



*His arms robust the hardy hunter flung
Around his bending horns and upward rung,
With writhing force his neck retorted round,
And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,
Crush'd with enormous strength his bony skull
And courtiers hail'd the man who turned the bull*

John Leyden

Turnbull Clan Association thanks you for your continued support.

Rhet, Brian, Bill, and Chris

Cut on dotted line

Web login 2011 code for member access to restricted web pages:

User name: **member11**

Password: **iam4tca2** (Password will show up as dots)