

Cemetery Tour Scripts

These are the outlines and can be worked on more or less

Edward Barton

Born: 29 Jul 1870 Died: 11 Nov 1951 (aged 81)

Good evening, everyone. My, what a crowd; if I had a pen and paper, I bet I could add more stories to my collection. But I get ahead of myself. Anyway, hello. It's my great honor and privilege to make your acquaintance. My name is Edward Barton, or E.E. Barton for short. I was born in 1870 to Thomas Barton and Mary Bennett. Before I get to me, I think you should hear a little bit about my father. Thomas Barton was born in 1835 in Lynn Station in Pendleton County. My father was born in a log house my grandfather built. That log house was hand-built, even the nails. My father was also in the Civil War and was elected First Sergeant of Company D, 23rd KY Infantry, U.S Army. Even though my father was a veteran, that wasn't what made him special. My father had an education at College Hill in Cincinnati. My father was a teacher for 40 years. From 1878 through 1879, my father was the principal at the Butler School, and in 1885, my father taught at the Falmouth Academy. The Bartons also have a history in the Revolutionary War. But I'll save those stories for another time. Ok now, to me, I have been at the Pendleton County Bar for 61 years. I earned my law degree from George Washington University in Washington, D.C. For a time, I worked for the Pension Bureau and then moved west for the government. Oh, and I was also in Mexico for a bit. When I returned to Falmouth, I was also a farmer as well as being in Law. I had about 1,500 acres in Bracken and Pendleton County. I was one of the farmers who had sweet clover seeds. During WWI & WWII, I served as a member of the Pendleton County Draft Board. While I was doing Law and farming, I did settle down and married Lousie Brandt, and we had two children together. A son and a daughter. I think that was when I wanted to tell my children about who

they are and where they came from. I began writing my own family history, and once I started, I couldn't stop. I didn't stop at my family. I wanted to know all the families in Pendleton County. I think that started when my father told me about his teacher days and his students. Everyone has a story, and everyone has a purpose. So I decided to ask around and see if anyone would be willing to talk with me. And boy, were they! So many families came to me with stories and histories of their families. I couldn't believe all that I had, so I decided to preserve them and try to have a way for people to access them. My papers are at the Pendleton County Historical Society, and they are on microfilm at the Pendleton County Public Library. Before I end, I want to say this: if you can, talk with your family. You will never know when they will leave, and those stories will leave with them. And remember that you also have a history; you may not think it, but someday you will be old too, and your history will become someone else's story. Thank you and have a wonderful evening.

Key points

1. Without his papers the history of Pendleton would be so little
2. A professional vib
3. And we are about to change this outline as well

George Remus

Born: 13 Nov 1878 Died: 20 Jan 1952 (aged 73)

Hello, my name is George Remus. I was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1878. I came to America with my family at the age of five. I lived in Chicago for most of my childhood. At fifteen, my father could not work, and I became the breadwinner. I dropped out of school and worked at my uncle's drugstore. I became a pharmacist at nineteen. In 1899 I married Lillian Klauff Krauss, and we had one daughter together. I took an interest in law and went to night classes to become a lawyer. In 1900 I took the Illinois Bar and passed at twenty-four. I practiced defense law for the next twenty years.

Most of my clients were criminals. My most famous case was a murder case in 1914. A man named William Cheney Ellis murdered his wife, Eleanor. I used my pioneer defense, "Reason by Temporary Insanity". I tried but was unsuccessful; Mr. Ellis was found guilty. When Prohibition began, I soon started to represent Bootleggers. I defended their cases and tried to withhold the fines. I began learning the Volstead Act. I was trying to find loopholes for my clients. I could obtain permits to buy and sell alcohol legally and illegally with my pharmacist licenses. I could but pre-prohibition alcohol at the distilleries. I could get in on the action of Bootlegging and making my own drug and trucking company. I later called this system "the circle".

In 1920, my wife Eleanor discovered my relationship with Imogene Brown. Eleanor divorced me; later that year I married Imogene. I moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, to buy as many distilleries as I could. I began to start my drug and trucking company to sell and distribute. I would have my men "steal" my trucks and have them take them to a secure location. I had an isolated farm in Cincinnati; my men called the farm "Death Valley".

