Then just before Xmas I received a wonderful letter from Lance Cupitt, Beth's husband. Lance wrote apologising for not letting me know his wife Beth had died.

Lance's dear wife Diane Elizabeth Cupitt, nee Martin, died on the 20th December 2008 after a stay in John Hunter Hospital in Newcastle at 77 years of age. Beth is buried in Sedgfield Cemetery in Singleton. Beth was a wonderful person and all who met her remained friends for life. Lance explained he keeps all our Newsletters in his notes on the history of Beth's life and wants to continue receiving them.

Beth was a descendant of Amos George Whitfield Turnbull and Lucenia Ann Rose.

Lance also has a strong connection to the Hawkesbury, his ancestor George Cupitt and his wife Mary Wicks first arrived here in 1797. He was a soldier and they lived in the Londonderry area. I'll write more on Beth and Lance Cupitt's lives in following Issues.

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Dr. Harley Erwin Turnbull.

I guess some of our family had heard of a Macquarie Street Surgeon named Harley Turnbull but like me knew nothing about him. I had asked several people over the years what they knew about Harley, including members of his family who also appeared not to know a lot about him. So I thank Wally Jones for forwarding this story to me.

This is the story of our Dr Harley Turnbull which was found recorded in the Genealogy Society and I've printed it, unchanged as written by his associate Dr., W.F.J. Cammack.

DR HARLEY IRWIN TURNBULL.

We are grateful to Dr. Cammack for the following account of the life and career of the late Harley Irwin Turnbull who died on July the 9th, 1975.

"Mick" as he was known to some of his associates, was born in 1905 at Dubbo NSW. He completed his schooling at Fort Street High School and went onto Sydney University, where he graduated B.Sc in 1928 and M.B., Ch.M. in 1929. He was short in stature and became rather heavy for his height. He excelled in Rugby Union, in which code he played for the Combined High School team and for the University Firsts. He had taken the Clipsham Memorial prize in operative surgery on graduation and completed residencies at the Prince Alfred Hospital and the Coast Hospital (now known as the Prince Henry Hospital) at Little Bay.

He gained his F.R.C.S. in 1935, after which he worked at the Royal Salford Hospital, Lancashire. Prior to this posting, he, Kelvin McGarrity, Brian Morey and Stan Wilson teamed up as a quartette, hitting the high spots all over Europe in a never-to-be forgotten trip. Kelvin tells me that Mick snored so loudly he always had to room on his own. He was an extremely adept poker player and made quite a lot of money out of others on this trip. Arriving back in London they found a procession in progress to mark the 25th year of the King's reign (George 5th) and decided to watch it. In his weakened condition, after such a good time on the continent, Mick found this too much for him - he fainted in the crowd and was taken by ambulance to hospital.

Back in Australia Harley gained his F.R.A.C.S. in 1939, following which he saw active service with

the Australian Imperial Force in various parts of the world, first with the rank of Captain and ultimately as Lt. Colonel. He told me how, in the Western Desert of North Africa, he received a rap from Base for performing thyroidectomy at a forward station. Margery Scott-Young has reminded me that he would operate in shorts, gloves, apron and nothing else, with the fortunes of war fluctuating backwards and forwards so that his unit, which just stayed put, was at times behind the Allies front line and at times behind the Enemy's. Accordingly the nationality of his patients kept changing, though the type of surgery remained the same.



Dr Harley Turnbull top row 6th from left.

Harley served in the Greek debacle of 1941, where many members of the 6th Australian Infantry Division were taken prisoner, killed, wounded or evacuated to Crete. Drawing straws, he was evacuated too, taking his only possession with him (a sheet of iron under which he had spent the night in a nearby cemetery). He also took part in the famous Battle of El Alamein in 1942, which with the defeat of the German Field Marshall Rommel, turned the tide of the war in the North African campaign. Harley received his first Mention in the Despatches for his work in the Middle East in 1941.

When the 6th, 7th and 9th Divisions were brought back to Australia in 1943 Mick came too, and was posted to the 113th Military Hospital at Concord, where as a Major, he led one of the two surgical teams. It was here that I first met him and learnt to admire his charm, his equanimity, his cheerfulness, his popularity and his ability as a surgeon. When the occasion arose for myself to submit to operation in 1944, I was very grateful for his attention.

