Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum Virtual Tour

Hannibal, Missouri
Created by the First Mark Twain Young Authors Workshop, June 25-29, 2007
Created by the First Mark Twain Young Authors Workshop Participants
June 25-29, 2007
Hannibal, Missouri

Co-sponsored by the HATS Program at Stetson University in DeLand, Florida and the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum in Hannibal, Missouri
The Mark Twain Young Authors:

- Jonathan Agvent
- Madeleine Britton
- Kelsey Connor
- Brooke Davis
- Joseph Genovese
- Jack Harvey-Camillone
- Breanna Hembree
- Aliza Razell Hoover
- Emily Hunter
- Ky Viet D. Quach
- Alex Parodi-Light
- Alic Szecsei

Including two entries from chaperones Catherine McCray, a graduate of Stetson University, and Lynn Kramer, an education major at Stetson.
Wish you were here!

But, since you’re not, please join us for this virtual tour of the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum. This tour includes just a few of the hundreds of artifacts on display at the museum.

Come by and see for yourself!

~The Mark Twain Young Authors
A note about this project…

Twelve young writers from around the country won a scholarship to spend one week in Hannibal learning about the real life adventures of Samuel Clemens and how he came to write about these adventures. The children worked on several writing projects of their own during the week. One of the first included a special after-hours “behind the scenes” tour of the museum. As curator Henry Sweets told the stories about various museum artifacts, the young writers took detailed notes. Each was assigned two artifacts and asked to “bring them to life.” (Continued…)
The challenge presented to the young authors was to speak in the voice of the artifacts, or anthropomorphize them. The challenge to personify these valuable artifacts was eagerly embraced by the young authors. They listened, asked questions, and researched on their own in order to help the artifacts “speak” in their own unique voices. We invite you now to “listen” to the artifacts tell their own stories… with a little help from the Mark Twain Young Authors.
Norman Rockwell
15 Original Paintings
Rockwell’s Whitewashing
by Madeleine Britton

Norman Rockwell expended a lot of effort in making the 15 original paintings that grace the walls of the museum historically accurate, especially the characters he depicted. At one point during our creation when he needed clothes for his models, he wound up sidling up to the citizens of Hannibal and asking to buy their pants! Imagine the reaction that must have received… (Continued…)
Whitewashing (cont.)

That was the strangest example, but we have others. When he needed to paint Tom and Joe Harper whitewashing the fence, he went over to Mark Twain’s boyhood home, studied the fence, and plopped it into his painting. Before he painted Tom and Becky Thatcher lost in MacDougal’s cave, he holed up in the cave and painted exactly what he saw. You know, they say artists are usually a bit eccentric…  

~Madeleine Britton

Note: This is the only Rockwell in our exhibit that is not an original, the original having been sold by Rockwell as it toured the country.
Norman Rockwell
15 Original Paintings
Before he painted me, Norman Rockwell sketched my two older cousins who hang out with me at the museum. Tom Sawyer and I are both one of a kind. Look at me: I think I came out pretty darn good. He wanted to depict me so badly that he drew me prior to coming to Hannibal, Missouri. I was not always perfection. The brush strokes were gentle and made me ticklish. Norman and I will always have an everlasting friendship. He even came to Hannibal to perfect me, to capture the real essence of Tom Sawyer.
Mark Twain’s Top Hat
Mark Twain’s Top Hat
by Aliza Razell Hoover

Mark Twain derived great pleasure from standing out and looking distinguished. When he wanted to make an especially striking impression, he would don me. I am one of his top hats, one of his favorites. When he wore me, smoke from his pipe would float up around my brim, and his thoughts—the witty remarks and intellectual ideas—would drift around inside me. The wooden post I sit on now in the glass museum case isn’t bad, but it’s nothing like Mark Twain’s head.
Olivia’s Jewelry Box
Olivia’s Jewelry Box
by Breanna Hembree