Many traveled all over the country to get my alcohol. I soon noticed that many were watching me and my Bootlegging. I bribed the locals, like the Prohibition officers and others, to keep the Bootlegging afloat. I befriended a man named Jess Smith; he was my “get out of jail free card”. Smith used his connections in Washington to help me keep my Bootlegging business. In 1921, Federal Prohibition Agents from Chicago and Indianapolis raided the farm. I was arrested, and I used Smith's “get out of jail card”. Even so, I still had to plead my case, and I was in prison till 1927.

After I was released from prison. My wife had a relationship with Franklin L. Dodge. Dodge was a prohibition officer and became involved with my wife, Imogene, after being in my arrest case. While in prison, I was served with divorce papers in 1925. After my release, I found Imogene and engaged in a high-speed chase in Eden Park; I shot Imogene. She died two hours later; from Bootlegger to Murder. I turned myself in to the Cincinnati Police.

I plead with my pioneer case of insanity. However, the prosecutor, Charles P. Taft (Former Son of President William Howard Taft), tried to fight against my case of insanity. Even so, Mr. Taft was unsuccessful, and I was found not guilty due to insanity. I was committed to the Ohio State Hospital, from which I was later released. I married Blanche Watson, who was a secretary of mine. We moved to Covington, Kentucky, and I died in 1952 at the age of seventy-seven.

I lived an eventful life, even though I was a Bootlegger. I never drank any of the alcohol that I sold.

Key Points

1. There are books that you can read and come to your own conclusions
2. This is an outline of what could be said. These were key points that made Remus the king of bootleggers
3. I want this to be a mob vibe and have that classic charm with a little bit of villain

Godfrey Jacob Klaber & Catherine E Hall Klaber

Born: 6 Aug 1902 Died: 23 Apr 1968 (aged 65)

Born: 27 May 1902 Died: 23 Apr 1968 (aged 65–66)

Catherine

“Hello, my name is Catherine Klaber”

Godfrey

“And my name is Godfrey Klaber”

Catherine

“We were both born in Pendleton County. I was born May 27th, 1902”

Godfrey

“I was born August 6th, 1902”

Catherine

“We are here to tell you about the 1968 tornado that came through Falmouth. We lived in Pendleton all our lives. We were just typical people here in Falmouth. We both got married and had two children, a daughter and a son. Life was good until that tornado hit. The tornado started in Morgan; that was where we lived at the time”

Godfrey

“We lived on Morgan Road off of Route 1”

Catherine

“Godfrey, don’t interrupt!”

“As I was saying. The tornado started in Morgan. The tornado happened April 23, 1968. That day the sun was shining so bright. Not a cloud in the sky. However, it was humid. I don’t like humid weather. Makes me feel sticky. Between 1:00 and 1:30, I could see the sky was starting to

get dark, and it looked like we were going to get some rain. Well, I went to get Godfrey to look at how dark the sky was.” I didn’t like it. I got a bad feeling that this wasn’t any old storm. I said to Godfrey, “I think we need to go into another room and take cover; I don’t feel safe being by the windows”

“And guess what he said”

Godfrey

“No; we’ll be fine; it’s just a passing storm.”

Catherine

“Well now look where we are; just some passing storm.”

Godfrey

“Well, there’s nothing much I could do now. When that tornado hit, it shook the house so hard that the whole house came off the foundation. We wouldn’t have survived anyway.”

Catherine

“The tornado touched down I believe, around 1:50. The tornado went through Morgan, Short Creek, then into Falmouth, and even ended up here at Riverside.”

Godfrey

“The tornado didn’t just affect us. It affected the whole city of Falmouth. Many lost their homes, and many were injured. Only four people died, including us.”

Catherine

“The Falmouth Outlook did coverage of the tornado. There were some more photos after the tornado. I believe the library has them now. So, if

you ever want to read more about it, you just ask the librarians, and they'll help you."

Godfrey

"Well, that's about it, nothing much left to tell."