The Allies took the offensive against the Japanese late that year, and Harley was sent as Lt. Colonel-

in-Charge of the Surgical Division with the 2nd 11th Australian General Hospital to Aitape, in New Guinea. Here his capable and experienced surgery was given full rein, and a 2nd Mention in Despatches came his way following this campaign (1946). In 1945 he published a remarkable case history of the young soldier who suffered a traumatic hindquarter amputation at Aitape, with survival.

After the war, Harley practised in Macquarie St in Sydney as a surgeon, his main hospitals being Royal Prince Alfred, Balmain District Hospital, and the Repatriation General Hospital at Concord. In the early days of cardiac surgery, he, as other pioneers, had his hair-raising experiences. It was the unhappy irony of fate that in 1967, an aortic aneurysm should end his career as a surgeon and almost end his life.

In the fifties he acquired a property, "Suntop", on the Mulgoa Rd. at Regentville and never having married, he would spend his spare time there. When on calls I have passed him by, driving a tractor on difficult ground and enjoying himself. He always had a special feeling towards horses, even towards the racing type.

Alan Walker in his "Clinical Problems of War" quotes Harley Turnbull's experiences with the acridine antiseptics in traumatic surgery; the importance of general treatment, the use of a bent Thomas sprint and sequestrectomy in infected fractures plus many other accepted treatments for certain ailments which he must have experienced during his years in the war.

In Feb. 1968 he first wrote one of many articles for the Medical Journal of Australia. Harley had a number of coronary attacks necessitating stays in Concord Military Hospital for some months before Harleys sudden passing early one sunny morning at "Suntop" I am sure many, many former patients, colleagues and friends will miss him, for the world is a poorer place for his passing.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his sisters Mrs Lillian Grant and Mrs Eva Wesley and those closest to him during his last few years.

Thank you, Wally, for discovering this great story about Dr Harley Turnbull.

I don't understand why this man's deeds were kept

from all the family until this Newsletter became the story-teller of this man's ability.

Dr Harley Turnbull was the son of Louis Duncan Turnbull and Madeline Maud Hobden. Louis Turnbull was the son of George Turnbull and Maria Greentree.

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While writing Harley's story, I'm reminded of a story I recently received from Grahame Thom in Victoria. Grahame and his wife, Rosslyn, recently visited New Guinea and the following is Grahame's story of what transpired while on that visit.

"Late last year we went on a cruise in a small ship around the islands of Papua New Guinea. Our first port of call was Alotau in Milne Bay. While ashore we visited the site of a WW2 airfield where the Australians turned back the Japanese. To commemorate this site several memorials were erected recognising the event and that the airfield had been called the Turnbull Field. It was given this name in honour of Squadron Leader Peter St George Turnbull DFC, CO of No 78 Squadron who had been born on 9th Feb. 1917 at Armidale, NSW and was killed in action on 27th December 1942.



Squadron Leader Peter St George Turnbull.

I took photos of the memorials and on return

home decided to see if he was connected to the Ebenezer Turnbull's. I checked the NSW BDM index's on microfiche and found his parents were Archibald and Maud G Turnbull. I then found Archibald had died in 1954 at Glen Innes, his parents being James Douglas and Esther Turnbull. On the same index I found the death of James D. Turnbull at Hillgrove in 1922, his parents being Thomas C and Mary Turnbull.

Next I turned to familysearch.org to look for the marriage of Thomas and Mary. It occurred on the 25th of October 1846 between Thomas Cornelius Turnbull and Mary Fleming or Carpenter at St Mary's in Portsea, Hampshire in England.

Assuming my research is correct, this Australian hero is not related to the Ebenezer Turnbolls.

Thank you, Grahame, for finding this Turnbull hero's story.

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David Charles Turnbull.



The TURNBULL SIGN pictured above belonged to David Charles Turnbull. David was a produce merchant in the old Sydney Markets when originally at Haymarket in The City. This sign stood high in the street outside the old Market Place well after the Markets moved to Flemington in the 60's and until it was rescued as a part of Sydney's history and moved to another prominent safe site at Haymarket.

David was born on Mud Island (not strictly an Island in the true meaning of the word) at Sackville

North on the Hawkesbury River on the 31st August 1879 the son of John Warr Turnbull and Ann Manning.

I vaguely recollect my Dad talking about Dave Turnbull, then much later when I became close to the late Russell Turnbull, I learnt how prominent this man became in Russell's life.

Russell's father, Charlie John Turnbull, died when Russell was quite young so his uncle Dave Turnbull became the role model and mentor for young Russell.