I was hand-carved in Italy, every inch of me specifically designed by Samuel Clemens for his beloved wife, Olivia. Drawers and racks were installed in me capable of keeping all Olivia Clemens’ priceless possessions safe from harm. I am an elegant creation, with a cherub-like feature reclined on the top and a similar, but more threatening cherub positioned just beneath the keyhole as though guarding Olivia’s jewels. I was later given to the museum by their daughter Clara in 1937.
Langdon Clemens’ Death Mask
Langdon Clemens’ Death Mask
by Aliza Razell Hoover

The infant Langdon Clemens lay in his crib with his young eyes shut never to open again. He was soon to be buried and his peaceful, cherubic little face would be obscured from view by six feet of earth. But Mark Twain intended his son’s face to last forever—to be set in stone. I am the plaster cast that was used to make little Langdon’s bust. I was poured over the dead boy’s face, pallid and cool with his premature death. The liquid aspects of me hardened and now I lie, nestled inside a bed of black velvet in a glass case, staring with closed eyes at the tiled ceiling.
Portrait of Susy Clemens
Susy Clemens was Samuel Clemens’ eldest and most treasured daughter who stayed behind in college when her parents left on a worldwide trip to pay off the debts. After their departure, they would never see Susy Clemens alive. Susy Clemens died from meningitis at the age of 24, leaving behind me, a portrait from an 1894 photo of her, a bittersweet reminder of how Susy had looked when flushed with life and energy.
Bronze Cast of Mark Twain’s Hand
"The difference between the almost-right word & the right word is really a large matter--it's the difference between the lightning-bug & the lightning," elucidated the legendary Samuel Clemens in a letter to a friend. I can feel Sam’s presence and the way he wrote captured throughout my wrinkly, bronze hand. My fingers encompass a special touch. It is as if they are ready to reach out and start writing like Sam with an extraordinary, magical stroke.
Mark Twain’s Pocket Watch

Samuel Clemens’ Christmas present from Hess & Metford Watch Co. Geneva, Switzerland, Dec 25, 1878
Mark Twain’s Pocket Watch
by Jonathan Agvent

Tick Tock. Tick Tock. That’s all some watches are, but not me. I’ve been to Asia, Europe, Australia, and South Africa. All with my owner, Mark Twain. Twain and I trust each other. I trust him to carry me everywhere, and he trusts me to always give him the time. He used to carry me in his dark pocket, and I’d gaze upon his brilliant books, and sometimes tragic letters to his family. Sometimes I’d feel a tear drop on me and I felt like I was so much more than tick tock. But whether we were feeling down or on top of the world, one thing was for sure - we were always on time.
“Governor”
Mark Twain’s Nevada Pocket Watch
My hands tick to the beat that is time. The shiny gold skin of my form is graced by the ever present words, “Governor Mark Twain,” as inscribed by Sandy Baldwin and Theodore Winters. How proud I was when I was presented to Mark at the banquet. Mark’s eyes twinkled at the prospect of his personal timekeeper, even if it was from his drinking buddies... So put *that* in his pipe and smoke it!
During the last century, one or two of them very bad. The nation killed one on account of them, they tried to get Van Cou. Ver. Three of them were very close the native and some of the native distress. For policy, there's never been any trouble or difficulty, except that they have a little trouble on several of the islands, a country that's very much troubled today. As they were very happy in each other's company, I began to get a little tired of them, after that. They would start something fresh. The eldest one was the one they appeared to be fondest of.
Back in 1866, Mark Twain couldn’t support himself on his writing alone. So, he started a lecture tour describing his visits to the Hawaiian islands, yada yada yada. The only thing was, his reputation for having a photographic memory wasn’t quite accurate. Without the aid of his notes, his memory wasn’t any better than the average. So he did the smart thing. He wrote his lecture down. From then on, as he traversed the lecture circuit, I went with him, and he never forgot a word again. (Continued…)
Nobody but Mr. Twain was ever supposed to see me, and eventually he stuffed me up in the attic and forgot about me. I’d basically resigned myself to an eternity in a box, when Mr. Twain got a letter asking for a handwriting sample. Being a practical man, he took me out of the attic, signed me, and mailed me to the fan! Good thing, really. If I hadn’t been used as a handwriting sample, I’d probably have been thrown out…