Catherine

"Oh Godfrey, this is the first time we had guests at our grave and you're already running them off"

Godfrey

"Well, there on a tour; we can't have them stay forever"

Catherine

"We'll all be righty then, you all have fun and take care. Thank you for stopping to see us and hear about our story."

Key Points

1. You will have their obituaries and the tornado from the Falmouth Outlook as guides
2. Since this is a couple, I wanted the atmosphere of a fun married couple with that country's classic charm
3. You do not have to use this script; this is just an outline/idea of what they could portray.
4. The script should be around 5 minutes, no more than 10 minutes
5. You may also have questions asked as well. If you do not know the answer, that's ok you can play along and come up with an answer.

Dr Henry Clay Clark

Born: 1 Apr 1848 Died: 31 Oct 1937 (aged 89)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Dr. Henry Clay Clark. I am the son of Maj. James T. Clark and Caroline Patton. My father was from Pennsylvania, and my mother was from Bourbon County, Kentucky. My father served in the 18th Kentucky Infantry during the Civil War along with his 4 brothers and 1 brother-in-law. I was 13 when the Civil War broke out. Those were some crucial and terrifying times in my life. Even so, I still love being down by my “dream river” where I would fish and listen to the songs of the birds with the sun shining on my face. During that time, I went to the Pendleton Academy in town. Education was important to me, and I went to Ohio for their medical school in Cincinnati in 1871. After college, I lived in Bath County for a couple of years. I decided that Pendleton was where I needed to be, and I lived here till the rest of my days. When I moved back to Pendleton to be the town doctor. I would visit my patients by horse and buggy or just by the saddle. Back in those days I was a “saddle doctor.” There were no roads during those times; most of my patients didn’t come to town; I would go to them at their houses. I couldn’t use an automobile until much later in my life. While I was a doctor in town, I did other things as well. I was on city council; I was the mayor of Falmouth; I was the health officer for Falmouth for many years. Oh, and I was also on the Harrison, Kenton, Campbell, Bracken, and Pendleton Counties Medical Societies. While on those committees, I became a speaker of medicine all over the country. Even though I was a decent speaker, my knees never shook when I stood before an audience and spoke of this new-old subject which my heart loved. Speaking to other doctors about medicine and caring for patients was what I loved most. However, my heart loved something more than medicine and being a doctor. My wife and children

are my pride and joy and who I love above all else. I married Mary Thomas on September 1st, 1877; we had three beautiful children. Henry T. Clark, Mary Hope Clark, and Rebecca Clark. Henry died in 1890 at the age of 13, and Rebecca died in 1887 at 5 months. My daughter Mary lived in Washington for some time. She married Daniel Powell, a grocery store man. Mary died in 1974 at the age of 90. She is buried at Mountain View Memorial Park in Washington. My wife Mary died in 1902. My wife and two children are buried here with me. If I had my life to live over again, I would want the same mother and father, brothers and sisters, wife and children. I would want the same gang of friends, the same profession, and the same experiences. I would want nothing to change. I don't regret a single experience. I said that on my 89th birthday. I died in 1937 at the age of 89.

Key Points

1. Down-to-earth country boy attitude
2. Explain the love of being a doctor and the love for his family
3. This is an outline of who Dr. Clark was; you can change it and have more of a country-boy feel.

Mabel Porter Bradford

Born: 30 Nov 1897 Died: 15 Jun 1988 (aged 90)

My name is Mabel Porter Bradford. I was born in 1897 in Grave County, Kentucky. I graduated from Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green. I was a schoolteacher at Lationa High School, and I taught for 3 years before I began my career in banking. I married George C. Bradford in 1922. I met George through Dr. Harley B. Fisk; I was staying with Dr. Fisk and his family at the time. Dr. Fisk and George were cousins. George and I didn't have children, but we loved our nieces and nephews as if they were our own children. George had been in the banking business for 62 years. George went to the University of Kentucky and started in the banking business in 1904. George started as a cashier at the First National Bank in Falmouth. George eventually became the Executive Vice President. We operated the bank together for many years. I was a cashier and later became Executive Vice-President and Chief of the First National Bank in Falmouth after George passed away in 1966. We were married for 44 years. Before George passed, he was also the President of Riverside Cemetery. I have worked for the First National Bank for 28 years. I was one of the first female Chief Executive Officers of a bank in Kentucky. Before I retired in 1969, I was President of the Falmouth Women's Club. This club is no longer in operation. I was a member of the Falmouth Baptist Church, where I was treasurer for many years. I died in June 1988 at 90 years of age.