In about 1900, David moved from the family's Sackville farm to work on another farm at Black Hill in the Hunter Valley because a series of devastating floods had ruined the Hawkesbury farms.

There he met and married Alice, the daughter of Reuben and Jessie Taylor, on the 26th of December 1902 at Black Hill. In 1903 they moved to Leichhardt and David began working at the Sydney City Markets later opening his own Fruit Produce business at the Markets. Then later, when things were going well, he brought his elder sons, Eric and Keith, into the business. His third son, Mervyn, became a Consulting Engineer with the NRMA. Later, working for private Motor Companies. his youngest son, Clifford, began work with an Auditing and Accountancy Company (more on Cliff in later Issues).

Things went so well that David and Alice were able to move into their new home in Mary Street, Leichhardt in 1925.

In 1931 Alice became ill and died from a heart attack when only 56 years old. Later on, when all the children had left home, David married again in 1934 to Emily Lucy Offord, a very independent lady who simply adored David.

When David began his own Market Produce stall his family back ground meant he had easy access to farmers in the Hawkesbury and Hunter Valleys, surely the reason he was so successful in the early years. But gradually things changed and both sons, Eric and Keith, had to revert to their trades to live as the Produce business began to falter. It no longer was able to keep three families prosperous as the depression took hold. Then in 1939, WW2 began and the Produce business was

lost.

I am indebted to Ann Ryan of Swansea Heads for assisting me with details which allowed me to write this story. Ann wrote, "This family was a very close knit one and very loyal to each other all their lives. We all loved our Grandfather David dearly and saw him often as we all lived only streets away from each other. He smoked a pipe and always had a half smile on his face".

Ann said they could only remember him ever getting cross, twice – the first time was when her Dad signed up for the Army in WW2 and left three very small children at home – the second time was when Uncle Cliff got married in a Registry Office in 1941 and THEN told all the family.

David continued with his Market stall until the 1950's when he decided it was time to retire. David died in 1956.

To-day David's Produce sign, (along with others) which originally stood on the street outside the old Paddy's market in Broadway, still exists – safely on display just inside the UTS Haymarket buildings in Quay Street, off Hay Street, which is off George Street for anyone who wishes to look at them.

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A little bird told me that Gwen Knox is leading a play group at St Ives Uniting Church. Nothing new about that you might say, except Gwen is 80 years old. Gwen is about to retire from her play group but she intends to call in now and then to see the 'littlies'. Mrs Knox is a preschool trained teacher with children of her own, all in their 50's now, and many grandchildren, but sadly none live close to her. Gwen played the piano for the play group and aged care homes in the area. Gwen descends from the George Turnbull and Louisa Chaseling line via James Turnbull and Mary Ann Winton. Gwen Knox is a remarkable lady and we wish her all the best in her retirement.

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A letter from Barry and Deanne Clifton in the Hunter Valley arrived awhile ago telling me how wonderful their last trip to England was. Here is what Deanne wrote about their visit to the Scottish Borders.

"A LITTLE BIT OF SERENDIPITY"

Deanne Clifton.

While on our trip across the Scottish Border to Kelso we found our way to Minto Crags where, perched up high with a wonderful outlook, was "Fatlips Castle" the last remaining tower house which belonged to the Barnhill Turnbells and built in the 16th Century. It's a small tower of 3 storeys with a garret, the entrance leads to a spiral staircase giving access to all floors. The garret, a round caphouse, leads to an impressive corbelled parapet.

The tower was restored in the 19th century by the Minto family. It was used as a shooting lodge and museum until about 1960, but sadly the old "castle" is once again in a ruinous state and closed to the public.



Fatlips Castle, Minto Crags, Scotland.

We stopped by the side of the road to admire the view, have a cuppa and take some photos, when I became aware of something that gave me 'goosebumps'.



There, directly below the castle in a sheltered area along the fence line, were **THREE BLACK ANGUS BULLS**, our families crest, (a ghostly

reminder transcending time). A little touch of serendipity which made it a rather special day.

The country side in the border is very pretty, specially from Kelso to Bedrule {Hawick, Minto, Jedborough and Morebattle} with great rolls of hay dotted around the fields and fewer hedges to block the views, like in the south of England.

The day we drove down to Hawick was dull, overcast and showery, not a good day to take some pictures, but we got a few good shots of the Turnbells, "Turning of the Bull" monument which stands in the forecourt of the Heritage Hub. It's certainly a beautiful piece of work - the detail and "feel" of the monument is quite moving and worth the long trip from the other side of the world to view it in person.