~Madeleine Britton
Mark Twain’s Pipe
I was summoned from England by Mr. Twain because he preferred the style of the pipe I am. He incessantly smoked me day and night, even when he laid in bed! Mr. Twain enjoyed smoking me as well as cigars so much, he even once stated, “As an example to others, and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule never to smoke when asleep, and never to refrain when awake.” (Continued...)
Mark Twain’s Pipe (cont.)

After Sam Clemens died, I, along, with other of his treasures, was kept for years in a cold, dark trunk. When Mr. Twain’s daughter opened that prison, I knew if I had legs I’d be dancing till I couldn’t dance any more. My life has slowed down in recent years, and I am too worn and old to be smoked, but at heart I feel alive because of the freedom I have of being viewed by Mark’s admirers.... Well, it was nice talking to you, but I must return to my shelf.

~Alex Parodi-Light
Ossip Gabrilowitsch’s Piano
(Twain’s son-in-law)
Piano
by Ky Viet D. Quach

• It’s been a while since I was the first piano inside the Mark Twain Museum. And I am thankful for their help of taking care of me, or I would not have been able to be performed upon recently by another pianist. It was such an inexpressible sensation to feel again the pianist’s hands crossing my keyboard, producing angelic tones. It was like living back my youthful days. Mark Twain's son-in-law, Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was an excellent and famous pianist. (Continued…)
Piano (cont.)

He had performed all over the world and even had himself recorded. I became famous when, after a concert that he played on me, my great master and performer signed the inside of my open mouth. I was deeply moved because that was such a loving expression and a sign of honor that he granted me. Now I am sitting on the second floor of the museum, under a vivid picture of the great author Mark Twain. I am getting checked and repaired on a regular basis, thus maintaining my ability to perform for many years to come.

~Ky Viet D. Quach
Mark Twain’s Original Jacket
Mark Twain’s Jacket
by Jack Harvey-Camillone

Mark Twain wore me to meetings and ceremonies. I tried to make him look great when we went out. He wore such a jacket when he made a speech to Congress late in his life about the copyright laws. People kept pointing at him, but I really think they were pointing at me. I have read his letters and his notes while they were in my pocket. He wore me in the winter and the fall when white wasn’t supposed to be worn, but he knew I looked especially great and beautiful during any time of year. I think that I made him look good.
Wiegand Bust of Twain
• I can see in my given mind’s eye the man who started it all, settle into the covers of bed, lifting the crisp notebook from the end table. Bambino, the cat, jumps on the bed. She is eyeing the said notebook greedily, eager to sink her claws into the leaflets. Shudders run through me at the thought of Mark’s works being destroyed. (Continued…)}
Wiegand Bust (cont.)

The clothes and ashes from the pipe slowly begin to pile up as the hours pass by. He watches the cat patiently, waiting for Bambino to begin her attempt at shredding him. I sigh as the event comes to an end. Shreds of paper have joined the collection, as the cat lies on her back in contempt, waiting patiently for Mark to begin again. My hopes soar at the thought of Mark Twain’s favorite writing pose presented wonderfully through me.

~Emily Hunter
Oxford Gown
Oxford Gown
by Joseph Genovese

Although he dropped out of school at the age of 12, Twain’s brilliance was recognized by Oxford University. In 1906, he was awarded an honorary doctorate and received me as a gift. He even retracted his oath to never travel again (because of his age) so he could accept me at the ceremony in England. Mr. Twain was always proud of my elegant silk. However, he embarrassed his daughter, Clara, when he wore me to her wedding, the two of us billowing with pride. We were the talk of the event, shining like a beacon...
Bicycle
If you have read *Taming the Bicycle* then you are probably familiar with me. I am similar to Sam’s original bicycle; although Sam never used me, I can feel his spirit. Each day while Sam would endure the long battle trying to come to grips with the bicycle, it would wrestle back. Sam kept struggling to learn to keep his balance on his bicycle’s immense, round wheels which tended to touch the ground more often than a baby learning to walk. Each time Sam tried, he fell off. (Continued…)
Bicycle (cont.)