Key Points

1. This is a very simple woman with very little of her own and the bank
2. The atmosphere needs to be classic and polite
3. This is an outline, and you can change or add more flair

Samuel Purdy & Nancy A. Rogers Purdy

Born: 1783 Died: 1870 (aged 86–87) (Samuel)

Born: 1 Oct 1785 Died: 3 Jul 1857 (aged 71) (Nancy)

Samuel: Hello, what are you all doing this fine evening?

Nancy: Now Sam, that's no way to say hello to someone, especially a group?

Samuel: Well, I'm sorry, honey; I was confused about why everyone was out here. It isn't thanksgiving or Christmas?

Nancy: Just because it's not a holiday doesn't mean people can't come in groups

Samuel: alrighty, I apologize, hello my name is Samuel, and this is my wife, Nancy. How can we help you all?

Nancy: That's much better sweetie, just because we are old folks doesn't mean we lost our manners. Are you all here to hear about our stories?

Samuel: I don't see why people would want to come all the way out here for stories.

Nancy: Well, Sam, you act like your life was a walk in the park

Samuel: Well, maybe a rocky park, but it was doable

Nancy: pay no attention to him, he doesn't like to sound like he's better than everyone else

Samuel: Theres really not much to tell, I was born, I lived, I died. What else is there?

Nancy: Oh for goodness sake Sam, you done so much more then live and died

Samuel: if you so honey

Nancy: I think a good place to start is explaining where our lives took us after the Revolutionary War.

Samuel: I never fought in the war, I was born after the war. My family started living in this new found country and I was born as an American

Nancy: as was I, Sam is older by 3 years, our families lived out the typical lives of new Americans.

Samuel: My family were just farmers honey, nothing more nothing less

Nancy: You're a survivor, that's more then just a farmer

Samuel: They don't need to hear that, that'll scare them, and besides they wouldn't believe me anyway. I didn't even want to believe it

Nancy: either you tell them or I will...and I have all night

Samuel: alright, alright. Im sorry everyone. Lovers qurral. I won't go into detail but. When my wife say I'm a survivor. Shes not wrong. I lost my father and two sisters to a Shawnee attack. I was going over to my uncles to get some corn. I wished I never left that day. But I cant change the past. Anyway while I was out, my family was attacked my father was killed and so were my two brothers by tomahawks. My mother was hit with club of some sort and was left for dead. My sisters were taken and traveled up river. I didn't see them for 10 years or so. My sister Mary who we called "Polly" was ransomed by Daniel Boone but my other sister decided to stay with the Shawnee. I never saw her again. When I returned home and saw what happened...Well I won't go into that. I was living in Wheeling, Virginia and I decided to move to Kentucky with my family to get away from all that.

Nancy: Mary was able to come with us and we all were able to live around each other. We decided that we needed to stay together after what happened to Sam and his family.

Samuel: Its been good, we had good days and bad days but it was still a good life. But I was a farmer till I died and that's all that I have to say

Nancy: Sam isn't much of a talker, but the life we lived here in Pendleton was much. But it was home. We were able to build a life without worry or regret. All we could do was push forward.

