



the Sam Campbell Special

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1952

Be getting ready, you Campbellites! It won't be long now. June 27 is coming at rocket speed!

TOOT! TOOT!

Things sure have been happening.

The reunion at Indianapolis was a grand feast of food, friendship, fun, (ph)ilosophy, and (ph)otography. Folks came from far and wide. The Columbia Club provided a chicken dinner that was extra special. Campbellites have a reputation for feeding well, both in quality and quantity. The evening was filled with reliving tours in talk and pictures. Dr. and Mrs. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Staub and Richard Jackson showed slides that gave everyone travelitis. Sam and Giny Campbell contributed some motion pictures of those ever intriguing animals in the north woods. It was a grand get-together and folks left vowing to have such evenings more frequently.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul (1948 and 1951 Tours) are leaving about the middle of May on a motor trip to California and return. No doubt they will round up a fine collection of pictures, and we are asking them now to share them when they get back.

Dr. and Mrs. Flewa of Chicago (1948 Tour) are to attend an International Dental Convention in London, England in July. Maybe they will learn how to put teeth into our foreign policy while there. They will visit Germany before returning.

Veterans of the 1948 Tour will remember those sweet sisters Lorine and Audrey Laufer. We knew they were unusually nice, and now the press is giving partial recognition at least. The Indianapolis Star (Magazine Section) devotes most of two pages telling what a fine, thoughtful, efficient practical nurse Audrey is. She has demonstrated what love, kindness and care can do to help make sick folks well. The title of the article is "They Remember Audrey," and who could forget her -- or Lorine either?

Mrs. Florence Sherman (1948-1949-1951 Tours) is now serving as President of the Woman's Board of The Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago. For years friendly Florence has been working hard to reduce cruelty and increase kindness in this world. The planet is a better place to live because of such folks.

Getting Ready -- and how!

Out on the North Western tracks to Omaha and the Union Pacific tracks beyond, they're working like all get out. Crews and crews of men are polishing up the tracks and smoothing up the road bed. They are tying down the ties and balancing the ballast. They are painting up the stations and planting flowers everywhere. You never saw such rushing around.

The political conventions haven't one thing to do with all this preparation. Folks are just getting ready for the Sam Campbell Special Train Tour, and it's a big job.

Hundreds of farmers are using every trick they know to get the vegetables to grow and livestock to be tender and juicy. The Campbellites have to eat.

Out in the Canyons they are training hundreds of young men and women in the delicate technique of service. They are putting cabins in order, planning meals and entertainment. The Campbellites are coming!

They're shaving the barnacles off the steamer Chinook, grooming up the flowers in Victoria, shining up the mountain peaks in Glacier Park, and arranging with the weather man for a grand series of sunsets and dawns all along the way.

Back in Chicago, the SAM CAMPBELL SPECIAL is being oiled, greased, vacuumed, massaged, powdered and painted. There are big doings ahead and every detail must be arranged now.

This is the time of the year when the Dicksons and Campbells have plenty to do too. With reservations getting scarce to the point of rationing, they have to do a lot of shifting around to get everyone the kind of space desired, to get families and friends together and to meet many special requests. Roy is pulling his hair and Sam would pull his too if he could get hold of it.

Word comes from Dorothy Hopp, Fairbanks, Alaska (1950 Tour) that she may fly down to Victoria, B. C. to meet sister Jessie and our Tour party. Folks of the 1951 Tour will remember Dorothy meeting the party at Juneau last year. Plans are for Dorothy to continue with the group from Victoria to Seattle and then to Glacier Park. Incidentally, Jessie Hopp has been on all previous Sam Campbell Tours, is going this year, and is already planning to go along in 1953!

On March 24 Sam had what he calls his greatest lecture experience. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, it was "Sam Campbell Day." Grade school children were brought from all over the county to the huge auditorium. Every available bus was pressed into service. Children were brought in by the thousands. Sam gave two motion picture programs -- one in the morning and one in the afternoon. There were nearly 5000 youngsters at each performance. He says to look out on that sea of children's faces is the greatest thrill he has ever known -- not even equalled by Grand Canyon. This is the fourth consecutive year that "Sam Campbell Day" has been observed in Grand Rapids. It will be repeated on March 5, 1953.

APPRECIATING THE GRAND CANYON:

There are many experiences in life that draw our thoughts beyond the range of words. We find moments in nature, in music, in art, in friendship, in religious experience, when the best in language falls short of our feelings. The most meaningful words are like the chattering of a magpie.

So it is when one feels the full impact of the Grand Canyon. A satisfying comment is that words are inadequate, though absolute silence is still better. Charles Lumis has written, "I have seen people rave over it; better people struck dumb with it; even strong men who cried over it; but I have never yet seen the man or woman that expected it."

It is undoubtedly true that most people who go to the Grand Canyon never really see it. One hasn't seen this wonder of wonders merely because he has stood on its rim and looked out into its vastness. He doesn't know the Canyon simply because he can name its peaks and recite its geological story. The full measure of its splendor is not seen that way. Not until we have rested on its rim and thought has rid itself of schedule and hurry do we begin to look with the inner vision that can see this Canyon. Then we penetrate even the veil of its colorful formations, its staggering distances and peer into the spiritual cause of which this is the visible effect and find those responses of our souls which find language futile.

"Grand Canyon is not a package of scenery," said a Ranger who lived many years at its rim. "It is an irresistible call to the spiritual identity of each individual to awaken from earth's dream into a heavenly view of life."

A MESSAGE FROM SAM CAMPBELL

"Our lecture season is drawing to a close. I have lectured at least once a day since last October, with the exception of the Christmas Holiday season. Giny and I are more grateful than ever before to be in this work of studying the virtues of nature and sharing our findings with folks everywhere, for we believe we have never seen people so nature hungry before. Popular thought has tired of the feeling of falsity that prevails in human affairs -- the bluff and pretense of politics, wars and rumors of wars and extreme philosophies that would carry us far to the right or to the left. There is a universal yearning for something sound, real and dependable. Where better could we look than among the unfailing living parables of nature?

"Yes, it is the season to GO -- go wherever things are existing, evolving, growing in accordance with natural law. It is time to drink deeply of that inspiration which comes of contemplating things not of man's creating. It is the year of all years to mingle with scenes of magnitude and beauty, to look upon the miracle of growing and living elements of creation. It is the hour to turn from the clank and clatter of artificial living to the salutary influence of silence and solitude. Here and now let us seek 'nature's primal sanities.'"

Sam Campbell

Odds and Ends

Glacier National Park has over 998,000 acres. It is comprised of an arm of the Rocky Mountains, and there are virtually no foothills. As you approach the region the towering snow-capped peaks just suddenly pop out of the horizon. In the area are found most species of animals native to the west, plus an extra amount of those intriguing mountain goats. When you are there, look for spots of white high on the mountain sides -- if they stay still, they are snow but if they move they are goats.

The Paiute Indians had a name for the great amphitheater at Bryce Canyon. It was "Unka-timpe-wa-wince-pochich," which means "red rocks standing like men in a bowl-shaped canyon." Probably we spelled it incorrectly, but it doesn't make any difference because no one is going to pronounce it anyway.

Arthur Godfrey edged this one in recently. "What did the baby porcupine say when he backed into the cactus?" Answer is: "Is that you Mama?"

Thought-of-the-month

"You know, Percy, everybody is ignorant,
only on different subjects."

Will Rogers