My pedals hang down scraping the surrounding area just like the original bicycle. I have an enormous wheel that stands tall and proud, which is followed by a smaller—but very important—wheel. As I wait and watch for his cheerful face, I hope that someday Sam will ride me.

~Kelsey Connor
Mark Twain’s Memory Builder Game
• You’d think that because I was invented by Mark Twain that I’d be joyful, exciting, riveting, right? Well, if you believe the hapless, one-eyed general population, then maybe not. Such as one critic who said “It seems like a cross between an income tax form and a table of logarithms.” With that terribly depressing remark said, I think we can move on to my story of why I was invented, which might be a little more pulse-quickenning than the actual game. (Continued…)}
Memory Builder (cont.)

I was created by Mark Twain to make a little profit and because he thought that I’d sweep the nation, maybe even the world. We both thought we could make each other great. Twain thought I would make him richer, more famous, and versatile. And I thought Twain would make me so popular and well liked. But as I look back so many years later in my glass case I realize that it wasn’t about the fame, or fortune, it was about creating a bond, and what a bond it was.

~Jonathan Agvent
Letter to Daughter, Clara Clemens (1905)

[Handwritten letter content]

Dear Clara,

I arrived here very fatigued, having traveled by train. I have had my hair cut, but the medicine has almost gone. I have sent a telegram to St. Louis, shall take a bath, and then have a quiet afternoon.

I'm sorry we didn't get a chance to see you, but I enjoyed our visit very much. You looked so beautiful, and I hope you have a happy and successful day.

With lots of love,
Father
Mr. Twain wrote me to reassure his daughter, Clara, he was feeling better because he had been suffering from gout, a disease in the leg, and she was concerned for his health. He tried to make her feel better by asking me to tell her that she was the most beautiful girl in the entire restaurant. I tried my hardest to express his feelings for her, and I lifted her spirits greatly. It is not surprising I’m still around because Clara was so touched by the letter she preserved me, and I am still around to this day to be viewed by all.
The Prince and the Pauper
First Edition
Mark Twain created me. He decided what would happen within my pages, making sure that his daughters, Susy and Clara, would enjoy me. His efforts were not in vain. I was their favorite book, and Mark Twain even dedicated me to them. Susy and Clara would even act me out inside of their home in Hartford, Connecticut, and sometimes even Mark Twain himself would join in. This shows you how much time and energy Mark Twain put into me, and how he appreciated my greatness. I became a classic book, and was even made into a Wishbone™ book, *The Prince and the Pooch*. Read me yourself!
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
First Edition
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
by Alic Szecsei

Mark Twain was once a child, believe it or not, and he had some pretty wild experiences growing up in Hannibal, MO, not to mention other small towns. Later on in his life he decided to write me: a book for children, and about children, based off of his experiences in his early years. He decided to title me The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, and I soon became a bestseller. (Continued…)
Children and adults loved me everywhere, and I have been translated and published into languages including German, Japanese and Hungarian! I was so popular that he decided to write sequels, the most famous of which is *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. I have become even more popular throughout recent years, and many Mark Twain fanatics would probably pay millions to own me.

~Alic Szecsei
Twain Bust
by Seletz
Seletz Sculpture
by Brooke Davis

I am a sculpture of the famous Samuel Clemens, pen name Mark Twain, and an original by Emil Seletz. My creator, Mr. Seletz, was a brain surgeon, and as a calming activity, he would sculpt. Normally, my creator did sculptures of famous musicians, so I am extra special in my humble opinion. Because Mr. Seletz was a surgeon, he took his time to make his work the best possible. What can I say? I’m a work of art! (Continued…)
Seletz Sculpture (cont.)