Samuel: you all be safe out there, and we thank you for coming and listen to us

Nancy: yes thank you and please come again any time

Key points

1. Story of survival
2. Not much to tell, but still lived good
3. Can be changed for the outline

Dr Bertis Nathaniel Comer

Born: 10 Jun 1886 Died: 15 Dec 1966 (aged 80)

My name is Dr. Bertis Nathaniel Comer. I was born in 1886 to John Nathaniel Comer and Cecilia Culver. I became a doctor after I graduated from the University of Louisville Medical College in 1917. After college, I married Edna Wymore in 1917. We had two daughters, Catherine and Pauline. I enlisted in World War I in August of 1918. I was a member of the Medical Corps of the United States. Many other doctors arrived at the army training camps with no experience in the field of military medicine. Many doctors on the battlefield faced numerous challenges, including low morale, diseases and epidemics, gas attacks, and climate. And that wasn't even the worst part; what we really struggled with was supplies. Supplies were lacking due to a lack of funds, and being out on the battlefield, we would have to transfer soldiers from the front lines to the hospitals that were created. I was the doctor who had to make sure I had what I needed to keep the soldiers alive and safe. I was in the war for one year, and I was discharged in January 1919. The war ended on November 11, 1919. After the war, I moved to Falmouth and began my practice for the next 40 years. I was a member of Orion Lodge No. 222 F & A.M, the Masonic Lodge, with a 50-year gold pin member with the New Columbia, Illinois, and I joined in July 1908. I am also a Kentucky Colonel; I was presented by Dr. Carl Franklin Crecelius in October of 1966. I died 2 months later at the age of 80 in 1966.

Key Points

1. Army doctor
2. This is an outline we can change this as well

Francis Tackett “Frank” McKenney

Born: 30 Jul 1834 Died: 9 Mar 1934 (aged 99)

My, my, look at all those fancy people we have here. Clothing sure has changed compared to my time. Well, anyhow, my name is Franklin Tackett McKenney, but you can call me Uncle Frank. I'm a little surprised you all came over to hear me speak. I don't really have much to say. I have nothing special compared to the others here this evening. Well, since I have you, I guess I'll talk about myself. I was born in a log house in McKinneyburg in 1834. My Grandfather blazed through the trails of Virginia into Kentucky. My Grandfather was the first McKenney to settle in Pendleton County. McKinney burg was named after my grandfather. My father was the first-born McKenney in McKinney burg. My father's name was Quisinberry, and my mother was Sarah Blackburn. When I was a child, I helped my father with growing tobacco and gathering food. The very first Tobacco was grown by my father. I would help my father take the tobacco on flat boats, and we would float down the Licking River to Cincinnati to sell. When I was a boy, my father worked with tobacco. I would go hunt in the woods with my trusty flintlock gun for food. Most of Pendleton County was nothing but land and trees. There were bears, deer, and wild turkeys I could hunt for. Once we had food to cook, I would take it to my mother to cook. I didn't have all those fancy gadgets you use now. All we had was a wide-open fireplace and the old griddle and pot that swung into the fire on a crane. If I wasn't making food with my mother, she would be making clothes for me and my siblings. As I grew older, a lot of Pendleton was starting to change. I remember I was 18 when the railroad was put into town by the Kentucky Central Railroad. I couldn't believe how big a train engine was. I also remember when the circus came into town. I never in my life saw an animal as big before. I can't quite

remember the name; it was big with these white horns and a really long nose with huge feet. I think it was...oh an elephant! I'm not really good with words. I never had an education; I was taught through my family and myself. I also learned how to be a husband and father, and to tell you the truth, I never really learned that quite well. Thankfully, I had a lovely wife who put up with this old farmer. I married Miss Lucy A Forsythe in 1858, and we had nine children together. Me and I were able to enjoy 25 grandchildren, 80 great-grandchildren, and 30 great-great-grandchildren. Christmas was an interesting time with presents. This old farm sure had to be on his toes for gifts. If anything, I tried to teach the children my motto: "The faults of our brothers we write on the sands, their vutures on the tablets of love and memory." That's about all I have for you folks nothing too special, but I appreciate your time and fellowship

Key points

1. Old farmer charm
2. Pioneer accept, but with modern charm
3. This is an outline and can be changed

Pvt James Wilson

Born: 10 Dec 1763 Died: 12 Aug 1829 (aged 65)

