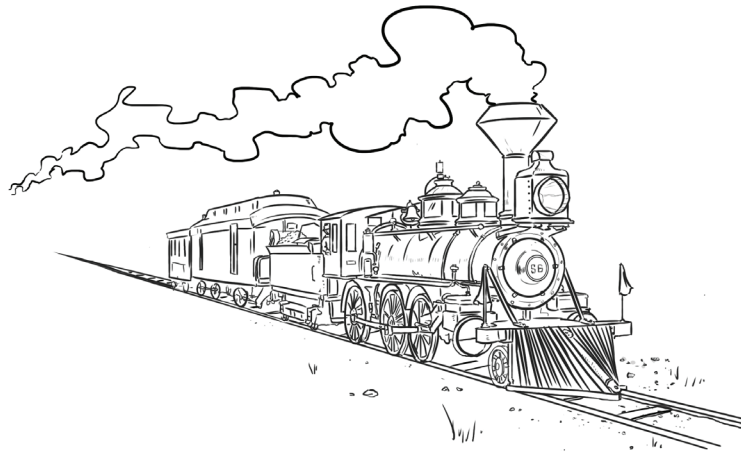


Adventures on the American Frontier

Men on Iron Horses

Part Five

Ad Clark's Record Run
to the Pony Express



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Royal Fireworks Press
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One day in November of 1851, a boy named Sam Clemens was working in his brother's newspaper office and print shop in the sleepy town of Hannibal, Missouri. Sam, who would someday be better known as Mark Twain, turned from setting type as his brother spoke.

"Please read over this, Sam," said Orion Clemens. "It's my story about the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad." Sam, only sixteen years old, already had a way with words, and Orion often asked for his help.



Sam picked up the papers on which the article was written. "The railroad can be built—it *will* be built," he read aloud. He read the rest of the article and made a few notes on the papers with his pencil.

As he put the papers back on Orion's desk, he said, "I think you're right. Some folks say, 'Why build a railroad that starts nowhere and ends nowhere?' But I've heard that you'll soon be able to take a train all the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River."



Orion began putting his story into type. "Why stop there?" he said. "Hannibal could be as big as St. Louis if a railroad goes west from here."

Just then, the call "Steamboat's a-comin'!" drifted into the print shop.

Sam pulled on his jacket and hurried out into the November air. For now, the railroad was just talk, but the steamboat was real. He hurried down to the landing on the riverfront to see what the incoming boat was bringing.

When Orion Clemens could at last write of the first locomotive to be set onto the partly-built tracks of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, his restless brother Sam had left Hannibal to find adventure. As the tracks stretched farther and farther across the wide state of Missouri, young Sam was learning to pilot a big river steamboat.

It was a wintry day in February when the iron horse brought a load of people nonstop across Missouri from the town of Hannibal on the east side to the city



of St. Joseph on the west. Hundreds of people went down to the riverfront there for the speeches. They watched Colonel W. Broadus Thompson carry a bucket of water down to the Missouri River. The bucket of water had been brought on the train from Hannibal.

Colonel Thompson lifted the bucket high and let the water pour into the Missouri River. "From the Mississippi River," he said, "which is now joined in a new way to the Missouri!"