The story of how I came to be in this museum is actually pretty interesting. You see, one day I was in my creator’s house. He had just returned from the museum and was starting to pack me up. Before I knew it, I was standing on my very own small podium here alongside so many interesting artifacts. For the full story, just go to the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum, and ask Henry Sweets.

~Brooke Davis
Tom Sawyer
Movie Poster
Tom Sawyer Movie Poster
by Madeleine Britton

I was printed to advertise Norman Taurog’s 1938 film version of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. This was the first big-company film adaptation of the books, and it starred several big name stars—including Walter Brennan and Jackie Moran. Tom, however, was played by the unknown Tommy Kelly. Ironic, really, that the hero was played by the only unknown…but I digress. (Continued…)
The movie received decent reviews. The press loved the actors, and Tommy Kelly went on to have a short but moderately successful film career. The problem was the plot—the dramatic duel in the cave was added for the movie, and the scene I depict had a character added from the two in the novel. Honestly…

~Madeleine Britton
Original Art by Dan Beard
by Brooke Davis

I am an original one-of-a-kind work of art. Unique, I might add. In fact, 54 of my siblings are currently residing in this museum. My creator, Dan Beard, besides being a talented illustrator, was also one of the founders of the Boy Scouts of America. I am an initial letter of a chapter. I am different and peculiar, awaiting an anxious reader to turn to my page, and gaze upon the interesting picture that my creator has sketched. Besides initial letters, Dan also illustrated pages and such, and has done so for many popular books, for example, this one: A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.
Mark Twain’s Orchestrelle
Orchestrelle
by Ky Viet D. Quach

I was enjoying a field trip at the Mark Twain Museum when I encountered Mark Twain’s giant orchestrelle. As I came close, it offered a talk of acquaintance and a self-introduction. Here was our conversation: “Hi, my name is Orchestrelle,” the orchestrelle said in a friendly way as I touched its surface, “and I was and am Mark Twain’s only and favorite orchestrelle.” What is an orchestrelle?” I interrupted.” “Oh,” the orchestrelle said as if realizing something, “an orchestrelle is like a pump organ.” (Continued…)
Orchestrelle (cont.)

Then it continued, “I first participated in Mark Twain’s love of music after his wife passed away. His musician-like daughter, Mrs. Clara Gabrilowitsch, requested that he get himself an orchestrelle for company in the remaining years of his life. Then I became no less than Twain’s ‘second wife.’ Day in and day out, he enjoyed playing me every time he was free and even had others play for his own audience.” Then, as if reflecting on a sad memory, it sighed, "When he was gone, I felt as if I lost my best friend and that was the end of my service.” (Continued…)
Then I inquired of Orchestrella, “What made you so special? Why did Mark Twain like you so much?” “O,” she smiled shyly, “I think the reason was that the great, talented author, himself came to the craftsman to select my pitches. My outside appearance is rather simple. I think that is what attracted Twain. My pipes are screened by a beautifully decorated pair of doors. You would also find that above the keyboard, there is a small case that has a piece of wood with a number of small holes on it that lined up like a harmonica that makes the different vocal sounds of pitches with the help of two papers constantly rolling over the surface of the holes. (Continued…)
The dynamics created from me were controlled by a blind that when being opened would create a very loud noise and the opposite when closed.” “So,” I asked, “are you still playable?” The old orchestrelle sighed and tried to give a slight smile, “Well, for the meantime, I am not able to ‘sing’ any more. But if contributions from visitors would help, I may, after a long, long time of sleep, raise my voice again on special occasions just as my most dear friend, Mr. Pi’no Gabrilo’tsch…” I left the orchestrelle, feeling that I learned something new about Mark Twain - his love and appreciation for music, which led him to purchase this valuable and “well-worthy-of-preserving” instrument. ~Ky Viet D. Quach
Twain’s Desk and Chair
Mr. Mark Twain used me as he wrote famous books, letters, and other documents. When he laid something down, I was one of the first to read it. I am very proud of the many drafts and letters that passed over me. When he wrote, I felt the impression of his pen; needless to say, I was ‘impressed’ with his writings. I cracked up with the funny letters he put on me, and felt his pain of the sad ones. We had a real connection. He trusted me with his pens and paper. I never squeaked because I had to be in perfect condition for Mr. Twain.
Pilot’s Certificate
Hey, just because I’m a thin, pasty little guy doesn’t mean I’m no big-bug. I’m a pretty important document. Why, without me ol’ Sam Clemens couldn’t have gone very far. There would be no steamboat piloting for him. He might not have even been inspired to take the pen name of Mark Twain or to write some of his famous stories, like *Life on the Mississippi*. Imagine life without those beauties! (Continued…)}
Anyway, I’m what you call a ‘Pilot’s Certificate’. I took a good bit o’ work to earn, too: two years of learning to read the river, taking exams, passing inspector board reviews, and an issuance through Congress (in accordance with the 1852 Act of Congress) no less. I myself was issued to Sam on April 9th 1859, and certified him to pilot 1,100 miles of the Mississippi River, from St. Louis to New Orleans for a whole year. Imagine the adventures that awaited us from here to there! Whoo! Whoo!