Well, hello there, don't mind me; I'm fixing myself up to talk with you folks today. I am amazed at how far you all came just to hear me talk. I won't keep you too long; something interesting I saw by my stone. There's 250 anniveristy of America. Is that true? REALLY! MY TIME SURE DOES FLY. I was in the Revolutionary War when I was 17 or so. Being in that war really does change a man. I knew I needed to fight; my father was a little older, and I was worried about him going to war. I didn't mind, though; back then, my mind was always thinking. I always questioned things, and I wanted to know what was happening in Virginia. So instead of wondering, I went into the war. But I'm getting ahead of myself; I haven't even introduced myself yet. My name is James Wilson, and I was born in 1763 to Abraham Wilson and Sarah Long. I was born in Caroline County, four miles from Bowling Green, Virginia. When I joined the Revolutionary War, I was in a private company under Captain Nicholas Long, and Regiment Command by Colonel Johnson in Virginia. I won't talk to much about the war; I did make a promise to come back alive. I made that promise to the love of my life, Agnes Pickett. She was the daughter of John Pickett. I did keep my promise, and I made it back to her. Once I did, I asked Rev. James Taylor and Episcopalian minister, to meet us at Agnes's father's house to marry us in holy matrimony. We wed in 1787, and we would later have four children together. During the war, I did hear from other soldiers that there was more to Virginia than what meets the eye. There were some mountains called the Allegheny Mountains, and there was unsought land that was up for the taking. I never forgot that, and I was able to convince my wife and others to come with me. I told them "How bad could it be, and if there really is land, then we can start new." Well, ever heard of

curiosity killed the cat? That was me; I couldn't let this go, and we set out for the land of Dark and Bloody Ground. And gally was it, that journey was nothing short of death. I believe that's when I came closer to God. Anyway, in 1796 or so, my family was able to get to an area that I believe is now Scott County. We lived there for about 2 years or so; however, this didn't feel like home just yet. I picked my family up again, and in 1798 we came to a spot on the Licking River that would later be Falmouth. The city of Falmouth was nothing but trees. I was able to get a plot and cut some trees down to make my forever home, or so I thought. I did farming for a good amount of time and during that time the city of Falmouth was starting to form. I came to the realization that if people came to the city where could they eat? So I had the thought of making a TARVEN! My wife thought I lost it by then. But I was able to get an old stone building on main street and I made the "Wilsons Tavern" and I opened in 1799. Once my wife saw the tarven she told me, instead of travelling from the farm why don't we live upstairs. And that ladies and gentleman is why my wife was God sent because I could only thing one step away she could think two steps ahead. So we did we lived there for the most part. When I died in 1829, I didn't leave much for my wife to live off. I didn't mean to die without a plan but sometimes you can't prepare for death. I was buried at the old Colemans cemetery across town and I was given another headstone to be here with my family. But I couldn't leave my wife so I am with her for now. But before she died my wife was alone with not much income even with the tavern, 12 years after my death she applied for the widows pension from the army. She was granted 20 dollars per year and 100 dollars for the payment of a further period in 1843. I think that's enough story tell for now. I'm glad I got to talk with you all and I hope you all get home safe.

Key points

1. America 250
2. Old soul vib
3. This is an outline and can be changed

Nellie Mae Cravens Mitchell

Born: 23 Feb 1927 Died: 29 Apr 2007 (aged 80)

Hello, my name is Nellie Mitchell, and I thank you all for coming to see me. I would talk all night because that was my livelihood at one time. But Ill try to keep it short. I was a teacher for 42 years. I began my career in a two-room schoolhouse in Corn Creek, Kentucky, at the age of 16. I later became principal at Northern Elementary in Butler. And later at St. Bernard Public School in Elmwood Place, Ohio. I tried very hard each day to get to school before the buses to greet the children in the morning. I never wanted the students to be afraid of me as their principal; I was there to help them grow and develop. Not be a scary old principal. Even when I retired, I still taught adult education in Pendleton County. I wanted to help people learn how to read and prepare for the GED test. Those tests are not as easy as they sound. When I wasn't teaching, I would go home to my family. I married my husband Herschell Mitchell in 1944. We had two sons together and four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. I do enjoyed working crossword puzzles and playing dice and the board game Sequence. I have to keep this old mind running. Well thank you all for coming and please do be careful heading back home.

Key Points.

1. Teacher vib...need I say more
2. Even though this is short, she was someone who cared for her students
3. This can be changed for the outline