Corneal McCormick Video - Script:

PART 1-WATERFRONT: What a pleasant day to be down on the river bank. Oh, how I remember crossing this grand river many years ago! Yes, we lived just across the water in Henderson, Kentucky from the time I was born in 1830 until I was about 2nd or maybe 4th grade age. At about that time my parents decided the little town on the Indiana side of the river held more opportunities for us. So we up and moved right here.

Yes, this place called Newburgh truly was new back then. Come to think of it… burgh…b-u-r-g-h means 'little town' in German. So I guess the name New-burgh was just right for this 'new-little town'. And it was a very busy new little town! Almost every day 20 or more boats and steam ships would dock here. A hundred or more workers helped load and unload barrels of goods off and on the boats. Some barrels were stored in warehouses along the river edge. Local farmers and merchants brought their pork and wheat flour, lumber, tools and coal to be sold down the river in other towns. It was a noisy, dusty, smelly place ….with horses, dogs, pigs and cattle all about. Most of all it was exciting!! Watching all this gave me the idea of becoming a merchant with my own shop on Water Street some day. And that dream came true!

I also recall loving school. Most of all though I loved music. At home we often sang and played musical instruments. Life was full of fun and I loved Newburgh!

Then something sad happened. I became an orphan. Yes, both my parents died when I was only about 12 years old. Life suddenly became more serious. After high school I became a Newburgh school teacher. Teaching was good, yet I knew I needed to learn and earn more. I saved my money as best I could and went to business school in Louisville, Kentucky. I studied to become a bookkeeper because every successful business needs someone to keep good records of what is sold and how much money is spent.

While in Louisville, I visited a museum to give my mind a rest from school. It was there I saw the most beautiful violins! I went back many times to admire them. I realized in addition to becoming a merchant, I also wished to make violins like those in the museum.

My first job as a bookkeeper for a steamboat company was full of adventure! We travelled all the way down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, Louisiana and back...many times! I saw and experienced so many interesting things! Islands right in the middle of the river, fast and dangerous water currents, thick forests on the river banks, flat plains with buffalo grazing, farmers using new steel plows to break the prairie sod, pioneers starting new towns, ports of large cities such as Memphis and New Orleans. I learned a lot on the river. But I never forgot about my dreams of owning my own business and making my own violins. So again, I save my money and moved back to Newburgh. I opened a dry goods store on Water Street. Just about anything a family would need was available in my mercantile store….groceries, tools, seeds for planting, boots, hats, blankets…..even violins! Yes, in the back room of my store I kept a pot of glue warm on the stove. Special wood for making violins was

neatly stacked. And my special handmade tools for crafting the violins were nearby. I was happy and very busy. When you love what you do, you are usually successful. In time, I was able to purchase a Kentucky farm and build a beautiful home on State Street….224 State Street.

End of Part 1

PART 2 - STATE STREET HOME:

Here is home! So tall and strong and handsome….like the owner!! I especially like the little lookout at the very top. My family and I lived here over 35 years. In my spare time I wrote songs for my violins and other musical instruments. I organized the Newburgh band, too. Watching that band march down the street playing my music as it passed by is a proud and cherished memory.

By the way…down the street a block or two is another wonderful museum with a very special violin to admire. I hope many will take time to see it for themselves.

End