~Catherine McCray

Note: Twain’s original certificate is housed in The Mariner’s Museum.
Samuel Clemens’ Life Insurance Policy
Life Insurance Policy
by Lynn Kramer

Although I am merely a slice out of an enormous tree, Sam Clemens saw something in me. He used his hard earned money (all $336 of it) to purchase me. I can still feel the caresses of the pen while I soak the ink into my body. Olivia was the reason Sam obtained me. Oh, she was a beauty who came from high society. I wanted to look creditable for her, for Sam's sake of course. But unfortunately, I looked more like torn rags, not worthy of being a part of her family. Only by the grace of God were Sam and I accepted into her life. I will never forget that moment when she first held me in her hands - I was home.
Thanks for stopping by!

Well, that’s it for our virtual tour. We hope you enjoyed hearing from all of us artifacts (We’re quite a talkative bunch, aren’t we?) and that you are now ready to take a trip to the actual museum to see us in person, not to mention many more rare and unusual artifacts. Send us an email to let us know what you think of our virtual tour: 
Megan.Rapp@MarkTwainMuseum.org
About the Authors

The first Mark Twain Young Authors Workshop was held in Hannibal, Missouri, June 25-29, 2007. Each of the twelve students won a scholarship to attend based on their writing talent. The participants studied Mark Twain’s real adventures and how he used these in his writing before tackling this and other writing projects. We hope you’ve enjoyed their creative endeavors.
Sponsored by:

Stetson University’s HATS (High Achieving Talented Students) Program
DeLand, Florida
http://www.stetson.edu/hats/

The Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum
Hannibal, Missouri
http://marktwainmuseum.org/
Directed by:

• Cindy Lovell, Director of the HATS Program

• Henry Sweets, Curator of the Mark Twain Boyhood Home & Museum
THE AUTHORS

Jonathan Agvent - 5th grade, Mertztown, PA
Brooke Davis - 5th grade, Williamstown, WV
Jack Harvey-Camillone - 5th grade, Chicago, IL
Madeleine Britton - 6th grade, Perrysburg, OH
Aliza Razell Hoover - 6th grade, Natick, MA
Alexander Parodi-Light - 6th grade, Deltona, FL
Joseph Genovese - 7th grade, Valhalla, NY
Emily Hunter - 7th grade, Oviedo, FL
Kelsey Connor - 8th grade, Altamonte Springs, FL
Breanna Hembree - 8th grade, Glen St. Mary, FL
Ky Viet D. Quach - 8th grade, Garland, TX
Alic Szecsei - 8th grade, Port Orange, FL
Catherine McCray - Chaperone, Orange City, FL
Lynn Kramer - Chaperone, DeLand, FL
The End