Turnbells, "Turning of the Bull" monument.

Our trip was made very memorable after a chance meeting with a local in the Tourist Centre. After some good humoured banter he told us to wait while he went and got his bagpipes, he then played us a bracket of Scottish tunes while we stood by the Monument. After this I'll have to change my Scottish stereotyping - this total stranger shared his time and talents and showered us with gifts, including a video of the 2005 Hawick Common Riding, featuring a Jamie Turnbull.

Thank you, Barry and Deanne, for that nice story. (More about the Hawick Common Riding in future Issues).

Note: The marvellous monument above, depicting the Turnbull legend, "Turning of the Bull", was made by donations from around the world and opened on 18/7/2009 by Wally Turnbull, the President of the Turnbull Clan in 2009.

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Thank you to all those who let me know the old fashioned method of cooking the Xmas Pudding in a cloth is still well and truly alive. I have some recipes if there is anyone out there who would like one.

Dawn Day from Mt Gambier helps her Church Group cook hundreds of them at Xmas time. The Group made 280 in two different sizes last Xmas and they sold like hot cakes. Dawn calls her recipe the Broken Hill Pudding because her Grandma brought it from there when they moved to South Australia many years ago.

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Our London research is on again and now going a very different direction, if we manage to get permission to search the old London Missionary Societies records between c1796 and 1802. They are very particular on who and why someone needs to see those old records and their reasons to approving anyone doing so, is very strict - so here we go, I hope.

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It was sad to hear of the death on the 14th Feb. 2011 of Leila Marie Turnbull from East Gresford in the Hunter Valley. Leila was the wife of the late Raymond Victor Warr Turnbull, a descendant of the William Bligh and Sarah Turnbull line, via their ggg grandson Henry Victor and Endora Jane {nee Crossing} Turnbull.

Leila was 88 years old and our deepest sympathy is extended to her family.

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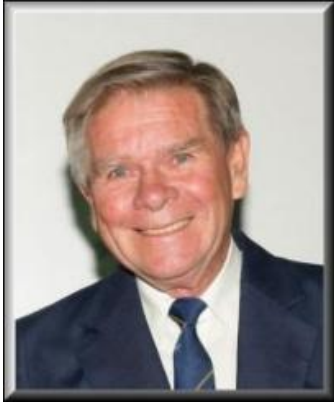
OAM Award

Congratulations to our newest OAM recipient, Lucy Turnbull, the wife of MP, Malcolm.

Awarded to Lucy for her distinguished service to the community, particularly through philanthropic contributions to, and fundraising support for, a range of medical, social welfare, educational, youth and cultural organisations, to local government, and to business.

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Percy Arthur Turnbull



17.10.1929 – 22.12.2010

It is with much sadness that we advise the passing of Percy Arthur Turnbull, 3rd Great Grandson of John Turnbull and Ann Warr.

“Perc”, to his friends and associates, passed away peacefully on 22nd December, 2010, with his son and grandson at his bedside.

Perc was a stalwart of Epping District Cricket Club and, during his cricket career, he held the following Club records: 1094 wickets, 219 catches and six times 50 or more wickets in a season.

His legacy in cricket will not just be that of the cricketer exemplar, not just that of a sound and successful club, but also of a vital and integral part of Sydney cricket which has earned him the respect of his peers at all levels of cricket.

Our condolences go out to his children, Lorraine and Peter, his grandchildren, Aden, Nikola, David and Matthew, their families and friends.

**In a place of warmth and comfort
Where there are no days and years
Think how he must be wishing
That we could know today
How nothing but our sadness can really pass
away
And think of him as living
In the hearts of those he touched
For nothing loved is ever lost –
And his friendship meant so much.**

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Turnbull Clan Newsletter.

A REMINDER: To maintain the standards we strive for in the Newsletter it is necessary for recipients to participate with stories and incidents from the past or the present - so please forward them to Marie with any pictures or photos you may have which support or enhance your story. If you don't have pictures then it is still ok to send the story. Thank you.

Turnbull Clan Genealogy Master Record.

Would all members of our Turnbull genealogy lines please keep Percy advised of any births, marriages or deaths in their Turnbull line, complete with date and location where the event took place so that the Turnbull Master file he maintains can be kept up-to-date. This file is very important as it enables Percy to let Turnbull members know to which Turnbull line they belong and can determine their relationship with other members of the Clan.

See CONTACTS below for the above two items.

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So until the next edition - June 2011.

CONTACTS

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